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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE

GREAT REBELLION



J. T. HEADLEY.

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THE

GREAT REBELLION;

A HISTORY OF THE

Civil War in the United States.

By J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS," "SACRED MOUNTAINS," ETC., ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

In Two Volumes:

Volume I.

Hartford, Conn.

HURLBUT, WILLIAMS & COMPANY.

E. B. & R. C. TREAT, CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE unexampled success that has attended our Agents in canvasssing for the "GREAT REBELLION," and the rapidity with which orders have accumulated since issuing our Prospectus, furnish the most gratifying evidence of the high estimation in which Mr. Headley is held by the public as an Author; and the impatient desire every where manifested to receive the work, has led us to issue the first volume at as early a day as practicable, consistently with a due regard to its correctness.

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HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 1st, 1862.

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PREFACE.

THE earth has been cursed with civil wars from the earliest times in which we have records of the race. Though characterized by more or less ferocity, and assuming various shapes, they all may be divided into two general classes. Those that occur under a despotic form of government, spring from oppression which the people, no longer able to bear, venture all the terrible hazard of a revolution to throw off. Those that take place under a democratic form of government, are brought about by a few ambitious men, who seek by faction to obtain power. Those of the former class possess dignity and grandeur, from the fact that they are based on the great doctrine of human rights. Man asserting his inherent, God-given rights on the battle field against overwhelming odds, is a sublime spectacle.

The latter are based on falsehoods, and kept alive by deception. Such were the civil wars of the early republics.

In the time of Cromwell, both religious and civil liberty were the grand prizes of the struggle; and whether we look at Hampden, calmly suffering for the sake of liberty, or at Cromwell's Ironsides, sweeping like a thunder cloud to battle, with the fearful war cry "RELIGION" on their lips, our deep-

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est sympathies and admiration are excited, and we forget the horrors of the carnage in the mighty stake at issue. So in the bloody revolution of France; though the views of the masses were vague, and their speech often incoherent, yet when we behold inscribed on their banner the great charter of human rights, and the head of a king thrown down as the gage of battle, we no longer see the crimson field with its "garments rolled in blood," we see only the divine image of human liberty hovering over it.

Ours is of a mixed character, and hence in some respects unlike all others that have preceded it; but like all civil wars in republics, it sprung from a faction who sought only political power. Those make a great mistake who suppose it grew out of a desire merely to perpetuate slavery. Slavery was used as a means to an end—a bugbear to frighten the timid into obedience, and a rallying cry for the ignorant, deluded masses. The accursed lust of power lay at the bottom of it.

The entire north, including the Republican party, had repeatedly declared, in the most emphatic manner, that it had no intention to interfere with slavery in the states where it existed; for they had no right to do so under the Constitution. Its *perpetuity there was conceded*, until the states themselves should get rid of it. Hence, the southern conspirators had no fear on that point, but they knew they could not carry the people with them unless they convinced them that slavery was to be assailed in their very homes, to be followed by a servile insurrection. They desired, of course, to *extend* slavery, because in that way alone they

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could extend their power. The perpetuity of slavery was a necessary consequence of all this; because the power they sought to obtain was founded on it—it was the chief corner-stone. Here is where the mistake is made in getting at the true cause of the rebellion.

The whole question may be stated thus: southern politicians saw in the rapid increase of the free states, both in number and population, and the deep hostility to the admission of any more slave states, that the power they had so long wielded in the Government would be broken.

The only course left them was to set up an independent government. Though they might be weak at first, slave states could be added, as circumstances should determine. To effect their purpose they would seize on the tariff or slavery, or any thing else that would unite the South. Calhoun tried the former and failed, they, the latter and succeeded. Thus it will be seen that the perpetuity and extension of slavery is a necessary *consequence* of the present rebellion, if successful; not its *first* cause,—just as free trade would have followed the attempt of Calhoun to take the South out of the Union, had it succeeded.

The *great, moving cause was the desire of power—slavery the platform* on which they worked their diabolical machinery.

This was unquestionably the view taken by our Government, and the cause of its extreme leniency at first, which so many condemned. It sought to disabuse the people of the idea that we meant to attack their peculiar institutions, and hoped they would see that they were being duped and

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led into ruin by desperate, unscrupulous, ambitious men. So also did the mass of the northern people view it, and hence rushed to arms, feeling but little animosity, except towards the leaders. The "CONSTITUTION" was their rallying cry—the preservation of the Government the sublime motive that sent them to the field of carnage.

On the one hand the world saw men crowding to battle, pretending to fight for the very freedom which they were all the time in the full enjoyment of—on the other hand more than a million of citizens rising in arms, with no object beyond the desire to see their enemies secure in that very freedom.

The future historian will stand amazed at this strange spectacle. No wonder European nations are puzzled as they contemplate us from beyond the ocean. They can understand the struggle of a brave people to overthrow a government that robs them of liberty, but not one to destroy the very *charter* of human liberty.

True, there has become mixed up with the determination of the North to uphold the Constitution, a desire to strike a deadly blow at slavery. Forbidden by this very charter to touch it in the states where it existed, many believe the rebellion has cancelled all obligations growing out of the provisions it contained, and that in its wasting, bloody track, it will sweep that relic of barbarism from the bosom of the republic.

Clouds and darkness wrap the future, and we are safe only as we look up to the Throne that is founded in "Justice and Judgment."

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THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

PRIOR TO 1861.

CAUSES OF THE REBELLION—DANGER OF SECTIONAL PARTIES—HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN THE GOVERNMENT—CAUSES OF HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH—MISSOURI COMPROMISE—HOSTILE LEGISLATION OF THE STATES—CONGRESS—THE WHIG AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES—NECESSITY OF A NEW PARTY IN THE PLACE OF THE WHIG—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—SOUTHERN CONSPIRATORS—THEIR PLAN—ELECTION OF LINCOLN—FIRST STEPS TOWARDS DISUNION.

THE Rebellion of 1861 stands out unique and extraordinary, in all the features that compose it. Whether viewed in its colossal proportions—suddenly summoning to the field nearly a million of men—or the purely imaginary evils that produced it, or the benign and equitable form of government sought to be overthrown, or the state of civilization and Christianity in which it occurred, or the totally visionary good it proposed to obtain, or the frightful, appalling evils which were sure to follow,—it forms one of the most extraordinary chapters in human history that the pen of the historian was ever called upon to record. States having a common interest and origin, baptized in the same patriotic blood, were arrayed against each other in deadly strife—families divided, parents against children, and brothers against brothers—churches with a common faith and communion split asunder, and ministers and people who had wept at the same altar, suddenly began to pray each for the other's discomfiture; and the happiest land the sun ever

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shone upon became drenched in fraternal blood, and filled with sighs and lamentations; and posterity will ask for what? Volumes will unquestionably be written on the causes that led to these appalling evils, and the guilt be placed upon this or that class or section, according to the peculiar views or prejudices of the writer. The time has not yet come for the people to receive a just, dispassionate account of them. A generation, at least, must pass away, before this can be done. With the frightful catastrophe which has overtaken us, full in view, no section or party is willing to accept the responsibility of its existence. All know the *immediate* cause of it. The north and south were at length arrayed against each other in two great political parties on the question of slavery. The northern party triumphed, and though no illegal act was charged against it, and no pretense offered that it had not succeeded in a legitimate, constitutional way, the defeated southern party refused to accept the decision of the ballot box, and rushing into open revolt, proceeded to organize a government of its own. Unreasonable, unnatural, and criminal as this course appears, it was in perfect keeping with the history of former republics, and an event, which every one not blinded by fanaticism, or selfishness, or ignorance, or contempt of the past, could easily have foretold without any spirit of prophecy. It makes no difference what the cause may be, whether slavery, unequal legislation, or imaginary evils; whenever east and west, or north and south, shall now, or hereafter, stand arrayed against each other in hostile political parties, if the attitude is maintained, peaceful dissolution or civil war must follow. It was in view of this possible calamity, that Washington, in his farewell address, used the following language: "In contemplating the causes that may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground shall have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discrimi-

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nations, *Northern* and *Southern*, Atlantic and Western, whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views."

This advice, it is the historian's imperative duty to impress on the public mind, let whatever party or section of the country be guilty of political factions, based on geographical lines. How much it may be the duty of one portion to suffer from the aggressions of another, before it ought to stand up in its own defense, is strictly another question—the great truth which should be engraven as with the point of a diamond on the public heart, is this: *whenever the position* IS *taken, let it be assumed with the full understanding and consent, that it shall end in peaceful separation or open war.* Let the people never again be deluded by ignorant, selfish leaders, into the belief that it can be done without danger. Whenever the first step is taken towards the arraying of one section of this country against the other, in a political contest, let every one who engages in it, make up his mind to go to the bitter end, and not delude himself and others, by the contemptuous cry of "no danger." Boastful and proud as we as a people undoubtedly are, we shall always find in the end, that we form no exception to the history of nations. What has wrecked other republics, if persisted in, will assuredly wreck us. Our advanced civilization and Christianity, cannot avail us to escape their doom, except as they enable us to avoid their errors and crimes.

But though the time has not yet come for a calm and dispassionate discussion of all the causes that brought about this rebellion, certain historical events may be given as the foundation for our own judgment. This, too, is necessary to any right understanding of it. When we had achieved our independence of Great Britain, and our patriotic sires assembled to lay the foundation of the new government, they found themselves confronted with a glaring inconsistency, which

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they could see no way to avoid incorporating into the very structure itself—viz., *slavery*. Right in the face of the declaration of independence, by which the rebellion had been justified, and on which the battle had been fought and won, they had to accept human slavery as one of the strange features of the new republic. To us it seems a singular providence that fastened this necessity upon them. They felt the embarrassment it produced, and feared the evils that would result from giving such an incongruous, demoralizing thing a place in the temple of liberty. They solaced themselves, however, with the hope that it would gradually disappear under the benign influence of free institutions, and the palpable advantages of free labor. Their anticipations were to a certain extent realized, and state after state released itself from the curse of slavery, until emancipation reached nearly to the parallel of thirty. Here its progress was arrested; though in Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, influences were at work, which promised before long to place them beside the free states of the north. Bills were introduced into their legislatures, looking to gradual emancipation; and the subject was publicly and fully discussed within their borders till it looked, for a time, as though the problem of slavery was to have a peaceful and happy solution. Independent of moral considerations, on the score of economy alone, it was plain that these states should range themselves on the side of freedom. But just at this critical period, a few violent abolitionists commenced a fierce crusade against slavery and slaveholders. This alarmed the timid, lest emancipation should end in insurrection; and enraged others, who would not be driven by vituperation into any measure, until all thought of gradual emancipation was dropped. Added to this, the cultivation of cotton rapidly acquired prominence as a source of wealth, and the importation of slaves being prohibited, the value of those in the country

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who were needed for its production, necessarily became very much enhanced. Thus the hope of the extinction of slavery, which most looked to at some future period, was gradually abandoned by the southern states, and it was accepted as a permanent institution. It then became necessary to defend and strengthen it. To do this, it must have its proportion of the new states that were constantly asking for admission; for the moral sense of the north was becoming more and more averse to a system fraught with every abomination that disgraced the darkest days of feudalism. Here was the starting point of the collision between the north and the south, which finally resulted in an appeal to arms. To let slavery extend itself, and move *pari passu* beside freedom in the enlargement of the Republic, was revolting to civilization and Christianity, as well as clearly contrary to the purpose and expectations of the framers of the constitution. Still, neither of the great political parties would incorporate this sentiment into their platforms, and the warfare between freedom and slavery assumed a desultory character; and various propositions and compromises were offered to get rid of the vexed question, till finally the "Missouri Compromise," fixing the southern boundary of that state as the line beyond which, southward, freedom should not go, and beyond which, northward, slavery should not be extended, seemed to make a final disposition of it; for no one proposed to interfere with slavery in the states where it existed. But the tide of emigration, rolling westward, peopling with marvellous rapidity our wild territory, soon revealed the startling fact, that in a short time the free states would greatly outnumber those in which slavery could be established.

The south, naturally became alarmed at the prospect of thus being put in a hopeless minority, and proportionably bitter in its feelings towards the north. The repeal of this compromise awakened a feeling of intense indignation

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throughout the north, and had it been exclusively a southern measure, might have been attended by disastrous consequences. But being introduced by Mr. Douglas, a northern man, and voted for by many northern democrats, it could not wholly be charged on the south. In the mean time, the fertile plains of Kansas had attracted settlers into it, and it was seen that a new state, which lay mostly north of the line which the Missouri compromise prohibited to slavery, would soon ask to be admitted into the Union. Immediately there arose a fierce struggle between the north and south, respecting the future *status* of the state on the subject of slavery. It is now evident, that had it been let alone, the character of the emigrants would have settled it without bloodshed. But as it was, the young and struggling territory became the theater of a terrible strife, which shook the nation to its center.

It must not be forgotten, that during these years of increasing excitement and danger to the Republic, though the general government stood uncommitted to either section of the country, the states, north and south, in their sovereign capacity, legislated against each other, and intensified the bitter hatred, the end of which every patriotic statesman trembled to contemplate. Freedom was declared in some states to belong to every slave brought northward by his master, while fugitives, whose rendition was commanded by the Constitution, could, in many places, no longer be recovered with any certainty, or if so, at an expense that discouraged the attempt. On the other hand, pains and penalties were inflicted on "abolitionists," as all were termed who dared to express sentiments condemnatory of slavery, by the southern states, and men, and even women, were subjected to treatment that would disgrace barbarians. These acts, in turn exexasperated the north, and the feeling of indignation was intensified still more, by lecturers, who carefully collated all

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true and reported instances of cruelty to slaves ,and retailed them to northern audiences. Thus the breach between the north and south gradually widened, till without some radical change, it became apparent that a separation, or an attempted separation was inevitable. Scenes were enacted in every Congress that did not tend to allay the excitement, and we gradually became more hostile in feeling and sentiment than any two entirely separate nations in the civilized world. In this state of the public mind, the whig party, which with the democratic, had by turns ruled the nation, fell into a hopeless minority. The United States bank, tariff, subtreasury, etc., which had furnished its platform, were finally disposed of. The American party completed its demoralization, and there was nothing left for it to rally on. In this emergency, some of its old leaders cast about for something on which to reorganize a new party, and seeing how deep and wide-spread was the anti-slavery sentiment of the north, determined to make it, in some form, its platform. This was the first great step towards placing the north and south face to face to each other in a struggle for the control of the government. In ordinary times, the advice of Washington, which the people had been taught to revere, and their common instincts, would have rendered this attempt powerless to do evil. But the outrages committed in Kansas on free citizens, by lawless ruffians, who proclaimed themselves champions of slavery, and the worse than brutal attack on Mr. Sumner, in his seat in the Senate, awakened such a feeling of indignation at the north, that it threatened for a time to overleap every obstacle, and, if need be, rush to arms to avenge the insults and wrongs heaped upon it.

The election, however, resulted in the defeat of the Republican party, and election of Mr. Buchanan, and all immediate danger of a disruption of the Union seemed to be over. It would have been, but for some few southern conspirators,

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who for many years had plotted the overthrow of the government, and only waited a favorable opportunity to give success to their schemes. They had been able, under the excitement of the political canvass through which they had passed, so to educate and poison the public mind of a portion of the south, that they saw, with skillful management, they could make the future triumph of the republican party a pretext on which they could raise successfully the flag of secession; and from that moment their dark and hellish purpose was taken. The north little dreamed of this, and meditating no disloyalty against the government, did not imagine those political leaders, though bold and unscrupulous, would dare raise their parricidal hand against it.

Buchanan's administration, though characterized by imbecility, and a disregard of the grave responsibilities of his high position, was quietly acquiesced in, and the freedom of Kansas being secured, the public feeling of the north became more calm. At the next election, in 1860, though the republicans took the bold, unprecedented step of selecting both their candidates on the electoral ticket from the north, thus inevitably making a direct sectional issue, very little apprehension was excited. All our wide domain, except the territory of New Mexico, was disposed of, and that, as far as it could be, by any immediate action of the government; and there seemed nothing to contend for but political supremacy, for its own sake. The southern conspirators were perfectly aware of this, and knew that if the southern states went together in a solid body, they could carry enough northern ones to secure the election. The nomination of Douglas, they knew, and all knew, would be equivalent to his election. They were satisfied also, that under his administration they would suffer no invasion of their rights. But they had got beyond the desire to control the government—they determined to have an independent, southern one. To effect this,

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they resolved to sow division in their own ranks, and thus secure the success of the republican party. They did so, and leaving the campaign to its inevitable result, spent their time and efforts in preparing for a revolution. Yancey and Davis were outwardly the leaders in this foul conspiracy, while Floyd and Thompson, members of Buchanan's cabinet, were secretly using their official positions as members of the government, and perjuring themselves in the presence of Heaven and the civilized world, to carry it on. The former, as Secretary of War, had, as far as lay in his power, so arranged the commands of the different forts, and distributed the army, and accumulated arms at the south, as to cripple the incoming administration, and render it powerless to assert the rights of the government.

The election of Mr. Lincoln took place early in November, and almost immediately the extreme south set in motion the already prepared scheme of dissolution. Though the falsehoods that had been freely circulated respecting the designs of the republicans—which they said were to emancipate the slaves and arm them against their masters,—and the triumph of a northern party, naturally excited indignation and alarm; yet, when the hour came for the final blow to be struck which should dismember this great Republic, even the hardened leaders trembled. Northern fanatics and southern conspirators had for years talked about disunion with a lightness that seemed close akin to madness, and laughed at the fears and warnings of statesmen, whom they stigmatized as "Union savers." Yet they hesitated when they stood on the brink of the yawning abyss, whose mysterious depths, notwithstanding their vaunted confidence, they feared to try. The people, especially, started back from so hazardous an experiment. In this crisis, the southern leaders tried in various ways to defend their own course, or to satisfy the people it was safe and right. To the timid they declared

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that no war would follow the act of secession, for a large portion of the north, they alleged, sympathized with them, and denounced, as bitterly as they did, the sectional, aggressive action of the republicans, and would never permit them to hold their power by force of arms. This was unquestionably true at the time. To all they said that submission now was vassalage forever. Meanwhile the whole south was tossed on a sea of agitation, some wishing to delay final action till there could be a convention of all the southern states, so as to secure harmony, others declaring that delay would give the north time to organize and consolidate its power.

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CHAPTER II.

DECEMBER, 1860–APRIL, 1861.

SOUTH CAROLINA TAKES THE LEAD—RECEPTION SOUTH OF ITS ACT OF SECESSION—ANDERSON IN FORT SUMTER—DISTRACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE NORTH DIVIDED—PROGRESS OF DISUNION SOUTH—SEIZURE OF NATIONAL PROPERTY—SCENES IN CONGRESS—RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE—RIGHT OF SECESSION—LINCOLN'S PASSAGE TO WASHINGTON AND INAUGURATION—HIS CABINET—VIRGINIA—SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS—FORT SUMTER—PREPARATIONS FOR ITS BOMBARDMENT.

SOUTH CAROLINA, with her accustomed arrogance and pride, cut the Gordian Knot, and in the latter part of December, declared herself a free and independent State. When the news was received at Mobile, a hundred guns were fired, and a military parade ordered in honor of the event. At New Orleans, the thunder of cannon, singing of the Marsellaise, and the unfurling of the Pelican flag, attested the excitement of the people; while secession flags were hoisted and meetings held over all the south. The State immediately took steps to get possession of the national forts in its borders.

In the mean time, Major Anderson, commander of the forts in the Charleston harbor, having but a handful of men under him, and seeing that fort Moultrie, in which the garrison was quartered could not resist an attack of land forces, quietly withdrew on the night of the 28th of December, and took possession of fort Sumter, situated on an island near by, and considered well nigh impregnable. Great fears before this had been entertained for his safety—some even doubting his loyalty, he being a Kentuckian. This masterly move electrified the nation, while its open confession that civil war was inevitable, created the most profound sensation throughout

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the country. The south was loud in its denunciations of this act, declaring that he was guilty of inaugurating hostilities, while from the north, one shout of approval went up, showing the readiness of the people to sustain the government in defending its rights. John B. Floyd immediately resigned his position as Secretary of War, on the ground that the President had broken his promise, that no movement should be made in Charleston, while negotiations were pending for the adjustment of difficulties.

The South Carolina troops then took possession of the arsenal of the city, containing many stand of arms and a large quantity of military stores, while strong fortifications were ordered to be erected around fort Sumter.

The new year opened gloomy enough. Southern members of Congress had begun to resign their seats—the wildest excitement was sweeping the Gulf states, and before the rising storm, the general government seemed crumbling to atoms. Buchanan having surrounded himself with southern advisers, and lacking both the firmness and resolution necessary to a chief executive in such trying circumstances, vacillated, temporised and delayed—thus strengthening the confidence of the conspirators, and discouraging the loyal men of the north. Added to all this, the feeling of the north was divided. The exasperated feelings that had attended the campaign of the fall previous, had not yet subsided, and thousands were willing that an administration, which they asserted was coming into power on a sectional issue, and which had been pushed directly in the face of the very troubles which now threatened the Republic, should be hampered and if needs be, overthrown. All was confusion, doubt, and anger, and the nation reeled to and fro on the surging, conflicting elements of popular passion.

Between those at the north, anxious only for the preservation of party, and those reckless of consequences in their

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fierce indignation against those who from mere political ambition they said had brought about this appalling state of things, and those who had foreseen and foretold all this, and now looked on in still despair, there seemed no hope for the Republic. South, also, there was almost equal distraction and division; for between the better class of people, still adhering to the old government, or at all events unwilling to hazard the experiment of inaugurating a new one, and those intent on dissolution, there seemed to be an irreconcilable antagonism. The southern leaders, alone, appeared calm and resolute, and pursued the course they had marked out with unfaltering determination.

In the mean time, troops were drilling in the various southern states, and state after state went out of the Union, and ranged itself under the leadership of South Carolina. The Governor of North Carolina, celebrated the incoming year by the seizure of fort Macon at Beaufort, the forts at Wilmington, and the United States arsenal at Fayetteville; and the Governor of Georgia by the seizure of fort Pulaski. Southern Commissioners were sent to Washington to consult with the government, and to the border states to secure their co-operation. The North Carolina troops took possession of forts Caswell and Johnson, and Secretary Thompson resigned his seat in the Cabinet. The Mississippi state convention passed the ordinance of secession, followed by Florida, and fort Barrancas, and the navy yard at Pensacola fell into the possession of the state troops. Louisiana soon followed, completing her ignominy by seizing the United States mint, and subtreasury at New Orleans, in which were a half a million of dollars. In the mean time, the steamer Star of the West, sent to reinforce fort Sumter, was fired into in the bay of Charleston, and was compelled to return amid the suppressed murmurs of the people. The Little Rock arsenal with its munitions of war was seized by the state troops of Arkansas, and by the latter

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end of February, a Southern Confederacy was formed and a provisional government established at Montgomery, Alabama, at the head of which was placed Jefferson Davis as President. As the time drew near for the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and the assumption of the government by the republican party, the southern conspirators seemed to redouble their energy, for they knew that their career, which thus far had been smooth and unobstructed, would meet with a sudden check.

In the mean time, the appointment of Mr. Holt of Kentucky, as Secretary of War, and Mr. Dix of New York, of the Treasury, in the places of Thompson and Floyd, arrested the government in its downward rush, infused some little life, and seeming patriotism into Mr. Buchanan, and erected a sort of breakwater, to check the devastating flow of the waves of sedition. General Twiggs, commanding the department of Texas, was dismissed from the United States service, for having surrendered the military posts and other property under his charge to the state authorities, and the most peremptory orders were issued by Mr. Dix to national officers in the southern states.

The revolt of South Carolina, at the first, had awakened very different feelings in different classes at the north. The more thoughtful saw in it the beginning of evils, the end of which no man could foresee. Others, who had learned to despise this splenetic, captious, and disloyal state, only laughed at it, as an ebullition to be expected, and that would soon subside. But as the revolt rapidly spread, all saw that an abyss was opening under the nation, which would require the most consummate prudence to span.

It is necessary now to go back a little to the meeting of Congress in December. Most of the southern members took their seats as usual. It was evident, however, that they had done this, not to allay excitement, or adjust difficulties, or even to obtain redress of grievances; but to endeavor to influence

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public opinion in their favor, alarm the government into submission, and render the final act of separation more imposing and formal. Specious arguments, heartless propositions, and threats were used by turns. Mason from Virginia, Slidell, and Benjamin from Louisiana, and Wigfall from Texas, were the leading spirits in the Senate. The former was haughty, malignant, and cautious. Slidell, artful and hypocritical, and Wigfall open, specious, and daring. The arguments used were various, and calculated to influence different classes, north and south. To day it was an appeal to the north to let the south go peaceably and without resistance. They said "you hate us and we hate you—our social systems are entirely opposite,—and can never harmonize. You declare that slavery is repugnant to free institutions, and a disgrace to the Republic—now as you cannot get rid of it, let us go by ourselves, and bear the obloquy alone. If we cannot live together peaceably, let us separate amicably, and form treaties of friendship like foreign nations. Why insist on a union that is only so in name?" etc. To-morrow, it was a long recapitulation of the wrongs heaped on the south by the north. "They had been assailed in every form, and the north was determined to deprive them of their share of the territory which had been won by common valor, or been paid for from the common fund. The rights guaranteed by a common Constitution, such as the return of fugitive slaves had been struck down, and a compact broken in any particular was abrogated all together. It was the height of injustice," they claimed, "to rob them of the protection guaranteed by that instrument, and yet demand of them continued allegiance to it." There was a semblance of truth in some of these allegations, and though laughed at and ridiculed in the excitement of a political campaign, now that the Union was confronted with serious danger, various plans for an adjustment of the difficulties, and to guarantee rights

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in the future, were freely offered. At length, a committee of forty members of Congress, with Corwin of Ohio at its head, was appointed to report some basis of settlement. But a spirit of acrimony and hostility governed the majority of both parties, and it was soon apparent to a calm looker-on, that nothing would come of it. Besides, it was plain that the leading conspirators wished for no adjustment. Their complaints and harangues were designed solely to strengthen the opposition party at the north, and to draw the reluctant border states into their schemes. A convention of the states which was called to meet at Washington at this time, to take into consideration the causes of disagreement, proved equally powerless to effect any good.

Among the many propositions offered in Congress and out of it, which those making them hoped would prevent a collision of the states, there was one by Mr. Crittenden restoring the Missouri Compromise; another by Mr. Adams of Massachusetts—which placed in effect the vexed question of slavery out of the reach of the federal government. Mr. Seward, in the Senate, made a third, which was not very definite. These two latter gentlemen showed themselves to be not only patriots but statesmen; and could they have carried their party with them a very different result would have been reached. They might not have prevented the rebellion, but they would have arrested its headway and discomfited its leaders. But the statesmanship of both availed nothing against party clamor, and their lofty patriotism could not stem the tide of fierce indignation that had been aroused by the haughty, defiant tone of the south.

One other course only remained: to submit the whole question, in some form, to the people. Ours is a government of the people—on them fall the burdens and horrors of war, and on them directly should rest the sole responsibility of inaugurating it, especially if it be a civil one.

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All efforts, however, proved abortive; and the ship of state, reeling on the turbulent waves of passion, drifted steadily towards the vortex of disunion.

The chief defense made by the south, was the right to secede from the confederation, which the several states reserved to themselves when they entered it, if at any time they thought fit to do so. A great deal of able yet useless argument was wasted on this question. It was denied on the part of the north, for they asserted that such a right made the Union a rope of sand, and the government guilty of providing for its own destruction. Besides, said they, Louisiana cost us $15,000,000, Florida $5,000,000, to say nothing of $40,000,000 expended in driving the Indians from her swamps, and Texas directly and indirectly more than $200,000,000, and to suppose that these states, as soon as they had pocketed the money of the government, could withdraw, and set up for themselves, was the climax of absurdity. More than this, to whom did the Mississippi river belong if it did not to the whole Union? The whole discussion, however, was a waste of breath, for the doctrine of secession as explained by the south was never acted upon by them. They advocated it to justify rebellion. The right of rebellion under unbearable oppression, can never be vitiated by former compacts, however strong, nor by favors how great soever they may have been. If the right of *secession be granted*, it can take place only in the form, and by the legal process that characterized the formation of the compact. The state wishing to withdraw, must present herself before the confederation, and proceed with the same formality and respectfulness she did when she entered it, and be bound by the same decision of the parties concerned. If her claim is refused she must acquiesce, no matter how great the wrong done her, or *then* fall back on the right of secession. This the south never proposed to do, and to say

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that any state, when she entered the confederacy, reserved to herself the right whenever she saw fit, to rush to arms, seize the forts and soldiers, and post-offices, and mints, and ships of the United States, is a falsehood on the face of it, too gross to need a reply. And yet this is just what the southern states did. It is, therefore, as before remarked, a waste of breath to argue a question on which no action was ever taken —to discuss a right it was never proposed to claim. The south rushed into *rebellion*, and unless their act can be justified on the ground that they were grievously oppressed, and had exhausted every peaceable means to obtain redress, as we did previous to our revolt against the mother country, even, as we asserted "prostrating ourselves at the foot of the throne" in vain appeals, they stand convicted of a crime too heinous to be expressed in language, and which will grow blacker with the lapse of time till "the memory of the wicked shall rot."

If the above succinct narrative of events be correct, it is easy to see that it will be vain for either the north or south to prove itself entirely guiltless before impartial history. The great moral difference between them is—the former was contending against a giant wrong, and the latter defending it—the former never contemplated lifting its hand against the government, while the latter deliberately precipitated us into all the horrors of civil war. The former were unwise in their action and reckless in the manner in which they carried out their political schemes—the latter were traitors in heart, conspirators while professing loyalty, and open rebels at last. This statement of course refers to the leaders. The majority of the southern people, were doubtless deceived, and believed they were in danger of subjugation, and all the horrors attending a sudden emancipation of the slaves.

To return to our summary of events, which brought us to the close of February, when a southern confederacy was formed, and the border states were vacillating between the

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north and south, we come to the arrival of President Lincoln in Washington, February 23, to be inaugurated President of the United States.

When he left Springfield, Ill., the place of his residence, a large crowd assembled to witness his departure, and express their sympathy with him in the perilous duties before him. In a short speech, he expressed his thanks, and desired their prayers, to which their hearty response was, "we will pray for you." The eyes of the Nation were turned towards him in his progress, and every word he uttered to the different assemblages on the way, was carefully noted down, and commented on. He spoke confidently and hopefully, saying all the disturbance visible was "only an artificial *excitement.*" His utterances, though pleasing to many, gave rise to gloomy forebodings in the more thoughtful, who had been anxiously waiting for one to assume the reins of government, that had measured the length and breadth and depth and heighth of the gigantic rebellion, who would treat it as a terrible *reality.*

In the mean time rumors had been circulated that he would be assassinated on the way, or if he succeeded in reaching the Capital, an organized mob would prevent his inauguration and seize the city. General Scott, in command there, had been informed of the plans of the conspirators, and took measures to defeat them.

The President elect, however, had considered these rumors as exaggerations, and proceeded with his family without anticipating any trouble. But when he reached Philadelphia, he entered a different atmosphere, and began to awake as from a dream. His honest heart, incapable of guile, or even of conceiving such monstrous atrocity, was compelled at last to admit the terrible truth, that American citizens sought his life, for no other crime, than that of obeying the voice of the people, and assuming the office to which their

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votes had elected him; and when he reached Harrisburg he left his family behind him, and anticipating the train which was to take him, proceeded in disguise by a special train to Washington. That a constitutionally-elected President of the United States, should be compelled to steal into the National Capital, like a criminal, in order to enter upon his office, smote every loyal citizen like a personal disgrace. Had it been fully believed beforehand, a half a million of men would have volunteered to escort him there.

The fourth of March, 1861, came without violence, and Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. His message was every where read with the deepest anxiety. Its moderate tone gratified reasonable men, though many felt the want of any stirring appeal to the patriotism of the people. Still, the closing paragraphs, "I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We *must* not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature," struck a chord of sympathy in every heart. Still, kind and appealing as these words were, it showed that he had not yet comprehended the full measure of human wickedness connected with the rebellion. This is perhaps not strange, for the same delusion seemed to rest on those who were to be his chief advisers. Mr. Seward as late as the latter part of December, had said that in "sixty days" we should have a "brighter and more cheerful atmosphere." Those who designed to inflict no wrong, and be guilty of no injustice, could not comprehend the existence of such madness and ferocity as seemed to characterize the southern disunionists.

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Three days after, Peter G. T. Beauregard, late major in the engineer corps of the United States, was ordered by the southern confederacy, to take command of the forces in Charleston, destined to act against fort Sumter; and two weeks later the supplies were cut off from fort Pickens, Florida.

The President in forming his cabinet, seemed not to comprehend the extent of the danger that threatened the Republic. The selection of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, was regarded as a wise measure. But Mr. Cameron's claims to the responsible position of Secretary of War were based principally on political considerations. Mr. Holt had manfully stood between the country and ruin, and was well qualified for the duties of that position. The President, in his trying situation, needed the sympathy of all parties, and should have disregarded the clamor that sought only party ends; and would have been justified in retaining Mr. Holt. The united patriotism of the north, and a change in the course of the administration, alone saved the country from the incalculable evils which would otherwise have resulted from a misconception of its true condition, and the distribution of political rewards.

In the mean time a state convention of Virginia had been called, to take into consideration the proper course for her to pursue in the pending crisis, and commissioners were appointed to confer with the President on his future policy. The southern confederacy had also sent commissioners to propose terms of adjustment, without resorting to war. To the former the President made a short reply, doing little more than reaffirming the policy he had proclaimed in his message. The latter he refused to receive in their alleged capacity as commissioners from an independent government, for it would be recognizing the southern confederacy of seven states.

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The southern leaders had managed their cause with a great deal of adroitness. To the extreme south, they had spoken in glowing terms of the advantages of an independent confederacy. To Virginia they had described the evils she would suffer in case of a civil war, which was sure to follow should the general government attempt coercion of the revolted states, until she insisted, that the only condition on which she could stand by the Union was, that no coercion should be attempted. The conspirators knew this would never be granted. To Kentucky, they pointed to the rejected resolutions of Mr. Crittenden, looking to a peaceful solution of the difficulties. To Maryland—which more than any other state had cause to dread a civil war, should she join her fortunes with the south—the commissioners from Mississippi used the following mild language. "Secession is not intended to break up the present government, but to perpetuate it. We do not propose to go out by way of breaking up or destroying the Union as our fathers gave it to us, but we go out for the purpose of getting further guarantees and security for our rights; not by a convention of all the southern states, nor by congressional tricks, which have failed in times past and will fail again. But our plan is for the southern states to withdraw from the Union for the present, to allow amendments to the Constitution to be made, guaranteeing our just rights; and if the northern states will not make those amendments, by which these rights shall be secured to us, then we must secure them the best way we can. This question of slavery must be settled now or never," etc. Nothing could have been more plausible or apparently just than this. It is not surprising that the people of Maryland were deceived by these representations, for many northern men were. The truth was, the southern disunionists did not wish war, and they did not believe it would happen. The state of their finances would not sanction it, to say

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nothing of the dubious result of a collision with the colossal power of the north, backed by her navy. The surest way to prevent this, they believed, would be to make the contest appear equal as possible, by getting the entire south to act in unison. Then the north would shrink from the appalling evils of a civil war, and grant them their independence. To secure this, they were willing to stoop to any deception, and apparently consent to any measure the border states might propose. But events were rapidly hastening to a crisis. Major Anderson stubbornly refused to strike his flag to the southern confederacy. It is true, starvation would soon compel the humiliating act. But whether Davis, impelled by an insane spirit of revenge, or, foreseeing that war was inevitable, concluded it was best to precipitate it at once; or whether the blustering, arrogant spirit of South Carolina forced him to the measure, or whether he feared our fleet, which had arrived off the mouth of the harbor, might force a passage, we know not; he refused to wait the sure and speedy work of famine, and determined to open his guns upon it. Notwithstanding the state had openly revolted, Mr. Buchanan had allowed the most formidable works to be constructed around the fort, refusing to give his sanction to Major Anderson to prevent their completion. With his heavy artillery, he could easily have kept the surrounding shores clear, but not a shot was permitted to be fired. This brave commander, with his little garrison of seventy-five men, saw month after month the frowning batteries rise around him, preparatory to opening their concentrated fire upon him. The batteries lining the entrance to the harbor had long since cut him off from all hope of reinforcements and supplies by sea, while not a pound of food could reach him from the hostile shore. Without orders to abandon it, and without permission to stop the preparations going on for his overthrow, he had been compelled, day after day, and week after

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week, to sit still, and watch the steadily rising fortifications destined to effect his humiliation. A more trying and cruel position a commander could not be placed in. At length the work of preparation was completed—the bomb-proof batteries at fort Moultrie and on Sullivan's Island ready, and the floating battery in its place, with their grim columbiads pointing on the devoted garrison—with that patience and serene confidence springing from the consciousness of having discharged his duty, and a firm reliance on Heaven, which had characterized him throughout, he now waited the coming storm. To the summons of Beauregard to surrender, he returned the calm reply that neither his "sense of honor" nor "obligations to his government" would permit him to comply. Knowing that in a few days, famine would compel the surrender of the fort, Beauregard, under instructions from L. P. Walker, the rebel Secretary of War, proposed to refrain from bombarding it, if he would fix a day, when he would evacuate it. Bold and bad as he was, he hesitated to open a war which should drench the nation in blood. Anderson, looking over his scanty supply of provisions, replied that if no supplies reached him, or no orders to the contrary were received from his government by the fifteenth (his letter was dated April twelfth), he would then surrender the fort. Not liking the conditions attached to this promise, though it was difficult to see how the beleaguered little garrison could get either orders or provisions, Beauregard, the same day, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, sent word that in one hour he would "open the fire of his batteries on fort Sumter."

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CHAPTER III.

APRIL, 1861.

FIRST SHOT AT FORT SUMTER—ITS FEARFUL SIGNIFICANCE—THE BOMBARDMENT—SURRENDER OF—EXULTATION OF THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON—RECEPTION OF THE NEWS NORTH—UNION OF ALL PARTIES—PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT CALLING FOR SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND TROOPS—RESPONSE OF THE NORTH—REPLY TO IT BY SOUTHERN GOVERNORS—ENTHUSIASM OF THE NORTH—DELUSION OF BOTH SECTIONS—DAVIS CALLS FOR SOUTHERN VOLUNTEERS AND FOR PRIVATEERS—VIRGINIA SECEDES—EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT—SURRENDER OF NORFOLK—SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY AND THE BURNING OF THE ARSENAL.

IT was fit that a deed so monstrous as the commencement of civil war should have been committed in darkness. Treason shuns the light of day, and even the conspirators, though steeped in crime, were in haste to begin their accursed work before the bright sun should rise to throw his light upon it.

As soon as Anderson received the message of Beauregard, he ordered the sentinels to be removed from the parapets of the fort, the posterns closed, and the flag that had been lowered with the coming on of night, flung to the breeze, and then sat down in the darkness to wait the coming shock. It was a mild spring night, and not a sound disturbed the quietness that reigned over the peaceful waters of the bay. Nature gave no sign of the dread event so near at hand, which should summon a million of men to arms, and send state dashing on state in fierce collision, drench the land in fraternal blood, and unsettle the civilized world. At half-past four o'clock, before the full dawn could reveal to them the flag under whose folds they had so long lived in peace and prosperity, the first shot was fired. The deep thunder

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woke the morning echoes, and rolled away over the trembling waters of the bay. At that moment the great clock of destiny struck its warning note. No single cannon shot before, ever bore such destinies on its darkened flight. It shivered the mightiest republic the earth ever saw into atoms, arrested the onward march of civilization, and changed the history of man. A few moments of dead silence followed this first explosion, as if all nature paused at the awful deed—and then came the earthquake. From fort Moultrie, Point Pleasant, fort Johnston,—the floating battery—Cumming's point and Sullivan's island, the well trained batteries poured in their concentric fire, till sea and shore shook to the fierce reverberations. A line of volcanoes seemed suddenly to have opened in the sea, and the broad glare from the blazing guns, and bursting shells traversing the air in every direction and crossing in a fiery net work over the doomed fort, heralded in the day. Anderson and his little band sat quietly within their stronghold, listening unmoved to the wild hurricane without, till the sun had climbed the heavens. The ponderous balls of the enemy were knocking loudly for admittance without, but not a shot had been fired in return. At half-past six, the mere handful within sat quietly down to their breakfast, and finished their meal as leisurely as though preparing for a parade. They were then divided into three reliefs—the first under command of Captain Doubleday—and the men ordered to their places. Soon the order to fire was given, and the ominous silence that had so long reigned round that dark structure was broken, and a sheet of flame ran along its sides. Gun now answered gun in quick succession, and for the next four hours, the heavy, deafening explosions were like a continuous clap of thunder. Forty-seven mortars and large cannon directed their fire against the fort, and shot and shell beat upon it, and burst within and over it incessantly. The heavy explosions called

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out the inhabitants of Charleston in crowds, and the house tops and shores were lined with excited spectators, gazing earnestly over the water, where the tossing clouds of smoke obscured the sky. Every portion of the fortress was searched by the enemy's fire, and loosened bricks and mortar were soon flying in every direction. It was impossible to serve the guns *en barbette*, and they were knocked to pieces one after another by the shot and shells that swept the crest of the ramparts. These were the only guns that could throw shells, and hence Anderson was able to reply to the enemy only with solid shot. These, in most cases, thundered harmlessly on the solid works of the enemy, or glanced from their iron sides. The barracks again and again caught fire, but each time were extinguished, chiefly through the energy and daring of Mr. Hart, a New York volunteer. The cartridges were soon exhausted, when the men made them of their shirt sleeves. Noon came, and the soldiers were served with their meagre dinner at the guns, snatching a hasty bite of the last of their hard biscuit and salt pork, and then calmly went to their work again. During this tremendous cannonading, Major Anderson and his officers coolly watched through their glasses the effect of the shot, and ever and anon turned their eyes anxiously towards the mouth of the harbor, where our succoring fleet lay, not daring to run the gauntlet of batteries that stretched between them and the fort. Thus the toilsome day wore away, and when darkness enveloped the scene, Anderson being no longer able to observe the effect of his shots, ordered the port holes to be closed, when the firing ceased and the men lay down to rest. The enemy, however, did not remit his attack, and all night long his ponderous shot kept smiting the solid walls of the fort, and his shells, whose course could be seen by their long trains of light, dropped incessantly around and within the silent structure. Early on Saturday morning,

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the little garrison were again at work, and gun answered gun in quick response. The barracks for the fourth time took fire, but the attempts to put it out as before were soon found to be fruitless, for the hot shot of the enemy, dropping incessantly among the combustible materials, kept the flames alive, and in a short time the raging conflagration within became more terrible than the hurricane of shot without. The whole garrison was called from the guns to save the magazine, and barrels of powder were rolled through the smoke and embers to a place of safety. Ninety-six barrels had been thus removed when the heat became too great to continue the work, and it was abandoned, and the magazine locked to await its destiny. The fire now raged uncontrolled, and the smoke, driven downward by the wind, filled all the interior of the fort, so that the men could no longer see each other. Choked by the stifling air, they flung themselves on the ground, and throwing wet handkerchiefs and cloths over their mouths and eyes, lay and gasped for breath. The last biscuit had been eaten the day before—the walls were crumbling around them—the main gate had been burned down, leaving an open passage to an advancing force, and it was evident to all, that the contest was a hopeless one. Still Anderson stood unmoved amid the wreck, and refused to strike his colors. The cartridges were nearly exhausted—the magazine could not be reached for more powder, yet now and then a shot was fired to let the fleet outside and the enemy know they had not surrendered. To add to the horrors of their position, the shells and ammunition in the upper service magazine caught fire and exploded with a frightful crash, sending splintered beams and blazing fragments in every direction, and adding tenfold to the terror of the conflagration that was raging in every part of the inclosure. This went on hour after hour, the men compelled to work with wet cloths over their mouths. At length the

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fire approached the men's quarters where the barrels of powder that had been taken from the magazine lay exposed. The soldiers rushed through the flames with wet blankets, and covered them over; but the heat soon became so intense, that it was feared they would take fire and blow up the fort, and they were rolled through the embrasures into the sea, till all but three were gone, which were piled over thickly with wet blankets. Only three cartridges were now left, and these were in the guns. At this crisis the flag-staff was shot away. The flag was brought in, after having been shot down, by Lieutenant Hall; but was afterwards (by order of Major Anderson) planted on the rampart by Lieutenants Snyder and Hart, who nailed it to the flag-staff, where it continued to wave defiantly. A few minutes after this occurred, a man was seen at an embrasure, with a white flag tied to his sword. It was Wigfall, late senator from Texas, who had come from fort Moultrie, and now desired admittance. Entering through into the casemate, he exclaimed in an excited manner, that he came from General Beauregard, that he saw the flag of the fort was down, adding, "let us stop this firing." "No sir," replied Lieutenant Davis, "the flag is not down, step out this way and you will see it waving from the ramparts." General Wigfall then asked that some one should hold his white flag outside the walls, "No sir," replied the gallant lieutenant, "we don't raise a white flag, if you want your batteries to stop, you must stop them yourself." Wigfall then held the flag out of the embrasure. As soon as he did so, Lieutenant Davis ordered a corporal to relieve him, as it was not the act of the fort, but of Wigfall. But the cannon balls continuing to strike around the corporal, he exclaimed with an oath, "I won't hold that flag, they don't respect it." Wigfall replied, "They fired at me three or four times, and I should think you ought to stand it once." He then placed the flag

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outside of the embrasure and sought Major Anderson. Wigfall introduced himself by saying, "I am General Wigfall, and come from General Beauregard, who wishes to stop this." Anderson, whose usually quiet blood had in the terrific bombardment of these two days got fairly roused, rose on his toes, and as he came down with a sudden jar on his heels, replied, "*Well sir!*" "Major Anderson," said the former, "You have defended your flag nobly, sir—you have done all that is possible for men to do, and General Beauregard wishes to stop the fight. On what terms will you evacuate this fort?"

"General Beauregard is already acquainted with my only terms," was the calm reply.

"Do I understand," replied Wigfall, "that you will evacuate upon the terms proposed the other day?"

"Yes, sir," said the Major, "and on those conditions only."

"Very well," Wigfall replied, and retired.

A short time after, a deputation of four officers arrived, sent by General Beauregard, and asked for an interview with Major Anderson; when it turned out, that Wigfall had acted entirely on his own responsibility, and without even the knowledge of Beauregard. The latter seeing the fort on fire, they said, had sent them over to inquire if any assistance could be rendered. They were amazed when Anderson informed them that he had just agreed upon terms of capitulation with General Wigfall, acting under orders of General Beauregard. Seeing the state of things, Major Anderson remarked that it put him in a peculiar position, and the flag must be hoisted again. After some conversation, however, they requested him to put in writing what Wigfall had said to him, and they would lay it before General Beauregard. He did so, but before the statement reached the rebel general, he had sent the Adjutant-general, and members of his staff, to propose the same terms on which Major Anderson

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had consented to go out, with the exception of being allowed to salute his flag. They asked him if he would not dispense with the salute. He replied "No,"—he would however leave the question open for conference. They returned with the reply, and shortly after an officer came over saying that the terms first proposed were accepted.

What motive had prompted General Wigfall to volunteer his services, and take upon himself the responsibility of negotiating for Beauregard, is not known. It is but charitable, however, to suppose that the feelings of a man had been aroused in him at sight of that burning fort, within which a mere handful of men had for thirty-four hours borne the concentrated fire of four powerful batteries, and which, though unable to return only an occasional shot, and wrapped in a fierce conflagration, still refused to yield. It was a sight to move the pity of any thing human.

Thus fell fort Sumter; and the opening act of the most fearful tragedy the world has ever seen, had closed. The people of Charleston seemed utterly oblivious of the true character and swift results of this first act of violence, and were wild with enthusiasm and joy. Beauregard was a hero—indeed all were heroes. They had succeeded in firing the train, and now danced in the flickering light it emitted, unconscious that the fitful blaze was on its way to a magazine, the explosion of which would shake the continent. The Roman Catholic bishop ordered a *Te Deum* to be chanted in honor of the victory, and the Episcopal bishop, though blind and feeble, declared that the resistance was obedience to God.

On Monday morning preparations for the evacuation commenced. But first, the only man killed during the terrible bombardment, a private by the name of Daniel Hough, who lost his life by the bursting of a cannon, was buried with military honors. When this was done, and the baggage all on board the transport, a portion of the little band who

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stood under arms within the battered fort, were toled off as gunners, to fire the one hundred guns as a salute to the flag. At the fiftieth discharge a premature explosion killed one man, and wounded three more—one seriously. When the last gun was fired, the handful of heroes marched out, the band playing Yankee Doodle and Hail to the Chief. Vast crowds were collected in the vicinity to witness this last ceremony, little dreaming what it foreboded. That night the troops remained on board the Isabel, and the next morning were transferred to the Baltic, and started for New York.

Though South Carolina had long before declared herself out of the Union, both postal and telegraphic communication was kept up with Charleston, and never did the electric wires of the country quiver with news so pregnant with the fate of a great nation, as those which kept registering the progress of the bombardment. And when at last the news came that the stars and stripes had been lowered to the insolent, rebellious state, the nation was struck dumb with indignation and amazement. The first effect was stunning, paralyzing; and the north seemed to hold its breath in suspense. But it was the slow settling back of the billow, as it gathers to break in thunder on the shore. The north had hitherto been divided. The democrats, and those opposed to the republican party had sympathized with the south in their indignation at the triumph of a faction, whose battle cry had been hostility to an institution that was inwoven into the very structure of its society. Every where threats had been heard that if the republican party endeavored by any unconstitutional act to carry out its hostility to slavery, there would be an uprising at the north. So bitter was this feeling, that many rejoiced at the serious difficulties and embarrassments their sectional victory had involved them in. Indeed, it was clear to the careful observer, that if the south managed discreetly, the party would have more

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trouble at the north than at the south. What course would this powerful opposition take now, was a question fraught with life and death to the administration. But there was no time given for arguments and appeals and attempts to conciliate. Political animosities vanished—party lines disappeared and all opposition went down like barriers of mist before the rising patriotism of the people. Though the democrats believed the spirit of the compact originally made between the north and south, had been broken by the formation and success of the republican party, and that its very existence was contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and a violation of good faith—though they felt it meditated a great wrong on the weaker portion of the republic, they suddenly forgot it all. The flag, our boast and pride, the emblem of our nationality and record of our glory, had been assailed by traitorous hands, and trailed in the dust at their bidding. All minor differences disappeared before this gigantic wrong; and from the Atlantic to the broad prairies of the west, there went up one loud cry for vengeance. The President, who with his administration had seemed to be laboring under a strange incredulity, seeing state after state throw off its allegiance, and forts and arsenals one after another seized by the rebels, with a calm composure, as though all those high-handed acts were mere parts of a stage play, and meant nothing more than the talk about secession and a bloody revolt, that had characterized the political campaign of the autumn previous—was at last aroused by the thunder of cannon at fort Sumter. The President at length saw that this was not merely an "artificial excitement;" and the "sixty days" which the Secretary of State prophesied were to bring a more "cheerful state of things," had instead brought "bloody war."

The very next day after fort Sumter had surrendered, the President issued a proclamation, calling for seventy-five

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thousand volunteers, for three months, to protect the capital, and secure the property of the government seized by the rebels; and commanding all those in arms to return to their homes in twenty days. It also summoned congress to meet on the 4th of July. It was calm in its tone, and reserved in the claims put forth. It contained no appeal to the patriotism of the people, being almost exclusively confined to a statement of the rights of the general government over its own property, which it would be the duty of the army to take from the rebels after the safety of the Capital was secured. It was fortunate that the aroused people of the north needed no stimulus, and their instincts no instructions respecting the true issue that had been forced upon them. This proclamation, which could not have been more carefully worded, or have said less, was received throughout the south as a declaration of war. At the north, although it was a confession that civil war had commenced, it was received with one loud shout of approval, that showed that the Union was not to be destroyed without a struggle that should drench the land in blood. Enthusiastic meetings were held in every part of the north—the calls of the respective governors for troops were responded to with an ardor that showed that five times seventy-five thousand men could be had. At Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and almost every large place, money was raised for the volunteers and their families. Legislatures made large appropriations, and abundant means seemed at the disposal of the general government to put a speedy end to the rebellion.

The call on the slave states, still in the Union, for their proportion of the army of seventy-five thousand men, was received in a very different spirit. Governor Magoffin of Kentucky replied, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states."

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Governor Letcher of Virginia—"the militia will not be furnished to the powers of Washington for any such use or purpose as they have in view." Governor Ellis of North Carolina, in a more guarded tone, telegraphed to the President that he could not respond to the call, as he had doubts of his authority under the constitution to make it. Similar responses came from Tennessee, Arkansas, and other states. Maryland and Delaware were the only exceptions to a peremptory refusal. Governor Hicks of the former state, would raise troops only for the defence of Washington, and not for any other purpose. Little Delaware took her place without hesitation beside the loyal states. Throughout the north the love of the old flag suddenly became a passion, and the stars and stripes draped every street, and waved from every church spire. Patriotic songs were in every mouth, and the regiments gathering to their places of rendezvous, or streaming through the cities towards Washington, were greeted by shouting crowds; and the general feeling was like that which accompanies a triumphal march. Civil war was an evil we had never contemplated—besides, we had been taught so long to regard it as a political bugbear, a mere party menace, that we looked upon it with little or no alarm. More than this, the north had been told so long by unscrupulous politicians, that the south dare not fight, that at the first call to arms the slaves would rush into insurrection,—that it really believed at the first show of determination, the south would decline the contest. The people at the south had been beguiled in the same manner by their leaders—they had been assured over and over again, that the money loving north would never go to war with the source of their wealth—a race of shop keepers would never fight for a sentiment, and if they attempted it, would be crushed at the first onset by the chivalrous, warlike south. Thus the two sections were hurried, through ignorance and

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blind presumption, towards all the untold horrors of civil war. It was plain to every one who had studied the history of nations carefully, that this blind confidence on both sides was doomed to a terrible disappointment.

The proclamation of the President was met on the part of Davis of the Southern Confederacy by one calling on the southern states for volunteers, and also for persons to take out letters of marque as privateers, to prey on the commerce of the north. The call for volunteers was responded to with the same alacrity as that of President Lincoln had been, and the same enthusiasm was exhibited. Like the north, they thought there might be some *conquering*, but there would be but little fighting. With many, however, especially the more religious class, a different feeling prevailed. They had been told, and they believed, that the seventy-five thousand men summoned to the field by Mr. Lincoln, were not designed for the defence of Washington, but to commence the work of emancipation by direct invasion of their soil, and hence rushed to arms under the full belief that they were called upon to defend their homes, and firesides, and all they held dear.

Immediately on the issue of the President's proclamation, Virginia, which had long been wavering, through her convention elected to determine the matter, declared herself out of the Union. It is more than probable that this was done by direct fraud—at least intimidation was used. Her best men, and among them John Minor Botts, fought against it to the last. It is difficult to say what motives prompted the leaders in this state to such a suicidal course. The western part was known to be loyal, and certainly a large minority of the eastern. Besides, in the issue of war, which ever side should succeed, *she* was certainly to constitute the chief battle ground, and must be ruined in the contest. It is probable, that proud from her traditions, and

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overestimating her importance in the Union, she really believed, that by casting her lot in with the southern confederacy, she secured the co-operation of every southern state, and thus made the contest so even, that the north would not attempt coercion; while the magnitude of the rebellion would secure at once the recognition of foreign powers. Thus civil war would be prevented altogether.

The government, at this crisis, was surrounded with difficulties calculated to bewilder the strongest minds. Treason was on every side, and it knew not where to strike, nor had it the means to plant the blows it knew should be given. Every thing had been thrown into chaos, and in the whirlpool of conflicting elements, neither the President nor his Cabinet seemed to know what to do. It was a state of things never anticipated, and hence wholly unprovided for. Mr. Lincoln felt himself wholly at sea, while unfortunately the two Cabinet officers on whom the nation must chiefly rely had not been selected for their fitness to meet such a crisis. Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, soon proved this to the satisfaction of the country and the President. The Secretary of the Navy, though a man of probity and true patriotism, could not be expected from his limited experience in naval matters to give, at once, this arm of the government its full efficiency. At all events, he was much blamed for a heavy disaster following the fall of fort Sumter. The navy yard at Norfolk, was the largest, and the most important one in the country. To the rebels it was of vital importance, for notwithstanding the thefts of Floyd, while Secretary of War, the south was deficient in heavy cannon, and here were gathered a vast number, some of them of the largest caliber. Virginia had seceded, and her Governor had summoned the people to arms, and it was plain to the simplest mind, that the navy yard located on her soil would be the first object she would attempt to grasp, and yet sufficient precaution was

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not taken to prevent the catastrophe. The Secretary of the Navy seemed to think its surrender a foregone conclusion, and intent only on saving the vessels there, ordered Commodore McCauley to remove them to a place of safety.

When he found it was not done he despatched Commodore Paulding to take his place. When the latter arrived he found that they were being destroyed, the Merrimac and other ships having already been scuttled. Seeing this would not prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, he applied the torch to them and to what other public property he could, and abandoned the place. The Cumberland, towed down by the tug Yankee, escaped only eventually to meet a worse fate than burning, from her former consort the Merrimac. The country enraged asked why the ships did not shell the batteries the enemy were erecting in the neighborhood, and the place itself, and leave them a heap of smoking ruins, and destroy the guns. Instead of this, we succeeded in scuttling and firing the Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Columbus, each seventy-four guns; the Merrimac and Columbia, forty-four; the Raritan, forty-five; the sloops-of-war Germantown and Plymouth, each twenty-two guns; the brig Dolphin, a powder boat, and the frigate United States, (in ordinary.) Of these, the Merrimac was to be heard from again. The value of the property was estimated at fifty millions of dollars. This, however, was a small matter compared to the advantage we gave the enemy by supplying him with hundreds of cannon.

Two days before, Lieutenant Jones, commanding the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, hearing that twenty-five hundred Virginians were advancing to seize it, set it on fire, destroying it with all its arms and munitions of war. Why these had not been removed, when it was only some thirty miles to a place of perfect safety, the public was not informed. But for the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Jones, the arms so

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much needed by the rebels, would have fallen into their hands.

These apparently unnecessary disasters, produced an outburst of indignation from those who had been the warmest friends of the administration, and for a time shook seriously the confidence of the people. It is true, Gosport navy yard was surrendered five days after the proclamation of the President on the 15th of April, and Harper's Ferry on the 18th. Events were marching with fearful rapidity, the hands of the government were tied for the want of means to carry out its plans, and it knew not where to look for loyal men. But with six weeks (the time since the inauguration of the President) in which to gather its energies, it might have done something. The fault was, that those six weeks had been wasted in listening to the claims of politicians greedy of places. With the lightning rending the clouds that were rolling up the angry heavens, and the thunder breaking on every side, the administration calmly devoted itself to the filling of offices. All this time the rebels were at work.

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CHAPTER IV.

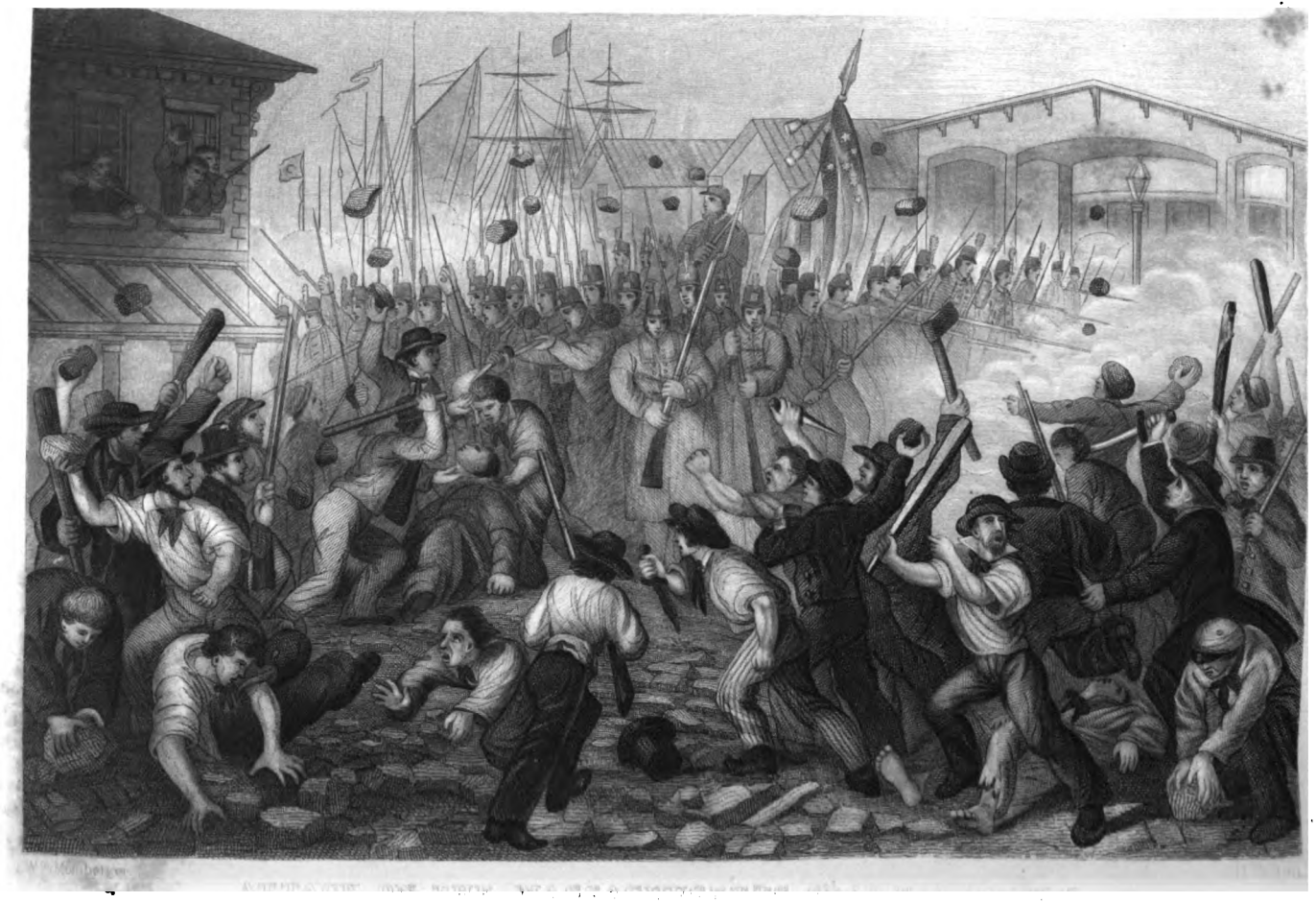
APRIL, 1861.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE AND BASENESS OF CONTRACTORS—MARCH OF THE REGIMENTS—THE MASSACHUSETTS SIXTH ATTACKED IN BALTIMORE—DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH NEW YORK—ENTHUSIASM SOUTH—FEARS OF THE PEOPLE AND MAYOR OF BALTIMORE—COLLISION PREVENTED BY THE TROOPS GOING BY WAY OF ANNAPOLIS—THEIR ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON—DEFECTION IN THE ARMY AND NAVY—ROBERT E. LEE—EFFECT OF THE STATES' RIGHTS DOCTRINE—GREAT UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK—ITS RECEPTION SOUTH—PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT INCREASING THE STANDING ARMY—TENNESSEE JOINS THE SOUTH—ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT—SUSPENSION OF THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS—MISTAKE IN NOT CALLING CONGRESS TOGETHER SOONER.

WHILE indecision was thus characterizing the government at Washington, patriotism and a stern determination to settle the quarrel by the bayonet, were rousing the people of the north, and it was soon evident that a power was gathering that the government must control and let loose on the rebellion, or it would go down before it. To a thoughtful man, this indecision of the administration on the one hand, and this tremendous energy and purpose of the people on the other, were calculated to awaken serious alarm.

The people had forgotten politics, and were fully aroused to the danger of the country. The regiments kept pouring in, but, relying on the government to provide for their wants, were ill supplied with the things necessary to their comfort and efficiency. Seeing this state of things, a Union Defence Committee was formed in New York to supply the troops with necessary means. But politicians, greedy of gain, soon assumed control of its affairs in order to fill their own pockets. General Wool, who came to New York to direct matters, attempted to put a stop to the wasteful extravagance, but

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through the efforts of these same politicians, who had an influence with the government at Washington, was sent home to Troy in disgrace. Contractors all over the country took advantage of the general enthusiasm to rob the public treasury, and unmolested by the Secretary of War, experienced no difficulty in amassing wealth out of the public necessities. The people had no eyes for these gigantic swindling operations—they saw only their country's flag in danger, and were pressing to its defense. From east to west arose the murmur of gathering hosts. Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, and the far west moved simultaneously. The Massachusetts Sixth led the van, and four days after the President's proclamation was issued were entering Baltimore. Threats had been uttered that northern troops should not be allowed to pass through the city to the Capital, which was now threatened on every side. Patrols were kept up night and day over the long bridge—cannon commanded its passage—the government, under the veteran and patriot Scott, was securing itself as best it could with its limited means, anxiously looking northward for the troops hastening to its defense. The Massachusetts Sixth, occupying eleven cars, reached Baltimore on the 19th of April, and proceeded quietly through the streets, drawn by horses, to the depot on the farther side. As they advanced, the crowd, which had been collected, steadily increased, so that the horses could hardly effect a passage through it. Soon shouts and yells, mingled with threats, arose on every side, followed by stones, brick-bats, and other missiles, which rained in a perfect shower on the cars, smashing the windows and wounding the soldiers within. The latter, however, made no resistance, but kept quietly on their way, and nine of the cars reached the depot in safety, and started for Washington. The two remaining cars, carrying about one hundred, were thus cut off from the main

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body, and hemmed in by some eight thousand infuriated men. At this moment news came that the Pennsylvania volunteers had arrived, and were about to follow the Massachusetts regiment. This increased the excitement, and the Massachusetts troops, finding the cars could not go on, came out, and forming in a solid square, with fixed bayonets, and at the double-quick, began to advance—the Mayor of Baltimore, who had in vain endeavored to keep the peace—at their head. This was the signal for a storm of brick-bats, stones, and clubs, varied with an occasional shot from a revolver or musket. The soldiers suffered severely, but bore the indignity and violence with a forbearance that was wonderful. The firing increasing in severity, and one after another of the soldiers falling wounded, and two being killed, their companions became exasperated, and leveled their muskets at the crowd. No order was given to fire, nor was there any platoon firing—the shots that were delivered were scattering, being fired by a few whose forbearance was not equal to such a trial—and thus, struggling through the crowd, they at length reached the depot with two killed and eight wounded, and embarked for Washington. Seven of the rioters were killed, and several wounded. No other but New England troops (with loaded muskets in their hands) would have borne that attack with such moderation. The commanding officer would have been perfectly justified in ordering a general volley into the crowd, and then a charge of bayonet, which would have left the streets of Baltimore slippery with the blood of its lawless citizens. The news of this murderous outrage filled the north with boundless rage, and the universal cry was, to lay the city in ashes, if necessary, to secure a safe transit for our troops. The mob immediately took possession of Baltimore, and the President was notified by the Mayor and Governor that no more troops would be allowed to pass through the city. But the stop-

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page of the direct route to the Capital was not to be entertained for a moment. If troops could reach the seat of government in no other way, they must do it over heaps of dead and smouldering ruins. The news reached New York just before the Seventh Regiment—the favorite regiment of the city, composed of some of the most intelligent and wealthy young men of the metropolis, and perfect in its appointments and drill—set out. This superb body of men heard it, and took forty-eight rounds of cartridge to clear a passage for themselves. Other regiments followed, and a bloody fight was expected in Baltimore.

Massachusetts, in six days, responded to the President's proclamation with five full regiments of infantry, a batallion of rifles, and a fine corps of flying artillery. The south was equally alert in answering the call of Davis for volunteers, and even Alabama, in the same short space of time, had five thousand ready to march for the seat of war. The same enthusiasm attended the passage of troops from both sections of the country. Crowds were gathered to witness their departure and herald their progress through the various towns. Flags were presented, patriotic speeches delivered, and shouts and words of greeting, and waving of handkerchiefs, and flaunting of streamers, made their march one great ovation. To a spectator, these hostile forces appeared as if they were gathering to some grand and peaceful review, instead of, being citizens of the same republic, hastening to imbrue their hands in each other's blood.

In the mean time, all eyes at the north were turned towards Baltimore, in expectation of a bloody battle in its streets. A delegation from the young men's "Christian Association" of the city waited on the President, and Governor Hicks presented a communication, asking that the troops might not pass through Maryland, and for a cessation of hostilities till a reference of the national dispute could be

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made to Lord Lyons, the British Minister to the United States, at Washington. The President, through the Secretary of State, replied that our troubles could not be referred to a foreign arbitrament, and that the Commander-in-Chief had decided that the troops must come through to Washington—there was no alternative.

The dreaded collision was prevented by the troops stopping at Havre de Grace, and taking steamers for Annapolis. General B. F. Butler had taken his regiment by this route, and there the New York Seventh joined it, and were placed under the command of that officer. We had the Naval Academy here, and the old frigate Constitution, with cadets aboard, was attached to it. This the rebels had planned to seize, but were prevented by the prompt action of Butler. This officer then seized the railroad leading to Washington—relaid the track that had been torn up—took possession of the hights around Annapolis, and hurried on the troops to the menaced Capital. Marching through the darkness along the uneven track, expecting every moment to be greeted with hostile vollies from the woods that lined the deep cuts in the way, the New York Seventh, tired and worn out, at length reached Washington, and marched up Pennsylvania avenue to the President's mansion. Shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs greeted them, and the hearts of the loyal men of the city were relieved of the heavy fears that had oppressed them. A feeble effort was made by Governor Hicks to prevent troops from crossing the state by this route, but a passage had been cleared, and it was resolved that nothing should close it. Regiment after regiment was now hurried forward, and though much privation and suffering were endured, owing to the want of proper preparations, which there had been no time to make, yet no murmuring was heard. Both chambers of Congress, all the public squares, and even the President's house, were filled with

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troops, till Washington looked like a besieged city. Arms were stacked in the Rotunda of the Capitol, fire Zouaves lounged in the cushioned seats of members of Congress, and the building itself was turned into a fortification. General Scott, though past his three-score-and-ten, seemed endowed with the energy of youth, and immediately set on foot measures for the security of the national Capital. The nation breathed free again, for the seat of government was safe. The south had threatened to seize it, and its possession by them, it was felt, would be an advantage at the outset not easily overcome. Had Virginia been the first, instead of among the last to have joined the southern confederacy, it would easily have fallen into their hands. A few heavy guns, planted on Arlington Hights, would have rendered it untenable.

Now commenced defections in the army and navy, and it was impossible to tell whom to trust. A large portion of the officers in both branches of service were natives of the south. Since the war with Mexico, resignations of officers of the army belonging to the north, in order to accept more lucrative civil positions, had been numerous, while those from the south had retained their places. Colonel Robert E. Lee, connected with the family of Washington, and a great favorite of Scott's, and who stood high in the public estimation, hesitated long before he cast his lot in with the rebels. As he sat on his piazza at Arlington House, and gazed off on the Capital, he shed bitter tears while he revolved the painful question in his mind whether he should stand by the Union or go with his native state, but finally felt it his duty to cast his fortunes in with the latter. In this crisis of our affairs, we first felt the full evils of the states' right doctrine, so long and so ably advocated by Calhoun. We saw, too, one of the inherent weaknesses of our form of government. There ever will be more or less of a conflict between state sovereignty

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and the confederated government. A man who holds a double allegiance—one to his state, and another to the United States—will not always fix the exact line where fealty to one ends, and loyalty to the other begins to be paramount. We at the north did not allow enough for this in our charity, and never have since. To strike at one's own mother, and join those who are to invade his native soil, and help slay his own kindred and neighbors, requires a higher patriotism and loftier sense of duty than belongs to most men. Hence, those at the south who stood the test of this terrible ordeal, and remained faithful to the national flag throughout, deserve greater honor than the most successful warrior of the north. The spoiling of our goods, the entreaties and taunts of kindred and friends, imprisonment, and even death, are easier to be borne than to come as an enemy into the home of our childhood.

While matters were assuming such a warlike aspect around Washington, the entire north became a great camp, and the sound of arms, and the strains of military bands, drowned the hum of industry, and occupied the thoughts of young and old. Patriotic sermons were preached, prayers were offered, and voluntary contributions made, and war became the theme of every tongue. The great north-west was stirred like a hive, and her hardy sons gathered in uncounted thousands to the defense of the national flag. A similar military frenzy swept the south, and the two sections that had so long been members of the same government, now seemed impelled by a burning desire to close in mortal conflict. Hitherto, New York city, the stronghold of democracy, and the emporium of the country, had not spoken. Her trade with the south had been one of her chief sources of wealth. She had also millions at stake, in the shape of debts, owed by merchants and planters there. She had never been accused of fanaticism, and no sickly sentimentality or mock philanthropy

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characterized those who controled her world-wide commerce. The President had issued a proclamation on the 19th of the month, blockading all the southern ports, and denouncing as pirates the privateers commissioned by Jefferson Davis. The commerce of New York must stop, her southern debts remain unpaid, and her wharves and storehouses stand idle, in order that a political faction might carry out its mad and unconstitutional schemes, was the language of the south. Would she submit to such a state of things, was a question everywhere asked, and the universal response was "no!" The truth of this was soon to be tested, for a Union meeting was called to be held in Union Square on the 20th April. This meeting was one of the largest ever assembled on this continent. Leading men from every part of the country, democrats, republicans, and whigs joined hearts and voices, and from the uncounted thousands that were gathered but one cry went up, "*down with the rebellion!*" New York had at last spoken, and with bankruptcy staring her in the face, declared she would stand or fall with the government. The news of this meeting was received with astonishment at the south. At New Orleans such a state of public excitement was created that the police had to be called out to keep down the mob. The last hope of the rebels of sympathy from the north had failed them. The latter was a unit, no division weakened its force, and the dread issue which the south had provoked, she now saw was to be settled by the comparative strength of the two sections. As a last resort she turned to Europe, and despatched Messrs. Mann and Yancey to obtain a recognition of their government, and to get the blockade broken by promising free trade and an ample supply of cotton. The conspirators, instead of flinching at the dread prospect that opened before them, grew bolder. Though Missouri was divided, Kentucky neutral, and the western part of Virginia in open revolt against their

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assumed government, they boldly pressed the issue of combat. United States vessels were seized in southern ports—the Star of the West captured at Galveston, and turned into a southern national vessel—forts in Arkansas and Texas were seized, and arsenals and troops captured, and northern property confiscated as recklessly as though no day of reckoning was at hand.

On the 3d of May, the President issued an important proclamation, portions of which caused a good deal of discussion at the north. He called for forty-two thousand and thirty-four volunteers to serve for three years or the war, and directed the increase of the regular army by the addition of eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery, and the enlistment of eighteeen thousand seamen for not less than one nor more than three years in the navy. It was asked where the President obtained the power to increase the regular army without the sanction of Congress which could not meet for two months to come. If he could increase it by ten thousand men, why not by a hundred thousand; and if it could be called together two months before the meeting of Congress, why not for a year. It was undoubtedly an extraordinary stretch of executive authority considering the well known repugnance of the people to a large standing army. But in the appalling evils that threatened the government, and in the anxiety to save the country at any and all hazards, the remonstrances uttered against the measure by a portion of the northern press were little heeded, or drowned in the one cry for self-preservation.

The south openly proclaimed its determination to have Washington, and the two armies were rapidly coming face to face on the Potomac. At the West the neutral position of Kentucky, which had resolved to side with neither party, but present herself as a barrier to prevent the collision of armies along the Mississippi, alarmed the government, and troops

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were concentrated at Cairo, which in turn was looked upon by the traitorous governor of that state, McGoffin, as a menace. In the mean time, Tennessee had entered into a league with the southern confederacy, which, in a few days (May 11th), ended in her formally joining it. Affairs gradually assumed definite form. The only three forts of importance in the slave states which at present we could reach, Mc Henry at Baltimore, Monroe in Virginia, and Pickens at Pensacola, had been reinforced, and the number of states we must meet in open rebellion pretty nearly ascertained. Maryland had reconsidered her action, and under the leadership of her loyal governor, decided to remain in the Union. Missouri, it was evident, must be the scene of fierce internal strife. Her governor, Jackson, was a traitor, and a great portion of the southern and western parts of the state for secession, while St. Louis stood loyal. Kentucky was still firm in her determination to stand neutral, though the government well knew that every effort would be made through her governor and the late Vice President, Breckenridge, and other leaders to take her over to the south. Against these were the noble Romans, Crittenden, Holt, and others, and the powerful influence of the Louisville Journal, edited by Prentice. It was not difficult, therefore, to measure somewhat the magnitude of the coming contest. Some reliance was placed on the portions of North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, bordering on the Alleghany Mountains, for their inhabitants had shown from the outset an invincible repugnance to leaving the Union. Still, for the present, until victory was thoroughly inaugurated, they would practically have to be left out of the calculation.

Secretary Seward had previously instructed our foreign ministers who had been hurried abroad to see to our interests in foreign courts, that the United States would permit no interference whatever in our domestic troubles. It was

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especially important that France and England should not be induced by the representations of southern commissioners to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Attention was then turned to clearing all departments at home of secret traitors. This latter was no easy task, for they swarmed in every public office at Washington, and were busily at work in every important city at the north. The telegraph was suddenly seized to find evidence of treason. Numerous arrests followed, and some thus seized took advantage of the writ of habeas corpus to get released. The President felt it necessary in self-protection to suspend this writ, which caused a great deal of angry discussion at the north, for the power of doing so had always been supposed to lodge in Congress alone, and was never before assumed by the chief executive. The right to exercise it admitted the most serious doubts. It was one that the King of England dare not assert. Congress under the Constitution, rules the republic, and the President, with the exception of a few reserved rights, designed mostly to act as a check on unconstitutional legislation, is but its minister to carry out its will; and no anticipation of evil can justify an unnecessary assumption of its appropriate powers. If the President had assembled Congress sooner he would have been spared many executive acts that furnish at least bad precedents for the future. The people, however, submitted, for in the present imminent danger they refused to consider remote evils.

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CHAPTER V.

MAY—JUNE, 1861.

PUBLIC EXPECTATION—POSITION OF THE FORCES IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON—APPOINTMENT OF GENERALS—OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA—MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH—EFFECT ON THE NORTH—FIGHT AT BIG BETHEL—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE RESPECTING IT—CAPTAIN LYON AT ST. LOUIS—REFUSES TO OBEY THE PUBLIC COMMISSIONERS OF THE CITY—TAKES THE ENTIRE FORCE OF GOVERNOR JACKSON AND GENERAL PRICE, PRISONERS—HIS TROOPS MOBBED—PURSUES JACKSON—FIGHT AT BOONEVILLE—GENERAL HARNEY—HIS VACILLATING COURSE—MC CLELLAN MADE MAJOR-GENERAL AND SENT TO WESTERN VIRGINIA—HIS PAST CAREER—HARPER'S FERRY EVACUATED—CONCENTRATION OF THE REBELS AT MANASSAS JUNCTION—FIGHT AT PHILLIPPI—KELLY WOUNDED—SCHENCK SURPRISED NEAR VIENNA—THE QUESTION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES—CAPTURE OF THE FIRST REBEL PRIVATEER SAVANNAH—THE PRIVATEER SUMTER AT SEA.

THE uncertainty and chaos into which civil war always throws a country, especially one with a democratic form of government, occasioned at this time but little concern with the great body of the people; for they confidently believed the great battle to be close at hand which should at once settle the controversy and restore the supremacy of the federal power.

Hence all eyes were turned to the Potomac, for it was evident that the first serious collision must take place in front of Washington. From the Chesapeake to Edward's Ferry, twenty-five or thirty miles above the Capital, the southern confederacy was resolved to defend the "sacred soil of Virginia," as it was called, from invasion. In the mean time, the appointment of brigadier and major-generals became an every day occurrence, and although it was not governed by political considerations alone, these controlled it far too much at first.

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It soon became apparent that Alexandria, a few miles from Washington, must be occupied, in order to secure the safety of the Capital. So on the 24th of May, a little after noon, General Mansfield, with the seventh New York regiment, left their camp at Washington, and proceeded to the Alexandria bridge. Another force, at the same time, passed the Chain bridge, a few miles above Washington, and took possession of the Loudon and Hampshire railroad, capturing two trains and several hundred passengers. Other regiments took part in this general movement into Virginia, making in all some thirteen thousand men. Several companies, among them three of the fire Zouaves of New York, proceeded in steamers direct to Alexandria. About five o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Ellsworth, the Zouave commander, landed in good order, and marched forward in double-quick, driving the rebels before him. One company was immediately detailed to destroy the railroad track leading to Richmond, while Colonel Ellsworth with the remainder proceeded to the telegraph office to cut the wires. On his way through the street, he caught sight of a large secession flag flying from the top of the Marshall House kept by a person named Jackson. He immediately turned and entered the hall, and meeting a man asked, "Who put that flag up?" The man answered, "I don't know, I am a boarder here." The colonel then with a lieutenant, the chaplain, and four privates, proceeded to the top of the house and cut down the flag. As they were coming down stairs, preceded by private Brownell, they met the man they had just before accosted, standing in the hall with a double-barreled gun in his hand. Instantly leveling it, he fired. Both barrels were discharged at once, lodging their contents in the body of Colonel Ellsworth. He was at the time rolling up the flag. Suddenly falling forward on his face, with the exclamation, "My God!" he instantly expired. Private Brownell, quickly leveling his musket, sent

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a bullet crashing through the skull of the murderer. In about ten minutes a company arrived, and making a litter of their muskets carried their dead commander aboard the boat.

The death of this gallant young officer produced the profoundest sensation throughout the north. It was the first great sacrifice on the altar of freedom, and his remains were escorted with great honor to his friends in the state of New York.

Skirmishing between pickets, and collisions between small bodies of troops, in which the Unionists were almost invariably successful, kept the public feeling at fever heat, and inspired the north with unbounded confidence in its power to crush out the rebellion in a very short time. The first serious affair occurred at Big Bethel, near Fortress Monroe. In the early part of June, a few regiments under the command of General Pierce were sent by General Butler to occupy Newport News. From thence they proceeded to Little Bethel which they occupied, and then pushed on to Big Bethel. Here they were met by the enemy entrenched behind works, and after a short action driven back with a loss in killed and wounded of some forty men. The whole affair was badly managed—the regiments through mistake firing into each other—and had the enemy shown any energy the whole command would have been cut up. Lieutenant Greble of the regular service, and Major Winthrop, volunteer, and aid to General Butler, were among the killed. This disaster awoke a storm of indignation at the north. Defeat was a contingency never anticipated, and the most unsparing denunciations were visited on the heads of the supposed offenders. The newspapers now began to assume the control of military matters, and it was evident that the unreasonable demands of the public would ere long force the government into worse blunders.

In the mean time, Captain Lyon of the regular army, in

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command of the arsenal in St. Louis, began to develop those military qualities which promised to make him one of the most prominent supporters of the government. In May, he refused to obey the order of the police commissioners of St. Louis to remove all the United States troops outside the grounds. Governor Jackson, with General Price, took the field against him, and established a camp at Jackson, near the city. Lyon, by a sudden movement, succeeded in surrounding it, and taking the whole force, six hundred and thirty-nine, prisoners. A great mob followed the troops back to the camp, saluting them with yells and volleys of stones. One company, receiving orders to fire, poured a volley into the crowd, killing twenty, and wounding many more, which created the most intense excitement. Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, Lyon dealt his blows right and left with a vigor that showed he was determined to make short work with the rebels. Governor Jackson having taken position at Jefferson city, he moved against him there. The latter fled, burning and destroying bridges, railroads, and telegraphs in his retreat. Reaching Booneville, forty miles distant, and one of the strongest secession towns in the state, he made a stand, throwing up earthworks. Pushing on after him, Lyon landed four miles below the town, and after crossing several bluffs commenced ascending a slope a half a mile long, on the top of which the enemy were posted in a strong position.

FIGHT AT BOONEVILLE.

Arriving within easy range, Captain Totten threw some nine-pounder shells into their ranks, while the infantry obliqued to the right and left, and commenced a deadly fire of musketry. The enemy, after a brisk but short fire, left the lane in which they were posted, and clambered over a fence into a wheat field, and again formed in line of battle,

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and advanced some twenty steps towards the Unionists. The battle now fairly commenced, but Lyon, though he had some two thousand troops with him, owing to the nature of the ground, could not bring more than five hundred into action. He led the advancing column in person, cheering on the men. In twenty minutes the battle was over, and the enemy, flying in every direction, hastened in their retreat by the cannon balls that went ploughing through their disordered ranks.

A large quantity of stores fell into our hands with two secession flags. Leaving a small force in charge of the camp, Lyon pushed on to Booneville, and when near the town was met by a deputation of citizens bearing a flag of truce. The Union inhabitants received him with every demonstration of joy, and soon the Stars and Stripes waved above the place. Here he issued a proclamation, calling on the rebels to lay down their arms, and threatening with punishment those who refused.

General Harney was at this time commander in the Department of the West, as it was termed, and though his loyalty had been called in question, no evidence had been produced against him. It was evident, however, whether from aversion to shedding the blood of citizens, or from want of sympathy with the administration, he could not be relied upon in the prosecution of prompt and decided measures. Perhaps, however, at this time he was quite up to the administration. It did not seem so much averse to have others act with energy, as it was disinclined to assume responsibility of doing anything which would produce bloodshed.

After an attack of the mob on the Home Guards at St. Louis in May, in which several were killed, Harney issued a proclamation rather deprecatory than authoritative. So in an agreement he afterwards made with General Price, the rebel Governor's right hand man, he showed a willingness to temporize with the rebels, which Lyon, with his greater sagacity,

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and clearer ideas of the rights and powers of the general government, saw was foolish and suicidal.

MC CLELLAN ASSUMES COMMAND IN VIRGINIA.

Western Virginia, having taken a decided stand for the Union, asked for assistance in men and arms to drive the rebels over the mountains. George B. McClellan, appointed by the President as major-general, was ordered to take charge of this department. Educated at West Point, he saw active service in Mexico, and afterwards, with two others, was sent by the government to the Crimea to witness the grand military operations going on there between Russia and the combined forces of England and France. Returning from this mission, he resigned his position in the army to accept the more lucrative one of President of a western railroad. At the breaking out of the rebellion his services were sought for, and he was the first to receive the appointment of major-general in the regular army, thus ranking next to General Scott, for General Wool was only major-general by brevet. Just before starting for Virginia, in the latter part of May, he issued an address to his soldiers full of spirit and patriotism, and another to the people of Virginia. His presence there, and the occupation of Virginia by our troops in front of Washington, stung the pride of the south, and roused the secessionists to the highest pitch of indignation. The northern hordes had dared to pollute with hostile feet southern soil, and the cry rung over the slave states to rise and hurl back the daring invaders. The Potomac, from just below Alexandria, nearly to Fortress Monroe, began to be lined with their batteries, while from little above Washington, the river, for most of the way, also served as a dividing line between the hostile forces. The movements of our troops, however, rendered the occupation of Harper's Ferry which

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the rebels had held since Lieutenant Jones set fire to the public works there untenable, and they evacuated it. Their main force was rapidly concentrating at Manassas Junction, a strong natural position, about thirty miles southward from Washington. Skirmishing between the pickets along the lines was now incessant, relieved occasionally by more or less important engagements between large bodies of troops.

FIGHT AT PHILLIPPI.

One of the most important of these engagements occurred on the first of June at Phillippi between a force of the enemy, variously estimated at fifteen hundred and two thousand under Colonel Porterfield, and four regiments of Union troops in two divisions commanded by Colonels Lander and Kelly. The two latter left Grafton at ten o'clock at night on the second of June, and proceeding by railroad to within twenty-five miles of Phillippi, disembarked their troops in a terrible storm of rain. The columns were formed in total darkness, and set forward rapidly. In dead silence they pushed on through the storm, but the darkness and mud so impeded their progress that they did not arrive before Phillippi till near light. The attack was to be in two divisions, Colonel Kelly making a circuit so as to take them in rear, while Colonel Lander should move on them in front. The hour fixed for the attack was four o'clock in the morning, but Colonel Kelly was unable to be at the designated place at that hour. Colonel Lander's command, in the mean time, stood and waited in the darkness for the order to advance, till daylight revealed them to the enemy. The Colonel, then, seeing the enemy's camp in commotion, and fearing they were about to escape by flight, ordered his artillery, situated on the brow of a hill, to open upon them. At that moment the column of Colonel Kelly came in sight across the river below the

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camp, and hearing the heavy boom of Lander's guns, rushed forward with a shout. The rebels hearing the rapid roll of drums in front and rear, and catching sight of the gleaming bayonets, turned and fled in confusion. Kelly broke with a shout into the town only to find it emptied of the enemy. Passing along, he suddenly fell from his horse, shot by some one concealed behind a fence or in a house. He was struck full in the breast, and was supposed at first to be mortally wounded. Wagons loaded with munitions of war, forage, officer's blankets, and baggage were abandoned by the enemy in their precipitate flight, and fell into our hands.

Another small affair occurred in the latter part of this month, which provoked a great deal of comment at the north. General Schenck of Ohio was sent with six hundred and sixty-eight men to take possession of Vienna, a small village in front of our lines on the Potomac. Leaving companies stationed at different points along the way, he proceeded with four companies in the cars to within a quarter of a mile of the place, when he run right into masked batteies placed near the road. The balls went crashing through the cars, when the engine was suddenly stopped, the men hurried out, and ordered to fall back along the road. The enemy, instead of following up his success, and completing the destruction of the detachment, thinking a larger force close at hand, also retreated. Our loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, was twenty-one. This marching on the enemy in a railroad train, without any scouts being sent in advance to reconnoiter, was looked upon as a most extraordinary mode of proceeding, and received the severest condemnation. It was, however, strictly in keeping with the unreasonable, headlong spirit of the north, that seemed to think our brave troops had only to take the first train, and rush unchecked over the south.

Thus the month of June wore slowly away, without any

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thing decisive being done, and serving only to reveal the chaos and embarrassments in which the country was struggling. Fugitive slaves escaping to our army now began to present a problem difficult of solution. What should be done with them, was a question pressed on the government from every side.

General Butler, who had been placed in command in Maryland, had, for the time being, disposed of it by calling them "contraband of war;" and they afterwards took the name of "contrabands,"—a species of property not before recognized in international law. But it was becoming apparent that the question was too complicated to admit of a solution in this way.

The close of the month was signalized by the capture of the schooner Savannah, the first rebel privateer that had ventured out upon the ocean.

All eyes were now turned towards the approaching session of Congress. Its presence was needed to sanction some of the acts of the President, which, though deemed necessary by all, were felt by the best men of the country to need the authority of Congress. Many, however, who were familiar with Congressional history, and remembered how it had always, from the Revolution down, made politics paramount to success in the field, trembled with anxiety. While the members were slowly gathering to the Capital, on the first of July, the commercial men of the north were startled with the report that the first formidable privateer, the steamer Sumter, had escaped the blockade at New Orleans, and was off on her mission of destruction on the deep. Whether she would waylay our richly freighted steamers from California, or sweep down on our unprotected commerce on the Atlantic, no one could tell; and in the uncertainty attached to her career, her power to work mischief became greatly magnified in the public imagination.

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CHAPTER VI.

JUNE, 1861.

MC CLELLAN TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—ADVANCES ON THE ENEMY—BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN—GALLANT ACTION OF ROSECRANZ—OF LANDER—DEFEAT OF PEGRAM AND CAPTURE OF HIS FORCES—PURSUIT OF GARNETT—ACTION OF CARRICK'S FORD—A TERRIBLE MARCH—DEATH OF GARNETT AND DEFEAT OF HIS FORCES—COX ON THE KANHAWA—ACTION OF BARBOURSVILLE—RETREAT OF WISE—CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—SIGEL IN MISSOURI—BATTLE OF CARTHAGE—HIS ADMIRABLE RETREAT—STATE OF KENTUCKY—UNIONISM IN EASTERN TENNESSEE.

WHILE Congress was thus consulting on the proper way to conduct the war, and a portion of the Northern press was furnishing General Scott and the administration with gratuitous counsel respecting their duty, General McClellan, who had taken command in person in Western Virginia, was showing what a competent military leader, conducting war on strictly strategic principles, could accomplish. On the 22d of June, Pierpont, who had been elected provisional governor of Virginia by the loyal inhabitants west of the Blue Ridge, issued his proclamation, calling together the new constitutional legislature of the state. On the 23d, General McClellan issued *his* proclamation, stating the course he should pursue towards those who were loyal, and those found with arms in their hands against the general government. Immediately after, he began his series of movements, which met with no successful resistance till he had finished the work assigned him. With a definite object in view, he pushed straight forward, deterred neither by mountains, streams, almost impassable roads, nor the enemy, till he accomplished what he set out to perform.

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After various successful skirmishes, he came in presence of the enemy under Colonel Pegram, formerly an officer in the United States army, strongly posted on Rich mountain. The force of the latter numbered some four thousand men, and stood drawn up in order of battle at the foot of the mountain. He had rolled down trees from the sides, and lapped them together, filling in with earth and stones, behind which he had placed his army. McClellan, after reconnoitering the position, sent General Rosecranz with some Indiana regiments and one Ohio regiment, together with a body of Cincinnati cavalry, to get in their rear. Taking a hasty breakfast, they started about daylight, and entering the woods, preceded by a guide, pushed resolutely forward towards the top of the mountain, where the rebels had an entrenchment directly in rear of their main army. There had been a cold mountain rain, and the bushes were dripping wet, which soon drenched the soldiers to their skins. But keeping their ammunition dry, they pushed on in dead silence through the tangled laurel bushes, and over the rocks, still toiling upward—the daring, chivalrous Lander keeping close to the guide—till after a march of five miles amid unparalleled hardships, they arrived at noon, at the top of the mountain. McClellan intended to keep the enemy in profound ignorance of the movement, but a diagram of the route, which had been sent after the column with dispatches, was captured by them and thus revealed the whole strategem. Pegram immediately dispatched twenty-five hundred men and three pieces of artillery to the top of the mountain to resist the advance of Rosecranz. Arriving there before him, they greeted his arrival with a sudden discharge of cannon. The day had been overcast, and now the long threatening clouds began to descend in torrents on the weary column. Rosecranz had no cannon with him, for it was impossible to drag guns up the rough

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and tangled path the troops were compelled to cut for themselves. This unexpected resistance arrested the progress of the column. Halting in its place, it stood still for half an hour in the pouring rain, while the necessary reconnoisances were made. The bushes were so thick that the opposing forces could not be seen, and the whereabouts of the enemy was known only by the dull explosions of cannon in front, whose shot crashed through the tree tops above them, scattering the shattered limbs on every side. Colonel Lander immediately took twenty sharp shooters and hurrying forward, posted them behind some rocks, and began to pick off the gunners. But as fast as they fell others took their places, when Lander endeavored to make his little handful charge the guns. The attempt, however, was too desperate, and they refused to obey. He then coolly seated himself on the rocks in open view of the rebel artillery, to show them there was no danger. They still hesitating to follow him, he called to the chaplain to come up and sit by his side, that the men might see how harmless the enemy's fire was. But the latter not deeming this extraordinary movement to be a part of his duties, declined the invitation, and the gallant colonel was compelled to abandon his desperate purpose. In the mean time, an Indiana regiment came up, and the order to "fix bayonets" ran along the undaunted line. The rattle of the iron sounded ominously in the pelting storm. The next moment an Ohio regiment, posted on a rising piece of ground, poured in a volley, and then the Indianians with a loud and ringing cheer sprang forward. The enemy, panic stricken, broke and fled with the exception of a single man, who stood to his gun till he was shot down by a revolver. Rending the air with their loud hurrahs, the victorious troops now pressed forward, driving the enemy back full three hundred yards, when the bugle sounded a recall. They then halted and formed in line of

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battle, to receive the force of Pegram at the foot of the hill, which they supposed would immediately advance to meet them. But dismayed at this sudden apparition in their rear, the latter broke for the woods, and fled in every direction. McClellan, in the meantime, was cutting a road through the woods towards the entrenchments at the foot of the hill. The heavy firing came down to him from the top of the mountain, and ignorant of the result of the contest there, he kept pushing on through the driving storm, till he came to the enemy's works. Cautiously advancing against them, he found them to his surprise, deserted. Guns, tents, horses, baggage, every thing had been abandoned in their wild flight.

Many prisoners were taken, while the mountain was strewed with the dead and wounded—one hundred and fifty being buried on the field. Pegram, with about six hundred followers, after wandering about in the woods, and finding no way of escape, surrendered prisoners of war. General Garnett, stationed a few miles distant, near Beverly, with six thousand men, hearing of Pegram's defeat, commenced a hurried retreat through the mountains. General Morris took possession of his camp on Laurel Hill, on the 12th,—next day at eleven o'clock five regiments of Ohio and Indiana troops started in pursuit. The rebels had taken a by-road directly over the mountains, pushing straight for Cheat river. Our column pushed on that afternoon and encamped about two miles south of Leedsville. The next morning, at two o'clock, the loud reveille called up the weary soldiers, who snatching a hasty breakfast started after the fugitives. The rain soon began to fall in torrents, turning the roads into a bed of mortar, and making the wild and desolate scene still more forbidding. They wanted no guide to direct the course which the enemy had taken, for the trampled mud, the abandoned tents, trunks, haversacks, and blankets, strew-

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ing the road marked plainly enough the route they had taken. Trees had been felled across the road to obstruct our passage, which the axe men ahead were compelled to clear away; and hour after hour, the only sounds that smote the ear, were the rapid blows of the axe, as though the stern occupation of the soldier had given place to that of the peaceful wood-chopper. Over creeks and rocks, across hills and through dense forests, the rebels took their course, hoping to elude pursuit—but like the western hunter on the track of his game, these western soldiers, pressed steadily after. Across swollen streams, up muddy heights, adown which the kneaded mire flowed like thick tar, they kept on, only halting long enough in the storm to snatch a bite of biscuit. At last they emerged from Laurel mountain, and came out on Cheat river, at Kahler's ford. It was now noon, and after a halt, the tired troops were glad to dash into the stream, to wash off the mud of the mountains, which plastered them to their waistbands. As they emerged from the ford, they caught sight of the rear of the fleeing rebels, and at the second ford below, found them drawn up in line of battle. But the first cannon shot set them in motion again, and throwing away their remaining baggage, even their canteens, they streamed in disorder forward. Again being pushed so close that their baggage train was in danger of falling into our hands, they a second time drew up in line of battle, and seemed determined to dispute our passage. But as soon as the baggage got under way, they resumed their retreat,—the shouts of the teamsters, as they flogged the tired animals, rising in discordant sounds above the tree tops. It was a wild chase, through a wild country. Three miles farther on, they came to "Carrick's ford," where the mountains receding away from the river, left an open space which had been turned into a farm. The bank of the stream here was fringed with laurel bushes, and a fence, while a

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bluff, farther back, completely commanded the approach. On this, Garnett had placed his artillery, while the infantry was drawn up behind the laurel bushes and fence. It was a capital position, and no one knew it better than Garnett. With good troops under him he could hardly have been driven from it. The teams had been left standing in the stream, whether on purpose to draw our soldiers under fire, or from inability to proceed, was not known, and apparently as little heeded. The skirmishers dashed fearlessly up to the bank, when the teamsters called out, "Don't shoot, we are going to surrender." The captain then called out, "Colonel, they are going to surrender." Colonel Stedman then ordered his regiment forward at the double quick, but as it came up shoulder to shoulder, Garnett shouted, "*Fire!*" The bank of the stream was instantly a long line of flame. The fearless fourteenth Ohio, though taken by surprise, never flinched, and halting only long enough to deliver one volley, sprang forward. At this moment the artillery on the bluff opened, and had it been well directed would have shattered that regiment to atoms. But the shot flew just over their heads. Milroy's regiment then came up and delivered an oblique fire. In the mean time, Colonel Dumont, with six companies, was ordered to cross the stream some three hundred yards farther up, and ascending the hill take the enemy in rear. Before his difficult mission was fulfilled, the order was countermanded, and he was directed to proceed down the ford with his command, and charge them in front, on the road. Wheeling, he took the middle of the stream, wading down, often waist deep, through the fire, till he reached the position assigned him. Seeing his advance, the enemy broke, and crossing a wheat field, pushed for another ford, a quarter of a mile below. Reaching it, they dashed through the stream without stopping to defend the passage, and continued their flight.

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Garnett, incensed at their dastardly conduct, strove in vain to rally them. The last to cross the stream, he dismounted, and stood waving his handkerchief, and shouting to them to halt, when Major Gordon, of the United States army, came up, and seeing the enemy huddled together in the road on the opposite side shouted to the advance of Dumont's command which was already coming down on a run. The next instant a bullet pierced the brave but erring rebel commander, and throwing up his hands he fell dead where he stood. Not an officer was near him; all had ingloriously fled, leaving him alone, save a young and delicate boy from Georgia, who nobly refusing to desert him, fell dead by his side.

The pursuit was kept up for two miles farther, when our troops gave out from exhaustion, and bivouacked for the night. The scattered dead and wounded were picked up, the latter tenderly cared for, and the former consigned to their hastily dug graves. But none was handled more gently than that gallant boy, who had fallen beside his General. Those fierce soldiers laid him in a grave by himself, and placed a board at his head, on which they wrote, "name unknown,—a brave fellow who shared his General's fate, and fell fighting by his side while his companions had fled." General Garnett, while an officer in the United States army, had won distinction in the Mexican war. Our loss was slight. All told, in both engagements, it would not reach sixty, while that of the enemy in killed alone was nearly two hundred, besides a thousand captured.

This forced march of over thirty miles, in less than twenty-four hours, through rain and mud, and over mountains, rocks and streams, the troops almost without food, some tasting nothing for thirty-six hours, speaks volumes for the volunteer forces under General McClellan. Veteran regulars could not have done better.

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The whole.rebel army in Western Virginia was estimated to be ten thousand strong. A portion of these were at the south, on the Kanhawa river, under General Wise. General Cox, from Ohio, was opposed to him, and at the time these victories were being achieved in the northern part of the state, was gradually pushing this terrible, erratic fire eater of Virginia before him. The same day on which McClellan had dated his despatches to the government, this general put his force in motion to attack the enemy, which had taken position at Barboursville. At midnight, a portion of Colonel Woodruff's command was roused from their slumbers, and under Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, with one day's rations in their haversacks, started off, a union man from Barboursville being their guide. The plan was to attack at daylight. But the dead silence that reigned along their march rendered the commander suspicious that all was not right, and he made frequent halts in order to send out scouts. This delayed the march so that he did not arrive before the place till the sun was two hours high. The enemy had been apprised of their approach, and when the little band came in view of the place, the sight that met their astonished gaze would have appalled less gallant hearts. On the brow of a hill, just beyond Guyandotte river, which was spanned by a single bridge, the rebels were drawn up in line of battle—their bayonets gleaming in the early sunlight—while around them, on every side, stretched a vast level plain. Near the base of the hill was a large body of cavalry, that immediately began to fall back right and left, in order to take our column in flank and rear, after it had crossed the bridge. Though fearfully outnumbered, the fearless column never faltered, but pushed straight for the bridge. The moment the head entered it, the rebels poured in a destructive volley. Receiving it without flinching, the little band with a loud cheer dashed on a run across

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it. But when nearly over, they were brought to a sudden halt by a chasm made by the uptorn planks, which had been carried away. The mule of the guide went through before he could be brought to a halt, and the rider saved himself only by clinging to the timbers. The rebels, seeing the column thus suddenly arrested, rent the air with cheers and yells. Maddened by these shouts of triumph and loud taunts, our soldiers dashed forward, each for himself; and some crawling along on the string pieces, and some swinging along the rafters, they at length cleared the gap, though in utter confusion. The rebels, before they had time to form, charged on their flank. But the blood of the men was now fairly up, and without waiting to re-form, they sent up a shout, and clambering up the hill, holding on to roots and bushes, charged like madmen on the solid line. Appalled at the desperate daring, the rebels fired one volley, and then turned and fled like a herd of frightened deer down the hill in rear. The victorious troops sent a few flying shots after them, and then, with streaming banners and victorious strains of martial music, turned and marched through the town. It was nobly, gallantly done. Following up his success, Cox overtook Wise at Gauley bridge, who retreated without risking a battle. Thus in a little over a month, Western Virginia was cleared of the rebels.

McClellan's short but brilliant campaign, had electrified the north, and all eyes were turned to him as the man on whom the mantle of Scott would ultimately fall. The old veteran and hero was too far advanced in years to take the field in person, while his physical infirmities rendered him unequal to the tremendous responsibilities connected with the conduct of so vast a war.

While these stirring events were occurring in Western Virginia, and the army along the Potomac was quietly gathering its energies for a great battle, Missouri was rent by the ravages

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of civil war. Side by side with Lyon, another officer was rapidly acquiring a national reputation. Colonel Sigel had seen service in Europe, and being placed in command of a German regiment, took the field in Missouri, early in summer and arrived at Springfield on the 23d of June. Hearing that Jackson was making his way southward to form a junction with General Price, who was encamped in Neosho, the county seat of Newton county, he determined to attack the latter before the rebel governor could come up. Reaching Neosho on the 1st of July, he entered it without opposition, Price having retreated. The next day he learned that Price, Rains and Jackson had succeeded in uniting their forces about eight miles north of Carthage. He immediately informed General Sweeney, who was at Springfield of the fact, and received orders in return to proceed at once and attack his camp. Accordingly on the 4th of July, with about twelve hundred men, he took up his line of march, and on the morning of the 6th came upon the enemy in great force, encamped in the open prairie, most of them mounted. Though plainly outnumbered, he moved his column, which looked a mere speck on the wide prairie, steadily forward, till he came within eight hundred yards of the rebel camp. He then halted, and unlimbering his artillery which was composed of six six, and two twelve pounders, opened fire. On the right and left, the white puffs of smoke shot out over the prairie, followed by the deep reverberations of the guns, rolling away over the vast expanse. The rebels, who occupied a slight swell on the plain, replied, and for a time a brisk artillery fire was kept up, while not a tree or a shrub or hill obstructed the view or sheltered the combatants. The rebel practice was miserable, their balls and shells going over the heads of Sigel's command, and exploding in the prairie. On the other hand their guns were being dismounted one after another, when at two o'clock, their

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cavalry moved off to the right and left, with the intention of outflanking Sigel, and cutting off his baggage train, which had been left three miles in the rear. The latter penetrating at once the design of the movement, ordered two six pounders to the rear, and changing front, commenced falling back in a steady orderly manner, keeping up a continuous fire as he moved. Not a sound was heard through the quiet, determined ranks, except the occasional orders of the officers, as the line of glittering steel moved swiftly over the prairie, while the clouds of calvary hovered darkly on either side, afraid to venture within range of the death dealing guns. At length he reached his baggage wagons, fifty in number toiling slowly forward. These were at once formed into a solid square, and surrounded by the artillery and infantry, moved slowly back till they approached Dry Fork Creek, where the road passed between two bluffs. On the opposite side of this stream, the cavalry, failing to cut off the baggage train, were drawn up to stop the retreat. But along that road, which led to Carthage, it was absolutely necessary Colonel Sigel should pass, for to fall back to the open prairie, would leave him to be surrounded by a vastly superior force, while to remain where he was, would expose him to a similar danger. He immediately dispatched two cannon to the right, and two to the left, followed by a part of his force, as though he intended to cut a road for himself at these points at all hazards. The enemy, seeing these movements, immediately left the road in which they stood massed, and moved to the right and left to prevent it. Sigel allowed them to approach within a few hundred yards, when suddenly unlimbering his guns, he poured in a terrific cross fire, and at the same time gave the orders to the main army to double-quick. The column started off on a sharp trot, and with loud cheers cleared the bridge, while the enemy's cavalry rent by shrapnell and canister, scattered in every direction.

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Horses with empty saddles went neighing and galloping madly over the plain, and the whole body fled in the wildest confusion. Several prisoners were taken, who stated that the rebel force was five thousand five hundred strong. Colonel Sigel now moved rapidly forward towards Carthage, occasionally saluting squads of the enemy that kept hovering along his flank with his artillery. But on reaching the town he found it to his surprise in the hands of the enemy, and a secession flag waving from the top of the court house. This the exasperated soldiers soon shot down. Sigel seeing himself thus outnumbered and his ammunition giving out, determined at all hazards to effect a junction with the balance of the southwestern army, concentrated at Mount Vernon and Springfield: To effect this he saw it was necessary to reach Sarcoxie, some eight miles from Carthage. The road to this place, led through a dense forest, which if he could gain, would protect him from the enemy's cavalry. Aware of this, the rebels had taken possession of the road leading to it, and prepared to dispute his passage. The infantry now for the first time on both sides, came into close conflict and the action became at once fierce and bloody. Though the rebels outnumbered Sigel's force almost five to one, their short guns, and old fashioned muskets, were no match for the minnie rifles of the latter, and they fell by scores before the murderous vollies that were poured into their ranks. For two hours, from quarter past six to half past eight, the battle raged without a moment's intermission. The sun sank on the strife, twilight came and went, and darkness finally settled over the woods, but still the struggle did not cease. Sigel's progress, however, could be detected by his advancing line of fire and at last the enemy retreated. Our troops had now been marching and fighting for ten hours under a hot July sun, but Sigel fearing to endanger his command by halting long in the presence of so superior a force,

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kept on in the darkness, reaching Sarcoxie in the morning, from whence he leisurely continued his retreat to Mount Vernon.

Sigel had handled his little force throughout the trying circumstances with which he had been surrounded, with consummate skill and shown himself an able tactician, as well as a cool and resolute commander. His entire loss in killed and wounded was only forty-four, while that of the enemy was supposed to be between three and four hundred.

While these events were occurring in Missouri and western Virginia, the Union men in Kentucky were making desperate efforts to keep the state out of the hands of the secessionists. Success, however, seemed doubtful. Breckenridge was very popular with the young men of the state, and he and others were equally determined that the powerful aid of Kentucky should be secured for the southern confederacy. East Tennessee stood loyal to the Union, and was struggling manfully to keep at least that part of the state true to the old flag. Her devotion to the Union was admirable and cost her afterwards untold suffering.

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CHAPTER VII.

JULY, 1861.

MEETING OF CONGRESS—PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—CHIEF COMMANDERS ON BOTH SIDES AT THIS TIME—THE "ON TO RICHMOND" CRY—THE QUESTION OF FUNDS—LACK OF STATESMEN IN CONGRESS—THE RADICAL ELEMENT—INCREASING THE NAVY—AN ONWARD MOVEMENT RESOLVED UPON—REASONS FOR IT—JOHNSON AND PATTERSON—MCDOWELL TO COMMAND THE ARMY—THE DEPARTURE FOR MANASSAS—SPLENDID APPEARANCE OF—ARTILLERY FIGHT AT BLACKBURN'S FORD—ADVANCE OF THE ARMY FROM CENTREVILLE—PLAN OF THE BATTLE—HUNTER AND HEINTZLEMAN—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—THE DEFEAT—THE ROUT—DANGER OF THE CAPITAL—EFFECT OF THE NEWS IN THE NORTH—CAUSES AND LESSON OF THE OVERTHROW—SURRENDER OF FORT FILLMORE IN NEW MEXICO.

ON the 4th of July, Congress, in pursuance of the President's proclamation, assembled in the Capitol, and elected Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, speaker. The President's message to which the country looked with a good deal of solicitude, did not meet the public expectation. It consisted chiefly of a detailed history of the secession movement, and an argument to prove that the doctrine of state rights, on which it was founded, was unsound and ruinous. But this had been fully discussed and disposed of long ago. The country demanded energetic action. The long-abused and forbearing north had finally got thoroughly roused. It had done with argument the moment it had drawn the sword, and was impatient of any appeal except the trumpet call to battle. It was providential that the President took a calmer survey of affairs. The excited state of public feeling needed the restraining power of his well balanced mind to prevent rash measures which might cripple our resources and endanger our ultimate success. With all his conservatism he could not wholly save us from disaster, by which we learned more, perhaps too great, caution.

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At this time the chief divisions of the army along our line of defense under Scott, were commanded as follows: General Butler at Fortress Monroe, General Banks at Annapolis, McDowell in front of Washington, Patterson near Harper's Ferry, McClellan in Western Virginia, Anderson, the hero of fort Sumter, in Kentucky, and Harney in Missouri. On the rebel side Beauregard was at Manassas, J. E. Johnston opposed to Patterson up the Potomac. Bishop Polk of Louisiana, made major-general, on the Mississippi, Sidney A. Johnson, a traitor from the United States army in California, in the south-west, and Price in Missouri. Davis had called out man for man to offset the army of the north, and everything was supposed to turn on the result of the first meeting of these two mighty armies. In the far west, among the Indians bordering on Kansas under our protection, and in the barren regions of New Mexico, the rebels were hard at work stirring up treason, and assailing the weak detachments of the army stationed on our outposts. In the south, fort Pickens, the only stronghold we still held on the gulf, was menaced.

It was soon apparent that politicians in congress, pushed forward by reckless partisan newspapers, were bent on a sudden advance of the army on the Potomac. Some of the most influential of these kept flying at the head of their columns, "ON TO RICHMOND." The military sagacity of Scott was ridiculed as "old fogyism," his cautious, wise policy pronounced to be the result of disinclination to invade his native state, and the elaborate fortifications he was erecting across the Potomac laughed at as evidences of imbecile old age. In short, military science and experience were derided, and the organization and proper preparation of an army for an arduous campaign in the ordinary way stigmatized as a proceeding of the "circumlocution office." The southerners were dastards, the north invincible, and hence these elaborate preparations and delays totally uncalled

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for. We had the power, and all that was necessary to assure success was to let it loose. Never before in the history of the world did popular passion at the beginning of a fearful mighty war, so overslaugh military science. Out of this state the nation must be extricated, by reason and moderation, or startled from it by a thunder clap of misfortune that would make every heart stand still with terror.

The probable *cost* of the war had hardly yet received the attention of the people. We had been so accustomed to believe our wealth and resources absolutely exhaustless, that *money*, the first thing that should have been thought of, was apparently the last. Funds for immediate use were of course wanted. The President, in his message, had called for $400,000,000. But Congress, taking a more moderate view of the public exigencies, proposed a loan bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow $250,000,000 on the faith of the United States—the revenue of the government being pledged to the payment of the interest. This gave to the small opposition in the house an excellent opportunity to make an onslaught upon the administration, and a spirited debate ensued in which Vallandigham of Ohio led off against the measure. It passed, however, July 11th, by an overwhelming vote. The fact that Congress thought this sum would be sufficient, and that the necessary expenses could be met without resorting to extraordinary taxation, shows how destitute of well read statesmen that body was. Such men as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others, who illustrated the Congress that carried us through the war of 1812, were wanting, and thoughtful men, in this most trying period of our existence, looked anxiously around for the leading, controlling mind, which could embrace the full measure of our wants and our dangers. A portion of the more ultra republicans seemed to see in this appalling crisis of the country only an excellent opportunity to push their measures for the

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abolition of slavery. The loyal members from the border states became alarmed at this, and evinced great uneasiness. Western Virginia, having formed a provisional government, with Pierpont as governor, sent members of Congress to Washington. Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, having offered a resolution to repeal the fugitive slave law, these were instructed by the Legislature in session at Wheeling, the improvised capital, to vote against it, while at the same time they were directed to vote for money and men to carry on the war. The Senate seemed to have a more correct view of the magnitude of the struggle on which we had entered, and passed a bill authorizing the employment of five hundred thousand volunteers, and voting for an appropriation of half a million of dollars. The southern congress, thinking the north was playing simply a game of brag, responded with a similar call for men and money. Thus, whether the movers in the matter comprehended it or not, the war was assuming proportions so vast that the mind shrunk aghast at the contemplation. Acts were also passed sanctioning the blockade proclaimed by the President, and providing for the collection of the revenues of the seceding states. In the mean time, news having reached the country that the privateer Sumter was burning our ships on the high seas, a bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to purchase or contract for such vessels, and to make such increase in the naval force, as he might deem necessary to suppress privateering, and enforce the blockade, and appropriated $3,000,000 for the purpose. Having done what it thought its duty in the present emergency, it was anxious to see the army begin its work. Scott, whose far reaching sagacity saw that the public expectation of a great and decisive battle which should end the rebellion was doomed to disappointment, and that an immediate advance on the enemy even if victorious could not be followed up to any decisive result, scarcely knew what

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course to adopt. In the first place, the troops assembled before Washington were mostly enlisted for three months, and if they were disbanded without being allowed to strike a blow the public would be disheartened, and future enlistments might be rendered difficult. Besides the public expected something of this vast army—it could not see why, if the war was ever to begin, it should not commence at once while the Capital was threatened. Our troops were certainly as brave, numerous, and better armed than the enemy. It could not see the vast difference between raw and unskilled troops moving to *attack* a foe in a strong position of his own choosing, and one standing on the defensive behind its intrenchments. Congress was pressed by politicians, the President and Cabinet by Congress, and Scott by both, till finally a forward movement was determined upon. But difficulties, which none but a military commander could see, lay in the way. Regiments already formed and equipped could with our railroad facilities be transferred with comparative ease to the Capital, but provisions, the means of transportation, and all the appliances and accessories necessary to the movement of a great army, were not so easily improvised. Still after full deliberation it was resolved to force a battle. The enemy at Manassas was supposed to be in immense force, yet no one for a moment dreamed of a defeat.

Beauregard commanded at this point, while J. E. Johnston, at the head of some thirty thousand men, was in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. General Patterson, who had commanded a division of volunteers in the Mexican war, was assigned to the troops which had been concentrating at Hagerstown and Williamsport, to operate against him, and on the second of July crossed the Potomac driving the rebels before him. In a skirmish near Haynesville, the army had behaved well, and much was expected of him. He was, however, bordering on his three-score-and-ten, and not being distin-

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guished in his best days for energy, could not be expected in his old age to exhibit much of this quality, so necessary to the vigorous prosecution of a campaign. In the approaching advance of the army he was charged with the responsible duty of taking care of Johnston—to hold him where he was, and thus prevent him from reinforcing Beauregard, or if he attempted to retreat to compel a battle.

To Colonel McDowell, of the regular army, who had the reputation of being a brave and skillful officer, was assigned the command of the division which was to move against Beauregard. He had been consulted as to the number of troops he should need, and allowed all that he asked for. In fixing the force, however, he expressly stated that he did not embrace in his calculation the army under Johnston. He promised success only on the condition that the government should take care of him.

Everything being in readiness, the army over forty thousand strong, took up its march on the 17th of July in five divisions—the first commanded by General Tyler of the Connecticut militia, the second by Colonel Hunter, the third by Colonel Heintzelman of the regular army, the fourth by General Runyon, and the fifth by Colonel Miles. The news of this imposing array having taken up its line of march for Manassas, as it traveled over the electric wires, created the most unbounded enthusiasm throughout the north. No gloomy forebodings dashed the general joy, no doubts clouded the belief that traitors were about to receive their just punishment. Visitors at Washington, and members of Congress, and members of the press, besieged the administration for permission to accompany the army; and men on horseback, in carriages, and in four horse omnibuses brought up the rear, or obstructed the march of the victorious troops. They went forth as to a great Derby day. To the spectator it looked like a splendid military picnic about to come off

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among the wooded fields of Virginia. In gay spirits, the air resounding with the stirring airs of the regimental bands, the July sun flashing on the long lines of gleaming bayonets, the army moved rapidly over the country. Driving the enemy's pickets before it, the main column entered Fairfax, and encamped for the night. The troops let loose from their long confinement plundered everything they could lay their hands on, and the spirit of frolic ran riot in the camp.

As General Tyler approached Centreville, he was directed by McDowell to establish himself there, and carefully observe all the approaches to it. Instead of doing this, he pushed on to Bull Run, and observing the enemy's batteries on the farther bank opened fire on them. An extraordinary artillery duel followed which lasted for some time with but little effect on either side, and which resulted in Tyler withdrawing his batteries. This action, brought on so suddenly, was wholly unexpected to McDowell, and done without his orders, and hence was the cause of much comment and angry discussion afterwards. Only one thing need be said of it, however, the enemy's line of battle lay along this stream, and no action was proper till the advancing army was in position, and a concerted attack could be made. No reconnoisance had been made, and such a movement ran the hazard of bringing on a general engagement while the bulk of the army was on the march, and wholly ignorant of what was going on.

The next day, Friday, a wide reconnoisance was made of the enemy's position with a view to turning his flanks; for a straightforward movement on his strongly posted batteries was too desperate an undertaking to be thought of except everything else should fail. From Centreville three roads branch off like the three spokes of a wheel toward Bull Run, and McDowell determined to make the attack in three columns. Bull Run is a sluggish stream running from north-west to south-east, and crossed by numerous fords. Behind it the

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ground rises into elevations, while the shores are heavily wooded. Along these the enemy had posted himself—his line extending for nearly eight miles. To the east on our left was Blackburn ford, where Tyler's artillery action took place. The strength of the enemy there was found too great to permit a movement on that flank, and so McDowell determined to turn his extreme left by a ford which was so far to the west that the enemy, not dreaming of an attack in that quarter, had left it undefended. This task was assigned to Hunter's division. Heintzelman was to move against the strongly defended ford next below this, and the moment Hunter's division came down on the other side of the stream, driving the enemy before him, cross over and join him, when they together would keep down the stream. Tyler was to move along the Warrentown road that crossed Bull Run just west of Centreville, and occupy the enemy at Stone bridge, while this flank movement was being carried out. McDowell, fearing that while this was going on, the enemy at Blackburn ford, on his extreme left, might attempt a similar movement on him, concentrated a heavy force there to keep him in check, and make him think that the main attack was to be made in that direction. The fifth division, under Miles, was stationed on the Centreville ridge as the reserve. The plan seemed an admirable one, and gave every promise of success.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Saturday at four o'clock in the morning, the order to march was given. It was a warm moonlight night, and the army presented a magnificent spectacle as it began to move off through the green fields and overhanging woods. The fires by which the host had cooked its midnight meal—the last to many a poor soldier—dotted the hill-sides and hazy valleys as far as the eye could reach. Long lines of steel, flashing in the moonbeams—extended rows of army wagons with their

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white tops—the dark looking ambulances—winding columns of cavalry now bursting into view, and now lost in deep shadows—combined to form a scene of thrilling interest. Not a drum or bugle cheered the march—a deep silence, broken only by the heavy rumbling of artillery carriages, or the muffled tread of the advancing host, rested on forest and valley. The divisions, separating like the rays of a fan, moved off to their respective positions. Hunter and Heintzelman took the same road until they came to the turn off to the ford where the latter was to be dropped. Hunter then kept on alone. It was evident that the battle was to be lost or won by these two divisions, fourteen thousand strong. The rest of the army was only to keep the enemy in front occupied till they were seen coming down the opposite bank, then the general advance was to take place, for the battle was assuredly won. The Sabbath morning broke warm and pleasant, and at six o'clock Tyler was in front of the enemy's centre, and soon a thirty pound rifled Parrott gun—the signal agreed on by which he was to announce he was in position—awoke the morning echoes, and the shell bursting in mid air announced to the enemy that the decisive hour had come. The duty assigned him was to threaten the bridge which here crossed the stream till the appearance of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions on the other side coming down the stream, when he was to move across to their support. He had reached his position at half-past five, and hence had ample time to survey that of the enemy on the farther side. The latter was posted on hights that rose in regular slopes from the shore, broken into knolls and terraces, crowned here and there by earthworks. The woods that interfered with his cannon ranges had all been cut away, and his guns had a clean sweep of every approach. On our side the descent was more gradual, and covered with a dense forest. A lookout was stationed in a tree that overlooked the surrounding country, from which

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he could observe the progress of the flanking columns under Hunter and Heintzelman. Hour after hour this division stood thus on the ridge that overlooked Bull Run and the bridge, doing nothing except now and then sending a shell from its thirty-two pound Parrott gun at bodies of infantry and cavalry that far inland could be detected moving in the direction of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions.

Colonel Richardson, with his brigade (detached for the time-being from the fifth division in reserve under Miles) took the position at Blackburn ford, still farther down the stream, to threaten a passage there. While Tyler was to wait the appearance of Hunter and Heintzelman across the stream before commencing his attack, Richardson, below him, was to wait the thunder of Tyler's artillery as the signal for him to move on the ford. It will thus be seen that but one division (Tyler's) and one brigade (Richardson's) were on the stream, while the two divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman were to open the battle—the other two being out of the fight—Miles in reserve at Centreville, and Runyon's protecting the communications with Vienna. The whole interest, therefore, centred on the two former divisions, and from little after sunrise every eye was strained in the direction they were expected to appear, and every ear open to hear the thunder of their artillery. These two columns, as before remarked, moved steadily along the same road, on their unknown journey up the stream and back of it, until they came to the place designated for Heintzelman to turn off to the left to the ford where he was to cross. But the road laid down on the map, and which he was to take was found to have no existence in fact, and so he kept on after Hunter; and about eleven o'clock came to Sudley's Springs ford, where the latter had just crossed with the exception of one brigade which was then entering the water. It was ten miles from Centreville to this place and the soldiers before reaching it

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had become much exhausted. The enemy had got information of this movement, and from high points of observation large masses of troops could be seen moving rapidly towards the threatened point. The roar of artillery soon announced that Hunter was engaged with the enemy. Heintzleman immediately pushed forward his division, but finding it slow work to get it over in a body, he ordered the regiments to break off and cross separately. The men, however, suffering from thirst, stopped to drink and fill their canteens which delayed the march. McDowell, having stationed himself where he could the most quickly receive reports from the different divisions, had at length flung himself on the ground to get a little rest, as he was suffering from illness. At half-past ten a courier dashed up to him, and announced that Hunter was across Bull Run. He immediately sprang to the saddle, and galloped off to accompany the column on which the fate of the day depended. The brave Porter, the gallant Burnside, and the chivalrous Sprague were in the advance of Hunter, driving the enemy steadily before them. Soon Heintzleman appeared also on their left, and the amazed enemy saw their position turned. The advancing columns were at last seen from the lookouts at Tyler's position, and huge columns of smoke rising in the summer air and waving to and fro in the sunlight showed where the encountering hosts were struggling for victory. Then all along that sluggish stream, for five miles in extent, the artillery opened, and the columns were put in motion. Tyler's left wing swept forward, the famous Irish regiment, sixteen hundred strong, leading the van. With the quick-step at first, then the double-quick, they, with shouts that shook the field, flung themselves forward, skirting with their glittering steel the edge of the forest. Coats, haversacks, everything that could impede their progress were cast loose. Meagher galloped at their head, and shouting, "come on, boys; your have got

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your chance at last," led them fiercely on the foe. The Seventy-ninth Highlanders, the Thirteenth New York, and Second Wisconsin, followed. It was now high noon, and the battle began to rage with terrible fury. Hunter had been wounded, but his and Heintzelman's divisions kept on their terrible way, steadily pushing the enemy before them. Rickett's battery, after losing nearly every man at the guns, fell into the hands of the enemy. Out of the woods volumes of smoke writhed fiercely upwards, telling where bodies of infantry struggled for the mastery—regiments on the double-quick streamed across the open meadows, and the next moment, like two thunder clouds charged with lightning, burst in flame on each other, while the incessant roar of cannon shook the earth. The surrounding inhabitants grew pale with affright, and the deafening reverberations rolled sullenly away, till they broke with a muffled sound over Fairfax and Alexandria, and even Washington itself, blanching the cheeks of listeners, and filling their hearts with vague fears. Those stationed near Tyler's position listened with intense eagerness to Hunter's and Heintzelman's charges in the northern woods, and ever and anon cheers were heard mingling with the roar of artillery. Some regiments flinched through want of proper officers, and Rickett's battery was lost by the cowardly flight of the fire Zouaves who had boasted of the deeds they would perform beforehand. Others came gallantly into the fight for a while, but soon broke and fled in dismay, a few stood firm until all was lost. The Second Minnesota, ordered to the extreme right, moved for a mile across the field of battle at the quick and double-quick, and drew up within close pistol shot of a superior foe. Heintzelman was everywhere present—now in talking distance of the foe, and now dashing amid the wavering battalions to steady them. Where such men as he, and Porter, and Burnside, and Sprague led, there could not but be deeds of heroism,

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and where such batteries as Griffin's, and Rickett's, and the Rhode Island, were directed by their respective commanders, the harvest of death was reaped fast. By little after noon these two flanking divisions had worked their desperate way down the farther banks of Bull Run until they were opposite Tyler's position at the Stone bridge. The enemy hurried up regiment after regiment to arrest the reversed tide of battle, but all in vain. Tyler, sending forward reinforcements across the stream, brought help to the exhausted, thirsty troops which had been marching and fighting ever since two o'clock in the morning of this hot July day. Sherman and Keyes led their brigades gallantly forward, and by two o'clock the battle was to human view won. Many of the enemy were already in full flight—the whole army borne back a mile and a half—and Beauregard was preparing to retreat to his lines at Manassas Junction, when clouds of dust, rising in the distance, told him that reinforcements were hurrying to his relief. As Blucher stole away from Grouchy at Wavres, to decide the fate of the battle of Waterloo, so had Johnston beguiled Patterson, and pushing his troops forward by railroad, had now come to make a Waterloo defeat to the Federal arms. Hunter and Heintzelman, after their long march and long fight without rest or food, and part of the time without water, now found a fresh enemy approaching on their right flank, and partly in their rear. It matters not whether this was the cause of the panic that followed or not, it made the loss of the battle certain. Ten thousand fresh troops thrown suddenly on these two divisions, that had been marching and fighting without any respite for thirteen hours, could have but one result. It must be remembered that those thirteen hours told heavier on our raw troops, fresh from the counting house and workshops, than twenty-four would have done on old soldiers. An orderly retreat might have been effected but for the panic, nothing more. The brave

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and dauntless Heintzelman galloped among the broken ranks in vain. Porter, Burnside, and others were helpless in the loosened, refluent flood. Griffin, raging like a young lion at, as he believed, the useless loss of his guns, turned savagely back, powerless to stay the reverse tide of battle. The gallant young governor of Rhode Island, seeing that all was lost, spiked, with his own hands, the guns of his regiment before he fled. McDowell, hearing heavy cannonading down by Blackburn ford, and fearing his left flank would be turned, which would secure the total annihilation of his force, galloped thither, and drew up the reserve under Miles to arrest the progress of the enemy. The spectacle now in the center was painful in the extreme—hosts of Federal troops—some detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout, were fleeing along the road and through the fields on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages, choked the passage, tumbling against each other amid clouds of dust. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the battle, were smashed like glass, and the occupants lost sight of in the *debris*. Horses flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, swelling the tumult, while wounded men, lying along the banks, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses to be lifted behind. Then the artillery such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overturning everything in its passage. The regular cavalry joined in the melee, adding to the accumulated terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. The trains from Hunter's division soon came rushing in from a branch road, and from every side fresh torrents swelled the confused and onrolling tide. The wounded were left to the tender mercies of the victors, and the roads and fields, along which, on this early Sabbath morning such a confident imposing array had passed, were black with terrified fugitives, and cumbered with abandoned cannon,

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wagons, arms, and accoutrements. It was a wild flight. The calm presence of the reserve under Blencker, drawn up in line of battle at Centreville, checked the hitherto uncontrollable terror, but not sufficient to allow McDowell to make a stand there, and the turbulent stream rolled on towards Washington. As night deepened the rain came down in torrents, drenching the living and dead alike. All night long the weary, straggling army, toiled on, and at morning began to pour in tumultuous masses over Long bridge, carrying consternation to the Capital. Some regiments, however, preserved their order, and marched into Washington with ranks unbroken.

The news of this terrible disaster travelling over the electric wires, made every cheek turn pale, and sent a shudder throughout the north. Not only was a great battle lost, but "the Capital is lost," trembled on every tongue. On the heels of such a routed host, a mere section of the rebel army could enter Washington. But it did not follow up its success. Whether the severe beating it had received up to the last moment, or ignorance of the extent of the panic, or fear of losing all it had gained by pressing forward in the darkness on unknown dangers, restrained it—at all events it attempted no pursuit, and the discomfited army had nothing but its own terrors, the darkness, storm, and hunger, and weariness to contend with.

The battlefield presented a sickening appearance—the dead and wounded were everywhere, and citizens of a common country, of the same lineage—the blooming youth and the gray-haired man lay, side by side, sprinkled with each other's blood. The pitiless rain came down upon the sufferers whose low moans loaded the midnight air.

Our loss in killed, and wounded, and missing, amounted to nearly two thousand, of which one thousand four hundred and twenty-three were taken prisoners. Among the killed were Colonel Cameron, brother of the Secretary of War,

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and Colonel Slocum of Rhode Island, whose bodies were left on the battle field. Among the prisoners taken, were Colonel Corcoran of New York city, and Mr. Ely, member of Congress from Rochester. Beside other trophies which the enemy secured, were twenty-three cannon of various sizes, four thousand muskets, artillery wagons, ammunition, and a large quantity of equipments and stores. Of our whole army, not twenty thousand had been in the fight, while the number of the rebels actually engaged at first was probably not much greater. We had the largest force in the field previous to Johnston's arrival, when they *both* together outnumbered and outflanked us.

The north, though at first stunned by the defeat, showed no discouragement. The press, however, was filled with clamors against this and that person, or set of persons, who had been instrumental in bringing it upon us. Less, however, than might have been expected was visited on McDowell. There seemed to be an instinctive consciousness that he had been ruined by either the inefficiency, or cowardice, or treachery of Patterson;—and the latter for some time after would scarcely have been safe in any northern city. Others turned their wrath on the papers and the party whose cry "On to Richmond" had filled the land for weeks. General Scott, it was declared, had been forced to consent to a movement which his judgment disapproved; and fierce denunciations were hurled at the heads of those who had attempted to control the military authorities. The administration came in for its share of abuse, and the want of confidence everywhere felt in its ability to conduct us safely through the war, threatened for a while to produce a greater calamity than the defeat itself. But as the smoke of the conflict cleared away, it became easier to fix the blame. It was evident, notwithstanding the many criticisms to the contrary, that McDowell had planned and conducted the battle

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wisely. The charge of overtasking the men was, perhaps, true, but it is not shown how it could have been prevented. That the troops were not provided with sufficient food, was owing to the negligence of the subordinate officers, and still more to the carelessness of the men who, not believing that the task of whipping the rebels was to be a serious one, did not prepare for their work, as older soldiers would have done. Many regiments were not properly officered, no doubt, but that was an evil that could not have been avoided. McDowell thought if he could have been supplied with the means of transportation, so as to have started earlier, as he designed to do, defeat might have been prevented, notwithstanding the other difficulties he had to contend with. But the enemy were thoroughly acquainted with his movements; and it is more than probable, if it had been necessary for Johnston to be at Manassas earlier, he would have been there. But it is unquestionably true that Patterson's failure to take care of Johnston, made defeat certain, whether Beauregard, as he intended to do, had attacked McDowell, or waited as he did to receive him in position. To the believer in an over-ruling Providence, there will appear reasons for this defeat that are not laid down in military books.

To say nothing of the utter ruin that would assuredly have overtaken an army of that size and composition, had it succeeded then, and attempted to march on Richmond—as it must have done under the pressure of public opinion, and of the consequent greater peril to our cause, or of other results that would have happened—that defeat was necessary to crush out the rash, headlong, and too confident spirit with which we had entered on our task. Scarcely any price was too great to pay to secure such a result. Its permanent establishment over the government would have driven us into such desperate straits that no avenue of escape would have been left us but by the way of military despotism. The

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struggle on which we had entered, was too mighty; the war before us of too vast proportions to be disposed of without the most careful and ample preparations. A battle was well enough to punish the audacity of the rebels, and secure the Capital, but the blind confidence and arrogant boastfulness that demanded it, would not have been content with such a result. It had become a condition of our success that the public press and politicians should cease to direct the management of the war, and that it should fall into the legitimate and proper hands. This the defeat at Bull Run secured at least for a time. The nation took the attitude of calm reflection, and began to measure somewhat the mighty task before it. It unquestionably hurt us abroad, but that could not be helped.

The huge blunder of taking three month's men now became apparent. It was seen that a grand army, in all its appointments and preparatory drill, must be had before any important movement could be made. We found that there was a great difference between offensive and defensive war. The latter can be carried on in a country difficult of access, without much previous drill; the former never. The New England farmers fought like veterans behind their temporary breastworks on Bunker Hill, but had affairs been reversed, and they been called to mount the naked slope, in face of a murderous fire, as were the British regulars, they never would have moved with unbroken ranks for the last and third time as the latter did into the face of death. Here was the cause of our error—we forgot that we were to wage an *offensive* war—carry intrenchments, and storm strong positions held by our own flesh and blood.

On the top of this disaster came the news that on the twenty-fifth of this month Major Lynde surrendered Fort Fillmore in New Mexico, with seven hundred men, to a body of Texans without firing a shot, and under circumstances that left no doubt of premeditated treason.

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CHAPTER VIII.

JULY—AUGUST, 1861.

STATE OF THE ARMY AFTER BULL RUN—ITS DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE FIELD—A NEW ARMY TO BE RAISED—GREATNESS OF THE TASK—MC CLELLAN SUMMONED TO THE CAPITAL TO TAKE CHIEF COMMAND—BANKS AND FREMONT—THE LATTER SENT TO ST. LOUIS—THE ENEMY'S OUTPOSTS IN SIGHT OF THE CAPITAL—RISING OF THE NORTH—LYON ADVANCES ON MC CULLOCH—KENTUCKY VOTES TO REMAIN IN THE UNION—FREMONT IN ST. LOUIS—BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK AND DEATH OF LYON—RETREAT OF THE UNION ARMY—PUBLIC FEELING ON THE DEATH OF LYON—DIABOLICAL SPIRIT OF THE SOUTHERN CLERGY.

THE forces of a great nation were probably never in a more chaotic state than ours, immediately after the battle of Bull Run. The time of many of the soldiers was out just before it occurred; and Patterson explained his tardy action in regard to Johnston on the ground that some of his regiments refused to fight because the term of their enlistment had expired. McDowell, in his official report, said, that in a few days he would have been compelled to discharge ten thousand men, and that on the very eve of the battle, the fourth Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers and the battery of the New York ninth militia refused to remain a day longer. All appeals to their patriotism were in vain, —they insisted on their discharge that night; and the "next morning when the army moved forward into battle, these troops moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon." If such disinclination to serve was exhibited on the eve of a battle, in which it was confidently believed we should be victorious, it is easy to imagine what would be the feeling of the troops after an overwhelming defeat. The chaos which a totally demoralized army presents, though

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originally composed of the best materials, is a lamentable sight; but that of one made up of such newly-created soldiers as these, was a fearful spectacle. The consciousness that their time of service was nearly expired, took away all sense of responsibility. There were, of course, some noble exceptions, but the mass of these seventy-five thousand men became a disorganized mob. It was to disappear from sight, and a new army to be raised in its place, equipped, drilled, and prepared for the field. The task before the government was herculean; and even Napoleon would have stood aghast at it. To raise and fit, in three months, for the field an army of half a million of men, without, at least, the skeleton of a veteran army on which to build as a base, was a work of frightful magnitude. It was evident that Scott's age and infirmities rendered him unequal to it. A younger man, in the prime of life, with a constitution of iron and a will to match, was needed. It was fortunate for the nation that the young general who had won such renown in western Virginia was the first full major-general in the regular army after Scott, and hence must, from seniority of rank, occupy his place. It was still more fortunate that to his natural executive ability and military experience he had added a knowledge obtained in the Crimea, in the war between Russia, France, and England.

McClellan was summoned at once to the Capital, where he arrived on the 26th of July. In the mean time, General Banks was transferred to the command of Patterson's division, on the upper Potomac. About this time, also, Fremont, the second major-general, who had returned from Europe in June with arms for the government, had been appointed over the western department, including Illinois and all the states west of the Mississippi to the Rocky mountains, departed for St. Louis, to take command. Of these three appointments, the first two were unanimously applauded, while by

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a portion of the people the latter was looked upon as a mere political act, which would result badly. One thing, at least, may be said of it; that it was putting an untried man in a place where there was already one who had shown his admirable fitness for it. Had Lyon been put in command, at least of Missouri, we might have been saved many defeats and losses. Innumerable and hazardous experiments in the way of appointments were unavoidable in the sudden and gigantic civil war into which we had been precipitated; it was therefore a very unwise act to make any unnecessary ones.

McClellan immediately entered on his work like one who fully understood the difficulties before him. Washington, at the time, presented a deplorable spectacle. Its bar-rooms and groggeries were filled with drinking officers and soldiers, and the idea of military subordination seemed not to have entered the minds of either. In the mean time, the exultant enemy had pushed forward his outposts, till his flag flaunted defiantly within sight of the Capital. Thanks to the soldierly foresight of Scott, the works across the Potomac, which had called forth the sneers of men of the "On to Richmond" school, saved us from the danger of a direct attack. He threatened, however, to pass the Potomac some twenty-five miles above and below, and precipitate Maryland, never too loyal, and now ready for hostile action, into revolution. This had to be guarded against, while the collection, equipment, and organization of the vast army summoned to the field was going on.

The response of the north to the call made upon it for soldiers was without a parallel in the history of the world, and it was soon evident that more troops would be in the field than the act of Congress authorized. Camps of instruction were formed in various sections—regiments were collected and drilled in almost every Congressional district—

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camps dotted the peaceful farms on every side—flags waved from almost every public and private building, and the drum beat from the rugged coasts of Maine to the far off shores of the Pacific. The north was rising in its majesty; and no one doubted, if the government was equal to the emergency, but that the disaster of Bull Run would soon be avenged, and the tide of success, which had from the first set against us, be reversed.

While McClellan was at work at the Capital, trying to restore order out of chaos, the fighting still went on in Missouri; and Cox and Rosecranz kept the field in western Virginia. In Missouri an important step was taken for the Union, in the election, by the state convention, of Hamilton R. Gamble as Provisional Governor, in place of Jackson, who had joined the secessionists.

In the mean while, General Lyon was so occupied with the enemy that he seemed unaware of the various internal and external changes affecting the state. On the 2d of August, the day before Fremont reached Cairo, he advanced on a portion of McCulloch's army at Dug Springs, and offered battle. The enemy, however, retired, after receiving a stunning blow from a small body of cavalry that charged them with reckless daring.

It was a hot August day, and the troops suffered intolerably from thirst. The next morning the column moved on. Twenty-six miles beyond Springfield, finding himself short of provisions, his men exhausted, sick and sore, and his communication with Springfield threatened, Lyon resolved to retrace his steps to that place.

Kentucky, in the mean time, had held her election, and decided by an emphatic vote to stay in the Union. The announcement of the fact in the Capitol by Mr. Wickliffe, member of Congress from that state, was received with the wildest enthusiasm. In our darkest days, that gallant state had cast her

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lot in with the free states, which was far more important to our success west than the winning of a great battle. At the very time this loyal son of Kentucky was proclaiming this cheering fact, John C. Breckenridge was being serenaded in Baltimore, on account of his secession views. On the same day General McGruder, in command of the rebel forces at Hampton, near fortress Monroe, either in a drunken frenzy, or fearing an assault, marched out of the town, and then deliberately applied the torch, burning it to the ground.

In the mean time, Fremont had arrived in St. Louis, and entered, it was said, with vigor on the difficult task assigned him. Whether his subsequent actions deserved condemnation or not, it is certain that the difficulties of his position were but little understood by the public.

On no other major-general, except, perhaps, McClellan, had fallen such a load as suddenly fell on him. Unaccustomed to a large command, without time to acquaint himself with the wants of his extensive department,—with an army to create,—and a system to settle, he was thrown at once into the midst of battling armies, where the odds were against him. And yet, the very guns he needed were not within his department, even the harnesses for his teams not ready. Every thing was in chaos around him, while Pillow, with a large army, was reported to be at New Madrid, ready to march on St. Louis; and McCulloch and Price threatened with a vastly superior force to overwhelm Lyon at Springfield. Fremont may not have been the man for such an emergency, and it would have been difficult to find one that was. He must have been capable of impossibilities. He had hardly time to look around him before the battle of Wilson's Creek rendered still more complicated the bewildering state of things into which he had been thrown. On the 10th of August, Lyon, then at Springfield, heard that McCulloch and Price, outnumbering his force four to one, were only some

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ten or twelve miles distant, advancing full upon him. His need for reinforcements was most urgent, yet he was told they could not be furnished him. What should he do? Strict military rules demanded a retreat; but then the Unionists at Springfield and the surrounding region would be abandoned to the tender mercies of the rebels, from whom they had just been delivered, and a moral defeat sustained, full of peril to the Union cause in the state. In this painful dilemma, he resolved, like a true hero and patriot, to make one desperate effort to arrest the progress of the enemy, and if he could not save Springfield, at least give Fremont time to rally his forces at St. Louis before crushed by the double armies approaching him from the west and south.

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

So on the 9th, he determined on the following morning to march forth in two columns, and at daylight fall like a thunderbolt on the enemy, and by a sacrifice as great as it was noble, stop him in his victorious career. At five o'clock in the evening, the little army set forth on its perilous undertaking, and marching all night, long before the first gray streak of dawn appeared in the east, approached the camp of the enemy. Here the column halted, to wait for daylight. Sigel was directed to make a detour around the right of the enemy, and fall on his rear, while Lyon moved straight on his position.

Driving in the enemy's pickets, Lyon ascended a ridge, and there in the valley before him, glittering in the early sunlight, lay more than a thousand tents, dotting the green fields, and sprinkled among the thickets and surrounding forests. The rebels had been apprised of his approach, and stood in battle array, ready to receive him. Less dauntless soldiers would have been appalled at the overwhelming force

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GEN'L LYON'S CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF WILSONS CREEK.

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that stood massed below, but the men of Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri, surveyed the work before them with undismayed hearts. It was then that the batteries of Totten and Dubois, by the skillful manner in which they were worked, showed that they could supply the lack of numbers. The enemy came resolutely on, and halting three ranks deep—the first lying down, the second kneeling, and the third standing—poured in a continuous and murderous fire on our thin line. Totten's battery coming into action by sections, and by single piece, as the wooded hights would permit, hurled its shells and canister, tearing with frightful effect through the rebel ranks. The firing was incessant and awful; the opposing lines often coming within a few yards of each other, before delivering their vollies, while their shouts and yells rose over the deafening roar of the guns. For a half an hour the conflict was deadly, and the contending lines swayed to and fro like two fierce opposing tides meeting in mid ocean, but each surged back only to leap to its place again. General Lyon, seeing the troops on the left of Totten's battery in disorder, led his horse along the line to rally them when the dapple gray fell dead by his side, and two balls struck him, one in his leg and the other on his head. He then walked slowly a few paces to the rear saying, "I fear the day is lost." The next moment, however, he mounted another horse, and swinging his hat over his head, and shouting to the troops to follow him, dashed where death was mowing down the brave fastest. The enemy, in the mean time, had massed a large force in a corn field on our left, and for a short time it seemed as if that wing must be overpowered. But at this critical juncture, Dubois' battery came into position, and sent such a shower of shells into their ranks that the enemy withdrew. There was now a short lull in the contest in this portion of the field, but on the right, where the gallant first Missouri stood, the battle raged fiercer than ever. Though contest-

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ing every foot of ground like veterans, they were gradually being forced back by overwhelming numbers. An officer, dashing up to Lyon, reported the perilous state of things when he immediately ordered up the second Kansas and the brave Iowas, to their support. Coming into position, they lay down close to the brow of the hill, and waited the approach of the enemy as they came on in imposing, overwhelming force. Not a word was spoken as they lay with their eyes along their Minie muskets, till the foe, firing as they came, arrived within forty feet, when a sheet of fire ran along the ridge, and the crash of a simultaneous volley rolled along the astonished ranks. As the smoke lifted, a disordered host was seen staggering reluctantly back. Lyon now ordered them to charge bayonets. One of the regiments had lost its colonel, and called for a leader, saying they would follow him to the death. "I will lead you," exclaimed Lyon, "Come on, my brave men!" and placed himself in front of the Iowas, while the one-armed Sweeney rode to the head of the Kansas regiment. On came the enemy, pouring in a destructive volley as they advanced, and the brave Lyon fell dead from his steed—one of the bravest, noblest, purest patriots, that ever gave his life in a holy cause. But these gallant regiments stood rooted to the field, and the enemy finally withdrew from the fire they could not make head against; and there was a lull in the contest, while each commenced carrying their wounded to the rear.

The command now devolved on Major Sturgis, who began to rally his disordered line. Affairs were looking gloomy enough; for twenty thousand men still stood in battle array in front, while that brave little army, though standing undaunted amid its own dead, had nôt tasted water since five o'clock the day before, and if it should retreat could expect none till it reached Springfield, twelve miles distant. To go forward was impossible. Not a word had been heard from

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Sigel, and it was evident the enemy was not alarmed for its rear. What had become of him? asked the anxious commander of himself. He stood, and listened anxiously to catch the first thunder of his cannon beyond the hights. Could he hear it, the order "forward" would break from his lips, and the loud roll of his battered drums send his exhausted army once more on the overpowering foe. But it did not come—an ominous silence rested on the field where he should have been. Had he retreated? then it was plain he must retreat also; but *could* he retreat? Tossed in painful doubt, he summoned his remaining officers to consultation. They met, but their deliberations were brought to a hasty close by the sudden appearance of a heavy column in the direction where in the morning they had heard, as they supposed, the roar of Sigel's guns. Was he coming? trembled on every tongue. Yes, they carried the American flag, and deliverance had arrived at last. On they came in easy range down the opposing slope, until close upon our lines, when they suddenly opened a terrible fire of shrapnell and canister, and unfurled the rebel flag to the breeze. Totten's battery in the center was the prize they were making for. As soon as the deception was discovered, this gallant commander opened a terrific fire upon them. But they kept steadily on till they came within twenty feet of the muzzles of his guns, and the smoke of the contending lines blending together, rolled upward in one fierce column. Supports were ordered up at the double-quick, and coming into line with loud shouts, stood firm as iron. Not a regiment flinched or wavered. A solid adamantine wall they stood, against which the advancing tide broke in vain. A few companies of the first Missouri, first Kansas, and first Iowa, were quickly brought up from the rear, and hurled like a loosened rock on the right flank of the enemy. Before the determined onset, the rebel ranks disappeared like mist. Totten's battery, supported by Steele's

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little battalion, a moment before seemed scarcely worth an effort, so enveloped was it in the enemy's fire.

But now the tide was changed, and the right flank pouring in a destructive fire, rendered the overthrow complete; and the disappointed enemy retired from the field. The fight had now lasted for six hours, and the ammunition being well nigh exhausted, there was no alternative left but to retreat, and Sturgis taking advantage of this last repulse, reluctantly gave the order to do so.

At this critical moment, an officer from Sigel's column arrived breathless in the lines, saying that Sigel was routed, his artillery captured, and he himself killed or a prisoner. This was appalling news to the exhausted little army, and it moved rapidly off the field, carrying its wounded with it, to the open prairie, two miles distant, where it made a short halt, and then took up its march for Springfield. Fortunately, the enemy did not molest it—his punishment had been too severe to admit of pursuit. On reaching Little York road, it met the principal portion of Sigel's command, with one piece of artillery. This officer had proceeded on the route marked out for him, and striking the Fayetteville road, came to a place known as Sharps farm. Here meeting soldiers as if in retreat, he supposed Lyon had been successful, and was following up the enemy. He therefore formed his command across the road to receive the fugitives. In the mean time, the skirmishers which had been sent out, returned and reported Lyon coming up the road. Soon, heavy columns appeared in sight, and orders were given to the different regiments and the artillery not to fire, as they were our own troops; and flags were waved to show they were friends. Suddenly the approaching forces opened a destructive fire, and the cry "They (meaning Lyon's troops) are firing on us" spread like wild-fire through the ranks. The artillerymen believing it was a horrible mistake could

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with difficulty be made to return the fire, while the infantry would not level their pieces till it was too late. The enemy came within ten paces of the muzzles of the guns and killed the horses. A panic followed—the men broke ranks and scattered in every direction. There was no fighting—nothing but a wild, disordered flight. Sigel lost five of his guns, and nine hundred in killed, wounded, and missing, out of the two regiments he commanded. With the residue he made the best of his way towards Springfield.

Our total loss was reported to be one thousand two hundred and thirty-five, though it was probably much larger. The rebels reported about the same loss. We lost the battle, but the nation claimed a victory. Five thousand had met twenty thousand, and after six hours' fighting retired leisurely from the field, having disabled their antagonist so that he could not pursue them. Undoubtedly, so far as the fighting was concerned, the triumph was ours, but in the fall of Lyon we lost more than a battle or an army.

The defeated army fearing for its communications did not tarry long at Springfield, but fell back to Rolla. This left a great portion of Missouri in the hands of the rebels. Small bodies, however, kept the field, and incessant skirmishes and combats,—the alternate occupation of remote towns by the loyalists and rebels,—the destruction of rail roads and bridges,—the firing of houses and barns,—the scattering of families and desolation of neighborhoods—made the state a scene of devastation and blood, and carried the mind back to the days of barbarism.

The news of the death of the gallant Lyon was received with the profoundest grief by the nation. His energy, heroism, purity of character, and lofty patriotism, had endeared him to the people; and his glorious past was regarded as the mere promise of what he would become. In their sorrow and indignation at his fall, they sought for

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some one on whom to lay the blame. Fremont being chief of the department was held responsible and sternly arraigned at the bar of public opinion. But it must be remembered that the battle took place only a week after he reached St. Louis, and before he had time to take in fully the real wants and difficulties of his position. Wholly unprepared for active operations, he saw General Pillow just south of him at New Madrid, threatening St. Louis, and he might well hesitate on a sudden movement of forces that might leave that city at the mercy of the enemy.

The spirit of Pandemonium seemed now to be let loose all over the south, invading even the pulpit, and sending the ministers of God not only to the battle field, but on expeditions of plunder and rapine. It was to be expected that the churches south would sympathize with the rebellion, but the world stood aghast at the diabolical spirit that took possession of many of those who had been known as messengers of peace. The spectacle of ministers and members of the same church, each invoking the aid of the God of battles ere they rushed on each other in deadly collision, was sad and appalling enough without this frenzied hate and exhibition of the worst passions of our nature.

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CHAPTER IX.

AUGUST, 1861.

ACTION OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT—ARRESTS—CONFISCATION—REFUSES TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS—RETALIATION BY DAVIS—MC CLELLAN QUELLS A MUTINY IN THE SEVENTY-NINTH N. Y. REGIMENT—SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS—WRECK OF THE JEFF. DAVIS—SURPRISE OF TYLER AT SUMMERVILLE—WOOL SENT TO FORTRESS MONROE—FOOTE ORDERED WEST TO TAKE CHARGE OF GUN BOATS—NAVAL ATTACK ON CAPE HATTERAS—ERROR OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—PROCLAMATION OF FREMONT—EFFECT OF—PRESIDENT REQUIRES HIM TO MODIFY IT—THE REBELS OCCUPY COLUMBUS AND HICKMAN—STATE OF AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF CARNIFEX FERRY AND RETREAT OF FLOYD.

ALL this while the government seemed hardly to understand its position, and was slowly, painfully, feeling its way to firm footing and a clear field of action. For a long time after many of the states went out of the Union, it kept the mails running regularly for their benefit, and treason was hardly regarded as a crime. It could not bring itself to contemplate the terrible fact that we were entering on one of the most fearful wars that ever cursed the world. But now everything was changed. Congress had appointed a committee to clear the public offices from traitors—men in every part of the north found themselves suddenly arrested, and without the form of a trial hurried off to prison. No writ of habeas corpus could release them. The bayonet was stronger than the order of the court. Men began to look aghast, and spoke of the star chamber and *lettres de cachet* of France. The government had suddenly aroused to its danger, and its action now had the effect to destroy that sense of security in the plotters against the government which its former leniency had caused to exist. Secret informers lurked everywhere,

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and traitors suddenly felt themselves enveloped in mysterious danger. Newspapers were stopped, and an era of despotic power seemed about to be inaugurated. To all these measures the people submitted quietly, feeling that self-preservation was the first law of nations, as well as of nature. Confiscation of rebel property was proclaimed, and the government seemed determined to strike wherever there was a prospect of planting a successful blow. Peace meetings had been called after the battle of Bull Run, and leading papers and men in Congress proposed terms of accommodation. These were now no more heard of. About this time a serious difficulty arose respecting the treatment of prisoners. Our government endeavored to carry out the theory that the southern confederacy, being nothing more than an organized rebellion, it could not be recognized so far as to treat with it for exchange of prisoners. To do so would be a concession that far outweighed in importance the fate of our brave officers and soldiers in the rebel hands. This question now became still more embarrassed, as the south had resolved to treat our men precisely as we treated the crew of the privateer Savannah, whom we had incarcerated as pirates, and threatened to hang as such. Davis imprisoned man for man, and declared he would *hang* man for man. Our indignation had been aroused because England had recognized the rebels as belligerents, and the government endeavored to avoid doing anything which might be construed into a similar recognition. While it professed to act on this hypothesis, it treated rebel officers taken in battle with more courtesy than is usually extended to prisoners of war. It conformed to every other rule of war except that of exchange of prisoners. This course was looked upon by a portion of the people as unreasonable, while all lamented the sufferings and dreary imprisonment it entailed on our soldiers captured by the enemy.

In the mean time, McClellan went steadily on with his

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herculean task. The way he disposed of a mutiny in the seventy-ninth New York regiment the middle of this month, gave the country and the army a hint that set both thinking. He drew up infantry and cavalry around them, and planting loaded cannon in their front, gave them their choice, submission, obedience, or the fire of a battery within pistol shot. Volunteers, men who, of their own free will, had gone to the field for the defense of their country, did not believe he dare resort to such extreme measures. The lesson was a wholesome one, and saved much future trouble.

The reports that from time to time through the summer reached the country of the capture of American merchantmen by the southern privateers, caused much excitement and alarm, especially in New York city. The utmost efforts of our cruisers failed to capture them. The Sumter and Jeff. Davis were commanded by bold, skillful sailors, and moved from point to point with astonishing celerity. At last the Jeff. Davis met her fate on the Florida coast, on which she was driven in a storm, and became a total wreck.

A fight at Summerville, Western Virginia, where Colonel Tyler with his regiment was surprised and surrounded while at breakfast, and had to cut their way out with the loss of two hundred men, and some fierce combats in northern Missouri, between the Union citizens and rebel forces, were all the movements in the field in the interior that marked the closing days of August. The veteran Wool, who had been kept from active service by some political management, and was at last ordered to the field only on the peremptory demand of Governor Morgan, took command of fortress Monroe, and the country felt assured that that department, at least, would be well taken care of. Captain Foote also was ordered to the command of the naval forces on the western rivers. A large fleet of gun boats was under contract, and when they were finished it was believed that he, with such

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commanders as Porter, son of the hero of the Essex, and others, would soon clear the Mississippi to New Orleans.

FIGHT AT CAPE HATTERAS.

In the mean time, a naval and military expedition, under the command of Commodore Stringham and General Butler, sailed from Hampton Roads (August 26th) to attack the rebel fortifications on Cape Hatteras. The inlet here had long been a lurking place for privateers, and a highway for small craft carrying contraband goods to the enemy. The naval force consisted of the flag-ship Minnesota and four other national vessels, beside transports; and the land force of about nine hundred men. Arriving off Hatteras, an attempt was made to land the troops, but on account of the heavy surf, only three hundred and fifteen could be got ashore, with a twelve-pound rifle gun, and a twelve-pound howitzer. Two forts had been erected here—Henry and Hatteras—manned by some six hundred men, commanded by Captain Barron, recently of the United States navy. The latter was immediately evacuated, and the guns spiked. Night coming on, and the wind rising, the vessels had to secure an offing, thus leaving the little band on shore to its fate. A part encamped in the works, and the rest bivouaced on the open beach. The next morning the vessels moved up in front of the remaining fort, and opened fire; and soon the shells were bursting in and around the doomed fortification. Being some two miles off, the shot of the enemy could not reach them; and the rebels seeing their helpless condition, at eleven o'clock hauled down their flag, when Barron came aboard the flag-ship and surrendered his entire command. Twenty-five pieces of artillery, a thousand stand of arms, and a large quantity of ordnance stores, provisions, etc., fell into our hands. The victors immediately returned

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with their trophies to receive the ovation of the people. The loud laudation of this enterprise, as well as the importance given to every skirmish which was magnified into a battle, showed how keenly the north felt the defeat at Bull Run. Indeed, our successes were so few that we needed to magnify them to keep up any courage.

If the expedition had been properly fitted out, so that after the forts were captured it could have kept on into Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, and made a descent on the unprotected coast of North Carolina, great results might have followed. But the vessels drew too much water to allow them to go over the bar,—besides the orders of the Secretary of the Navy were to return immediately after the one object was effected.

The last of August was signalized by a proclamation of Fremont, declaring martial law in Missouri, and that under the decree of confiscation the slaves were free. It caused great excitement in Kentucky and throughout the country; for it was looked upon as the entering wedge to general emancipation. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the President to disavow it, for fears were entertained that it would utterly destroy the Union cause in the border states. There was probably some truth in this, at any rate the President directed Fremont to modify his proclamation. Perhaps it was good policy to do so under the existing circumstances, but the latter must have been puzzled to know what the government meant by its confiscation scheme, unless it designed to embrace *all* the property of rebels, and it would be difficult to see what it could do with confiscated slaves but to give them their freedom.

Events were slowly dragging the most important elements of the struggle into the valley of the Mississippi; and Kentucky evidently would soon become important battle ground. Governor Magoffin had addressed a letter to the President,

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requesting him to withdraw Federal troops from the boundaries of the state. This he declined to do, and soon after, in the early part of September, General Polk issued a proclamation, in which, after stating that the presence of Federal troops opposite Columbus threatened the occupation of that important place, he declared he should at once take possession of it, and did. The southern confederacy had made up its mind to hold Kentucky in spite of its Union vote. Of course Columbus and Hickman could not be held alone, flanked as they were by the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. The possession of a position on the Mississippi necessitated the occupation of other points inland,—in fact, of a line of intrenched camps reaching to the Alleghanies.

In Western Virginia the success that had marked the career of McClellan still continued to follow his lieutenants in the field. Rosecranz was a worthy successor to him in that department. The rebels, though driven out of the valley, had not abandoned the design of getting possession of it, and a new army, under the notorious Floyd, was sent thither. He took position at Carnifex ferry, on the Gauley river, and there strongly intrenched himself. Rosecranz immediately moved towards his stronghold to give him battle. For more than a week he led his column through the broken country, and along the difficult roads of the mountain region. Now following the bed of the torrent, and now climbing by a tortuous road, a rugged hight, dragging their heavy cannon after them, the dauntless soldiers toiled uncomplainingly forward, and at last reached the highest mountain summit, from which east and west, spread a glorious panorama—the successive ridges of the forest-clad mountains rolling away in green billows, till they lost themselves in the dim horizon. Winding down the mountain they encountered a body of cavalry which they dispersed. Night came on as they reached the valley, and lighting their bivouac fires, which shed a feeble light in

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the dense fog that had settled over them, they lay down in the green meadows with the mountains standing like grim sentinels around them. The drum and bugle echoing through the solitude, roused them up before the light, and at dawn the column was winding its way towards Summerville. Soon firing ahead put them to the double-quick, and breaking into the town along the single street that traversed it, they saw the rebels fleeing along the hill-sides beyond. Halting here to question the inhabitants respecting the roads, and examine the official map of the country, found in the clerk's office, Rosecranz again took up his line of march, and entering the hills, pressed forwards towards the enemy's intrenchments. They soon came upon his pickets, and the irregular firing of the advance skirmishers commenced.

BATTLE OF CARNIFEX FERRY.

Rosecranz knew he was in presence of the main body of the enemy, but of his position or the character of his defences he was totally ignorant. In this dilemma, General Benham asked permission to take his brigade forward to feel the enemy. Rosecranz consented that he should make a bold reconnoissance, nothing more. The brigade started forward, and Rosecranz rode to the top of the hill with his staff to get, if possible, a better observation of the condition of things. He stood here a moment, while the artillery was laboring up the hill, when suddenly a deep, prolonged roar of musketry burst from the woods directly in front where the first brigade was moving. The terrible suspicion flashed over him that it had been led into ambush, and would be inevitably cut up, but the next moment the swift, deliberate volleys of our men assured him it was not so, and that they were calmly facing the enemy. Soon the artillery opened, making stern music there among the mountain crags. Rosecranz now ordered

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up the twelfth Ohio under Colonel Lowe. Charging along at the double-quick, the regiment saluted the general as they rose the crest of the hill, with thundering cheers, and then plunged forward into the thicket out of which the incessant volleys rang. Howitzers and field-pieces toiled heavily after, followed by the teams straining up the steep acclivity, and it seemed, for a time, as if a desperate battle was to be fought there with an unseen foe, and on an unknown field. Hastily protecting his rear, Rosecranz put spurs to his horse, and dashed to the front amid a shower of balls. Crossing the woods he came to a clearing in which were the enemy's works. At this critical moment word came to McCook's German brigade, that had not yet been in the fight, that they were to move forward, and storm the intrenchments. This was just what the gallant colonel wanted, and rejoiced at the tidings, he dashed along his lines, shouting in trumpet tones to his brave troops what they were to do. Wild, tumultuous cheers greeted the announcement, and waving swords, clashing muskets, and hats thrown into the air, made it a scene of thrilling excitement. The drums beat, and gaily as to a banquet, the steady column moved forward. But orders at this juncture were received from Rosecranz, forbidding the assault. A part of the regiment had charged almost up to the enemy's work on the extreme left, and had to be recalled by the bugle. Night was coming on, and the commander did not deem it prudent to make the attempt in the darkness. Besides if it were successful it might be at a great expense of life which the morning light would prevent. The battle had raged for four hours, and now in the darkness the troops were ordered to fall back on the lines. They lay on their arms all night, and a part of them within two or three hundred yards of the fort. When the morning dawned, it was discovered that the enemy had fled. Floyd, finding himself so furiously assailed in front and flank, deemed it prudent to

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decamp, and leaving large quantities of ammunition, stores, etc., hastily crossed the Gauley river, and destroyed the ferry-boat, so that pursuit was impossible. Our loss was some hundred and twenty killed and wounded. Among the former was Colonel Lowe of the twelfth Ohio, who fell at the head of his regiment.

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CHAPTER X.

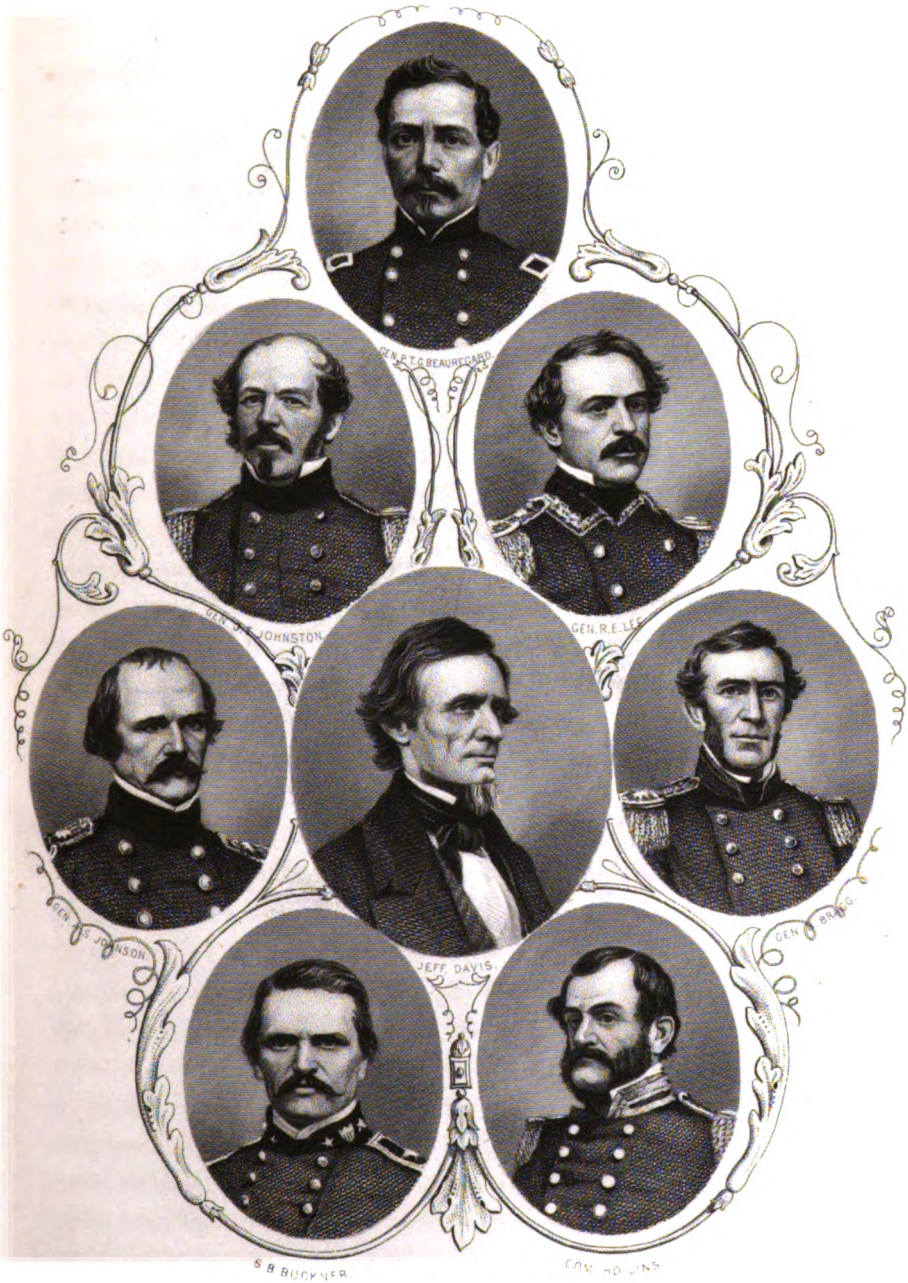
SEPTEMBER, 1861.

FALL OF LEXINGTON—FREMONT BLAMED FOR IT—CHARGES AGAINST HIM—ATTITUDE OF KENTUCKY—ITS LEGISLATURE ORDERS THE REBEL FORCES TO LEAVE THE STATE—MAGOFFIN—GENERAL LEE SENT TO WESTERN VIRGINIA—FIGHT AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN PASS—DEFEAT OF LEE AT ELK WATER—DEATH OF JOHN WASHINGTON—POSITION OF THE ARMIES ON THE POTOMAC—OCCUPATION OF MUNSON'S HILL—OBSERVANCE OF THE NATIONAL FAST.

SOON after this brilliant exploit, the national heart was saddened by the news of the fall of Lexington, Missouri, and the capture of Colonel Mulligan (who held the place), with his entire command. On the first of the month, Colonel Mulligan, in his intrenched camp at Jefferson City, received orders to proceed with his Irish brigade to Lexington, a hundred and sixty miles up the river, and reinforce the few troops already there. He reached the place on the ninth, swelling the force to about three thousand five hundred men. He had, however, been there only three days at work, when the driving in of his pickets announced the near approach of the enemy. After the battle of Wilson's Creek, Price chased Lane and Montgomery from the state, and then turned his steps towards Warrenburg, where, he heard, there was a Federal force. The latter fled at his approach, and he continued his march to Lexington, with an army variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty thousand men.

Midway between the towns of old and new Lexington,—situated about a mile apart,—Mulligan took his position, and commenced throwing up a breast-work ten feet high, surrounded by a broad ditch, but had time only partially to complete it when the arrival of the enemy compelled him to suspend operations. A large, brick building used as a col-

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lege stood within the fortifications, and was occupied as head-quarters. The river was about half a mile distant.

An attack was made on the twelfth, led by General Rains in person, with a battery of nine pieces of artillery; but was repulsed with heavy loss. The assault was directed against an angle of the works poorest defended; and the fierce, determined manner in which it was resisted, showed Price that it would not be prudent, even with his overwhelming numbers, to attempt to carry the place by storm; and he commenced on Friday morning a new system of approaches. Bales of hemp from the surrounding region were carted in, and after being thoroughly saturated with water, to prevent them from being set on fire with red hot shot, were rolled forward as breast-works to protect the batteries. Mulligan, in the mean time, burned a portion of the old town, to prevent the enemy from taking shelter there, and sat down to wait for reinforcements. On the tenth, he had sent a lieutenant with a squad of twelve men on a steamer to Jefferson City, a hundred and sixty miles distant, for more troops; but they had not proceeded far before they were captured. He then dispatched other messengers by different routes, to avoid a failure. The rebels expected that aid would be sent him, and threw out columns in different directions to intercept it. On Wednesday, they planted four batteries, numbering in all thirteen pieces, and opened a terrible fire on the beleaguered little garrison, while their sharp shooters from every rock, tree, fence, and house, within range, rained an incessant shower of balls upon them. If a single head appeared above the works, it became the target of a hundred rifles. Mulligan had but six small pieces of artillery, with which to reply to this overwhelming fire, but they were worked with great gallantry. A large, brick house stood towards the river, to which Mulligan had nearly extended his line of earthworks. This, during the day the rebels got

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possession of, and from the windows, doorways, and behind the chimneys to which they had clambered—some even sheltering themselves in the cistern—kept up a galling fire on the garrison. Determined to bear the annoyance no longer, Mulligan ordered a platoon to clear it, which they did in a twinkling, at the point of the bayonet. Night at length came and put an end to the combat. The next morning Price retired some distance with his main army, to wait the arrival of his ammunition. Day after day now wore away with no fighting except between detached parties. On the 18th, his ammunition having arrived, Price moved back in front of the works, preparatory to his final attack. With a strong force he occupied the brick house near the works, seized the boats in the river to prevent the escape of the garrison, stormed and took possession of some bluffs that overlooked the position, and began to fortify them. The fighting now was incessant. The bright moonlight nights brought no cessation to the combat, and the besieged being cut off from the river, began to suffer dreadfully from want of water. The large number of horses and mules within the inclosure, also grew frantic with thirst and threatened to break away from their fastenings, and spread terror through the camps. From the hights that the enemy held in spite of all the efforts made to dislodge them, they on the twentieth began to roll slowly downward a breastwork of hemp bales. From this last device of the rebels there was no escape, and Mulligan looked with alarm on the steadily approaching rampart, along the crest of which ran an incessant sheet of flame. Sally after sally was made, and deeds of desperate valor were done, and partial successes gained; but it was evident that the doom of the garrison was sealed. They were driven back to their inner defenses, while the home guard retired entirely, refusing to fight any more. No water was to be had, and the agony of thirst was becoming stronger than the

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fear of death. The wreck and ruin that surrounded them was rendered still more appalling by the putrifying carcasses of hundreds of horses that had fallen before the fire of the enemy, and now filled the air with an insufferable stench. For more than a week they had borne up against overwhelming numbers, looking anxiously for the aid for which they had long ago sent. Every morning Mulligan bent his ear to catch the sound of distant cannonading, telling him that help was at hand; and every night he turned his eye anxiously towards the silent river to catch the first signal of deliverance, but in vain. He bore up heroically through these long days and nights of pain and toil, and his brave brigade stood nobly by him, showing themselves worthy of their gallant commander; but buffet it back as he would, the painful truth that his flag must be struck to the foe, would return with every revolving hour, crushing him to the earth. Had there been any definite point within reach, where a desperate stand could be made, he would have cut his way through the host that environed him sword in hand; but turn which way he would, he saw no avenue of escape. On this last day he was twice wounded; but not until the home guard had refused to fight longer, and the hempen breast-work was within fifty yards of his fortifications, did he finally consent to surrender. Two thousand six hundred men, including the five hundred home guard laid down their arms, and one of the most important posts of Missouri fell into the hands of the enemy.

Fremont's career had commenced badly, and one loud voice of condemnation went up against him all over the land. Some few of his friends pretended that the loss of this place was only a part of his strategic plan which would result in the capture of Price's entire army, but the common sense of the people was not to be duped in this manner. A strategy, they said, that required the death of Lyon, and the surrender of

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a whole army was not one by which Missouri could be saved. Fremont, in defense, declared that he did send reinforcements, and events over which he had no control prevented them from being received. Much angry discussion and sharp criticism followed. A good deal unquestionably could be said in his excuse, but the clamor could not be allayed. The people always have judged, and always will judge a general by his success, and no apology will satisfy them for defeats where no evidence is given of efforts having been made equal to the emergency. One fact seemed palpable to all—he should have known the circumstances in which his subordinate was placed, and if the difficulties that surrounded him were insurmountable, told him so, and left him to secure his retreat as he best could.

From this time on, Fremont's enemies never let him alone, till they secured his removal from the department. Charges of gross frauds on the government in the purchase of arms and army supplies, and in the giving out of contracts, of surrounding himself with favorites to the exclusion of the fighting officers of the army, of keeping up an aristocratic establishment, and finally of total incompetency in the management of his department, multiplied on every side. He saw that he had awakened a storm that would overwhelm him without immediate signal victories, and he took the field in person, and began to concentrate his forces against the enemy. While Mulligan was contending at Lexington, Colonel Scott met with a repulse at Blue Mills, but the enemy retired before our main force could come up.

Notwithstanding all these reverses in the west, Kentucky never faltered in the loyal stand she had taken. The legislature called on the rebels to leave the state forthwith, and when Polk agreed to do so, if the Federal forces were also withdrawn, it refused to grant the condition; and though their acts were vetoed by the governor, they passed them

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over his head. Grant took possession of Paducah, and issued his proclamation, but the rebels, instead of retiring, began to move more troops into the state under orders of A. S. Johnston who had taken command of the rebel western department. While affairs were wearing this doubtful aspect in the west, the campaign which McClellan had so successfully prosecuted in Western Virginia, was being followed up triumphantly by the generals still in command there. Floyd, in the southern part, could not make a stand against Rosecranz, to whom neither mud, nor storms, nor mountains, could present insurmountable obstacles. Farther north we still held our own, though the enemy made a determined effort to drive us back. Wise and Floyd, having both showed themselves unable to cope with our generals, General Lee, the best officer of Virginia, was sent with nine thousand men against our position in Cheat Mountain held by General Reynolds.

LEE AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN AND ELK WATER.

On the same day that Price advanced against Lexington, Lee moved against Reynolds, stationed at Elk Water. Approaching Cheat Mountains, he divided his force into two columns, and sent one along the Staunton turnpike to attack our post on the summit, and led the other by the Huntersville road towards Elk Water. These two posts of ours were only seven miles apart by a bridle path over the mountains, but eighteen miles by the wagon road, which led through Cheat Mountain pass, where the brigade had a short time before been located. Lee, advancing along the pass, attempted to get to the left and rear of Elk Water. But for the gallantry of four companies of Indiana troops, which held the whole force in check, he would have succeeded in this, and made Reynold's situation a desperate one. As it was, the enemy were forced to the rear and right of Cheat mountain, completely hemming in the three hundred who held the summit. When

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night closed in, the communication between our posts was entirely cut off. Determined at all hazards to open it, Reynolds, at three o'clock next morning, dispatched Sullivan with the thirteenth Indiana, along the main road, and most of two Virginia and Ohio regiments by the bridle path, with orders, if possible, to fall simultaneously on the enemy, and force their way to the little beleagured band on the summit. The latter, ignorant of what was going on at the base of the mountain, determined to cut its own way through to the army. So on the same morning Colonel Kimball put his little column in motion. Not knowing the number or position of the enemy, he started off his wagon train with a small escort. It had proceeded but three quarters of a mile when it was met by a sudden fire. Kimball thought at first it came from only a scouting party, but on hurrying to the front, he found himself in presence of twenty-five hundred of the enemy. Nothing daunted, he immediately threw out his skirmishers, and ordered his men to hold their position. They did so, and opened such a fierce fire on the enemy that he turned and fled in confusion, leaving the woods strewed with dead and wounded, and guns and clothing in large quantities. The two columns below heard the firing, and pushed on up the mountain, but before they reached the scene of action the battle was over. As the heads of the columns appeared in sight, they were greeted with loud hurrahs, which were answered till the mountain rang again. They then proceeded to the summit, and secured the provision train, thus reopening the communication with Reynolds. While this was going on up in the mountain, Lee advanced straight on Elk Water. Checked in his progress by Reynold's artillery, he withdrew a short distance and took position. Towards night he heard the result of the fight in the mountain, and discouraged by it, fell back still farther. Next day he renewed his attacks on both positions, but was again re-

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pulsed with severe loss, and retreated ten miles. Our loss was only nine killed, while that of the enemy was one hundred, and among them Colonel John Washington, recent proprietor of Mount Vernon. A strange fatality attended every attempt of the rebels to occupy Western Virginia. While in every part of the Union we met with nothing but reverses, here we never lost a battle. McClellan had finished up his work so well, and given such a high, moral tone to the army, that it deemed itself invincible, and began to be regarded so by the enemy.

During all this time, no general movement of troops occurred in front of Washington. The idea that the rebels meant to attack the Capital had taken full possession of the government, and very extensive preparations were made for its protection. A net work of fortifications was steadily pushed forward, so that on both sides of the Potomac thirty-two works were completed, or nearly so, of sufficient importance to call forth a general order from McClellan, assigning them names. The work of drilling the troops was steadily prosecuted, both at Washington, and in the various camps in the several states. As fast as the regiments were properly equipped, they were ordered on, and a vast army soon stretched in a semi-circle, from near Alexandria in Virginia to the Potomac, some ten or fifteen miles above Washington, while we held the Maryland side up to the Alleghanies.

Whether McClellan shared the general fear that the enemy would make a descent on Washington, or whether he was willing it should be entertained, so as to give him more time to discipline his army, does not appear. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that a military commander should feel much alarm, lest an enemy without adequate means of transportation should put a broad river between him and his supplies and reserves, while seventy thousand men held the bank he proposed to leave.

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Armed reconnoissances and skirmishes between pickets and small detachments served to break up the monotony of camp life. We pushed our lines to Lewinsville on the right, and forward in front, so as to include Munson's Hill. The occupation of the latter position was accompanied by a repetition of the blunder which occurred at Big Bethel: our troops firing into each other, but, as usual, nobody seemed to blame. It was said that but for the knowledge of this movement, which (in some mysterious way, and from some high official source) reached the enemy, we should have captured ten thousand men, who, being forewarned, had time to escape. It was soon apparent that no secret of importance could be kept from the rebels. The confederate government constantly received news of intended movements on our part, which the most assiduous, pushing reporters of the northern press could not obtain. The source from whence it was derived baffled the keenest scrutiny.

The most noteworthy event that marked the closing days of September was the observance of the national fast, which the President in accordance with a resolution of Congress had proclaimed soon after the defeat at Bull Run. No national fast since the time of the revolution had been kept with greater solemnity. Previous to the signal defeat of our arms at Bull Run, rulers and people had exhibited an arrogance and confidence in the ability of the north to crush out the rebellion with a blow, that filled thoughtful men with alarm. Not only in the economy of God is "pride sure to go before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," but even in human arrangements they always prevent that care and preparation which are necessary to insure success. We did not feel that help from on high was necessary,—we thought the flag was quite sufficient; and it looked as though minister and people thought more of the stars and stripes that draped every pulpit and waved from every church spire than

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they did of Him who presided over the sanctuary. Our conduct in this respect contrasted strikingly with that of the southern confederacy. It had begun its work with proclaiming a fast; and its Congress passed resolutions recognizing most emphatically its dependence on God. Our terrible defeat had humbled this boastful spirit which assumed that we were altogether righteous; and the fast, to all human appearance, was a sincere self-abasement of the nation before Him to whom all the nations of the earth are as the small dust of the balance.

From the outset, it had been apparent to every one who was not carried away by political prejudice or blind fanaticism, that this terrible war, whatever its end should be, would inflict the sorest punishments on both sections which had, though unequally, exhibited an uncharitable, bitter, and angry spirit.

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CHAPTER XI.

OCTOBER, 1861.

POSITION OF THE TWO GREAT ARMIES—EXPECTATIONS AND FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE—GALLANT NAVAL EXPLOIT AT PENSACOLA—DESTRUCTION OF THE PRIVATEER JUDAH—OCCUPATION OF SHIP ISLAND—WESTERN VIRGINIA—FIGHT AT GREEN BRIER CREEK—ATTACK OF THE ENEMY AT CAPE HATTERAS—SURPRISE OF WILSON ZOUAVES AT SANTA ROSA'S ISLAND—ATTACK OF THE BLOCKADING FLEET AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY THE RAM MANASSAS—FIGHT AT LEBANON, MO.—FIGHT AT FREDERICKTOWN—FIGHT AT BLUE MILLS FERRY—BATTLE OF WILD CAT CAMP, KY.

THE country looked to the cool nights and temperate days of October with ardent expectations. Our army, which had been assembling and drilling all summer, was to move, at once it was believed, and not only wipe out the disgrace of Bull Run, but give a fatal blow to the rebellion. The position in which affairs stood, seemed to make a forward movement inevitable. *West* of the Mississippi there appeared to be no stable line of defense, and the waves of civil war drifted backward and forward over the distracted state. But *east* of the river the enemy had established his line with but a single break in it, clear to the Atlantic. Starting at Columbus, it crossed the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers on nearly the same parallel, to Bowling Green; and thence to the Alleghanies. From this to the Blue Ridge, there was an unoccupied interval. Then it commenced again, and keeping near or on the Potomac, swept on to Fortress Monroe. Along this line, a thousand miles in extent, chosen for its commanding position, were stationed, it was supposed, some three hundred thousand men in battle array. Confronting, and threatening it, were a half million of northern troops. A fierce collision somewhere could

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not be long delayed, and the general expectation was, that it would first take place in front of Washington. General McClellan was the hero of the hour, and to him the nation had transferred, without the least reservation, the unbounded confidence it had hitherto reposed in General Scott. The rebels had improved their time in fortifying their strong positions, and it was felt that the battle, whenever it should come, would be a bloody one.

The intense interest, however, with which the public watched these two mighty armies, was somewhat diverted by naval preparations for an attack along the Atlantic coast, and the evident near approach of a battle at fort Pickens. There was also a great and growing distrust of the ability of the administration, with its present cabinet, to carry us through the mighty struggle on which we had entered. The public heart was in that feverish, angry, excited state, that always forebodes trouble. A great and sudden defeat might have whelmed the administration in utter ruin. It was evident that it was not aware on what precarious ground it stood. The army partook of this excited feeling of the people, and in passing through it, one was alarmed to see on what a thin crust the government at Washington rested. One of the strongest securities at this perilous crisis, was the unlimited confidence that all classes had in the patriotism and integrity of the President. It was the sheet anchor of the Republic.

In the mean time drops of comfort came from the southern coast. News was received of the destruction of the privateer Judah, near Pensacola, on the eighteenth of September, by a boat expedition, as she lay off Pensacola bay. Three boats, containing in all about an hundred men, sailors and marines, composed it; two of them were to attack the privateer, while the other should proceed to the shore and spike a battery which had been erected there. The attack was made

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at half past three in the morning, and resulted in complete success. It was one of those daring, gallant actions for which our navy has always been distinguished. The privateer was burned, and the battery spiked, with the loss of only three or four killed and a dozen wounded. The three lieutenants commanding the boats, Russell, Blake, and Sproston, received the highest commendation for their skill and bravery. About the same time the news arrived of the occupation of Ship Island, which occurred on the twentieth. The rebels upon it, after setting fire to their barracks, and destroying the light-house, fled to the main land, leaving the place in possession of the federal forces. The capture of this island was important only in view of prospective operations on New Orleans and Mobile, as circumstances might direct.

From Western Virginia favorable reports continued to be received. On the second of October, General Reynolds started from his camp at Elkwater, to make an armed reconnoissance of Lee's position, twelve miles distant on Green Brier river.

FIGHT AT GREEN BRIER CREEK.

Taking with him five thousand men, and a heavy force of artillery, he set out from Cheat mountain at midnight, and marched in dead silence over the rugged way. Colonel Kimball of the fourteenth Indiana, was ordered to move against the enemy's front and right, and push back his advanced regiments, while Milroy, after driving in the pickets, was to deploy to the left of his intrenchments, and force him within them. Just after daylight the latter came to Green Brier bridge, and found it occupied by the rebels. The Indianans, without waiting for orders, cast aside their knapsacks, and blankets, and with a loud cheer dashed on the bridge, clearing it with a bound. The regiments now came one after another gallantly into action, driving the enemy from the

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hillsides and the valley, behind their intrenchments. The artillery was then ordered up, and soon thirteen guns were pouring their shot and shell into the works. The rebels replied, though some of their guns were hidden by the trees. For over half an hour, it thundered there in the Virginia mountains as if a tropical storm was bursting along the ridges. At length three of the enemy's guns were disabled, when his fire slackened. Soon after, a couple of rockets shot over the treetops where the enemy lay concealed, and burst in mid air—a signal for reinforcements that were farther off amid the hills. In a short time, a column several thousand strong, was seen streaming down the mountain in the rear, their artillery thundering before them. As they approached the fortifications, cheer after cheer went up from the rebels. Our infantry, exasperated at the shout, asked permission to storm the works, but Reynolds thinking it would be a useless sacrifice of life, and having accomplished all he sought, ordered the recall to be sounded, and the army took up its line of march to its old camp, with thirteen prisoners, having lost but eight killed and thirty-two wounded. Lee's mission to western Virginia was evidently drawing to a close.

FIGHT AT CAPE HATTERAS.

Two days after this, the rebels undertook to surprise a part of the troops stationed near Hatteras inlet. Colonel Brown, with the twentieth Indiana regiment, eight hundred strong, had its encampment about thirty miles from fort Hatteras, and on the fourth about fifteen hundred men landed some three or four miles above him. As soon as he was apprised of it by his lookouts, he dispatched a messenger to Colonel Hawkins at the fort, informing him of what was going on, and stating that he should fall back on the fort. Soon after, another body of rebel troops commenced land-

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ing below him to cut off his retreat. Brown, made aware of their intentions, set on fire what he could not easily carry away, and immediately started his regiment on the double-quick through the heavy sand, and after a terrible march, succeeded in reaching the light-house in the evening. In the mean time, Hawkins, having received Brown's note, dispatched a messenger to Captain Lardner of the Susquehanna, lying near the shore, and hurried off six companies of Zouaves to meet and reinforce the retreating regiment. Captain Lardner quickly got the Susquehanna under way, and ordering the Monticello to double cape Hatteras and proceed along the shore, at eight o'clock in the evening anchored within half gun-shot of the light-house. The Monticello had not proceeded far, when she caught sight of the enemy coming down in full pursuit, and over the woods on the other side of the shoals, the masts of several rebel vessels. The commander, Lieutenant Braine, immediately opened on them with shells, which exploding in their midst scattered them in all directions. Rolling up their flag, they made for a clump of trees for protection. The Monticello followed them, pitching its shells with fatal accuracy into their midst. Their triumphant march had been sadly interfered with, and fleeing like frightened deer, they at length reached the woods, abreast of which their vessels lay, and began to embark. The Monticello then shelled the vessels, sinking some of the boats laden with the fugitives, a part of whom rushed wildly into the water to wade to the launches, ducking their heads in the mean while to escape the shells that fell momentarily around them. The belt of land where they were first discovered, was not more than a third of a mile wide, so that they presented a fair mark to the guns of the steamer, which for two hours played incessantly upon them.

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NIGHT ATTACK ON SANTA ROSAS.

The enemy seemed at this time to have formed a concerted plan to drive us entirely from their shores. For four days after this, a similar attack was made on Santa Rosa's Island, on which fort Pickens stands. A force fifteen hundred or two thousand strong, landed on the island about four miles from the fort, where they remained undiscovered till next night, when they surprised the camp of Wilson's zouaves, situated a mile from the fort, intending to follow up their success, and carrry the place by assault. The plan was well laid, and every thing seemed to favor its successful execution. The night was pitchy dark and their movements were so noiseless and sudden, that they were almost within the camp before they were discovered. Their shots and shouts together, roused the regiment from its slumbers, and though the long roll was beat, and an attempt made to form the men, yet the onset was so sudden, that in the utter darkness but little was done. The flash of musketry only served to reveal the disorder, and soon the rebel torch was applied to the entire camp. In a moment the tents were in a blaze, the conflagration lighting up a scene of utter terror and confusion. The shouts of officers and men mingled in with the crackling of flames and crash of musketry, while on every side swarmed the infuriated foe. The zouaves, panic-stricken, fled for the protection of two batteries, situated about four hundred yards from the fort, followed by the enemy, who in the darkness was now also thrown into confusion. In the mean time, as the sound of the first volleys broke over fort Pickens, the long roll was beat, and major Vogdes hurried off with two companies in the direction of the firing; while the guns on the ramparts were ordered to be manned. Soon after, the commander, Colonel Brown, saw the flames of the

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burning camp, and sent off a staff officer to communicate with Major Vogdes. But the latter had proceeded scarce a mile, when he became, in the darkness, entangled in masses of the enemy, and before a shot could be fired, was made prisoner. Major Arnold was immediately sent to take command, but before he could arrive, the regulars under Captain Hildt had opened such a destructive fire on the enemy, that they beat a retreat. Colonel Williams now succeeded in rallying a part of his regiment, and other companies from the fort coming up, they pushed on after the flying enemy, who made for their boats, nearly three miles distant. Reaching them, they rushed madly into the water, followed by the steady fire of their pursuers. When the boats shoved off, the murderous volleys plunging into the closely packed masses, struck them down by scores. Our loss all told was about sixty—that of the enemy could only be guessed at. As, on Hatteras shoals, the main success of the enemy consisted in destroying the camp of a regiment.

THE RAM MANASSAS ATTACKS OUR FLEET.

The very next week Captain Hollins, formerly of the United States navy, now in command of the rebel naval force at New Orleans, made an attempt to destroy our blockading fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi. In an iron-clad vessel, armed with a long iron prow, accompanied by two small steamers, he came boldly down on the night of the twelfth, and before the fleet was aware of his presence, dashed in their midst, and steered straight for the Richmond. The alarm was scarcely given, when the "ram" struck her well forward, going through her side with a tremendous crash, and tearing the schooner from her fastenings. Slowly backing, the uncouth monster then made a dash at her stern, but succeeded only in tearing off a few planks. Though

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taken by surprise, the crew coolly responded to the beat to quarters, and as the ram passed abreast of the ship, an entire broadside was poured into it. Hollins, finding one of his engines would not work, now endeavored to haul off, and sent up a signal rocket. The blazing curve had hardly disappeared in the darkness, when farther up the river, a broad, bright flame leaped into the air, revealing a row of fire ships moving down to complete the work of destruction. The whole river was lighted up by the steadily increasing conflagration. The Richmond and Preble immediately dropped down the pass, while the Vincennes and Water Witch remained to watch and see what could be done. The fire ships kept steadily on their way, and the Vincennes seeing that she would be struck if she remained where she was, also concluded to drop down the pass, leaving the Water Witch, as she was faster and smaller and could easily get out of the way, to remain and report proceedings. Seeing, at length, several gun-boats coming down the river, she finally went below to give the information, when, to her dismay, she found the Vincennes fast aground on the bar. To complete the disaster, the Richmond soon grounded also; and it looked for a moment as if the vessels must be destroyed. But fortunately, the latter vessel swung round, broadside upstream as she struck, so that she could bring her guns to bear admirably. They immediately opened a rapid and furious fire, which so disconcerted the enemy that he abandoned the enterprise, and withdrew up the river.

Hollins on his return to New Orleans, gave such an extravagant report of his achievements that the city was wild with delight, and made an illumination in his honor, and hailed him as the hero of the day. To the excited imagination of the people, the navigation of the Mississippi seemed already open. The accounts first received at the north, hav-

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ing come through rebel sources created much uneasiness for the safety of the blockading fleet in the Mississippi, and the papers teemed with prognostications respecting the invulnerability of these new war vessels. But not long after, a true report of the occurrence was received, when Hollins became the subject of boundless ridicule, instead of dread. Enough, however, was accomplished to furnish the south with important suggestions, and should have given the Secretary of the Navy a hint, which if he had taken, would have saved us much future trouble.

The first half of October was full of promise to the Union men in Missouri. Fremont, with a well appointed army, was in the field, while in almost every minor engagement the Federal troops were victorious.

FIGHT AT LEBANON.

On the thirteenth, a brilliant dash was made by Major Wright with two companies of cavalry, upon three hundred mounted rebels, near Lebanon, in which the latter were completely routed, with the loss of some fifty or sixty killed and wounded, and thirty-six prisoners. Many of the wounded at Wilson's Creek being on their way in ambulances from Springfield, happened to be near the scene of action, and witnessed it. The rebels were drawn up parallel with the road, expecting an attack in front. They had stood in this position nearly an hour and a half,—the ambulances containing the Union wounded a little way off, where they had been stopped, with the brutal declaration that they would soon give them "another load of wounded to take along,"—when suddenly, over the brow of the hill in their rear, came bounding the two companies of cavalry. One blast of the bugle,—one wild cheer,—and they dashed down. Suddenly halting when within a hundred paces, they delivered a murderous volley. In a twinkling, the rebels scattered like chaff

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before the wind, tearing through the brush, and along the road, in their mad flight towards Lebanon. The drivers of the ambulances threw up their hats, and shouted. The cavalry returned the shout with a loud hurrah; and even the poor wounded, raising their heads, took up the cheer and sent it gloriously over the field. Wyman (in command of the whole force) arrived soon after the battle was over. The two gallant captains, Switzler and Montgomery, were highly commended. The latter, after emptying every barrel of his revolver, and bending his sword nearly double in a hand-to-hand fight, charged a last rebel with his clenched fist, and knocked him from his horse.

Two days after, the same officer pounced upon Linn Creek, and captured twenty-four rebels. The next day, Lexington, with sixty or seventy prisoners, fell into our hands.

FIGHT AT FREDERICKTOWN.

In the mean time, the rebels under the notorious Jeff. Thompson and Colonel Lowe were reported to be near Fredericktown, advancing on Pilot Knob and Ironton. A reconnoitering party under Colonel Carlin had a severe skirmish with them, when two thousand Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin troops, under Colonels Carlin, Ross, and Baker, started to give them battle. On the twenty-first, the combined forces were in Fredericktown, which the enemy had evacuated the night before. Pushing on after him, they had not proceeded a mile when they came upon him drawn up in line of battle. The Federal troops immediately advanced to the attack. The enemy opened with grape and canister; but nothing could check the daring soldiers of the west, (now they had at last got the foe within striking distance,) and sending up their loud shouts, they pressed over the broken field,—regiment after regiment, and company after

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company, coming into action with the steadiness of veterans. For nearly two hours the rebels withstood the determined onset, but at last turned and fled. Major Gavitt, charging with his cavalry on a gun, fell mortally wounded. In a few moments the retreat became a rout; and the enemy fled in every direction, leaving sixty-four prisoners in our hands. One hundred and fifty dead were picked up on the field, among whom was Colonel Lowe. The pursuit was continued for several miles along the road towards Greenville, which was strewed with the wrecks of the fight. The next day it was resumed, and continued for twenty-two miles, but the enemy proved too fleet of foot, and it was abandoned. Our loss in killed and wounded was only sixty.

On the return of the soldiers to Fredericktown, believing that the inhabitants had co-operated with the rebels, they committed some acts of violence, and but for the officers would have burned the place to the ground. As it was, they succeeded in applying the torch to six or seven buildings. The citizens were terror-stricken by the conflagration and for a time thought their town would become a heap of ashes, and themselves houseless wanderers. It was hard for the soldiers, after marching past Union towns levelled to the ground, to keep their hands off this nest of rebels.

FIGHT AT BLUE MILLS.

A few days before this encounter, five hundred of the third Iowa regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, advanced on the enemy four thousand strong at Blue Mills Ferry landing, near Liberty, whither he had retired from Lexington. Simultaneously with this movement, Colonel Smith, with the Illinois sixteenth and a part of the thirty-ninth Ohio regiments, was to come up from St. Joseph, and form a junction with the former. Scott waited for him till nine o'clock, and then sending him word that he

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would push forward after the enemy, advanced. A hot engagement followed, lasting for an hour, when he was compelled to fall back, bringing off his wounded, and dragging his single gun after him by hand, the horses having all been killed. Smith had been detained by heavy rains that rendered the roads heavy; but the moment he received Scott's message, he ordered his cavalry and mounted men to the front, and pushing forward at a rapid pace, reached Liberty after dark, where he found Scott's exhausted command. Early the next morning, the combined forces moved back on the enemy. But on reaching Blue Mills, they found him across the river, and beyond pursuit. Scott, in his unequal contest, lost in killed and wounded nearly ninety men. The loss of the enemy was not known.

In Kentucky, also, affairs wore a promising aspect. The effect of a proclamation by the rebel Buckner at Bowling Green the month before, had been more than counterbalanced by that of the brave Anderson in command of the department, soon after, and that of the loyal General Crittenden. A. S. Johnston also gave his proclamation to the people of Kentucky; and it was evident that the soil of the state would soon witness a severe struggle. A foretaste of what was coming was given on the twenty-first of October, four days after the battle of Blue Mills. Colonel Coburn, with three hundred and fifty men, was ordered by General Schoepff to take possession of a place known as Camp Wild Cat, on the road leading to Cumberland Gap.

BATTLE AT WILD CAT CAMP.

He had hardly done so, when the rebels, concealed in the woods around, began to fire upon his command. Shortly after,—a half a mile away in front,—the enemy appeared in large force. While they were preparing to advance to the attack, Colonel Woodford, with two hundred and fifty Ken-

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tucky cavalry, (Unionists,) came riding up the slope, and formed under fire. Suddenly, two Tennessee regiments (a part of Zollicoffer's command) broke from the woods below, and the next moment, in four ranks advanced on two sides of the position, and opened a heavy fire. Though it was fiercely returned, they kept on till within twenty-five yards of the rude breast-works which had been hastily thrown up. The Kentucky regiment wavered for a moment before the determined onset, but soon rallied, and the conflict though short was close and bloody. Unable to breast the steady volleys, the enemy at first halted, and then fell reluctantly back.

Information had previously reached the commanding general (Thomas) that Zollicoffer was about to swoop down on this part of the country, directing his first attack on Wild Cat Camp; and he ordered forward the seventeenth Ohio, several miles distant, to support the Union forces which had been sent there. Eagerly starting off, this brave regiment toiled forward, now climbing rugged hills, and now fording streams breast high; and at eleven o'clock four companies of it approached the scene of combat, and striking up "Hail Columbia," rushed up the hill at the double-quick, and formed in line of battle. They had scarcely time to deliver one volley, before the enemy fell back. About two o'clock, however, he again advanced to the attack. In the midst of the fire, two companies of the Ohio fourteenth appeared, sending up their cheers, while responsive cheers came back down the smoke-enveloped hill. Lashed to their utmost speed by their drivers, the horses dashed at full gallop up the hill with the artillery, which forming rapidly, rained a terrible fire on the rebel ranks. Astonished at the steadily increasing force before him, the enemy again retired. Reinforcements now kept constantly arriving in camp till ten o'clock at night. At two o'clock in the morning, sounds

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were heard in the distant camp of the enemy; and when daylight broke over the hills, it was found he had retreated. Our loss in the engagement, in killed and wounded, was only twenty-three, while that of the enemy must have been heavy, as he left nineteen dead on the field, which he was unable to carry off. This battle was an important one, as it secured a very desirable position, and highly encouraged the Union inhabitants.

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CHAPTER XII.

OCTOBER, 1861.

AFFAIRS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC—FIGHT AT BOLIVAR—RECONNOISSANCE ACROSS THE RIVER—BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF—STRANGE CONDUCT OF GENERAL STONE—INDIGNATION OF THE PEOPLE—MC CLELLAN HURRIES TO THE SCENE OF ACTION—COLONEL LANDER TAKES THE PLACE LEFT VACANT BY THE DEATH OF BAKER—IS WOUNDED—AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI—GALLANT CHARGE OF FREMONT'S BODY GUARD.

TWO days subsequent to this, a scene occurred on the banks of the Potomac, that filled the land with mourning and indignation. General Stone was in command of a division under General Banks, with instructions to watch the enemy near Leesburg, which constituted the extreme left of the rebel line on the Potomac, and prevent his crossing at that point into Maryland. For several days there had been more or less skirmishing, which showed that the utmost watchfulness and care were demanded.

On the eighth, Major Gould crossed the river at Harper's Ferry to seize a quantity of wheat held by the enemy at that point, and having accomplished his mission was about to re-cross, when on the sixteenth a brisk skirmish of the pickets near Bolivar (a little over two miles from the Potomac) occurred, which soon ended in a sharp encounter.

FIGHT AT BOLIVAR.

The rebel force was soon drawn up on Bolivar hights, from which the pickets had been driven, and planted their cannon so as to command our camp. At the same time, another body appeared on Loudon hights, within cannon range of the ferry, to prevent the troops from using it for transportation. While these preparations were going on, a body of

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DEATH OF COL. BAKER.

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cavalry charged fiercely towards the upper part of the town. Three times they came gallantly on, and each time were hurled back by the thirteenth Massachusetts, under Captain Schriber. Our troops then fell back steadily into the town; and from behind the houses, in the corn fields adjacent, and wherever shelter could be obtained, poured in ceaseless volleys upon the enemy, who strove in vain to make headway against them. Colonel Geary had sent for reinforcements, and soon Lieutenant Martin, who had been stationed with a rifled cannon to protect the ferry, came up. Dashing through a scourging fire of shot and shell, he galloped into the town, and unlimbering in the street opened on the hights. Our forces now steadily advanced, firing as they moved, when the order to "fix bayonets!" passed along the line. A sharp clatter of steel followed, and then "charge!" rang on the astonished ears of the enemy. Forward, through the fire, the gallant band moved shoulder to shoulder, and swept the hights with loud cheers. The enemy undertook to rally, but our artillery, firing with the precision of rifle practice, dismounted their guns, and scattered their cavalry. The fight had lasted from eight till one, when the little band, scarce two hundred and fifty strong, encamped on the hights they had so gallantly won, and flinging themselves on the earth rested till midnight. Again summoned to their ranks, they took up the line of march, and retracing their steps, crossed the river unmolested. Our loss was only thirteen, while that of the enemy was over a hundred. Four days after, General Kelly advanced on Romney, and drove the enemy from it, capturing several prisoners.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

It being desirable to ascertain more exactly the position and numbers of the enemy in the vicinity, it was determined

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to make a reconnoissance, and at midnight on the twentieth, Colonel Devens of the fifteenth Massachusetts crossed over from Harrison's Island, at a spot known as Ball's Bluff, with about three hundred men, intending to take a rebel camp reported to be about a mile from the river; and after making a thorough reconnoissance to return to the river, and, if he thought fit, report, and wait for reinforcements. The means of transportation furnished him consisted of three miserable boats, capable, all together, of carrying only thirty men. Hence, it took him nearly four hours to get his little band over.

When he reached the shore, he found no road leading to the high bluff that rose dark and sombre above. The scouts, however, discovered a mere bridle path, which, after winding some sixty rods down the beach led to the top. Along this steep, narrow way, the troops marched in dead silence, and at length reached the top, where they halted till daybreak. Many a gallant heart as he looked down on the dark flowing river far below him, and remembered that it had taken four hours to cross it, felt that if met by superior numbers, his fate was sealed. There was no retreat—it was victory, or death, or capture.

About daybreak, Colonel Lee, with a hundred men from the twentieth Massachusetts joined him, when he moved towards Leesburg, till he came to the spot designated as the rebel encampment; but found that the scouts in the darkness had mistaken corn-shocks for rebel tents. The sun had not yet risen when they came in full view of Leesburg. Seeing no appearance of the enemy, Colonel Devens determined, instead of returning, to report and wait for reinforcements. He did this without hesitation, because he knew a large scow had been added to the three boats in which he had crossed, capable of carrying sixty men at a time, while the stream was so narrow that a trip could be made in ten

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minutes. Soon after, a company of riflemen was reported on his right, and he sent out Captain Philbrick to attack it. A sharp skirmish followed, and he was about ordering up reinforcements to the captain, when a company of cavalry appearing on his flank, he directed him to fall back to the woods in which the main body was concealed. Here, after waiting for half an hour in expectation of an attack, in vain, he concluded to join Colonel Lee on the bluff. But after remaining with him a short time, and thoroughly scouting the woods, he returned to his first position. About eight o'clock, the messenger he had sent across the river returned with orders to remain where he was, and reinforcements should be sent him. In an hour and a half the remainder of his regiment rejoined him, making in all six hundred and twenty-five men. At noon the enemy was reported in force on his left, and in half an hour the attack commenced. The men resolutely held their ground, but the Colonel seeing that the enemy was making vigorous efforts to outflank him, ordered them to fall back to an open space in the woods, and called in his skirmishers.

After waiting a short time in expectation of an attack, he again fell back to the bluff, where he found Colonel Baker, who had just crossed to take command by order of General Stone. Reinforcements had arrived, but why they were sent when no way of increasing the means of transportation had been discovered, instead of recalling the small force already across, is a mystery which no explanation has been able to solve. With every company that crossed, the possibility of a retreat became more hopeless, while the difficulty of furnishing proper assistance, in case the enemy used the facilities within his reach, of rapidly reinforcing himself, may be gathered from the report of Lieutenant Bramhall, who was ordered to take some light pieces of artillery over with all possible dispatch. "The means," he says, "provided for

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this purpose, consisted of two scows manned with poles, and which owing to the swiftness of the current, consumed a great deal of time in the trip from the main land to the island. I crossed with the first piece after *half an hour's* hard labor to keep the boat from floating down the stream. We ascended the steep bank, made soft and slippery by the passage of the troops, and at a rapid gait crossed the island to the second crossing. Here we found *only a scow*, on which we did not *dare to cross the piece and horses together*, and thus lost farther time by being obliged to make two crossings. Upon arriving on the Virginia shore, we were compelled to *dismount the piece and carriage*, and haul the former up by the prolonge, the infantry assisting in carrying the parts of the latter, to a point about thirty feet up a precipitous ascent, rendered almost impassable by soft mud, where we remounted the piece, and hitching up the horses, dragged it through a perfect thicket to the open ground above, where the fighting was going on." How many field pieces at this rate it was expected could be got across in case of need, or how many it was supposed could be saved in case of retreat, can easily be imagined. It appears that they managed, however, to get this one gun and two howitzers on to the field of battle.

In the mean time, Colonel Baker moved forward his force, and took position—the Massachusetts fifteenth and a portion of the Tammany regiment being on the right, the Massachusetts twentieth on the left and center, and the California battalion in the center. The three guns were placed in front, the howitzers one on each wing, and the six-pounder in the center. Soon the enemy made his appearance, and advanced against the whole line, but more compactly against the left and center, yelling and firing volleys at short intervals as they came on. It was soon evident that they outnumbered us; but, taking our three guns into the estimate,

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it was not a very unequal fight. The rebels seemed to understand this, and, determined to get rid of the cannon, directed a murderous fire on the gunners. In a short time, those manning the six-pounder were wounded and missing, and with one of them disappeared the lanyard and tube pouch, and the gun was hauled to the rear. In a few minutes, the missing articles stained with blood, were found, but only one cannoneer was left. Baker, Cogswell, and Lee immediately seized the gun, and, with the help of Bramhall, rolled it into position again, when they spurred to their respective commands. The lieutenant then called for volunteers from the infantry; and the gun again opened with shell on the enemy. The battle raged hotter and hotter, and soon Bramhall had but one man left to help him—a brave Californian named Booth, who stuck to him gallantly to the end. Not more than eighteen or twenty rounds, however, were fired from first to last. The same fatality attended the other guns. The enemy, emboldened by their success, pushed their attack more vigorously, but they were firmly met at every point by our undaunted troops, as they were determined to hold their ground till the promised reinforcements came. General Gorman had crossed the river with a part of a brigade, a few miles below, and an adjutant of General Stone had arrived, saying that he would soon be on the field to aid them, but no signs of his coming appeared. At this critical moment, Baker, while gallantly leading on his men, fell. This was the turning point of the battle.

No one seemed to know on whom the command now devolved. Colonel Lee, supposing it belonged to him, decided that the battle was lost, and they must retreat to the river. But Colonel Cogswell at that moment galloping up, it appeared that he was entitled to it, as the senior colonel; and he determined to cut his way through the enemy down to Edward's Ferry, and changed his line of battle accordingly.

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While the different movements were being executed to carry out this plan, a rebel officer on a white horse galloped up to the Tammany regiment, and shouted "*Charge!*" pointing to the woods where the enemy was concealed. The regiment supposing the order came from their own officer, gave a shout, and dashed forward, followed by the dauntless Massachusetts fifteenth, who supposed that the whole line was ordered to advance. A deadly volley received the brave fellows, and they fell back in confusion. The officers, confounded at the terrible mistake, ordered the recall to be sounded, and hastily re-formed their men. They strove gallantly to retrieve their error, and poured in volley after volley, but it was too late. The enemy seeing the success of their stratagem gave them no time to restore their order of battle, but pressed furiously forward, rending the air with shouts. The army rapidly fell back to the river bluff, then over it to the shore, where they stood packed in dense masses. In vain skirmishers were sent to the summit to keep back the foe. They came resistlessly on—and from the hights above sent their plunging fire into the brave men, who could neither fight nor retreat. The only scow by which even a portion could be crossed, overloaded with the wounded and fleeing, had already pushed off into the river. Presenting a fair mark to the enemy, the bullets fell like rain into their midst. Those in the hind part, rushing forward to escape the deadly volleys, unbalanced the unwieldy thing, and with one heavy lurch it went to the bottom with all on board. The scene at this moment was fearful enough to appall the stoutest heart. Before the exhausted, bleeding band rolled the rapid river, while mingled with its sullen roar there struggled up from the deepening gloom groans, and cries, and shrieks for help. Behind, and above them, in the intervals of the demoniacal yells, came the plunging volleys, strewing the crimson shore with the slain.

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Still no voice called for quarter,—no white flag floated in the darkness. Overwhelmed, but not conquered, they disdained to surrender, and there on the banks of the Potomac, on that gloomy October night, were exhibited deeds of personal devotion and self-sacrifice which have never been surpassed in the history of man. Men plead with their officers to escape, and officers used their right to command, to compel their troops to abandon them, and save themselves.

Devens ordered his men to fling their muskets into the river that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy, and swim for their lives. Captain Bartlett of the twentieth Massachusetts, directed those immediately about him who could not swim, to follow him up the river, in order to get out of the murderous volleys that kept the bluff above in a blaze of light. About eighty obeyed him, and they proceeded up stream till they came upon a sunken skiff. Raising it, he found it could carry five men at a time. Sending over a lieutenant with the first load to take charge of the men as fast as they crossed, he with Captain Tremlett and Lieutenant Abbott remained behind till all were over, then crossed themselves. Opposite Harrison's island, towards which the swimmers struck, the Potomac ran blood, for the bullets of the enemy pattered like hail-stones on the water darkened by the heads of the fugitives. Many a bold swimmer, struck by a bullet in his head, went down in midstream. Soldiers swam slowly by the side of their wounded officers, refusing, though repeatedly ordered to do so, to leave them. At last the struggle, the flight, and the slaughter was over, and silence fell on the Potomac, broken only by the roar of the torrent and groans of wounded men that lined the shore and the bluff. Far down, over the rugged rocks, were rolling the lifeless bodies of the brave, while the living sat down in sullen rage, feeling that they had been led like

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sheep to the slaughter. Of our whole force, numbering not far from eighteen hundred, full half were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Among the latter were Colonels Cogswell and Lee. The news of this disaster spread a gloom over the land. Not only was the fall of Baker, a gallant man, and senator of the United States, deeply lamented, but the destruction in the two Massachusetts regiments, composed as they were of some of the finest young men of the state, was felt to be a national loss. Added to all this, was the universal feeling that they fell victims to an unpardonable blunder, or to treason. McClellan had never ordered a movement of this kind, and the blame was at first divided between Stone and Baker, but finally settled down on the former. The whole affair remains a mystery to this day.

A portion of Banks' division, under General Gorman, had in the mean time, been thrown across the river at Edward's Ferry, five miles below. But when McClellan, who had hurried up from Washington, arrived on the field, and examined the state of affairs, the whole force was ordered back again to Maryland. Colonel Lander was at once appointed to take the place made vacant by the death of Baker, but was almost immediately rendered unfit for the field by a wound which he received in a skirmish with the enemy.

CAVALRY CHARGE OF ZAGONYI.

Four days after the battle of Ball's Bluff, a little light broke through the cloud that hung over Fremont's operations in Missouri. Hearing that Springfield, fifty-one miles from his camp, was held by only three hundred rebels, he dispatched Major Zagonyi, a Hungarian, with his body guard of a hundred and fifty, to seize it in advance of his arrival. Putting himself at the head of his gallant band, this officer started off at eight o'clock in the evening, and

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making the whole distance in nineteen hours, was before the place at three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. But, rapid as had been his approach, the enemy were apprised of his coming, and stood drawn up in line of battle to receive him. The Union inhabitants came out of their houses as he passed, welcoming him with tears, but beseeching him not to advance, for the enemy were nearly two thousand strong. But this gallant officer had not made his forced march of fifty miles for nothing, and determined to give the rebels a taste of his steel before he returned. He thought too, perhaps, of Wilson's creek, near by. The rebels were drawn up in an open field, about half a mile from the city. The major had no time to waste in skirmishing, and pressed right on through the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, which emptied several saddles, till he came in sight of the main body just before him. Finding the place too confined to form his men in, he galloped for two hundred and fifty yards down a lane, all the while exposed to a murderous fire, when he came upon a rail fence. Scattering this from his path, he emerged into the open field and formed his little band of a hundred and fifty, right in the enemy's camp. The next moment, the shrill bugle sounded the charge, the riders plunged their spurs into their horses, and raising their swords above their heads, dashed up the slope with a cheer. The enemy saw the clattering tempest close upon them, and giving but one volley, broke and fled. Through and through the disordered ranks this hundred and fifty swept like a hurricane, the sword drinking blood at every step. Horse and rider tumbled on the field, but the living kept on, shouting their war cry, "Fremont and the Union." The infantry soon found shelter in the woods, when the bugle sounded the recall, they then rallied, turned and pursued the rebel cavalry, which had fled towards the town. Down through the streets like a torrent, came the decimated band, clearing them on

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every side. Twenty times did these bold riders charge through the streets, till not a vestige of the enemy remained. When the bugle finally sounded the recall, only two-thirds of the entire band drew up before their leader. They had marked their course, however, with destruction; having killed and wounded more than their entire number, besides taking twenty-seven prisoners.

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CHAPTER XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

GENERAL DISSATISFACTION—PUBLIC EXPECTATION OF AN ADVANCE FROM THE POTOMAC—BLOCKADE OF THE CAPITAL—FEELING AT THE WEST—GREAT SECRET NAVAL EXPEDITION—OVERTAKEN BY A STORM—JOY OF THE SOUTH AND FEARS OF THE NORTH—DESCRIPTION OF THE WRECK—ARRIVAL OFF PORT ROYAL, HILTON HEAD, AND BAY ISLAND—PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK THEM—GRAND APPEARANCE OF THE VESSELS—THE ATTACK—THE VICTORY—TERROR OF THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH—STRANGE INACTIVITY OF THE LAND FORCES—PROCLAMATIONS—TIMIDITY AND WEAKNESS OF THE GOVERNMENT—RETIREMENT OF SCOTT FROM PUBLIC LIFE—MC CLELLAN TAKES HIS PLACE—PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN HIM—GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE month of October closed up gloomily for the administration, though it did not seem to be aware of it. There was deep dissatisfaction throughout the country with the manner in which things were conducted. In Missouri, Fremont was still continued in command, though the popular demand for his removal was very urgent. The defeat at Wilson's creek, and the fall of Lexington, had destroyed public confidence in his ability to manage his difficult department. Even his friends, the Blairs, had turned against him.

The conduct of affairs directly around Washington gave almost equal dissatisfaction. The beautiful month of October, so well fitted for active operations in the field, had passed, and November, with its dreary storms and impassable roads was close upon us. Throughout the entire month, almost every day had its rumor of an immediate advance upon Manassas. At one time it seemed certain that a sudden flank movement was determined upon. The enemy ap-

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peared to think so too, and to suspect that it would be made down the Potomac; and suddenly extended his lines to the river at Aquia creek, thus presenting a front reaching from it to the Blue ridge. This river, too, was blockaded by the heavy batteries he had erected along the Virginia shore, so that the Capital had no water communication with fortress Monroe, except when some daring craft, taking advantage of a stormy night, ventured to run the gauntlet of their fire. This was felt to be a national disgrace, and the question was asked on every side, "Why is not the Potomac opened?" The national heart became restive under the menacing presence of the rebel army at Manassas, and this blockade of the Capital by water. Delay of active operations was cheerfully acquiesced in during the warm, unhealthy season, but now there seemed no excuse for it. Was there not a splendid army around Washington, eager to advance? In the winter, active campaigning in Virginia would be impossible on account of the roads. To leave every thing to be done in the few spring months would necessarily prolong the war another year, and that would bankrupt the nation. Such was the language used on every side.

Besides, France and England were growing restive under the derangement which our blockade caused to their commerce, and if nothing was accomplished before spring, they would it was thought, demand its abandonment.

The Secretary of War was denounced on every side as inefficient, and was accused of being more anxious to make fat contracts for his friends than to save the country. The whole Cabinet was declared to be sound asleep. A nightmare seemed to rest on every thing, while there was a restlessness in the community that would not be allayed by excuses. Grand reviews were held in Virginia, but the country needed action. General Scott had to bear his share of the public complaint. He was too old and infirm to stand at the helm

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while the ship of state was struggling in such a storm. The west was especially discontented. It said, "Do something with the tens of thousands of brave men we have sent you, or send them back that *we* may use them." The western mind can not brook inaction. Active itself, it demands action in others. It had rather be defeated once, and try again, than not try at all.

EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL.

One thing alone served to divert public attention from the inactivity of the army around Washington, and that was the departure of a secret naval expedition of grand proportions. Nearly twenty thousand land forces and marines together, the former under General Sherman, and a fleet of fifty vessels, eighteen of them men of war, commanded by Dupont, left Hampton Roads on the twenty-ninth of October, and proceeded southward. Bad management had delayed its departure several days after the troops had embarked, thus losing the most beautiful portion of Indian summer; but at length it disappeared in the horizon, and the nation was in a state of intense excitement respecting its destination. Every point along our extensive coast was in turn suggested. The very mystery that enveloped the expedition increased the interest felt in its fate, while at the same time it magnified the importance of the results to be accomplished by it. Of one thing, all were certain, it would strike terror to the south.

THE STORM.

It had been out but a few days, however, when one of the most terrific storms ever experienced in this latitude swept our coast. The triumph in anticipation was changed into alarm for its safety, and north and south—the fate of the Spanish Armada was revived in the memory of all. Many

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of the vessels that composed it, though freighted with human beings, were small and never designed for the open sea. Even ferry boats figured in the imposing display. Wreck and ruin had strewed the land, and how could these frail things outride the storm? It seemed as if the heavens were frowning on the enterprise. The south so regarded it, and fervent thanksgivings were offered to God for his providential interference in their behalf.

The fleet was scattered by it like sea foam, and had it not been of short duration, the loss of life and of vessels would have been terrible—probably great enough to have broken up the expedition altogether. Dupont saw the gathering tempest with the deepest anxiety, and every thing was got as snug as possible. The gale, at first moderate, rapidly increased, till it became a hurricane, sweeping the sea with a wildness and power that was appalling. The scene on Friday night on board the ships baffles description. Scattered in every direction, each had to ride out the fearful night of the first of November as it best could. When the gloomy morning dawned, Dupont, from the deck of his flag-ship, the Wabash, anxiously surveyed with his glass the wildly heaving sea. But one solitary sail of all his vast fleet could be seen. The crew of the transport Peerless were taken from the ship in a sinking condition, while the steamer Governor, with the marine battalion on board, was left a helpless wreck on the sea. All night long she labored in the billows—the smoke-stack went overboard, the steam-pipe burst, chains and ropes snapped like threads, the water poured through her opened seams, and it was feared she must go down with all on board before morning. As daylight slowly broke over the angry waste, she saw a steamer in the distance, rolling on the billows, and sent up rockets as signals of distress. To the great joy of those on board, an answering rocket streamed through the misty air. The vessel was the Isaac Smith,

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which immediately stood down towards her. Approaching cautiously, she was able to fling a hawser on board, but it soon had to be cast loose. Another with great difficulty was got on board, but soon snapped under the strain of the rolling wreck, and she was once more adrift. The Rover now approached, and the captain hailing said he would stand by them to the last. A loud cheer from those grouped on the drenched deck of the Governor, came over the sea, announcing their heartfelt gratitude. Still later in the day, the Sabine hove in sight, and seeing the signals of distress, bore down, and three vessels now hovered around the sinking consort. Night came on, increasing the danger, but by eight o'clock, the stern of the Sabine was brought close to her bow, when spars were rigged out, and about thirty were thus "whipped" on board. But hawsers and cables soon parted under the heavy strain, as the two vessels rolled on the heavy seas, and they parted. The Governor had now three feet of water in her hold, and was fast settling in the waves. The Sabine then made the hazardous experiment to get alongside, though it was feared the disabled vessel would go to pieces if she struck; but by careful management she was brought up, and forty more got on board the frigate, though one was crushed to death in attempting to pass over. At length she struck the vessel, carrying away a part of her own bow, when the former was dropped astern, and it was determined to wait till daylight. It was doubtful if the Governor could be kept afloat so long, but by throwing everything overboard, and keeping the men at the pumps and bailing, she weathered the night, and at daybreak the frigate launched her boats: but they dared not approach the rolling wreck, and the men had to jump overboard and be picked up. In this manner, all but six were saved, who in their fright left their ranks, and leaped over before they were ordered to. In a short time the ill-fated ship gave a heavy

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lurch and went to the bottom. At length the gale abated, and the scattered vessels one after another came up, and the voyage was resumed. In passing Charleston, Dupont sent in for the Susquehannah, which was on blockading duty, to join him, and on Monday morning anchored off Port Royal. This was the entrance to Beaufort, the port for the finest cotton section of South Carolina. Every thing to indicate the course of the channel had been removed, and it was necessary to buoy it out anew. By night this was accomplished, and the vessels began to pass over the bar. The next day was spent in reconnoitering and getting the vessels in their proper places. The two islands, Hilton Head and Bay Point, lay nearly opposite each other, and on their extreme points, two forts, Beauregard and Walker, guarded the entrance,—the former mounting twenty-three and the latter six guns, some of them of the largest caliber. It was thought no vessels could succeed in passing these. Inside, was a rebel fleet of eight steamers, ready to render such assistance as circumstances might require.

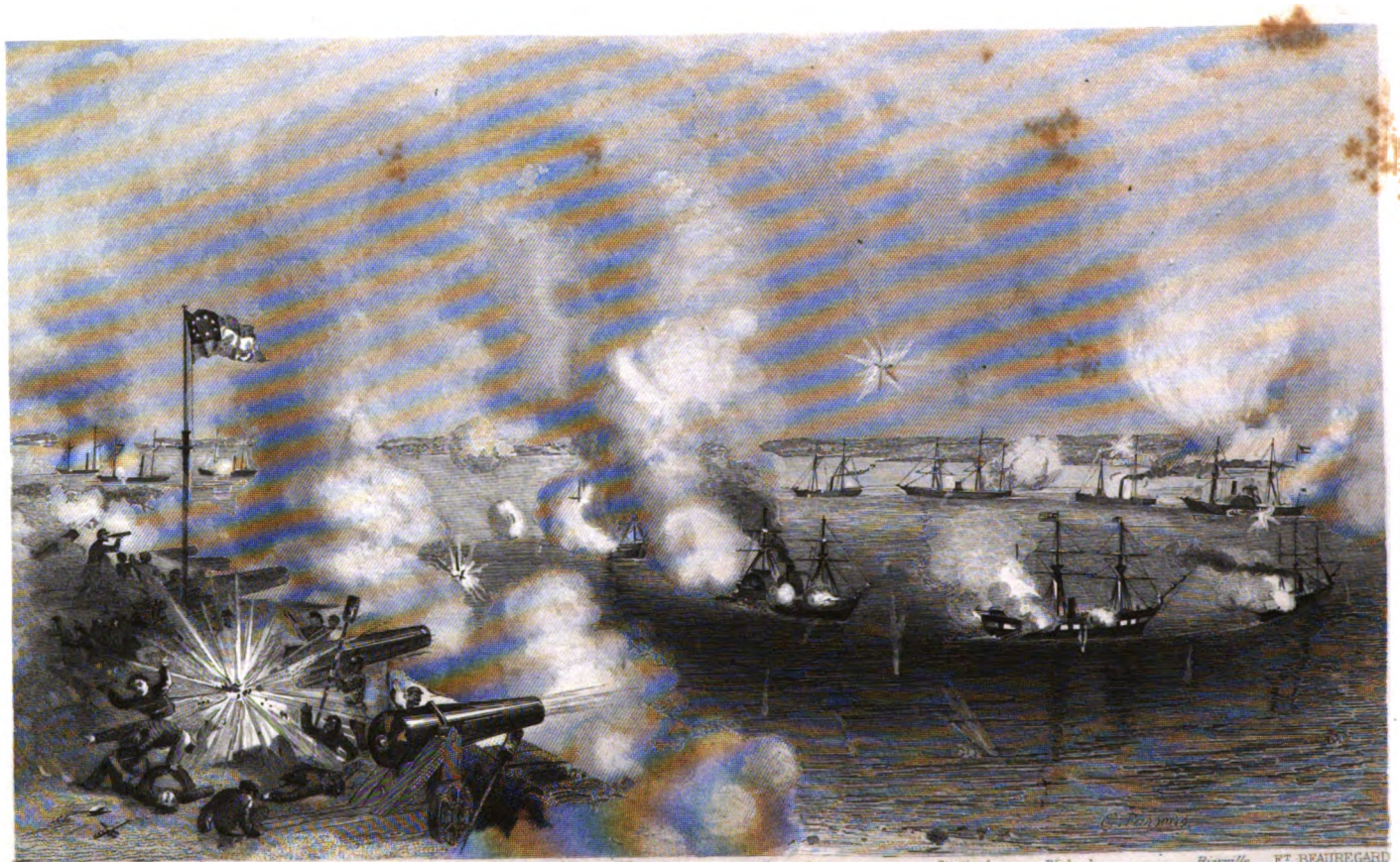
THE ATTACK.

By Thursday, all the preparations were completed. The elements, as if satisfied with their useless rage, were at rest. The bay slept like a summer lake, and a bright, genial sun lighted up sea and land. The fleet presented a magnificent spectacle as it moved slowly up toward the forts. Inside the island, little steamers were crowded with spectators, who had come down from Charleston to witness the defeat of the Yankee ships.

The large war steamers, thirteen in number, formed in single file—the Wabash leading the van. Every thing had been made snug and the decks sanded; and with ports thrown open, the noble ships came steadily on towards the

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BOMBARDMENT & CAPTURE OF FORTS WALKER & BEAUREGARD, PORT ROYAL, S.C.

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forts. All was silent on Hilton Head until the Wabash got directly abreast, when the guns of the fort which had been trained on her, suddenly opened. Fort Beauregard, on the opposite side, responded; and the heavy shot came crashing through the rigging and spars, and tearing up the water on every side. Still not a shot replied. But as the second steamer came opposite the fort, the three leading vessels opened their broadsides at once, and shot and shell from seventy-five guns fell in one wild crash on the fort. Each vessel in turn as it came alongside delivered its broadside, till the thunders shook the bay. The Wabash, as it forged slowly ahead, wheeled and came down alongside the fort on the opposite island, followed in single file by the fleet, delivering their broadsides as they passed. Again wheeling, they swept back, taking the first fort as before—and thus kept moving on in flame, describing a huge letter O. It was a grand, terrific spectacle. Amid this rain of death, the men in the chains kept calling the soundings with the calm precision they would if only buoying out the channel, while the heavy shot fell on the doomed fortress as fast as a horse's feet beat the ground in a gallop. Said one of the aids of Dupont, who watched the fire from the deck of the flag-ship, "The Wabash was a destroying angel—hugging the shore; calling the soundings with cold indifference; slowing the engine, so as to give only steerage; signalling to the vessels their various evolutions; and at the same time raining shells as with target practice, too fast to count."

Thus for four hours, with only a little interval to cool the guns and rest the men, that line of vessels swept round and round on their destructive course until at length the rebels, unable longer to stand the horrible tempest of shot and shell, broke and fled for the main land. Some of the gun boats had got inside, and hugging the shore, poured an enfilading fire into the fort. Others outside did the same, till

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it became too hot for mortal flesh to stand. At half past three, the stars and stripes went up where the rebel flag had floated; and then from ship to ship the cheers arose, till they reached the transports in the distance, when the watching thousands took it up and sent it "strong and great against the sky." The garrisons, in their wild dismay, left every thing behind them. The commander of fort Walker, General Drayton, had a brother in our fleet, a captain, who helped to shell him out.

The sound of the heavy cannonading had been heard far inland; and when the news of the fall of the place reached Charleston and Savannah on either side, the utmost consternation seized the inhabitants. Men packed up their household goods and fled into the interior, expecting an immediate march inland of the invading forces, against whose victorious advance they had no adequate means of resistance. At the north the news of the victory was received with the most unbounded delight. Not only had the flag been planted on the rebellious soil of South Carolina; but it was looked upon as a mere preliminary step to an advance by the army under Sherman. To the amazement of the nation, however, this officer contented himself with issuing a proclamation to the inhabitants, and then turned his attention to building docks.

Indeed, it had seemed for a time impossible to convince the administration that there was not sufficient Union feeling at the south to overthrow the rebels of itself the moment it dare speak. Like the belief that the slaves would rise the moment war was declared, it could only be eradicated by the stern evidence of facts. East and west proclamations had followed the slightest success, until it seemed as though more was expected from them than from bayonets.

What definite idea the government had in this descent upon Port Royal, does not appear. It was said to have

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been done that we might have a convenient port on the southern coast for the rendezvous, etc., of our ships in that region and in the gulf. But we already had Key West; besides, why for that purpose did we need such an army there? A few gun boats could hold the place securely. Some consoled themselves with the fact that we had opened a cotton port—a great desideratum to us and to Europe; but as time passed on, the positive advantage we had gained became less and less apparent. Sherman of course acted under orders in not advancing inland. The government, ignorant of the forces of the enemy along the coast, was doubtless afraid of some catastrophe. It had become nervous, while at the same time it lacked the genius necessary to prosecute an offensive war. Bonaparte often succeeded by conduct that the world called rash, and attributed his success to luck alone. But he knew that *moral* power was half, even where every thing seemed to depend on hard blows. A disconcerted, frightened army, he knew, was already beaten; and a blow planted in the midst of terror needed not to be a very heavy one to complete the work of destruction. It is a truth that generals seldom learn, that moral force is stronger than artillery, and can be relied on with more absolute certainty. With the terror inspired by that sudden descent on the Carolina coast, the army under Sherman could, no doubt, have marched into Savannah without firing a gun. After this display of power, the panic-stricken inhabitants were amazed to see the victors turn their exclusive attention to building wharves and collecting negroes. The army lay for a long time on board the transports, without attempting to land, even, on the deserted island.

But while the navy was thus making its first essay along our coast, an important change took place in military affairs at Washington. The veteran Commander-in-Chief, General Scott, weighed down by age and infirmities, sent in his

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resignation to the President. It was an affecting spectacle to see the old hero, who had carried our flag over so many victorious battle fields, lay down his sword forever. Taking his final leave of public affairs, he was escorted by a part of the Cabinet to New York; and on young McClellan now fell the mighty responsibility that he no longer felt able to sustain. Never did the eyes of a great nation turn with a more anxious solicitude, a warmer affection, and a deeper trust on any one man, than they did on McClellan. His words on the presentation of a sword to him by Philadelphia: "*The war can not last long. It may be desperate.* I ask in the future forbearance, patience, confidence:" sank deep into the public heart. The former expression was supposed to indicate an immediate movement of the army of the Potomac on the enemy's lines at Manassas. A grand army was assembled at Washington—around the city every hight was dotted with encampments—heavy divisions were on the lower and upper Potomac on the Maryland shore, while a wilderness of encampments in Virginia stretched from below Alexandria to Lewinsville, some ten miles above the Capital. Every day the public ear was bent to catch the long roll of the drum, running from the center to each extremity, which should send this vast host onward. But the mild, autumnal weeks wore slowly away, and still it came not. Each one asked his neighbor what could it mean? Now and then a cold storm reminded all of the coming on of winter, yet no provision was made for winter quarters—the tens of thousands of cavalry horses stood picketed in the open fields, exposed to the weather; and yet the order that was to bid this mighty host march was not heard. But at length a grand review of all the divisions together that were located in Virginia was appointed. The interdict was taken off from Long Bridge,—no passes were required for that day, and all who wished might go to see it. The announcement of this

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Winfield Scott

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from headquarters created the most intense excitement in Washington. It was supposed to be the last of passes, and that the review was intended as the preliminary step to a forward movement. Did not a grand review with Bonaparte always precede a great battle? The time of decision and of fate had certainly come.

The review itself was a grand display, such as was never before witnessed on this continent, and may never be again. Nearly a hundred thousand men—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—were drawn up in an open field, near Bailey's cross roads, and were reviewed by McClellan, the President, and a portion of the Cabinet. As the young commander galloped up and down the long lines, thunderous cheers rolled after him, and countless sabers gleamed and shook in the air. There seemed to be no end to the marching columns as they afterwards defiled past him. It was a grand display of power; and as one looked upon it, it seemed that nothing could resist that mighty host when once set in motion. But it passed away like the reviews which had preceded it, and quiet once more settled on the Potomac.

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CHAPTER XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

EXPEDITION FROM CAIRO—BATTLE OF BELMONT—CRITICISM UPON IT—NELSON'S EXPEDITION TO PIKETON—A LONG MARCH—THE BATTLE—ROUT OF THE ENEMY—NELSON'S ORDER—ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS SENT WEST TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES AGAINST FREMONT—HIS REPORT—ITS INJUSTICE—CONDUCT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR—REMOVAL OF FREMONT—HUNTER APPOINTED IN HIS PLACE—SUPERSEDED BY HALLECK AND SENT TO KANSAS—RECONSTRUCTION OF THE WESTERN AND SOUTH-WESTERN DEPARTMENTS—DIX SENDS AN EXPEDITION INTO EASTERN VIRGINIA—CAPTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL—EXULTATION OF THE PEOPLE—CREATES A STORM OF INDIGNATION IN ENGLAND—WAR THREATENED—THEIR SURRENDER DEMANDED—IS COMPLIED WITH—WILKES' COURSE CLEARLY UNJUSTIFIABLE—THE TUSCARORA AND NASHVILLE IN AN ENGLISH PORT—CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES—MC CLELLAN'S STRINGENT ORDERS TO THE ARMY—THE NEGROES AND COTTON OF PORT ROYAL—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PICKENS—BURNING OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

IN the mean time, Grant at Cairo planned an expedition against Belmont in Missouri, nearly opposite Columbus, where the enemy had established a camp with the intention, as he was informed, of sending off reinforcements from it to Price, who was being pushed by a superior force. To prevent this, and at the same time to protect some columns that he had sent out against Jeff. Thompson, Grant determined to drive the rebels from the place. With two thousand eight hundred men, he started from Cairo in transports, and moving nine miles down the Kentucky shore, (as though his destination was Columbus,) tied up for the night. Two other columns had been sent forward from Paducah across the country to complete the deception. At daylight next morning, (the seventh,) Grant proceeded down the river, till almost within range of the enemy's guns, when he sud-

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denly landed his troops on the Missouri shore, about two miles and a half above Belmont, where the enemy were encamped.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Leaving a detachment in charge of the transports, he moved up the bank, and going a mile drew up in a corn field. Skirmishers were thrown out, and soon the dropping fire in the surrounding woods showed that the enemy was aware of his purpose and prepared to receive him. After a short halt, the whole column was ordered forward in line of battle, with the exception of Colonel Buford's regiment, which was directed to make a detour inland to the right, so as to come upon the camp in that direction. The enemy soon appeared in force, and the fight commenced. Pushing on through the timber, floundering through the underbrush, the gallant men of Illinois and Iowa steadily forced the rebels back, though they contested every inch of ground bravely. Shell and shot from their artillery, and a storm of bullets from their infantry, fell without cessation into our ranks, sometimes so terrifically as to occasion temporary disorder, but never a backward movement. At length the enemy fell back for a quarter of a mile, when being heavily reinforced, they made another determined stand. Again our troops rushed forward with cheers, passing on a run over the rebel dead and wounded; the latter appealing in the uproar most piteously for mercy, evidently expecting no quarter. Now and then, a soldier, moved with pity, would stop to give a sufferer a drink from his canteen, and then press forward after his comrades. The enemy made their last stand behind a natural bank, and being somewhat protected, maintained their position for half an hour. In the face of a tremendous fire, our troops steadily advanced, led by officers worthy to command them, and who by their

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dauntless bearing and reckless exposure of life, won the unbounded admiration of their Commander-in-Chief. He and McClernand rode forward into the fire, with their staffs, offering conspicuous marks to the enemy's sharp shooters. The horse of the former soon fell under him, but he mounted another, amid the cheers of his men. A bullet pierced one of McClernand's holsters, while horse after horse of the staff officers went down. Colonels Logan and Foulke cheered on their men with heroic words that rung over the din of battle. Answering with cheers, the soldiers dashed on, and drove the enemy back to the camp. Trees had been felled all around this, making a rude abatis, through which our troops saw it would require a desperate effort to force their way. But closing steadily up on three sides at once—Colonel Buford having reached his point of destination—they poured in a wasting fire, and leaping over the abatis bounded with a shout into the open space around the camp. The twenty-seventh Illinois was first within, and the shout they sent up made the whole line spring forward as one man. The camp was won, the rebel flag hauled down, and the stars and stripes hoisted in its place, while the bands struck up national airs, and cheer after cheer shook the shores of the Mississippi. The tents and all the camp equipage were set on fire, and soon became a mass of flame. The garrison in Columbus, seeing the camp in our possession, opened a brisk fire with their heavy guns, and shot and shell went hurtling and shrieking through the air, making it evident that the position which had been so gallantly won, must be abandoned. At this juncture, it was reported to Grant, that a heavy force was crossing the river between them and their transports, so as to cut off their retreat. The wearied troops had fought their way, inch by inch, into the enemy's camp, and now, they saw, must fight their way back to the boats.

The bugles sounded the recall, and gathering up their

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dead and wounded, the victorious little army reluctantly took up its retreat over the ground it had so nobly won. The enemy by this time had landed, and were drawn up in line of battle across their line of progress. Colonel Logan ordered his flag to the front of his regiment, and moved straight on the enemy, followed by the whole army except the twenty-seventh Illinois and Dollins' cavalry, which had made the detour to the right in the morning. These fell back by the same circuitous way they had advanced. As the force entered the woods again, they were met by the rebels—and the battle commenced fiercely. Though outnumbered two to one, and exhausted by their long struggle, the soldiers knew that their only safety lay in reaching their transports. Hewing their bloody way, they fought desperately, and though sometimes thrown into disorder, always rallied again and pressed fiercely forward. When the order to retreat was first given, McClernand asked Logan what he proposed to do. "*Cut our way through, Sir*," was the laconic reply, and now he was doing it. The shot fell fast, and the dry and leafless woods were carpeted thick with the dead, yet the banners kept advancing. Two gun boats had accompanied the transports of Grant, and these now opened a destructive fire on the enemy. Except for these, the retreat would have ended in a complete overthrow when the embarkation commenced. But their shells screaming along the shore, and tearing through the forest, kept the rebels back. Dougherty rode backward and forward through the fire to bring up his lagging brigade, and though struck again and again, kept his saddle, until at last his horse fell, when unable to walk from his wounds, he sunk on the ground and was taken prisoner. At length the whole force was re-embarked, with the exception of Buford's command and Dollins' cavalry, which had not yet been heard from. The enemy kept up a steady fire on the trans-

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ports, so that the gun boats had to follow and protect them till they got beyond the reach of the enemy, when they returned to look after the missing regiment and Dollins' cavalry. Had they been cut off and captured, or lost their way to be overpowered in the end? were anxious questions. But soon the music of their bands swelled up from the shore, and the next moment their colors were seen advancing. A loud shout went up from the tired column as they saw the gun boats, Tyler and Lexington, lying to, awaiting their arrival. They were hurried on board the transports, and the whole force slowly made its way back to Cairo, which it reached at midnight, with the loss of two hundred killed, wounded, and missing. They brought away with them over two hundred prisoners and two cannon.

Both sides claimed the victory, for both were victorious by turns.

What positive good was accomplished by us in this movement, does not appear, and hence it was the cause of much sharp criticism. How the destruction of a camp, which we could not expect to hold under the guns of the enemy at Columbus, and hence could be replaced in a few hours, could have any very important effect in frustrating the designs of the enemy in Missouri is not so clear. The whole expedition, to say the least, was of doubtful policy.

If the breaking up of the enemy's camp at this place really secured the results aimed at, it was unquestionably a decided victory. Our men fought gallantly and drove the enemy from every position which they attacked. They not only accomplished what they set out to perform, but got back to their boats with only such loss as might be expected. The difficulty was to trace any connection between this success and any other movements in the field. The enemy claimed the victory because they thought the design of Grant was to take Columbus, which he did not do.

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FIGHT AT PIKETON.

On the same day that Grant was fighting the rebels on the banks of the Mississippi, Nelson, with two thousand men, left Prestonburg and commenced a forced march of thirty miles on the enemy at Pikeville, Kentucky, in the eastern part of the state. The soldiers were ordered to take two days' rations; and without tents or other supplies than those they carried on their persons, started off on their long march. A portion of the command under Colonel Sill, left on the seventh to go by way of John's Creek, and pass to the left of Piketon, a distance of forty miles, and thus turn and cut off the rebels. The next day before daylight Nelson moved off with the main column on the direct road to the place, a distance of about thirty miles. Encumbered with no wagon train, the force marched on at a rapid pace. After toiling forward eight hours, with scarcely a halt, they came to a narrow defile through the mountains, terminating at Ivy Creek. The road here is but seven feet wide, and cut along the precipitous side of a mountain, twenty-five feet above the bed of the stream. This ridge, as it rapidly descends to the gorge, curves inward, making a sharp elbow in the road. Behind this ridge, and all along the breast of the steep mountain, the enemy, seven hundred strong, lay in ambush, and did not fire until the head of Colonel Marshall's battalion, which was in advance, reached the sharp turn. Then, all at once, a destructive fire was opened upon it, and the "mountain side was blue with puffs of smoke," though not an enemy was to be seen. The first volley brought down thirteen men. Nelson immediately ordered the Kentuckians to charge. Two regiments sprang forward and began to scale the steep sides of the mountain. Over rocks and stones—sometimes pulling themselves up by main strength—they made their desperate

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way towards the astonished enemy. In the mean time two pieces of artillery were got in position in the road, and opened on those in front and on the opposite side of the creek. It was slow work scaling the steep mountain side under the enemy's fire, but the dauntless Kentuckians never faltered, and in an hour and a half the rebels were forced back at every point. They however cut the bridges over the creek as they retired, and felled trees across the road, which made the pursuit very slow and laborious. Wearied and lame, the column bivouacked that night four miles beyond Ivy Creek. Next morning a heavy November rain storm set in, which lasted all day; yet the drenched column pushed on, cutting away the trees that impeded their march, and rebridging the creek, marching nearly all the time over shoes in mud or knee deep in water, and at night without shelter of any kind and nothing but meat to eat without salt or bread, lay down in the pelting rain. At daylight, they again took up their line of march, and reached Pikeville, where Colonel Sill had arrived the day before, only to find the enemy in full flight. This bold and rapid movement completely broke up the enemy's plans in eastern Kentucky, and scattered their forces which were rapidly concentrating, to the winds. Nelson had laid his plans so well, and pushed them with so much vigor, that he had accomplished this important result in a campaign of three weeks. In his order dated the eleventh, he said, "In a campaign of twenty days you have driven the rebels from eastern Kentucky and given repose to that portion of the state. You have made continual forced marches over wretched roads, deep in mud; badly clad, you have bivouaced on the wet ground in the November rains, without a murmur. With scarce half rations you have pressed forward with unfailing perseverance. From the only place in which the enemy made a stand, though ambushed and strong, you drove him in the most gallant style."

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During this time Fremont had accomplished little of importance in Missouri, though his friends declared that he was in a position where he would soon either capture Price or drive him from the state.

In this condition of affairs Adjutant-General Thomas was sent west to investigate the charges against him, and his report, through the permission of the Secretary of War, was given to the New York Tribune. It was seized with avidity, but the impartial reader scarcely knew which to condemn most, the Adjutant-General or Fremont. If the half of what the former said was true, Fremont ought to be immediately removed from his department, but the manner in which evidence had been taken, and the whole *animus* of the report, (besides the reference to matters that had no place in it,) was unjust, and calculated directly to injure the public service. The Secretary of War also suffered in the public estimation quite as much as either, in giving it, as he did, to the public press,—thus precipitating a judgment on the whole case. The result was, General Fremont was suddenly deprived of his command, and General Hunter put in his place.

In the mean time, General Halleck, who had been summoned from California, arrived, when the department was made over to him. This, with other events, necessitated a reconstruction of some of the departments, and an order was issued making New Mexico one, with Colonel Canby at its head, another including Kansas, a part of the Indian territory, Nebraska, Colorado, and Dacotah, to be commanded by General Hunter. That of Missouri included Iowa and Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and Kentucky west of the Cumberland. The department of Ohio, embraced that state, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky east of the Cumberland, and Tennessee, to be commanded by General Buell, transferred thither from the Potomac. Western Virginia was placed under Rosecranz.

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General Dix, who commanded in Maryland, made a sudden move during this month into the counties of Northampton and Accomac, Virginia, and occupied them without bloodshed.

But the most exciting event of this month, and which, for a time, so engrossed the public mind that military movements were almost forgotten, was the capture of Mason and Slidell, who had been sent by the southern confederacy to represent its interests in England and France. Their escape from Charleston in the steamer Nashville was known to our government, and a steamer was sent in pursuit of them. These rebel leaders, however, landed at Havana, and took passage in the English mail packet Trent for England. Captain Wilkes, on his way home from the African coast, heard of it, and waylaying the Trent, brought her to, under his guns. He then transferred these gentlemen with their secretary, Mr. Eustace, to his own ship, and brought them into port. The news of their capture was received with unbounded delight; and judging from the extravagant joy, one would have thought that some immense success had been achieved, instead of the capture of two rebels, who were far better out of the country than in it. The exultation, however, was soon tempered by the serious question, what would England say to this insult to her flag?

The press, with scarcely an exception, vindicated the act of Captain Wilkes, and declared that the government, rather than surrender the prisoners, should go to war with England.

But whatever the result would be to *us*, of having two such momentous wars on our hands at the same time, the rashest defender of our rights could not but see that the southern confederacy would be established. Reflecting men stood appalled at this new evil that threatened us.

At length, the response came from England. The outrage

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to the British flag, as it was regarded, threw the Kingdom into a tumult of passion. One voice rang from limit to limit —the prisoners must be immediately surrendered, or war declared. The press helped to inflame the public feeling, and it was evident that the government itself would be borne away by the torrent. Troops were ordered to Canada, and war preparations set on foot.

The south was elated. It had begun to despair of forcing England to interfere for the sake of obtaining cotton, but now an unexpected event had precipitated a quarrel between her and the general government.

In the mean time, Mason and Slidell lay in fort Warren, near Boston, waiting the action of the two governments. In process of time, the demand for their release came, and the answer of the Cabinet at Washington was waited on both sides of the water with the deepest solicitude. The reply of Secretary Seward was long and able, and ended with the surrender of the prisoners, on the single ground that Captain Wilkes did not take the vessel into a neutral port to have the case adjudicated. This was a satisfactory reason for the surrender of the prisoners; for the duty of a vessel of a nation engaged in war towards neutral ships suspected of carrying contraband articles is the same as that of a sheriff on land: to arrest and bring to trial, not to seize and adjudicate both. If the act of Captain Wilkes was justifiable, then the commander of every gun boat or war schooner can seize any ship, and converting his deck into a court, adjudicate on his own seizure. That so monstrous a doctrine could be upheld, only shows how feeling will warp the best judgments. It was, in fact, defending a species of legalized piracy.

The case, however, was weak in another point: the vessel was not bound to a belligerent, but to its *own*, port; and if Mason and Slidell could be legally seized in going from the

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West Indies to England, it is hard to see why they could not have been while passing from Southampton to Havre.

It was supposed that the administration would be overwhelmed by the popular clamor, and not dare to do right, even if it wished to. But the country, much to the surprise of the English nation, quietly submitted to the decision of the government.

Much solicitude was felt respecting the course Congress would take when it met in December. The history of our Congress in time of war, from the Revolution down, does not reflect much credit on the nation. Too often, individuals and party have received the first, and the country a secondary consideration. Some of the western members, who arrived in Washington the latter part of the month, were loud in their denunciations of the "masterly inactivity," as it was termed, of McClellan; and it was evident that a party would be formed against him. Various reasons were assigned for his immobility: some asserted that whenever he was ready to make a move, his plans were rendered abortive by being divulged to the enemy, and suspicion began to rest on persons in high position. Others declared that the Secretary of War blocked his path; others still that he was not yet ready to move, and till he was, no outward pressure could make him. It was evident, however, that he had the President's confidence, and that the latter had decided to stand firmly by him, in spite of friends or foes.

At this time the public irritation towards England was still farther increased by the news that the Nashville, which started with Mason and Slidell, had arrived in English waters with the crew of the Harvey Birch, an American merchantman, on board, she having burned the vessel at sea, and was receiving the same protection afforded to vessels of any other nation. The Tuscarora, which had been sent in pursuit of her, had also arrived, and after waiting a

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while to seize the pirate when she put to sea, was informed by the British government that she could not leave in pursuit till the rebel steamer had twenty-four hours start, thus securing the safety of the latter. This privilege was accorded to all belligerent vessels when forced by stress of weather or want of supplies into a neutral port, and it must be granted to the southern rover. This Shylock view of legal right, without any regard to moral obligation, exasperated the American people, and made many wish for peace at home that they might have a war with England, and teach her that the country would brook no such insults, though committed under technical forms.

With the foreign war cloud still resting on the horizon, the last month of autumn drew to a close. McClellan, fearing the effect of an idle camp life on his army, grew more strict respecting grog shops and intemperance, and issued an order requiring the observance of the Sabbath, and a regular attendance of the troops on the services of the chaplains.

South, no especial advantage had been gained. Men ceased to talk of an advance from Port Royal, inland, and the country seemed occupied with the question, what should be done with the vast crowd of slaves claiming our protection there. For a while they were employed in gathering the cotton; but some permanent system was needed, and yet no one seemed able to devise a satisfactory one. Meanwhile the little cotton that had been seized was forwarded to New York; but where one bale passed along the coast in transports, fifty lighted the midnight heavens with flames kindled by the owners to prevent them from falling into the hands of the hated "Yankees."

On the twenty-second of the month, the long-looked-for attack of fort Pickens on the rebel batteries opposite, took place. These extended from the navy yard to fort McRae, a distance of four miles, and were mounted with heavy ord-

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nance. The steamers Niagara and Richmond took part in the engagement, and all day long till dark, thunder answered thunder, shaking the solid land with the terrific explosions. The next morning it was resumed, but the ships took very little part in the action, as a change of wind had made the water too shoal to allow them to approach within effective range. Fort McRae was silenced and the navy yard at Warrenton and other buildings set on fire, making a frightful conflagration.

The enemy's winter quarters were evidently badly broken up and his works deranged, but no serious loss was inflicted on him. On the other hand, the Richmond had received an ugly shot between wind and water, which killed one and wounded seven, and fort Pickens showed the marks of heavy pounding, but no breach was made in its walls. One killed and six wounded was the only loss sustained by the garrison from the enemy's fire.

For nine months both parties had been occupied in making their defenses so complete that but slight results could be expected, from a mutual cannonade, though it was of the most terrific kind.

Previous to this, on the seventh, a gallant exploit had been performed by Lieutenant Jouett of the frigate Santee, off Galveston harbor, in burning the rebel schooner Royal Yacht. Taking with him two launches, he set out just before midnight, and pulling for seven miles through an intricate channel and against a head sea, wind, and tide, boarded her and set her on fire. Two officers were killed and six men wounded in this daring expedition, the chief object of which was the destruction of the man-of-war steamer General Rusk, lying under the Pelican fort, if they could approach her without being discovered. Failing to do this, they were compelled to abandon the desperate undertaking, and content themselves with the destruction of the schooner.

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CHAPTER XV.

DECEMBER, 1861.

OPENING OF CONGRESS—ASPECT OF AFFAIRS—PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—THE QUESTION OF FINANCE—TAX BILL—ARMY AND NAVAL FORCE OF THE COUNTRY—DRAFTING IN THE SOUTH—THE IROQUOIS AND SUMTER—POPE AND HALLECK AT THE WEST—THE INDIANS TAKE PART IN THE REBELLION—A BATTLE BETWEEN THEM—AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI—BATTLE OF MILFORD—GENERAL PRENTISS—FIGHT AT MOUNT ZION—FIGHT AT ROWLETT'S STATION, KENTUCKY—WESTERN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF CAMP ALLEGHANY.

IN the beginning of December, public attention was diverted for a moment from operations in the field to the opening of Congress. It met under peculiar circumstances; for the army it had in the summer authorized the President to raise, had effected comparatively nothing—the young commander of whom so much had been expected, still remained on the Potomac—the Capital was blockaded and beleaguered—the vast sums it had voted for the war had proved to be but a drop in the bucket, and even much of that had been recklessly squandered—the President had assumed vast and unprecedented powers, and must either be sustained or condemned—our foreign relations were in a precarious state—the country dissatisfied and agitated, and the Cabinet itself believed to be discordant. To add to this gloomy state of affairs, there was not a leading mind in either branch of Congress to whom the country could look with confidence.

For the first time in the history of the Republic, the west was the controlling power, and would its action be prudent and conservative or rash and radical, was a question that each one felt to be of vital importance. The President's

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message was calm and confident, but like all his other state papers, not belligerent enough to suit the popular feeling.

Congress had appointed a committee at its previous session to investigate the stupendous frauds that had crept into the contract system, of which Mr. Van Wyck was chairman; and startling developments were expected to be made in its report. A system of finance was to be adopted that would test the resources of the country to the utmost. Besides all this, a radical element was sure to be present in great force, demanding an immediate act of emancipation as the only way to terminate the rebellion, of which slavery was declared to be the root and cause. Fears were also entertained that Congress might propose to take the conduct of the war into its own hands, or at least force the President from the policy he had adopted. It, however, (much to the relief of the fearful,) showed no inclination to embarrass the administration. The subject of finance at once took the lead of all other questions. Congress had shown itself willing enough to vote any sums that might be wanted to crush the rebellion, but when it cast about for the ways and means by which to raise the money, it was staggered.

A high tariff would not furnish a moiety of the amount needed. A direct tax sufficiently heavy could not be levied, for the Constitution required that all direct taxation should be laid according to representation; and to levy a tax according to population, and not according to property, would be very unequal between the eastern and western states—indeed, intolerably oppressive. The government could not borrow money in such vast amounts without a better security than the revenue of the customs or its simple note of hand. In this dilemma, Congress was forced at length to see that it must resort to *internal* taxation. It was very hard to confess that we must adopt a system that had beggared the old world, but there was no help for it. It was

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therefore resolved to issue a hundred and fifty millions in treasury notes, and perfect a tax bill that should secure the interest on the amount. This was not only unpalatable, but novel legislation, and the committee appointed to bring in a tax bill achieved but poor success in perfecting it. But having resolved on the measure as a necessity, they went to work with such desperate energy and thoroughness that they soon presented a system of taxation that quite eclipsed the English mode, and made the assessors' duties partake very much of the nature of domiciliary visits. It was very evident that such a bill, before it could pass both houses of Congress, would receive very many modifications.

The reports of the Secretaries of War and the Navy showed that the government had in service for the suppression of the rebellion, six hundred and eighty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-one soldiers, divided as follows: volunteer militia, six hundred and forty-two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven; regular army, twenty thousand three hundred and thirty-four; seamen and marines, twenty-two thousand. The rebels, alarmed at the immense force we were arraying against them, and finding that they could not raise one to match it by the volunteer system, resorted to drafting, which caused much dissatisfaction at the south.

In the beginning of this month, news was received of the escape of the privateer Sumter from the port of Martinique, where she had been a long time blockaded by the Iroquois, captain Palmer commanding. The country had thought she was caught at last, and when it was told she had got safely to sea again, the deepest mortification was felt, and Palmer was bitterly denounced on every side. The government shared in the general indignation, and superseded him in the command of the vessel. On after investigation, however, it was ascertained that he was not to blame. The authorities

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of the place threw every obstacle in his way, compelling him to keep outside of the harbor, where he had an extent of fifteen miles to watch. The Sumter, taking advantage of a dark night, succeeded in dodging her adversary, and under shadow of the land crept safely to sea. The facts being made known, Palmer was acquitted of all blame and placed in honorable command.

West, General John Pope was assigned to the command of all the national troops between the Missouri and Osage rivers, in Missouri. His force consisted of the largest part of the army which Fremont took to Springfield. This officer, by his energy and boldness, was soon to change the aspect of affairs in that part of the state. Halleck, in the mean time, issued the most stringent orders against the rebels, and the power of the government began to be felt in every part of that distracted state. All this while, minor engagements were continually taking place in various sections. In Arkansas a fight occurred near Bushy creek, between the rebels under Colonel Cooper and a Union Cherokee chief O-poth-ley-ho-lo. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks fought on the rebel side; and we had the strange exhibition in this war of the Union, of Indian armies meeting in the same contest which shook the Atlantic coast. The war whoop was heard, and the scalping knife did its barbaric work among the red men of the west, in a struggle for the supremacy of the Federal government. The rebel leaders had stirred up sedition even there, and armed the savages of the frontier against American citizens. Albert Pike, the poet, was conspicuous in this nefarious business, and has thus consigned his name to eternal infamy. The loyal Indians driven from their homes suffered great hardships during the winter.

West of the Mississippi the war was assuming a vindictive character, and burning towns, sacked houses, with roving bands of marauders, and homeless fugitives, made the state

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of Missouri a scene of devastation. Pope, however, was getting his forces in hand, and before the month closed, dealt those terrible blows he knew so well how to inflict. On the fifteenth he started from Sedalia with about four thousand men, to get between the army of Price and his recruits and supplies on their way south, from the Mississippi river. Marching fifteen miles, he encamped, and the next day made a forced march of twenty-six miles, and coming suddenly upon the enemy, twenty-two hundred strong, encamped six miles north of Chilhowee, scattered them in every direction. Capturing cavalry, tents, wagons, and baggage, he pursued them all night, next day and night till midnight—Lieutenant-Colonel Brown leading the pursuit—until he reached Johnstown, when it was learned that the enemy's force had got reduced to five hundred men. In the mean time the main body of the Union army moved on towards Warrensburg. On the morning of the eighteenth Colonel Brown joined it, when the whole continued its march in search of another large force which Pope had been informed was in the vicinity. Ascertaining through his scouts that they were marching towards Milford, and would encamp that night near that place, he pushed forward, and late in the afternoon came upon them in a wooded bottom land, on the Black Water, opposite the mouth of Clear creek. A long, narrow bridge crossed the stream at this point, which was held by the rebels who stood prepared to defend it. But as soon as the supports and reserves could be got up, Lieutenant Gordon of the fourth Ohio cavalry was ordered to carry the bridge. Lieutenant Armory with the regular cavalry immediately advanced, but seeing that his detachment would be annihilated if it undertook to charge over the long, narrow bridge, he ordered his men to dismount; and every fourth man holding the horses of the other three, they with sabers and pistols approached it as skirmishers. Desultory

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firing followed with but little advantage on either side, when the artillery came thundering up, under Davis. The rebels seeing it approach, did not wait for the guns to unlimber, but turned and fled. Armory then ordered his men to mount, which they did in hot haste, and the bugle pealing forth the charge, they dashed over the bridge on a gallop, and charged, shouting along the road which the rebels had taken. Passing through a piece of woods, the latter formed in line of battle in an open space; but finding themselves outflanked and outnumbered, they raised the white flag, and a young officer came forward and asked if thirty minutes would be allowed for consultation. Colonel Davis, in command of the advance force, replied "that as night was closing in that was *too long.*" An immediate surrender followed, when Colonel Davis started back for Pope's camp, at which he arrived at midnight, amid the shouts of the soldiers.

The next morning the army took up its backward march to Sedalia, in a biting December blast, that froze the ears and feet of many of the cavalry. It arrived in safety with about fifteen hundred prisoners, twelve hundred stand of arms, nearly a hundred wagons, and a large quantity of supplies. Our loss in all did not amount to more than a dozen men. In five days the infantry had marched a hundred miles, and the cavalry two hundred.

A fight which took place at Mount Zion, about a fortnight after, on the twenty-eighth, closed up the month, and the year sixty-one, in Missouri. General Prentiss, on the twenty-fourth, left Palmyra with five companies of cavalry, and proceeded to Sturgeon; when learning that a force of rebels was concentrated in Hallsville, Boone county, he sent forward a company to reconnoiter. Captain Howland commanding it, found the enemy two miles beyond the town. In a skirmish that followed, he with one private was taken prisoner; but the rest of the company made good their re-

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treat. When Prentiss, at Sturgeon, heard their report, he ordered forward his cavalry, under Colonel Glover, and five companies of sharp shooters, under Colonel Birge, in all four hundred and seventy—the march to commence at two o'clock in the morning. It was a dark and wintry morning, but the men pushed cheerfully forward, and by eight o'clock had made eighteen miles. Here a halt was ordered, for the scouts reported the enemy to be in close proximity. Ascertaining that his force consisted of but one company, an immediate attack was made, in which five rebels were killed and nine taken prisoners. From the latter, Prentiss learned that the rebels, nine hundred strong, were drawn up near a church known as Mount Zion.

FIGHT AT MOUNT ZION.

Their left lay sheltered in a piece of woods, and the sharp shooters were sent to dislodge them. They advanced cautiously, and soon the woods rang with the crack of their rifles; but being only three companies strong, they could not succeed in driving the enemy from his cover. Soon, however, Colonel Glover came up on a run with reinforcements. Birge's men were at this moment falling back in disorder, but seeing the approach of help he dashed among them, while the balls pattered like rain-drops around him, and rallying them, shouted "Come on, men." Obeying their gallant leader, they flung themselves with a loud hurrah forward, and Glover coming up at the same time, the woods were cleared and the enemy broke and fled, leaving all their camp equipage, and nearly a hundred horses behind them. The battle lasted two hours, and part of the time was almost a hand-to-hand fight. Our loss in killed and wounded was only sixty-six, while the enemy left on our hands a hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded, and thirty prisoners. Pren-

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tiss, after collecting the enemy's wounded, and placing them in the church, and sending to the farmers in the vicinity to take care of them, put his own in wagons and started back for Sturgeon, where he arrived at nine o'clock at night.

A few days previous to this, a fight occurred at Rowlett's Station, near Mumfordsville, Kentucky, between a part of Colonel Willich's Indiana regiment, of Buell's division, while on outpost duty, and a column of the enemy, consisting of one regiment of cavalry, a battery of artillery, and two regiments of infantry. Against this superior force the Indianians fought as skirmishers, forming quickly into squares when threatened with a charge of cavalry, and defending themselves bravely till reinforced by other companies of the regiment. In one instance a whole battalion of Texan rangers charged with deafening yells upon the seventh company, not over fifty in number, drawn up in square. The gallant little band waited till they came within seventy yards, when they swept them with such a deliberate, well aimed volley, that they staggered back, broken before it. They, however, rallied again, and at the sound of the bugle came on the second time, with gleaming sabers—some of them in their wild rage forcing their horses to the points of the bayonets—but the same deadly volley smote them, emptying the saddles with frightful rapidity, and they again wheeled and galloped out of the fire. A third and last time they formed, and moved steadily forward, their leader, Colonel Terry, shouting in the advance. But when they came within the fatal range of those western marksmen, the deadly fire that smote them tumbled their commander in the dust, when the whole force broke and fled. Willich, at this time, arrived on the field and took chief command; but the courage of the enemy, though outnumbering us nearly four to one, was completely broken and he withdrew from the field. Our loss in killed and wounded was only twenty-eight, while that of the

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enemy was over eighty. It was a gallant fight, and Buell in complimenting the thirty-second Indiana regiment, ordered that "Rowlett's Station" should be inscribed on its banner.

Four days previous to this, on the thirteenth, a severe engagement occurred in Western Virginia, between General Milroy with his brigade of two thousand men, and an equal number of rebels under General Johnson, of Georgia, at Camp Alleghany. This camp was situated on the top of the Alleghany mountains, about eight miles and a half beyond the Green Brier river, where Reynolds made his bold and successful reconnoissance against General Lee, in October. The army took up its line of march on Thursday morning, of the twelfth, and reached the old camp of Lee at eight o'clock at night. Here it was divided into two columns,—one being directed to advance on what was known as the "Green Bank road," to attack the enemy's left, while the main column under Milroy in person, moved along the "Staunton turnpike." At ten o'clock at night this column took up its march, and an hour after, the other moved off on the Green Bank road.

BATTLE OF CAMP ALLEGHANY.

Milroy kept on in the darkness till he came within half a mile of the enemy's camp, when he halted. Hastily reconnoitering his position, he wheeled his column off the road and began to ascend the mountain. It was very steep and rocky, but the soldiers, though weary with their long night's march, toiled cheerfully forward, and at length just as the first gray of dawn began to streak the far off eastern sky, reached the summit. Here they were to await the attack of the other column on the left, but as they rose over the crest of the mountain they came upon the enemy's pickets, who immediately fell back on the camp. Colonel Jones, who

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commanded the advance, seeing that the rebels would be advised of his approach, immediately ordered Lieutenant McDonald, of the thirteenth Indiana, to pursue them on the double quick. Starting off on a run, the regiment pressed over the rocky ground till it came to the edge of the woods, in full view of the camp. The enemy was expecting them and stood formed in line of battle. Daylight had now broadened on the lonely mountain, and the cold December blast swept by in fitful gusts. The waning moon which had just risen, paled in the increasing light, and the whole wintry scene was dreary and desolate. McDonald immediately deployed his men, and the battle commenced. The enemy being hastily roused from their slumbers, seemed to have no heart for the fight, and after a few rounds retreated in great confusion, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. Their officers, however, succeeded in rallying them, and they again advanced with great determination. Some of our troops now began to falter and fall back, but were finally rallied, and again repulsed the enemy in an attempt to turn our right flank. The contest now raged fiercely, and the bleak summit of the Alleghany rang with the incessant crack of small arms and roar of artillery. Again and again the rebels were driven back to their cabins, but as often rallied, and threw themselves with fierce determination and overwhelming numbers, now on this wing and now on that. They were repulsed in every attempt; but after three hours fighting, many of our men having left their ranks and skulked to the rear, and the ammunition being nearly exhausted, McDonald ordered his command to fall back to head quarters. This became the more necessary as the other column that was to attack the enemy's left did not make its appearance. Colonel Moody in command of it, found the march more difficult than he anticipated. The hill was very steep, and for three miles his men had to toil up the ascent, made

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almost impassable by trees that had been fallen by the rebels in every direction. The combined attack was to have been made before daylight, at four o'clock in the morning, but the first column did not reach the summit of the mountain till daylight, and the other not till eight o'clock, or just after McDonald had fallen back. Thus this division, like the first, had to encounter the whole force of the enemy. This they did most gallantly, advancing with yells and shouts against him, and driving him back to within two hundred yards of his camp. At this point the rebel volleys became so destructive that our troops were compelled to take shelter behind logs and trees and rocks, where they kept up so fierce and destructive fire, that every effort of the enemy to advance was repulsed. Majors Milroy and Owens maintained their position here for a long while against three times their number, when seeing no prospect of their being supported by the other column, they too fell back in good order, taking their dead and wounded with them. Why, during this long and unequal fight, General Milroy did not again advance and succor them does not appear. Our men, with few exceptions, fought nobly, but the attack was a failure, and a long, wearisome, wintry march proved barren of results. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was a hundred and thirty-seven; that of the enemy was probably about the same.

Thus beginning at the extreme west, successive conflicts took place all along nearly the same parallel to the Atlantic, yet apparently without any effect on the relative position of the two great armies that stood confronting each other. The fight at Rowlett's Station, Kentucky, and Milford, Missouri, occurred within one day of each other—at Camp Alleghany four days previous, and at Mount Zion on the twenty-eighth. Keeping along the parallel east, we come to the army of the Potomac, whose inaction was suddenly broken on the twentieth by the battle of Drainsville.

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CHAPTER XVI.

DECEMBER, 1861.

BATTLE OF DRAINSVILLE—THE "STONE FLEET"—CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING IT BETWEEN LORD LYONS AND MR. SEWARD—DUPONT'S OPERATIONS ON THE COAST OF GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN WINTER QUARTERS—RELEASE OF MR. ELY FROM PRISON IN RICHMOND—DISSATISFACTION WITH MC CLELLAN'S INACTION—DIVISION IN CONGRESS RESPECTING THE MANNER OF CARRYING ON THE WAR—DANGER OF THESE CONFLICTING VIEWS—FIRMNESS AND INTEGRITY OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE battle of Drainsville, occurring so near to Washington, and the first of any magnitude in which the army of the Potomac had been successful, was given an importance by our leading papers that did not properly belong to it. Its chief value lay in showing the mettle of our troops, and in inspiring the army with confidence in its power, and an eagerness to measure its strength with the enemy.

On the twentieth, General Call commanding the Pennsylvania reserve—occupying the farthest point up the Potomac, on the Virginia side—ordered General Ord to take his brigade the next day, and move in the direction of Drainsville, for the double purpose of driving back the enemy's pickets which had become troublesome, and of procuring forage for his animals. So on Saturday morning at six o'clock, Ord put his column in motion, taking with him the first rifles commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, brother of the northern explorer, and Easton's battery, and proceeded to Drainsville without opposition. Here he posted his men so as to command the approaches to the town and cover his foraging party. When he first arrived, he saw some mounted rebels on a slope beyond a piece of woods, and near them a smoke ascending, which led him to believe they were plan-

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ning mischief. Soon scouts arrived, who informed him that the enemy was advancing in force towards the turnpike from the south, and had already driven in his pickets. Taking position on the turnpike, with flanking regiments on both sides of it, Ord prepared to receive him. Suddenly from the woods on his left a fierce fire was opened both by artillery and musketry. The cannon, six in number, were in a road that passed through the woods, but their position could only be conjectured by the smoke of the discharges. Easton's battery, ordered up to reply to this, came on at such a tearing gallop that it went by the spot it was directed to take, and one gun was upset. They soon, however, got in position and opened a rapid, heavy fire on the concealed battery. Finding a spot where the road could be raked, Ord ordered the capsized gun to be righted and brought thither with the two other pieces, which soon caused the rebel fire to slacken.

At this time, Colonel Kane, with the gallant Bucktails, who were on the right, saw a body of rebels crossing an open field, close by the woods, evidently to make a flank movement, or occupy a brick house which stood on a hill about a hundred yards distant from his regiment. He immediately sent a detachment to take possession of the building, which they did on the double quick, and opened a galling fire on the enemy. The remainder of the regiment lay on their faces behind bushes, fences, and any thing that furnished shelter, rising only to fire, and then dropping again and loading on their backs. So rapid and well aimed were their volleys, that the rebels who had kept steadily advancing as they fired, at length gave way and took shelter in the woods. The order then came for the whole line to advance and take the battery. It was received with a loud cheer by the men as they sprang to their feet. Kane was on foot, and at the moment of leading the charge, received a ball through his cheek, which brought him to the ground. But the next

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moment he sprang to his feet again, and hastily bandaging up the wound with a white handkerchief, led his men fiercely forward. Colonel Taggart of the twelfth regiment, dismounted, and drawing his sword and flinging away his scabbard, strode at the head of his troops. The two regiments with an unbroken front moved straight on the woods, receiving without flinching the fire of the concealed enemy. The timber was thick with underbrush, which at once broke up the firmly set line, and they struggled forward as they best could, while the shells burst among the branches overhead, and the shot flew on every side. Every moment they expected to come face to face with the battery, but the unfaltering line swept irregularly onward, until at last they emerged into an open field of some ten or fifteen acres, from whence they caught sight of the enemy in full flight—the artillery bounding in a gallop along the turnpike. Loud hurrahs rent the air, and picking up the dead and wounded, they were about to start in pursuit, when the recall was sounded. McCall, who had arrived a short time before on the field, not deeming it prudent to push the victory, had ordered a halt. Bivouac fires were kindled around Drainsville, and the tired army was glad of a short repose.

The battle was over by three o'clock, and our loss all told was but sixty-seven. The rebels acknowledged a loss of two hundred and forty. It is a little singular that in this battle both sides complained of regiments being deceived, by their adversaries claiming to be friends, until they could deliver the first volley.

With the exception of some slight skirmishing on the upper Potomac, and a somewhat sharp affair at New Market Bridge, near Newport News, two days after the battle of Drainsville, the forces along the Potomac remained quiet the remainder of the month.

The "stone fleet," as it was called, which consisted of a

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number of old vessels loaded with stone, designed to obstruct Charleston harbor, so as to render the blockade more complete, reached its destination this month and was consigned to the deep. On the very day that the fields and woods around Drainsville were trembling under the roar of cannon, sixteen old whalers, loaded with stone, were quietly sinking one after another to the bottom, off Charleston harbor. The event created a great sensation at the time, and was the cause of much angry discussion here and abroad; for many supposed it was the intention of the government to destroy Charleston as a seaport forever. Some said that it was visiting on the next generation the sins of this, and that no administration had a right thus to ruin the commercial facilities of a state for all time.

Even England remonstrated against the act; but Mr. Seward assured the British minister that we had no intention of destroying the port of Charleston. It was done for temporary convenience alone, as there were so many channels leading into the harbor it was impossible to guard them all. In conclusion, the Secretary significantly remarked, that it was evident that the port was not destroyed, as English vessels with goods contraband of war had entered since the sinking of the ships.

But so bitter was the feeling at the north towards this city, which had begun the war, that it is questionable, if the news that an earthquake had sunk it with all its inhabitants would not have caused the profoundest gratification. A terrible conflagration that swept it about this time, turning crowds of families out of doors, awakened no commiseration.

Our naval force during the month did but little except to maintain a rigid blockade. Steamers and gun boats were being rapidly built, all over the country, and we expected soon to be able to accomplish something worthy of the navy.

Much indignation was felt because the rebel Captain

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Lynch succeeded in cutting out a schooner almost under the guns of fortress Monroe. It was humiliating enough to submit to the blockade of the Potomac, without being defied in this way in the presence of a powerful fleet.

South, Dupont's mission seemed to have ended with the taking of Port Royal, and he was left apparently to amuse himself in any way he thought proper. There was a strange want of definite purpose about this whole expedition, which succeeding events instead of clearing up obscured the more. He, however, had his instructions, and commenced a series of explorations along the Carolina and Georgia coast, during the month, which served to keep the inhabitants in a state of alarm. The bay of St. Helena, valuable as a harbor, and for its proximity to Charleston, was taken possession of by Drayton, as well as Tybee Roads. Another expedition, under Commander Rodgers, went up Warsaw Sound, to within ten miles of Savannah. A little later, on the eleventh, he with several gunboats started up the Vernon river and the Great Ogeechee to Ossabaw island.

On the sixteenth, Drayton made an exploration of the north and south Edisto rivers, but found little except deserted fortifications and plantations, denuded of every thing but slaves. Here and there a battery, placed where the gun boats could not operate, was discovered.

Nothing of importance occurred along the gulf, and affairs at fort Pickens seemed to have fallen back to their old state of quietness since the bombardment of the month previous.

Around Washington, the eventful year of 1861 went out quietly. The two great armies lay front to front, and seemed occupied chiefly in making themselves comfortable during the inclement season. Log cabins, tents banked with earth and supplied with every variety of heating apparatus that American ingenuity could devise, and sheltered by cedar bushes set in the earth to break the force of the wind, and

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stables built of evergreens, combined to make the vast encampment of the army of the Potomac a curious and interesting sight. Thus housed, the mighty host, composed of mechanics, farmers, clerks, lawyers, and men of every trade, accustomed to all the comforts of life, prepared itself to meet the biting gales and storms of sleet and snow that made up the dreary winter.

A little excitement was created in Washington by the return of Mr. Ely, member of Congress from Rochester, who was taken prisoner at Bull Run, and had ever since been confined in prison at Richmond. Mr. Faulkner of Virginia, our minister to France under Mr. Buchanan's administration, had been arrested on his return to this country, on the suspicion of treason, and confined in fort Warren. Being released on parole for the purpose of effecting an exchange for Mr. Ely, he succeeded, and the latter returned to Washington, where his description of his prison life, and that of the soldiers, awakened considerable interest. It was hoped that his release would be the means of some general system of exchange of prisoners being adopted, and movements to that end were set on foot, but failed to accomplish it.

Congress in the mean time was getting restive under the inaction of the army in front of the Capital. The impassable condition of the roads, it seemed to be admitted on all hands, rendered a winter campaign out of the question; but members were dissatisfied that no forward movement had been made before they became so, and the germs of a strong opposition to McClellan began to develop themselves. The country, however, was appeased by the assurance that a great plan was maturing, which required delay, but at the proper time would be developed and crush the rebellion at a blow. Unfortunately for McClellan, not only did the conservative part of the country uphold his course, but the opposition seized upon him to play off against the ardent re-

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publicans, thus creating a party hostile to him, independent of military matters. The more considerate thought they saw the beginning of incalculable evil in this, for it was plain that the army was determined to stand by its young commander, and if the opposition party made an onslaught on him, and carried the administration with it, we might have serious trouble on our hands. But it soon became apparent that the President was firm on this point, and would, at least until further developments, stand by the Commander-in-Chief. His position was so decided and determined, that the party leaders saw that to press the matter would bring them in direct collision with the administration. McClellan's indifference to politicians, and his habit of reticence, deigning neither to excuse nor explain, made it certain, however, that the first mistake that he should be guilty of, would rouse an intensely active opposition. Whenever he should move, it must be to unqualified victory, or the storm that would burst on his head would be the severer from having been so long delayed.

This firmness of the Executive, however, was the great redeeming feature of the administration; for the conviction that the hand at the helm was steady gave the country confidence and courage.

In the mean time, the members from the border states were in a very uncomfortable position: they wished to stand by the Union and put down the rebellion, but differed *toto cœlo* from the republican party, respecting the manner in which it should be done. They wished to leave slavery alone, —to reduce the rebels by force of arms,—and let the Union men in the slave states, held down by tyrannical power, have a chance to speak and act, and thus bring back the old Union, with the Constitution unimpaired. But the former insisted that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, and it was absurd to suppose you could destroy an effect so long

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as you let the cause remain. On this subject the north was much divided, and it was plain it would cause the President more trouble and vexation than all other things put together. What should be his line of policy under the circumstances, was a most serious and perplexing question, and one which would become more embarrassing at every step of the progress of the war. He would be between the upper and nether millstones, and vast and untold evils lay dimly shadowed in the future. He was, however, steadily rising in the confidence of all classes, exhibiting grander proportions of character than even his warmest admirers had ever claimed for him; but how long he would be able to hold a steady helm in the turbulent sea through which the vessel of state was dashing, no one knew. Events were crowding fearful responsibilities upon his shoulders, and it seemed more than likely before another year came round, on him alone would turn the destiny of the nation.

The Union border men trembled for their own states, as they saw the tendency of things, and tried in various ways to prevent the evil they feared. The most extraordinary proposition made, perhaps, was one by Mr. Saulsbury, senator from Delaware, in the latter part of this month: that a certain number of commissioners should be appointed, among them Messrs. Fillmore and Everett, to meet a similar number from the south, for the purpose of agreeing on some basis of settlement by which the divided states could come together once more in peace. But the question, "Shall there be war or not?" had long since passed,—the momentous one now was; on what principles shall it be conducted? and to what end shall it be pushed? The abolitionists and one wing of the republican party demanded that universal freedom should keep pace with the army, while the more conservative insisted that the war should look only to the restoration of the states to their old status. One

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declared that rebellion cancelled all the obligations enforced by the original compact, and the other replied that a war waged on this basis would be a war of conquest, and could end only in ruin to the Republic. The former asserted that the rebellion could be crushed in no other way except by the destruction of slavery,—the latter said that neither Congress nor the President had any more right or power, except tyrannical, to abolish slavery in the states than slavery in India; and if they had, sudden emancipation would as effectually destroy the states, as a part of the Federal Union, as though they were physically cut off.

These opposing views necessarily more or less distracted the administration, and threatened a serious division in the north. The President was troubled, and felt that the people were making a grievous mistake in quarreling over the question of slavery, while the whole thought and energy of the country should be given to the defeat of the rebel armies in the field. Fortunately for the nation, he was not swayed by any fanciful theories, but took a practical view of the subject, and endeavored so to shape his policy as not to distract the country, but unite it. In this he showed a remarkable penetration, and a capacity and force of character that elevated him still more in the estimation of the people. He wished to crush the rebel *armies* first and dispose of the question of slavery afterwards, but some of his friends seemed determined that he should make an effort to settle this first, and take the chances of its effect on the rebellion.

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CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY, 1862.

OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR AROUND WASHINGTON—AT PENSACOLA—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PICKENS—FIGHT OF PORT ROYAL THE SAME DAY—EXPEDITION BY MILROY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—JACKSON ADVANCES TO THE POTOMAC AND TEARS UP THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL ROAD—FIGHT OPPOSITE HANCOCK—FIGHT AT BLUE'S GAP—BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK, KENTUCKY, AND VICTORY OF GARFIELD—POPE IN MISSOURI.

THE new year opened with comparative quiet around Washington, and indeed all along the great line of defense that crossed half the continent. Even at Richmond, the rebel capital, more than usual gaiety prevailed; but far off, on the southern coast, the thunder of cannon heralded it in with ceremonies more becoming the terrible scenes of carnage that were to mark its passage.

FIGHT AT PENSACOLA.

On new year's morning, a small rebel steamer was observed from fort Pickens, making her way towards Pensacola navy yard, waving a secession flag in a defiant manner. As she drew near the fort, it opened a fire on her, sending the shot and shell so thickly around her that she beat a hasty retreat. The rebel batteries on shore immediately replied, and a terrific artillery fight commenced which lasted all day. Both sides had been so long occupied in obtaining the accurate range of each other, that the firing was characterized by great precision. Shells fell like hail stones within the fort, and thundered incessantly on its massive walls, while its own heavy guns hurled a terrible storm of iron on the opposing batteries.

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The sun went down on the fight and darkness fell over land and water, yet the heavy cannonading was kept up. The fort, however, confined itself chiefly to its thirteen-inch mortars, but the enemy kept all its batteries in full play. As night deepened, the scene became indescribably grand. Every shell could be traced in its course by its burning fuse, till it burst in flame on the shore. The screaming missiles crossed each other in their flight, weaving a strange tracery in the gloom, and lighting up as by incessant flashes of lightning, that dark structure and the resounding shores and distant shipping. During the night the navy yard was set on fire by our shells, and burst into fierce conflagration, casting a lurid glare on the heavens, and shedding a strange, weird light on island, stream, and forest. Its reflection was seen forty miles at sea. The heavy thunder, however, gradually died away, and when the dull gray light of morning broke over the desolate scene, the useless bombardment ceased. But little damage was done on either side, and if there had been, no important result would have been gained, for neither was in a condition to take advantage of any success it might achieve. Bragg, commanding the rebels, if he had effected a breach, would not have dared to storm the works, while Brown, commanding the fort, even if he had dismounted every battery, had no force with which to seize and hold the place.

On this same new year's morning, a combined attack of the land and naval forces at Port Royal, was made on the enemy who had concentrated in large numbers in the vicinity, with the intention of driving our army out of Beaufort. Rodgers commanded the naval force, which was to protect the debarkation of a part of the troops under Steven's, at Haywood's landing, and to cover the route of the column to Adams' plantation, and then protect the landing of the rest. The rebels were driven from their battery, at

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Port Royal ferry, and our troops took possession of it. The former made a feeble resistance, and our total loss out of a force of some three thousand men, was only ten or twelve killed and wounded. The movement was well planned and skilfully carried out. The enemy's works were destroyed, themselves driven five miles into the interior, and the navigation of Broad and Coosaw rivers which it was their intention to close, permanently opened to our transports and gun boats.

The night before new year's, an expedition, composed of seven hundred men and thirty-eight cavalry, all under command of Major Webster, was sent by Milroy, in Western Virginia, to destroy a quantity of rebel stores known to be accumulated at Huntersville, in Pocahontas county, about forty miles from Staunton. New year's morning was freezing cold, and the wintry wind from the snow-clad mountains swept in fierce gusts across the open valley where the detachment had encamped. The bugle that summoned them to the march at daylight, had any thing but a cheerful sound in the howling blast, but the men left their blazing fires with alacrity, and marched twelve miles to the foot of Elk mountain, and encamped in a pine grove whose dark arcades were soon all aglow with the roaring camp fires. Here they found the road so blockaded by fallen trees, that they were compelled to leave behind their ambulances and wagons, and take a mountain trail which led to the summit. Keeping on their way, they at length came in sight of the enemy at a bridge over Green Brier river, about six miles from Huntersville. The rebels retreated, and the detachment followed in pursuit till it came within two miles of the town, when it again encountered them. A skirmish followed, and the rebels again fell back, while the cheers and shouts that followed them made the mountains ring. At length their cavalry drew up in imposing force on a level plain as if about to charge, but as the excited little band dashed toward them

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on a run, they turned and fled. The whole force then broke on the double quick into the town, shouting like madmen. The enemy had all fled, and Major Webster finding six buildings filled with provisions set fire to them, and by the light of the conflagration took up his backward march.

The expedition was gone six days in all, and marched in that time over a hundred miles.

The rebel General Jackson, stationed at Winchester, also chose the first day of the new year on which to start an expedition towards the Potomac, for the double purpose of clearing out our scattered forces between him and the river, and tear up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio rail road.

On Saturday, the fourth, as they approached Bath, they surprised forty men of the thirty-ninth Illinois, out on a scout, and killed one and took eight prisoners. The regiment at Bath immediately planted cannon, so as to command the roads leading to the place, and soon as the rebels came in view, opened on them. Colonel Murray, with the eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, hastened over the river to its support, but on arriving and assuming command, he ordered a retreat, leaving all his stores and camp equipage in the hands of the enemy.

It was a terribly cold day; and both parties suffered severely. An artillery fire was kept up as we retreated, and the regiments effected a safe passage across the river to Hancock, on the Maryland shore.

The next morning at daybreak, the rebels appeared on the opposite bank, and commenced shelling the town. No damage, however, was done, and they contented themselves with tearing up the rail road track. In the mean time, Lander arrived, and prepared to defend the town. The rebels, however, made no farther attempt, and on Tuesday retired, taking with them a few prisoners.

On this same day, (the seventh,) an expedition from

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Kelly's command at Romney, which had set out at midnight, approached Blue's Gap. The night had been clear and cold, and the ground was covered with six inches of snow, which made the march slippery and difficult. But the men, though benumbed with frost, pressed forward with spirit, and after proceeding some fourteen miles, came up with the outposts of the enemy, just as the cold, wintry morning was broadening over the mountains. The latter turned and fled; and though the gap was still some two miles distant, Colonel Dunning (in command) shouted "*Forward! Double quick!*" The excited troops started off on a trot, and as the measured foot-falls beat the frozen ground, they sent up a shout which they kept up in a sort of measured cadence to their tread. They thus unfortunately announced their coming, so that the enemy was prepared to receive them.

FIGHT AT BLUE'S GAP.

The gap in which they had taken position was formed by two high hills, which, as they approached the road, became two precipices, leaving a gorge not more than twenty or thirty feet wide, through which wound a narrow road skirted by a stream. Here the enemy had planted two cannon, while the hill on the north side was protected by a rifle pit. The one on the south side was left undefended, it being considered too precipitous for any troops to scale. Just before reaching the gap, a bridge crossed the stream, which the enemy undertook to tear up; but before they could accomplish it, the advance guard was upon them, and replacing the uptorn planks, dashed across. Colonel Dunning then drew up his force, and ordered the Ohio fifth to charge on the rifle pits,—the fourth to scale the steep south mountain, and the seventh, when the action had fairly commenced, to push straight along the road. The fifth mounted the hill in

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face of the intrenchments, and losing all order scrambled over the rocks with yells. Receiving the rebel fire without halting, they stormed over them in one wild hurrah. They then dashed down the mountain, in rear of the cannon, and bayoneting the gunners captured the pieces. In the mean time, the fourth scaled the precipitous sides of the south hill like wild cats, and falling on the fugitives captured thirty-five prisoners. Before the center column could get into action, the fight was over, and the enemy scattered in every direction. The rebel force was nearly two thousand strong, of which about forty were killed and as many more taken prisoners. Gathering up their spoils, consisting of a large number of cattle, wagon loads of ammunition, and stores, the victorious little army took up its line of march for camp, where it arrived at four o'clock, having accomplished thirty-two miles in seventeen hours.

West, our forces seemed equally determined to crown the opening year with victories. On the same day that Colonel Dunning drove the enemy from Blue's Gap, Colonel Garfield broke up his camp at Muddy Creek, Kentucky, and moved towards Paintsville, the county town of Johnston county, to attack Humphrey Marshall, who occupied that region with a force estimated at five thousand. The latter being advised of his approach, retreated to some hights on Middle Creek, about two miles from Prestonburg, leaving three hundred cavalry at the mouth of Jennie Creek, near Paintsville, as a corps of observation. Scattering this force, Garfield pushed on for Prestonburg, fifteen miles distant, with a thousand and one hundred men. He had only three days' rations of hard bread for his whole force, yet with this meager supply, he boldly set out on his difficult march. Arriving within one mile of the place at eight o'clock at night, he learned that the enemy were encamped three miles distant up the creek. Sending back to Paintsville to have

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all the available forces immediately pushed forward, he encamped on the crest of a wooded hill in a pelting rain storm, the men sleeping on their arms.

BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

The next morning at four o'clock the troops were summoned to arms, and snatching a hasty breakfast of hard bread, pushed on a mile up the creek, then crossed over to Middle Creek, which empties into the Big Sandy, opposite Prestonburg. Garfield thought the enemy were encamped on Abbot's Creek, and moved up towards Middle Creek slowly, throwing out skirmishers as he advanced. Proceeding thus a couple of miles, he came to the mouth of Middle Creek, a thousand yards up which he now ascertained the enemy to be in position. The morning had dawned gloomy and chill, but the troops were in the highest spirits, and eager to be led against the enemy.

Not knowing the exact position of the rebel force, Garfield sent forward a body of skirmishers to draw their fire and thus ascertain it. Failing to do this, he at noon ordered his escort of cavalry, only twenty in number, to charge. Away they dashed, with pealing bugle, and the rebels thinking the whole force was upon them, opened with shot and shell. This disclosed in part their position. One regiment was posted behind the ridge, a point of which he himself occupied, and on the left of the road commanding it. Another was behind a ridge on the right of the road, while the artillery was posted between. It was their intention to draw Garfield along the road between these enfilading fires and destroy him. But in their haste they had revealed the trap, and Garfield at once formed his plan of attack. He sent two Kentucky companies along the crest of the ridge on the point of which he was encamped, while one Ohio company was ordered to cross the

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creek, which was waist deep, and occupy a spur of a high rocky ridge to the front and left of his position. In a few minutes the enemy opened with two cannon, and soon the sharp firing of musketry showed that the detachment to the left was hotly engaged. The rebels, however, were found to be in overwhelming force, and Garfield hurried forward reinforcements. As these came shouting up the hill the contest became fiercer. The rebels at length succeeded in occupying the main ridge, at a point nearly opposite to Garfield's position, and opened a heavy fire on his reserves. To prevent being outflanked, the latter ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Munroe to cross the creek a short distance below, and drive back the enemy, which he did in gallant style. In the mean time, Colonel Cramer and Major Pardee, though outnumbered three to one, pushed the enemy inch by inch up the steep ridge nearest to the creek. Never did troops behave more gallantly; still Garfield became exceedingly anxious as he saw against what overwhelming numbers they were slowly making their desperate way. A thousand fresh troops, and he felt the day would be his own; still they did not come; and hour after hour he had to maintain the unequal conflict. The day was drawing to a close, and still the enemy held those rugged hights. But just as the sun was disappearing behind them, loud cheers in the rear announced the arrival of reinforcements. Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, with the forty-second Ohio, had marched fifteen miles without breakfast, toiling at the top of their speed through the deep mud, and for the last two miles on a run, and now bespattered, hungry, and exhausted, demanded with loud clamor to be led against the enemy. As Garfield saw the bayonets of the brave fellows dancing along the stream, he gave a shout of joy, and flinging his coat into the air as he stripped himself for the last struggle, immediately ordered forward the whole of his reserve under Lieutenant-Colonel Brown.

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He knew the decisive hour had come, and hurling his entire line of battle forward, pushed the enemy back up the slope and over the crest of the ridges, and finally forced him to retreat in confusion. Night had now come on, and fearing that his troops would get confused among the hills and fire on each other, he ordered a halt, designing to finish the work in the morning. The firing had scarcely ceased, when a bright light streamed up from the valley below, where the enemy had disappeared, showing that he was burning his stores, preparatory to an ignominious flight.

The next day the victorious army entered Prestonburg and found it nearly deserted. Seventy-five of the enemy's dead were picked up on the field, showing that his loss must have been severe, while our own was less than thirty.

Unable to obtain provisions here, Garfield moved back his brave, half-starved and foot-sore army to Paintsville.

While he was inflicting this severe punishment on the rebels in Kentucky, Pope in Missouri was dealing them another of his unexpected blows. On the eighth, he sent out Major Torrence from Booneville, who came upon the enemy encamped near Silver Creek. The latter were in a strong position, protected by ravines, underbrush and woods. The cavalry could not charge through the obstructions, and so the men dismounted, and with saber and revolver, and guidons flying in the breeze, dashed forward with shouts on the camp, followed by the infantry. A short, fierce struggle followed, and the field was won. Darkness coming on, and a heavy fog settling over the broken and wooded country, no pursuit was attempted; and after setting fire to the wagons, tents, and camp equipage, Torrence took up his backward march. His loss in killed and wounded was twenty-five, while that of the enemy was at least three times as great.

Two days after, Porter, commander of a part of the gun

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boat fleet on the Mississippi, hearing that the enemy was moving up from Columbus, sailed down to meet him, and a contest followed which resulted in the enemy being driven back under the guns of their fort.

Thus every thing at the west in the opening of the year betokened stirring times, and the eyes of the nation were turned thither in anxious solicitude. The *main* movements there had been conducted so secretly, and such a strict espionage was kept upon newspaper correspondents, that the public were almost completely in the dark respecting what was going on. It had come to think that a suspension of hostilities till the opening of spring had been resolved upon there as well as in front of Washington. But now there seemed to be a sudden waking up, and before the month closed, the first of a succession of heavy blows was struck which in the end nearly cleared the valley of the Mississippi.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY, 1862.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY—GENERAL THOMAS MOVES AGAINST ZOLLICOFFER'S CAMP ON THE CUMBERLAND—BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS—BAYONET CHARGE BY MC COOK—THE VICTORY—IMPORTANCE OF IT—THE "CAIRO EXPEDITION"—MOVEMENTS EAST—DISASTER TO BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION—OPERATIONS ON THE SAVANNAH—FORT PULASKI CUT OFF—RESIGNATION OF CAMERON—LAUNCH OF THE MONITOR.

AS before stated, the rebel line of defense in Kentucky extended from Columbus on the Mississippi, to the Alleghany Mountains. About midway was Bowling Green, where Johnston commanded in person. East, towards the mountains was Zollicoffer with a large force, where early in the winter he had taken up an intrenched position on the Cumberland river near Mill Spring. Against this line of defense, Grant and the gun boats under Foote, were preparing to move on the west. Buell was advancing on Bowling Green in the center, and Thomas on the east, near the mountains. The latter with his advance regiments reached Logan's cross roads within ten miles of Zollicoffer's intrenched camp, on the seventeenth instant. The rest of his command was struggling forward over almost impassable roads, and he halted here to await their arrival.

About the first of the month, General Crittenden, son of the old patriot from Kentucky, arrived at the rebel camp and took command. The position was a strong one, and might possibly have been held against the force that General Thomas was moving upon it. But Crittenden ascertaining through his scouts the scattered condition of our army, determined to attack and destroy the portion in advance before the rest could come up.

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BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

Carrying out this plan, he early on Sunday the nineteenth, left camp with eight thousand men, expecting to take Thomas by surprise. The tenth Indiana, Colonel Manson, was in advance, and about six o'clock in the morning a courier dashed up to his head-quarters, announcing that the enemy in immense force was close upon him. The long roll was immediately beat, and the regiment sprang to arms,—the next moment the heavy firing of the pickets in front confirmed the news. Manson immediately ordered forward a company to support the pickets, and then with the remainder of the regiment moved steadily down the road in the direction of the firing until he came within seventy-five yards of the enemy, when he formed his line of battle. The latter came on three regiments strong, and poured a deadly fire into the Indianians. They, however, stubbornly held their ground for an hour against this overwhelming force, when the right wing—too heavily pressed, began to fall back. At this critical moment, the fourth Kentucky, under Colonel Fry, came up and took position on the left and poured in a fearful volley. Manson then rallied his right wing. At this moment, General Thomas rode on to the field and saw that the enemy was advancing through a corn-field to gain the left of the fourth Kentucky, which was holding its ground with the most determined bravery. Unappalled by the tremendous force that was constantly accumulating on their front and flank, they stood with thinned ranks, apparently determined to die in their places rather than yield one foot of the ground they held. But their ammunition and that of the brave Indianians was becoming rapidly exhausted, and it was apparent they could maintain their position but a little longer. Thomas, seeing their danger, ordered up McCook with the ninth Ohio, and second Minnesota. This gallant officer moved rapidly for-

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ward, and took position on the right and left of the Mill Spring road. Learning that the enemy were in position on the top of a hill beyond a piece of woods in his front, he gave the order to advance. Moving in line of battle through the woods, he came upon the fourth Kentucky slowly retiring, while the Indianians were scattered among the trees waiting for ammunition. He immediately ordered the second Minnesota to move by the flank, till it shook itself clear of these exhausted regiments. It did so till it occupied the ground they had just left,—their right flank advanced to within a few feet of the enemy. The ninth Ohio then rapidly closed up to prevent its being outflanked, and a close and murderous conflict ensued—in a part of the line the muzzles of the combatants almost touching. The rebels unable to stand the hot fire of the Minnesotans retired behind some piles of rails, where they were enabled to hold their ground, and maintained a desperate resistance for half an hour. Close in front of the ninth Ohio, were a log house, stable and corn crib which sheltered the enemy. These McCook charged and took. Still, covered by the woods, the enemy stubbornly maintained his ground. McCook soon seeing that though their artillery fortunately overshot his line, their superior numbers and this mode of fighting, would in the end tell against him, ordered the ninth Ohio to charge bayonets. Discharging their pieces, the gallant fellows quickly fixed bayonets, and with a shout that rung over the tumult of battle, sprang forward. The enemy saw them advancing, but stood firm to meet the shock. On came the line of leveled steel rigid as the unbending bow of wrath. They that bore it onward saw the unfaltering ranks waiting to receive them, with delight, and with shouts louder than the crash of the volley that smote them, charged like fire through the smoke. Their firm, close formation, fearless bearing, and determined look were too much for the rebels, and their line began to undu-

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late, then sway backwards, and just before the shock came, broke in utter rout. One bullet pierced the horse of McCook, another his coat, and a third his leg; still he limped forward on foot at the head of his column. The shout that went up from that hill top was heard in every part of the field, and all knew that the victory was won. Zollicoffer fell mortally wounded, killed it was said by Colonel Fry, who was himself wounded.

Thomas immediately re-formed his regiments and advanced after the flying enemy, till he at length came in sight of their intrenchments, on which he opened a cannonade and kept it up until dark. Had he moved on their works at once he would have captured nearly the whole army. But ignorant of their character, and unwilling to risk every thing on an uncertainty, he determined to wait till morning before he made the attack.

Taking advantage of this delay and of the darkness, the enemy fled across the river in utter confusion, burning the ferry boats behind them. The next morning, the army marched into the deserted works, where they found twelve pieces of artillery which the rebels had abandoned in their flight, a hundred and fifty-six wagons, a thousand horses and mules, beside a large quantity of muskets, ammunition, commissary stores, and camp equipage.

Thomas having no means of crossing the river, it was impossible to pursue the enemy, who, it was afterwards ascertained, fled in a disorganized mass through the country, leaving their wounded scattered all along their route.

Our loss in killed and wounded was a hundred and eighty-six; that of the enemy including prisoners, so far as known certainly, was three hundred and forty-nine.

It was a brilliant victory in itself, while its bearing on future operations was of the greatest importance. The enemy's line of defense in Kentucky was broken in one point, which

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rendered a flank movement possible, even though it resisted in the center and on the Mississippi.

The return of the "Cairo expedition," as it was called, closed military operations in the west for the month of January. With about five thousand men, infantry and cavalry together, General McClernand set out from Cairo on the tenth, scouring the country south of the Ohio in the direction of Columbus. Tedious and difficult marches were made, but no battles fought, and the force returned in the latter part of the month, with nothing to show as the result of this expedition in midwinter over almost impassable roads. The public wondered what it had been undertaken for, and to this day its object remains a mystery. McClernand's official report failed to clear it up. He said they had "discovered several important roads not laid down on the maps," "had exploded many false reports studiously and sedulously circulated to our detriment," "forcibly and deeply impressed the inhabitants of the district through which it passed, with the superiority of our military operations, and of our ultimate ability to conquer the rebellion," and "inspired hope among many loyal citizens" whom, he adds, "our unexpected withdrawal will probably leave victims of rebel persecution and proscription." For a march of one hundred and forty miles by the cavalry, and seventy-five by the infantry, over intolerable roads and in the most inclement, trying part of the year, this catalogue of valuable results achieved does not impress one as very remarkable.

East, the month closed in sad disappointment, for disheartening news was received from the famous Burnside expedition, as it was termed. It had been a long time in preparation, and by its formidable character awakened in the public extravagant expectations. The naval force consisted of twenty-three gun boats—all but three, steamers—under the command of Goldsborough. These were accompanied by

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some twenty thousand troops under Burnside, an energetic and popular leader. The country was kept in profound ignorance of its destination, but all believed, when it sailed on the eleventh from Hampton roads, that a great and decisive blow would be struck somewhere on the southern coast, and waited with the deepest anxiety to hear from it.

At last the mystery that had enveloped it was cleared up, and the news that the fleet had been scattered and wrecked, burst like a clap of thunder on the land. It was expected that the south would be kept in complete ignorance of its destination, till the thunder of cannon against some of its strongholds should reveal it; but alas, a part of it lay dismantled and wrapt in a fierce storm in Pamlico sound, and a part pounding on the bar in Hatteras inlet, vainly endeavoring to get over—exposing at the same time its destination and its powerlessness to effect any immediate injury. The largest vessels had been contracted to draw only a certain depth of water which was known to exist on the swash, but now they were found to draw more, and hence were totally useless to the expedition. Burnside had reason to expect the *storm*, for this part of our coast, at all times dangerous to navigation, is especially so in midwinter, but not this deception respecting the draft of vessels. His great heart was overwhelmed at the magnitude of the disaster that had overtaken him, yet it did not yield to despair. A religious man, and believing in the righteousness of his cause, he felt confident that the Supreme Governor of the Universe would overrule it for good.

The propellor "City of New York" foundered on the bar, and for forty-eight hours lay at the mercy of the sea—the waves making a clean breach over her. She was laden with ammunition, tents, blankets, and valuable stores, and her loss would be a terrible blow to the expedition. But though thirty vessels lay in sight they were unable to afford any

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relief, and all Tuesday and Tuesday night she wallowed amid the breakers, a helpless wreck. All her boats but one had been carried away or crushed, and her despairing crew lashed themselves to the rigging to prevent being swept away by the seas that incessantly rolled over her. Their destruction seemed inevitable, when two mechanics from Newark, William and Charles Beach, volunteered the desperate undertaking of launching the last remaining boat and pulling through the surf to the fleet. They succeeded with the aid of three others, and obtaining surf boats, saved the entire crew. The vessel, however, was a total loss.

The steam gun boat Zouave sunk at her anchorage, and a transport laden with stores went down on the bar. The Ann E. Thompson, with the New Jersey ninth volunteers lay outside, and Colonel Allen and Surgeon F. L. Weller took a boat and pulled over the bar through the inlet, to report their condition. Having accomplished their perilous undertaking successfully, they attempted to return, when the boat swamped in the heavy seas, and they both perished. Other vessels got aground—one transport was blown to sea, and for five days was without water,—the Pocahontas, loaded with a hundred and twenty-three horses, was wrecked, and and all but seventeen perished.

The situation in which Burnside now found himself was enough to fill a less resolute heart than his with despair. The magnificent fleet that a few days before had crowded after his flag as he moved over the ocean, was scattered and wrecked—his ammunition and stores at the bottom of the sea, while his best vessels lay tossing outside, unable to cross the bar.

To lighten these so that they could be got over, was the first object to be secured, and after incredible labor, was accomplished. But even then he could do nothing, for the weather was terrible even for this inhospitable coast, and

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storm after storm swept him with a fury that threatened to make a complete end of the destruction that had been begun. The immense pains that had been taken to keep the precise point against which his expedition was to operate, had all been in vain. The elements had revealed it to the enemy, and ample time was now given him to prepare for his defense. Surprise was out of the question, and if any thing was to be accomplished it must be by hard fighting. At all events, this imposing land and naval force must lie idle the remainder of the month.

While Burnside was attempting to repair his disasters, in Pamlico sound, events were occurring on the Georgia coast which promised in a short time to place fort Pulaski in our possession, if not Savannah itself. Reconnoissances had been pushed by Sherman, at Port Royal, up the various inlets and channels that run from the Savannah river through the vast marshes that border it to the sea, to ascertain if there was any way of getting to Savannah, without passing the guns of fort Pulaski. After immense labor and hardship, Lieutenant Wilson, chief of Topographical engineers, succeeded in reaching the Savannah through Mud and Wright rivers, as they were called, and reported them navigable for gun boats of light draught. In the mean time, another passage, on the right side of the Savannah, leading to it from Wilmington sound, had been discovered. Sherman immediately determined to avail himself of both of these, and succeeded finally in cutting off Pulaski from Savannah. Batteries were erected on mud banks scarcely above the water level, and guns mounted where the rebels deemed such a thing impossible; and eventually an island in the river itself was occcupied, which shut up Tatnall's fleet, and filled the people of Savannah with consternation.

In the prosecution of these enterprises the soldiers were subjected to trials more severe than those encountered on

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the battle field, and exhibited an endurance and energy that entitles them to the highest praise.

But perhaps no event of this month wrought so great a change in the manner of prosecuting the war, as the resignation of Cameron. The President who had clung to him with a strange tenacity, was at length compelled to yield to the pressure of public opinion, and in a gentle and diplomatic manner informed him that he would dispense with his services. Mr. Stanton of Pennsylvania, a democrat, was appointed in his place, and the sudden energy he infused into his department, inspired both army and people with confidence. It was believed that the day of contractors was over, and that the war would begin in earnest.

The fall of the former Secretary of War was broken by his nomination soon after, as minister to the Russian court. In doing this, the President followed a custom universally practiced by European monarchs, but one which was considered of a very doubtful propriety by the American people.

But the most important event that marked the close of the month, on the Atlantic coast, was the launch of the Ericsson floating battery, on the thirtieth day of January, at Green Point. Being constructed on an entirely new mode, and asserted by her inventor to be absolutely shot proof, she excited a good deal of curiosity. With her deck but just above water, and surmounted by a single iron revolving turret, pierced for only two heavy guns, she presented a novel appearance. She was a naval curiosity, and looked upon as an experiment on a small scale, which might work some changes in naval architecture, nothing more. Those who saw her slip off into the water, little dreamed that in a few days she was to save us from disasters that the imagination trembles even yet to contemplate—startle the maritime nations from their composure, and work a sudden revolution in naval warfare—the like of which the world has never witnessed.

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CHAPTER XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

THE OPENING OF FEBRUARY—KENTUCKY—THE ENEMY'S LINE OF DEFENSE TO BE BROKEN ON THE TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND—FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON—EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FORMER—CAPTURE OF IT BY FOOTE WITH HIS GUN BOATS—DESCRIPTION OF—EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE UNDER LIEUTENANT PHELPS—GRANT ADVANCES ACROSS THE COUNTRY AND INVESTS FORT DONELSON—ATTACK BY FOOTE WITH HIS GUN BOATS.

THOUGH the month of January had shown considerable activity in the field in various sections of the country, it was the mere skirmishing of outposts compared to the tremendous movements that inaugurated the month of February. Nearly a year had passed since the war had commenced, and though the Federal forces had gained some valuable points, yet no deadly blow had been struck at the rebellion.

The government was well aware that whatever advantages were secured elsewhere, they would avail but little so long as the valley of the Mississippi remained in the hands of the enemy. Bowling Green and Columbus were places of immense strength, and it had long contemplated the plan of breaking the rebel line of defenses by the way of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, instead of at these points. These streams flow north into the Ohio, and while in the state of Kentucky, run nearly parallel and not far apart. In the winter time, they are so swollen that they admit for a long distance the passage of first class steamboats. Where they cross the Tennessee line they are about twelve miles apart, and here the enemy had erected two strong fortifications—fort Donelson on the Cumberland and fort Henry on the Tennessee. Could these points be forced, both Bowling Green and Colum-

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bus would be effectually turned, and their evacuation become a necessity.

After much deliberation it was resolved to attack fort Henry first. To make success certain, Halleck determined to move against it simultaneously by land and water. Foote, with seven gun boats, was directed to engage the batteries in front, while Grant, with a large land force from Cairo, should land below and take it in flank and rear.

EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT HENRY.

The expedition started on the fifth of February, and proceeding up the river, landed the infantry four miles below the fort. A reconnoissance was then made by Foote, by which he ascertained the position of the batteries, and succeeded in discovering and removing several torpedoes which had been sunk in the river for the purpose of blowing up the vessels.

As night came on, the fleet cast anchor abreast of Grant's camp, to wait till the next morning, when the combined attack was to be made. The numberless camp fires that lighted up the shores, and were reflected in the swiftly flowing stream, and those seven dark monsters sleeping ominously on the water, combined to form a scene of thrilling interest. The night was dark, for heavy clouds wrapped the heavens, and the wind swept by in fitful gusts, making weird harmony with the monotonous roar of the turbulent waters. Soon the gathering storm burst upon the camp in all its fury, making the long night seem still longer.

At length the welcome day broke, and all was preparation for the first great struggle on the western waters. Foote, after admonishing Grant that he must hurry or he would not arrive in time to take part in the engagement, about ten o'clock steamed up toward the fort. It stood on a bend

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of the river, and commanded it for a long way down. An island lay about a mile below it, behind which Foote kept his boats, so as to escape the long range of the rifled guns of the enemy. His orders were for the iron-clad boats to move slowly and abreast, straight on the batteries, while the wooden ones should follow at some distance in the rear. In this way he kept on under cover of the island, and at length emerged at its head in full view of the fort. Here the wooden vessels halted, while the Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondelet, and Essex slowly steamed on.

CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

The next moment the enemy's batteries opened, and the heavy shot and shell came raining on the little squadron. From the bows of those vessels there burst simultaneously, white puffs of smoke, and the battle commenced. The garrison had obtained perfect range, and their heavy shells smote with terrible precision the advancing boats. Foote had given orders to fire slow and deliberately, and his shells burst with fearful effect amid the enemy's guns. The rebel infantry outside of the works became terror-stricken, as the ponderous missiles screamed and exploded around them, and fled precipitately. The little garrison, however, under the command of General Tillghman, stood bravely to their guns. Their heavy rifled piece soon burst, but they did not slacken fire. Sand bags and earth flew around them, and the bursting shells filled the air with fragments; yet they never flinched. The flag-ship Cincinnati and the Essex, seemed to occupy their chief attention, and the two boats received a terrible pounding, yet they never swerved. Moving on in flame, they crept nearer and nearer to the batteries, sending their shot with such precision that gun after gun of the enemy was dismounted. The heavy explosions

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shook the shore, sending terror to the inhabitants far inland. The battle had raged nearly an hour, when a twenty-four pound shot entered a port-hole of the Essex, through which Porter was watching the effect of his shot. The fearful messenger of destruction struck young Brittain, an aid who stood at his side at the time, leaving his head a mangled mass; and flying on its terrible way, crashed through the thick oak planking that surrounded the machinery, and plunged into the middle boiler. The steam rushed out with a frightful sound and enveloped the crew. Immediately all was confusion—the sailors ran hither and thither in their agony to find a breath of fresh air, and some threw themselves out of the port-holes into the river. The two pilots struggled desperately to get out of the pilot-house, and in their agony stretched their arms through the look-outs, to feel the fresh air for which they were gasping, and sunk suffocated at their posts. Twenty-nine officers and men, including Captain Porter, who was badly scalded, were killed or disabled by the effect of this single shot. The boat, of course, was compelled to drop out of the fight. When the rebels saw it they sent up a cheer, and sprang to their guns with renewed vigor.

But Foote, with his three remaining vessels, never paused in his terrible advance, but with bows on, moved steadily forward till he got within six or seven hundred yards of the fort. At length, most of his guns being dismounted, Tillghman lowered his flag, and the day was won. The battle had lasted an hour and twenty minutes.

All this time Grant was toiling forward with his army. But the rain had made the roads so muddy that his progress was slow, and he was still a long way off when the heavy cannonading broke along the shore. As the sullen echoes died away, the troops sent up a loud shout, and breaking into the double quick, pressed forward. For more than an

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hour they struggled on through mire and swamps, when suddenly the firing ceased. What could it mean? was the anxious inquiry of every one. Had Foote been beaten back? Soon, however, one of the scouts who had been sent out in advance, came galloping up bespattered with mud, and announced that the fort had surrendered.

The news spread like wildfire through the army, and then such a shout went up as never before shook the shores of the Tennessee. In half an hour afterward Grant arrived at the fort, when the command was turned over to him.

Foote, in his official report, put his loss in killed and wounded, and missing, at forty-eight. His own ship, the Cincinnati, was struck thirty-one times, the Essex fifteen, the St. Louis seven, and the Carondelet six. On the two latter, however, were no casualties. The garrison that surrendered consisted of sixty or seventy men, with sixty invalids. The fort was mounted with twenty guns, most of them of heavy caliber, which with barracks and tents sufficient to hold fifteen thousand men, fell into our possession.

EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

Foote immediately sent three gun boats up the river under the command of Lieutenant Phelps, to destroy the rail road bridge leading to Columbus, and capture two boats that had fled on the surrender of the fort. Finding they could not escape, the rebels set these on fire and abandoned them, when they soon after blew up with a terrific explosion. Proceeding up the river, Phelps destroyed the bridge and captured a gun boat which was in progress of completion. Continuing on into the state of Mississippi, he captured two more steamers, one freighted with iron for rebel use. He went as far as Florence, Alabama, where were three steamers which the enemy succeeded in burning. All along his

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route he witnessed demonstrations of loyalty. Old men and women flocked to the shore to greet the old flag—many even shedding tears as they once more saw the stars and stripes waving before them.

The news of the capture of fort Henry was received all over the north with demonstrations of delight. Foote was hailed as a hero, and our brave tars took, if possible, a still higher place in the affections of the people.

All eyes were now turned towards fort Donelson, which lay nearly opposite on the Cumberland, some twelve miles distant. This was a stronger and more important position, and was garrisoned by fifteen thousand troops. It was the key to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee and an important depot of supplies to the rebel army, the possession of which would render the evacuation of Bowling Green by Johnston inevitable. Buell had for a long time been slowly advancing against this stronghold, impeded at every step by the destruction of bridges, and every device which a skillful enemy could invent.

ADVANCE ON FORT DONELSON.

Six days after the surrender of fort Henry, Grant started across the country with fifteen thousand men, in two divisions under McClernand and Smith—six regiments having been sent off by water the day before. At noon he was within two miles of the place, and drove in the enemy's pickets. The gun boats, under Foote, not having arrived, but little was done the next day except to complete the investment of the place. In doing this, General Lewis Wallace was ordered to make an assault on the enemy's middle redoubt. Three Illinois regiments, under the command of Colonel Hayne, as senior colonel, were selected for the desperate undertaking. Forming in line of battle, they moved

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in fine order across the intervening ravines, and mounted with the coolness of veterans the steep hight on which the redoubt stood. The enemy, screened behind their embankments, poured into the exposed ranks a terrible fire of musketry—still the brave Illinoisans steadily advanced. But at this critical juncture it was found that the line was not long enough to envelop the works, and the forty-fifth was ordered to their support. While these movements were being carried out, the enemy threw forward strong reinforcements of men and field artillery, which soon swept the advancing line with murderous effect. But onward pressed those undaunted regiments,—leaving their dead and wounded strewing the slope—till they came to the foot of the works, where a fringe of long poles and brushwood presented a tangled wall of jagged points, through which no troops under Heaven could force their way in the face of such a fire. Braver officers never led men to death, but they found they had been sent to accomplish an impossible work, and gave the reluctant order to fall back. Colonel Morrison commanding the forty-ninth Illinois, was wounded, and many brave officers fell in this attempt, which is certainly open to criticism.

The troops lay down in point blank rifle range of the enemy, without tents or fire. At dark, a cold, heavy rain began to fall, which soon turned into sleet and snow, accompanied by fierce gusts of wintry wind. It was a night of great hardship and suffering, yet it was borne without a murmur by these indomitable men, who were about to give a world-wide reputation to their state. The sharp sound of picket firing was heard during the pauses of the storm, while muffled murmurs rising through the thick air in front showed that the enemy were receiving heavy reinforcements.

For twelve long hours the men lay in the cold, pelting storm, cheerful, not because the day would bring repose and comfort, but because it would usher in the deadly combat,

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when they would teach rebels how freemen could strike for the land they loved.

The works before them were but imperfectly known to the officers, though it was certain they were of the most formidable character. On the river side were two batteries—the lower one mounting eight thirty-two-pounders and a ten inch columbiad—the upper, thirty feet above this, two thirty-two-pound carronades and a thirty-two-pound rifled gun, which completely commanded the river. The main fort was in the rear and occupied a high ridge, cut on the south by a deep gorge. In front of it run a line of rifle pits, protected in turn by fallen trees and brush, cut and bent over breast high, making an almost impassable obstruction. The cannon mounted on the hights behind these, swept the whole country for miles. Establishing a line parallel to the enemy's, Grant gradually extended his wings to the right and left towards the river, so as to completely encircle them.

While the process of investment was thus going on, Foote on the fourteenth advanced to the attack with his gun boats. With his four iron-clads in front and two wooden ones in the rear, he moved steadily up towards the batteries, and as soon as he came within range, opened with his heavy bow guns. But little fear was felt for the vessels, for the Carondelet had gone up the day before on a reconnoissance, and single handed engaged all the batteries, maintaining her ground till she had fired over a hundred shots, and receiving but little damage, except from one enormous shot which happened to enter one of her forward ports, wounding eight men.

The boats therefore moved without hesitation into the fire,—steering straight for the batteries. When they got within close range the fire became terrific. The enemy's guns were well served, and their heavy metal smote the advancing boats with tremendous force. The water was plowed

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up in every direction, and the air was filled with the screaming, bursting shells; yet the pilots, steady to their work, kept the vessels' bows on to the volcano in front, and the slowly revolving wheels carried them nearer and nearer, while the smoke rolled away from them in huge, white clouds.

They thus fought and advanced for an hour and a quarter, the flag-ship alone having received fifty-nine shots. Under the horrible fire that smote it, Foote saw that the pilot was getting nervous, and advancing, laid his hand on his shoulder and spoke encouragingly, when at that moment a shot struck the poor fellow, leaving him a mangled corse. Foote himself was wounded in the foot, but still limped around on his deck, giving his orders coolly as though taking soundings. He had now got within four hundred yards of the batteries, and their fire began to slacken under the heavy rain of shells that momentarily exploded in their midst, and the victory seemed about to be won, when a shot carried away the wheel of the Louisville. There was a tiller aft which the pilot instantly seized, but he had hardly fetched the bow back to its place as it was swinging off before the swift current, when an accidental shot from her own consort, the Tyler, smote it, knocking it into fragments. The helpless boat then swung backward, and began to drift out of the fire. The wheel of the flag-ship St. Louis was also shot away, and she became unmanageable, while the other two boats were seriously disabled, and soon floated down the current with the rest.

Fifty-four on our side had been killed and wounded in this desperate fight, while no perceptible damage had been inflicted on the enemy. The water battery, it is true, had been pretty effectually silenced, but the guns on the bluff above were too high to be reached from the decks of the boats, and it was evident if the place was to be captured it must be done by the land forces alone.

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The comparative ease with which the gun boats had disposed of fort Henry, had created the utmost confidence in their power to demolish, at least, the river batteries of fort Donelson also. But for the singular accidents that befel the St. Louis and Louisville, rendering them totally unmanageable in the swift current of the Cumberland, Foote believed that in fifteen minutes more he would have accomplished this. Be this as it may, the attack by water had failed, and the disabled boats could not be put in condition for a second attempt for many days. Grant then determined to complete the investment, and wait till they should be in a condition to co-operate with him. With his superior numbers he could do this, and in time starve out the garrison, and this was what they feared. Floyd was in chief command of the fort, and Pillow and Buckner next in rank. The former immediately called a consultation of the officers to determine under the circumstances what course it was best to take. After full deliberation, it was resolved that only one was left open to them offering any chance of success, and that was, to break through our lines up the river, and so escape to the open country towards Nashville.

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CHAPTER XX.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

FORT DONELSON—THE ENEMY ATTEMPT TO CUT THEIR WAY OUT—PARTIAL SUCCESS—PREVENTED BY GEN. WALLACE—GRANT ARRIVES ON THE FIELD—A GENERAL ASSAULT DETERMINED UPON—SUCCESS OF WALLACE'S DIVISION ON THE RIGHT—GALLANT EXPLOIT OF SMITH ON THE LEFT—THE NIGHT—BRAVERY AND ENDURANCE OF THE TROOPS—SURRENDER OF THE FORT—JOHNSON RECEIVING THE NEWS NEAR NASHVILLE—IT REACHES THE CITY AT CHURCH TIME—TERROR OF THE INHABITANTS—SCENE OF PILLAGE—FLIGHT OF THE REBELS SOUTHWARD—CURTIS DRIVES PRICE OUT OF MISSOURI.

IN pursuance of the plan adopted, Floyd concentrated his main force upon his left on Friday night, and placed it under the command of Pillow, with orders to attack McClernand, who commanded our right wing, early in the morning. Buckner in the mean time was to fall on Gen. Wallace, who held the center, and open, if possible, the "Wynne road" that led back into the country. Only a small force was left to watch General Smith, who commanded our left wing, which, resting on the river below the fort, completed our semicircular line of investment.

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

Friday had been a cold, bleak day, and the ground was covered with snow, but Saturday dawned damp and chill, and the soldiers as they were roused from their wintry couch moved stiff and shivering to their places in the ranks. But in a few moments, snow and frost were alike forgotten as the heavy roar of the enemy's guns broke over the wooded fields. Seven or eight thousand strong, the enemy moved out of their works at daylight, and in separate columns, sup-

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ported by numerous artillery, advanced straight on McClernand's encampment. His division consisted of three brigades, all Illinoisans with the exception of one Kentucky and one Wisconsin regiment. As they came on in splendid line of battle, McClernand prepared to receive them. The Kentucky regiment, stationed near the river, attacked by overwhelming numbers, broke and fled, but the brave Illinoisans met the shock with undaunted bravery. The enemy flung themselves forward in such masses that our advance regiments had to contend against fearful odds.

It was a strange battle field, made up of hills, hollows, and ravines, all covered with a dense forest, through which the roar of battle swept like a tornado. On every commanding eminence cannon were placed, which dropped their shot and shell incessantly into the troops massed below. But little concert of action could be had among the different regiments, for the woods swallowed up the contending lines, and one could tell only by the advancing or receding roar of musketry, or the columns of smoke rising above the leafless tree tops, how the battle was going. Backward and forward it surged through the forest, leaving it strewed with the dead and wounded; but at last the enemy by suddenly concentrating an overwhelming number on a single point, broke through McClernand's lines, and threatened to sweep the entire field. McAlister's battery of twenty-four pounders, that all the morning had made havoc with the rebel ranks, had by ten o'clock fired away the hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition with which it had entered into action, and while he was trying to obtain some more from the rear, a single shot from the enemy passed through three of his horses—a second tore the trail off one of his guns—while a third smashed the wheel of another. Only one gun was left unharmed, and hitching six horses to this, he endeavored to drag it off the field; but after getting it a little way it be-

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came mired, and was abandoned with the others to the enemy. Many of the regiments were out of ammunition, and though they fell back in good order, could do nothing to stay the progress of the enemy, who came on with deafening yells. The day was apparently lost, and an open road left for the garrison to make good their escape.

At eight o'clock in the morning, McClernand, seeing that he was being overwhelmed by numbers, sent to Wallace, who was holding the center, for reinforcements. The latter immediately dispatched the request to headquarters, as his orders had been to hold his position in the center. But Grant could not be found, he having left the field entirely and gone on board Foote's boat to consult about another attack by the fleet. Wallace waited long and anxiously to hear from him, when a second message came from McClernand, stating that the enemy had turned his flank, and his whole division was in danger of being annihilated. Unable to resist this last appeal, he immediately ordered forward Colonel Cruft (acting as brigadier,) to his support.

The whole line of investment extended several miles, over broken ground, across ravines, and through dense forests. It was necessary, therefore, to have a guide to conduct the column by the proper roads. But the one Colonel Cruft took, after leading him a part of the way, absconded. The Colonel, however, kept on, and soon found himself on the right of McClernand, and between him and the advancing enemy—having pushed the head of his column directly into an overpowering force of the rebels. A severe conflict followed,—the gallant Illinoisans, for a long time holding at bay the superior numbers that flushed with victory, pressed upon them.

While they were thus maintaining an unequal fight, a portion of the brigade of McClernand to the right began to retreat in confusion; and some of the shattered regiments

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came full on Cruft's line of battle, striking it obliquely, and passing through it like a rolling rock. Colonel Shackleford (in immediate command,) instantly closed up his column again, but being left alone by the retreat of the brigade, he was compelled to fall back, which he did in good order, and took up a new position. The confident enemy came on him with shouts and yells, but were driven back. A second time moving fiercely to the charge, they were again repulsed, when Shackleford charged in turn, driving them back some distance. But seeing himself in danger of being outflanked, and a regiment on his left giving way in confusion, he moved the whole brigade in perfect order to the rear, and took up a strong position.

No dispatches had yet reached Wallace, and he sat on his horse, anxiously listening to the roar of battle steadily receding away in the woods on his right, when suddenly a crowd of fugitives rushed up the hill on which he stood, and the next moment a mounted officer came on a tearing gallop along the road, shouting "*We are all cut to pieces.*" The effect on the troops was electrical, and as Wallace saw the sensation run along the lines he was afraid a panic would seize the whole brigade, and immediately ordered it to move forward to the right, riding in front himself to keep it steady. In a few moments he met broken regiments retreating for want of ammunition. *Colonel* Wallace, one of the commanders, in reply to General Wallace, asking of the state of affairs on the field, replied as coolly as though he were moving off parade, that the enemy were close behind and would attack him soon. The latter immediately ordered Colonel Thayer, commanding the brigade, to form a new line of battle across the road, and sent for Wood's Chicago light artillery. Thayer's column moved off at double quick, to its assigned position, while Wood's guns came bounding up on a gallop, and unlimbering, were posted so as to sweep the road in front.

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The regiments that were retiring for ammunition, halted, and the soldiers coolly filled their cartridges under the enemy's fire. Scarcely was the formation completed, when the enemy was seen coming swiftly up the road and through the oak bushes and trees on either side, making straight for the battery, and the first Nebraska supporting it. But Wood's battery, served with great rapidity, mowed them down as they advanced, while the fire of the Nebraska regiment was most terrific and deadly. The rebels bore up firmly for a while against it, but at length, unable to breast the fiery sleet fell back in confusion. Wallace then dashed over the broken country to ascertain the condition of his other brigade under Cruft. Finding it standing in perfect order he immediately connected it with Thayer's by a line of skirmishers, and waited for the enemy to advance. His punishment, however, had been too severe, and he fell back to the ground he had won from McClernand in the morning.

About three o'clock, Grant rode on to the field, and fired at this attempt of the rebels to force his lines and their well nigh success, determined at once to move with his entire army on their works. McClernand was directed to storm them on the right up the river, and Colonel Smith of the regular army on the left below. McClernand asked Wallace to lead the assault with his division. He consented, and immediately formed his plan of attack. Selecting two brigades, Cruft's and one composed of two regiments under Colonel Smith of the eighth Missouri, and giving them the simple directions to march up the hill in columns of regiments, and act as circumstances should suggest, he set the columns in motion. Knowing well it was a desperate mission on which these brave troops were going, he showed his confidence in them by telling them so. But this announcement, which was made to the regiments as they moved past him, instead of discouraging them, filled them with delight,—they answered with

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deafening cheers, shouting "FORWARD, FORWARD!" "*Forward*, then, it is," cried Wallace, rising in his stirrups. The two brigades then moved swiftly forward till they came to the foot of the hill, on the summit of which the enemy stood in strong force. It was full three hundred steps from here to the top, yet Smith as he reached it never waited for Cruft, but boldly began the ascent,—the eighth Missouri leading.

The hill was bare in front, though rough with out-cropping ledges of rocks, but farther on, where Cruft was to mount, it was covered with trees, with here and there openings of oak bushes. Here took place the most terrible fighting around fort Donelson. The men, aware of the desperate undertaking before them, nerved themselves to it, and it was evident at a glance, that nothing but annihilation would keep them from reaching the summit of that hill. When about a quarter of the way up, a line of fire ran along its crest, and the plunging volleys tore through their ranks with frightful mortality. But the living stepped into the places of the dead and pressed fiercely on and up. At times, when the deluge of fire rolled in an unbroken sheet down the slope, they fell on their faces, and then as it subsided, rose, clearing large intervals in their rush.

Cruft's division in the woods advanced more like Indians, dodging from tree to tree—the combatants often fighting for the same cover. The woods crackled with the musketry as though a fire was raging amid the withered branches.

But nothing could stop the resolute advance of Smith, and closing nearer and nearer on the enemy, his two regiments finally cleared the hill with a shout, and charging after the discomfited rebels chased them to within a hundred and fifty yards of their intrenchments.

This was the ground that had been occupied by McClernand in the morning, and from which his division had been driven by the fierce onslaught of Pillow. It was covered

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with the dead and wounded who had fallen there in the vain attempt to stem the overpowering tide, and amid them stood our captured guns.

Darkness was now settling over the mournful field, and the fighting ceased. The night was bitter cold, yet those brave men, though hungry and exhausted, spent it in bringing in the wounded and in ministering to their wants.

While this success was being gained on our right, Smith, on the left, performed a still more brilliant exploit. A little after three o'clock he was ready to storm the enemy's works at that point. The hill on which they stood was high and very precipitous and strongly defended. Sending Cook's and Lanman's brigade to the right, as if about to move in force on them from that point, he took three picked regiments, the second and seventh Iowa and the fifty-seventh Indiana, as the storming force, and riding at their head, led them round to the left, and began swiftly to ascend the steep sides of the hill. The enemy seeing the storm that was ready to burst upon them, opened a terrible fire on the advancing regiments. But not a shot was returned—the gaps made by it were instantly closed, and shoulder to shoulder, like a dark, resistless wave, the undaunted column swept upward. Their march was silent and terrible as death, and the solid earth shook under their measured tread. In front, towering unhurt amid the tempest of balls, rode Smith—his cap on the point of his sword, guiding them to victory. Breasting the descending torrent of fire that drifted like wintry hail adown their ranks, they kept their eye on that strange pennon, and with unfaltering step, and waving banners, climbed higher and higher. Not when the chivalry of France pressed after the white plume of Henry of Navarre, tossing "amid the ranks of war," did braver hearts crowd to the portals of death, than there on that wintry evening, strained up the slippery hights. Inch by inch they won

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Engraved by Geo. E. Perine, New York.

DEATH OF JOHN BROWN.

Entered according to act of Congress, A.D. 1859, by Hurd and Houghton, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United

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their terrible way, grim and silent as fate, till at length the hights were reached. Then, with one loud and thundering cheer—one swift, tremendous volley into the closely packed ranks below, they flung themselves forward with the bayonet. The astonished enemy recoiled before the descending avalanche, and turning, fled to the inner works. The next moment the stars and stripes swung out in the wind above the ramparts, and amid the hurrahs that greeted it, floated forth the exultant strains of the "star spangled banner." Guns and supports were immediately brought forward, and the commanding position made secure against any force the enemy could bring against it. From this point, the whole of the rebel strong works could be enfiladed.

Thus ended the day, and the cold, long night came on in which no cheerful camp fires lighted the gloom or warmed the stiffened limbs of the weary soldiers.

In the morning, the grand assault all along the lines was to be made, and as soon as the first gray streaks illuminated the eastern horizon, the drum called Wallace's heroes to their post. Though hungry and chill, they swiftly closed their ranks on the blood-stained snow, while not a heart beat faint. No sublimer spectacle was ever witnessed than those gallant men presented on that Sabbath morning, as they took their position for the final assault. Marching from fort Henry without tents or rations, except such as they could carry in their haversacks—exposed for three days and nights without shelter or fire, and two out of the three to driving snow or piercing cold, all the time under fire, and compelled to bivouac on the field of battle with their arms in their hands, they yet with undaunted, fearless hearts, closed up their ranks in the early dawn, eager for the order "forward," to launch themselves on the frowning defenses before them.

Below, Smith was at the same hour training his guns on the devoted garrison, and all was ready for the final strug-

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gle. At that moment, Colonel Lanman heard the clear, shrill strains of a bugle from within the enemy's works, pealing forth neither the reveille nor the rally. Attracted by the strange sound, he turned his eye thither, and lo, a white flag was dimly seen waving in the wind. The fort had surrendered. Then there went up a long, loud shout, which, taken up by regiment after regiment, as the exciting news traveled round the line, shook the heavens, till at last it reached the division of Wallace on the extreme right, just ready to move forward to the assault. In a moment their caps were in the air, and cheer after cheer swept down their line of battle, and the bands struck up inspiring airs till the whole atmosphere was alive with notes of exultation.

The night before, the rebel generals had held a consultation, in which it was decided that Floyd should hand over the command to Pillow, and he to Buckner, who should surrender the place, while the former made their escape by night, with a brigade up the river.

About twelve thousand men, with all their arms and stores, etc., fell into our hands. It was a great victory in itself, but important chiefly because it broke the rebel line of defense in the center, and opened the gate to Nashville.

On this same Sabbath morning, Johnston, who had evacuated Bowling Green, with the guns of Mitchell playing on his retiring columns, sat at breakfast in the little town of Edgefield, opposite Nashville, and turning suddenly to the lady of the house, said, "Madam, I take you to be a person of firmness and trust your neighbors are; don't be alarmed; a courier has just arrived from fort Donelson, saying that our forces there must surrender."

The news reached Nashville just as the people were assembling for church, amid the ringing of bells.

The last news that arrived the night before was a dispatch from Pillow, saying, "THE DAY IS OUR'S." All, therefore,

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was animation and exultation, and the inhabitants crowded to the sanctuary to offer up their thanksgivings for victory, when suddenly there passed through the streets the startling murmur, "*Fort Donelson has surrendered.*" Faces turned pale with affright—the assembling congregations halted and anxiously inquired each of the other what it meant—the bells stopped pealing, and suddenly Governor Harris, dashed on horseback through the streets like a madman, shouting that the enemy was at the door. In an instant all was commotion and alarm. The frightened inhabitants rushed for their homes, and seizing such things as they could easily carry, jumped into carriages, omnibusses, carts, indeed every thing on wheels, and streamed a panic-stricken crowd from the city. The public stores were thrown open, into which the rabble rushed to pillage, and a scene of indescribable terror and madness followed. In the midst of the confusion, Johnston's columns entered the city, and marching through it struck southward for Murfreesborough. All day and night and next morning the panic continued, during which the city was under a reign of terror.

But the Federal gun boats not arriving, comparative tranquillity was restored, and the rebel stores began to be moved to a place of safety.

Thus fell Nashville, though our forces did not take formal possession of it till the next week. But little Union feeling was found among the inhabitants that remained, and it was evident the place would have to be held with the strong hand.

The rebel forces fled south, and it was uncertain where they would next make a stand. All eyes were now turned to Columbus, as the next stronghold to yield before our advancing column.

In the mean time, Curtis, who had taken command of the army in Missouri, had steadily pushed Price before him, till

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he had driven him over the Arkansas border, and was still pressing his retiring columns.

Thus closed the month of February in the valley of the Mississippi. East, scarce less stirring events had marked its passage, and every where the national arms were victorious.

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CHAPTER XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

BURNSIDE ADVANCES WITH HIS FLEET TO ROANOKE ISLAND—ITS SPLENDID APPEARANCE—THE ATTACK—LANDING OF THE TROOPS—THE ADVANCE AGAINST THE ENEMY'S WORKS—GALLANTRY OF A CHAPLAIN—OF MIDSHIPMAN PORTER—THE VICTORY—ATTACK ON THE REBEL FLEET AT ELIZABETH CITY BY CAPTAIN ROWAN—A FIERCE COMBAT—GALLANTRY OF ASSISTANT GUNNER DAVIS—CAPTURE OF EDENTON—WINTON BURNED—INAUGURATION OF DAVIS AT RICHMOND—READING OF WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE NORTH ON HIS BIRTH DAY—BATTLE NEAR FORT CRAIG IN NEW MEXICO—GALLANTRY OF CAPTAIN MC RAE.

ON the same day, February fifth, that Foote was moving up the Cumberland to fort Henry, Burnside set sail with his fleet from Hatteras inlet, where he had lain over three weeks, for Roanoke island. Swept by successive storms he had, nevertheless, by herculean labors, sufficiently repaired his disasters to commence active operations.

The day was mild and balmy, and the fragmentary clouds went trooping lazily across the sky, as the fleet of sixty-five vessels swept majestically onward over the rippling waters of the sound, towards its place of destination. In three compact columns—nearly two miles long—the watery aisles between, broken only here and there by a little propeller darting across to convey orders to the different vessels—it moved on, the embodiment of awful power. Piled with cannon and missiles of death, and loaded to the gunwales with ranks of brave men, that cloud of ships presented a spectacle never before witnessed on American waters. At sundown, being within ten miles of the southern point of the island, the signal to anchor floated from the flag ship, when the fleet rested for the night, and the mellow moonlight flooded the inspiring scene.

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The next morning at eight o'clock it was again under way. But the aspect of the heavens had changed, and dark, heavy clouds lay along the horizon, betokening a storm. At eleven o'clock it burst upon them and the entire squadron came to a halt. After a time the storm broke, and it moved slowly on again.

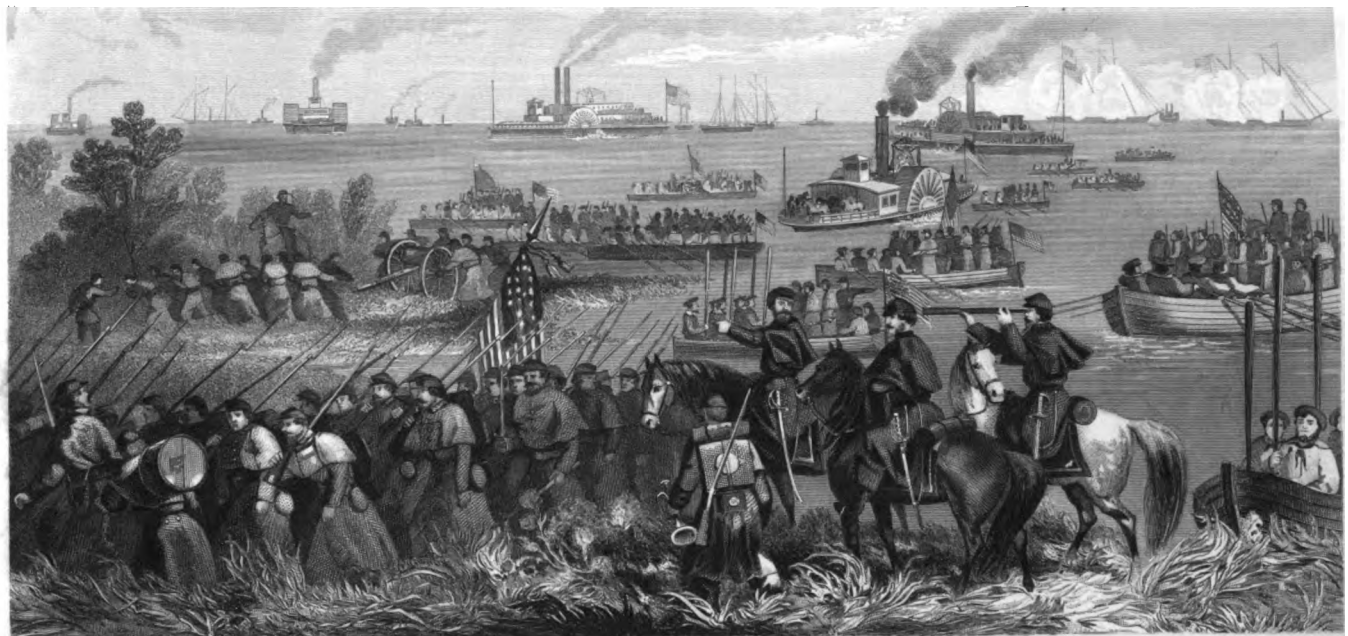
The weather was too dark to attempt the passage of the Roanoke inlet that night, and the fleet again came to anchor. The following morning, the sun rose in a sky mottled with fleecy clouds, indicating fine weather, and soon the long line was once more under way.

The vessels continued slowly to approach the enemy's works till eleven o'clock, when the first gun from the flag ship broke the silence that brooded over the water. As the heavy echo rolled away, the signal was run up, "*This day our country expects that every man will do his duty.*" The effect was electrical, and the men sprung to their guns with flashing eyes.

Roanoke island, situated between Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, and completely commanding the channel connecting them, had been carefully fortified by the rebels. Two strong works, mounting together twenty-two heavy guns, three of them one-hundred-pounders, rifled—four batteries of twenty-two guns—eight supporting steamers, and formidable obstructions in the channel, together with a garrison of three thousand men, constituted the means of defense relied upon by the enemy, and were deemed quite sufficient to repel any attempt of Burnside's fleet to pass up the sound.

By twelve o'clock the action became general—our squadron saluting the rebel batteries and gun boats by turns—and the steady roar of artillery, bursting of shells, with ever and anon the thunder crash of the one hundred-pound Parrott guns, made sea and shore tremble. Clouds of rolling smoke, now hugging the water, and now shooting out in fierce puffs,

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Wm Momberger Del.

Geo. E. Perine, Engr

LANDING OF TROOPS ON ROANOKE ISLAND.

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huge jets of water thrown up by the bursting shells, and the shrieks of the terrific missiles through the troubled air, combined to form a scene at once grand and terrific. In a short time, the rebel fleet, finding our fire too destructive, withdrew behind a row of piles that had been sunk in the channel, when our gun boats gave their exclusive attention to the batteries on shore, and dropped their shells with cool precision into the hostile works. About one o'clock the barracks took fire, and huge volumes of black smoke rolled up the sky, and fell like a vast pall over the intrenchments. The fire on both sides now slackened, and Burnside turned his eye anxiously down the sound in the direction the transports with the troops on board were coming.

In a short time, however, the enemy having partially extinguished the flames, reopened their fire, while their gun boats began to maneuver so as to cut off the transports which were now in sight. This movement was soon checkmated, and the bombardment again commenced in all its fury. About four o'clock the transports arrived and took their position beyond the range of the rebel guns. In a few moments, every spar and all the rigging were black with human beings, watching the fight, while ever and anon their loud hurrahs came faintly over the water.

Again the enemy's fire slackened, and Burnside determined to land his troops and and storm the works.

The spot selected for the landing was known as Ashby harbor, where there was a bold shore. After the gun boats had shelled the neighboring woods to clear them of the enemy, the small boats were launched, and regiment after regiment, in the deepening twilight, was rowed swiftly to land. In an hour, six thousand men were safely got on shore, and pickets advanced in the direction of the enemy's works. By eleven o'clock all was arranged for the night; and for a mile in extent the shore was lighted up with the cheerful

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bivouac fires. But in a little while, a cold, driving rain set in which soon deluged the encampments. The troops had left their blankets and knapsacks on board the transports, and so were compelled to pass the long and dreary night with nothing but their overcoats to protect them from the pitiless storm. But little sleep was had, and the morning light was most welcome, though they knew it heralded the deadly combat.

The interval between them and the enemy's works was covered by a swampy forest, filled with a dense growth of underbrush, and traversed by a single half-worn cart road. The fortifications consisted of an earth-work with three sides, surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide and three deep, filled with water. In front, the woods had been cut down for the distance of three hundred yards, to give their guns a clean sweep, while the trees lay piled in every imaginable direction over the marshy ground, through which the advancing force would be compelled to work their difficult way, exposed at every step to a devastating fire.

In the morning the ranks were formed, and the center column, under the command of General Foster, composed of three Massachusetts regiments, and the tenth Connecticut, moved off—a battery of six twelve-pound boat howitzers at its head. The second column, under General Reno, was to make a flank attack on the enemy's left, and the third, under General Parke, a similar one on his right.

The center column moving cautiously forward, soon came upon the skirmishers, which they drove steadily back till it reached the open space in front of the works. The artillery was immediately placed in position at a curve of the road, and opened a rapid fire. The concentrated fire of the enemy, however, soon thinned off the gunners, when Rev. Mr. James, chaplain of the twenty-fifth Massachusetts, stepped forward and helped work the guns till the ammunition

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was exhausted. The shot fell like hail stones around him, yet the gallant divine fought on like one who had spent his life in the church militant. The loader and sponger was shot; another took his place and immediately fell, when a midshipman, Benjamin A. Porter, took the sponge himself and loaded till the fight was over. The twenty-fifth Massachusetts, in advance, maintained its position under a terrible fire till its cartridges gave out, when the tenth Connecticut took its place, and rivaled it in steadfast courage. The wounded, as they were borne back to the rear in the arms of their comrades, or on litters, faintly smiled or cheered the advancing regiments, and a lofty heroism animated all alike. At every flash of the enemy's cannon, our men were ordered to crouch down to escape the iron hail, but this was not so easily done, for many of them stood up to their hips in mud and water, into which the dead and wounded fell with a heavy plash, where they lay half submerged.

In the mean time, the two flanking columns were slowly making their way through the almost impenetrable thickets to the right and left of the intrenchments. The enemy, thinking this tangled net-work of brush impassable by troops, had not cut it down, but left it standing close up to the works, deeming it a sufficient protection to their flanks. And when they saw the gleaming bayonets advancing through it on either side, their astonishment was boundless. As the column under Parke approached the battery, it was met by a galling fire, when the ninth New York, (Hawkins' zouaves) were ordered to charge. Major Kimball led them gallantly on. It was in this charge that Lieutenant-Colonel Vigier de Monteil, who had left his regiment which had been sent back, and volunteered for the fight, fell while cheering on the men.

While the zouaves were steadily advancing on the battery, Reno's column, on the right, had also cleared the woods, and

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the colonel at that moment riding up, ordered the twenty-first Massachusetts to charge. It answered with a cheer, and dashed forward at the same instant that the fifty-first, under Colonel Ferrero, was charging on the left, and soon the stars and stripes waved from the ramparts. The rebels, when they saw this sudden apparition on the right and left, broke and fled, and the victorious columns from either flank met in the deserted works with deafening cheers. The tenth Connecticut, at the same time these charges were made on the right and left, advanced in front, where their gallant commander, Colonel Russell, fell, pierced with the enemy's bullets. As soon as the works were gained, two columns were formed to go in pursuit of the fugitives.

The fifty-first and ninth New York advanced along the road on the east side of the island, to cut them off from crossing to Nag's Head. Here the redoubtable ex-Governor Wise lay an invalid, but not so ill as to prevent him from riding some thirty miles to escape capture. The columns soon came upon some boats loaded with the fleeing rebels, in tow of a steamer. Two more were just putting off from shore. These were immediately ordered to return, which they refusing to do, a volley was poured into them, when they put back and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Among them was Captain O. Jennings Wise, son of the ex-Governor, who was so severely wounded that he died the same night.

The twenty-first Massachusetts advanced in another direction, to the north of the works, where a negro woman told them was a large camp of the rebels. A few companies were soon overtaken, who, after a single volley, fled. The twenty-first following after, was soon met by a flag of truce. The officer bearing it was sent to Reno, who was advancing with his other regiments, when an unconditional surrender was made.

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About the same time, Foster, at the head of the first brigade, which had just landed, advanced against another camp of the rebels. He also was met by a flag of truce, the officer bearing it demanding what terms would be granted them. An unconditional surrender, was the reply. Again asking what time would be allowed, was told "While you are going back to camp to convey the terms and returning." In a few minutes the flag came back, announcing that the terms were accepted. The brigade immediately marched triumphantly into camp, when Colonel Shaw, commander of the post, advanced and delivered up his sword to General Foster.

Wooden barracks were found in the two encampments, capacious enough to hold several thousand men, in which our troops took up their comfortable quarters.

Thus fell Roanoke island, with its garrison of three thousand men, its batteries mounting thirty guns, and all its stores, ammunition, etc. Our total loss in killed and wounded was about two hundred and fifty.

The gun boats escaped towards Elizabeth City, thirty-five or forty miles distant. Preparations were immediately made to pursue them there, and on Sunday morning, the ninth, fourteen steamers, under the command of Captain Rowan, started from the island, and at three o'clock in the afternoon came in sight of the place, in front of which they were discovered, seven in number, drawn up in line of battle. They were commanded by Captain Lynch, well known as the leader of the Dead Sea expedition, sent out by our government several years ago.

On a point which projected out a quarter of a mile or so beyond the line of battle, stood a fort mounting four large guns. Directly opposite it, a schooner was anchored, on which were two heavy rifle guns. Our squadron, at this time, was about two miles off, and all was anxious expectation to know what the commander would do. The ordinary

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course would have been to silence the fort and demolish the schooner, that stood like two sentinels in advance of the steamers, and then engage the latter. But this was too slow a process to suit Captain Rowan, and he ran up the signal, "*Close action.*" This was received with wild delight by the gallant tars, and instantly there began a race between the steamers, which should first grapple with the enemy. The flag-ship, with her gallant signal flying, dashed into and through the cross fire of the fort and schooner, followed by the rest of the squadron. Crowded together in the narrow channel as they swept on, they presented a sure mark for the enemy's guns, and shot and shell fell in a perfect shower on their decks.

Without stopping to reply, they plunged with a full head of steam on into the midst of the rebel boats. The Perry in advance made for the rebel flag-ship Sea Bird, and striking her amidships crushed her like an egg shell. The Ceres in like manner ran into the Ellis and boarded her at the same time. In quick succession the Underwriter took the Forrest and the Delaware the Fanny, in the same style. The bursting of shells—the deafening roar of broadsides within pistol shot of each other—the crashing of timbers as vessels wrapped in flame and smoke closed in the death grapple—and sinking, abandoned wrecks,—combined to form a scene of indescribable terror. A shell entered the Valley City and burst amid a mass of fire-works, setting them on fire. The men were immediately called to "fire quarters," but finding it took too many from the guns, the commander, Chaplin, ordered them back, and jumped down into the magazine himself and passed up *loose cylinders* of powder while he gave directions about extinguishing the fire. The rockets were whizzing around, blue lights burning, signal lights blazing, the shell room on fire, the fight going on, and he (the captain,) passing up the powder and putting out the

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fire, with the most imperturbable coolness, thus keeping the men steady and at their work. The assistant gunner, John Davis, was in the magazine assisting him, when a shell knocked the cover off from a barrel of powder. He immediately sat down upon it, to keep the sparks from falling within, when Chaplin called out to him to help put out the fire. "Don't you see, Sir, I can't?" he replied. "If I get out of this, the sparks will get in the powder." A cooler courage than this can not be imagined. It was afterwards presented to the notice of government, and the gallant fellow promoted.

Of the rebel navy, all the vessels were taken or destroyed except two, which escaped up the Dismal Swamp canal.

The rebel troops immediately evacuated Elizabeth City, setting it on fire as they retreated. The flames, however, were extinguished before much damage was done.

These victories gave us control of the whole coast of North Carolina down to Newbern. Following so close on the heels of those at the west, they filled the country with exultation, and a speedy termination of the war was looked for.

Burnside followed up his victory by land at different points along the coast, and from Norfolk to Newbern the inhabitants were filled with terror. To-day, it was thought he was preparing to advance on the former place by way of the Dismal Swamp canal; to-morrow, an inland movement was feared that would cut the great southern line of rail road. Various speculations were rife at the north concerning his future course, but all believed it would have an important bearing on General McClellan's movements. It was very plain, however, that his force was too small to allow him to make any extensive inland movement. Until heavily reinforced, his efforts must be confined to the coast. That he would remain idle, those who knew his enterprising char-

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acter did not believe. Edenton was occupied, while Winton on the Chowan river, attempting to stop our ascending gun boats, was burned to the ground.

In the mean time the Governor of North Carolina issued a proclamation calling for troops to defend the state.

While the reports of these successive stunning blows were being borne to the rebel Capital, Davis who had hitherto been only Provisional President, was inaugurated the regularly elected President of the confederate states. A more inauspicious time could not have been selected for the ceremony, nor more gloomy omens have attended it.

On the same day, (Washington's birth day,) so desecrated by the traitors, Washington's Farewell Address was publicly read by the recommendation of Congress in all the loyal states. Its solemn warnings against all sectional strifes, which had been unheeded and almost ridiculed in the heat of political contests, and amid the storms of passion, now that we were encompassed with all the horrors of civil war, fell with strange power on the national heart.

Nothing could convey a more vivid impression of the vastness of the territory we were called upon to defend, than the reception at long intervals of reports of different battles that occurred, often on the same day—those of one reaching Washington within a few hours from the time it was fought, and of the other taking weeks in their passage.

Thus, while the coast of North Carolina and the banks of the Cumberland were shaking to the thunder of cannon, far away in New Mexico, the shores of the Rio Grande witnessed a bloody struggle between the Federal and rebel forces. Colonel Canby in command of fort Craig, hearing that Colonel Steel with a large body of Texans was advancing against the place, marched out on the twenty-first to meet him. Driving the enemy from the river, he crossed, and a fierce artillery combat followed which lasted till afternoon. Two

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batteries flanked the Union forces, which the enemy saw must be taken, or the battle lost. Consequently two desperate charges were made upon them—that on the right commanded by Lieutenant Hall, by cavalry, which was repulsed, and that on the left under Captain McRae, by Texans on foot. The latter was one of the most desperate on record. About a hundred and fifty yards in front of the guns was a thick wood, out of which the band which had volunteered for the purpose, started on a run, with nothing but revolvers in their hands. As McRae saw them coming, he opened a terrible fire of grape and canister, piling them like autumn leaves over the field. The survivors, however, never faltered, but dashed forward full in the blaze of another volley, and still keeping on their terrible way, rushed up to the very muzzles of the guns, where they shot down every one that manned them except two or three. Even the regulars, whose duty it was to defend the battery, appalled at such desperation, turned and fled. Captain McRae however, stood single handed to his pieces, and disdaining to surrender, was shot at his post —as gallant a man as ever faced a foe. The loss of the battery, compelled Canby to retreat to the fort, which he reached with the loss in killed and wounded of about two hundred.

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CHAPTER XXII.

MARCH, 1862.

THE NASHVILLE RUNS OUR BLOCKADING SQUADRON—REBEL BATTERY DESTROYED AT PITTSBURGH LANDING—DEATH OF LANDER—HIS LAST GALLANT ACTION—CAPTURE OF FERNANDINA AND FORT CLINCH—RACE BETWEEN A GUN BOAT AND RAIL ROAD TRAIN—THE MERRIMAC MAKES HER APPEARANCE—HER APPROACH TO THE CUMBERLAND—THE COMBAT—THE CUMBERLAND GOES DOWN WITH HER FLAG FLYING—THE CONGRESS STRIKES HER COLORS—ATTACK ON THE MINNESOTA—GLOOMY FEELING AT FORTRESS MONROE—ARRIVAL OF THE MONITOR—BURNING OF THE CONGRESS—BATTLE BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR—DEFEAT OF THE FORMER—FEELING OF THE PUBLIC RESPECTING IT.

THE excitement which the stirring events of February had created in the nation steadily increased with the opening of spring.

On the first of March, the southern papers announced the safe arrival of the rebel steamer Nashville at Beaufort, North Carolina. Hoisting the national colors, she steered boldly for the blockading fleet, and before her true character was discovered, had got so far in that she could not be stopped.

On the same day, Lieutenant Gwin attacked with his gun boats a battery at Pittsburgh landing, on the Tennessee, and cleared the shores, where in a short time was to be fought the first great pitched battle of the war.

On the third, Colonel Lander died of congestive fever at Paw Paw, Virginia,—an officer of great promise, and destined, if he had lived, to become one of the leading military men of the nation. His last act was a brilliant cavalry dash on the enemy at Blooming Gap, on the fourteenth ultimo, in which seventeen commissioned officers were taken prisoners—five of whom surrendered to him alone. Two

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columns of two thousand men each, between four o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock at night, marched respectively thirty-two and forty-three miles, besides building a long bridge. What to other men seemed impossibilities, was to him the proper way to conduct a campaign. His bravery bordered on rashness; and whoever followed his lead, must reck little of life. General Shields was appointed to take his place.

On the same day, a body of Union cavalry entered Columbus, and hoisted over that stronghold of the enemy the national ensign. The rebels, after setting fire to it, and pitching the heavy guns they could not carry away with them into the river, retired to Island Number Ten, a few miles above New Madrid. The next day Captain Foote appeared before the place with his gun boats, and took possession.

On this same day, Dupont's fleet entered the old port of Fernandina, Florida, and hoisted the Federal flag on fort Clinch, the first of the national forts on which the ensign of the Union had resumed its proper place since the war commenced. Its strong works were uninjured; and the frightened garrison in its hasty flight left all the guns behind.

A scene occurred in approaching the town itself, entirely new in the annals of war. Captain Drayton, seeing a large rail road train leaving the town, ordered Lieutenant Stearns of the Ottawa to stop it. The track for four miles lay directly along the shore, and Stearns immediately crowded on all steam in pursuit of the train. But he soon saw that the race between a gun boat and locomotive was a hopeless one, and opened his guns upon the train. A shell struck a platform car, killing two men, when the conductor cut loose some of the rear cars, and escaped with the remainder. Many of the frightened passengers leaped from the train,—among them ex-senator Yulee, and hid in the bushes.

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But the two most important events of the early part of the month, and which occurred on the same day, were the battle of Pea Ridge and the attack of the ram Merrimac on our fleet at Newport News. Though the Government had been frequently warned respecting this vessel, it appeared to be incredulous, and made no preparations adequate for its reception. The fleet, however, better informed or possessing more sagacity, watched her appearance with the deepest anxiety.

DESTRUCTIVE MISSION OF THE MERRIMAC.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and beautiful, —not a ripple broke the still surface of the bay as it sparkled in the sunlight, and all was calm and peaceful when the iron-clad monster left her moorings, and accompanied by two steamers, slowly started off on her mission of destruction. Past the wharves thronged with excited citizens waving their hats and cheering—past the batteries whose parapets were dark with soldiers gazing on the mysterious structure —out into the placid bay, glided the ponderous thing, and turned her steel prow towards the Congress and Cumberland, that lay quietly on the tide, with boats hanging at the booms and the wash clothes in the rigging, apparently unsuspicious of the approach of their powerful foe. A Sabbath stillness rested on sea and land, and those on board the Merrimac wondered what this strange apathy meant. But suddenly the heavy boom of a gun beyond Sewall's Point broke the stillness. The deep reverberations died away in the distance, but still the wash clothes hung in the rigging, and all seemed quiet on board the frigates. Soon after, another gun thundered over the water, and then they could see a tug start out from Newport News. In a few minutes, two black columns of steam, darkening the air in the direction of James

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river, announce the approach of the York and Jamestown to join their forces with her.

In the mean time, those on the look out at fortress Monroe, had caught sight of her, and the long roll sounded, and the flag-ship, lying in port, signaled the naval vessels to get under way. The Minnesota had her steam already up, and in a short time moved off towards Newport News, where the Congress and Cumberland lay on blockading duty. Five gun boats and the Roanoke in tow followed.

The gallant crew of the Cumberland, as they saw the uncouth monster come round Craney island, instantly recognized her as the Merrimac. All hands were beat to quarters, and the vessel swung across the channel so as to bring her broadside to bear. As the commanding officer scanned her through his glass, she looked to him like a solid mass of iron plowing its way through the water. The slanting roof appeared to rise about ten feet from the surface, while not an opening was anywhere visible, except the narrow ports from which the guns pointed. In front, her long iron prow combed the water as she came steadily, and in grim silence, on.

When she had got within about a mile, the Cumberland commenced firing with her pivot guns, to which the Merrimac deigned no response. As soon as they could be brought to bear, the whole broadside of thirteen nine and ten-inch guns opened on her. The heavy metal fell like hail on the approaching vessel, but made no more impression than so many peas, shot from a child's blow gun. Broadside followed broadside in quick succession, but still the Merrimac maintained her onward course. At length one of her shot crashed through the Cumberland, killing half a dozen in its passage. She, however, had no intention to make a broadside engagement of it, mailed though she was, but dashed straight on the anchored vessel with her iron prong. The

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fated frigate could not get out of the way, and the huge mass of iron struck her with a shock that sent her back upon her anchors, and heeled her over till her top-sail yards almost touched the water. As she backed off, a hole was left in the Cumberland as big as a hogshead, through which the water poured in a torrent. Delivering a close and murderous broadside into the disabled vessel, she again came on, striking her amidships. She then lay off, and fired leisurely, but with terrible effect, while the broadsides of the Cumberland were delivered with a rapidity and precision that would have sent the Merrimac, had she been a wooden vessel, in twenty minutes to the bottom. Lieutenant Morris, in command—the Captain being on shore on business—saw that his vessel was rapidly filling, and knew that in a few minutes she would be at the bottom; but he proudly refused to strike his flag, determined if he could do no better, to sink alongside. A nobler commander never trod the deck of a ship, and a more gallant crew never stood by a brave commander. One sailor, with both his legs shot off, hobbled up to his gun on the bleeding stumps, and pulling the lanyard fired it, then fell back dead. Deeper and deeper settled the noble frigate, yet her broadsides kept thundering on till the water poured into the ports, submerging the guns. Still the flag waved aloft, and as the vessel was disappearing below the surface, the pivot guns on deck gave a last shot at the enemy, and then the swift waves closed over ship and gallant crew together. Some came to the surface, and swam to the shore—others kept afloat till they were picked up by boats that put off from shore to their rescue; but of the four hundred gallant souls on board, only a little over half survived the disaster. The chaplain and the wounded below, went down together.

The work of destruction had occupied only about three-quarters of an hour, and now the victorious Merrimac turned

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her prow towards the Congress. The latter saw that the contest was hopeless, but engaged her invulnerable adversary for half an hour, when completely riddled with shot and shell, and her commanding officer killed, she struck her colors.

The Merrimac, still apparently unharmed, then turned her attention to the other vessels which had come to the rescue, and soon came up with the powerful steamship Minnesota, which unfortunately had got aground. Both vessels opened fire, but the Merrimac, whether afraid of getting aground herself, or whether her steering apparatus was damaged, did not seem inclined to come to close quarters.

At length night came on, but still the heavy guns lit up the darkness with their glare, and their deep thunder filled the hearts of those at fortress Monroe with the gloomiest forebodings. Where would this destruction end? A sense of powerlessness oppressed the bravest. Shot and shell were alike wasted on this monster, and there seemed nothing to do but stand still and let her lay waste and destroy, till exhausted with her own efforts, or nothing more being left to destroy, she would retire to her den again.

That was a gloomy Saturday night. There seemed no hope for the Minnesota. One plunge of that iron prow and she would follow the Cumberland to the bottom; and *every* thing that floated in the Chesapeake bearing the national colors must share a similar fate.

ARRIVAL OF THE MONITOR.

While all were desponding and knew not which way to turn for relief, suddenly the little Monitor arrived from New York. Her voyage down had been a long one, and proved her unseaworthy, so much so that she came near foundering off the coast. Her appearance, when she arrived at fortress

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Monroe, though hailed with delight, (as a drowning man will catch at a straw,) did not promise much in an encounter with the powerful Merrimac that had wrought such havoc the day before. A mere raft, with a revolving turret carrying but two guns, did not seem a very formidable antagonist. But her commander, Lieutenant Worden, had unbounded confidence in her invulnerability, and immediately resolved to go out next morning, and grapple with the victorious Merrimac. He needed more time to get his vessel in proper trim, after her trying voyage, but none could be allowed him; for the Merrimac would certainly in the morning attack the Minnesota, and when she was disposed of like the Cumberland and Congress, there was nothing to stop her in her career of devastation. Fortress Monroe itself was not safe, and if she should prove seaworthy, there was nothing to prevent her from moving down the coast, destroying and scattering our blockading squadrons, or even to hinder her from entering New York harbor, and burning the city to ashes. There seemed no end to the destruction she could accomplish, and a danger so unexpected and appalling made every heart tremble. Never before on a single new experiment, did such momentous events turn.

To add to the gloom that hung round fortress Monroe, and the Union fleet in the adjacent waters, a bright light was seen during the evening in the direction of Newport News, which soon rose into a tower of flame, shedding a lurid glow far and wide over the water. The ramparts were lined with spectators, wondering what this sudden illumination might portend, when there came over the deep a sound of thunder, shaking the shore, followed by sudden darkness and silence. The Congress had burned till the fire reached the powder magazine, when she blew up with a force that sent some of her fragments a dozen miles. General Mansfield, commanding at Newport News, had driven off the rebels,

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who had endeavored to get possession of her the day before, by playing upon them with his batteries and sharp shooters, and determined to make sure of her not falling into the hands of the enemy, had ordered her to be set on fire.

It was soon after this sad omen the Monitor arrived. A consultation was immediately held and it was resolved to send her forthwith to the assistance of the Minnesota, still hard aground. At eleven o'clock she set out, and her arrival on the scene of action was hailed with delight by those on board the frigate, though the sailors shook their heads at the strange little craft, that looked more like a great toy than a champion fit to contend with a vessel that had proved herself more than a match for two frigates.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

Sunday morning broke bright and beautiful, and soon as daylight allowed objects to be revealed distinctly, every glass was turned towards the Minnesota. Not far from her lay the Merrimac, blowing off steam, and hovering near her, the two rebel steamers, Patrick Henry and Jamestown. The enemy too, from all their look-outs, were gazing off on the same fearful objects of interest, but not with the same feelings of doubt and anxiety. The iron monster seemed to be deliberating what to do, whether to attack the Minnesota first, or the Union fleet, anchored near the Rip Raps. His mind was, however, soon made up, and at seven o'clock he started for the Minnesota. As the vessel slowly approached the grounded frigate, the Monitor steamed out from behind, and boldly advanced to meet her antagonist. The rebel craft was nonplused at the appearance of this new adversary, so unlike any thing ever before seen on the water. She looked scarcely more formidable than a ferry boat, and as she drew near her antagonist, her disproportionate size gave almost a

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ludicrous aspect to her bold, audacious movements. When within a mile of each other, both vessels stopped. The Merrimac first sent a shot at the Minnesota, as if she disdained to notice the queer machine that had crossed her path. She, however, changed her mind, and fired one gun at her. The latter replied, sending one of her ponderous shot full against the Merrimac, near her water line. The latter staggered under the tremendous force of the concussion, and for the first time seemed to realize what kind of an adversary she had to deal with, and gave her her undivided attention. The contest now opened fiercely, and the two vessels approached and receded alternately, all the while firing terrific broadsides, as if testing each other's impenetrability, for nearly two hours. They then closed, and muzzle to muzzle, hailed their heavy metal on each other's sides, while the smoke of the guns wrapped the combatants in a cloud, concealing them from view. The firing was rapid and fierce, and while the fearful duel lasted, the spectators that lined the ramparts of fortress Monroe were silent and anxious, almost afraid to see the cloud lift, lest it should reveal the little Monitor, a helpless wreck on the water. But when the smoke did at last clear away, there she lay alongside her antagonist, light as a duck on the water, the stars and stripes flying proudly from her stern. At the sight, an involuntary shout went up from thankful hearts. She had stood her baptism of fire uninjured and undismayed. The vessels had now drifted where the Minnesota could take part in the conflict, and her heavy guns helped to swell the chorus. The Merrimac, finding she had the worst of it, determined to destroy the Minnesota before she herself was completely disabled, and turned her steel prow full on the helpless frigate. But the Monitor threw herself in the path, and poured in her broadsides with redoubled fury. Again and again foiled in this attempt, the Merrimac resolved to make one desperate effort

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FIRST NAVAL COMBAT BETWEEN IRON VESSELS.

HAMPTON ROADS MARCH 9th 1862.

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to sink the Monitor, and with a full head of steam, drove straight upon her. But the iron prow glided up on her low and sheathed deck like a runner, simply careening her over. But in doing this, she exposed her hull below the iron casing, which the Monitor immediately took advantage of, and sent under her sheathing one of her ponderous shots. The former was glad to back off, and concluded not to try that experiment again. Other steamers engaged in the contest, but the whole interest of the conflict centered on these two vessels.

A little after twelve, the Merrimac abandoned the struggle, and wheeling, slowly steamed under the battery at Sewall's Point where she signaled for help—showing that she was seriously disabled. Tugs came up, and taking her in tow, steamed away to Norfolk. The Monitor was uninjured. Some of the gunners in the turret had been stunned by a heavy shot striking against it, and rendered unfit for duty for several minutes. Lieutenant Worden had been seriously wounded in both eyes by fragments of iron that had been thrown off, as a shot struck the pilot house at the very moment he was looking through a small aperture to direct the management of the vessel. These were the only casualties all through these hours of terrible fighting. Buchanan, the rebel commander, was severely, and it was thought mortally wounded.

After the battle was over, Lieutenant Wise jumped into a boat, and went off to the Monitor, to ascertain her condition. As he descended through the "man-hole" to the cabin below, a scene as calm and quiet met his view, as if nothing unusual had happened. One officer stood by the mirror leisurely combing his hair, another was washing some blood from his hands, while the gallant commander lay on a settee with his eyes bandaged, giving no signs of the pain that racked him. The first thing he said on recovering from the stunning effects

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of his wound, was, "Have I saved the Minnesota?" "Yes." was the reply, "and whipped the Merrimac." Then said he "*I don't care what becomes of me.*" Noble words, that will live as long as the memory of this novel momentous engagement.

Fortunately for the country, the news of the first day's devastation by the Merrimac, and the victory of the Monitor on the following day, were in the same papers on Monday, thus preventing the excitement which would otherwise have been created; still much alarm was felt, especially in New York, which suddenly saw herself wholly unprotected. Her strong forts had crumbled in a single day, and all pondered with the deepest alarm on what might have happened, had the Monitor not arrived just as she did to prevent the Merrimac from going to sea. Her arrival at the critical moment seemed like a special interposition of Providence in our behalf.

The whole story reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights. The sudden appearance of the Merrimac, a new engine of destruction, and her career as a destroying angel the first day, checked only by the night—the burning and blowing up of the Congress—the unexpected appearance of the Monitor in the very crisis of events, looking like nothing that had ever been seen on earth or water before—her dash to the rescue, and her victory, are all so many parts of a fairy story.

After the first burst of astonishment and wonder had subsided, there went up a loud cry of indignation against the Secretary of the Navy for his neglect to provide against the appearance of the Merrimac. One of the vessels which had been only partially destroyed at the burning of the Navy Yard, she had been put on the dry dock at Norfolk, and covered with iron, and armed with a prong to do the very work she had accomplished. All this had been known and discussed in the public press the entire winter, and only a month

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before she came out, some French officers who had visited her declared her a most formidable vessel. And yet nothing had been done to prepare for her reception, except to wait the completion of the Monitor, which might have been, and nearly was, too late to prevent disasters to which there seemed no limit, and which at the best was an untried experiment that might not be successful. Such declarations were in every one's mouth, and when it is remembered that the quaint device carried but two guns, which in a long, close combat might have bursted or been struck in the muzzles by a shell, one can not but look back on the encounter with trembling The merchants of New York were especially indignant, and all felt that though we had been saved, it was not by any foresight or good management of the Navy department. The news of this first conflict between two iron-clad vessels produced the profoundest sensation in Europe, especially in England. Her boasted navy had vanished in a single day. Her thousand national vessels, which in case of a war with us were to drive us from the sea and blockade all our ports, became powerless as river steamers. The little Monitor alone would sink a whole fleet of them in an hour. As her inventor had said when he named her, she had proved a *Monitor* to England.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MARCH, 1862.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE—SKILL AND BRAVERY OF SIGEL—GALLANT DEFENSE OF CARR—DEATH OF MC CULLOCH—SECOND DAY'S FIGHT—THE VICTORY—DEATH OF MC INTOSH—JOHNSON MADE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE—CONCENTRATION OF THE REBEL ARMY—FOOTE MOVES AGAINST ISLAND NUMBER TEN—THE MORTAR BOATS—POPE'S VICTORY AT NEW MADRID—THE ENEMY SHUT UP—POOR PROSPECT OF REDUCING THE ISLAND.

ALTHOUGH the decisive battle of Pea Ridge occurred on the same Saturday that the Merrimac made her attack on the Cumberland and Congress, the two days preceding it had witnessed some very hard fighting—in fact there were three distinct battles. As before stated, Curtis had steadily driven Price before him till he chased him across the Arkansas border. But here McCulloch and Van Dorn, with their respective commands, joined him, swelling the rebel force to thirty thousand men.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

The latter immediately took chief command, and determined at once to give Curtis battle. The army of the latter was greatly inferior in numbers, but he gladly accepted the conflict, for he was getting tired of this long, tedious pursuit. He had, during the week, sent out three different expeditions to capture rebel bands said to be gathering in southwestern Missouri and northern Arkansas, and also to obtain forage, and hence his force was much scattered. Couriers, however, were dispatched to these as soon as he heard of the arrival of Van Dorn and his army, to return with all speed.

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One of these, under Colonel Vandevere, in obeying the order, made a forced march of forty-one miles, with but three halts of fifteen minutes each the whole distance, and arrived at headquarters only the night before the battle. Considering the country this was a most extraordinary march. General Sigel was near Bentonville—Davis at Sugar Creek, and Carr at Cross Hollows, all of whom hastened at once to headquarters at Pea Ridge. Sigel received his orders on the fifth, and the next morning with less than fifteen hundred men, began his march. Two hundred infantry were sent forward to prevent his being cut off, but the scouts soon came in, reporting that the rebels, four thousand strong, were rapidly moving down upon his line of march. This skillful commander saw at once his danger, but with that cool, confident manner which characterized him, prepared to meet it. The teams were hurried off at a tearing pace, in order to leave him disencumbered, and a courier dispatched in hot haste to camp for succor, and then the ranks closed firmly up. He had scarcely completed his preparations before the enemy appeared, and making the air ring with their shouts and yells, advanced boldly upon his little band of Germans. The latter waited till they were within two hundred yards, when the word "fire" ran along the steady line. A terrible volley of Minie balls smote the front rank of the rebels, shriveling it up like a piece of parchment. They staggered back at the murderous fire, but in a few minutes their officers, by riding along their front, with gestures and appeals, rallied them again, when they came on still nearer than before. Breasting the first volley, they still pressed on, when a second smote them. Swaying a moment before this, they once more rallied, and with hoots and cheers and oaths that turned the field into a pandemonium, made a last effort to advance. So desperate was the onset that some of their cavalry actually got in the rear, and the battle seemed lost, when a

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third volley, and a headlong charge of the bayonet sent them broken and discomfited back. Maddened at this stubborn resistance, the rebel officers once more re-formed their men for a third, still more desperate assault. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and Sigel was still seven miles from camp. The prospect before him was gloomy enough. He had not heard from Curtis, and began to fear his messenger had been cut off. Still undismayed, however, he closed up his thinned ranks, and firmly awaited the attack. In overwhelming numbers—four to one—the enemy now dashed forward, firing as they came, and spurring their horses up to the very points of the bayonets. They completely enveloped the little band, and for a time it seemed swallowed up in the engulfing flood. Clouds of smoke rolled around it, out of which arose cries and shouts, and incessant volleys of small arms. But still Sigel towered unhurt amid his devoted followers, and as long as he lived that band, though slaughtered, could not be conquered. The enemy thought so too, and wherever his glancing form was seen, there the bullets fell like hail. One pierced his coat, another cut the visor of his cap, showing to what a deadly fire he was exposed, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for not one touched his person. Ordering his men to clear the way with the bayonet, they, with their deep German war cry, moved with unbroken front on the foe, sweeping them like chaff from their path. Those western men were fierce fighters, but stood amazed at the disciplined valor that scoffed at numbers, and kept the ranks, though enveloped in flame, solid as iron. As the brave fellows paused to take breath, a courier dashed up announcing that reinforcements were close at hand, when a cheer that made the welkin ring, went up from the beleaguered band. The baffled enemy, knowing well what it meant, made a sudden dash to capture the train, but were again driven back, and the column, without farther molestation, effected

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its junction with the main army. All the divisions finally got safely in, and Curtis prepared for battle.

The morning of the seventh broke clear and bright, and the stirring sound of the drum and fife called every soldier to his feet. Curtis had taken his position on Pea Ridge, and receiving information that led him to believe that the main force of the enemy was coming from the westward, he sent out Sigel with his division to meet him, while Colonel Davis held the center on the ridge. The former advanced some three miles, when he came upon the enemy and opened with artillery. After a few rounds, the command to cease firing was received, and Osterhaus, with the third Iowa cavalry, was ordered to clear the timber in front. The bugles rang out, and away dashed the squadrons. The enemy, however, was in much stronger force than Siegel supposed, and the cavalry was driven back in confusion. The rebels seeing their advantage, rushed after with furious yells, and dashing on a battery of three guns, captured it. Their triumph, however, was of short duration, for Osterhaus, bringing up his Indiana regiments, led them fiercely forward. Delivering their rapid volleys as they advanced, they at length charged bayonet, strewing the ground with the slain, and recapturing their guns, which they bore back with shouts. The artillery then commenced playing again, but after awhile the rebels abandoned their position, and fell back. Sigel then ordered a general advance, and pushing on, drove them before him for two or three miles.

In the mean time, a force having appeared in front of Davis, he moved forward, and after a short, severe contest, also drove the enemy back. But as he and Sigel followed up their success, neither found the main force of the enemy. These attacks were mere feints on their part, while the main army was quietly gaining our rear.

Colonel Carr with his brigade, had been sent out in the

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morning in this direction, as a precaution against any possible move of this kind. While passing along through farms that stretched away from the road, he suddenly came upon masses of the enemy posted on a declivity covered with woods. It was now about nine o'clock, and Carr ordered Colonel Dodge to move to the right, and open with his artillery. He did so, and the enemy responding, a close artillery fight soon raged all along the line. Bodies of infantry in the mean time advanced on each other, and for more than an hour the conflict was hotly maintained without any definite result, when another battery was ordered up to Carr's support. At the same time, the cavalry had made their way along the ridge, beyond the road by which the enemy had advanced, and were about to seize his wagons, when a brigade of rebel cavalry and infantry suddenly appeared. Instantly the bugles on both sides sounded the charge and these two bodies of cavalry, shaking their sabers above their heads, fell with loud shouts upon each other. First their carbines, then their pistols were emptied, but neither were arrested in their course, and they closed sword in hand. The clashing of steel against steel, rang like the hammers on a hundred anvils—chargers plunged and reared, while the shrill bugle rang out over the tumult. The Texans fought furiously, but the better armed Missouri cavalry cleared their way through them, like reapers in a harvest, until overborne they fell back in disorder. The victorious squadrons pressed after, driving them back for a mile, when they came upon a heavy battery which completely swept the ground over which they were advancing. Immediately the bugle sounded the recall, and the column fell back. In the mean time, the battle raged furiously all along the lines, on both sides of the road, and Carr soon saw that he had the main army on his hands. Regiment after regiment kept arriving on the field, till he found himself in danger of being surrounded. He

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immediately sent back to Curtis for help, and in the mean time made desperate efforts to maintain his position. The occupation of a knoll on the east side of the road prevented the rebels from outflanking him, and this they determined at all hazards to gain, and at last by mere weight of numbers succeeded, but not till our force had left nearly half its number on its summit and slopes. Carr was now compelled to fall back to a new position.

Messengers had been hurrying to and from headquarters, but no reinforcements could be sent, for Sigel and Davis had not yet returned from pursuing the enemy. Carr looked on his thinned division with gloomy forebodings. "Three batteries and two regiments, or night, or we are lost," he exclaimed. He was now not more than a mile from camp, and yet he must still retreat. As a last hope, he resolved to make one desperate effort to regain the knoll he had lost, as without it he could not maintain his position an hour longer. The chances were fearfully against him, but to allow himself to be driven back on the unprotected camp, was certain ruin to the whole army. As the order to advance passed along the lines, a loud cheer from the returning column of Davis, announcing that help was near, was borne to the ears of the exhausted troops, nerving them to tenfold daring. Straight on the hostile battery that now surmounted the knoll, they moved with a determined front, and taking the fiery storm on their unshrinking breasts, swept it like a hurricane.

In this last gallant charge the rebel leader McCulloch fell. The enemy now fell back in confusion, and night closed the scene.

Within a few hundred yards of each other, the two armies lay down to rest, and prepare for the morning struggle. The dead were left where they had fallen, but their wounded were carefully picked up and carried where their wounds could be dressed. The soldiers knew that their retreat was

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cut off, and that they must win on the morrow, or surrender as prisoners of war; yet they exhibited no discouragement. The regiments had been dreadfully thinned—the enemy had gained their rear, and the prospect seemed gloomy enough. Curtis was oppressed with sad forebodings, and there was little sleep at headquarters that night. The gallant Sigel, however, who had returned from his long pursuit of the enemy, promised certain victory in the morning. In his German camp, the songs of the "Fatherland" stole sweetly out on the evening air, showing that his soldiers, like him, felt little anxiety for the result. Still the night was a painful one, and it was made still more sombre by the pitiful complainings of the poor mules which had eaten nothing for two days, and had not tasted water for twenty-four hours. All night long they made the air resound with their moans. But the heavy hours at length passed away, and the morning of the eighth dawned dull and gloomy.

The appearance of the enemy in the rear, made an entirely new order of battle necessary, and what was the rear became the front, and the whole force was concentrated to the north of the camp. Here, on a ridge, nearly two hundred feet high, sloping away behind, but precipitous in front, the enemy had, during the night, planted several batteries, while at the base, at the right, were other batteries and heavy bodies of infantry massed. A less force, similarly posted, was on the left. This was the enemy's position as the daylight revealed them, from which they could almost look down into our camp. A road ran up towards this ridge, passing through one of those immense western corn fields, which gave ample room for displaying our force. Amid the white and withered stalks, our line of battle was formed. Carr, occupying the road and a portion of the field on either side, formed the center, while Davis was on the extreme left. On Sigel was to rest the fortunes of the day. This accom-

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plished officer saw that if he could turn the enemy's left flank, and drive him from the ridge, the battle would be won.

Occasional shots were exchanged from early in the morning, but it was eight o'clock before the action became general. The cannoneers were all at their places the whole length of the line when the order to open fire was received. The battle of the previous day had filled the whole air with smoke, and there being no wind stirring to drive it away, it had settled down over the field; so that the sun as it now rose in the troubled sky, looked dim and red. For two hours after the action commenced, an incessant cannonade was kept up, and it soon became evident that the enemy's line was shaken by the superior accuracy of our fire, while he dared not advance in a decisive charge over the open field. A battery of three guns to the left of the road was terribly galling to our troops, and it was resolved to take it. The twelfth Missouri was selected for the undertaking, and just as the order to charge was given, a sudden gust of wind blew away the smoke, showing the exact position of the guns. The brave fellows accepted the omen, and dashed forward on the run. Breasting the storm of fire that smote them, they charged up to the very muzzles, and captured the pieces and held them under fire until support came up. The enemy's line now began to waver, and it was evident they were preparing to withdraw. Two Indiana regiments were immediately thrown forward when the ranks in front of them fell back in confusion. The whole line then was ordered to advance and close the contest with the bayonet. A loud cheer rolled over the field, answered with a cheer from the enemy. Delivering their rapid volleys as they advanced, our troops were about to close with the bayonet when the whole rebel army turned and fled. Sigel had succeeded in turning the right flank and now pressed fiercely in pursuit.

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Over fallen trees which had been leveled by a hurricane, cavalry and infantry struggled frantically together, while shot and shell struck and burst in their midst. Down the slopes, over the fields they rushed, spurred on by Sigel's artillery, which strewed the ground with dead and wounded. The wooded and broken country rendered pursuit by cavalry impossible, or a large portion of the army would have been captured. Sigel however kept up the chase for twelve miles, and the next morning marched his exhausted but victorious troops back to camp. The routed army divided into two portions, and felling trees along the road behind them, succeeded in effecting its escape. The battle field, especially where Sigel's artillery had played, presented a ghastly spectacle. Amid dismounted cannon, broken carriages, shattered trees, and along the furrowed up earth, the dead and wounded, mangled by shot and shell, lay thick as autumnal leaves. To add to the horrors of the scene, the woods, which had been set on fire by the shells, now began to blaze up in various directions. Our exhausted troops made every exertion to rescue the bodies of friends and foes alike from the devouring flames, and nearly all were removed to a place of safety. A few however, who had fallen in secluded places, or crawled off to thickets, were overtaken by the fire, and their charred and blackened corpses were afterward found lying amid the ashes and cinders of the forest. The rebels had Indian allies in the fight, who in accordance with their savage custom, scalped those of our dead they were able to reach. This afterward drew forth a stern remonstrance from Curtis, when Van Dorn, under a flag of truce, requested permission to bury his dead.

Our loss in killed and wounded was full a thousand men—that of the enemy could only be conjectured—among them were the two rebel Generals, McCulloch and McIntosh. It was a nobly fought battle. The Iowa, Missouri and Indiana

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regiments covered themselves with glory, while the Germans had again proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader. Two of the regiments, while under fire, actually struck up a national song, and its loud chorus rang over the field making strange harmony with the stern roar of the artillery.

This victory settled the fate of Missouri. Price had struggled desperately to save the state to the southern confederacy, but failed at last.

It was evident that the rebel forces would not venture to give Curtis battle again, and he quietly went into camp among the hills and woods of Arkansas, while other acts in the great tragedy were being enacted on the Mississippi and Atlantic coast.

Andrew Johnson, former governor of Tennessee, had been appointed provisional governor of the state, and entered on his duties, while the great army of the west was slowly moving southward in rear of the enemy. The latter immediately began to concentrate his forces preparatory to a great decisive battle. A. Sidney Johnston effected a junction with Beauregard, who commanded at Memphis, while Bragg was ordered up from Mobile, with nearly the whole army that had been stationed in its vicinity. From every part of the south-west, troops were hurried forward to resist the advance of the "northern hordes," and in a short time a mighty army was assembled at Corinth. Towards this point, our various divisions began slowly to move, and all eyes were turned thither in expectation of a battle that should settle the fate of the valley of the Mississippi.

FOOTE MOVES AGAINST ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

In the mean time, Foote, having got his gun boats ready, moved down towards island number ten. Ten gun boats, twelve mortar boats, and a large fleet of transports filled the

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river as far as the eye could reach, and it was believed that nothing could long stop their victorious progress towards New Orleans. Each of the mortar boats carried a mortar weighing seventeen thousand one hundred and eighty pounds, and throwing a shell weighing, before loaded, two hundred and fifteen pounds. Impelled by a charge of twenty-three pounds of powder, this ponderous missile would reach a distance of over two miles.

These were finally got into position along the banks on the fifteenth, and opened fire on the enemy's works. They were of the most formidable character, consisting of batteries both on the island and bluffs on the main shore, in which guns of the heaviest caliber were mounted.

The fire of the mortar boats was found to be less effective than had been anticipated. The several batteries were small objects to hit two miles off, by shells thrown at an angle of forty-five degrees. Had it been a large enclosed fortification, filled with troops, on which the fire was concentrated, the destruction would have been terrible; but here, an exactness was required, that it was impossible to attain. The slightest puff of wind, acting on a shell in so long a flight, would frustrate the nicest mathematical calculation. It was soon evident, that if they alone were to be relied on, the enemy would be able to maintain his position for an indefinite length of time. The gun boats might have succeeded in demolishing the works, but Foote thought it too hazardous to engage the batteries down stream on the rapid current of the Mississippi; for the slightest accident to their machinery would leave them to drift directly under the enemy's guns, where they would be quickly sunk.

The bombardment however, went on day after day, while other means of reducing the place were carefully canvassed. Thus for weeks it was almost a continuous thunder peal along the shores of the Mississippi. When the gunners fired off

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those monstrous mortars they had to take shelter behind the timber work that enclosed them, so heavy was the concussion.

POPE'S VICTORY AT NEW MADRID.

In the mean time General Pope, in command of a division in Missouri had moved down from Commerce, by order of General Halleck, to Point Pleasant near New Madrid, a few miles below the island, where he found a large force of the enemy intrenched. Not having any heavy guns, he sent to St. Louis for them. These he transported over roads almost impassable, and working with an energy and resolution that mocked at difficulties, at length got them mounted, when he opened on the enemy. Finding the fire becoming too hot, they decamped in the night in such haste, that they left all the baggage of the officers and knapsacks of the men behind, and their dead unburied, and took refuge on the Kentucky shore. Our loss was about fifty killed and wounded. Pope then planted his batteries on the shore, shutting the rebel fleet up between him and the island, and cutting off communication from below by water. Beyond this, however, he was powerless to do any thing to aid Foote. Without a single transport or gun boat, and no way of obtaining them, he was confined to the task of simply holding his position. It was a terrible trial to an energetic, active commander like him, to sit idly there on the banks of the river, listening day after day and week after week, to the heavy cannonading above him, and think how easily with a few boats he could cross over to the Kentucky shore and end this long struggle.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

MARCH, 1862.

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN BY BURNSIDE—THE MARCH—THE ATTACK—THE VICTORY—ACTION OF THE FLEET—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE—BURNSIDE'S DISPATCH—THE PRESIDENT ASSUMES ACTIVE COMMAND OF THE ARMY AND ORDERS A GENERAL ADVANCE—AN IMPORTANT EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR—FREMONT IN COMMAND OF THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT—MANASSAS EVACUATED—CHAGRIN OF THE PEOPLE—JACKSON BEYOND THE BLUE RIDGE—PURSUED BY BANKS—TRAP SET FOR HIM BY SHIELDS—BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—POUND GAP IN EAST TENNESSEE TAKEN BY GARFIELD—THE NASHVILLE ESCAPES FROM BEAUFORT—THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE CONCERNING EMANCIPATION IN THE STATES.

WHILE the daily reports from Island Number Ten were the same dull record of a bombardment without results, news from Burnside's expedition electrified the nation. Rumors were current that this gallant officer was moving on Norfolk, and great fears were entertained by many that the rebel army in front of McClellan, would suddenly fall below Richmond, and crush him before he could receive reinforcements, or reach the protection of his gun boats. But the uncertainty that had prevailed respecting his movements, was suddenly dispelled by the news that he had captured the city of Newbern.

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.

A combined attack on the place, by land and water, having been resolved upon, the expedition, with the gun boats in advance, followed by the vast concourse of transports, set sail from Roanoke island, on the twelfth, and slowly moved in the direction of Newbern. Reaching the mouth of the Neuse on which the city is situated, the fleet ascended the

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river some twenty miles, and came to anchor, to wait for daylight. The night was clear and balmy as summer, and as the bright moon sailed up among the stars, flooding the stream with light, and throwing the woods on the adjacent banks into deeper shadow, it looked down on a scene of tranquil beauty that gave no indications of the carnage and death soon to follow. The troops, inspired by it, sent their songs over the quiet waters, while far inland the bright fires of the enemy checkered the landscape. But as night wore on, every sound died away, and the soldiers lay down to their rest. Before morning it began to rain, and the thirteenth dawned gloomily on the expedition. But the clouds soon broke away, and the warm, bright sun came out, and was hailed as a cheering omen. About eight o'clock, the small boats were lowered and filled with troops, and it was soon evident that the land forces were going no farther by water towards Newbern. The spot selected for the landing was near the mouth of Slocum's creek, about twelve miles from the city by water, but four or five miles farther by land. The regiments formed on the beach, and after marching a little over two miles through the sand, came to an encampment. At sight of it the men dashed forward with a cheer, but they found it deserted. The rebels had fled in such haste, that they left blankets and camp equipage behind, while the warm breakfast lay untouched, and the fires that cooked it were still burning. A brief halt only was made here, and the column again took up its line of march, while over the forest, like heavy thunder, came the steady explosions of cannon from the gun boats, as they moved up the stream, shelling the woods in advance of the army. The promise of a bright day which the morning wore, now suddenly vanished, and heavy, leaden clouds closed rapidly over the sun, flinging a deep shadow on the earth. Soon the rain began to descend in torrents. All day long it poured, drenching the soldiers

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to their skins—yet they marched steadily on through it and the deep mud. About noon, skirmishers, who had been sent out, returned with the report that a short distance ahead there was a formidable earthwork, erected directly across their route. A halt was ordered, and a reconnoitering party sent forward, which soon returned and reported the works abandoned. The march was then resumed, and the troops passing through them, came to the rail road leading to the city. Where the highway crossed the track there were some meadows, in which the troops stacked their arms and snatched a hasty meal from their haversacks, and drank from the water by the roadside. Here the army divided into two columns, one keeping along the rail road track, and the other the stage road.

After marching for two hours, the rail road and highway again crossed each other, and the two columns once more came together. Here, in some meadows, a halt was ordered, and the troops breaking line, laid aside their knapsacks, and throwing themselves on the ground, or sitting down on logs and fallen trees, rested their weary limbs. But soon the drum called them to their ranks again, and though foot-sore and wet, they marched cheerfully forward. Night came on, yet they still moved carefully along in the darkness till eight o'clock, when they encamped. Some few found shelter in the scattered farm houses and barns, but the main army rested on the soaked fields. The long night passed quietly, and at daylight the troops stood to their arms again. About seven o'clock, sharp firing ahead told that the skirmishers had encountered the enemy. In a few minutes the regiments were in their places, and moved forward. Burnside rode on with his staff to examine the ground, and as he came to a wide field, a battery on the farther side opened, and a shell struck without exploding, within ten feet of him. The rail road, highway, and river Neuse, at this point run nearly parallel

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to each other, and not far apart. The river bank was lined for a long distance towards Newbern with batteries, which commanded both the river itself, and the road inland leading to the city. From the first of these, a line of rifle pits, half a mile in length, extended across the roads, ending in a swamp. Burnside immediately ordered Foster to advance along the road against the enemy's left, Parke to follow him up till opposite the enemy's center, while Reno was to keep along the rail road and attack his right. The artillery was then advanced, and the battle opened. At the first gun, the rebel infantry stretched out in line, from the battery on the banks of the river to the rail road. At this point commenced a series of redoubts and rifle pits, extending nearly three miles. But of these the flanking brigade was entirely ignorant, as it floundered through the swamp to get in rear of the first works. The regiments in every part of the field moved steadily into their places amid a storm of shot, and soon the wounded were borne rapidly back through the lines. The enemy were concealed behind their works, so that nothing but their heads were visible, while our troops stood exposed to their long line of fire. It was hopeless to sustain any length of time, such an unequal contest, and the order to charge was given. A shout went up from the whole line at the order, and the intrepid regiments moved straight on the enemy's works. Four companies of the Massachusetts twenty-first were first inside, but were almost immediately driven out again by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Reinforced by the New York fifty-first and New Jersey and Rhode Island troops, it again returned to the assault, when the whole mounted the ramparts together, with a shout that rose over the roar of the guns. Hand to hand, and breast to breast, they fought their desperate way, till the enemy broke and fled in dismay. When the brigade on the right heard the charging cheer of those on the left, they dashed from the

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woods that covered them, and moving at double-quick over the intervening field, charged up to the very muzzles of the guns. But our success on the left had spread a panic on every side, and the rebels broke and fled without attempting to carry off the artillery. The victory was won—we were within the enemy's works, and shout after shout went up as the regimental colors were planted on the ramparts. Soon, Burnside and his staff galloped up, and as he passed within, the cheers were redoubled, and caught up and sent back, till from far and near, the field shook with wild hurrahs. Less than seven thousand men had done all the fighting, and carried these strong works in the face of eight regiments of infantry, five hundred cavalry, and eighteen cannon in position, and with a total loss of killed and wounded of only five hundred.

Leaving knapsacks, blankets, and arms strewed along the road and rail road track, the enemy fled towards Newbern, burning the bridges behind them. Reaching the city, they crowded into the cars, and streamed inland. Our troops were soon formed in two columns as before, and taking the stage road and rail road track, pressed on with drums beating and colors flying, after the fugitives. They had not proceeded far, when clouds of black smoke ahead told them that the bridge across the river, and the town itself, was on fire. They reached the smoking bridge about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. Through the ascending columns of smoke, the spires of the churches could be seen, and it was thought that the entire city was on fire. But the rebels were in too great haste to consummate their diabolical work, and the citizens rallying, extinguished the flames. Soon after, our gun boats were seen moving up to the wharves. They had passed slowly up the river, shelling the woods in advance of our army till nightfall, when they came to anchor. Next morning, a heavy fog lay on the water, conceal-

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ing every object at a distance, even the shores; but it soon lifted, and they again moved forward. First, one fort, and then another, was silenced, when they at length came to a more formidable obstruction. More than twenty vessels had been sunk in one channel, their masts sticking out above the surface in every direction. In the other, heavy spars had been sunk with the long points down stream, to pierce any vessel that might attempt to force a passage. To these, under the water were attached torpedoes, so arranged that when a vessel pressed against the point of a spar, it would spring a lock, which by striking a percussion cap, would ignite the powder, causing an explosion.

The raid of the Merrimac had re-called Goldsborough to the Chesapeake, and Rowan was in command of the squadron. He, after carefully examining the obstacles before him, determined, though heavy guns commanded the passage, to force his boats over the sunken vessels. In this he succeeded; and though other forts commanded the river beyond they made but feeble resistance, and he moved up to the smoking city.

Between sixty and seventy cannon were captured in the various works, besides a large quantity of small arms. The city was nearly deserted, and but little of that Union feeling, said to exist south, was found. The slaves alone seemed rejoiced at our coming, for here, as every where else where our forces penetrated, these simple-minded creatures looked upon our victorious banners as signs of their approaching millennium.

The great victories at the west could not eclipse the brilliancy of this exploit, and every where Burnside was spoken of with enthusiasm. Not only had our troops won a great victory, but they had done it without the aid of our gun boats—by superior valor alone. The enemies of McClellan were especially loud in their praises, contrasting his brilliant achievements with the dilatory action of the Commander-in-

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Chief. West, too, our leaders were winning imperishable laurels, while the head of the army, with two hundred thousand men, could do nothing more than hold Washington against the rebels. Such language was held by certain members of Congress, and a portion of the press which sympathized with them. But soon after, Burnside's official dispatch arrived, in which was a single paragraph, inserted to all appearance casually, which struck dumb these cavilers, and let the country see that all these movements, extending from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast, were not isolated ones, but parts of a great plan. Said he, "I beg to say to the General commanding the army that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign; the only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements."

Burnside having quietly taken possession of Newbern, the soldiers established a newspaper there, evidently intending a long sojourn among the disgusted inhabitants. Washington and Morehead were soon after occupied, and preparations were set on foot to lay siege to Macon near Beaufort, a United States fort that commanded the entrance of the harbor of the city.

Dupont, in the mean time, was pushing his explorations, and conquests along the coast of Florida,—Jackson and St. Augustine were occupied in which a considerable Union feeling was discovered, and before the month closed the chief part of this refractory little state was under the national flag.

THE PRESIDENT ORDERS A GENERAL ADVANCE.

While events were thus marching forward with fearfully rapid strides west and east, the mighty army of the Potomac

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was put in motion, and all believed that the finishing blow to the rebellion was to be struck. It was divided into five grand *corps d'armee* and began to feel its way towards Manassas. A mountain department in the mean time was created, embracing Western Virginia over which Fremont was placed. The President had issued an order for a general movement all along the lines on the twenty-second day of February, though it was not made public until this month, and, according to general rumor, had assumed the active duties of Commander-in-Chief. It was asserted and believed, that in a council of war called to determine on the propriety of an immediate movement, McClellan and all but four Generals declared it to be unwise. But the President, it was said overruled this decision, and ordered it to commence at once. The press and the people were jubilant at this act of the President, while, if it were true, they should have been filled with sadness. The President, who may be taken from any of the professions of life, is not supposed to know any thing of military science, and hence was never designed by the Constitution to take the personal responsibility of the movements of the army. His power as Commander-in-Chief, was given him to restrain military encroachments—check lawless action,—displace incompetent leaders, and see that every thing worked in harmony with our free institutions and the laws of the land. If, therefore, Mr. Lincoln, from the sudden confidence inspired by our successes, took the responsibility of breaking up carefully matured plans of the very officers he had put at the head of military affairs, he took a fearful risk. Incompetent leaders should never be left at the head of an army—if competent, they should not be meddled with as long as they are in the strict line of their duty. At this point, the people should erect a great landmark; for if future developments show that the military decision was overruled by the President, they will be

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able to fix this as the turning point of our fortunes, and ascertain where the guilt rests of the stupendous blunders that followed, about which the country was so much divided.

MANASSAS EVACUATED.

McClellan, under this order, took command of the army of the Potomac, and issued a stirring address to his troops, in which he praised their discipline, offered to share their dangers, and promised them victory.

But while the public were waiting in eager expectation to hear of the onset of this vast army against the strong defenses of Manassas, news came that on the eleventh they were evacuated. The enemy had fled, burning every thing they could not take with them, except the huts in which they had wintered. Great chagrin and disappointment were felt at this barren triumph, and the land was filled with murmurs that the rebels had been allowed to escape. The most absurd stories were circulated, and nothing seemed able to appease the public, that had waited so long and patiently for this grand army to fully prepare itself for the desperate struggle before it. A deserted camp was a sorry trophy to present to the American people, after so many months of eager expectation. There was one thing, however, that somewhat alleviated the disappointment—the army had finally got in motion, and now, sweeping every thing before it, would not stop till it drew up around the rebel capital. From Leesburg to Alexandria, the mighty columns moved majestically on.

Though the main army of the enemy was retiring behind the Rappahannock,—beyond the Blue Ridge, Jackson was still in force; and it was hoped that while Banks pressed him in front, his retreat towards Richmond might be cut off by our army at Manassas.

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The latter followed up the retiring enemy till he came to Strasburgh. Here, on the eighteenth and nineteenth, a reconnoitering force reported that Jackson occupied a strong position at New Market, within supporting distance of the main army under Johnson. Shields, in command of the advance division, in order to decoy him from this position, fell rapidly back to Winchester, on the twentieth, making the whole distance, nearly thirty miles, in one day, and secreted his main force about two miles from town, on the Martinsburgh road. The next day, Ashby's cavalry showed themselves in front, but no infantry force appearing, Banks concluded the bait had not taken, and so on the following day, the twenty-third, sent off his division to Centreville. This movement convinced the enemy that the place was evacuated, and only a few regiments being left in garrison, the inhabitants supposed so too, and signaled to that effect to the distant enemy. Shields saw the signals, and divining their meaning, stood prepared for any emergency. About five o'clock Ashby's cavalry attacked his pickets, and drove them in. He immediately ordered forward a brigade to arrest their advance, allowing, however, only two regiments to be seen, and a small body of cavalry. This confirmed the delusion of the enemy, who supposed this small force was all that was left to defend the place. As soon as it became dark, Shields ordered a brigade under Kimball to take up a strong position, and pushed forward four batteries to its support, and placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks to protect them, and prevent surprise, while Tyler's brigade was held in reserve. While engaged in these movements, a little skirmish occurred, in which Shields was struck by the fragment of a shell, that broke his arm, and prevented him from taking the field in person.

About eight o'clock next morning, two officers were sent forward to reconnoiter, who reported no enemy in sight, ex-

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cept Ashby's cavalry. Convinced from this circumstance that the rebels did not meditate an attack, Banks left, to overtake his division. But about half past ten, it became evident that Jackson was approaching the place in force, though he kept his troops so adroitly concealed by the woods that Shields could obtain no estimate of their numbers. But by degrees, they began to show themselves, and battery after battery came out and took position on commanding points, and opened fire. Our artillery responded, and until half-past three, a fierce cannonade was maintained on both sides.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

The two lines of batteries were posted on two ridges, about a half a mile apart, between which was a ravine, running east and west, free from woods. We stood fronting the north, and the rebels the south. On our left, to the west, ran the turnpike, and beyond it spread an open country. To the east, the two ridges were connected by a belt of forest, through which run a mud road, and on its outer skirt still another, leading to Cedar Creek.

While the heavy firing was going on, our infantry gradually moved up to the support of the guns, till it stood within a thousand yards of them. The enemy immediately advanced a heavy battery, which sent shells with great rapidity and accuracy both into our batteries, and infantry and cavalry in the rear. Kimball, in command, as Shields was disabled, saw at once that this battery must be taken, and determined on a flank movement to the east, by the mud road in the forest and the one just beyond it leading to Cedar Creek. Captain Schriber of Shields' staff immediately sent to him, asking his approval of it. It was granted, and six regiments moved rapidly into the woods on our right—Colonel Tyler's column reaching to the road just be-

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yond the woods—and swept out of sight down the enemy's left flank. In the mean time, Colonel Down kept the artillery in front in full play, to distract the attention of Jackson from this important movement.

The columns kept silently on through the woods for about half a mile, when they wheeled, and came suddenly on the enemy's flank, posted behind a stone wall, only two hundred yards distant. The rebels immediately opened on them with a terrible fire from their rifled pieces. The ranks began to melt like frost-work before it, but "Forward! FORWARD!" ran along the unfaltering line, and the brave fellows, with leaning forms, and without firing a shot, dashed forward with tremendous cheers, till they came within five paces of the stone wall, when they poured one fearful volley into the closely packed ranks behind it. The enemy, appalled at the close, destructive fire, and the faces of wrath and determination that confronted them so closely, turned back over the field. As they did so, they unmasked two iron six-pounders which, as soon as they were cleared in front, opened with canister, and hurled death and destruction into our ranks. They did not stop, however, for a single instant the living mass of valor, and it rolled over them like a resistless wave. Here the victorious regiments came to a halt, when two more brass pieces were unmasked, which sent such a shower of balls into their midst that they were compelled to fall back. But just then the fifth Ohio and eighty-fourth Pennsylvania came up, and threw themselves forward with fixed bayonets. It was a splendid charge, but the loss of life here in a few minutes was fearful. The color bearer of the Ohio regiment fell, when a second seized the flag and waved it aloft. The next moment he fell also, when a third picked it up, but had hardly lifted it from the ground when he fell forward with his face to the foe. A fourth shared the same fate, when Captain Whitcomb seized the colors, and waving

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them in front of his men, cheered them on, but fell while the brave words were still on his lips. The carnage was awful. Colonel Muray of the eighty-fourth Pennsylvania was shot at the head of his regiment, and many other brave officers fell, either killed or wounded. In the midst of the fire, Captain Schriber hurried back and brought up the one hundred and tenth and the fourteenth Indiana regiments, and hurled them obliquely on the enemy, when they fell back, leaving one gun and several caissons in our hands.

In the mean time, as soon as the rebel flank was turned, a general advance was ordered along the whole line, and the hotly contested field was won. Two guns, four caissons, a thousand stand of arms, and three hundred prisoners, were the trophies of the victory.

Our loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred and fifty, while that of the enemy, Shields reported to be, over a thousand.

A courier had been dispatched after Banks, and he arrived on the field next morning. A vigorous pursuit was immediately ordered, but he failed to overtake Jackson's main force, though he harassed his rear as far as Woodstock, where the troops were halted from mere exhaustion. For twenty-two miles beyond the battle field, he found the houses filled with the dead and dying, while along the road were strewed evidences of the the terror and sufferings of the enemy.

Among the minor incidents of this month was the taking of Pound Gap, in eastern Tennessee, by General Garfield, in one of his brilliant dashes, and the escape of the Nashville from Beaufort, in the face of our blockading squadron, much to the chagrin of the nation.

Perhaps, however, nothing occurred this month that caused more comment at home and abroad, than the transmission, in the early part of it, of a message to Congress by

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the President, recommending a joint resolution "that the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid" as a compensation for its loss. The difficulty was, to see the precise object the President proposed to gain by a mere resolution at this time.

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CHAPTER XXV.

APRIL, 1862.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN—CHANNEL CUT AROUND IT BY COLONEL BISSELL—DIFFICULTIES OF THE UNDERTAKING—TRANSPORTS GOT THROUGH—BUFORD'S ATTACK ON UNION CITY—COLONEL ROBERTS SPIKES THE UPPER BATTERY OF THE ISLAND—A DARING EXPLOIT—THE CARONDELET RUNS THE BATTERIES IN A TERRIFIC THUNDER STORM—THE PITTSBURGH FOLLOWS—POPE MOVES HIS ARMY ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI AND CAPTURES THE ENEMY—ISLAND NUMBER TEN SURRENDERED WITH ALL ITS ARMAMENT.

THE first of April brought dim intimations of some new, strange movement on the part of the army of the Potomac; but the excited public curiosity was withdrawn for a moment from it, by stirring news that came from the west. The tedious bombardment of Island Number Ten had been kept up for so long a time, that the public began to be weary of hearing the place mentioned, for we seemed no nearer its possession than when the fleet of Foote first appeared before it. If transports could only be got to Pope, below, the work would be accomplished, and the following plan to do this was adopted. A slough of standing water struck inland through the swamp from the Mississippi, where the fleet lay, and at length joined a stream which emptied into the river below the island, and near New Madrid. If Foote could only get some light draft transports through this, he could run the batteries with some of his gun boats for their protection. Pope, with his accustomed resolution, determined to accomplish this with his corps of engineers under Colonel Bissell. When he first took position at New Madrid, he had sent this accomplished officer to see if he could not establish batteries on the shore opposite the enemy's works,

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REAR AD. S. F. DUPONT.
REAR AD. L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH.
COM. DAVID D. PORTER.
REAR AD. A. H. FOOTE.
LIEUT. JOHN L. WORDEN.
COM. CHAS. H. DAVIS.
REAR AD. D. G. FARRAGUT.
UNION NAVAL OFFICERS.

and shell them out; but the Colonel, after spending three days in the swamps in canoes, with negroes as guides, reported it impracticable. He declared, however, that he could by hard labor, cut a channel for transports through this slough. Pope at once gave him full permission to take whatever force he wanted, and order every thing he needed and go to work. The latter immediately sent to Cairo for four steamboats, six flats, and such guns as could be spared, and put his regiment into the swamps, to commence the herculean task. The route to be laid open was twelve miles long, two of it through timber, and the remaining ten through narrow, crooked bayous, matted with brush and small trees that had grown up from the bottom. The standing timber, to a common observer, presented an insuperable obstacle. Large trees that had been growing there from time immemorial, sent their huge trunks out of the water, some of them nearly six feet in circumference. These had to be sawed off four feet below the surface of the water, for the space of fifty feet in width. In one short stretch, seventy-five of these trees had to be thus cut. The machines for doing this were rigged on rafts and flats, and worked by twenty men. Ahead of them went large gangs of men to clear away the drift wood and fallen timber that loaded the surface, and behind came two barges and a steamboat, the last of which, with long strong lines, hauled out the logs that the men could not handle. Last of all came the fleet, the flat boats being converted into floating batteries, for no one knew how soon the enemy might ascertain what was going on, and fill the swamp with sharp shooters.

At the very outset, the difficulties that presented themselves were sufficiently formidable, for it was five hundred feet from the shore to the levee, the whole way filled with stumps. Then the levee itself had to be cut. But the ground inland, being lower than this, when an opening was

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made the water poured through it like a torrent, tearing a channel across a corn field for a quarter of a mile, to the woods. The boats had to be dropped through this cut with lines, it taking five men to manage the largest. The two miles through the timber, occupied eight days. It sometimes took twenty men a whole day, to get out a half sunken log. If the saws worked well, they would cut off a tree two feet through in a quarter of an hour; but if they ran crooked or pinched, it would require two or three hours of hard work, even after all the brush had been fished up around its roots. Three bayous had to be traversed after the woods were cleared, in the middle one the water running like a mill-race, making it necessary to check the boats down with lines. At last they came in sight of the Mississippi, near New Madrid, and the song, "*Jordan is a hard road to travel*," which the men had chanted through these days of toil, was changed to "t'other side of Jordan." It was an astonishing feat of engineering skill and energy, and reflected as much credit on the commander, as though he had won a battle.

While this gigantic task was being accomplished, the monotonous life of the flotilla above the island was broken by two brilliant exploits. The rebels who occupied Union city, nearly opposite the head of Island Number Ten becoming very troublesome to the Unionists at Hickman, Colonel Buford, at the head of a thousand men, made a night march upon the place, and surprising them, drove them in affright from it and took all their camp equipage. The other, was a night attack by boats, upon the upper battery of the enemy on the island. Two weeks had elapsed since the fleet set sail, and no perceptible progress had been made towards destroying the rebel works. The troops were wearied to death with their long idleness, and many of the officers were ready for any undertaking, however desperate, that would give

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them action. In this state of things, an expedition was got up under Colonel Roberts, consisting of fifty men in five launches, who were to steal on this battery in the darkness, and spike it.

The night of the second of April was selected for carrying it out. It was dark and threatening, and the wind blew in fierce and fitful gusts, while up from the western horizon, below which the moon had just sunk, heavy thunder clouds were pushing their corrugated edges, and incessant flashes of lightning and the low mutterings of distant thunder gave ominous warnings of an approaching storm. Nothing daunted, the little party pushed off from shore, and keeping under the shadow of the bank, dropped noiselessly down stream, and disappeared in the darkness. The most perfect silence was enjoined, and even the commands were passed along in whispers. They paused a moment as they neared the battery, to ascertain its exact locality, and on discovering the recess in which it was placed, a low "*give way*," passed from boat to boat, and with Roberts leading, they shot like arrows to the shore. Quickly leaping out, the party formed in line, and with fixed bayonets started for the battery, about two hundred yards distant. The low bank was overflowed with water two feet deep, through which they had to flounder in the darkness. Not a word was spoken, and the only sound that broke the stillness, was the plashing of their feet in the water. The roar of the coming storm was now terrific, but they pushed rapidly on till they came to the ditch in front of the works, when a sudden flash in front, followed by the crack of a musket, told them they were discovered. Still they neither halted nor spoke, but kept right on, skirting the ditch to find the entrance, when a second shot whistled past them. The affrighted rebel who fired it, immediately turned and fled, while two of our men dashed after him in the darkness. The next moment, a third flash lit the gloom,

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but the bullet flew wide of its mark. Says an eye witness, "Just as our men had gained the entrance of the fortification, there came a terrific, blinding flash of lightning, illuminating as with the blaze of noon-day the works before them. In a twinkling all was dark as Erebus. The vivid sheet of lightning blinded them, and the crack and roar of the thunder that followed, stunned their hearing. It was a moment when the bravest might have faltered. The flash that pointed the way to the guns in battery also disclosed to the enemy a foe in their midst. Whatever was done, must be done quickly, or the whole enterprise was a failure. While the echoes of the thunder were rumbling away in the distant hills, the deed was done—ten minutes sufficed to execute what the cannonading of a fortnight had failed to accomplish. With rocket and files in hand, the Colonel passed around the works spiking five guns, one of which was knocked down and in process of re-erection. The last was the crowning piece of the affair, a magnificent ten-inch columbiad in the center of the work, on a pivot. A rat-tail file was driven in tight, and broken off close to the top of the vent." A more dashing, gallant exploit was never performed.

But now movements of grander proportions were about to be set on foot. The arrival of transports at New Madrid rendered it necessary to get one or two gun boats down to protect them in moving troops to the opposite shore. So two days after this daring feat of Colonel Roberts, the Carondelet was put in the best possible trim to run the gauntlet of the batteries. Hawsers and chains were coiled around the pilot house and the vulnerable parts—the guns run in and ports closed—cord wood piled up round the boilers, and the hose connected with them to repel boarders. Twenty sharp shooters were added to the crew who were all armed to the teeth. A boat loaded with pressed hay was lashed to the side exposed to the batteries, while to balance this,

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and at the same time furnish the steamer with fuel, should she get through safely, a barge freighted with coal was fastened to the other side. Every thing being ready, she was cast loose about ten o'clock at night and started on her perilous voyage. As if on purpose to give success to the undertaking by affording more perfect concealment, a terrific thunder storm burst over the river and shores at this moment, making the night one of Cimmerian gloom. The rain came down, not in a pouring shower, but in solid masses of water. Not at intervals, but every instant, the invisible clouds gaped and shot forth flames that swept in one vast, broad sheet over heaven and earth, while the rapidly succeeding claps, following and blending with each other, sounded along the lordly Mississippi like the explosion of a thousand cannon.

After rounding heavily to with her cumbersome barges, the Carondelet put her bow down stream, and steering straight for the batteries, disappeared in the gloom. It was a hazardous task those bold men had undertaken, and those left behind, held their breath to hear the first explosion of cannon that should announce that the enemy had discovered their approach. In the mean time, the boat, wrapped in the thunder storm, moved on and was rapidly approaching the batteries, and those on board began to discuss the probability of their passing unobserved, when the soot in the chimneys caught fire, and a blaze five feet high leaped out from their tops, lighting brightly the upper deck of the vessel and every thing around. The word was instantly passed to the engineers to open the flue caps, when the flames subsided, but not till the rebels had the fairest opportunity to discover our approach. This was a fearful mishap, for no signal, even if arranged beforehand could more completely disclose our purpose. Those on board expected to hear the drum beat loudly to quarters, and see the signals flash from battery to battery along the hights, but strange to say, the blaze was

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not seen either on account of the blinding storm, or its sudden appearance and disappearance in the darkness so bewildered the guard, that he did not know whether it was near or distant. They were congratulating themselves on their almost miraculous escape, and had got just abreast of the upper fort, when, as if on purpose to secure their destruction, the treacherous chimneys caught fire again, and blazed like a flaming torch, right in the face of the foe. This time they could not escape detection.

Suddenly the report of the muskets of the guard broke the stillness, signal rockets from the island and main land shot into the heavens—the rapid roll of drums was heard, and then came the loud explosion of a cannon, shaking the shore. Concealment was at an end, and but one hope was left for the Carondelet, and putting on a full head of steam, she swept silently on. A man stood forward, heaving the lead and line, and as he coolly called out the soundings, a second man on deck sent them on to the captain, who stood near the pilot. A moment's silence followed the first fierce preparations, and then came a crash, louder than the thunder that shook the heavens. From shore and bluff, cannon and musketry opened on the devoted boat. The island was ablaze with the flashes, before which the lightning paled. The rain fell in a tropical thunder shower, amid which the artillery of heaven and earth played in wild response; yet not a sound broke the stillness that enveloped that daring boat, as the darkness opened and shut upon it from the flaming heavens and the flaming earth, save the steady call of the man at the lead and line, or the short, quick order of the captain to the pilot, as he stood amid the raining balls. There was great danger in the pitchy darkness of getting out of the channel and running aground within range of the enemy's guns, when their destruction would have been certain. Hence, the entire attention of the officers had to be

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given to navigating the vessel, forgetting for the time, that they were the target of a hundred cannon. Once, in a longer interval of the flashes of lightning, the current had swung the boat so that she was heading straight for shoal water. The next flash, however, revealed the danger, and "*hard aport*" fell from the captain's lips as calmly as though they were running into a harbor instead of rushing on destruction, and the boat swung back to the channel. All this time the heavy shot were shrieking through the gloom and plunging into the water on every side, but not one hit the Carondelet. The captain had taken his vessel close under the enemy's guns, on purpose to deceive him, and render it difficult to depress them so as to cover his vessel.

At length she passed out of range, when the ports were thrown open, and the guns run out, to fire the signals agreed upon, both to notify those above the island of their safety, and those at New Madrid, that friends and not enemies were coming. The dull echoes, as they rolled over the distant fleet, caused cheer after cheer to go up from the crowded decks, while the shore at New Madrid fairly rocked under the wild hurras of the army, as they saw the gun boat come up, unharmed, to the wharf. Rushing down, the soldiers seized the sailors in their arms, and bearing them upon their shoulders, carried them up the bank to the nearest hotel.

Sunday night, the Pittsburgh, following the example of the Carondelet, run the same gauntlet of fire unscathed.

This settled the fate of Island Number Ten. The gun boats easily silenced the batteries that had been placed on the Kentucky shore, where Pope wished to cross, and the army was safely carried over. The rebel army, finding their way blocked from below, scattered into the woods and along the by-ways, though they were eventually taken, to the number of five thousand. McCall, the rebel commander on the island, then surrendered the garrison of a few hundred men.

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This strong hold had finally fallen, and with it we had captured a hundred heavy guns, several field batteries, immense quantities of small arms, tents, wagons, horses, and provisions. The news was received at the north with the firing of cannon, hoisting of flags, and general joy. The Mississippi was now open to forts Wright and Pillow, some sixty miles above Memphis, and Foote immediately prepared to move down with his flotilla and attack them.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

APRIL, 1862.

BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—THE SURPRISE OF SHERMAN'S AND PRENTISS' DIVISIONS—CAPTURE OF THE LATTER—THE RETREAT—GALLANTRY OF SHERMAN—ARRIVAL OF GRANT—GLOOMY PROSPECT—THE LAST ONSET—ARRIVAL OF NELSON—THE GUN BOATS TYLER AND LEXINGTON TAKE PART IN THE FIGHT—BUELL REACHES SAVANNAH—HASTENS TO PITTSBURG LANDING—SCENE AT THE WHARF—ARRIVAL OF TROOPS—NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

BUT while these events were passing at Island Number Ten, a terrible battle was raging on the banks of the Tennessee, at Pittsburg Landing. On the very Sunday night the Pittsburg ran the batteries, the two hostile armies lay face to face on the field where they had struggled desperately all day. On the next day, when our troops were moving across to the Kentucky shore to assured victory, our army there was struggling to recover the bloody field lost the day before.

Johnston, as we have seen, after retiring southward through Tennessee, moved west towards Memphis, and finally concentrated his army at Corinth, in Mississippi, near the Tennessee line, and ninety-three miles east of Memphis. Grant had moved up the Tennessee with his army and established it on the west bank of the river at Pittsburg Landing, where he was to await the arrival of Buell's corps which was crossing the country from Nashville. When the junction should be effected the entire army was to move forward on the rebel camp at Corinth. Why Grant placed his division on the west bank of the river, thus provoking an attack on his inferior force before Buell could arrive, while a safe passage could at any time be secured by the gun boats does

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not appear in any official document. The fact that he had done so was known to Johnston, as well as to the whole country. That he would attack him before Buell could arrive, if he could concentrate his forces in time, was a moral certainty. His water and rail road communications with New Orleans, Mobile, and the entire south, rendered this extremely probable; and those accustomed to study military movements feared a catastrophe. It came,—and well nigh proved a fatal one. On the fourth of April, Johnston moved his entire army forward, intending to attack Grant on Saturday; but the muddy roads so impeded his progress that he was unable to do it till Sunday morning. Grant's force at the time was disposed in the following manner. From Pittsburg Landing a road strikes straight for Corinth, twenty miles distant. About two miles from the river it divides, one fork leading to lower Corinth, and the other keeping the ridge straight on. A little farther inland, a road from Hamburg Landing, a few miles farther up the river, intersects the former. On the right, two roads branch off towards Purdy. On and between these several roads, from two to five miles out, lay the army. The three divisions of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClernand, were the farthest advanced. Between them and the river, were Hurlburt's and Smith's, the latter commanded by W. H. L. Wallace, Smith being sick. Sherman's brigade was on the right, and Colonel Stuart on the left, and Prentiss in the center.

On the *extreme* left, up the river from the landing, were precipitous hights and a ravine, that were considered a sufficient protection of themselves against any serious advance of the enemy down the left bank.

The rebel army seventy thousand strong came on in three great divisions,—not feeling its way cautiously, but in a swift, overwhelming rush. Johnston, though Commander-

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in-Chief, had especial charge of the center. Soon after daylight on Sunday, the pickets of Prentiss and Sherman were driven in, when the long roll sounded through the camps.

Wholly unprepared for such a sudden attack, the troops were scattered around, some preparing their breakfasts and others sitting idly in their tents. They had hardly time to form, when the compact masses of the foe, in far extending lines, came sweeping down in one unbroken wave on the camps. Right on the heels of the shouting pickets, dashed the dark columns; and while the artillery—suddenly appearing on the hights—began to pitch shot and shell into and beyond the encampments, the regiments stormed through them, firing volleys as they came. So complete was the surprise and so sudden the rush, that officers were bayoneted in their beds. The on-pouring thousands swept the camps of the front division like an inundation, and the dreadful spectacle of a vast army in disorderly flight, before it had time to form in line of battle, was presented. So swift was the onset on Buckland's brigade of Sherman's division, that between the long roll of the drum and the actual presence of the shouting foe in the camp, the officers not yet up had not time to dress, and the troops seizing their muskets as they could, fled like a herd of sheep towards the rest of the division. This, Sherman made desperate efforts to get in a position to receive the coming shock. Though the shot and shell which the enemy sent after the fugitives crashed and burst around him, he rode up and down his agitated lines, steadying his men by the reckless exposure of his person and his gallant words. The sight of Buckland's broken, fleeing brigade was enough to shake the firmest troops, yet the fearless bearing of their leader held them firm.

In the mean time, McClernand moved up to fill the gap caused by Buckland's flight, and a noble effort was made to stay the fearful refluent tide of battle. The woods and

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fields were filled with the rolling smoke, and it was one continuous crash and roar of musketry and artillery on every side. Our officers fell fast in the unequal struggle, and it was plain to Sherman that he was fighting against hopeless odds, and he gave the order to fall back.

In the mean time, still more disastrous results had befallen Prentiss' division. Surprised, as the advance of Sherman's had been, the camp was not swept so as by a whirlwind, and the men had time to form in line of battle. Unfortunately, however, they formed in an open field, and stood there to meet the attack. The enemy, streaming through the woods, halted at the edge, and poured in a murderous fire upon the uncovered troops, mowing them down with great slaughter. But they held their position like veterans, and did what men could do under such disheartening circumstances. Their volleys were rapid and steady, but the Commander-in-Chief was not on the field, and hence there could be but little unity of action, so that supports could be brought up at the proper time and place. Each general had as much as he could do to take care of his own division, and his whole efforts were used in simply holding his ground, hoping in the mean time that help would come. There was no time to form a regular line of battle, and no one to do it. On the other hand, the rebel army was handled like a single machine, and hurled its whole power on our broken, disjointed divisions. Hence, while Prentiss was holding his men to the slaughter, the supports on either flanks had given way, and over the ground which they had occupied, the flanking columns of the enemy swept without opposition, inclosing him in a wall of steel. He saw at once that he was lost, and this mutilated portion of his division, three thousand strong, laid down their arms. They were immediately sent to the rear, and over the ground they had held the victorious rebel columns stormed, with loud exultant shouts. driving the re-

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mainder of Prentiss' division by companies and regiments, in a confused mass, before them.

McClernand brought up brigade after brigade to support Sherman, and the struggle here became desperate. The confident enemy, apparently unexhausted by his tremendous efforts, charged incessantly along his bleeding line, which for more than two miles stood wrapt in clouds of smoke, while cannon and musketry rolled in one continuous thunder peal over the broken field. The rebels stormed up to the very muzzles of our guns and took several, while around them occurred some of the most bloody hand-to-hand fights ever witnessed in war. Sherman's brave, protracted stand, though made at a terrible sacrifice of life, saved the army from being borne in one wild panic into the Tennessee. Still the enemy was not driven back, but was only checked for a short time.

Greatly inferior at the outset in numbers—taken by surprise, and forced to seize such positions as we might find in the confusion of retreat and tumult of battle—a general of division and three thousand men captured at one fell swoop, and as many more panic stricken wretches gone in wild terror from the field, our prospects at ten o'clock on that bright Sabbath morning were gloomy enough. All over the land the church bells were calling the quiet worshipers to the house of prayer, while here was passing one of the most terrific scenes the Sabbath sun ever shone upon.

McClernand held his ground stubbornly, but Sherman being at length compelled to fall back, left a gap through which the enemy could march on his right, outflanking him, and soon the heads of their columns were seen dashing at double-quick along the road. Seeing this dangerous movement, Dresser opened on them with his battery of rifled guns, which swept the road with such a terrific fire that the rebels, with all their desperate daring, could not make head

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against it. But fresh regiments were hurried up, and our exhausted forces were fast reaching that point where resistance must cease. Charge after charge was repulsed only to be renewed with redoubled vigor. Our line officers were falling with frightful rapidity, while the artillery horses were shot down by scores, rendering it impossible to move the guns from the field, and one after another fell into the hands of the enemy. Schwartz had lost half of his guns, and sixteen horses; Dresser as many more horses and several of his rifled pieces, and McAlister half of his twenty-four pound howitzers. By eleven o'clock the division was driven back in a line with Hurlburt's, which was stretched across the Corinth road, fighting as it retreated, when it made a desperate rally and fell like a loosened cliff on the advancing foe, driving him back in confusion. But it could not hold the ground it won at such a great sacrifice, and again retreated.

Colonel Stuart commanded a brigade on Sherman's extreme left at the outset of the battle, and it became so isolated in the retreat, that but for a mere oversight of the enemy it would have been completely cut off. When he did turn his attention to it, and two brigades were sent on the double-quick down the Hamburg road, to attack it, Stuart was compelled to fall back. The enemy followed on, and dashing across a shallow creek, formed in front of him in close musket range, while the color-bearers stepped boldly out in front, and a short but bloody combat followed. But swept by the rapid volleys of the musketry, and the plunging fire of the artillery on the bluffs farther back, the brigade was compelled after a struggle of ten minutes to retreat, carrying with it its wounded leader. Reaching the next wooded ridge, they made another stand, where though hard pressed, they maintained their ground for three-quarters of an hour. McArthur's brigade, sent to their support, lost its

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way, and, left alone, had to fall back again and again, till broken and bleeding, it was taken to the rear to be reorganized. Twelve o'clock came, and the enemy had full possession of the camps of Sherman, Prentiss, and McClernand, and were still pushing on.

Grant, who was at Savannah, several miles farther down the river when the battle begun, had hurried up, but his presence failed to arrest the disorder or check the retreat.

General Wallace's division, which was at Crump's Landing, five miles distant, had been promptly ordered up in the morning, and its arrival would strengthen greatly the right of our extended line; but he lost his way, and wandering around all day, and nearly falling into the hands of the enemy, did not reach the battle field till night. Had the rebels known this, and how weak we were on this wing, and ceased their determined efforts on the left and center, and hurled their entire force in that direction, they would have driven us into the Tennessee before nightfall.

Hurlburt's division took position, as the others fell back, in a thick wood, with open fields in front, over which the enemy must pass in his victorious advance. Here he harangued his officers, and gallant and daring himself, filled his followers with the same resolution that animated him. In front of him, Sherman drew up the remnant of his battered brigade, and again stood a wall of iron on the lost field. He saw the awful crisis that had come, and knew that nothing but almost superhuman exertions for the next few hours could save the army from utter annihilation.

The rebel leader, Johnston, in thus directing his entire strength on the left, saw at once that he must break this firm formation, and he led his columns forward with a desperation that threatened to sweep away all opposition. Flushed with their unbroken success, the troops came on with buoyant confidence that was of itself a presage of victory. But as

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they emerged into the open field, the very gates of hell seemed to open before them, and a hurricane of fire swept their ranks that flesh and blood could not withstand, and though bearing up heroically for a few moments in the face of it, they soon broke and fled to the woods for protection. Here they were again reformed, and after a short delay led forward the second time in splendid order. But the moment the uncovered columns undertook to cross the field, the same blinding sleet drifted along their whole line of battle, dissolving it like thin mist in its fiery passage, and they again sought the shelter of the woods. But fresh regiments were brought up, and under their intrepid leaders led forward over their own dead and wounded that carpeted the ground.

Here Johnston fell, gallantly leading on his columns to the frightful slaughter. For the third time they recoiled from the merciless tempest that beat on every inch of that devoted field. The shot rained in a perfect shower around Sherman, yet he moved unhurt along his line of battle, the incarnation of valor. Hour after hour, did this mere fraction of our army stand between it and total destruction. But the fresh regiments that kept pouring in and swelling the already overwhelming numbers that pressed on our jaded troops, who had been for so many hours under constant fire, compelled them at length to fall back, which they did in good order—strewing the earth with dead as they retreated. The enemy pressed fiercely after, leaving the field behind them black with the slain.

Thus step by step, the whole left wing, bleeding and shattered, swings back towards the river, already lined with thousands of fugitives, whom no appeals can bring again into the fight. When that is reached, the battle will become a massacre, for there are no boats to receive the defeated army. Already the sheen of the river can be seen through the openings in the woods, and the commanders hold their

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Wm Momberger. H.B.Hall.

THE BATTLE AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

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breath as they see the gallant columns reluctantly, though surely moving back to the abyss open to receive them. Wallace, on the extreme right, has nobly held his position, and four times hurled the enemy back, until at last he too is forced to retreat, and falls mortally wounded from his horse. Every camp but his is occupied by the enemy, and towards this, our entire left wing is now slowly receding. Even the reserve lines are all carried, and the army that in the morning stretched in a semi-circle over six miles in extent, is now compressed within a circuit of a little more than half a mile. One more push, and the day is won for the rebels, and the valley of the Mississippi, up to the Ohio, is again theirs. "Oh that Buell or night would come!" exclaimed many an officer, as he surveyed the gloomy prospect.

As the sun stooped to the western horizon he looked on a battle lost to the Union cause, and a whole army balancing on the verge of destruction. Just then a body of cavalry dashed up to the river on the farther side, the advance of Buell's army. Help was at hand, and if the victorious columns of the enemy could be held in check but one hour more, the army might yet be saved. The former were also aware that Buell's columns were approaching the Tennessee, and knew that what was done must be done quickly, and summoning his energies for a final effort, bore down on our crowded, confused columns. A last charge, and the declaration that Beauregard had made in the morning, that his steed should drink from the Tennessee at night, would be fulfilled.

At this critical moment, two movements were made which saved the day. Colonel Webster, chief of the staff, and an accomplished artillerist, seeing that the storm was about to burst on our center and left, hastily collected in the short lull that preceded its advent, all the guns from the broken batteries around him, some of large caliber, and arranged them in a semi-circle around the landing—twenty-one in all.

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Gathering such artillerists as he could from the various batteries, as well as every man who knew how to handle a gun, among whom was the gallant surgeon, Dr. Corbyn, of Missouri, he prepared to meet this last onset.

He was hardly ready, ere the wood in front was lit up by the flash of the enemy's musketry, and the heavy columns came pouring forward. Suddenly, from that semi-circle of twenty-one guns, leaped forth a line of fire, and shot and shell went crashing into the living masses that darkened all the road and fields. The astonished enemy staggered back, appalled at the horrible tempest. But they were making their last crowning effort, and their leaders rallied them for a second onset. And at this juncture, a new enemy appeared on the field. The two gun boats, Tyler and Lexington, lying in the stream, had remained all day, excited, idle spectators of the fight. Moving up and down the bank, they had sought in vain for an opportunity to bring their heavy guns to bear. But now the rebels had pushed our left wing so close to the river that they could be reached. The commander of the Tyler sent a messenger ashore, to inquire if he might shell the enemy. The permission was gladly given, and the two boats opened with their twenty-four pound Parrott guns and rifled cannon. The ravine mentioned before, that here run inland from the river, gave a free passage to their shells that went screaming through the gloom, and bursting among the terrified ranks. Trees were shivered in their course, and the branches hurled through the air. The guns were worked with astonishing rapidity, and the sound of the shells as they shrieked through the twilight, and traversed the whole line of battle in their devastating course, was almost as terrifying as the wild work they made when they burst in the center of a column. No efforts of the rebel generals could urge the men forward against these new engines of destruction. There was something mysterious and awful in the very sound

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they made passing through the air, and as they fell fast and furious among them, they halted, then turned and sought safety beyond their deadly range.

In the mean time, Nelson, commanding the advance of Buell's division, had succeeded in crossing the river with a single brigade, and taking possession of a battery of artillery which he found on the shore, opened a heavy fire on the enemy.

But night had now come on, and the exhausted rebels, finding themselves unable to complete the day's work which they had marked out for themselves, withdrew and bivouaced on the field to wait for daylight. In the mean time, the divisions of Buell's army, six miles apart, were hurrying forward by forced marches, to the river. Buell himself reached Savannah, Grant's head-quarters, seven miles farther down on the river, in the early part of the day, just after the General had left for the battle field. The cannonading was distinctly heard, but the officers there told him that it was of common occurrence, and was doubtless merely an affair of outposts. But the deep, continuous roar had an ominous sound to his practised ear, and after listening intently awhile, he determined to go up and see about it himself. Nelson had arrived across the river and been ordered to march up opposite Pittsburg landing, and get ferried across, leaving his artillery to be carried forward on steamers, as the roads were almost impassable. This gallant commander immediately started off, and hurrying his men forward through the deep mud, reached as we have seen, the battle field just as night was closing over the routed army.

As soon as a boat could get up steam, Buell and the chief of his staff, Colonel Frey, started also for Pittsburg landing. As they drew near the place, the incessant, deafening explosions of cannon told too well that a great battle was raging. Soon they came within sound of the small arms, and the

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rapid, uninterrupted volleys so near the river, startled him. But the sight that met his eyes as the steamer approached the landing, was still more appalling. The shore was lined with fugitives, skulking under the bank—some five thousand of them—who had fled from the disastrous field. And still the throng kept increasing, till a wild and swaying multitude darkened all the shore, while the teams were rushing in and pushing their way amid the crowd, huddling as close to the river as they could get. It was a fearful spectacle, and told of disaster and ruin.

As soon as the steamer touched the wharf, Buell sprang ashore and met Grant, of whom he hurriedly inquired the state of affairs. He found them gloomy enough. Grant told him that Crittenden's division was opposite Savannah, and urged him to send steamers for it immediately. He then rode among the fugitives, and finding them insensible to shame or duty, denounced them as cowards, and turned away. It was now getting late in the day, and the steadily approaching fire had come so near, that the balls were dropping along the bank. It was at this moment, that the impetuous and daring Nelson, crossed with a part of his brigade, and added his volleys to those that hastened the enemy's retreat.

The battle was over, and the most fearful Sabbath the sun ever shone upon on this continent, drew to its bloody close. Along the roads, through the woods, and covering thick the open fields, the dead and wounded lay in vast winrows. Amid the ghastly groups were scattered artillery horses, broken caissons, drums and muskets, the sad wrecks of the fight.

The rebel army, though exhausted and bleeding, was still confident, and only waited for the morning to complete what they had so nearly finished. On our side, the broken, decimated columns lay down on their arms, gloomy, yet determined.

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The tumult and uproar of the day had died away, and silence and night wrapt the slumbering hosts. The stars came out upon the sky and looked mildly down on the torn, trampled, and bloody field, and the gentle wind stole softly by, giving no tokens of the terrible strife that had just closed. All was tranquil and serene, when suddenly the shores and river were lit up with a bright flash, followed by the report of cannon. The gun boats having ascertained nearly the position of the enemy, began to heave shells into the woods and fields, that burst far inland like replying cannon. All night long, at short intervals, the sullen roar broke the silence, rousing up the tired enemy, forcing him back still farther from the spot where he had sunk down exhausted. It was a terrible night for the wounded, for thousands still lay on the field where they fell.

Around the landing it was a scene of bustling activity. The rest of Nelson's division was brought across, and soon Crittenden's came up on the loaded steamers from Savannah, and were marched forward and placed in front of Sherman's shattered line, with orders to advance on the enemy at daylight. Word was also received that McCook's division had reached Savannah, and were waiting to be brought down to the battle field. This gallant commander had heard all day long, the heavy cannonading that unceasingly shook the shores of the Tennessee, and kept his men at the top of their speed, who eager as himself, strained desperately forward to be up in time to save the battle. The rest of his army, Buell thought could not arrive in season to take any part, and the victory must be won without them if won at all. But during the night a portion of the regular batteries of Captain Mendenhall, Terrell and the Ohio battery, Captain Bartlett, arrived bringing word that the rest would be on hand early in the morning. The news of the arrival of these heavy reinforcements, sent a thrill of joy

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through our dejected camps. The brave men who had borne up against such fearful odds, though defeated, now felt that they were not to be conquered, and that the morning's sun would light them to victory.

Though the day had closed serenely, at midnight the heavens became suddenly overcast, and soon a heavy thunder storm broke over the two armies, drenching the living, the dead, and dying, alike. The vivid flashes of lightning set forest and field in a blaze, while the artillery of the skies, responding to the loud explosions on the river, made strange music on that fearful field.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

APRIL, 1862.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—FORMATION OF BUELL'S DIVISION—NELSON—CRITTENDEN—MC COOK—WALLACE—SMITH — SHERMAN MC CLERNAND—HURLBURT—THE ENEMY DRIVEN BACK—OUR CAMPS RECOVERED—ASPECT OF THE BATTLE FIELD—SANITARY COMMISSION—HALLECK TAKES COMMAND—MITCHELL IN ALABAMA.

AT length the eventful morning dawned, and at five o'clock the two divisions of Nelson and Crittenden moved forward upon the enemy. They soon came upon his pickets, which they drove steadily and cautiously before them, and at seven o'clock approached his line of battle. Crittenden's division formed on the right of Nelson, with Bartlett's battery in the center. Mendenhall's splendid battery, in Nelson's division, at once unlimbered and opened a rapid fire. The heavy cannonading shook the field, and told those nearer the landing that the battle had commenced. At this moment, strains of martial music were heard, and the soldiers looking back, saw the colors of McCook's division which had arrived, moving up to their support. It took position on Crittenden's right, making the whole line of battle of Buell's forces a mile and a half in extent. Wallace with three brigades formed the extreme right, and at seven o'clock he also opened with his artillery on a battery of the enemy, planted within easy range.

For a time it was an artillery duel on a grand scale. In front of Nelson, the ground was an open field nearly level —while a thick undergrowth covered a portion of that in front of Crittenden, which was a wide hollow. The same proportion of woods and field characterized McCook's front.

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Nelson's division came first into action; and the contest at once became close and bloody. The compact line, the steady movements and confident bearing of the regiments, soon showed that a better drilled, if not a braver, army was in the field than that of the day before. Colonel Hazen of the nineteenth brigade made a gallant charge on a battery of the enemy, and took it; but finding his command exposed to a heavy cross fire of artillery, was compelled to abandon his prize. Still, nothing could resist the steady advance of Nelson. His long lines swept on like an unbroken wave over the ground lost the day before, on which lay thickly strewed the dead of both armies.

Crittenden, next to him, though every inch of ground was hotly contested, also pressed the enemy back in his front. The brigade under Smith made a desperate dash on one of the enemy's batteries and captured it, though it cost them dear. The stung and maddened foe charged again and again to recover their guns, and for half an hour that spot seemed to form the vortex of the battle.

Still farther on, McCook's magnificent division moved like veterans of a hundred battle fields into action, completing the general advance of the army. Thus, till ten o'clock, the line of battle slowly advanced, when the enemy, under cover of some heavy woods, made a sudden and desperate rally, and fell with such fury on Nelson's division that it halted, then wavered and finally fell back. At this critical moment, Terrell's regular battery arrived from the landing on a headlong gallop, and unlimbering with the speed of lightning, hurled the shells from his twenty-four-pound howitzers, into the astonished, compact ranks of the enemy. They staggered under the rapid, destructive fire; but bearing up bravely against it, again advanced straight on the murderous guns. Horse after horse went down, the gunners dropped in their places, till not a man was left at one of the pieces: when Ter-

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rell and a corporal stepped up and worked it alone till a regiment dashed forward and saved it. For two hours after, it was one incessant crash and thunder peal all along the front of that gallant division.

Nelson, in the mean time held his men to their grim work, and refused to retire further, determined to see which could stand such terrible pounding the longest. But the same fierce rally that forced him back at first, extended along the whole rebel line, and Crittenden caught the full force of the refluent wave and was forced to fall back to a new position. The shouting enemy followed up their success, when Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries, especially that of the former, sent their shells ploughing through his ranks, making huge gaps at every discharge. The rebels could not make headway against the awful fire; still they refused to yield the ground which they had made red with their own blood.

In the mean time, Buell had arrived on the field, and seeing the stubbornness with which the enemy held his ground, although it was evident his whole line was badly shaken by our artillery, gave the order to advance by brigades at the double quick. That was all the brave fellows wanted, and with a cheer that rolled like the shout of victory along the mighty line, they sprang forward. The sudden, simultaneous onward movement of that vast host, was a sublime spectacle. The rebels, though they had fought bravely, recoiled before its terrible front, so dark below, yet bright with glittering steel above, and step by step fell back, pushed as they receded by the determined divisions, till they lost all the ground they had won. At length the punishment became so severe that they fell into confusion, when our artillery and musketry mowed them down by platoons. Sweeping the ground of our defeat the day before, we captured all the guns lost on this part of the field, besides two of the enemy. Unwilling to lose all the fruit of their previous victory, the

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rebel officers made a last desperate stand in front of McCook's division. This commander had driven the enemy steadily before him, and though repeatedly exposed to flanking movements that threatened to crush him, refused to fall back. Rousseau's brigade maintained its high reputation, and the whole division fought with a valor that made defeat impossible. If a brigade recoiled a moment under the withering fire of the foe, the next it sprung like a bent bow to its place again, while all along its dark and steady front, there rolled an incessant stream of fire, and their shouts shook the field.

Wallace firmly pressed the enemy on the extreme right. As his division advanced on the field in the morning it halted on a swell of ground that overlooked the whole space in front. Just then, out of the woods that bounded their vision, emerged a strong rebel column with colors flying. Regiment after regiment came on in the double-quick, till the rebel line seemed interminable. Their long array presented a magnificent sight as it formed in line of battle parallel to his division, and unlimbered its artillery under the rapid and destructive fire of his guns. In a few minutes the cannonading on both sides extended along the whole front. Wallace then threw out his sharp shooters to pick off the artillerists, while batteries with heavy supports of infantry were moved forward into the open fields, and for an hour and a half the flash and roar of guns were incessant.

At length, Sherman, for whom Wallace had been waiting, came up with the remnant of his heroic, battered division, and moved straight on the rebel line. Midway in the open field, it met such a horrible fire, that it halted. Even these heroes paused as they saw the red mouth of the volcano before them, and fell back, though in good order. But the wounded Sherman dashed along their lines, rousing the enthusiasm of the men to the highest pitch. His horse sunk under him, when he leaped to the saddle of another and

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again gave the order, "Forward." With sloping bayonets, and leaning forms, Marsh at their head—they leaped forward on the double-quick and gained the woods, completely flanking one of the enemy's batteries. This was the turning point of the battle, and the rebel guns began to limber up in hot haste. In an instant Wallace's division was upon them, completing the victory. "Forward," then ran along the whole line, and forward it was through the rough corn fields till they drove the enemy into the woods. Here the latter made a short, determined stand, and again forced Sherman's division back. But this indomitable chieftain, though bleeding from two wounds, while three horses had been shot from under him, again rallied his broken regiments, and regaining his lost ground, hurled them like a descending avalanche on the foe. Among the many heroes of that hard fought battle, he outshone them all, and from first to last moved with his shattered division like a citadel of fire over the tumultuous field.

Here too, on the right, later in the day, Hurlburt and McClernand came up with their jaded, broken battalions—the heroes of fort Donelson—and again and again charged with fury on the enemy, adding new laurels to those which already wreathed their brows.

Thus the action, which had begun on the left, with Nelson, and rolled steadily along the other divisions to the right, as if the enemy were feeling our whole line of battle to find a vulnerable point, was here, on the right, at last decided; and the whole rebel army, maddened and mortified, fell slowly back over the ground it had won at such a terrible sacrifice, until it was driven beyond our last camp. A body of three thousand cavalry, which had quietly stood spectators of this sanguinary struggle, were now ordered to charge. The bugles rang out, and down came the thundering squadrons, making the earth shake under their tread. But they

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found no unguarded spot where a charge could be made, for the enemy, though acknowledging the day lost, showed no signs of demoralization, but kept his firm formation as he retired, planting his batteries at every commanding point, and hurling destruction on the victorious columns as they attempted to turn the defeat into a rout.

Finding it impossible on ground so well fitted for defensive positions, and every foot of which was thoroughly known to the enemy, to throw them into disorder, Buell gave the order to halt, and the tired host bivouaced on the field.

In the morning, Sherman, who seemed made of iron, was sent forward with his shattered division, in pursuit. On his way he fell in with Wood, who had been dispatched on the same errand. Advancing along the road to Corinth, he came upon the enemy's cavalry, and, after a sharp skirmish, drove them from the field with the loss of several killed and wounded. He found the road strewed with abandoned blankets, haversacks, and muskets, which the wearied, disheartened enemy had flung away.

Thus ended the battle of Pittsburg landing, or as Beauregard named it, "Shiloh," from a little church that stood near the center of the field. Johnston, the rebel leader, had fallen, and Johnson, the provisional governor of Kentucky, and many other distinguished officers, while the dead of both the contending hosts lay in heaps on every side. Scattered through the woods, gathered in groups on open spots where there had been hard struggles for the possession of important batteries, stretched along the road, they lay in every conceivable shape, and disfigured by every form of wound. Here the rifle and musket had done its deadly work—leaving the slain like so many sleepers, with nought but the purple spot, or the pool of blood to show how they met their fate—there, headless bodies, disemboweled corpses, and shattered limbs, told where the heavy shot and shell had

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ploughed through the ranks. Among this mighty multitude of the dead, hundreds of artillery horses lay scattered, with their harness upon them. It was a ghastly spectacle, such as was never before seen on this continent, and was believed never would be seen.

The burial of such a host was a gigantic and mournful labor, for the enemy had left his own dead to be interred with ours. Full ten thousand, but late brothers of the same great national family, lay stark and stiff in death, while double that number were wounded. That the rebels fought bravely, the field over which they had struggled for two days abundantly testified. So had our troops, even on the first disastrous day, though at fearful disadvantage, with the exception of some four or five thousand, who disgraced the flag they bore, and scattered in affright. On the second day all were heroes—there was no flinching—no thought of defeat. A stern determination to win back the lost field carried every regiment to the charge, and though they suffered severely, they baffled the enemy's designs, and sent him back to his stronghold crippled and disheartened. Some of the divisions were fearfully cut up. McClernand lost nearly a third of his entire force, a dreadful mortality, and showing the severest fighting, such as veterans only can stand. Some of the regiments lost every field officer, while several companies could muster the morning after the battle but a single squad. The north-west was clad in mourning, for this carnage following so quick on that of fort Donelson, left scarcely a settlement without one of its number killed or wounded.

The value of the sanitary commission was now felt. Organized at the outset of the war, it had been rather a costly machine, without any results to show equal to its promise.

Though multitudes had been slain and wounded since the commencement of the war, they had fallen in small numbers, and at times and points so far from each other that the extra

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supplies and efforts of the commission were not so imperatively demanded. But here, all the ordinary means of relief were wholly inadequate, and its whole force was called into active service. Yet even this was not sufficient, and the western cities poured forth their stores for the wounded, and loaded steamboats with nurses and physicians and dispatched them to the scene of suffering. But such wholesale slaughter was new to our people, and they were unprepared for it, and many of the wounded suffered from unavoidable neglect. If, with our means, facilities, and wealth, our wounded suffered for want of proper care, it is easy to imagine that those of the enemy must have endured untold privations.

Our entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was nearly fourteen thousand. This included the three thousand prisoners. The loss of the enemy, with the exception of prisoners, of which we took but few, was probably about the same.

This battle was severely criticised, for it was well nigh lost; and if it had been, the whole west up to the Ohio would have been once more in the hands of the rebels, and at least another year added to the war. Hence, the first question in every one's mouth was: why, when such momentous events hung on this battle, was it allowed to take place before we were prepared for it? A single severe storm that would have kept Buell back for twenty-four hours, would have annihilated our army, and brought about this disastrous result, that one even now trembles to contemplate. There seemed no necessity for running such a terrible risk, and the feeling was universal that there was bad management somewhere. Again it was asked, if it seemed necessary to hold the west bank of the Tennessee with only a part of our force, while the enemy was in striking distance with the whole of his, why was our army allowed to be surprised? The friends of Grant, feeling that this implied condemnation of him, denied

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that it was a surprise. But if sweeping the camp of one entire division before the men could fall into rank, and the storming of another so suddenly, that only a portion of the troops could be rallied, while even those were captured with their commander, does not constitute a complete surprise, then it is hard indeed to define one. Whether the blame rests on Grant or on the commanders of the front divisions, is a question it may not be easy at present to decide; but that there was negligence or ignorance somewhere, is indisputable. The rebel army on the first day was handled with consummate skill; while on our side there seemed but little done by our Generals, except to hold their troops as steady as possible under fire, and delay the catastrophe that appeared inevitable, as long as possible. That we were not completely overthrown is due alone to the merciful interposition of Providence.

Of course this battle stopped for the time being, all farther movements in that locality. The remainder of Buell's division was brought up, and Halleck hastened to the field to take command in person, and reorganize the army.

In the mean time, the enemy began to fortify himself in Corinth, and prepare for the next grand struggle for the valley of the Mississippi; while Foote appeared before fort Wright to repeat the bombardment that had accomplished so little at Island Number Ten. During this interval, General Mitchell, with his brigade had been detached from Buell's army, and by a rapid, masterly march on Huntsville, Alabama, seized it without any loss, and captured two hundred prisoners. In the telegraph office, he found and deciphered a dispatch from Beauregard, asking for reinforcements and giving the effective force of his army. He also seized the rail road for fifty miles on either side, capturing some fifteen locomotives and other rolling stock.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

APRIL, 1862.

EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS—THE FORTS AND OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE MISSISSIPPI TO BE OVERCOME—THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTS—FIRE RAFTS—FARRAGUT DETERMINES TO RUN THE BATTERIES—A DESPERATE BATTLE—CAPTAIN BOGGS OF THE VARINA—A GALLANT BOY—NEW ORLEANS SURRENDERED—STATE OF FEELING THERE—FARRAGUT'S ORDER DIRECTING THANKS TO BE OFFERED TO GOD FOR SUCCESS—BUTLER OCCUPIES THE CITY—PORTER'S LETTER CONCERNING THE BOMBARDMENT, AND THE RAMS.

THE month of April closed gloriously for the national cause in the valley of the Mississippi; for it gave us New Orleans, the most important city of the southern confederacy, and thus made certain to us the final possession of the entire river.

Captain Farragut, with a fleet of gun boats, and Porter, with a mortar fleet, had long since left our northern waters for some unknown point. Much anxiety had been felt for its success; and when at length news was received that it had left Ship island, where it was known to have rendezvoused, for New Orleans, accompanied by a land force under Butler, great fears were entertained of its ability to force the formidable barriers that blocked the river below the city.

Two forts, Jackson and St. Philip, nearly opposite each other, the former very strong and casemated, the two mounting in all two hundred and twenty-five guns, commanded the approach. In addition to these, a heavy chain had been stretched across the channel, buoyed upon schooners, and directly under the fire of the batteries, so that any vessels attempting to remove it, could be sunk. There were besides, heavily mounted iron-clad gun boats, ponderous rams,

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before whose onset the strongest ship would go down, and fire rafts and piles of drift wood, ready to be launched on our advancing vessels. It was believed by the rebels, that nothing that ever floated, could safely pass all these obstructions, but should some few by a miracle succeed, bands of young men were organized in New Orleans, to board them at all hazard, and capture them.

Such were the obstacles that presented themselves to Farragut and Porter, as they, in the middle of April, slowly steamed up the mighty river.

It was laborious work getting the fleet over the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi, and up the rapid stream, to the scene of action, for the mortar boats were not steamers. Weeks were occupied in it, and the north almost began to despair of hearing any good report of the expedition, and eventually it was quite lost sight of in the absorbing news from the upper Mississippi, and the Tennessee. But though shut out from the world, its gallant commanders were quietly, but energetically preparing for the herculean task assigned them.

Six war steamers, sixteen gun boats, twenty-one mortar vessels, with five other national vessels, among them the Harriet Lane, Porter's flag-ship, making in all nearly fifty armed vessels, constituted the entire force. It was a formidable fleet, but it had formidable obstacles to overcome.

On the eighteenth the bombardment commenced, and the first day nearly two thousand shells were thrown into the forts. Some burst beyond them, others in mid air, and some not at all, while hundreds fell with a thundering crash inside the works, cracking the strongest casemates in their ponderous descent. On one side of the river, the mortar vessels lay near some trees on the bank, and the men dressed the masts in green foliage to conceal their position. Decked out as for a Christmas festival, they could not be distinguished at the

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distance of the forts from the trees, so that the enemy had only the smoke that canopied them for a mark to aim at. On the other side, tall reeds fringed the banks, and the vessels in position there were covered with rushes and flags, and daubed with Mississippi mud, which sadly confused the artillerists in the forts. The exact distance from the spot where they lay anchored, had been determined by triangulation, conducted by the coast survey party under Captain Gurdes. The surveys to accomplish this, had been performed under the fire of the enemy, and great coolness and daring were shown by the party. The sailors had wondered at the presence of a coast survey vessel, carrying a crew armed with nothing more formidable than surveying instruments, save a few pocket revolvers, but it was now seen that science must first prepare the way, before the heavy shells could perform their appropriate work.

Early in the morning of the day on which the bombardment commenced, the rebels set adrift a huge flat boat, piled with pitch pine cord wood in a blaze. As it came down the stream, the flames roared and crackled like a burning forest, while huge columns of black smoke rose in swift, spiral columns, sky-ward. As it drifted near, two of our advanced vessels hastily slipped their cables and moved down stream. At first it was feared the blazing structure might contain torpedoes or explosive machines of some kind, and rifled shot were thrown into it. But it floated harmless by, lighting up the muddy stream as it receded. In order to be prepared for another, Captain Porter ordered all the row boats of the flotilla to be prepared with grapnels, ropes, buckets and axes. At sunset, this fleet of a hundred and fifty boats was reviewed, passing in single line under the Harriet Lane, each answering to the hail of the commander, "Fire buckets, axes and ropes?" "Aye, aye, Sir."

About an hour afterward, just as night had set in, a huge

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column of black smoke was seen to rise from the river in the vicinity of the forts. Signal lights were immediately hoisted on all the vessels, and the next moment a hundred boats shot out in the darkness, ready for action. A fire raft was on its fearful way, lighting up the broad bosom of the Mississippi with its pyramid of flame, and sending the sparks in showers into the surrounding darkness. It made a fearful sight, and seemed well calculated to accomplish its mission of destruction. On it came, slow and majestically, swinging easily to the mighty current, when suddenly the Westfield opened her steam valves, and dashed fearlessly into the burning pile. Burying herself amid the crashing timbers and flying sparks, her captain turned a hose upon it, and a stream of water as from a fire engine played upon the lurid mass. The next moment the crowd of boats approached—the bronzed faces of the sailors, with buckets and ropes, standing out in bold relief in the broad glare—and fastened to the horrid phantom. Then, pulling with a will, they slowly towed it ashore, where they left it to consume ignobly away. It was bravely done, and as the boats returned they were cheered by the entire fleet.

For a whole week the bombardment was kept up, while shot and shell from the enemy fell in a constant shower amid the squadron.

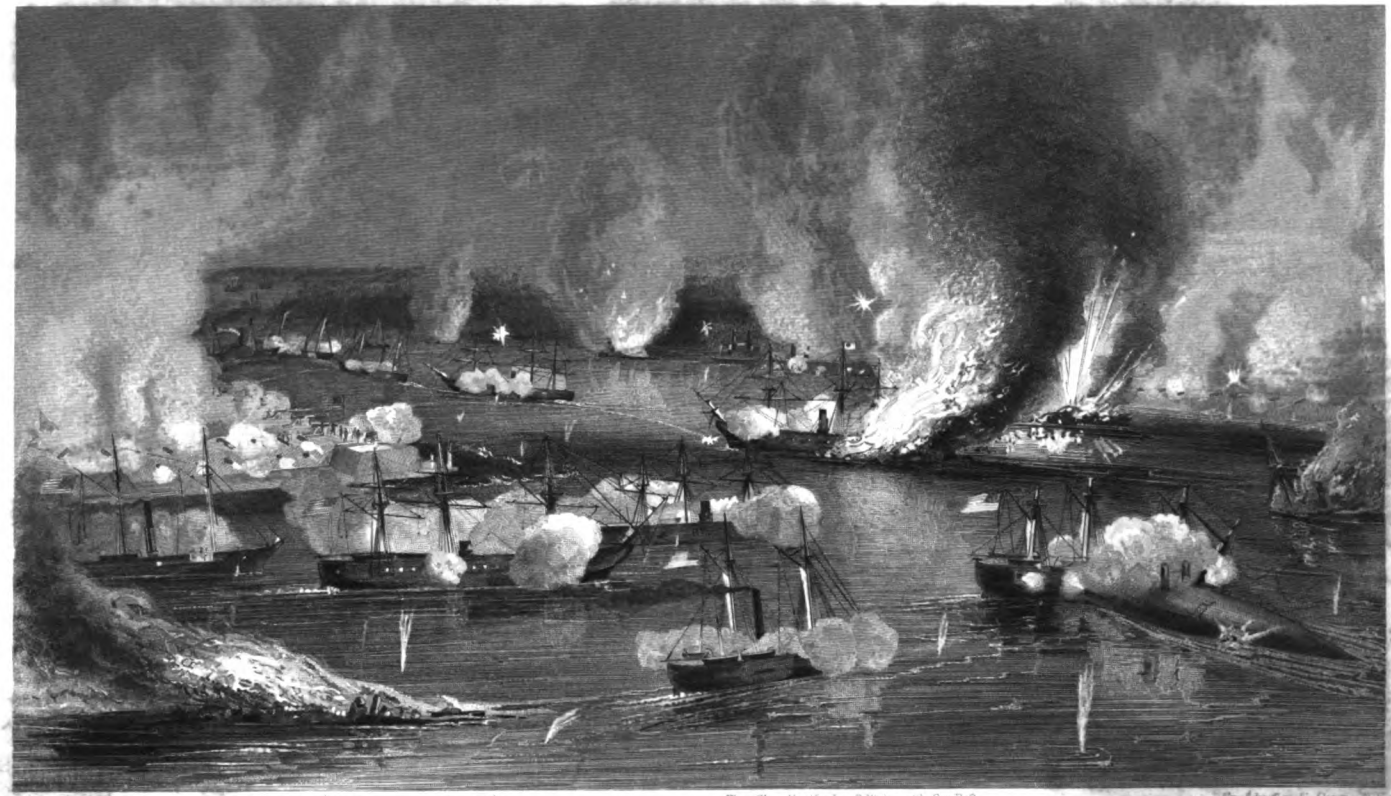
The gunners on the mortar boats were getting worn out, and when released from the guns, would drop down exhausted on deck. They began at last to grumble at the inactivity of the larger vessels.

At length, Farragut determined to run the rebel batteries —engage the gun boats and rams beyond, and then steam up to New Orleans, cost what it would. The chain had been cut a few nights before, and the schooners that sustained it were trailing along the river bank. On the twenty-third of April, every thing being ready, at two o'clock signal lan-

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terns were hoisted from the Hartford's mizzen peak, and soon the boatswain's call, "up all hammocks," rang over the water. It was known the evening before, that the desperate conflict would come off in the morning, and there was but little sleep in the fleet that night. The scene, the hour, and the momentous issues at stake made every man thoughtful. Not a breeze ruffled the surface of the river—the forts were silent above—the stars looked serenely down—while the deep tranquility that rested on shore and stream was broken only by the heavy boom, every ten minutes, of a gun from the boats on watch. But the moment those two signal lanterns were run up on the flag-ship, all this was changed. The rattling of chains, the heaving of anchors and commands of officers, transformed the scene of quietness into one of bustle and stern preparation. In an hour and a half every thing was ready, and the flag-ship, followed by the Richmond and Brooklyn and six gun boats, turned their prows up the river, steering straight for fort Jackson. The Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, and Varina, under Captain Bailey, with four gun boats came next, and were to engage fort Philip. The Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasco, Miami, Clifton, and Jackson, under Porter, came last, and were to take position where they could pour an enfilading fire of grape and shrapnel into fort Jackson while Farragut hurled his heavy broadsides into it in front. As soon as the fleet started on its terrible mission, all the mortar boats opened their fire, and canopied by the blazing shells, that crossing and recrossing in every direction, wove their fiery net work over the sky and dropped with a thunderous sound into the doomed works—the flag-ship, accompanied by her consorts steamed swiftly forward through the gloom. As soon as they came within range, signal rockets darted up from the low fortifications, and the next instant the volcano opened. Taking the awful storm in perfect silence, Farragut kept steadily on, till he was close abreast,

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CAPTURE OF FORTS JACKSON & ST PHILLIP.

AND ENTIRE DESTRUCTION OF REBEL GUN BOATS, RAMS & IRON CLAD BATTERIES BY UNION FLEET UNDER COM. FARRAGUT APRIL 24 1862.

"Every window in the city of New Orleans attack was awfully grand, the River was lit up with blazing Rafts filled with pine knots and the Ships seemed to be fighting literally amidst flames and smoke."

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1862 by Currier, Williams & Co. in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Connecticut

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when his broadsides opened. As each ship came up, it delivered its broadside, and on both sides of the river, it was one continuous stream of fire, and thunder peal, that shook the shores like an earthquake. For half an hour, it seemed as if all the explosive elements of earth and air were collected there. The vessels did not stop to engage the forts, but delivering their broadsides swept on towards the gun boats beyond. Five rafts now came drifting down the tide, lighting up the pandemonium with a fiercer glare, and making that early morning wild and awful as the last day of time. The shot and shell from nearly five hundred cannon filled all the air, and it seemed as if nothing made with human hands could survive such a storm. The Ithaca, with a shot through her, was compelled to drop out of the fight, in doing which, she came under the close fire of the fort, and was completely riddled, yet strange to say only two of her crew were struck. Exploding shells filled all the air, hot shot crashed through the hulls, yet the gallant fleet, wrapped in the smoke of its own broadsides, moved on in its pathway of flame, while the river ahead was filled with fire rafts and iron clad gun boats, whose terrible fire crossing that of the fort, swept the whole bosom of the stream. Sharp shooters crowded the rigging, dropping their bullets incessantly upon our decks, yet still the commander's signal for close action streamed in the morning breeze, and still that fleet kept on its determined way. An immense iron-clad vessel, the Louisiana, lay moored near fort Jackson, armed with heavy rifled guns, which sent the shot through and through our vessels, while ours rattled like peas on her mailed sides. The famous ram Manassas came down on the flag-ship, pushing a fire raft before her. In attempting to avoid the collision, Farragut got aground, when the raft came plump along side. The flames instantly leaped through the rigging, and ran along the sides of his vessel, and for a moment he thought it was all up with him.

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But ordering the hose to turn a stream of water upon the fire, he succeeded in extinguishing it, and backing off, again poured in his broadsides.

The Varina, Captain Boggs, attacked the rebel gun boats with such fury, that he sunk five in succession, their dark hulls disappearing with awful rapidity, under the turbid waters. Even then, his work was not done, for a ram came driving full upon him. He saw at once that he could not avoid the collision, and knew that his fate was sealed. But instead of hauling down his flag, he resolved since he could not save his ship, to carry his adversary down with him, and bidding the pilot throw the vessel so that her broadsides would bear on the vulnerable part of the rebel, he sternly received the blow. The sides of the Varina were crushed by it as though made of egg shells. As the ram backed off, the water poured in like a torrent, and he ordered the pilot to run her with all steam on, ashore. In the mean time, his broadsides—fired at such close range—made fearful openings in the enemy's hull, and she too began to settle in the water, and attempted to haul off. But those terrible broadsides were too swift for her, and they were poured in till the gun-carriages were under the water. The last shot just skimmed the surface as the hissing guns became submerged, and the gallant vessel went down with her flag flying, carrying her dead with her. A more fitting tomb for them could not be found than the hull of that immortal boat.

A boy, named Oscar, only thirteen years old, was on board, and during the hottest of the fire was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the enemy was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, he was met by Captain Boggs, who asked where he was going in such a hurry: "to get a passing box, sir, the other was smashed by a ball." When the Varina went down Boggs missed the boy and

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thought he was among the killed. But a few minutes after he saw the lad gallantly swimming towards the wreck. Clambering on board, he threw his hand up to his forehead, in the usual salute, and with the simple, "all right, sir, I report myself on board," coolly took up his old station. Though a boy, he had an old head on his shoulders, and if he lives and is given an opportunity, will be heard from in the future.

The Kineo was accidentally run into by the Brooklyn, and badly stove, yet she fought her way steadily forward, though receiving twelve shots in her hull, and with twelve others, passed the terrible ordeal. The description of the conduct of one boat is a description of all. Though riddled with shot from the forts, they closed in with the rebel gun boats so fiercely, that in an hour and a half eleven went to the bottom of the Mississippi.

The victory was won and the combat ended, yet the maddened enemy could not wholly surrender, and the ram Manassas came down on the Richmond. The Mississippi, seeing her intentions, instantly steamed towards her, when the affrighted crew ran her ashore. Even after the surrender was made, and while terms of capitulation were being agreed on, the rebels cut adrift the Louisiana, which had cost nearly two millions of dollars, and sent her down past the fort amid our mortar fleet. She failed, however, to do any damage, and soon went ashore.

The forts being passed, New Orleans was ours; yet still the former, though completely cut off, refused to surrender.

Farragut sent Captain Boggs in an open boat through a bayou, inland, to Porter, to report his success. One would have thought from his letter, that he had encountered scarcely more than pretty stormy weather. "We have had a rough time of it, as Boggs will tell you," and then pro-

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ceeds to tell him that as soon as he goes to New Orleans he will come back and finish the forts.

The next morning he steamed up towards the astonished city. The inhabitants had deemed it unapproachable by any naval armament whatever, and in their fancied security were building vessels of offensive warfare, that soon would have given us far more trouble than the Merrimac. Lovell, in command of the troops in the city, immediately left, for it lay completely at the mercy of our vessels. The mayor undertook to avoid the humiliation of a formal capitulation, and wrote a ridiculous letter to the commander, but it mattered little how it was done—the great commercial port of the confederate states surrendered, and the most difficult part of opening the navigation of the Mississippi was accomplished.

Martial law had long been established in New Orleans, and the city, bereft of its commerce, drained of its money, and even of its provisions, was in a deplorable state. The people, either cowed, or sullen, looked moodily on the old flag as it once more floated in its accustomed place from the public buildings. But little Union feeling was found, nor could it be expected till the armies in the field had measured strength. Captain Bailey, who had so ably seconded Farragut, and won from him the highest commendations, was sent home with dispatches. On arriving at fortress Monroe he sent the following telegraph to the Secretary of the Navy: "I have the honor to announce that in the providence of God, which smiles upon a just cause, the squadron under flag officer Farragut has been vouchsafed a glorious victory and triumph in the capture of New Orleans, forts Jackson, St. Philip, Lexington, and Pike, the batteries above and below New Orleans, as well as the total destruction of the enemy's gun boats, steam rams, floating batteries (iron-clad,) fire rafts, and obstructions, booms, and chains. The enemy with their own hands destroyed from eight to ten millions

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of cotton and shipping. Our loss is thirty-six killed and one hundred and twenty-three wounded. The enemy lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred besides several hundred prisoners. The way is clear, and the rebel defenses destroyed from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis. Our flag waves triumphantly over them all. I am bearer of dispatches.

THEODORUS BAILEY."

General Butler soon after arrived with his army, and took possession of the city, establishing his head-quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. A part of the garrison at fort Jackson having mutinied, it surrendered with all the other forts. The gun boats then began to ascend the Mississippi, clearing their way towards Memphis, seven hundred and ninety miles distant by water.

As a finale to their daring exploit, nothing could be more appropriate or beautiful than the following order of Farragut, issued three days after the passage of the forts.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP HARTFORD,
Off the City of New Orleans, April 26th, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER. Eleven o'clock this morning is the hour appointed for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood.

At that hour the church pennant will be hoisted on every vessel of the fleet, and their crews assembled, will, in humiliation and prayer make their acknowledgments therefor, to the Great Dispenser of all human events.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Thus both our naval captains who had won such immortal renown on the western waters, delighted to lay their laurels at the feet of their Maker, and humbly give Him all the glory. Such conduct on the part of our commanders,

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inspired the people with as much confidence as did their victories. That dependence on God, which the Puritans acknowledged in their great struggle for liberty, has never been forgotten by their descendants.

The character of the bombardment, and the magnitude of the naval preparations at New Orleans for our defeat are graphically given in a private letter of Captain Porter, in which among other things he says, "The topographical corps triangulated every position occupied by the mortar vessels, and it is safe to say that we knew to a yard the exact distance of the mouth of the mortars from the center of the fort. The enemy never saw us except for one day, when one of the divisions of six vessels was placed in sight, getting pretty roughly handled. I moved them under a point of woods, where, with their masts covered with green bushes, and their rigging with vines, they were invisible to the best glasses. Our firing was a matter of calculation, and you may judge how accurate it was when I tell you that *one thousand three hundred and thirteen bombs struck* in the center and solid parts of the works; *two thousand three hundred and thirty* in the moat near the foundations, shaking the whole fort to its base; nearly *one thousand* exploded in and over the works, and *one thousand three hundred and fifty-seven* struck about the levees, in the marsh close around, and in the paths, and near the water's edge, where the steamers attempted to come. I never saw so perfect a scene of desolation and ruin, nor do I believe there ever was such perfect mortar practice. We could clear the batteries whenever the soldiers appeared on the ramparts. In fact no guns could be worked there." Of the rams, etc. he says, "Four rams and floating batteries, such as the world never before saw, have been destroyed in the late attack. The Louisiana, an invincible steam battery, was set on fire and sent down on the vessels while I was engaged in drawing up a capitulation of the forts—a flag of

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truce flying at the time. She exploded within three hundred yards of us, and sunk in one minute, her splendid battery of rifled guns being lost to us. That vessel was *four thousand tons*, two hundred and seventy feet long, and had sixteen heavy rifled guns. She intended to *take position that night*, when she would have driven off all our fleet. As a proof of her invulnerability, one of our heaviest ships lay within ten feet of her, and delivered her whole broadside, making no more impression on her than if she was firing peas. The iron ram Manassas hit three vessels before her commander ran her ashore and abandoned her. In New Orleans our officers found the most splendid specimen of a floating battery the world has ever seen, (sea going,) and had she been finished, and succeeded in getting to sea, the whole American navy would have been destroyed. She was *six thousand tons*, two hundred and seventy feet long, sixty feet beam; had four engines, three propellers, four inches (and in some places more) of iron, and would steam eleven knots an hour. She cost Mallory and Co. *two millions of dollars.* The best one I saw floating by me, was a dry dock turned into a floating battery, mounting sixteen guns, and the entire engine, which was to propel it, hermetically sealed by a thick iron turret. Besides these monsters, the naval part of the enemy's defenses at the fort consisted of six or seven iron-clad gun boats, almost impervious to shot, and certainly so against vessels coming bow on." Past forts mounting over two hundred heavy guns, many of them rifled, past three iron plated batteries mounting thirty-one guns, straight on to these floating monsters, and iron-clad gun boats, thirteen sloops of war and gun boats together moved triumphantly. It was a marvellous exploit, and no wonder Farragut felt like giving the credit of success to the "Great Dispenser of all things."

This statement shows two things clearly; first, that we were

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not a day nor an hour too soon in making the attack. A few hours later, and the Louisiana would have taken position that would have driven every vessel off. A few weeks later, and an impregnable sea going vessel would have been afloat, before which our entire navy must have disappeared like mere toy ships in a gale. Secondly: that an overruling Providence saved us, and not the naval department or the government. It had long been known that formidable engines of destruction were constructing at New Orleans, just as it was known that the Merrimac was being covered with iron at Norfolk, yet little was done towards constructing any thing to match them. It makes one shudder to think how near our boasted naval superiority came being made a by-word, and the blockade we were so fearful the European powers would raise, destroyed by the confederates themselves.

But while such momentous events at the west and southwest distinguished the month of April, it being heralded in by the capture of Island Number Ten and the battle of Shiloh, and attended out by our victorious cannon before New Orleans, others, though not so startling, yet equally important characterized the month along the Atlantic slope.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

APRIL, 1862.

SUCCESS ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST—MC CLELLAN WITH HIS ARMY AT FORTRESS MONROE—HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED BY THE PUBLIC—GENERAL PLAN OF THE WAR—PLAN OF THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN—HOW BROKEN UP—THE ARMY ADVANCES TO YORKTOWN—ESCAPE OF THE NASHVILLE—THE SUMTER BLOCKADED AT GIBRALTAR—VESSELS RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT CHARLESTON—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE AT YORKTOWN—FREMONT IN THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT—AUGUR ADVANCES TO FREDERICKSBURGH—THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI—BATTLE OF APACHE PASS—RENO SENT TO ELIZABETH CITY—DEFEATS THE ENEMY.

WHILE the month of April was bringing us such a succession of victories west, every thing was prosperous on the Atlantic slope. Dupont was successful in every enterprise on the Florida coast, while the news from forts Pulaski and Macon, made it certain that Sherman and Burnside would soon place those two strongholds in our possession. The only drawback on these bright prospects east, was the consciousness that we were frittering away our strength too much on isolated points, and dividing our forces to seize places that would fall of themselves, were the great armies in the field defeated. We needed more concentration, as events soon showed.

But the most exciting news was, that the army of the Potomac had suddenly arrested its onward movement, and a mighty host of over a hundred thousand men were anchored in transports off fortress Monroe. The country had learned, weeks previous, though the news was scrupulously kept out of the press, that every thing in the vicinity of New York which could carry troops, had been chartered by the government, and knew that a large transfer of force was in con-

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templation in the neighborhood of the Chesapeake. The address of McClellan to the army, when he took personal command, had prepared the country for some sudden move. But when it became apparent that his destination was Yorktown, every one was taken by surprise. The fortifications of this place extended entirely across the peninsula, from York to James rivers, and at either extremity were protected by batteries of immense strength. Special attention had been given to them by the rebels from the outset of the war. They knew it was the most direct route to Richmond, and hence had made them, as they supposed, impregnable. Mounted with heavy guns, fronted with rifle pits and easy of access to the whole rebel force in Virginia, they presented a most formidable appearance, and it seemed as though McClellan had chosen the very spot the rebels would have selected to try the issue, had they been consulted. For six months, his enemies had been assailing him for not moving forward upon the enemy at Manassas, and his friends had defended him on the ground that it was unwise, and would only end in fearful slaughter, to advance on works which the rebels had so long been erecting there. But at last they were evacuated, and the enemy must either retreat to Richmond, or give him a field fight. Yet, just as the whole country was congratulating itself on this favorable turn of affairs, he halted his magnificent army, and in sight of the deserted fortifications, wheeled to the right about, and at an enormous expense to the government, planted that army before works five times as strong as those in front of which he had so long lay idle, and also incapable of being turned by any flank movement on land. His enemies sneered, declaring that we should have a summer campaign before Yorktown—many military men denounced it as a huge blunder, while those who still maintained their firm confidence in his skill, found it difficult to explain satisfactorily this extraordinary

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movement. That he could effect any thing before the rebels could concentrate their whole army there, no one believed, and instead of fighting it in the field, he must fight it behind the strongest intrenchments on the continent. The transportation of such an immense army, with all its munitions of war and forage almost simultaneously, was a gigantic undertaking.

Such and similar remarks were made by the press and public, and many wise prophecies uttered respecting the future. The difficulty with the people and men of limited military knowledge was, that they thought war consisted in fighting the enemy wherever you found him at once, forgetting that a campaign to be successful must be based on a well laid plan, a thorough knowledge of the country—its great strategic points, the resources of the enemy and our own, while all the movements should tend to a common grand result. Men talked of Bonaparte's victories, as though he rushed blindly with his strong legions from point to point, wherever the enemy could be found. But probably no man that ever lived, certainly no warrior of modern times, equalled him in extensive combinations. Not a column was ever started till his whole campaign was *thought* out, and every movement had relation to all others. His great success grew out of his not only thinking quicker, but *better* than his enemy.

If ever there was a country in the world in which to carry on a war successfully, great forethought and preparation are necessary, it is the United States.

The tidings of the movements of armies so remote, reaching the common center simultaneously, from Missouri, Tennessee, the mouth of the Mississippi, Mobile, Savannah, and North Carolina, gave a vivid conception of the vast field covered by our military operations, and showed what a comprehensive mind was needed to embrace it all in a single harmonious plan. The same paper would tell the readers of the capture of Island Number Ten, describe the battle of

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the giants at Pittsburg landing, give a dispatch from Fremont in the mountain department stating that the energetic Milroy was driving the enemy from his fastnesses; another from McDowell, that Fredericksburg was probably evacuated; state the progress of our army before Yorktown, and cheer the heart with the news of triumphs along the Atlantic coast.

The original plan, both of Scott and McClellan was to attack the enemy with two great armies as early in the spring of 1862, as circumstances would permit. Before that time, the necessary arrangements could not be completed. Gun boats were to act in concert with both, while smaller columns were to advance on the flanks in easy supporting distance. Each was to have as near three hundred thousand men as the force in the field would permit. One thousand guns were to compose the artillery force, and when this mighty array, with the gun boats, should take up its march, it was believed that nothing the rebels had in the field would be able to resist it.

The army of the west was to move down through Kentucky and Tennesse, precisely as it did. The only interference with its movements by the executive authority there, was to order it forward before the army of the east was ready. That this was a mistake, though not a fatal one, does not admit of a doubt, and in the future will be no more discussed than the simplest axiom in mathematics.

This movement west, as it was intended it should, caused the evacuation of Manassas. Though the people demanded a battle there and jumped to the conclusion that it would be a decisive victory, McClellan and every military man knew, that with such a country in his rear, intersected by rivers—the bridges over which could be destroyed as soon as passed—and with railroads leading to Richmond, the enemy could retreat at any time and at leisure, and that no decisive battle could be fought there, and hence had better not be fought

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at all. Why the army did not move *en masse* on to Richmond, the government has not yet made public. At all events when McClellan had reached Fairfax, he was ordered to march to Alexandria, preparatory to embarking for the peninsula.

The following was the plan adopted by McClellan in conjunction with his corps commanders for the peninsula campaign. Three corps, under the former, were to land at fortress Monroe. Banks was to move to the Rappahannock, and down the river to Fredericksburg, thence southward to Hanover junction, north of Richmond. McDowell with his splendid corps was to land on Severn river in Hopjack bay, and marching to a position nearly opposite West Point, cross on pontoons and cut off the rebel army of the peninsula—the movement from fortress Monroe not to begin till McDowell was ready to embark.

If this plan had been carried out, one of two things would have happened—either McDowell's march would have been a surprise, and the rebel army been cooped up between him and McClellan, or advised of its danger, fallen back on Richmond. In the latter case, there would have been no battle, and consequently no delay at Yorktown, nor indeed any battle, till the army reached the rebel Capital. Thus no time would have been allowed the enemy to fortify or concentrate his forces, and the sudden appearance of an hundred and fifty thousand men before the place would have paralyzed them. At least, the best military men to whom the plan had been submitted, pronounced it almost certain of success.

McClellan reached Monroe—Banks had nearly all his troops concentrated at Warrenton, and McDowell's division was partially embarked, when McClellan was informed, to his utter amazement, that these corps were to remain where they were, under the direction of the government at Wash-

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ington—thus depriving him of the expected co-operation of eighty thousand men. It was after receiving this astounding news, that McClellan solicited and obtained Franklin's division, swelling his army to one hundred and fifteen thousand men.

Thus was the carefully matured plan of McClellan and his corps commanders broken up, and the whole movement threatened to prove a failure—when the Secretary of War promised, that when McClellan advanced on Richmond, McDowell should close up his right wing by way of Hanover Court House. With this promise McClellan was compelled to be satisfied, and began his preparations to move on Yorktown. But without the demonstration of McDowell on West Point, he knew that the rebels would concentrate an immense force here, and make a regular siege inevitable—the last thing he ever contemplated.

Whether the course of the government, in thus breaking up the entire plan of the campaign was in consequence of new developments and recent information, and on the whole prudent, or whether it committed a blunder, it is impossible now to say. The result was the same—a defeated army and tens of thousands of our brave soldiers fallen in vain. The time for apportioning the tremendous amount of guilt that belongs somewhere, has not yet come. The outline of the plan sketched above, is not given to settle this, but to show that the stupendous failure that followed was inevitable—and that the mad attempt of marching unsupported on Richmond, with only a little over a hundred thousand men, was never contemplated by McClellan or his fellow commanders.

While the troops were landing, previous to taking up their march for Yorktown, a heavy rain storm set in, saturating the clayey soil, which soon became a vast bed of mortar under the artillery trains. The distance from the point of debarkation to Yorktown, is about twenty-three miles, toward

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which the army advanced in three divisions. No opposition was encountered in the march, and on the seventh, a telegraph announced to the Secretary of War, that McClellan was before the place. It was sent over the wires the same day with the important dispatch from the west, that Pope had crossed with his army to the Tennessee shore, thus completely cutting off Island Number Ten from succor, and rendering its capture inevitable.

As remarked in a former chapter, the country was much chagrined at the escape of the Nashville from Beaufort. Her escape from our port was the more mortifying from the fact that we had indulged in such bitter denunciations of the British government for letting her leave theirs without molestation. The rebel government had only a few privateers at sea, but they were wonderfully lucky in escaping our cruisers. The Sumter had been chased from port to port in vain, and when at last she was caged in the port of Martinique, by a bold and skillful movement, escaped without ever being fired at. Semmes, her commander, seemed too adroit for our cruisers, but he at length made a fatal mistake. A proclamation issued by the English government, that when belligerent vessels entered any of her ports, they must not leave within twenty-four hours of each other, made him bold to sail into Gibraltar. He did not care though the Iroquois followed him, for the start he would have, when he wished to leave, would give him ample opportunity to escape. But the American commander proved too shrewd for him, and instead of entering the *uncivil* port of England, quietly steamed into one on the Spanish coast, within full sight of the bay of Gibraltar, and from which no British proclamation could force him. The privateer was nonplussed at this extraordinary turn of affairs, but finding himself caught in a trap, prudently determined to remain under the protection of the English guns. The Iroquois, on the other hand, re-

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solved to act as jailor, and thus the two vessels had lain for a long time.

But though our marine gradually recovered from its fright respecting privateers, our government was much annoyed by the continual report of vessels running our blockade, not only carrying cotton to foreign markets, but bringing in supplies and arms to the rebels. Between Charleston and the West Indies, a constant communication was kept up, which no vigilance of our commanders off the former port seemed able to stop. Many valuable prizes were taken, but this, instead of discouraging, seemed to stimulate adventurers.

In the meanwhile, our splendid army lay comparatively quiet before Yorktown. An occasional skirmish, or a feeble sortie served only to break up the monotony of the dreary weeks. Berdan's sharp-shooters, a picked regiment of marksmen, annoyed the enemy exceedingly. Armed with rifles of a long range, they lay ensconced in their hiding places, and the moment a head appeared above the ramparts it became the target for a dozen bullets. One man from New England, it is said, actually silenced a heavy gun—the enemy not daring to show themselves long enough to load it.

But amid all this apparent quiet, the most vigorous work was going on. Trees, indeed whole forests, were felled, and logs cut and laid across the impassable highways, thus making miles on miles of corduroy road, over which the heavy siege guns and the forage for this immense army had to be carried. All this had been unprovided for, because in the plan of McClellan no delay could have happened here, and no siege guns would have been wanted. At the same time, the regular approaches were set on foot, and McClellan worked his slow, difficult, yet certain way to the heart of the enemy's position. Every day brought him nearer to the goal, and it was well known that when the final bombardment should commence, it would be the most terrific ever witnessed in

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the new world. The enemy were reported to be over one hundred thousand strong, and it was a matter of wonder that he made no more serious efforts to check McClellan's advance, for if he were left alone the fall of the place was inevitable.

While events were thus slowly drawing to a head at Yorktown, Fremont was giving a good account of himself in the mountain department. His first encounter with the enemy was at Monterey, where after a sharp engagement the latter were defeated by a column under Milroy. There were some little signs of life, too, in the army in front of Washington. General Augur, in McDowell's division, by a rapid, unexpected march, took possession of Falmouth, on the opposite side of the river from Fredericksburg, and commanding the place, which compelled its surrender.

At length came the long expected news of the fall of fort Pulaski. Although cutting it off from Savannah, rendered the reduction of the fort a mere question of time, still the starving process was a slow and somewhat uncertain one, and Sherman determined to reduce it by bombardment, from guns placed on Tybee island. Carrying out this determination, he had caused, during the winter, a thorough exploration of the island to be made. The result proving satisfactory, he ordered heavy guns to be transferred thither. There being no wharf, these had to be landed at high tide, and swung ashore by hand, and then dragged to their destined places. The deep sand and mire, however, would, in many places, let the ponderous pieces down to their axles, and a road a mile long had to be made of fascines composed of poles withed together, and laid beside each other, the whole way. The first battery was established two miles from the fort. The guns were sunk in the sand, and protected by the earth thrown up around them, so as to present the least possible mark to the garrison. When others were established nearer the fort, the work was done during the

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night, to avoid the fire of the enemy. It was a long and laborious task; and the guns were not all in position till the fore part of April. There were eleven batteries in all, numbering thirty-six guns; Parrott rifled pieces, Columbiads, mortars, etc., some of them weighing over one thousand seven hundred pounds, and throwing nine and a half inch shells. The whole was under the direction of General Gilmore, who by the assistance of able engineers, accomplished his difficult task, most satisfactorily. But just as everything was ready, and Sherman was about to reap the fruit of his toil, he was superseded in his command by General Hunter.

On the ninth, Gilmore sent a summons to the garrison to surrender. Colonel Olmstead, commanding, replied that he was placed there to defend, not to surrender it, and so the next morning early, the first heavy gun sent its loud echoes far over the sea, and the bombardment commenced. The shot at first flew wild, but as the range became more accurate, the batteries settled down to their work in earnest, and soon small clouds of brown dust told where the heavy shot were smiting the brick walls of the fortification. With the aid of the glass, huge, ragged rents could be seen, showing that they were not knocking in vain for admittance.

The garrison replied, and all day long the heavy explosions shook the desert island. Night brought a cessation of the conflict. The next morning, however, it was resumed, and continued all the forenoon, during which one man, a member of the Rhode Island third artillery was killed; the only loss on our side from first to last. About two o'clock the rebel flag was pulled down. General Gilmore was at dinner at the time, from which he was aroused by the shouts of volunteer couriers, witnesses of the fight, who came to announce the glad tidings.

Three hundred and eighty-five prisoners, with all the stores and armament of the fort, fell into our hands. This

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was the first fortification of any importance, retaken by our troops, and was hailed as the beginning of the righteous work of repossessing the national strongholds which the rebels had seized at the outset. Macon, around which Burnside had closed his lines, was regarded as the next in the series.

In the mean time, cheering news was received from the department of New Mexico. Rumors, coming through rebel channels, had long been in circulation, that Colonel Canby, after his successful defense of fort Craig, had finally been compelled to surrender it with his entire force. But now the war department received a dispatch, stating that a portion of his command under Colonel Hough, had defeated the rebels at Apache pass, killing several hundred and taking ninety-three prisoners, besides destroying fifty-four wagons, laden with provisions and ammunition. The Texans fought with their accustomed desperation, charging our batteries four times, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter. In an ordinary war, this battle would have been a great event, but in the more important movements near at hand, created but little excitement. Colonel Canby, in that remote region, cut off from reinforcements, true to the national flag, was exhibiting the qualities of a great commander, and showing that he was worthy to stand beside the heroes of the west. The loss of one hundred and fifty in this engagement, out of his small command, shows that he had fought a desperate battle. The enemy under Colonel Sibley, inventor of the famous Sibley tent, and formerly a United States officer, was utterly discomfitted by this reverse, and unable to rally again his scattered, suffering troops.

While Burnside was making his preparations before fort Macon, he sent General Reno with a few hundred men and three boat howitzers, to Elizabeth city, to destroy some locks in the canal leading to Norfolk. Landing below the town,

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on the nineteenth, he marched forward to the accomplishment of his object. About noon he was attacked by the rebels, composed of a Georgia regiment and a portion of Wise's Legion. After a sharp engagement, the enemy was totally routed with heavy loss. Ours was one hundred and ten killed and wounded.

In the evening, General Reno, hearing that the rebels had been heavily reinforced and were advancing to attack him, ordered a retreat. The jaded soldiers were roused from their bivouacs, and commenced their toilsome march back to their boats—making a forced march of forty miles in twenty-four hours. It was a night of great toil and suffering, and the force was in such a condition, that if it had been attacked it could scarcely have escaped total destruction. Fourteen of his wounded were left in the hands of the enemy who consequently claimed a victory.

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CHAPTER XXX.

APRIL, 1862.

SIEGE OF FORT MACON—DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING IT—THE BOMBARDMENT—ITS SURRENDER—FIGHTING AT YORKTOWN—ATTACK ON LEE'S MILLS—BAYONET CHARGE OF THE ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS—HALLECK BEFORE CORINTH—MITCHELL IN ALABAMA—CONGRESS—THE EMANCIPATIONISTS—HUNTER'S PROCLAMATION—DIGNIFIED COURSE OF THE PRESIDENT—THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY IN CONGRESS—THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY EMPOWERED TO BUILD IRON CLAD VESSELS—REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON TREATMENT OF OUR DEAD AT BULL RUN—VIEWS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES RESPECTING US—NATIONAL DEBT AT THE END OF THE YEAR OF WAR.

IN the mean time, Burnside, with his accustomed energy, was pushing the siege of fort Macon, in order to shake himself clear of all embarrassments, and be able to perform the mission assigned him in the general campaign, the moment events at Richmond should reach the anticipated crisis.

The difficulties attending his operations against it, may be gathered from the following description of the manner in which his heavy siege guns had to be transported from Newbern to near Beaufort and Morehead, cities in the vicinity of the fort. "There being no locomotives on the road between the two places, all the siege materials must be carried by steamer, fifteen miles, to the head of Slocum's Creek, and then hauled one mile to Havelock station. At the latter place they were placed on platform and baggage cars, and by the aid of mules, slowly hauled to Carolina city, which was the head-quarters of General Parke. Here there was a turn out and short track leading to a wharf on the edge of Bogue Sound, where the guns, mortars and ammunition were received on board flat boats and conveyed across the sound to

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Bogue's beach, a distance of a mile and a half. When these heavy guns and other ponderous *materiel* were on board the flats, the labor of transporting them to the desired place of operations had just commenced. The sound is so shallow, for more than half the distance across, that it can easily be sounded by wading knee deep—a narrow channel, containing only some five or six feet at high water, intervening. Having reached the opposite shore at a point four miles due west from fort Macon, a wide marsh was to be crossed, in which the wheels of artillery carriages sunk to the hubs, and when this obstacle was crossed, a continuous line of sandy knolls was reached, extending to the fort. These sand hills were covered by a stunted growth of brush and briar, in which the wheels sunk to the axle, requiring a great force to move the massive loads."

But these difficulties were at length all overcome, and the guns one by one were placed in position. Our skirmishers in the mean time, crept under the sand hills near the fort and annoyed exceedingly the garrison, which in vain endeavored to ascertain what Burnside was about. A man slung in halyards was kept swinging in mid air to detect our movements. but the work steadily progressed to its completion.

On Wednesday, the twenty-third, Burnside arrived with two powerful floating batteries, and the fort was summoned to surrender. Colonel White was in command, and as if to give another, among the illustrations of the horrors of civil war, Quarter Master Biggs, a former class mate of his, was sent with the demand. The most honorable terms were offered, and the commander, a noble, high-minded man, had he consulted his own feelings, would doubtless, in the hopelessness of his position, have pulled down his flag. But thinking it looked unsoldierlike to do so without a struggle, he declined. As soon as the flag returned, Burnside signalled the batteries to open fire. This was prevented, however, by

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the appearance of a white flag from the fort, with a bag of letters, which the commander wished to be forwarded to their destination, evidently the messages which they thought might be the last they should send on earth.

Friday morning, the day that the victorious Farragut, with the stars and stripes flying in the breeze, was standing boldly on towards New Orleans, the first gun from Captain Morris' battery, echoed along the beach. As the sullen reverberations died away, the inhabitants of Beaufort and Morehead flocked to the windows and balconies of their houses, to witness the fearful drama, whose closing scenes might leave many of their homes houses of mourning—for friends and relatives and sons and brothers were in the low structure far away, which was to be the target of our destructive batteries. Shot followed shot in quick succession, making the city shake on its sandy foundations, and soon after Flagler swelled the thunder from his battery of ten inch mortars, and in quick succession, followed Lieutenant Prouty's eight inch mortars, to the right and in advance, completing the horrible din.

The man swinging from the flag-staff of the fort, quickly descended from his perilous watch, and soon the hitherto silent fort began to belch forth flame. The roar of the ocean as it rolled its waves steadily to the shore, furnished the refrain to this mighty music. The Parrott shells made destructive work, and whenever one smote the solid masonry, a cloud of black dust showed that it shivered whatever it struck. For over three hours shot and shell were rained from the batteries, when at length the floating batteries got into position, and began to pour in an enfilading fire. The garrison, appalled at this concentric fire, fled to their casemates for shelter.

For two hours the floating batteries kept up their bombardment, rendering the fort too hot for flesh and blood to stand, and the rebels finally turned their guns upon them.

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A thirty-two-pound shot soon crashed through the Daylight gun boat, and others received similar damage, but without any loss of life. Only one man was wounded.

But at length the sea had so risen under the stiff gale that was blowing, that the gunners could not keep their range, and the boats were hauled off. During this time, the three land batteries had taken a breathing spell, but now they commenced again. By two o'clock, every gun but two in the fort was deserted. At three, one of these was abandoned in terror, and a ten inch columbiad alone kept up its melancholy fire. But it grew weaker and weaker, and a little after four, ceased altogether, when a white flag was run up.

The fort was ours, with the loss of only one killed and two wounded—that of the enemy, seven killed and eighteen wounded. Five hundred men were surrendered prisoners of war, together with all the armament and stores of the fort.

The next morning, Colonel White repaired to the steamer Alice Price, on which was General Burnside, to surrender the fort in person. He found the general at breakfast, who received him very cordially, and invited him to take a seat at the table. He did so, and the two discussed their breakfast together as amicably, as though there had been no hard feelings or hard knocks between them. The garrison was allowed the same terms that had at first been offered, for though White was a rebel, he was a gallant and gentlemanly one, to whom, notwithstanding his misguided course, a generous and courteous treatment seemed due.

The bombardment of these two forts proved conclusively that brick and stone can not stand before rifled artillery. The instruments of destruction have got in advance of the means of defense, and to restore their former relations, fortifications will have to be incased in iron.

On the eleventh, Pulaski fell; on the twenty-third, Macon; and on the twenty-sixth New Orleans. Thus, within a sin-

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gle fortnight, the rebellion received on every side, blows that sent it staggering to its death.

Burnside was now left free to co-operate with McClellan, in carrying out his plans for the overthrow of the great army in Virginia, and the capture of the rebel Capital.

In the mean while, the siege of Yorktown, notwithstanding almost incessant rains made the progress of the work slow, steadily advanced. The attacks on outworks, and the repelling of sorties, which characterize all sieges, occasionally broke up the monotony of this, though there was less hard fighting than is usual.

The fight at Lee's Mills, as it was called, was the most important one, and gave a foretaste of what our men would do when the final struggle should come. The rebels had built a fort, and mounted several guns so as to command a road leading to this place, which it was important, in executing the general plan, should be carried. In front of it was a bog two hundred and fifty feet wide, and above this a large dam. Artillery was brought to bear on the fort all day, which silenced the rebel guns, and dispersed their infantry. Two companies of Vermont troops were then ordered to charge the works with the bayonet. Leaving the woods in which they had been sheltered, they dashed forward toward the bog, and plunging in, some to their waists, struggled through and rushed on the rifle-pits in front. They found the fort empty, but a ditch a little to the left, they saw to be full of men. A single volley scattered them, when the companies advanced to a second empty rifle-pit, and stopped to load. But on looking across the bog, and seeing no reinforcements arriving, they began to fall back, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Reaching the bog, they found two feet more of water over it than when they crossed only a few minutes before. The rebels had cut the dam above it and let in the water. Here many of the

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wounded fell exhausted, and were afterwards killed or taken prisoners. Those who could, plunged in and endeavored to make their way back to solid ground. In the mean time, the enemy returned, and commenced a fearful fire upon them, shooting them through the head and shoulders, when our artillery again opened, and scattered them.

The brave men had accomplished the work assigned them, behaving throughout with the coolness of veterans, though they lost thirty-five killed, and one hundred and twenty wounded. The enemy acknowledged a loss of over a hundred killed.

The eleventh Massachusets carried another outwork at the point of the bayonet, without firing a gun. They received the enemy's fire at fifty yards, and without halting, dashed over ditch and parapet with a wild hurrah, scattering the enemy like sheep. Destroying the work, they returned with the loss of four killed and twelve wounded.

While events were thus drawing to a crisis at Yorktown, Halleck was slowly closing around Corinth. Pope, who had accompanied Foote's flotilla down the Mississippi, and taken position on the Arkansas shore, to co-operate with him as he did at Island Number Ten, had, in obedience to orders from Halleck, joined him; while the indomitable Mitchell, to whom nothing seemed done while there was more to do, had pushed his victorious column into different parts of Alabama. A detailed account of the marches and brilliant successes of this restless, determined man, would read like a romance. Apparently fond of the hardest kind of work, he had inspired his men with the same love; and the daring and endurance of his brigade, won the admiration of the whole nation. No officer in the army better deserved the stars of a major-general, which Congress conferred on him, than did this fighting astronomer.

Thus passed the eventful month of April, in the field.

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In Congress, the chief objects of discussion were the tax bill, which dragged its slow length along—the confiscation bill, in perfecting which, one great difficulty lay in the question, what should be done with the slaves of rebels, and the subject of slavery itself. A portion of it insisted that a decree of universal emancipation was the only way to put down the rebellion.

One of the most important measures of this Congress was the passage of the act prohibiting slavery in all the present and future territories of the Union.

Another question that awakened a good deal of feeling and brought out the opposition of the border state members, was the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia. Formerly this question had agitated the halls of Congress, and much learned and much angry discussion had been bestowed on it, in and out of Washington. Until the rebellion broke out, it was claimed by some that the case was a very plain one. Virginia and Maryland, they said, had ceded the district to the United States, without affixing any condition as to the future *status* of the slave; that it was evident that in so doing they had not anticipated so radical an interference on the part of Congress with their social institutions, as the abolition of slavery in a district contiguous to their own territory; that if Congress, at its first meeting after the cession of the District of Columbia, had emancipated the slaves therein, the whole country would have declared it a shameful violation of an implied and perfectly understood contract; and that what it could not justly do then, it certainly could not do fifty years after. On the other hand, all felt at the north, that slavery in the Capital was a disgrace to the nation, and a libel on our Declaration of Independence; and that at the time of the cession of this territory, there was an expectation north and south, that slavery would gradually disappear, and that it was an evil which it was understood was to be only

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temporary. Near the middle of April, the act of emancipation was passed, and being signed by the President, became a law.

In this condition of things General Hunter issued an order, proclaiming all the slaves in his department, free. This movement might have brought on a collision between the President and a portion of the loyal North; but the President, with that quiet firmness, which amid all the trying circumstances of his position he had shown, and which had fixed him deeply in the confidence of the people, issued a counter proclamation in which he said, that both the time and manner of an edict of general emancipation, were questions he reserved to *himself*, and did not leave to commanders in the field. It did not come within their province, and therefore General Hunter had transcended his powers, and his action was null and void. In this discreet way of disposing of the matter all acquiesced.

Still, slavery in some form, engrossed much of the debates, as it did the attention of the country. An attempt was made to employ thousands of the slaves left by the rebels at Port Royal, and a school opened for them at Newbern. Efforts were also made to get permission to form regiments of colored men either to fight the south, or to garrison southern fortresses during the unhealthy months. A resolution to give half of the value of the steamer Planter to three negroes, who boldly took her out of Charleston harbor, and delivered her to the blockading fleet, also caused a great deal of bitter feeling among the border State members; but it passed, as it ought to have done. The recognition of Hayti as an independent State, and sending ministers to its court, also was regarded by some as another step towards putting the blacks on an equality with the whites; but the country could see no good reason why America, from the mere prejudice of color, should refuse to do what the nations of Europe had long since done.

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Questionable as the action of Congress was in many things, it adopted one measure of indisputable wisdom. It gave the Secretary of the Navy authority to construct, under contract, a formidable fleet of iron-clad vessels, rams and gun boats. Half of the failures for which he had been held accountable, grew out of his inability to do any thing. The previous Congress had so fettered him that he could not act as the exigencies of the time demanded; but now power was given him which he was not slow to use; and all along our seaboard, the keels of an iron fleet began to be laid, which gave ground for much wholsome reflection to England.

During this month also, a committee which had been appointed by Congress to ascertain the truth of various rumors that our dead had received brutal treatment from the enemy at Manassas, made its report, fully confirming them. Some of our unfortunate men had been buried in an inhuman manner, while from others, skulls and bones had been taken and fashioned into cups and ornaments. Indeed, from the commencement of the war, the southern troops had disgraced themselves by numberless acts of cruelty, though a great number of the stories set afloat in the newspapers were false. In war, exaggerated statements and false accusations are to be expected on both sides. At the same, time deeds of violence and cruelty will be committed by some soldiers in every army. Brutish men are found there as elsewhere, while circumstances favor the gratification of their base and ferocious passions. The southern troops, being more vindictive, and looking upon the Union soldiers as invaders of their homes, would naturally be less scrupulous in the means they used to repel their advance, than we to secure it. Besides, the poor whites that composed the bulk of their army, were but a grade above semi-barbarians—ferocious, malignant and destitute alike of conscience or honor; while ours was made up of the respectable middle class. Again, the officers, most of them being

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slave holders, and regarding the ignorant whites as but little above slaves, naturally looked with indifference on the treatment which our private soldiers received. Hence, cruelty from the one and neglect from the other, were to be expected, and could safely be assumed without an investigating committee.

During the winter, General Stone, commander at Ball's Bluff, had been suddenly arrested and confined in fort Warren. The senate at the close of this month passed a resolution, asking the President why he was not brought to trial. He replied that the necessary absence of important witnesses prevented it, and thus the mysterious affair rested.

A year ago this month, the war commenced by the attack on fort Sumter. Twenty-eight more or less important battles, besides an almost endless number of skirmishes had occcured during its progress, and in twenty of the former, the Union arms were victorious. Never before had the world seen war carried on upon so vast a scale. The immobility of the north during almost the entire year, had excited the derision of Europe. Our quiet attitude was regarded as a confession of weakness, and a sure forerunner of defeat. They did not comprehend as we did, the gigantic task we had undertaken, and the amount of preparation necessary before we commenced. But when this was completed, and the forces we had been so long gathering began to move, that derision gave place to amazement. The vastness of our complicated plan bewildered them, while they stood amazed at the power we showed ourselves able to put forth. England especially, thought that we were distressed, and hardly knew what to do ourselves. She now saw that we not only knew what to do, but how to do it. The vast dimensions of the war entailed enormous expenses, and the money needed to defray them, she declared could be no where obtained. The people would not give it, and foreign capital-

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ists would not lend it. But great as the expenditures were, the necessary money was obtained within our own limits. It is true we had run up a frightful debt, and sound statesmen feared the final effect of the issue of so much paper money as we were compelled to send forth, but the people said "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." At the end of this year of war our national debt amounted to $491,448,384. A protracted war at this rate, would of course ruin the nation, but no one believed it would be of long continuance.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

MAY, 1862.

AN APPROACHING CRISIS—PUBLIC FEELING—THE TWO GREAT ARMIES—MC CLELLAN READY TO COMMENCE THE BOMBARDMENT AT YORKTOWN—THE ENEMY EVACUATE IT—SCENE AT THE EVACUATION—THE PURSUIT—THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG—BRAVERY OF COLONEL DWIGHT—BERRY COMES TO THE RESCUE—KEARNEY FOLLOWS—HEROISM OF THE ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS—HANCOCK'S GALLANT BAYONET CHARGE—INSPIRING EFFECT OF MARTIAL MUSIC—HEINTZELMAN AMID THE RAINING BULLETS—HOOKER'S UNCONQUERABLE BRIGADE—THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE—FRANKLIN ARRIVES AT WEST POINT, AND ENGAGES THE ENEMY.

THE month of May, the first of the new year of war, was believed to be pregnant with the fate of the republic; for events seemed to be approaching a decisive termination. Halleck was drawing his lines closer and closer around Beauregard, at Corinth, and a battle was daily expected there that should settle the war in the west. McClellan's preparations were about complete before Yorktown, and any moment it might flash over the wires that the bombardment had commenced.

The mighty armies that confronted each other at these points, constituted the main strength of the two sections in the field, and numbered in all nearly a million of men. A decided victory at both points would virtually end the war —a victory at but one would insure at least another year's war, while our overthrow at both would be irreparable. No wonder the nation held its breath in suspense; and fervent prayers went up that God would assist the right.

The standing of these two armed hosts face to face, gathering their energies like two giants for the final struggle,

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was a sublime yet fearful spectacle. The imagination started back appalled at the vision of slaughtered heaps, and "garments rolled in blood," that rose in the future.

There was one great difference, however, in their composition, that encouraged the hopes of the north. The south, to present numerically an equal force, had to resort to conscription. The north, on the other hand, had been compelled to shut up its recruiting stations, to prevent the overwhelming increase of the army, and hence had men ready and eager to fight.

This dead lock of the opposing forces produced fitful complaints, and loud clamors from a few excitable individuals in and out of Congress; but the great intelligence of the mass of the people enabled them to understand and appreciate the true motives of delay, and the vital importance of running no needless hazard.

The censorship of the press shut out from the public all knowledge of what was going on at Yorktown, but the great confidence in McClellan's sagacity and military ability, made it patient.

Quietly, but unceasingly, he was bending all his energies to hasten forward the approaches, and on the third, he had fourteen powerful batteries constructed—all mounted but three—ninety-six heavy guns, some two hundred and one hundred-pounders, and thirteen-inch mortars, being in position within breaching distance of the walls, and all connected with parallels. Three redoubts were also finished. In a few more hours every thing would be in readiness, and then the earthquake shock would come. McClellan, who had had ample opportunity to see what effect such batteries would have on earthworks and fortifications in the siege of Sebastopol, knew that when he once opened his fire, the works before him would melt like wax.

But an engineer equally skillful, had, unknown to him,

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surveyed his operations. Lee had been summoned to Yorktown, and his practiced eye saw that McClellan had been allowed to proceed with his work till the place was untenable. An evacuation, much to the surprise of the ignorant troops, and indignation of Huger, who was in command at Norfolk, was at once determined upon, and immediately commenced.

EVACUATION OF YORKTOWN.

On the third, the rebels kept up a continuous fire along their lines, shaking the peninsula with their incessant cannonade, while the heavy shot and shell filled the air with their steady rush and shriek. Nor did it cease at night, and when darkness settled over the encampment, from the ramparts that stretched away from Yorktown there were constant gushes of flame, while the heavy thunder rolled far away in the gloom. A little after midnight it suddenly ceased, and an ominous silence rested over the works. Toward morning, flames were seen to rise from behind them. Heintzelman went up in a balloon with professor Lowe, to ascertain its cause, and found that the enemy had fired one of their storehouses. Gradually the day broke over the landscape below him, when he saw that the intrenchments were empty. The last of the rebel army had fled during the night.

The news spread like lightning from division to division, and through the long line of encampments, when the regimental bands struck up one after another a joyous air till the vast plain echoed with the jubilant strains, and then the regiments themselves, in quick succession, sent up a shout that shook the field.

In the midst of the general jubilee, officers were seen galloping to the heads of brigades and divisions, bearing the following order: "Commandants of regiments will prepare to march with two days' rations, with the utmost dispatch—

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Leave not to return." The vast encampment was quickly all astir, and by eight o'clock the cavalry and artillery, supported by infantry, were streaming forward on the road over which the last of the fleeing enemy had passed a few hours before.

Ninety-one guns of different kinds and calibers were left in the works, beside a great number of tents, and a quantity of ammunition. The enemy had buried torpedoes in the road and various places, to blow up our troops, and a few were killed in this barbarous way.

Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, across the river, was evacuated at the same time, in which were found many more cannon. This left York river open to our gun boats and transports, and secured the destruction or capture of all the rebel vessels in it. McClellan, though his plan had been broken up, prepared as well as he could for the sudden evacuation of Yorktown, and had Franklin's division already on board transports, ready to start for West Point, the main head of navigation on the York river, so as to intercept, if possible, the enemy on their retreat to Richmond. How far or how fast they had fallen back, it was impossible to say; for they had conducted their operations so cautiously, that the advance of the retreating army had been gone two days before any indications of their movements were received at McClellan's head-quarters.

He pushed the pursuit, however, with vigor, and the troops, released from their long confinement, were only too eager to march forward. Towards evening, that day, (Monday,) the cavalry under General Stoneham, came up with the rear guard of the enemy, about two miles from Williamsburg, and a sharp skirmish followed. They were found to be intrenched, but the cavalry drove them from one of their works, though for the want of infantry they were compelled to abandon it, and withdrawing a short distance, they bivouaced for the night.

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The first and sixth regular cavalry behaved admirably, closing in a hand to hand fight with that of the enemy, and losing nearly fifty killed and wounded. One gun, by getting fast in the mud, was abandoned.

It was evident that the rebels purposed making a determined stand with a large force at this place, in order to gain time for the remainder of the army and baggage trains to escape. The town is twelve miles north of Yorktown, and fifty-eight from Richmond, and is situated on a plain nearly midway in the peninsula, which at that point is eight or ten miles wide from river to river. Two roads lead from Yorktown to it, one near the York, and the other near the James river, with a vast forest between them. They gradually approach each other as they stretch towards Richmond, and at the point where they meet, at the northern extremity of the woods, the enemy had taken their stand, and erected earth works which commanded the entire space over which our troops must advance. At the right, immense farms spread away, dotted with five separate earth works, but on the left, the woods came up near the intrenchments, and were filled with rifle pits that could not be seen till our troops were directly upon them—outside of them were three earth works.

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Hooker, of Heintzelman's, and Smith, of Keyes' division, had come up the evening before, and in the morning advanced on the enemy's works,—the former moving through the woods on his right, and the latter on his left. A heavy rain storm was raging at the time, giving a sombre, dreary aspect to every thing, and drenching the jaded soldiers to their skins. The bivouac on the damp earth the night before was not favorable to elasticity of spirits, and this pelting rain storm was not calculated to improve them, but the soldiers pushed resolutely, though slowly on.

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Hooker had not proceeded far before a heavy fire of grape and canister from the enemy's batteries opened upon him. It was impossible to move directly upon and storm them, for the rebels had cut down the trees in front—piling them with their bushy tops pointing directly towards our advancing troops, and presenting an obstruction that would hold them so long under fire if they attempted to force their way through, that but few could expect to survive it. Notwithstanding this, the men were deployed in the woods, and bravely endeavored to make their way over the fallen timber. They dropped fast on every side, for the woods were filled with the incessant crack of musketry, from a foe that was only half visible. By desperate fighting, however, they won the ground before them inch by inch, when the rebels, despairing of arresting their determined advance, sent off for reinforcements, that soon came pouring in by thousands. Hooker now undertook to advance one of his guns, but it stuck fast in the mud, and he had to shoot the horses to prevent the enemy, who came rushing upon it in overwhelming force, from carrying it off. He soon saw that he could not long hold his ground against the tremendous odds that were being brought to bear upon him, and sent off again and again for reinforcements, and charged desperately on the enemy to keep him back till they could arrive, but hour after hour passed, yet they did not make their appearance. Now his wearied troops by a gallant effort would force the enemy to retire for a space, and then they would swing heavily back before the onset of double their number. Heintzelman sat on his horse amid the raining balls, a prey to the most intense anxiety. His bravest troops were being mowed down like grass, and unless help came soon they would have to give way. It was true the roads were horrible, and the rain fell in torrents, yet it was plain there was negligence or lack of energy somewhere. Four guns had

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already fallen into the hands of the enemy, around which horses, riders, and gunners lay mangled, and half buried in the mud. At length, part of the Jersey brigade, with their ammunition exhausted or wet, had to fall back; and the Excelsior brigade marched into their places, when the firing became more terrible than ever. It was like the roar of a cataract, and the whole stormy woods seemed an element of fire in the dull and murky atmosphere. Colonel Dwight, with the first Excelsior, though fearfully outnumbered, resolutely held his ground. Report came that the enemy were outflanking him. "I can't help it," was his calm reply, "I must hold this spot while a man is left to stand by me." Bleeding from his wounds, he stood resolved to die at his post. A braver man never led troops into fire, and braver troops never closed with heroic devotion round a gallant leader. Rooted, rock fast on the bloody field, they held their ground till help came, though every third man had fallen. Veterans of a hundred battle fields could do no more than this.

In the mean time, Kearney's division was coming to the rescue. Officer after officer kept dashing up to him with orders to hurry on. The roads were miry and the marching heavy, and the soldiers threw aside their haversacks to lighten their load, and pressed on in the direction of the firing that rose in one long thunder peal over the woods. The minutes seemed hours to the brave Heintzleman, for every moment threatened to be the last that Hooker's brigade could maintain its ground. But a great load was suddenly lifted from his heart, as he saw General Berry at the head of a part of his brigade, approaching with giant strides. Through the storm and mud, with his two regiments of Michigan men and the thirty-seventh New York, he had pushed fiercely on, passing troops, trains and artillery, and as he now drew near, Heintzelman gave a shout of delight, and waved his cap in the air. A thundering cheer responded, as the brave fel-

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lows bounded through the driving rain. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and for nearly eight hours Hooker's single unconquerable brigade had withstood the whole shock of battle. Help came not a moment too soon. Berry hurled his regiments like a thunderbolt on the foe. The fifth Michigan, receiving the fire that smote them, and too impatient to return it, charged bayonet—clearing a rifle pit with a thrilling shout, and leaving a hundred and forty-three bodies in their fiery path. Kearney immediately after came up, and riding into the thickest of the fire, led his troops forward with irresistible impetuosity. As they advanced, however, they met the long line of ambulances conveying the wounded of Hooker's brigade to the rear, whose groans and cries of distress, joined with the mud and rain, and the exhaustion of the long and terrrible march, were not calculated to produce a favorable impression on them as they were going into action. General Heintzelman saw it and immediately ordered several of the bands to strike up national and martial airs. The effect was electrical, and as the strains of the familiar tunes reached the ears of the wounded as they were carried from the field, their cheers mingled with those of the stout hearted men who were marching past them into battle. Under the sudden inspiration, mud and rain and weariness were forgotten, and with renewed energy they pushed forward to where the deafening explosions told them their companions in arms were facing death. Berry charged furiously on the astonished rebels, and Birney followed, reversing the tide of battle and rolling it on the foe. Hooker's brigade, a portion of which after their ammunition was exhausted, held its position with the bayonet alone, was at last relieved; for Kearney now cleared the crimsoned woods and swept the field. Of the brave regiments which bled so freely this day, none was handled with more skill, or hurled again and again with more irresistible impetuosity on the foe, than the eleventh

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Massachusetts of Grover's brigade, commanded by Colonel Blaisdell. Like "*Le Terrible*" of Napoleon's army in Italy, it broke regiment after regiment of the enemy in pieces. Its march was like that of fate, and its charging cheer was the shout of victory.

While Hooker was thus breasting the storm on the left, Peck advancing up the road, near York river, came upon the enemy's center in the open space, in which stood fort Magruder. Though exposed to a murderous fire of shot and shell from the fort and the long lines of rifle pits that commanded all the open ground, by keeping the cover of a pine grove, he held his ground the entire day.

In the mean time, Hancock had advanced on the extreme right, and crossing a dam, took possession of some deserted earthworks. Late in the afternoon, the enemy anticipating an attack on his extreme wing, by him, moved against him with a heavy force. Fearing that his retreat might be cut off, should his force prove too weak to hold the advanced position, the latter began to fall back slowly and steadily in line of battle, ever presenting a dauntless front to the foe. The rebels, taking this movement for a retreat, and thinking the victory already won, dashed forward, cheering and firing as they came. When Hancock had got all his artillery safe, he halted his brave band, only twenty-five hundred strong. On came the enemy till they were nearly on the top of the sloping ground, and within forty yards of his line. "Fire," rang along the unfaltering ranks, and a swift, deadly volley swept the rebel line. "Charge," followed in quick succession, and with levelled bayonets and leaning forms, the whole mass threw itself forward down the slope. As the gleaming line of steel drove swiftly on, the elated rebels halted, appalled at the sight. One glance at the determined countenances, and that even line of bayonets, moving steady and swift as the inrolling wave, and they broke and fled in dismay.

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The rebel position was turned by this success, and night having come on, the enemy retreated under cover of darkness. The next morning, our victorious columns marched into Williamsburg with drums beating and colors flying. Enthusiastic shouts rent the air, but they fell all unheeded on the ears of the brave sleepers in the woods and open spaces where the battle had raged the day before. Soaked with rain, and covered with mud, the dead lay in heaps where Hooker had so long and grimly held his ground. Amid the shattered trees, and shivered branches, and mangled horses, and wrecks of the fierce fight—the blood standing in pools around them—they slept the quiet sleep of death. All the dreary night, the soldiers, with torches, had threaded the woods in search of the wounded; still notwithstanding their untiring labors, many the next morning lay where they fell, listening with dull senses to the shouts and triumphant strains of their advancing comrades. It was a dreary sight to see the ambulances slowly moving amid the dripping trees, the drivers carefully picking their way to keep the wheels from passing over the lifeless forms.

Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was about two thousand, the greater part of which fell on Hooker's brigade. Hancock did not lose over twenty in his brilliant charge, which called forth a warm eulogy from McClellan to the two regiments which made it.

While this battle was raging, Franklin was approaching West Point with his troops, to intercept the retreat of the rebel army. It effected a landing, and on Wednesday was attacked by the enemy. A battle followed, in which we lost some two hundred killed and wounded, and a large number of prisoners. Nothing of consequence seemed to have been accomplished by this movement, save the rapid transportation of a large force far in advance, where it could co-operate with McClellan's army. Franklin's division was too weak to attack the whole retreating force of the enemy.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

MAY, 1862.

OUR GUN BOATS ASCEND THE JAMES RIVER—SURRENDER OF NORFOLK—DESTRUCTION OF THE MERRIMAC—GRATIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE—ATTACK ON FORT DARLING—MC CLELLAN'S ADVANCE ON RICHMOND—BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT HOUSE—THE ROAD OPENED FOR MC DOWELL TO ADVANCE—RICHMOND NOT TO BE TAKEN UNLESS HE DOES—DISSATISFACTION AND UNREASONABLENESS OF THE PUBLIC—A DEAR EXPERIMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

WHILE our army was chasing the flying enemy towards Richmond, important events were passing in the region of its long encampment before Yorktown. The day after the battle at West Point, the Galena, and two other gun boats, passed the batteries on the James river, and began to feel their way towards Richmond. Two days after, General Wool, with five thousand men, effected a landing at Willoughby point, and advanced on Norfolk. The rebel General, Huger, had evacuated it when it was decided to abandon Yorktown, and it was left defenseless. On the approach of our forces, a delegation from the city came out to meet them, and the place, which had been the great depot for the supply of heavy ordnance for the rebels, fell into our hands without firing a shot. It *actually* fell with Yorktown, for after that event it was entirely cut off from help. The taking it with an armed force, therefore, was a mere matter of form, though a part of the public made a laughable attempt to convert it into a brilliant military exploit of the President himself, who happened to be at fortress Monroe at the time.

The fate of the Merrimac was also sealed with the fate of Yorktown; for she was totally unfit for the sea, while her

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draft of water was too great to allow her to go up to Richmond. It therefore occasioned no surprise, to hear that she had been blown up by her crew.

Wool entered Norfolk on Saturday. The same night, this rebel craft, which had caused us so much damage, was set on fire. She presented a grand spectacle in her ignominious death. When she was fairly aflame, she lighted up the tranquil waters of the bay for miles around and wrapped in her fiery shroud, burned on for hours, till the flames reached the magazine, when her iron ribbed sides burst with the sound of thunder, shaking the shores with the explosion; then she suddenly sunk in the deep, a companion at last to the Cumberland and Congress. The news of her destruction was received with intense satisfaction, not merely because she had sent to the bottom two national vessels with a part of their gallant crews, but her menacing attitude in the waters of the Chesapeake, keeping a whole fleet occupied in watching her motions, irritated the national pride. Her presence there was regarded as a perpetual insult and taunt. Our self respect demanded that she should be disposed of; hence there was a sort of personal gratification in having her commit suicide. To this, there was added a sense of relief, for no one could exactly measure her power to do mischief, and as long as she was in existence there was a feeling of insecurity. Besides, she being disposed of, left the Galena, Naugatuck, and other vessels, at liberty to go up the James river, and operate against the batteries that lined its banks, and perhaps reach Richmond itself.

The rebels, before evacuating Norfolk, destroyed the navy yard, inflicted what injury they could on the granite dry dock, and left as complete a wreck as their time and ability would permit. Sewall's Point, and all the other neighboring batteries fell, of course, and a large quantity of heavy ordnance came into our possession. General Viele was ap-

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pointed military Governor, and gave universal satisfaction, by the quiet, yet stern, manner in which he maintained order. It had been supposed that a great deal of Union feeling prevailed in the city, as its entire prosperity had grown out of the national patronage, but whatever had existed seemed to have been extinguished by the war, and though there was much suffering among the inhabitants, they manifested a sullen spirit under their transfer back to the old confederacy.

The Galena proceeded at once, up the James river, silencing or passing the batteries on the way, until she arrived nearly opposite Williamsburg. Joined by the Monitor, Arostook, Naugatuck, and Port Royal, she proceeded on towards Richmond, constantly assailed from rifle pits on shore, till she came to a sharp bend, about seven miles from the city. Here, on a bluff a hundred and fifty feet high, they found a strong fortification called fort Darling, mounted with guns of large caliber, and long range, which completely commanded the river. Here too, piles were driven across the channel, and vessels sunk to arrest the farther progress of the boats, and hold them under the terrible fire of the battery.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT DARLING.

The Galena boldly ran to within six hundred yards of the battery, and was swung across the channel, which, at that point, was only about twice as wide as the vessel was long, and in this stationary position, a little before eight in the morning of the fifteenth, opened fire. The Monitor, at first anchored near her, then passed above, but finding the elevation too great for her guns, dropped down the stream again, and taking up her position, wheeled her turret on the bluff, and began to hurl her ponderous shots up the hights. The other vessels took the positions assigned them, and the bombardment commenced. The battery replied, sending her heavy metal down with terrible effect. For more than two hours

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the firing was constant, the heavy reports echoing above the houses of Richmond like heavy thunder, and filling the inhabitants with terror. But the fight was too unequal—the boats were never designed to act against works placed on such an elevation, and a vast majority of their shots were thrown away; while the plunging balls of the battery went through and through the sides and deck of the Galena. She however gallantly maintained the fight, till twenty-four of her crew were killed and wounded, her ammunition exhausted, and her sides pierced with eighteen shots, when she dropped out of fire. Her heavy loss and damage were owing to the fact, that she was compelled, from the narrowness of the stream, to remain stationary. Hence, when the rebel gunners once got the range, they had but to load and fire. The Monitor was hit three times—once square on the turret by a solid eight inch shot, but she maintained her reputation for invincibility—not one piercing her armor, and producing no effect save to bend the plates. Not a man was hurt aboard her. The Naugatuck had fired her one-hundred-pound Parrot gun but a few times, when it burst into fragments, and she became powerless. The other vesels suffered only slightly. For the first time since the attack on fort Donelson, our gun boats had met with a reverse, and the people of Richmond were highly elated.

In the mean time, McClellan was pushing his immense army steadily towards Richmond, until at length he drew it up on the banks of the Chickahominy river, a small stream within ten miles of the rebel Capital. Here the building of bridges, and the presence of the enemy, arrested his progress, and he was compelled to take each step with great caution. General Stoneham, with the cavalry, kept constantly in advance, and with a vigilance, and energy, and patient endurance of toil that won the admiration of the country, carried out every plan of his commander successfully.

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Skirmishing with pickets, and bold reconnoissances, occurred almost every day, and it became more and more evident that the rebels were determined to make a desperate stand for their capital. The public had looked for its speedy overthrow, but it was now clear, that the march to it, if performed at all, must be over heaps of slain.

McClellan kept drawing his lines closer and closer round the city—pushing his columns across the Chickahominy, preparatory to a final advance. By a bold dash on Mechanicsville, he had been able to cut the Fredericksburg and Richmond rail road, thus preventing a sudden concentration of forces on McDowell.

The month wore away in this manner without any decisive results, but in the last week, public expectation was raised by a telegraphic dispatch, stating that our forces after a sharp contest had captured Hanover Court House. This town lies nearly twenty miles north of Richmond, and is intersected by the Richmond and Potomac and Central rail roads. Being so far north of Richmond, and away from the main army, its capture pointed, unmistakably it was thought, to a sudden advance of McDowell from Fredericksburg with his division, estimated to be forty thousand strong. McClellan was reaching out his hand nearly a third of the way to him, asking him in mute but pleading accents, to fulfill the promise of the government, without which he knew his long and terrible march would end in failure.

This important expedition was entrusted to General Porter. At daylight on the morning of the twenty-seventh, the reveille was beat in the camps, and in an hour after, the columns were in motion—Major Williams, with a squadron of cavalry, moving in advance. A regiment of infantry, acting as skirmishers, followed, plunging into every thicket, and exploring every doubtful locality. Then came the batteries, and the division. It was a gloomy morning in which

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to march, for the soldiers had not finished their breakfasts when the black and heavy clouds that curtained the sky opened, and the rain came down in torrents. For three hours it poured like a heavy thunder shower, making it difficult to keep the ammunition dry, and drenching the soldiers so thoroughly that the water ran in rivulets from them, while the road became a pool of mud. The march, however, was pushed steadily forward for six miles, when some mounted pickets were encountered. These being quickly dispersed, the column kept on till noon, when it halted within three miles of the Court House.

The troops had now marched about twelve miles, and had three more to go before they reached Hanover. The storm had broke, and for the last three hours the march had been under a broiling sun, and the men were much fatigued. The halt was, however, a short one, and the column moved on.

BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT HOUSE.

The advance soon came upon a body of the enemy concealed in the woods, when a sharp contest began. The regiments held their ground bravely, but could make no headway against the force before them. Soon, however, the artillery came up on a gallop, and unlimbering, sent canister and shell through the woods. The Berdan sharp shooters also hurried forward, and taking such concealed positions as they could, or lying flat on their stomachs, picked off the enemy rapidly. Reinforcements in the mean time continued to arrive from Martindale's and Butterfield's brigades, and the engagement became general. The artillery kept the woods alive with shells bursting in every direction amid the concealed foe, while the roll of musketry was fierce and constant. Sheltered by the trees, the rebels made a stubborn

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resistance, and for two hours the contest was close and severe, but at last they gave way.

As they reluctantly broke cover, and became exposed to view, our volleys smote them with such deadly effect that their retreat changed into a wild run. With a cheer, our troops now pressed forward in pursuit, but were brought to a halt by General Porter, who had arrived on the ground. Martindale's brigade was then detached from the main body, and directed to push on to the Central rail road, and destroy the bridges over the Pamunkey river. Preceded by a detachment of cavalry, it pressed rapidly forward, and accomplished its object without resistance. As they were approaching the road, they saw a train of cars moving up from Richmond, filled apparently with troops, but as the conductor caught sight of our flag, and the line of glistening steel, he reversed his engine, and rapidly backed the train.

In the mean time, Butterfield's and McQuade's brigades pushed on after the fugitives who had fled to the left, towards where the rail road crossed the turnpike. Along the road, through the meadows, grain fields, and woods, they swept on till they came upon the enemy, who had probably been reinforced by the troops on the train, and were drawn up in the woods near Mrs. Harris' house. The contest here was sharp but not long. Martindale's regiments, after the destruction of the rail road, had stacked their arms, and were sitting and lying on the ground, taking a short rest, when the heavy boom of cannon brought them to their feet, and swiftly closing up their ranks, they moved off in the direction of the fire. The enemy, though protected by a dense forest, a second time gave way and the firing for a while ceased. The rebels retreated to another piece of woods, nearer the Court House, and made a third and last stand. Our tired regiments, determined to make a clean sweep of the field, moved forward again, apparently as fresh as in the

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morning. They knew not the number of the enemy opposed to them, they only knew the woods were full of them, for it was ablaze with their volleys. The artillery was hurried forward, a part taking position in the road, and the rest in an adjoining field, the two batteries placed so as to pour a concentric fire into the timber. Griffin's terrible guns were there, and soon the green arcades were alive with the hurtling storm. The infantry, coming up on the double-quick with cheers, filled the space between the batteries, and blended their steady volleys with the roar of the guns. It was five o'clock when the action began, and it was kept up without cessation till darkness began to gather over the landscape, when the rebels abandoned the contest, and the field was won.

The sun went down behind the green trees without a cloud, and the tranquil stars came out one after another upon the sky, shedding their gentle light upon field and wood, all unconscious of the dead and dying who had looked their last on the blue heavens.

The loss of the enemy, as usual, could only be guessed at, while ours amounted, in killed, wounded, and missing, to three hundred and forty-five, chiefly from Butterfield's and Martindale's brigades, on which the heaviest of the fighting fell. We took one gun, several trophies, and seven hundred and seventy-one prisoners.

Porter had conducted this hazardous expedition with great skill, in which he was nobly sustained by Butterfield, Martindale and McQuade.

Now, if ever, seemed the time for government to send forward McDowell to close up McClellan's right wing, and add that force without which it would be madness to move on Richmond, and attempt to take it by assault. It was only a little over fifty miles from Fredericksburg to Hanover Court House, and the whole army expected him to advance at

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once. It was because the enemy expected this movement, that Richmond was in such consternation, and the inhabitants preparing to leave. In fact, they supposed at first, that the attack on Hanover Court House was made by McDowell.

Apart from the troops left to keep open his communication and protect his supplies, McClellan had not a hundred thousand men with whom to advance on the rebel capital, while it was known that Davis had on his lines of defense or within call, at least a third more. With his inferior force, and his right wing unprotected, to move on strong fortifications, so heavily defended, would have been madness, and sure to end in disaster. Neither he nor his corps commanders ever proposed to do any such thing. Though their united plan had been broken up, yet relying on the promise of the government, that when they arrived before Richmond, McDowell should join them from Fredericksburg, they had carried forward the tedious siege of Yorktown, and fought their way gallantly to the gates of the rebel capital. Farther than this they never expected to go, without the co-operation of the other portion of the army, unless some blunder of the enemy gave an unexpected advantage. Neither they nor McClellan ever proposed to do, with a little over *half* the army, what the *whole* had been gathered, drilled and prepared to accomplish. The army had not been divided for the purpose of leaving half of it idle, while the other half did all the work. It would seem that the public might have seen this, but did not. So possessed had it become with the idea that Richmond must fall, that it would not listen to reason nor take into account the relative strength of the forces in the field. It made no difference whether McClellan had fifty or a hundred and fifty thousand men, and the enemy two hundred thousand, he should take Richmond, or be disgraced. The people expected it and that was enough.

Perhaps there never was another instance on record, in

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which popular impatience exhibited itself in such an unreasonable and unjust manner. To every man who was capable of understanding the situation of things, it was just as plain now that without the co-operation of McDowell's, or a similar corps, Richmond would not be taken, as it was two months after. McClellan and his brave corps commanders had fought their way to this point on a promise, and if that promise was not fulfilled, they knew they had fought in vain. The appeals of their chief to the government for its fulfillment were most moving, but to the public, not a word of complaint, not an explanation was given. A cloud, dark as death, began to settle around that devoted army.

The popular feeling soon after became clamorous and vindictive—on the one hand denouncing McClellan and demanding his disgrace—on the other upbraiding the government and accusing it of wantonly perilling the country to effect the ruin of McClellan. Sweeping, unjust, irrational accusations filled the press and the streets—on the one hand making McClellan unfit to command a regiment, on the other the President and Secretary of War little better than traitors.

The truth can be told in a few words, *McClellan never proposed, or promised, or expected to take Richmond with the forces given him.* The government withheld the requisite force for reasons which at the time unquestionably seemed right and proper, and demanded by the public safety.

It does not follow that because McClellan's plans were broken up, they would have been successful if they had been carried out. In the execution of them, defects may have been discovered which rendered their abandonment necessary, or at least apparently so. Whatever blame is attached to him, must be attributed to the *theory* of his plan, not to its failure *practically*, for it never had a trial.

This much, however, may be said: the government tried an experiment in this campaign, which we believe no other

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government of modern times ever dared to make. Having an army of over two hundred thousand men, designed to act against a common center, Richmond—and thus occupy in fact one great battle field—it divided it up into independent corps, with no Commander-in-Chief to direct the movements of the whole, except the Secretary of War, who knew less of military science than any regular colonel in the field. It is not necessary to condemn this or that commander to get at the cause of failure. It will always come under such an arrangement—if not to day, then to morrow. It was one of the most stupendous blunders ever committed by a great nation.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAY–JUNE, 1862.

A FLOOD IN THE CHICKAHOMINY—MC CLELLAN'S FORCES SEPARATED BY IT—THE ENEMY RESOLVES TO ATTACK THE PORTION ACROSS THE RIVER AND DESTROY IT—BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS—ROUT OF CASEY'S DIVISION—HEINTZELMAN COMES TO THE RESCUE—KEARNEY'S DIVISION—BERRY'S BRIGADE—SUMNER SUCCEEDS IN CROSSING—THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE—BAYONET CHARGE OF THE SECOND EXCELSIOR—THE VICTORY—APPEARANCE OF THE FIELD—MC CLELLAN'S DISPATCH.

THE brilliant victory at Hanover Court House, proved the prelude to the most desperate battle thus far of the war—that of Pittsburg Landing perhaps alone excepted. Three days after, a terrible storm, accompanied with fearful exhibitions of lightning and explosions of thunder, broke over the Union camps. The water came down in floods all night, completely inundating the valley through which the Chickahominy flowed, turning the narrow stream into a broad and mighty river, converting the adjacent swamps into expansive lakes, and carrying away one bridge and rendering another unsafe.

McClellan, in pushing forward towards Richmond, had crossed the river with part of his forces, when this sudden and unprecedented flood came. Casey's division, numbering, when it left Washington, thirteen thousand men,—now reduced to about half that number—occupied the advance within about six or seven miles of the rebel capital. The Williamsburg stage road runs west, direct from Bottom's bridge across the Chickahominy to Richmond; nearly parallel to it, and varying in distance from a mile to two and a half or three miles, is the West Point rail road. On and between these, beyond Fair Oaks, lay his division, forming the advance of the left wing, his pickets extending nearly to the

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Chickahominy north, which, flowing from the north-west, formed a line that made rather an acute triangle with the rail road. Thus, a line running directly north and south would cut the river, rail road and stage road, making a gore of land between the river and either of the roads. Couch's division lay in rear of Casey's, on the stage road. A space of country, about a mile square, enclosed the mass of these two divisions, on the front and left of which was a belt of forest, occupied by our pickets. Between this cleared space and the rail road was a wooded swamp, beyond which spread another wide extent of cultivated fields, in which was stationed Naglee's brigade. Wassell's brigade held the center, joined on the left by General Palmer's. Heintzelman's division was directly in rear of the whole, on the same side of the river, though several miles distant. The rest of the forces were on the other side, though Sumner was just ready to cross, farther north, where Casey's line of pickets almost cut the river. Casey had pushed his advance as far as he could, and had commenced intrenching himself.

This was the position of affairs when that terrible storm suspended operations. Whether the resolution of the rebels was suddenly taken or not on account of the unexpected flood, its purpose was to break up, capture and destroy Casey's, Couch's and Heintzelman's divisions, before reinforcements could be thrown across the Chickahominy to their relief. If the movement was decided upon before the storm, its unexpected sudden advent and destructive power must have seemed like a special interposition of Providence, for it made it very doubtful whether reinforcements could be thrown over at all, leaving them to finish those isolated divisions at their leisure.

The storm having done its work, sending a turbulent flood and spreading a wide lake between the two portions of the army, the rebels believed that the overthrow of the divisions

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between them and the Chickahominy was certain. During the whole night before, the dull sound of heavy trains coming in from Richmond and halting only a short distance in front, awakened suspicion that some hostile movement was on foot. The next morning, an aid to the rebel general Johnson, having on his person a complete description of our forces and their various positions, and evidently seeking some more definite information concerning some of the cross roads, was captured by our pickets. The pickets also reported that the enemy was showing himself in force in front. This, however, being a common occurrence, occasioned very little alarm—still a regiment was sent out to their support. It had not been gone long before a *vidette* came dashing in, saying that the enemy in heavy columns and extended line was moving down upon our line of pickets.

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

Instantly the long roll was beat—the working parties recalled, and the whole division ordered under arms. It was now about noon, and when the alarm was given, preparations for dinner were going on in the various camps. Instantly every thing was in commotion, and four regiments and four pieces of artillery were sent forward a quarter of a mile to meet the advancing enemy. Casey soon discovered, however, that it was putting up a straw to stop the hurricane; for the tactics of the other Johnston at Pittsburg Landing were here practised over again. Not cautiously feeling his way by detached brigades, nor stopping to make sure work with his artillery, did the enemy advance; but in massive columns, and threefold lines, and wide enfolding wings, led by Hill and Longstreet, he came boldly down like an onsweeping wave, determined to crush all obstacles by the suddenness and weight of the onset. Some of the regiments

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and portions of regiments bore up gallantly, hour after hour, against this overwhelming force; and our artillery in front, especially Regan's, with canister and grape, and in rear with shells, sent devastation through the crowded ranks. Deficient in artillery, the rebels seemed to rely chiefly on small arms, and from the outset were determined to come to a hand to hand conflict, in which their overwhelming numbers would decide the contest before help could arrive. Casey's line of battle was soon broken, some of the regiments fleeing in the wildest panic, and never stopping till they reached the Chickahominy, nor even then. His second line was formed behind his redoubts, but this too after a short, vain struggle, also yielded, and many of our guns fell into their hands—among them a battery of brass pieces, in endeavoring to save which, Captain Bailey was killed. Regan's battery, which did fearful execution, was saved by a charge of bayonet. The camp was swept with such fury that nothing was saved. The panic stricken soldiers thought only of themselves, and lost alike to patriotism and honor, came pouring down the muddy stage road like a herd of frightened cattle. General Peck, with his military family, was quietly seated in the open air, taking his coffee and rice, when the regular and sustained volleys in front suddenly brought all to their feet and to the saddle. The long roll was beaten, hurried orders were dispatched to put the brigade under arms, and in a few minutes from the time his noonday lunch was interrupted, Peck was spurring forward to the scene of action. He had not gone far, however, before he met the great straggling flow of the fugitives, filling up the entire road in their disorderly flight. The cowardly crew, when they saw the officers barricading the road, began to limp, and hide their hands in their bosoms, to make believe they were wounded—their ridiculous contortions and the shamed expression of their faces all the while exposing the disgraceful deception they were attempting to practise.

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The officers dashed among them, cursing them fiercely to their faces as poltroons. But still the flow kept deepening—while great stalwart men, with muskets in their hands, simulated sickness, and gave lying excuses to each stern demand what they meant by this shameful cowardice; and limped by, presenting at once a sickening and maddening spectacle. Covered with mud, showing that they had thrown themselves on the ground in terror, to escape the shot and shells that screamed through the air, they presented a sad specimen of freemen fighting for the national flag. A guard was finally stretched across the road to arrest this steadily increasing stream of cowards, and drive them back to their duty. But it was all in vain—they heard the steady roar of the guns, sounding momentarily nearer, and impelled onward by fear, they turned off into the fields and neighboring woods—still fleeing towards the Chickahominy. It was an amazing spectacle.

It was soon evident that Casey's division was gone; shattered into irrecoverable fragments; and Keys hurried off his staff officers to Heintzelman for help. But the old hero was already on the march—his practiced ear had told him by the tremendous volleys that shook the field, that an overwhelming force was moving down upon our positions. As soon as he heard the astounding news of the utter rout of Casey's division, he sent back for Kearney's and Birney's brigades, and the chivalric Berry's, whose bayonets he had greeted with a shout when so hard bestead at Williamsburg.

Brave troops were soon on the march; but what would be the effect on them of this wild panic-stricken horde, their own iron-hearted leaders trembled to contemplate. The fifty-fifth New York was ordered to march forward into the fight; but instead of advancing with firm and confident front, it moved spasmodically, its hitches and starts showing beforehand where it would be when the hurricane of fire should smite them.

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But there were other sights, cheering to the hearts of the brave. Just then the sixty-second came up with an easy tread, and gay and confident bearing, and as they saw the shirking, timorous regiment ahead, instead of catching the fear, poured a torrent of scorn upon them, and though the great conical shot were shrieking overhead, and shells bursting on every side, haughtily exclaimed, "fall in behind, the sixty-second is good shelter," and moved steadily forward into the rain of death. Officers, with their arms in a sling, arose from their sick beds, to lead their troops to the charge; soldiers with mutilated fingers, left their ranks only long enough to get their wounds dressed, and hurried back into the fight. It was passing strange, that men of the same blood, and fighting under the same flag, should differ so widely in bearing. But this shameful rout was to be stopped at the point of the bayonet, by true men.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and ever since half past one, the rebels had had it all their own way. Couch and Peck, finding the enemy moving down in heavy masses towards Fair Oaks, on our right, crossed the field at right angles to the road, and meeting them in the woods, held them fiercely at bay, till overwhelmed by superior numbers, they were compelled to fall back. Peck's horse, while dashing through the fire, received a ball through the neck—the next instant another pierced his flank. Still unhurt, this gallant commander was spurring on, when a cannon ball took off both of the hind legs of his steed, and he sunk to the ground. Mounting another, he cheered on the troops by his dauntless bearing.

In the mean while, Kearney, of Heintzelman's division, led his regiments forward, who, as they met the broken battalions of Casey's divisions, sent up a loud hurrah of defiance, and breasting fiercely the human torrent, divided it, as the strong ship parts the waves. "*This is not the way to*

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Richmond," shouted the fearless Kearney to the frightened fugitives, but he spoke in vain, and he saw that he must look to his own brave men to save the day, not to them. Berry led forward his glorious Michigan men to sure victory. A ball, carrying away his cap, he rode at the head of his column bareheaded.

The third Michigan of his brigade was the first up, and this Kearney ordered into the felled timber, where it maintained a most desperate contest till ten of its officers and a hundred and fifty men were killed or wounded. A company of picked marksmen, numbering fifty men, stood and loaded and fired, till half of its entire number had fallen, together with its captain and lieutenant. The enemy in front of them fell like corn before the sickle. The fifth Michigan, that won such laurels at Williamsburg, came up next, and dashing forward with a shout, opened a most rapid and destructive fire. At Williamsburg it lost a hundred and fifty-four men—here under the overwhelming fire to which it was exposed, it lost a hundred and fifty-three more. Soon Jamieson came up with his brigade, from the rear, and pushing through the abattis in front, met a large body of the enemy, moving on swiftly and in fine order, and repelled them gallantly. The one hundred and fifth Pennsylvania, of this brigade, lost in this short, severe fight, eleven officers and two hundred and forty men. Napoleon's veterans never stood firmer under a devastating fire. The firing on both sides now became awful. There was no interval to it, as though the opposing forces were advancing and retiring, but one continuous thunder peal, ribbed with the screaming conical shot, and interspersed with bursting shells, that fell rapidly as hailstones from heaven, amid the rock fast ranks. The din and uproar were so terrific, that officers, though their saddles touched, had to scream to each other to be heard.

Above the sulphurous canopy that curtained in the hosts,

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an immense balloon hung high in heaven, with telegraph wires dropping from it to McClellan's head-quarters, reporting every movement of the enemy, and reminding one of the fabled gods of old, looking down on the conflict. The boast of the enemy, that he would drive our weak divisions into the Chickahominy, seemed at first about to be accomplished; but Heintzelman had suddenly built an iron wall across his path, against which he dashed in vain. Though assailed by vastly superior numbers, the brigades and regiments stood firm. Berry and Kearny and Jamieson, performed prodigies of valor, and exposing themselves like the commonest soldier, made their troops invincible. Heintzelman had his horse shot under him, and so did Jamieson, whose brigade suffered terribly, while Peck was slightly wounded.

At length, the long lines of the gleaming bayonets of Gorman's brigade, the advance of Sumner's division, appeared on the field, near Fair Oaks station. This General who occupied the right, some three miles up the river, had received orders from McClellan, as soon as he heard of Casey's defeat to cross at once with his division, and help Heintzelman. Of the two bridges he had built, one had just been carried away by the flood, and the other was swaying before the rushing tide, threatening every moment to share the fate of its companion. Engineers were at once set to work, strengthening the trembling structure, while the massive columns went pouring across it. Through the water to reach it, and across the flooded fields after they were over, they hurried on, and when firm footing was obtained dashed forward at the double-quick. At first, it seemed impossible to get the artillery over. The horses floundered in the mud and water, and the heavy pieces stuck fast; but by lifting and urging, they were at length got upon the crazy structure, that threatened every moment to give way and engulph the whole.

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Almost superhuman exertions were put forth, and they at length reached solid ground. The rapidly rising river was now flowing even with the timbers, and scarcely was the last gun over, when they began to float away on the turbulent stream. Before the division arrived on the field, the struggle in the center had become frightful, and Kearney no longer able to hold his ground against the tremendous masses that kept accumulating against him, had to abandon his position. He held his ground, however, until he was completely outflanked, and his line of retreat cut off. In this critical situation, he ordered the thirty-seventh New York, a regiment distinguished for its discipline and valor, to face about and cover the rear, which they did most gallantly, holding back the enemy flushed with victory and confident in his superior numbers, until the advance regiments could fall back, when by taking an old saw mill road through the woods, known to the scouts, they reached the strong position they had left at noon.

In the mean time Sedgwick's brigade came up, and quickly ranging twenty-four guns in an open field, poured in a horrible fire, strewing the earth with dead. Flesh and blood could not stand the tempest of iron, and the enemy, after vainly attempting to breast it, wheeled and left the field piled with his dead.

Night now put an end to the combat, and the two armies, face to face, bivouaced on the bloody field where they had fought, within half musket shot—the pickets being within talking distance of each other. Amid the dead and dying they lay, waiting for the morning light to decide the issue. The uproar of the day had ceased—the heated cannon still darkly frowning on each other, slumbered in their places, and silence rested on the torn and trampled plain, broken only by the dull rumble of ambulances, carrying off the wounded, or the low moans of the sufferers as they were lifted from

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their gory bed. Darkness covered the ghastly spectacle of the slain, who lay in heaps on every side.

The Sabbath day of the first of June dawned mild and tranquil—day of hallowed rest and promise of a peaceful life to come—of rest indeed to the thousands that lay on that bloody field, who had gone from the smoke and carnage of battle to that still land where the tread of armies is never heard—day of rest to the millions, who rose to their morning devotions, ere the bell summoned them to the place of prayer and praise, but not one of rest to the tired and decimated armies that the roll of the drum called from their wet beds of earth to the shock of battle.

The rebels, after solacing themselves with the stores and accommodations found in Casey's and Couch's camps, prepared to renew the attack; but their able leader Johnson was not with them to lead them to victory, for he had been carried wounded to Richmond.

At daylight, Hooker's division rested on the railroad—on the farther side, in a semi-circle, were the divisions of Richardson and Sedgwick, their left joining his right. To the extreme left, were the remnants of Casey's and Couch's division. About six o'clock, Heintzelman and Hooker sat down behind our breast works, and soon arranged the order of battle. A reconnoissance was made, when the enemy was found to be in great force on both our flanks. The brigade under Sickles, composed of the five Excelsior regiments, and the fifth and sixth New Jersey, moved forward at a quarter past seven, and drew up in line of battle in a wheat field, directly in front of a large piece of woods in which the rebels were concealed. The latter immediately opened fire, and the battle commenced. Of those seven regiments, not a man flinched. The fifth and sixth New Jersey, though thinned at every discharge, loaded and fired as coolly as though engaged only in target practice. The Excelsior regiments

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steadily advanced as they fired, but Sickles saw that with the enemy covered by the woods, the fight was too unequal to be maintained long and resolved to clear them at the point of the bayonet. To the second Excelsior was assigned the desperate undertaking. With firm set ranks, and leveled pieces this gallant regiment moved rapidly over the intervening space and approached the woods. The rebels gazed on the glittering line without dismay, and closing their ranks sternly awaited the onset. It was a fearful sight—the flashing eyes and leveled pieces of the enemy on the one side, and that noiseless unwavering line of steel on the other. The rebels reserved their fire till the bayonet points were within sixty yards of them, when a sheet of flame ran along their ranks and a murderous volley swept the advancing regiment. Taking it full in their faces without flinching or faltering, with one wild thrilling shout they bounded on the foe. As the smoke of the volley lifted, the rebels saw that line of steel still unbroken, close upon them. Appalled at the desperate daring, they broke in utter panic. Their Colonel, overthrown in the shock, suddenly recovered, and cried out, "Rally once more my boys," but the next moment he saw that the bayonets that environed him were not those of his friends, and the loud hurrahs that rent the air came from his conquerors.

The battle now raged furiously along the whole center and right, and when the gallant regiments could not clear their way with their deadly volleys, they advanced with the bayonet, enacting over again the heroic deeds of the second Excelsior.

Meanwhile, Richardson and Sedgwick were steadily closing their semicircle on the enemy. Where the left wing of the division rested on the rail road, the ground was covered with woods, with here and there an opening; but on the right a cleared field a mile in extent, spread away. Here Richardson posted a battery of ten-pound Parrott guns, which, with the brigade of French, and one regiment of

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Howard's, formed the first line. The remaining three regiments of Howard's brigade formed the second, and Meagher's with eighteen pieces of artillery, the third. Early in the morning the enemy's skirmishers formed in line and advanced over this field, while a large body of cavalry, their sabers gleaming in the light, were preparing to charge. The Parrott guns were immediately directed on these, which dispersed them, when the enemy swung round towards the left, and came down in tremendous force along the rail road track, till they arrived at two common wood roads that crossed it, up which they rapidly pushed heavy columns, and deployed in line of battle. When within half musket shot, French and Howard opened a terrible fire upon them, which for an hour and a half without intermission, swept their ranks with deadly effect. Howard exposed himself like the commonest soldier, until at last he was struck by a ball which shattered his arm. Instantly waving the mutilated member aloft as a pennon, he cheered on his men to the charge, and was then borne from the field.

The enemy now fell back and the battle here seemed ended; but suddenly receiving reinforcements, he gave a tremendous shout, and moved forward again to the attack. Meagher's gallant brigade was then brought up to relieve the hard pressed regiments. Advancing with their well known war shout, they closed with fearful ferocity on the foe, and for an hour mowed them down, almost by compapanies. Unable to gain one inch of ground, the enemy again retreated, their flight hastened by a storm of shells from the Parrott guns.

Thus, along the whole line of battle, from left to right, they were driven back in confusion.

About noon McClellan rode on the field with his staff, and as he swept along the lines, the enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest pitch, and the deafening cheers

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rolled like thunder over the field. Spurring on in search of Heintzelman, he found the tired hero dismounted, and sitting on the ground under a tree. Handing his horse to his orderly, he seated himself beside him, and questioned him rapidly of the state of things. Other generals soon joined them, forming a brilliant group there on the edge of battle. The reports were all alike, the enemy were falling back in every part of the field.

All our lost ground was at length won, and it was determined not to advance farther, as only a portion of the army was over the river, or could be got over till the flood subsided. Had McClellan been able to move the whole army, he would have followed the enemy to the streets of Richmond, and then and there settled the fate of the rebel capital.

After the battle was over, McClellan rode with his body guard through the victorious ranks. The shouts that greeted him, told how deeply he had fixed himself in the affections of the army. Even the wounded raised their heads, and added their feeble cheers to the thundering hurrahs that rolled over the plain.

It was a great victory, though won at a fearful cost. Mangled heaps of friends and foes spotted the fields and woods in every direction, and lay in long and mournful lines along the roads. Men of the same faith and blood, members of the same church, who should have been worshiping in God's blessed temple on this Sabbath day, lay side by side, their spirits having passed together to that land where no confusion of right and wrong makes enemies of those who should be friends. It was a sight over which angels might weep. More than ten thousand had fallen there amid the springing grass and grain, and under the shadow of the green woods. The ghastly bayonet wounds on every side, were a new spectacle to American soldiers. Four separate

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charges had been made during the day, and each time with complete success.

Our total loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. The enemy took, beside many prisoners, nineteen cannon from Casey's division, which they hurried off on Saturday night to Richmond, as trophies, and a large quantity of stores of all kinds. Their loss was variously estimated at from ten to twelve thousand; but their own reports afterward made it only a few hundred more than ours.

Several distinguished officers fell into our hands, among whom was General Pettigrew. But the heaviest loss of the enemy was that of the Commander-in-Chief, Johnson, whose wound removed him from active service. Twenty thousand men could have been better spared than he.

For days after the battle, the field covered with the wrecks of the fight, presented a frightful spectacle. Between three and four hundred horses lay strewed along where the battle had raged fiercest. These were collected in huge pyramids and burned.

As in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, both sides claimed the victory, and as in that, the first day the enemy was victorious. His tactics were the same in both; his object being to drive a part of the army into a river, before the other part could come up, and he nearly succeeded in both. But in each case he failed to carry out his plan, and was driven from the field, leaving his dead behind him.

So far as immediate results were concerned, it was a barren victory to both sides, for it left the two armies in precisely the same relative position that they were in before. The battle, however, did not in any way interrupt the plans of McClellan, but a disaster to our armies in the Shenandoah valley, that occurred about this time, did most seriously interfere with those of the government, and thus eventually overwhelmed him with disaster.

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McClellan's dispatch to the government, announcing the victory, awarded unbounded praise to his troops with the exception of Casey's division, of which he spoke in severe terms. More accurate information obtained afterwards, caused him to modify his charges against it somewhat; still he evidently felt that its behavior was disgraceful and well nigh caused his ruin. The gallant behavior of some of the regiments and portions of regiments, by which the enemy was held in check for a long time, could not shield the division from condemnation. The efforts afterwards made to defend its conduct were only partially successful. Even Casey's and Naglee's dispatches saved the reputation only of individual regiments.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

MAY, 1862.

MC DOWELL ABOUT TO JOIN MC CLELLAN—SHIELDS' DIVISION DETACHED FROM BANKS—JACKSON RESOLVES TO ATTACK THE LATTER—GALLANT DEFENSE OF KENLY AT FRONT ROYAL—BANKS RESOLVES TO FALL BACK TO THE POTOMAC—THE REAR GUARD CUT OFF—BATTLE AT WINCHESTER—THE ARMY REACHES THE POTOMAC IN SAFETY AND CROSSES INTO MARYLAND—BANKS AS A GENERAL—FRIGHT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR—THE MILITIA CALLED OUT—SUCCESS OF JACKSON'S PLAN—MC DOWELL AND FREMONT ORDERED TO INTERCEPT JACKSON'S RETREAT.

BEFORE the battle of Fair Oaks occurred, McDowell, at Fredericksburg, was preparing at last to move down to the assistance of McClellan. The news that his army had crossed the Rappahannock, and turned its face towards Richmond, was received with intense satisfaction, and the bitter complaints and angry discussions gave way to general congratulations that the government had finally moved in the right direction; for it was confidently believed, that the junction of his troops with those of McClellan, would be the signal of an immediate advance on the rebel capital. To give him greater strength, Shields, with fifteen thousand men, had been detached from Banks' division to join him.

After the victory at Winchester, over Stonewall Jackson, as he was called, Banks had for a while steadily pursued him without being able to bring on a battle. At length there seemed to be a suspension of his movements, and like McDowell he was thought to be awaiting the progress of affairs at Yorktown. The surrender of that place, however, and the movement of the army on to Richmond caused no change of attitude in either of these generals.

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Banks, at this time, was at Strasburg, with the remnant of the army left to him, numbering about five thousand men, with fifteen hundred cavalry. Of course he was not expected to hold his position with that force, against Jackson, should he advance upon him. In that event, retreat would be inevitable; but why he did not fall back simultaneously with the departure of Shields, or at least so dispose his trains as to be unincumbered by them, if called upon to retreat hastily, was a little surprising. At all events, he remained quietly at Strasburg with his little army, having taken the precaution to station a Maryland regiment, under Colonel Kenly, at Front Royal, twelve miles in advance. Jackson, through his spies, had been informed of the departure of Shields, and of the weakness of Banks, and resolved to make a sudden dash on the latter and capture his entire force, threaten the Potomac, and thus alarm the government at Washington, and make it withhold the troops from McClellan.

On the twenty-third, Jackson, in pursuance of his plan, suddenly appeared on the banks of the Shenandoah, in front of Kenly's regiment. The long roll at once sounded, and Colonel Kenly drew up his regiment so as to command the approach, and awaited the attack. In a short time the enemy appeared in overwhelming numbers, and opened with artillery and musketry, on the Marylanders. They returned the fire with such precision and coolness, that the advancing columns were checked, though not driven back. A desperate fight followed, in which this single regiment, contending against five times its number, won for itself a reputation equal to that of the old Maryland Continentals of revolutionary fame.

In the mean time, swift riders had started for Strasburg, for help. Banks received the report of the large body of troops opposed to Kenly with incredulity; still he sent off a regiment of infantry, and a body of cavalry to his assistance.

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Kenly, mean while, bore up against the fearful odds pressing on him with desperate resolution, and hour after hour held his ground without yielding an inch. At three o'clock, the clatter of horses' hoofs on the Shenandoah bridge announced the arrival of help, and a hundred of the Ira Harris cavalry dashed up. They were immediately ordered to charge, but the force was too small to effect any thing. The numbers of the enemy kept increasing, and Kenly seeing that it was impossible to maintain his position longer, gave the order to fall back over the river. This was done in good order, and the bridge heaped with rails and fired. The ignition, however, was slow, and before any damage could be done, the enemy dashed upon it and extinguished the flames, and then poured in one wild torrent across. It then became a hand to hand fight. Kenly, seeing the rebels swarming like locusts on both his flanks, threatening to cut off his retreat, summoned his men to a desperate charge, and leading them on, fell with such fury upon the rebels that they gave way, and he fell back along the space he had cleared by his valor. But it was plain that the doom of the regiment was sealed. With four or five thousand men hanging on his rear and flanks, and a force of cavalry greater than his entire regiment, charging at every step, it was clear that he could never get to Strasburg. Still he would not yield, and when a short time after, though completely inclosed, he was ordered to surrender, he shot the man who summoned him. It was pitiful to see that single regiment stand so helpless, and yet so fearless, amid the crowding, overwhelming foe. At length, their gallant leader, who had hitherto seemed to bear a charmed life, fell, severely wounded, when the regiment broke and scattered. Not a fifth of them, however, succeeded in making their escape, and almost the entire number fell into the hands of the enemy.

Late in the evening, the sad tidings reached Banks, and

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instantly dispatching officers to recall the reinforcements he had started for Kenly, he at midnight hurried off scouts in every direction to ascertain the truth of the startling reports of Jackson's strength. To their surprise, go which way they would, they came upon the rebel pickets, which were swarming over the whole country. Galloping back to head-quarters, they made their report, which convinced Banks beyond all doubt, that the enemy was on him in tremendous force, and that his entire command was in deadly peril of complete destruction. Prompt, instant action was necessary, for it was clear that this overwhelming demonstration in front, would not be without a corresponding movement in flank. Three courses were open to him—to await the attack of the enemy, and risk every thing on a battle—to retreat across the mountains—or to attempt to fall back rapidly on Winchester, and thus restore his communications with the base of his operations —the Potomac. His slender force would not justify him in hazarding the first—the second involved the abandonment of his trains—and he therefore resolved on the last. No sooner was the decision taken, than the retreat commenced. At three o'clock in the morning, seven hundred disabled men were put on the march, and with the wagon train escorted by a strong body of cavalry and infantry, started for Winchester. It was dark and gloomy, for the moon had been down an hour and a half, when this column of sick and wounded limped out of Strasburg. The other columns followed after, General Hatch being left with nearly the whole body of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, to protect the rear, and destroy such army stores as he had not the means of bringing off. He was also to hold Strasburg as long as he could.

The army had proceeded but three miles, when word was brought from the trains in front, that the enemy held the road ahead. On the heels of the tidings came the frightened

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fugitives, and teamsters, some on horse back, having cut their teams lose from their wagons in their panic—others with their wagons, lashing their animals to the top of their speed. Tumbling forward in utter confusion, and charged with the most exaggerated accounts of the enemy's force, they threatened for a moment to create a stampede among the troops. But Banks immediately ordered the column forward, and it soon shook itself clear of the immense train, which shifted its place to the rear. It was now broad daylight, and the army moved on with more confidence. Nothing occurred to arrest their march until they approached Middletown, thirteen miles from Winchester. Here the enemy were drawn up to dispute their passage. Colonel Donnelly halted his brigade, and the forty-sixth Pennsylvania was ordered to drive the enemy's skirmishers from a piece of woods on the right. A force of rebel cavalry was drawn up in an open field in rear of this piece of woods, ready at the first opportunity to charge. The artillery was brought to bear upon them, the fire of which they coolly faced for a while, but finding it too hot, at length wheeled, and trotted off the field, pursued by our skirmishers. The twenty-eighth New York was then ordered up, and poured in a destructive fire on the enemy, causing him to retire back. Our infantry and artillery followed, plunging through the fields, and drove them back two miles from the turnpike. The road was now clear to Winchester, and the columns moved on. With the first stampede of the trains, Banks, not knowing what force was before him, had dispatched a courier to Strasburg, with orders for Hatch to join him. The latter immediately put his brigade in motion but had not proceeded far, before he came upon the enemy which closed behind Banks. Unable to force a passage through them, he took a parallel road to the left and pushed on. Not long after, twelve companies of his cavalry came dashing along the turnpike, but finding it to their surprise

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completely blocked with the enemy's infantry, artillery and cavalry, fell back to Strasburg, where they found the *Zouaves d'Afrique.* The rebels had thrown their forces forward so rapidly in every direction, that the various detachments which had been ordered to join the main column, found it impossible to do so, and were wandering in various cross roads and by-ways, seeking some mode of escape to the main body.

In the mean time, the hard pressed little army pushed cautiously, but rapidly, forward towards Winchester. Soon word was received, that the train in the rear was attacked, Bank's position was every moment becoming more and more critical, and was well calculated to bewilder a more experienced commander than he. It was a serious question with him whether he should not abandon his trains, and try to save his army—but with that tenacity of purpose which characterizes him, he determined to do all that human effort could to save both. The rear guard, now under Colonel Gordon, immediately marched to the relief of the trains, and to hold the enemy in check. As he was moving back, he found the latter in force in Newtown. Three regiments were ordered to clear the town, while the artillery opened a destructive fire upon the enemy's batteries. Deploying into the fields, they moved resolutely on the place and cleared it with loud cheers. Following hard on the flying traces of the rebels, they endeavored to reach Middletown, and open a passage for Hatch's cavalry, of whose services Banks was in desperate need, in order to cover his rear. But the increasing swarms of rebels arrested their progress, and they were compelled to fall back. The enemy now brought forward his cavalry, and made a furious charge, determined to break through the barrier that opposed them, and scatter the train. But these brave regiments threw themselves into solid squares and poured in such murderous volleys, that they wheeled and

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galloped down the road. These regiments behaved nobly, fighting like veterans hour after hour to save the train. The teamsters, in the mean time, urged forward their animals, with voice and whip, and soon the long line of white tops disappeared over the farthest hill. Burning the wagons that were disabled and could not be got off, this noble rear guard turned and followed on after the retreating army. As the latter approached Winchester, news from every quarter arrived, that the enemy were in the vicinity in overwhelming force. Some rebel officers, not doubting that the place was in their possession, and supposing Banks' army to be their own, galloped unsuspiciously into our lines.

BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

Arriving in the town, Banks resolved to halt there for the night. Donnelly's brigade was posted on the Front Royal road, a mile and a half from the town, constituting the left of the line, and Colonel Gordon on the right. Without tents or covering, these exhausted troops bivouaced on the damp ground. Banks was completely in the dark as to the enemy's numbers, but he was determined to test it here by actual experiment. It was a bold and hazardous resolution, for it was afterwards ascertained that the enemy was over twenty thousand strong.

The night passed wearily, and long before daylight the sharp rattle of musketry in front showed that the foe was driving in our outposts. As soon as day dawned, the heavy boom of artillery, echoing across the broken country, announced that the enemy had commenced his attack. Consternation siezed the inhabitants of the town, and the cries of women, the hurrying to and fro of teamsters, and shouts of men, made a wild, disorderly scene; but amid it all, Banks moved with the same quiet demeanor he was ever

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wont to wear when presiding over the stormy debates of Congress.

The enemy moved first against Donnelly, on the left, but the line though weak, held its own gallantly. They advanced, firing as they came on, till within less than fifty yards, and were still pressing forward, when our troops charged and drove them back. For three-quarters of an hour, the fight here was most desperate. Neither wholly yielded the ground, and the opposing lines swayed backward and forward like two contending waves. The enemy suffered dreadfully from our superior fire, one regiment being almost annihilated, and at last, they gave way. As the dense cloud of smoke which covered the fields drifted away before the wind, it was discovered that they were moving in immense force on our right, under Colonel Gordon. Met here with the same deliberate volleys, they were unable to advance a step, until at length, a portion of our troops mistaking an order, began to fall back. In a moment the crest of the hill in front was black with the swarming thousands, filling the air with maddening shouts. This retrograde movement made it necessary to order the whole line to fall back—an order most reluctantly obeyed by the brave fellows, who had showed, though outnumbered three to one, that they could hold the enemy at bay. Confusion followed, and a part of the troops passed through the town in disorder, but they were quickly re-formed beyond, and continued their march. It is said that the inhabitants fired from their windows upon them; even women shooting down with revolvers the retreating soldiers.

Beaten back by overwhelming numbers, yet still unsubdued, the army retreated for five miles in order of battle. The rebel infantry did not pursue them beyond Winchester, but the cavalry and a few pieces of artillery kept on. As Banks saw the hovering clouds of horsemen, he longed for

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his own cavalry; but it was either far back among the hills, struggling desperately to reach him, or captured and in the hands of the enemy. At Bunker Hill a halt was ordered, to give the exhausted troops a little rest. In the mean time, Captain Bowen of the rear guard, found himself suddenly surrounded with three hundred cavalry. The men immediately formed into line, and with fixed bayonets moved straight upon and through them, joining the main column, amid loud cheers.

From this point they were not seriously molested, and in three parallel columns, each with a rear guard, kept on towards Martinsburg. As they approached the place they heard a steam whistle, and Bank's eye kindled, for he hoped that reinforcements had arrived, and he would be able to turn back on his exulting foe. Soon after, two squadrons of cavalry came dashing in a swift gallop along the road. The soldiers caught the gleam of their sabers, and the fluttering guidons, and sent up a wild hurrah, that was taken up by each succeeding regiment, till down the whole line rolled the deafening shout. Instead, however, of being the advance of a reinforcing column, they proved to be only the train guard that had been sent on in the morning.

For five hours Banks had held back the enemy at Winchester, during which time the train of five hundred wagons had streamed on towards the Potomac. This delay saved it, and left the road clear for the retreating army. At Martinsburg, Banks rested his weary troops for two hours and a half, and then recommenced his march to the Potomac.

It had been a sad Sunday for him, and sadder still for many of his poor soldiers. Scores of young men had fallen there in the mountain valleys, whose parents at the same hour were sending up prayers in their places of worship among the secluded hills of New England, for their safety. To one, the harshest sound that had greeted the ear, was

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that of the "church-going bell," while the other had heard only the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the pealing bugle, heralding the charge, until the fatal shot had ended all sights and sounds at once. They lay amid the budding flowers and springing grass, and bursting leaves of the sweet spring, but not those of their fair New England home.

The army resumed its march, and at length a loud cheer went up, for the Potomac gleamed in the sunlight. Soon on every hill slope, camp fires were burning, as the hungry soldiers prepared their hard earned supper.

The rear guard arrived at sundown, making a march of fifty-three miles in forty-eight hours—thirty-five of it on that Sabbath, a part of the time fighting their way. The poor fellows had been pushed to the limits of their endurance, and now, completely fagged out, with thinned regiments, looked back on the day with bitter feelings, and angry denunciations of the policy or power, that had doomed them to this ignominious retreat from a foe they had so long chased before them.

The scene on the banks of the river was of the most animating kind. A thousand wagons and carriages were huddled together and strung along the shore, while all along the hill sides lay the army, looking anxiously across to the farther side, where they at last might obtain rest, free from all danger of attack.

There was but a single ferry at this point, which was appropriated by the ammunition wagons. A ford crossed near by, but it was so deep that the wagons which held it, could not cross in regular succession, and only the strongest teams were permitted to try it that night. Fortunately, some boats for the pontoon bridges had been brought back in the train from Strasburg, which were launched, and the troops in small detachments embarked. By noon the next day, the

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entire army was on the Maryland shore, safe at last, though with the loss of fifty-five wagons, stores, etc. The killed, wounded and missing amounted to nine hundred and five, of which over seven hundred were either captured or straggled off in the retreat.

The escape of the detachments cut off at Strasburg and Winchester—one taking a by-way through the mountains—were almost miraculous, and reflected great credit on the respective commanders. The Vermont cavalry suffered severely, being almost annihilated in a single rash, desperate charge.

Banks had conducted the retreat with masterly skill, and by his firm bearing and cool, confident orders, held his gallant army completely in hand. To do this, required greater generalship than to win a battle. His friends were loud in their complaints against the government for stripping him of his troops, and thus leaving him at the mercy of the enemy.

Banks was compelled to leave behind him sixty-four sick at Strasburg, and one hundred and twenty-five at Winchester. Eight surgeons nobly volunteered to stay and take care of these, and thus of their own accord surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Jackson, with a generosity that might well be imitated on both sides, refused to consider them as such, and they were left free to return to our lines.

The rebel leader had executed a bold and daring maneuver, but failed to accomplish his first object—the destruction of Banks' command, thanks to the energy and skill of that officer, who in the management of the retreat had proved what his friends had always asserted of him, that he had all the qualities of a great general. The second object, however, he most successfully accomplished, viz. frightening the Secretary of War out of his propriety. He had achieved no substantial victory over Banks, but he did over the War

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Department. The Secretary immediately ordered Fremont to move across the mountains, and cut off Jackson's retreat, and McDowell from the east to detach a division for the same purpose, while he telegraphed to the North for troops to be sent forward in all haste, as the Capital was in danger. The former was wise action—the latter absurd, and created a needless panic. The entire militia was at once called out for three months, though only a part of them proceeded to Washington.

That a general, with the capacity that Jackson had showed himself to possess, would with twenty or twenty-five thousand men, push a hundred miles from the base of his operations, between two flanking armies, cross the Potomac, dash on Washington, and expect ever to get back again, was too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

MAY, 1862.

QUIET ALONG THE COAST—PENSACOLA EVACUATED—HALLECK AT CORINTH —THE ENEMY'S COMMUNICATIONS CUT OFF—NAVAL ACTION AT FORT WRIGHT —FIGHT AT FARMINGTON NEAR CORINTH—GALLANT CAVALRY CHARGE— CORINTH EVACUATED—ELLIOT'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION—BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS—HIS VARIOUS ORDERS—MITCHEL IN ALABAMA—STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE CLOSE OF THE MONTH—IMPORTANCE OF A VICTORY BEFORE RICHMOND—ANXIOUS STATE OF THE PUBLIC MIND.

WHILE such stirring events signalized the month of May around Richmond and Washington, exciting news was received from other portions of the country. Quiet however, reigned along the Atlantic slope—nothing of especial interest occurring in Burnside's command or Hunter's department, except the appointment of Stanley as Governor of North Carolina, who was formerly a member of Congress from that state. South, Pensacola was evacuated on the twelfth, (the troops having gone to reinforce Beauregard) and the navy yard destroyed.

Halleck at Corinth was slowly, yet surely, tightening his coils around the enemy, and the two great armies of the east and west were concentrated for a decisive blow. The fall of New Orleans at the close of April had given a new phase to military affairs in the south west; for no sooner was it accomplished than Farragut began to move up the Mississippi, capturing cities as he went. It was a long way, it was true, to Memphis, and fortifications lined the banks, which were especially strong at Vicksburg. Still, the control of the Mississippi was considered an accomplished fact, and Beauregard must regard it as such, and change his plans accordingly.

Meanwhile, however, Halleck steadily pushed forward his

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works, and every week found him nearer the enemy's fortifications. Various skirmishes took place, in which we usually gained more or less important advantages. One expedition cut the Mobile and Ohio rail road at Purdy, destroying Beauregard's communication with the north. On the third, General Pope, commanding the left wing, sent a force under General Paine to Farmington, where it encountered the enemy between three and four thousand strong, and defeated them with a loss of only fourteen killed and wounded. At the same time, an artillery reconnoissance was made to Ellendale, and destroyed a part of the track of the Memphis and Charleston rail road, thus circumscribing sadly Beauregard's means of obtaining supplies. In the meantime, the rebel commander received the news of the capture of Baton Rouge. Thus, turn which way he would, he saw only disaster. The sky was black with the gathering tempest, and it thundered all around him.

At fort Wright, but little progress was made, and it began to look as though nothing would be done there until Farragut should come up from below. The rebels, however, seeing the straightened condition into which they were being forced, resolved to destroy Foote's fleet before the former should arrive, and on Saturday, the tenth, boldly came up from under the guns of the fort and attacked it.

NAVAL ACTION AT FORT WRIGHT.

Eight iron-clad gun boats, four of them fitted up as rams, advanced early in the morning and offered battle. The rebel ram, Louisiana, appeared first around the point, accompanied by four gun boats. The Cincinnati was lying in shore at the time and allowed her to pass in silence. She then swung out into the stream, when the ram turned with the intention of running her down. Captain Stemmel of the Cincinnati immediately opened his broadsides, sending his shot crashing

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against the monster, but without checking her progress. Bow on, under a full head of steam she came, shaking the ponderous shot from her mailed sides like hail stones. Stemmel, seeing he could not stop her progress, turned the head of his vessel so that the ram instead of striking him, shot alongside, coming within close pistol range. Coolly leveling his revolver, he shot the rebel pilot at the wheel, at the same time receiving a ball in his own shoulder. The boarding crews of both now opened with a close and deadly fire of small arms. The ram endeavored to get her head around again so as to drive her iron prow into the Cincinnati and sink her. Failing in this, the rebel captain determined to board his antagonist. The vessels were now so near each other, that the gunners could not swab out their guns, and the rebel craft swarmed with boarders, armed to the teeth. Stemmel immediately ordered his steam batteries to open, and the hose was turned on the deck of the ram. A cloud of steam obscured the combatants for a moment, and then shrieks and cries arose from the scalded wretches, many of whom jumped overboard to escape their agony. Astounded at this new mode of warfare, the ram withdrew in all haste. In the meantime other rebel gun boats arrived, among them the Mallory, which attempted to repeat the experiment of the Louisiana. As she came rapidly on, the Federal gun boat St. Louis, rushed upon her with a full head of steam, and striking her amid-ships with a terrible crash, nearly cut her in two. The water poured into the ugly rent that was made, and in a few minutes she went to the bottom, with nearly all on board. A few clung to the sides of the St. Louis, and a few were picked up by the Cincinnati—the rest found their graves in the muddy waters of the Mississippi. The other gun boats of our fleet now entered the contest, and a close and fierce cannonade followed. A dense cloud of smoke covered the river, wrapping the combatants in its folds—now settling down

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over the boats and now shooting in swift contortions upward as the heavy broadsides rent it asunder. Soon, a heavy explosion, louder than the roar of artillery, made the banks tremble. A rebel gun boat had been blown up, leaving only fragments of shattered timber where she had floated. Captain Davis, on the flag-ship Benton, coolly directed all the movements of his flotilla, and the answering signals showed that the captains were fighting their ships as composedly as they would execute a maneuver.

At length, the shattered, disabled rebel fleet gave up the contest, and retired under the guns of the fort. Davis had showed that he was worthy to stand in the place of the gallant Foote. Our loss was slight, though it was afterwards discovered that the Cincinnati had received serious injury.

Only the day before, Beauregard had made an equally unsuccessful attempt on the land forces that environed him. Farmington, which Pope had captured on the third, and which the enemy retook two or three days after, was again occupied by him on the eighth, while the cavalry pushed on to within three miles of Corinth. The next day the enemy advanced against him in force under General Bragg.

FIGHT AT FARMINGTON.

The action commenced at ten, with artillery, and continued till noon, when it ceased. General Paine, who was in command of our forces, discovering that the rebels were maneuvering to get in rear of him, and cut him off from the main army, determined to withdraw. A swamp was in his rear, across which only a single road led, over which he must carry his entire command. In the mean time, the rebels had moved their artillery so as to deliver a cross fire on this, while their extended wings were sweeping down on either flank. To leave nothing behind, and gain time to get

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his columns across this single, narrow causeway, Paine ordered the second Iowa cavalry to charge the enemy's guns. It was a desperate order, but Colonel Hatch, to whom it was delivered, cared little for that. Five hundred were to charge in the face of ten thousand; but his only anxiety was lest his men should refuse to follow him. But the brave Iowans were ready to a man. Filing up a ravine as far as they could, to avoid the shot and shell that swept the field, they boldly ascended the slope, face to face with the battery. Quickly forming, they responded to the pealing bugle with loud shouts, and with sabers flashing above their heads, dashed full on the guns. The skirmishers in front went down like bending grain, before their fierce gallop; but the moment the field was cleared of these, the artillery opened on them with canister and shrapnel. Before the destructive fire, that line of horsemen would have disappeared like mist in the hurricane, had not the guns, in the astonishment caused by this sudden apparition, been too much depressed. The fiery loads tore up the ground in front of them, cutting down a hundred horses, but did not stop the remainder. Seeing the clattering tempest full upon them, the affrighted gunners quickly limbered up their pieces. The object of the charge being thus accomplished, which was to silence the battery while the columns could swiftly pass where its cross fire swept, Hatch ordered the bugle to sound a recall. But the excited troopers never heard it, or if they did, heeded it not, and dashing on the gunners, sabred them at their pieces. They then fell back to the swamp, and the column safely effected its retreat to the farther side.

Pope was not so reinforced as to enable him to hold his ground, because Halleck did not wish to bring on a general engagement at that time, nor on that ground. Refusing to take any great risk, where a cautious advance made success certain, he pushed his army forward, step by step, forcing

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Beauregard to remain idle behind his intrenchments, or give battle with all the odds against him. But if a position was needed he took it. Thus "Russel's House," being occupied by the enemy, he ordered Sherman to take it, which he did, though suffering considerable loss.

At length, having completed all his preparations, he, on the twenty-eighth, advanced three reconnoitering columns along his whole line, to feel the enemy and unmask his batteries, which were concealed by the woods. A sharp contest followed, in which the rebels were driven back at every point. The next day, Sherman established a powerful battery within a thousand yards of the works, and the day following it was expected that the mighty army would move forward to the attack. Instead of this, however, Pope, about ten o'clock, opened on the enemy with his artillery, and a heavy cannonading was kept up all day. That night, our advanced lines heard the incessant rumbling of rail road cars, and the shriek of the steam whistles, showing that some important movement was going on in the rebel army. At daylight, several loud explosions were heard. Immediately skirmishers were thrown out, and a general advance ordered. But no opposition was offered, and Pope entered a deserted place. Troops, stores, guns, ammunition, all were gone, and none knew whither. As the news spread from regiment to regiment, and brigade to brigade, shouts rent the air, the bands struck up triumphant strains, till from limit to limit of the extended lines, from wood, and field, and slope, the atmosphere was alive with jubilant echoes. The stars and stripes were planted on the works where so long had floated defiantly the rebel flag, and the stern front of battle changed into a scene of the wildest excitement. The mayor came out to surrender the town, and the place, which it was believed would be entered only over heaps of the slain, was ours without a struggle. The position was a strong one,

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and it could not be conjectured why it was so tamely abandoned, unless the rebel army was so demoralized that Beauregard could not trust it in a pitched battle. The evacuation had been going on for days, and so secretly was it done, that not a hint of it reached our lines, or if it did, came in so unreliable a shape, that it was not credited.

The place presented a desolate appearance, for most of the inhabitants had left with the rebel army, and all the stores were closed as on the Sabbath day.

The next day, the battle of Fair Oaks took place. Thus, while the vast army on the Mississippi was revelling in the abandonment of victory, that on the Chickahominy was struggling for its life.

One of the most brilliant exploits of this long siege was performed by Colonel Elliot, who, on the Wednesday previous to the capture, started with a large body of cavalry to destroy a bridge on the Mobile and Ohio rail road. Taking a circuitous route along cross roads, and through an unknown country, he pushed rapidly forward among the astonished inhabitants, and reaching his point of destination, accomplished the work assigned him.

Cutting himself off from the main army—relying alone on his own sagacity, and the bravery of his followers, Elliot swept through the enemy's country with a celerity that made his coming and going appear like a vision, rather than a terrible reality. The history of the expedition from first to last, reads like a romance. It took the enemy by surprise, and seriously damaged his plan of retreat.

Pope, with his usual energy, pushed on in the direction the main army was reported to have taken, and soon came upon straggling regiments and took several prisoners.

While these events were passing, up the Mississippi, Butler was endeavoring to bring order out of confusion in New Orleans. The people were threatened with famine, and he

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distributed the confederate stores he found there, for the relief of the poor. He appointed a Provost Marshal, and while offering every inducement to the citizens to return to their loyalty, ruled the disaffected with an iron hand. Suppressing some of the newspapers, he appropriated the Delta to his own use, and appointed an editor from the army. Order followed order in quick succession, and the proud and sullen inhabitants soon found that open hostility would bring swift vengeance. While he would use his whole military power to preserve order and procure food, he would also use it to punish treason. The circulation of confederate scrip was forbidden—the stores were ordered to be opened, and banks made to resume their business. Ladies, relying on the impunity of their sex, daily insulted soldiers and officers in the streets, and he issued an order declaring that those, who did it in future, should be treated as women of the town, plying their vocation; and though it was met with howls of rage and threats of assassination, he would not retract it. A reward was offered for his head, and when the order reached Europe, the most bitter denunciations were hurled against him and the government, for retaining him in command. Butler, however, was not to be swerved from his course, and a man who had torn down and trampled on the national flag, was hung, and all soon found that he was determined they should feel that the "way of transgressors is hard." Under his rule, things quickly began to assume a better aspect; and the President, in the middle of the month, having by proclamation opened the ports of Beaufort, Port Royal, and New Orleans, it was expected that peaceful commerce would soon effect what the bayonet had begun.

In the mean time, the fleet was not idle, but cleared the banks of the Mississippi up to Vicksburg, and it was expected that the river would soon be opened its entire length.

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Our situation at the close of this month was full of promise. Butler was at New Orleans—Curtis was once more on the march, pushing his way to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas—Halleck was at Corinth—Davis, though still at Fort Wright, evidently saw his way to Memphis—while Mitchell, in Alabama, advanced from victory to victory, holding a vast territory in subjection, and with but little loss of life taking possession of important points. Pensacola was ours, Mobile was threatened, while Hunter was feeling his way towards Charleston. The government had adopted vigorous measures to redeem the ground lost by Banks, and but little solicitude was felt for the national cause in any direction except before Richmond. Great confidence was reposed in McClellan, but it was universally believed that the original plan of the peninsula campaign had been abandoned, and the country feared that the government had left him to perform a task for which he had not sufficient means. It was felt that the annihilation of the rebel army there would practically end the rebellion, while a defeat to our army would prolong the war indefinitely, and possibly bring about complications that might entirely change the character of the struggle. The French minister at Washington had visited Richmond on an unknown mission, causing many anxious surmises, which the advance of the French army towards Mexico, with the evident intention of conquering that country, did not tend to allay. The reports from England showed an uneasy state of things there, and it seemed of the most vital importance that our career of unbroken success, since the spring opened, should not be arrested by a disaster in front of the rebel capital. A mystery hung round the government at Washington in respect to the army of McClellan, that greatly disturbed the public feeling, which a thousand vague rumors increased. Congress, which seemed destitute of statesmen of large expansive views concerning the subject of slavery,

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occupied itself in harangues about individual and isolated cases, instead of treating it as a national question.

There was scarcely a commander in the field that was not in turn denounced by members either for sending back fugitives, or forbidding them to enter the lines. If a general took proper precautions to prevent pillage, it was stigmatized as a protection of rebel property. Even McClellan was accused of protecting the "White House" as it was called, while our sick and wounded suffered for shelter and water, and the Secretary of War was called upon to put a stop to it. In reply to a letter of inquiry from the latter respecting the charge, he denied it emphatically, and for once, provoked from his studied silence, denounced those who circulated and gave credence to such reports, as enemies of their country.

But nothing showed so strikingly the incapacity of Congress, and its inability to comprehend the true position and wants of the country as the proposal of its leading members to reduce the army. But more astounding than all, the Secretary of War had actually issued an order stopping enlistments of volunteers, and this month witnessed the anomalous, extraordinary spectacle of disbanded regiments and closed recruiting stations. The two great rebel armies were still in the field, while the confederate government had completed its conscription, which embraced all able bodied men between eighteen and thirty-five, and thus more than doubled its military force. We, in the mean time, were losing by sickness, wounds and death, more than ten thousand men a month, and the great decisive battles were yet to be fought. It would seem that our victories west had deluded the government into the belief that the war was actually over, or that some strange hallucination had seized it. The Secretary of War saw the *rebel army doubling—ours rapidly diminishing*, while the great struggle was yet to take place, and despite all bade the people who were rushing to the field, lay down their

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arms and go home. There is no occasion to go any farther, to account for the disasters that followed—the two acts, one taking away a military head from the army, and substituting in its place the department at Washington—the other, reducing the army in presence of the enemy, while he was doubling his own—are quite sufficient without seeking other causes for it. They cost and will cost us millions of treasure and tens of thousands of lives.

From these and many other reasons, it was felt that a defeat before Richmond would be most calamitous, while a decisive victory there would dispose of all difficulties, and give us a clear field for the future. The public, therefore, made up its mind that McClellan should give us one. It would not entertain the idea of probable defeat, listen to no excuses, not even contemplate facts. It was of vital importance to the country that Richmond should fall, and therefore fall it must.

The people, however, soon learned, that the immutable laws of Providence can not be arrested by clamor, but march on, apparently heedless of consequences to men or nations, to their legitimate results.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

JUNE, 1862.

MOVEMENTS AT THE WEST—EVACUATION OF MEMPHIS—NAVAL ACTION BEFORE IT—EXPEDITION UP THE WHITE RIVER—EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE MOUND CITY—FORT AT SAINT CHARLES CAPTURED BY COLONEL FITCH—BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS—PIERRE SOULE SENT NORTH UNDER ARREST—CHATTANOOGA TAKEN—BUELL SUPPOSED TO BE ADVANCING TO THE RELIEF OF EAST TENNESSEE—GRATIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE—SUFFERINGS OF THE UNIONISTS THERE—PARSON BROWNLOW—KEEPS THE OLD FLAG FLYING—HEROISM OF HIS DAUGHTER—RELIEVED AND COMES NORTH—HIS STORY OF THE BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS—HIS RECEPTION IN THE NORTHERN CITIES—MORGAN SEIZES CUMBERLAND GAP.

AFTER the evacuation of Corinth the rebels fell back to different positions, at none of which were they attacked by our army, and a long period of inaction in the field followed, broken only by the dashes of Mitchell in Alabama.

Our flotilla on the Mississippi, however, continued to advance down the river, and there seemed every prospect of its soon forming a junction with that of Farragut. Forts Wright and Pillow were successively evacuated, and it slowly proceeded towards Memphis, and on the sixth came in sight of the city, with its spires and cupolas glittering in the morning sun. All was quiet and tranquil, and the occupation of the place promised to be as bloodless as that of the forts above. But as the fleet proceeded towards the lower end of the town, the rebel flotilla was discovered lying close to the Arkansas shore.

NAVAL ACTION BEFORE MEMPHIS.

Our boats had drifted down stern foremost, and now Davis signalled to have the engines reversed, and to proceed

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up stream, designing to give his crews breakfast before the fight. The rebels construed this into a retreat, and immediately came on in high spirits, sending shot after shot at the Benton. There were eight rebel gun boats, while Davis had but five. Attached to the latter, however, were four rams, commanded by Captain Ellet, under whose personal supervision they had been got up, though in great haste, being made from ferry boats, or such vessels as could be most easily transformed into them. From the outset of the war, he had urged upon the government the efficiency of such vessels, and experience having proved his views to be correct, he had been assigned to duty on the Mississippi.

The rebels had the advantage both in the number of gun boats, and in being able to fight up stream, by which they had more perfect control of their vessels in the swift current. They were evidently aware of this, and came on with full confidence that they could destroy our fleet. The inhabitants of Memphis shared in this feeling, and issuing from their houses as the first shots awoke the morning echoes, crowded the banks of the river to witness the fight.

The Lancaster, one of our rams, having met with an accident, could not share in the engagement, and was taken in tow by her consort the Switzerland. The other two, Queen of the West, and Monarch, as soon as the firing commenced, clapped on steam, and came bowling along at a tremendous rate—sweeping past the gun boats, and steering straight for the rebel vessels. Throwing up an angry swell from her bow in her headlong speed, the little Queen of the West made boldly for the Beauregard. It was an exciting moment, the firing ceased, and all eyes were turned, both from the decks of the vessels and the shore, on these two vessels. The captain of the Beauregard, seeing that the ram was making for him, by a skillful movement avoided the blow, and as the former rushed past, opened with cannon, firing

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ten shots at her, one of which passed clean through her. The riflemen from the ram, however, picked off the gunners as they undertook to reload, and dashing on, made for the next boat below, the General Price. The latter attempted to elude the blow but failed, and the ram came into her hull with a tremendous crash. The chimneys of both boats bent over till they almost touched the water, while the sound of the breaking, rending timbers told how fearful was the shock.

The Beauregard, as the Queen swept past her, wheeled in pursuit, and now coming up, dashed against her, carrying away her wheel house, and disabling her engine, but she slipped away so quickly that the full force of the blow came upon the Price, ripping her wheel completely off and making a wreck of her. The Monarch, in the mean time, was crowding all steam, making for the whole three as they lay grinding and pounding together. She struck the Beauregard full in the bow, which placed her in a sinking condition, and she ran up the white flag, as the Price had just done. The Benton now attacked the Lovell, raking her terribly. In a short time the boilers of the latter exploded, enveloping her in steam, out of which arose piercing cries of agony, and shrieks for help. In five minutes more she went down in a hundred feet of water with all on board, save a few that succeeded in swimming ashore, and a handful rescued by the Benton. The rest of the rebel fleet now attempted to escape, but the Jeff. Thompson was soon run ashore and fired. The Sumter next went ashore, followed by the General Bragg, the crew of which, fled up the banks. The Van Dorn, alone of the whole fleet, escaped.

The rebel leader, Thompson, sat on his horse, a spectator of the fight, and seeing the total wreck of the flotilla, exclaimed, "It's all up with us," and galloped off.

The fight began twenty minutes before six and ended at seven—thus lasting an hour and twenty minutes. Our gal-

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lant sailors had done a heavy piece of work before breakfast, and with scarcely any loss. The only one hurt on board the rams, was Ellet himself, who received a wound from which he afterwards died.

This once flourishing city presented a desolate appearance. Many of the inhabitants had fled, the stores were closed, and the whole place showed the ruin which every where marked the track of the rebellion.

In the mean time, Farragut had been arrested in his passage up the river, at Vicksburg. The fortifications at this place from their elevated position, proved more formidable even than those above Memphis, and presented an effectual barrier to the opening of the Mississippi, much to the disappointment of the country.

Not many days after this, an expedition consisting of four gun boats, and accompanied by the forty-sixth Indiana regiment under Colonel Fitch, proceeded up the White river, from Memphis, for the purpose of removing any obstructions to navigation that might exist. On the seventeenth it reached St. Charles city, eighty-five miles above the mouth of the river, where two rebel batteries were found, mounting seven guns, supported by a body of infantry. The gun boats engaged the batteries, while Colonel Fitch landed his force two and a half miles below, to make an attack in front and rear. Soon after the action commenced, a rifled shot struck the Mound City and entered her steam draw, causing a sudden escape of steam, which, rushing into every part of the boat, killed and disabled nearly all her officers and crew. Many of the latter jumped overboard in their agony, and attempted to swim ashore, but were coolly shot through the head by the rebel marksmen—furnishing a striking contrast to the action of our men at the recent action before Memphis, where every exertion was made to save the scalded rebels who leaped overboard for safety.

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In the mean time, Colonel Fitch signaled the gun boats to cease firing, and advancing on the rebel works, carried them with a shout, without the loss of a man. The rebel commander was wounded and taken prisoner, and the place with all its ordnance and ammunition fell into our hands.

In the mean time, Curtis was making his slow, perilous way across the state of Arkansas. Cut off from his base of operations, and compelled to live on the country through which he passed, considerable solicitude was felt for his safety.

At New Orleans, Butler still maintained his vigorous rule. He had come in collision with the French and English consuls, boldly seizing large amounts of money found in their possession, which he declared had been put there for safe keeping by the rebels. Men and women were hurried without ceremony, to fort Jackson; Pierre Soule and the sheriff of the city sent under arrest, north; and the traitors given to understand that the only alternative was submission or punishment.

The army under Halleck was divided up into different corps, in order to hold the vast territory that had fallen into our hands. Mitchell advanced against Chattanooga and took it; but it unfortunately was again abandoned to the enemy.

A heavy force under Buell advanced into the heart of the country, and it was supposed its destination was East Tennessee. This was hailed with delight by the people; for that portion of the state, though still under rebel sway, was loyal to the Union, for which she was enduring all the pains of martyrdom. From the outset of the rebellion, the people, though isolated and alone, had never acknowledged the southern confederacy. This had brought upon them the concentrated wrath of the treacherous government, and guerilla bands had been sent among them to hunt down and destroy every man who dared to avow his love for the old

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flag. Their cry for help moved the deepest sympathy of the nation, but the government could do nothing for them without interfering seriously with the general plan of the campaign. Though apparently deserted, and shut in by hostile armies, they still suffered on in hope. Those who could, men, women and children, abandoned their homes, and made their dangerous way to the northern armies—the men, many of them, to enlist under the Union flag, and the women and children to seek the protection denied them at home.

Others formed themselves into patriotic bands, and took to the mountains to defend themselves till the longed for help could arrive, and secretly destroyed the rail road bridges that facilitated the transportation of troops and supplies to the different rebel armies. These latter when caught were hung without mercy. Unsubdued to the last, they proclaimed their loyalty at the foot of the gallows, and dying, hurled defiance in the face of their murderers. The harrowing details of the sufferings of this noble people, during the winter and spring, would fill a volume. Chief among them was Parson Brownlow, as he was called. For many years editor of the Knoxville Whig, he early took ground in his paper against the rebellion, and wielding a trenchant pen, dealt the leaders of it telling blows. For a long time he kept the stars and stripes flying over his office, and when the rebels threatened to tear it down, he declared he would shoot the first man who dared to touch it. Once, being away, a rebel officer came to his house to take it down, but was met by the Parson's daughter with a pistol in her hand, who declared she would shoot him on the spot if he made the attempt. The parson's profession (for he was widely known as a methodist clergyman) protected him a long time from personal violence, but his influence was too potent to be disregarded, and his office was finally shut up, and himself thrust into prison. Threats having proved unavailing, bribes were tried on the old pa-

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triot, but in vain. He was then given permission to leave for the north, but, instead of being allowed to go, was kept locked up till a dangerous fever prostrated him, and he lay for weeks at the gate of death. Too feeble to turn in his bed, he was constantly insulted by his enemies, and scarcely a day passed that he was not threatened with the gallows. In this condition, though physically prostrated, his spirit remained unshaken, and he employed his little remaining strength in exhorting his fellow prisoners to remain firm in their loyalty. One by one they were taken from him, to be tried or executed; and in daily expectation of sharing their fate, he prepared his dying speech to be delivered just before he should swing off. But after months of suffering, he was finally released, and during the spring came north, to electrify the people with the recital of his own wrongs, and those of his fellow Unionists. The north had boasted of its loyalty, but till now did not know the full meaning of the word. Those, who had never ceased to abuse the border states, and sneer at the loyalty of their people, were abashed at the story that the fearless Parson told. To be faithful to the Union, had cost them something more than money and words—it had demanded imprisonment, poverty, the loss of all things and the felon's doom.

Though the people could not reach these noble Tennesseeans, they opened their purses and hearts to their fearless representative, and cheers and blessings and material aid followed him wherever he moved.

At Nashville, Johnson the governor, labored unweariedly to restore tranquillity to the distracted state. He called Union meetings, and appealed in stirring language to the people to come heartily back to the old Union. Trade was opened with the city, and cotton and tobacco that had escaped the torch of the rebels began to flow north.

But the work he had undertaken was an arduous one—

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secessionists plotted around him, and spies lurked on every side. Even the mayor and common council of the city refused to take the oath of allegiance, while most of the clergy openly defied him. His sway though quiet, was firm, and his gloved hand closed like iron on traitors, no matter what their rank, or how sacred their profession. The clergy who refused to take the oath of allegiance were thrown into prison to await a convenient opportunity to be sent south to the government they upheld.

In the mean time General Morgan took possession of Cumberland Gap, which was considered the key to East Tennessee. The position was too strong to be taken by a direct attack, and after taking his division across a difficult country, he ascended the precipitous sides of the Pine and Cumberland mountains, dragging his artillery up after him by the aid of block and tackle—two hundred men being required to bring up each piece. He thus succeeded in flanking the position, which, as soon as the astonished rebels discovered, they, on the eighteenth abandoned it without risking a battle. It was now hoped that East Tennessee would be released from its thraldom, and the day of deliverance come to the thousands of Unionists in whom for a long time "hope deferred had made the heart sick."

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

JUNE, 1862.

FREMONT STARTS IN PURSUIT OF JACKSON—HIS ENERGY—HIS CAVALRY AMBUSHED—BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS—RETREAT OF JACKSON AND ATTACK ON SHIELDS' ADVANCE, AT PORT REPUBLIC—ABANDONMENT OF THE PURSUIT—PUBLIC DISAPPOINTMENT AT JACKSON'S ESCAPE—OBJECT OF HIS RAID—PERPLEXITY OF GOVERNMENT—THE PRESIDENT REORGANIZES THE VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT—GENERAL POPE PLACED IN COMMAND—HIS ADDRESS TO THE ARMY—MOVEMENT AGAINST CHARLESTON—BATTLE OF JAMES ISLAND—HEROISM OF THE EIGHTH MICHIGAN AND SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS—OUR DEFEAT—CAUSE OF—DISGRACE OF BENHAM.

WHILE these events were occurring in the west, movements of still greater magnitude were taking place on the Atlantic slope. Fremont no sooner received the orders from Washington to intercept Jackson in his retreat from Winchester, than he put his army in motion. He left Franklin on Sunday, the twenty-fifth of May, and striking across the Shenandoah mountains, carried his enthusiastic columns with all his artillery trains and wagons over roads that would have seemed impassable to a less energetic man. Accomplishing a march of a hundred miles during the week, he arrived on the first of June, within five miles of Strasburg, where he overtook Jackson in full retreat. Colonel Cluseret commanding the advance brigade came upon the enemy strongly posted with artillery, which immediately opened on him. Fremont in the rear, rapidly brought forward his main column, and formed in line of battle. The rebel leader however, declined the fight. He could not afford to stop here and risk a battle, while a strong force was marching from Fredericksburg up the Shenandoah to intercept his passage, and Banks was hurrying back from the Potomac to avenge his late dis-

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asters. A storm was gathering around him which, daring and skillful as he was, would tax all his resources to avoid. Fremont was unable to follow up the pursuit that night, on account of the fatigue of his men, and a heavy thunder storm, which made the night as dark as Erebus. The next morning, however, he commenced the pursuit, and the advance of McDowell's force under General Bayard arriving, it was hurried forward, and cavalry and artillery thundered after the retreating enemy. The latter made successive stands with his artillery, and skirmishing was kept up all day. Fremont however, with that sleuth-hound tenacity which characterized him, pressed on his flying traces with a vigor bordering on ferocity, and which gave the rebels not a moment's rest. Day after day his cannon thundered on his rear, until Jackson reached the north fork of the Shenandoah, which he rapidly crossed, burning the bridge behind him. Fremont immediately hurried up his pontoon train, but a tremendous rain storm was raging, which so swelled the stream with the torrents it sent tumbling from the mountains, that a day elapsed before he could cross. It was a lucky storm for Jackson, for it gave him an opportunity to rest his wearied troops. The next day, however, Fremont was upon him again, and Jackson found that he had to deal with an enemy as tireless, and rapid in his movements as himself. Continuing to fall back towards Harrisonburg, his rear guard harrassed at every step by our cavalry and artillery, he on the fifth passed rapidly through it. The latter entered the town on the evening of the sixth. When the cavalry force had come up, eight hundred in all under Colonel Wyndham, the latter was directed to advance a short distance beyond the town to reconnoitre. Sweeping through the main street of the place at a rapid trot, and turning to the left at the farther end, he passed through some fields to a hill overlooking an open valley beyond. Skirmishers were sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of the

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enemy, but failing to get any satisfactory information he decided to advance still further. Proceeding on a brisk trot for about two miles, he came upon the rebel cavalry drawn up in line across the road, and stretching through the fields to the woods on either side. Without waiting to send out skirmishers to feel their flanks and ascertain whether there was a supporting body of infantry, he ordered a charge. The bugles rang out, and along the road, up the slope, the clattering squadron dashed on a gallop. A large wheat field, well grown, spread away on the right of the road before the rebel line was reached, and in this lay concealed several hundred rebel infantry. The moment the close packed squadrons came opposite this field the ambushed enemy opened a close and deadly volley which threw into irrecoverable confusion the leading battalion. Colonel Wyndham's horse was shot under him, and he taken prisoner, and Captain Shellman who bravely endeavored to rally the men was killed. The officers dashed hither and thither to restore order, horses reared and plunged, and the fierce riders jostled each other in the narrow way, but the broken squadron could not be re-formed and fell back pell-mell down the hill. The second squadron seeing the disaster, endeavored to pass into the woods on the left, to escape the fire of the infantry and attack the rebel cavalry in flank, but the movement came too late and the whole force fell back in confusion.

A large body of infantry under General Bayard was immediately ordered forward to retrieve the disaster, and among them a portion of the "Bucktail" regiment of Pennsylvania. The latter had scarcely taken position when they were attacked by a whole brigade of the enemy. Yet they maintained their ground with daring resolution, doing fearful execution with their deadly rifles, till, with their commander, Colonel Kane, wounded and a prisoner, and nearly half of their number killed and wounded, they were compelled to

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yield the field. The enemy lost a large number in killed and wounded, and among the former was the famous rebel cavalry leader Ashby. From the commencement of the war, he had been distinguished for his daring and successful movements, and his loss was a severe blow to the enemy. Jackson now took up a strong position eight miles from Harrisonburg, determined to give Fremont battle.

BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

On Sunday the eighth, Fremont having determined to fight him whenever and wherever found, advanced to the attack. Jackson had planted himself in an amphitheatre of hills, a position so admirably fitted for defense that he was confident double his own force could not dislodge him. He had been over this ground before, and knew the range of every hill, so that from the outset he could fling his shot and shell with terrible precision on an advancing enemy.

Milroy commanded the center, Schenck the right, and Stahl the left—the advance being the little brigade of Cluseret, consisting of the eighth Virginia, sixtieth Ohio, and the Garibaldi Guard. The line advanced slowly and cautiously, driving the rebel skirmishers before it. Descending into an open valley, the cluster of hills, covered with woods on their summits in which the enemy were concealed, lay before them. Fremont took his position on a commanding eminence, and anxiously watched the movements of his columns as they advanced to the attack. Wishing to ascertain the position of the enemy's batteries, Schenck threw some shells into the woods in front, but not a shot replied. In the mean time Cluseret's brave little brigade moved steadily over the rolling ground, their bayonets gleaming in the summer sun, till the woods on the right swallowed them from sight. In a few minutes, the sharp rattle of musketry was heard, and by

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the advancing line of smoke that rose above the green tree tops, Fremont saw that Cluseret was pushing the enemy before him.

The batteries were now ordered up, and quickly from every commanding eminence, white puffs of smoke arose, and a fierce artillery fight along the whole line followed. The enemy's guns were worked with the precision of rifle practice, and scarcely a shot missed its intended mark.

While this tremendous fire of the batteries was going on, Milroy with his brigade, moved straight on the center, while Stahl, supported by Bolen took the woods on the left, and soon from out its dark bosom came incessant crashes of artillery and volleys of musketry. The fight here for a time was desperate, but Jackson moving forward a heavy body of infantry to outflank Stahl, the latter was compelled to fall back to a more open position. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and soon after Milroy was compelled to retire also. Cluseret, however, still held his position in the woods on the right until he was ordered to fall back. All this time Fremont, surrounded by a conspicuous group, occupied a hill top, a fair target for the enemy, until a shell at length burst right in their midst, when they moved away.

The fight was over before dark, and Fremont finding the position too strong to be carried, did not renew the attack. The rebel loss must have amounted to a thousand men in this determined onset, while ours could have been little less than seven or eight hundred. Jackson leaving his dead behind him and two cannon in our possession, retreated at midnight towards the south branch of the Shenandoah.

This was construed by Fremont into a confession of defeat, but it was a mistake. Jackson had heard that Shields was advancing on Port Republic, directly in his rear, and he left the battle field at Cross Keys to give the latter battle next day before our forces could form a junction.

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When McDowell received orders to send aid to Fremont, he dispatched Shields up the Luray valley, along the south branch of the Shenandoah, to intercept Jackson, while an other column moved direct on Strasburg.

Carroll led the advance, and pushing on by heavy marches, reached a place called Conrad's store, on the fourth, where he received orders to push on to Port Republic, some thirty-five miles distant. But heavy rains had so swollen the creeks on his route, that he was totally unable to move till the seventh, when with less than a thousand infantry, and six pieces of artillery, and only a hundred and fifty cavalry, he set out. With this small force, he pressed forward with desperate energy, hoping to be able to reach Port Republic and destroy the bridge across the Shenandoah there, before Jackson reached it. The next day, Sunday, while Fremont was fighting the battle of Cross Keys, he reached the place, with his advance, driving the small force of the enemy there, out. He immediately planted two guns which he had brought forward so as to protect himself from an attack of the train guard, until his command could arrive. His orders were, after destroying the bridge here, to proceed nearly thirty miles farther up stream to Waynesboro, and thus hem in Jackson, so that he could be finished by the combined forces of Fremont and McDowell. But before he had been in the place twenty minutes, he was suddenly attacked by three regiments of infantry, with eighteen pieces of artillery, and a large body of cavalry. Compelled to retire before this overwhelming force before he could destroy the bridge, he slowly retreated about two miles and a half, and took the first defensible position he could find, where he was soon after joined by General Tyler, with two thousand men. The next day, Jackson having eluded Fremont, and crossed the river in safety, burning the bridge behind him, advanced with his whole army against him. It was a skillful move on

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the part of the rebel leader, and Fremont, while moving forward next morning in pursuit, as he supposed, of a flying foe, was saluted with the roar of cannon in the distance, that told him his adroit, daring enemy, was breaking in pieces the force sent to cut off his retreat. The fates seemed to favor his escape, for had it not been for the heavy rains that fell, while he was beating back Fremont at Cross Keys Carroll would have been destroying the bridge over which the former the next night marched in safety. But every farmer in the region was a spy, and undoubtedly Jackson was kept perfectly informed of all our movements; and had not Shields' column been delayed, he would not have fought the battle of Cross Keys at all, but continued his retreat until he had put the river between him and his pursuer.

The fight at Port Republic was a very desperate one, for Jackson could lose no time in making cautious movements. He knew when he first entered the valley of the Shenandoah, to attack Banks, that he would be compelled to move rapidly; and pushing the latter as far as he dared, he depended for safety in his retreat on swift, long marches, and sudden onsets. So when he turned from Fremont on Shields, he threw himself in overwhelming force on that portion of the army at Port Republic, before the remainder could arrive. Tyler and Carroll, however, held their position firmly for nearly five hours. Most of their troops were western men, and fought with their accustomed gallantry. The seventh Indiana almost annihilated the seventh Louisiana regiment in its desperate charges.

Carroll behaved with great gallantry, leading three regiments successfully to the charge. The fight was almost a hand-to-hand one, our artillery using nothing but grape and canister, which cut frightful lanes through the close ranks of the enemy. But, at length, being outflanked, this gallant band was compelled to retire.

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Though various movements were now planned and set on foot, this virtually ended the pursuit, for Jackson was where he could easily be reinforced to any extent, and Fremont finally retired to Strasburg.

It had been confidently believed that Jackson's escape was impossible, and when it was found that he had slipped through our fingers, carrying all his immense spoils with him, and dealing us full as heavy blows as we had given him, the public disappointment was great, and McDowell, Shields, Carroll, and Fremont, were by turns the objects of popular clamor. Even at this late day, it is not easy to form a clear idea of the combined movements set on foot to intercept Jackson, or determine where the blame of his escape, if any, should be laid. This much, however, may be said: Jackson, when he started on his raid down the valley, was perfectly aware of the position of the forces he would leave on his flanks, and had all his arrangements complete for receiving early information of every movement. He also knew every foot of the country, and hence could lay his plans with almost mathematical certainty. He had not, as the public fondly supposed, run his head into a noose, leaving us nothing to do except to tighten the rope. On the contrary, he knew so well what he was about, that his escape might be relied on as a certainty, unless some unexpected accident should interpose to disarrange his plans. The sudden movement of our forces on his flanks was certainly not that unexpected interposition. Our error was in giving him credit for a daring and skillful movement, and then expect it to turn out the hugest blunder imaginable.

Among the captures we made was a letter from the rebel leader, Johnson, which stated that the sole object of the movement was to prevent *reinforcements being sent to McClellan.* According to their own confession, therefore, the great object of the raid could be accomplished only by the

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consent of our government. The rumors, however, that from time to time were received, that Jackson had been heavily reinforced, and with an immense army was about to move back towards Washington, more than offset the proof of this letter, and government was perplexed as to the course it ought to adopt.

Our position at the close of this movement against Jackson, was humiliating in the extreme. This daring leader, with probably less than twenty thousand men, had driven Banks to the Potomac—forced Fremont and McDowell into a long, wasting, and yet fruitless march, inflicting on them quite as much damage as he received—beaten back Shields' column with heavy loss, and escaped with all his spoils and trophies. All this had been done while at least eighty thousand troops were within striking distance of him.

The President now saw clearly the terrible blunder that had been made in the creation of these several independent corps, that could act in unison only as they received orders from Washington, and he resolved to remedy it at once. Feeling that he had listened to counsel that was not safe, he privately left Washington, and made a hurried visit to West Point, to consult with the old veteran Scott. He saw that in time of adversity and peril, the rash and the ignorant must be put aside, and those whose counsels experience had shown to be wise, be consulted. This visit, so out of the ordinary course of action by the Chief Executive, gave rise to much conjecture, and some alarm. But the simple truth was, the condition of things along the Potomac—causing a still more perilous condition of the army of McClellan—required an entire reorganization of military affairs, and the President in doing it did not want to fall into a mistake worse than the first.

The first step in the new order of things, that was about to take place, was the consolidation of the departments of

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Virginia into one command under Pope, who had been called from the West for that purpose. This officer had distinguished himself in several campaigns, as a daring, energetic, and brave officer, and his appointment to this post of great responsibility, was received with general satisfaction; for it was certain that the unaccountable apathy that had reigned so long beyond the Potomac would be broken up. There were serious doubts, however, whether his administrative was equal to his executive capacity; but the President thought, on the whole, he was the best man that under the circumstances could be selected. In giving him this position, however, he had to perform the ungracious task of placing an officer above those who ranked him, and it was feared that it might cause great dissatisfaction in the army. Fremont, who had been his superior officer in Missouri, and in that capacity had some difficulty with him, immediately resigned his position and left the army. This conduct, while in presence of the enemy, was loudly condemned by his enemies, and scarcely apologized for by his friends. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was an unfortunate step, but unless Fremont saw, that by taking it he should greatly imperil his country, it is difficult to see how he could do otherwise. So on the other hand, unless the President felt that the welfare of the Republic imperiously demanded it, it was both unjust and dangerous, thus to jump a subordinate over the heads of his superiors in rank.

The address which Pope afterwards issued to the army on taking personal command, though full of promise in words, was ominous of defeat. In it he said, "I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat, and of bases of supplies—let us discard such ideas." And again, "Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents and *leave our own to take care of themselves.*" Aside from the bad taste of such language, casting as it did, an

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implied reproach on those generals who had preceded him, it showed a contempt of established rules that boded no good. It was most marvellous that the press and public received it with a shout of approval. To military men, it predicted more than any oracle could, a terrible defeat.

While affairs before Washington were thus getting into irretrievable confusion, our army met with a severe disaster in front of Charleston. As early as the fore part of May, Benham, in command of the northern department of the south, obtained information that led him to believe that Charleston could be approached by the way of the Stono. He thought that our forces could be suddenly concentrated on James Island, which commanded the approach to it, fort Johnson be taken, and the city reached by our batteries. The project received Hunter's approval, and on the second of this month, the two generals left Hilton Head with a part of the troops under General Stevens, and reaching Stono river the same afternoon, landed at "Old Battery." Owing to the want of means of transportation, a large portion of the troops were sent to the Edisto, to be marched across John's island, and were expected to be at the Stono the next day. But from lack of ferry boats, and through other delays, they did not arrive till the fifth, and did not get across to James island till the ninth. But for this mishap, fort Johnson which was feebly garrisoned, and wholly unprepared for any attack, would probably have fallen.

In the mean while, Stevens had had some skirmishing with the enemy, in which he captured a battery of iron carronades, and lost twenty prisoners. On the tenth it was ascertained that the rebels were erecting a fort at a place called Secessionville, from which they could command General Wright's and a part of Stevens' camps, and reach even our gun boats in the Stono. It was immediately determined to attempt a reconnoissance in force next morning, and if

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possible make a rush and capture the fort. That afternoon, however, the enemy attacked our lines near Wright's camp, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The reconnoissance was now given up, and a project set on foot to reduce the fort with artillery.

In this crisis of affairs, Hunter left, with orders not to advance on Charleston, or attack fort Johnson "until reinforced or ordered from head-quarters, but that the camps should be made sure and intrenched." Yet the camps could not be made "secure" so long as the guns of the fort commanded them—it must be taken or they abandoned. Why Hunter left while the army was in this critical position, leaving an order so indefinite and contradictory, requires a more satisfactory explanation than has yet been given.

The bombardment producing no effect, and deserters stating that the garrison consisted of only eight hundred men, defended by six guns, and that the whole force on the island amounted to but twelve thousand, Benham resolved to storm the fort.

BATTLE OF JAMES ISLAND.

Four o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth, was the hour selected for the assault. General Stevens, with four thousand men, was to move suddenly in one overwhelming mass on the enemy's works on the right, while General Williams, with three thousand more approached on the left to his support. The Michigan eighth, only four hundred strong, advancing at the double-quick in dead silence, first approached the enemy's works, but being discovered before they reached them, were met by a murderous volley of grape and canister, which mowed them down like grass. They kept on, however, in the face of the horrible tempest, until nearly half their entire number were killed or wounded, when reduced to a mere handful, and unsupported, they

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were compelled to fall back, a band of heroes every one. On the heels of this repulse came the indomitable seventy-ninth Highlanders, on the double-quick, and formed in line of battle in a large cotton field, directly in front of the guns of the fort. As they passed General Stevens they cheered him. He lifted his cap and smiled as he watched the solid ranks with fixed bayonets, sweeping like a dark shadow over the field in the early dawn.

The rain was falling gently, and through the misty air stretched the dark earth works silent as death. Not a shot was fired till they came within a thousand yards of the batteries, when all at once the guns opened with grape and canister, sweeping the open ground like driving hail. Without returning a shot, the regiment, still at the double-quick, closed up its rent ranks, and moved swiftly forward through the desolating fire till they reached the fort. Waving his sword above his head, and shouting to his men to follow him, Lieutenant Colonel Morrison leaped on the ramparts. Several of his brave men followed him, but as fast as they reached the top, they were dropped by marksmen concealed in rifle pits in the rear, and finally Morrison was borne back wounded in the head.

A part of the regiment now filed to the right of the fort —a part maintained its position in front, while the right wing got behind an embankment and by its deadly fire, nearly silenced the guns and prevented any sally. Though rapidly picked off by the hidden foe, they stubbornly maintained their ground, and looked anxiously back for the regiments that were to support them. Had they come up, the fort would have been ours, but instead of help, there arrived an order to fall back. Maddened and mortified, these heroic men then retreated, leaving half of their killed and wounded behind them.

The seventh Connecticut which should have been up long

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before, now advanced through the same terrible fire, but were driven back as the two regiments that preceded them had been. It was said that a hedge crossed the field with only a single opening, through which each regiment had to pass in a narrow line, and thus made the premeditated simultaneous attack impossible. It was also asserted that our batteries did not fire until after the repulse, and then threw shot and shell into our own ranks, completing the discomfiture. Williams division moved into the fire and fought gallantly, but never reached the works. Our loss in killed and wounded was about five hundred, three fifths of which fell on the eighth Michigan and seventy-ninth Highlanders.

This disaster was the more mortifying from its having occurred before Charleston. This city which first lighted the torch of civil war, had suffered less than most of the other portions of the rebellious states, and to be defeated here, caused the deepest chagrin and indignation. Benham was placed under arrest and sent home and finally deprived of his rank. A victim was demanded, and he was chosen, with how much justice it is difficult to determine. Stevens blamed him, and he in turn censured Stevens for not bringing up the supports as he was ordered to do, thus losing the battle.

From all that can be gathered, however, it does not seem to have been a more desperate undertaking than the storming of Stony Point by Wayne in the revolution, and had it succeeded would have been pronounced one of the most brilliant actions of the war, the glory of which neither Hunter nor Stevens would have refused to share. At all events, it was just one of those desperate, daring adventures which the people had long been clamoring for; and for not attempting which, Halleck and McClellan had been blamed and ridiculed. The people will judge a General by his success, and yet demand that he shall take terrible risks. Perhaps this is right, but it places commanders in an unenviable position.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JUNE, 1862.

MC CLELLAN BEFORE RICHMOND—LABOR OF THE SOLDIERS—MC CLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY—MC DOWELL EXPECTED—REBEL KNOWLEDGE OF HIS PLANS—MC CALL'S DIVISION SENT TO HIS SUPPORT—THE FORCE LEFT WITH WHICH TO ATTACK RICHMOND—ANXIETY OF MC CLELLAN—INSUFEICIENCY OF HIS FORCE TO PROTECT HIS RIGHT FLANK—STUART'S CAVALRY RAID—ENCIRCLES OUR ENTIRE ARMY—ATTACKS A RAIL ROAD TRAIN—ATTEMPTS TO CROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY—THE COLUMN SAVED BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT—ITS SAFE RETURN TO RICHMOND—ITS EFFECT ON THE REBEL ARMY—BALLOON ASCENSION IN VIEW OF THE REBEL CAPITAL—MOVEMENTS AND RUMORS—REBEL PLAN TO DESTROY MC CLELLAN'S ARMY.

THE Battle of Fair Oaks which commenced on the last day of May and ended on the first day of this month, though it retarded McClellan's advance towards Richmond, did not in the least manner change his plans. The unexpected disastrous flood caused more delay than the battle. Not only were the bridges, constructed with so much labor by the troops, to be rebuilt, but the timbers had to be dragged through deep mud and water, while the ground, swampy before, now became a bed of mortar. The men suffered dreadfully from the deluge, not only on account of the terrible state to which it reduced their camps, but because being followed by hot weather, the air was filled with malaria. The fatigues and annoyances, they were called upon to endure for the next two weeks, were harder to bear than the dangers and carnage of the battle field. McClellan, however, was not discouraged, for if the help promised him should come at the last hour, he felt certain that his gallant army would carry the flag triumphantly into the rebel Capital. To keep up

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their spirits amid the disheartening circumstances that surrounded them, he issued the following address:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp near New Bridge, Va., June 2, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC: I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are held at bay in front of the Capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful. If the troops who labored so faithfully, and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburgh, West Point, Hanover Court House and Fair Oaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours.

The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet, he has given way in panic and disorder.

I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here, in the very center of the rebellion.

Soldiers, I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your valor, discipline and mutual confidence the result depends.

(Signed,) GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

In holding out this bright future he intended no deception, for he still believed that he was to have the co-operation of the other portion of the army, and nothing had yet occurred to weaken his confidence in ultimate success. Burnside, below, was anxiously waiting for the great decisive battle, when he would move upon the shattered forces in rear, and help to give the death blow to the rebellion. No one in the army before Richmond yet believed that the great scheme, of which their march from Yorktown was only a part, was to be aban-

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doned, and the war all begun over again. This belief was strengthened by a rumor that passed through the camps, that McDowell had started, and his strong columns were pushing their way towards Hanover Court House.

The rebel leaders, from the outset of the war, had obtained early information of every important plan of our government, and thus been able often to defeat it. From some source or other they acquired a knowledge of the plan of this great campaign, though too late to break it up, had the government acted with promptness and daring. What our people only guessed at, and afterwards in their indignation that Richmond was not captured entirely forgot, the rebels well understood, and were candid enough to say ought to have proved successful. Thus the Richmond Whig of June fourteenth, after speaking of the defeat of Banks, and failure of Fremont to cut off Jackson, says: "These several corps were to have been consolidated and brought across the Blue Ridge *en route* for Richmond. When they reached the Rappahannock, McDowell, with his Fredericksburg army, was to fall into line and the united columns were to be precipitated on the devoted city from the north. At the same time, Burnside was expected to be on hand from the south, advancing up the south side of the James, from the direction of Suffolk, in conjunction with the Monitor and its consorts in the river. The Capital, being thus assailed from the north and south, McClellan was to make the grand attack from the east, in front. The plan was a gigantic one, and in *all probability would have succeeded, but for the masterly* movements of Jackson, completely paralyzing the valley force and compelling McDowell to detach a large portion of his army to save Banks and Company from demolition, and their Capital from capture. Thus left without co-operation and succor, McClellan is afraid to strike. Within sound almost of the church bells of Richmond, within sight almost of the long coveted treas-

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ure, a sudden disappointment strikes him, a cold tremor seizes him, and he skulks and hides himself like a craven in the dismal marshes of the Chickahominy—one day sending to Washington a braggart and mendacious bulletin of what his invincible army had done and is about to do, and the next bawling with all his might for reinforcements. For the present, at least, he is cornered by the bold dash of Jackson—the next move should be a checkmate."

Here is an important confession, one that concedes that the plan, which after mature reflection had received the sanction of our government, would have been successful except for the sudden dash of Jackson. But it is easy to see that this raid would never have been attempted, had McDowell moved at the time and in the way originally contemplated. As far as human foresight can see, Richmond would have fallen long before this, for the concentration of forces, which the rebels acknowledged ought to have given us success, would have been accomplished. Who is to blame for this?

The correspondence, that passed between McClellan and the government at this critical period, when it is allowed to see the light, will form an interesting chapter in our history. The latter, alarmed for the safety of Washington, began to vacillate and could no longer reiterate with the same emphasis its promise of co-operation; and the former, without it, could see, not only no way to victory, but scarcely one of escape. The grand imposing structure, on which such vast expense and time had been lavished, and which both believed to be firm and complete, they now saw suddenly to assume the appearance of a cloudy fabric to vanish at the next breath into thin air. How the government at Washington felt we know not, but we are told by eye witnesses that the countenance of McClellan grew inexpressibly sad, when alone. His heart might well be overwhelmed, for the vision of a mighty wreck began to loom up in the distance.

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Still, to his army he seemed confident as ever, and steadily pressed his works on towards the gates of the rebel capital. Skirmishes were of almost daily occurrence, and the eager, expectant army awaited, without misgivings, the order to advance. The hot weather of summer was telling fearfully on the troops in those pestiferous swamps, thinning the ranks as fast as though swept by the enemy's batteries—Yet their spirits remained unbroken, for ever and anon came the rumor that McDowell had started. *Four times* was the army raised to the highest pitch of excitement by this news, only to sink back into disappointment and angry mutterings.

Meanwhile, the government, pressed by McClellan for reinforcements, sent down to him McCall's division of eleven thousand men. His army previous to this, had from sickness, loss on the battle field, and furloughs most of which were obtained through political or personal influence at Washington, dwindled down to less than one hundred thousand men. McCall's additional force made it a little over a hundred thousand, twenty thousand of which were necessary to guard his communications with the White House, leaving him only seventy or eighty thousand with which to advance on Richmond, defended, as McClellan *knew*, by over a hundred and fifty thousand men, protected by works of the most formidable character.

In ten days after the battle at Fair Oaks, he had all his bridges completed, and was ready soon after with his left wing to move on Richmond, the moment the corps of McDowell closed up his right wing.

Affairs were resting in this condition, when on Thursday, the twelfth, a cavalry expedition was started from Richmond, with the design of dashing on our rear, to capture and destroy what it could, and ascertain the number and position of our troops between the main army and the White House, on the Pamunkey river.

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The Pamunkey and Chickahominy rivers, in the rear of where McClellan was encamped, run nearly parallel to each other in a south-easterly direction, and the main army being across the Chickahominy, the path of the raid lay between the two, cutting, of course, as it swept from the north to the south, the rail road that connected the White House, the base of supplies, and the army itself. McClellan, having possession of all the bridges below him, the expedition could not sweep round him south—north, his pickets extended nearly to Hanover Court House, twenty miles from Richmond; but with only a hundred thousand men, he could not stretch his *army* that distance. The danger of raids in that quarter he was perfectly aware of, but without a larger force he could not effectually guard against them.

His army occupied a semicircle, of which Richmond was the center—hence the enemy could concentrate their entire force on any given point twice as rapidly as he could. He had to rely solely on such information of their movements as spies and scouts could furnish him, while the farmers of the entire country, through their knowledge of all the wood paths, and by-ways, kept the rebels perfectly informed of the forces and position of the Union troops.

STUART'S CAVALRY RAID.

This was the state of things when Stuart, with some fifteen hundred or two thousand chosen cavalry, started on his daring mission. With the knowledge he possessed of the country, and the strength and position of our forces along the route he had marked out for himself, he knew he could easily reach our rear and cause a large amount of mischief—the trouble was, to get back again, for he could not tell how quickly we might close behind him, preventing his return.

Starting at daylight on Thursday, he marched all day along

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the Charlottsville turnpike, meeting nothing but a large company of fugitive slaves making their way towards our lines. These he sent back, and kept on to Ashland, where he stopped for the night. A little before daylight, he sent up signal rockets to tell the rebel leaders of his whereabouts, and as soon as he saw the blazing curves of answering rockets far in the rear, he put his column in motion, and proceeding cautiously, soon came upon our horse pickets, showing that he was piercing our lines. These retired upon the main body, composed of some squadrons of the United States cavalry, near Hanover Court House. The latter, as the enemy approached, also retired still farther towards Hanover, where they made a stand. As the ninth Virginia cavalry of the rebels came trotting down the road with clattering sabres, they could hear the Union commander calling on his men to stand firm. Seeing the enemy approach, the latter ordered the bugles to sound the charge, and wheeling, shouted to his men to follow him, but they shamefully turned and galloped off. Finding himself deserted, he too turned his horse to follow after, when a bullet struck him, and he reeled from his saddle. Sweeping the deserted camps, the rebels now moved rapidly forward, when their scouts brought word that a still larger force was awaiting them a little in advance. Our troops this time came on in admirable order, but swept by a destructive volley by a large body of dismounted men, acting as infantry, they fell back. But re-forming again at the foot of a gentle slope, and the bugle pealing forth the charge, they came up in gallant style. The rebel officer Latane, shouted, "On to them boys," and dashed forward of his men. The Union leader, calling to his men to follow, spurred forward to meet him. The two forces met in full career, and so fierce and sudden was the shock that the front of both columns was unhorsed. The two commanders singled out each other and came furiously together. As they passed, Latane cleft the

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cap of the Union leader, while the pistol of the latter exploded almost against the side of the rebel, hurling him a lifeless corse under the feet of the plunging horses. Overpowered by numbers, our troops at length gave way, leaving their gallant commander behind them, who was cut down while spurring after a rebel adjutant. Shouting in triumph, the rebels now dashed on through abandoned camps, scattering teams, setting fire to quartermaster's stores, and capturing horses and prisoners. Reaching Putney's landing on the Pamunkey, where three schooners were lying, they succeeded in burning two, besides a large quantity of sutlers stores, wagon trains, &c. Still pushing on, they approached the York river rail road, near Tunstall's station, when they heard the scream of a steam whistle from a descending train. Dismounting, they rolled logs on the track, and ranged themselves along side of it to fire into the cars. Nearly three hundred passengers were aboard of the train, some of them officers of high rank, and there seemed every prospect of the rebels making a splendid prize. As the head of the train came dashing around a bend of the road, a volley was fired at the engineer, while a deadly fire was poured into some platform cars, loaded with officers and men. Luckily the engineer escaped, though the bullets rattled like hail around him, and with admirable presence of mind clapped on steam, and dashing over the obstacles placed on the track, thundered on towards the White House. Some of the frightened passengers jumped from the train, and made for the woods—fourteen were killed and wounded, but the rich prey escaped. The alarm was given to the ninety-third New York regiment, stationed on the rail road just above the White House, and all the forces in the vicinity were hurriedly concentrated to protect the place, the sutlers and occupants of which were seized with the utmost consternation.

News of the raid, in the mean time, had traveled in vari-

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ous directions, to our main army, and the rebel leader soon saw that a storm was gathering around him from which nothing but the most consummate daring and good fortune would enable him to escape. His mission of destruction was now clearly over, and the question was how he should get back to his lines. He saw, at a glance, that the way along which he had come would be closed against him, and in sheer desperation he determined to push on below and *around our entire army*, and trust to fortune to help him back across the Chickahominy. Scattering every thing from his path, he proceeded boldly to New Kent, thus completing safely one-half the semicircle.

The victorious squadrons were now below all the bridges, and within two miles of McClellan's head-quarters, while a deep river lay between them and Richmond. Striking for the "Blind Ford," as it was called, they found to their dismay that the water was fifteen feet deep. It was now dark, and as they gazed on the silent, rapidly flowing stream, and knew from their scouts that the whole country was alive with troops in pursuit of them, they scarcely knew which way to turn. Luckily for them, they were in the last place where they would be looked for, and taking every precaution to prevent surprise, they threatened the prisoners with instant death if they made any noise, and then plunged one after another into the stream, hoping in single squads to be able to get over by swimming the horses. Struggling forward through the gloom, they were borne down by the rapid current, and scattered so, that after a long time of desperate efforts, only fifty succeeded in reaching the farther shore. At this critical juncture, one of the residents of the neighborhood came forward, and told Stuart that a little farther up stream, was an old bridge that had been only partially destroyed, and could be easily mended. Some officers were immediately sent forward, who found the joyful news to be true, and im-

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mediately men were set to work felling trees and hauling logs to the shore. The sharp, quick blows of the axe rang out in the darkness—trees came one after another with a crash to the ground, which were as quickly cut up and dragged to the timbers that were left standing. Limbs and brush were piled on, making a rough but safe footing, and over it in long, silent procession, guns and prisoners were hurried in desperate haste. But on the farther side was a marsh into which the artillery sunk to its axles. Undiscouraged by this new obstacle, they hitched ten horses to each piece, and whipping up the jaded animals, succeeded in getting them all through. It had been a long, anxious, and toilsome night, and when the morning dawned, they were still within our lines. Keeping in the woods to escape observation, they moved cautiously forward, till suddenly the advance came upon a squad of Federal horsemen, acting as pickets. "Who goes there?" shouted the officer on duty. The rebels without replying, dashed into the open ground, followed by a volley, when they wheeled and made for the woods where their main body was concealed. The mounted pickets spurred forward in pursuit, and the next moment found themselves surrounded and prisoners.

Having thus stopped all knowledge of their movements from reaching our lines, they made their way unmolested along the Charles City road, and weary and dirty, in the early dawn reached their pickets, from which they moved leisurely to the rebel capital. The news of their safe arrival, and their daring adventure soon spread through the city, and crowds gathered around them with shouts of exultation.

It was a bold, successful exploit, reflecting great credit on leader and men, and causing scarcely greater admiration in the rebel army than in our own. They had been in the saddle most of the time from Thursday morning to Saturday

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noon, scarcely halting to eat, except as they rioted on our suttlers' stores, which furnished them luxuries to which they had long been strangers—destroyed a great deal of property, captured a large number of horses and mules, and over a hundred prisoners, with the loss of hardly a man. Still, they overestimated the damage they had inflicted, while many of their prisoners were teamsters and noncombatants. As far as material benefit to them was concerned, the grand result footed up small. Its chief advantage consisted in the moral effect upon the army. Such a daring and singular adventure becomes the theme of conversation around every camp fire, and exerts a wonderful influence in enlivening the spirits, and strengthening the confidence and courage of the men.

After the excitement created by this event had subsided, affairs settled down into their old monotonous round of unimportant skirmishes, bold reconnoissances, and cautious, steady preparation for the coming struggle. Balloon ascensions were made so near the rebel capital, that the streets could be distinctly marked out, and the word "UNION," painted in flaming capitals on the aerial monster, could be plainly read with the aid of glasses by the astonished inhabitants.

Greater activity, however, seemed to pervade the enemy's camps, and the nightly running of cars, the shriek of steam whistles, and the beating of drums, seemed to indicate that some great movement was at hand; while the sound of heavy cannonading, booming over the Chickahominy swamp, from James river, gave rise to the hope in our army that our gun boats were pushing their way up to Richmond. The rumor that Burnside was marching on fort Darling, also filled the army with exultation, and all believed that the final struggle was close at hand. But these indications of an onward movement passed away as others had done, and the army

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patiently lay down again in the pestiferous swamps of the Chickahominy.

In the mean time, there seemed to be some change in the programme, for heavy siege guns began to arrive from Yorktown. Their appearance at this late day looked like increased delays which the feverish state of the public mind would scarcely bear.

During all these weary weeks, both armies had been busy fortifying, till a double row of earth works now stood fronting each other. The rebels chafed under their imprisonment, and began to despair, if McClellan were allowed to advance against them by the slow process of a regular siege.

But Lee, who was now their commander-in-chief, finding that Jackson's raid had succeeded in its object, and no troops were moving from the Shenandoah to reinforce McClellan, resolved to call in the forces scattered through Virginia, and suddenly concentrate them in an overwhelming mass on him, and finish the long siege in a clap of thunder.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

JUNE, 1862.

PROXIMITY OF OUR EARTH-WORKS TO THOSE OF THE ENEMY—CHARACTER OF THE GROUND BETWEEN THEM—MC CLELLAN RESOLVES TO SIEZE IT—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BATTLE—HEINTZELMAN'S AND KEARNEY'S DIVISIONS—HOOKER'S BRIGADE—THE BATTLE—MC CLELLAN'S ARRIVAL ON THE FIELD—HIS ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—TAKES PERSONAL COMMAND—GALLANT EFFORT OF CAPTAIN DUSENBURY—THE ENEMY BEATEN AT ALL POINTS—MCCLELLAN'S DISPATCH TO WASHINGTON—PUBLIC EXPECTATION—PREPARATIONS TO CELEBRATE THE FALL OF RICHMOND—PERPLEXITY OF OUR GOVERNMENT—GREAT PLAN OF THE REBEL LEADER, LEE—MC CLELLAN INFORMED THAT MC DOWELL WOULD NOT BE SENT TO HIS AID—EFFECT OF THE NEWS—TRYING SITUATION—GLOOMY PROSPECTS—FINAL DETERMINATION—ITS DISCOVERY BY THE ENEMY.

THE earth-works which had been thrown up on both sides were so near to each other, that no farther advance could be made without bringing on a battle. A belt of woods stretched between the hostile fortifications, concealing them from each other's view. This piece of woods was debatable ground, and it was necessary that McClellan should have it before he made his final advance. On Tuesday night, therefore, of the twenty-fourth, he made his arrangements for getting possession of it in the morning, which might bring on a general battle.

The ground which he wished to occupy lay along the line of the Williamsburg road, and was a portion of that occupied by Casey's division nearly a month before. Between this road and the rail road, on the right, was stationed Heintzelman's division, with Sumner's still farther to the right, and back, to act as emergencies might demand. Corresponding with Heintzelman's division, Sickles' Excelsior brigade

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stretched away to the left of the road, joined on its extreme limit by Kearney's division. At seven o'clock in the morning, the brigades were drawn up in line of battle, and the first Massachusetts sent forward as skirmishers, supported by the second New Hampshire, and twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, with the eleventh Massachusetts acting as their reserve. Beyond the woods that hid Heintzelman's position from the enemy, was a swamp, from the farther edge of which extended a peach orchard, situated nearly opposite the spot occupied by Hooker's brigade. Still farther on, beyond the peach orchard, was a cleared space, on the farther side of which were rebel rifle pits. There were rifle pits also in front of Kearney, on the other side of the road, and the main object of the movement was to get possession of these. Kearney met with very little stubborn resistance, and moving steadily forward, brushing the skirmishers from his path as he advanced, soon had possession of the rifle pits. But on the other side of the road the contest was very severe, the weight of it falling on Hooker's brigade. His advance regiment soon cleared the woods of the enemy's pickets, and forcing them back into the swamp, followed them fiercely up, though sinking to their knees at every step, in mud and water. Artillery could not be handled here and it had to be an affair of infantry altogether, except as the Parrott guns in the rear pitched shells at hazard over the heads of our men into the woods and fields beyond them.

The swamp was finally cleared, and the supporting regiments having come up, the united force pushed on through the peach orchard, driving the rebels before them till they emerged on the open field swept by the rifle pits. Here the contest became fierce and bloody, for our troops, wholly unsheltered, had to advance against a steady, long line of fire from the rifle pits, above the tops of which only the enemy's heads could be seen as they rose to deliver their volleys at

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rest. Our loss here was three to one of the rebels, yet the dauntless regiments stood their ground, and rained a perfect hail storm on the crest of the rifle pits. The enemy, at first, seemed determined not to yield the position; but at length, seeing a column from Kearney's division, moving from the rifle pits on the other side of the road to take them in flank, they broke and fled, when our troops dashed forward with a cheer, and occupied the position, and held it until an order came for them to fall back. The rebels made no attempt to follow them, and there came a lull to the contest, which lasted till eleven o'clock. At this time McClellan rode on to the field, his approach heralded by the thundering cheers of the regiments in reserve. With cap in hand, he swept with his escort along the shouting lines, and taking his position by an old well, near where Casey's head-quarters were before the battle of Fair Oaks, listened to the reports of the different generals, and their aids, and then assumed command in person, and directed the remaining operations till the close of the action. Soon after, a battery, stationed on the rail road, began to throw shells over the heads of our men into the woods and swamp beyond. The exact locality of the enemy being concealed by the forest, an officer ascended a lofty tree that overlooked the surrounding country, and signalled the battery where to direct its shells. After a sharp fire had been kept up for some time, a second advance was ordered, to retake the rifle pits which we had abandoned.

In the mean time, Couch's division under General Palmer, which had been ordered forward to the support of Hooker, came up in splendid order, while two Napoleon guns of De-Russey's battery under Captain Dusenbury, went tearing in a fierce gallop along the Williamsburg road, towards the front. It was deemed hardly possible to drag them through the swamp, where they were needed, in order to do

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any service, but by dint of lifting and pulling, and the most desperate efforts, they were got across and placed in position. As the rebels saw these brass pieces glittering in the sunlight, they knew they must be captured or the ground could not be held, and moved forward in solid ranks upon them. But suddenly a strong force, as if rising out of the earth, emerged from the swamp to their support. The guns were now advanced, and the whole force moved forward over the open field. In fifteen minutes the contest was over, and our men cheering once more in the enemy's rifle pits.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle seemed over, when the enemy suddenly burst with tremendous force on the rifle pits held by Kearney. Overwhelmed by the unexpected onset, our troops gave way, retiring over the open field, till they reached the edge of a piece of woods where they made a determined stand, and resisted every attempt of the rebels to advance farther. The latter moved forward into the desolating fire with high courage, but each time they approached the edge of the woods they recoiled before the fearful volleys that met them, and at length gave over the effort to carry them, and abandoned the field, strewn thick with their dead. Birney's brigade, on the left of Kearney's division, suffered severely in this last contest.

When night had put an end to the conflict, we had driven the enemy as far as he drove us a few weeks before at the battle of Fair Oaks, and held the ground we had won. Hooker's pickets, that night, were posted within less than five miles of the rebel capital.

All night long, working parties were busy throwing up intrenchments so as to be able to hold the position we had gained. But the rebels, first in one direction then in another, kept advancing, driving in our pickets and compelling the soldiers to fling down the spade and pick, and seize their muskets.

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About one o'clock, heavy and sustained firing broke suddenly through the gloom, bringing officers to their saddles, and for a time there was swift hurrying to and fro in the starlight, but the tumult soon subsided, and our forces maintained their ground. But for the terrific battle that a few weeks before had raged on this very spot, and the tremendous struggle which was believed to be close at hand, this would have been considered a severe engagement. Our loss was two hundred in killed and wounded. An importance however, far greater than its immediate results, was attached to the movement. The ground which was gained—it being immediately in advance of our earth-works, was conclusive evidence in the minds of the people that the crisis had finally come, and every quiver of the telegraph wires was watched with the most intense solicitude. The dispatches of McClellan strengthened this belief. To one written amid the roar of guns, in which he says, "our men are behaving splendidly—the enemy are fighting well also," he makes this significant addition, "If we succeed in what we have undertaken *it will be an important advantage gained.*" When therefore the second dispatch came, saying, "The affair is over and we *have gained our point fully*," there was no doubt that he meant to be understood as having gained the foothold he wanted, before he launched his army on the rebel Capital. So fully possessed was the public with this belief, that preparations were made in many parts of the country to celebrate the triumphant entry of our flag into Richmond. Leading presses in New York city had fire works arranged around their buildings, ready to be let off the moment the electric wires should flash the news from Washington. The near approach of the fourth of July gave increased strength to this belief. The celebration of the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence was to mark a new triumph—the downfall of the rebel Capital and the death blow to the rebellion.

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The sudden arrest of all telegraphic news from the seat of war, and the profound silence that all at once fell on the army, instead of depressing public feeling, seemed rather to elevate it. "The government," said the enthusiastic, "is preparing a surprise for the people for the fourth of July." But the few, who from closely watching the course of events, had obtained a correct idea of the general plan of the campaign, were filled with alarm. They knew that if McDowell did not form a junction with McClellan, that plan was broken up and this grand outlay of labor and life was in vain.

The two governments presented a painful contrast in this terrible crisis. Letters were flowing into Washington, begging that reinforcements be sent on with all haste to McClellan. Louder than all, went up the cry from the army for help, while from the interior of Virginia came rumors that a fearful storm was about to burst on the National Capital. Should it abandon the great plan that had been so long maturing, and give up all the hopes of taking the rebel capital, or push on to the end, and leave Washington to take its chances, were the painful questions our government kept balancing. Confronted with sudden and unexpected dangers, it did not know what to do. The magnificent scheme, every part of which, a short time ago, seemed moving harmoniously to the grand desired result, had been thrown into utter chaos. Its councils were divided as to the best course to be adopted in this dire emergency. While hesitation and delay were marking its action, at Richmond every thing was moving with prodigious energy and order to one great result. Many had supposed that the comparatively feeble resistance which the rebels had made to McClellan's last attack, proved them to be weak and discouraged; but the truth was, they could not afford to waste men or time to prevent an advance they knew never would be made. For days, the rail road leading to the Shenandoah valley, had been groaning under the weight of

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soldiers and munitions of war, moving towards Richmond, while from North and South Carolina, and even from Georgia, the regiments had been hurrying forward with desperate speed. McClellan was aware of this sudden concentration of the enemy's force in his front, and the anxious expression of his countenance grew daily more intense as he turned his ear northward to catch the tread of McDowell's columns. The rumor had reached the camps that they were within a day's march of them, and should it prove true all was well. Burnside too had been ordered up from Newbern, and soon perhaps the bayonets of his strong battalions would be seen moving across the Chickahominy.

While events were thus crowding to a fearful crisis, and even one day's delay might precipitate a common ruin, McClellan was informed by the Secretary of War that McDowell would not be sent to him at all. The thunderbolt had at last fallen, and an abyss, whose depths he shuddered to contemplate, opened at his feet. What now was to be done? was the anxious question, as he called his gallant corps commanders around him. To move *en masse* with his inferior force upon the strong fortifications in front would be courting destruction. Should he attempt to hold his position until troops could arrive at Washington, relieving those there which he needed in order to take Richmond? But June was drawing to a close, and the hot month of July in these pestilential swamps would diminish his army almost as fast as it could be reinforced. Beside, would the enemy wait if he did? The line of defense had been stretched northward already too far to allow it sufficient strength at the center, and at any time in that direction, the enemy could sweep round him if he had sufficient force behind the fortifications to protect Richmond in front, and the rapidity with which he was concentrating troops showed that he would very speedily be able to do this. There was but one course left open—*to retreat.* But

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would the enemy let him retreat? With the first backward movement he would launch his overwhelming force upon him. It was painful enough for McClellan to see the grand edifice he had reared with so much care, and which had been cemented with some of the best blood of the land, tumble into irrecoverable fragments at his feet. But this was not the worst of it; that gallant army, which had followed him with such unwavering fidelity, and trusted him so implicitly, must be waked from its dream of victory to find that it had been beguiled into a trap, a snare, from which there might be no escape, or if one, to be traversed only over the bodies of thousands of their brave comrades. And how would the country look upon this? Whom would it hold to a strict and terrible account? The position in which he found himself was one to try the stoutest heart, and crush the very life out of a man of keen sensibilities. His fondest hopes lay crushed at his feet, and now must come the struggle for life, and if he survived, over the roar of battle and the groans of the dying, would come the bitter outcry of an angry and disappointed nation. But to retreat was his only chance of escaping utter annihilation. If he could get off all his trains and army material before the enemy discovered his intentions, so that he would have his gallant army free of incumbrance, he might hold his enemy at bay as he retired to a safe position. Quietly, and without display he commenced to do this, and though the enemy were very quickly informed by their spies of what was going on, they could not at first decide what it meant. At last however their suspicions were aroused, and they resolved to fall in overwhelming force on his flank, and, cutting him off from his supplies, make an utter end of the entire army.

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NOTE.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The exchange of prisoners is a matter very easily adjusted between two belligerent nations, but in a civil war, between the established government and that portion of it in revolt, it becomes very complicated. In the former case it is only necessary to follow an established law of nations which gives equal rights and privileges to both. In the latter, by the same law, the rebellious government is supposed to have no rights at all except those of a common humanity. Theoretically, the moment they are treated as equals on this point, independent national rights are conceded. But in this as in many other cases, theories have to bend to the stern logic of events. Thus for a long time the English commissioners refused to address Washington by any other title than "George Washington, Esq.," and when pushed hard, only as "George Washington, Esq., &c. &c. &c.," but finding they could have no intercourse with him at all except by giving him the full rank accorded him by the Continental Congress, yielded the point. So we at the outset of the war could not consent to put ourselves on an equality with the rebels by entering into any negotiations on the subject of exchange of prisoners. They had no right to take or hold prisoners—but to treat with them admitted that they had. It was worse than to acknowledge them as belligerents. If we could have had suppressed the rebellion at once, this would all have been very well, but when the war became protracted it would not do to let our brave men languish in southern prisons. On the other hand, we dare not treat prisoners that we took as rebels, and hang them as they deserved, for it would bring swift retaliation and the war thus become a mere butchery. The first privateers captured were condemned as pirates, as they were, but the moment they were placed in close confinement as felons, Colonel Corcoran and other of our brave officers taken at Bull Run, were confined in the same manner reserved for the same fate to which they should be doomed. Besides, the prisoners on both sides soon numbered by tens of thousands, and something must be done with them. Petitions from all parts of the country poured into Washington, asking for some action on this subject, and even State Legislatures took it up. At first the government undertook to avoid the necessity of negotiations with the rebel government by appointing commissioners to proceed south and attend to the wants of our soldiers in prison, but they of course were not permitted to go. Generals in the field were also allowed to make exchanges on their own responsibility, and individuals to procure their own exchange. Various devices and proposals were sought and made but all would not do—humiliating as it was, we had to come to direct negotiations on the subject.

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It was designed at first to follow in this work the progress and changes that marked this delicate question, but it became so complicated and perplexing that it was abandoned. It is curious and interesting as a matter of history, but instead of treating of it in detail, we give the final result arrived at after more than a year's trifling. It is a pity that it could to have been reached sooner on account of our brave soldiers, to whom a year's confinement in southern prisons seemed a high price to pay for a theory that after all could not be carried out. The *principle* on which our government acted was unquestionably right, but as before remarked, the logic of events was too strong for it. Commissioners were therefore appointed on both sides to settle the vexed question, and the following is the result of their protracted labors:

THE CARTEL AGREED UPON

BY GEN. DIX FOR THE UNITED STATES, AND GEN. HILL FOR THE REBELS.

HAXALL'S LANDING, ON JAMES RIVER, Va., July 22, 1862.

The undersigned having been commissioned by the authorities they respectively represent, to make arrrangements for a general exchange of prisoners of war, have agreed to the following articles:

ARTICLE 1. It is hereby agreed and stipulated that all prisoners of war held by either party, including those taken on private armed vessels, shall be discharged upon the conditions and terms following: Prisoners to be exchanged man for man, and officer for officer; privateers to be placed upon the footing of officers and men of the navy; men and officers of lower grades may be exchanged for officers of a higher grade. And men and officers of the different services may be exchanged according to the following scale of equivalents: a General Commanding-in-Chief or an Admiral shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for sixty privates or common seamen; a Flag-Officer or Major-General shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for forty privates or common seamen; a Commodore, carrying a broad pennant or a Brigadier-General shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or twenty privates or common seamen; a Captain in the navy, or a Colonel shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for fifteen privates or common seamen; a Lieutenant-Colonel, or a Commander in the navy, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for ten privates or common seamen; a Lieutenant-Commander or a Major shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or eight privates or common seamen. A Lieutenant or a Master in the Navy, or a Captain in the Army or Marines, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or six privates or common seamen. Masters Mates in the navy, or Lieutenants and Ensigns in the Army, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank,

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or four privates or common seamen. Midshipmen and Warrant officers in the Navy, Masters of merchant vessels and Commanders of privateers, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or three privates or common seamen. Second Captains, Lieutenants, or Mates of merchant vessels or privateers, and all petty officers in the Navy, and all non-commissioned officers in the Army or Marines, shall be severally exchanged for persons of equal rank, or for two private soldiers or common seamen; and private soldiers or common seamen shall be exchanged for each other, man for man.

ART. 2. Local, State, civil and militia rank held by persons not in actual military services will not be recognized, the basis of exchange being the grade actually held in the naval and military service of the respective parties.

ART. 3. If citizens held by either party on charges of disloyalty or any alleged civil offense are exchanged, it shall only be for citizens, captured sutlers, and teamsters, and all civilians in the actual service of either party are to be exchanged for persons in similar position.

ART. 4 All prisoners of war are to be discharged on parole in ten days after their capture, and the prisoners now held, and those hereafter taken, to be transported to the points mutually agreed upon, at the expense of the capturing party. The surplus prisoners not exchanged shall not be permitted to take up arms again, nor to serve as a military police or constabulary force in any fort, garrison or field work held by either of the respective parties, nor as guards of prisons, depots or stores, nor to discharge any duty usually performed by soldiers, until exchanged under the provisions of this cartel. The exchange is not to be considered complete until the officer or soldier exchanged for has been actually restored to the lines to which he belongs.

ART. 5. Each party upon the discharge of prisoners of the other party is authorized to discharge an equal number of their own officers or men, from parole, furnishing at the same time to the other party a list of their prisoners discharged, and of their men relieved from parole, thus enabling each party to relieve from parole such of their own officers and men as the party may choose. The lists thus mutually furnished will keep both parties advised of the true condition of the exchange of prisoners.

ART. 6. The stipulations and provisions above mentioned to be of binding obligation during the continuance of the war, it matters not which party may have the surplus of prisoners, the great principle involved being: *First*—An equitable exchange of prisoners, man for man, officer for officer, or officers of higher grade exchanged for officers of lower grade, or for privates, according to the scale of equivalents. *Second*—That privates and officers, and men of the different services may be exchanged, according to the same scale of equivalents. *Third*—That all prisoners, of whatever arms, of

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the service are to be exchanged or paroled in ten days from the time of their capture, if it be practicable to transfer them to their own lines in that time, if not, as soon thereafter as practicable. *Fourth*—That no officer, soldier or employee in the service of either party is to be considered as exchanged and absolved from his parole until his equivalent has actually reached the lines of his friends. *Fifth*—That the parole forbids the performance of field, garrison, police or guard or constabulary duty.

(Signed,) JOHN A. DIX, *Major-General.*
D. H. HILL, *Major-General, C. S. A.*

SUPLEMENTARY ARTICLES.

ART. 7 All prisoners of war now held on either side, and all prisoners hereafter taken shall be sent with all reasonable dispatch to A. M. Aiken's below Dutch Gap, on the James River, or to Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river, in the State of Mississippi, and there exchanged, or paroled until such exchange can be effected, notice being previously given by each party of the number of prisoners it will send, and the number of prisoners it will send, and the time when they will be delivered at those points, respectively; and in case the vicissitudes of war shall change the military relation of the places designated in this article, to the contending parties, so as to render the same inconvenient for the delivery and exchange of prisoners, other places bearing as nearly as may be, the present local relations of said places to the lines of said partles, shall, by mutual agreement, be substituted. But nothing in this article contained, shall prevent the commanders of two opposing armies from exchanging prisoners, or releasing them on parole, at other points mutually agreed on by said commanders.

ART. 8. For the purpose of carrying into effect the foregoing articles of agreement, each party will appoint two agents to be called "Agents for the exchange of prisoners of war," whose duty it shall be to communicate with each other by correspondence and otherwise, to prepare the lists of prisoners, to attend to the delivery of the prisoners, at the places agreed on, and to carry out promptly, effectually, and in good faith all the detailed provisions of the said articles of agreement.

ART. 9. And in case any misundertanding shall arise in regard to any clause or stipulation in the foregoing articles, it is mutually agreed that such misunderstanding shall not interrupt the release of prisoners on parole as herein provided, but shall be made the subject of friendly explanation, in order that the object of this agreement may neither be defeated nor postponed.

(Signed,) JOHN A. DIX, *Major-General.*
D. H. HILL, *Major-General, C. S. A.*

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HEADLEY'S
HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE magnitude of the subject of the present work—the Great Rebellion in the United States—being not only the Great Event in American History, but the most fearful tragedy of modern times, is of itself calculated to render this book one of the most exciting and interesting ever offered to the public. The publishers, fortunately, have been enabled to enlist the eminent and splendid talents of the Hon. J. T. Headley, who is well known to the public as the most brilliant and popular writer of Military History of modern times. In depicting the numerous battles and warlike scenes of the present contest, his power of vigorous and stirring description finds full scope. His great and remarkable talent for condensation by which he is enabled to render his narratives vivid, comprehensive, and full, in fewer words than almost any other writer, is invaluable in disposing of the immense mass of materials relating to the present subject. To more fully qualify himself for the work, he passed several months with our armies and obtained valuable information through his acquaintance with many of the most distinguished officers of the Army and Navy.

The following testimonials to Mr. Headley's ability as an author, are a few of the many which have appeared in the leading journals of the country:

"Mr. Headley is especially graphic and powerful in narratives of exciting events. He brings his reader into the immediate presence of the act he describes; his words have a burning, rushing power. In battle scenes he has succeeded better than any writer of the day."—*New York Courier & Enquirer.*

"His descriptions are graphic, his history correct, and his summing up character scarcely suffers by a comparison with similar pages in Tacitus."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Mr. Headley is truly eloquent in his description of character. He presents to you the strong points of the man, with a clearness that seems to place him before you as an old acquaintance."—*Cleveland Herald.*

"Each one of his Biographies is a grand historical picture, conveying in a most impressive way, a true idea of the events of the time,"—*Cincinnati Herald.*

"Whatever critics may choose to say, Mr. H. will never lack readers. The stir and fire of his descriptions will touch a popular chord. In describing the battle field and the tumultuous stirring life of the camp, Mr. H. is what Cooper was upon the Sea."—*New York Evangelist.*

"He speaks heartily, earnestly, truthfully; and the warm heart answers to his voice."—*N. Y. Observer.*

From Rev. C. B. CRANE, *Hartford Correspondent of the Rochester Union & Advertiser.*

"I want to call your attention to Headley's history of the present war, publishing in this city. About two hundred pages have been submitted to me. In many respects it will be the best of his works. All his peculiar excellencies of description and style appear; many of his former faults are corrected. He is fearless and outspoken. I cannot always agree with his opinions, but value his book the more because of my dissent from them. He has found his way into the interior history of these times, as few others have done. More than once I have been startled by his assertions, and by his knowledge of subjects which implies either an access to unpublished official documents, or an intimacy with those distinguished men who are a part of our history. I like the grim humor with which he always speaks of the bogus President of the bogus Confederacy, as "Davis." He gives him no title. He slaps the administration, the congress, the incompetent generals, the radicals, the conservatives, with the utmost impartiality and nonchalance. He seems to respect *things* rather than *persons*—as he ought to do. His first chapter is an admirable syllabus of the causes of the present conflict. Like a horse of good bottom, he is just as vigorous and nervous in the last pages as in the first. I am sure that you will do your readers a favor to encourage them to purchase this history so soon as it appears."

The work will embrace a comprehensive account of the whole contest, neatly printed from a beautiful, clear, new type, on good paper, and will be illustrated with numerous fine Steel Engravings, representing the most important and exciting scenes in the war, from original Designs by Darley and other eminent artists, together with life-like Portraits of leading actors on both sides; *engraved expressly for this work*, at great expense. It will contain over *one thousand* pages, royal octavo, handsomely bound in two volumes, and be furnished to order, only through our authorized traveling Agents.

To meet the wants of a portion of the public the publishers have prepared an edition of the work in the German language, which will be issued in the same style as the English.

In view of the above facts, the undersigned offer the present work, believing that they are thus rendering an important and valuable service to a discerning public. Confident that it will secure a patronage in some degree commensurate with its merits, they offer to intelligent, energetic agents, who will engage in its sale, a very profitable and useful employment.

HURLBUT, WILLIAMS & CO., PUBLISHERS, Hartford, Conn.
E. B. & R. C. TREAT, Chicago, Illinois.

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NOTICES OF THE WORK.

From Rev. Dr. ANDERSON, *President of Rochester University.*

"I have examined the prospectus and specimen pages of the History of the Great Rebellion, in the process of preparation by J. T. Headley. From the specimen shown, and the well known ability of the author as a military historian, I have no hesitation in recommending it to the patronage of the public.

Rochester, Oct. 13th, 1862. M. B. ANDERSON."

From the Hartford Daily Courant.

"The importance of preserving a correct Narrative of the events now transpiring, can not be over-estimated. Every body will want a book that will tell concisely but graphically the incidents, statistics, and general history of this war And we are happy to announce that we have seen specimens of a work on the subject from the Publishing House of Hurlbut, Williams & Co., Hartford, Conn., (from the pen of J. T. Headley,) which is worthy of a place in every family and library of the land. The publishers have spared no expense to make this the most valuable and attractive history of the war. It is beautifully illustrated with engravings on steel, from original designs, by Darley, Parsons, and other eminent artists---embracing military and naval scenes, and portraits of officers prominent in the war, both North and South. The work is written from the stand-point of thorough loyalty and patriotism, by one who is universally acknowledged to be the most vigorous and spirit-stirring historian of the age, and who as a writer of military history, especially in the *description of battles* and warlike scenes, has no superior, as the thousands of readers of Headley's "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "Washington and his Generals," will testify. The style of the writing, the beautiful type, large page, and accurate portraits of men of the time prominent in the war, with the beautiful "get up" of the work, make it really a "Memorial Volume"---and one to be possessed by every family, especially those who are connected by ties of relationship or affection with the men who have periled their lives to sustain the honor of the flag and the integrity of the Nation."

"Mr. Headley is a popular and striking writer, and his Book will be readable and valuable."—*H'fd Times.*

"It is a very valuable and destined to be, a very popular work; and the letter press could be intrusted to no one who will more vividly paint the war in words than J. T Headley."—*Hartford Press.*

From the Syracuse, N. Y. Courier and Union.

"That J. T. Headley has the ability to make his history the popular one of the times, every person who has read his charming writings, will at once concede. As the talented author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Sacred Mountains," "Travels in Italy," etc., he is well known to the reading community, with whom he is very popular. The introductory chapters of his history of the Rebellion speak of his exceedingly clear and brilliant style, with occasional diamond flashes from his brilliant powers of rhetoric. The work, so far as we have examined it, is in every respect worthy the confidence of every American, and we feel at liberty to heartily commend it to public favor. It is written in that easy, graceful, dignified and flowing style for which Headley is so noted through all his writings. There is no "floodwood" about it, to lumber up the reader's faculties at becoming acquainted with the history of the rebellion in the shortest, possible time, while there is that charming fascination about it that will lead the reader on from page to page, to the end of each volume."

"Those familiar with the writings of Headley will not doubt that a history of this Rebellion from his pen will be an intensely interesting volume."—*Albany Atlas and Argus.*

From the Whitehall N. Y. Times.

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From the Syracuse N. Y. Journal.

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