

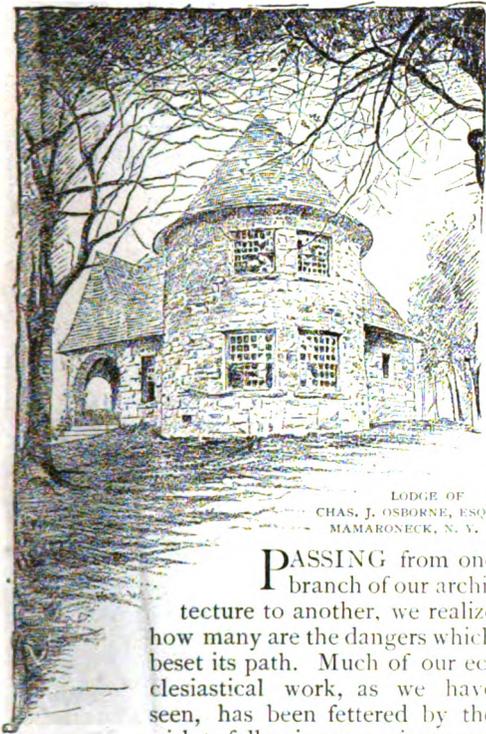
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1886.

No. 1.

AMERICAN COUNTRY DWELLINGS. I.



LODGE OF
CHAS. J. OSBORNE, ESQ.,
MAMARONECK, N. Y.

PASSING from one branch of our architecture to another, we realize how many are the dangers which beset its path. Much of our ecclesiastical work, as we have seen, has been fettered by the wish to follow inappropriate precedents; very many of our buildings for commercial use have been pauperized by complete indifference; and for long our city dwellings were stereotyped and stunted in dull reiteration of some unintelligent design. And now, in considering the domestic architecture of our smaller towns and our country places, we shall see still another tendency at work for evil—the tendency toward ignorant, reckless “originality.” But the same fundamental sin has underlaid all these various superficial sins, and the reformation which now begins to show in each and every

branch is due in each and all to the fact that we are repenting of this fundamental sin—are beginning to feel the necessity for basing all our work on *rational* foundations, for taking as our guide intelligent, cultivated thought, not apathy or impulse, not mere vague artistic aspirations nor a merely formal adherence to the examples of some other age.

It is not strange that in building our country homes we should have shown ourselves more original, more “American” than elsewhere. Here most of all have we been forced to meet—or at least to deal with—new and diverse requirements. Our climate and the habits of life it engenders, our social conditions and the variety of needs they create, our sites and surroundings, as well as our main material, wood—all have been most unlike those of other nations. In no other architectural branch have we been thrown so largely upon our own resources; therefore in none was the development of some kind of originality so probable. And thus that native character which gives more general signs of its existence than are commonly perceived—which somewhat tinges all our work, however featureless or however imitative—nowhere else reveals itself so clearly as in our country homes. Nowhere has its accent been so pronounced, and nowhere has its voice been broken by so few wholly alien notes. An inquiry into its various manifestations must begin with our very earliest products.

Every one knows what were the first of all our country dwellings—those old farm-houses, built by Dutch or English settlers, which still survive in many a quiet spot. Nothing could be more simple, more utilitarian, more without thought of architectural effectiveness. And yet such a farm-house is often extremely good in its own humble way—good in its general proportions, and especially in the agreeable



THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN, OR BOONSBORO'.

FIGHTING FOR TIME, AT TURNER'S AND FOX'S GAPS.

THE conflict of the 14th of September, 1862, is called the battle of South Mountain at the North, and the battle of Boonsboro' at the South. So many battle-fields of the Civil War bear double names that we cannot believe the duplication has been accidental. It is the unusual which impresses. The troops of the North came mainly from cities, towns, and villages, and were, therefore, impressed by some natural object near the scene of the conflict and named the battle from it. The soldiers from the South were chiefly from the country and were, therefore, impressed by some artificial object near the field of action. In one section the naming has been after the handiwork of God; in the other section it has been after the handiwork of man. Thus, the first passage of arms is called the battle of Bull Run at the North,—the name of a little stream. At the South it takes the name of Manassas, from a railroad station. The second battle on the same ground is called the Second Bull Run by the North, and the Second Manassas by the South. Stone's defeat is the battle of Ball's Bluff with the Federals, and the battle of Leesburg with the Confederates. The battle called by General Grant, Pittsburg Landing, a natural object, was named Shiloh, after a church, by his antagonist. Rosecrans called his first great fight with Bragg, the battle of Stone River, while Bragg named it after Murfreesboro', a village. So McClellan's battle of the Chickahominy, a little river, was with Lee the battle of Cold Harbor, a tavern. The Federals speak of the battle of Pea Ridge, of the Ozark range of mountains, and the Confederates call it after Elk Horn, a country inn. The Union soldiers called the bloody battle three days after

South Mountain from the little stream, Antietam, and the Southern troops named it after the village of Sharpsburg. Many instances might be given of this double naming by the opposing forces. According to the same law of the unusual, the war songs of a people have always been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the feudal lords, sang of their exploits, and stimulated them and their retainers to deeds of high enterprise wore no armor and carried no swords. So, too, the impassioned orators, who roused our ancestors in 1776 with the thrilling cry, "Liberty or Death," never once put themselves in the way of a death by lead or steel, by musket-ball or bayonet stab. The noisy speakers of 1861, who fired the Northern heart and who fired the Southern heart, never did any other kind of *firing*. One of the most noted of them frankly admitted that he preferred a horizontal to a vertical death.

The battle of South Mountain was one of extraordinary illusions and delusions. The Federals were under the self-imposed illusion that there was a very large force opposed to them, whereas there was only one weak division until late in the afternoon. They might have brushed it aside almost without halting, but for this illusion. It was a battle of delusions also, for, by moving about from point to point and meeting the foe wherever he presented himself, the Confederates deluded the Federals into the belief that the whole mountain was swarming with rebels. I will endeavor to explain the singular features of the battle and what caused them.

In the retirement of Lee's army from Frederick to Hagerstown and Boonsboro', my division constituted the rear-guard. It con-

sisted of five brigades (Wise's brigade being left behind), and after the arrival at Boonsboro' was intrusted with guarding the wagon trains and parks of artillery belonging to the whole army. Longstreet's corps went to Hagerstown, thirteen miles from Boonsboro', and I was directed to distribute my five brigades so as not only to protect the wagons and guns, but also to watch all the roads leading from Harper's Ferry, in order to intercept the Federal forces that might make their escape before Jackson had completed the investment of that place. It required a considerable separation of my small command to accomplish these two objects, and my tent, which was pitched about the center of the five brigades, was not less than three miles from Turner's Gap on the National road crossing South Mountain.

During the forenoon of the 13th General Stuart, who was in an advance position at the gap in the Catoctin Mountain, east of Middletown, with our cavalry, sent a dispatch to me saying that he was followed by two brigades of infantry and asking me to send him a brigade to check the pursuit at South Mountain. I sent him the brigades of Colquitt and Garland, and the batteries of Bondurant and Lane with four guns each. Pleasonton's Federal cavalry division came up to the mountain and pressed on till our infantry forces were displayed, when it returned without fighting. The Confederates, with more than half of Lee's army at Harper's Ferry, distant a march of two days, and with the remainder divided into two parts, thirteen miles from each other, were in good condition to be beaten in detail, scattered and captured. General Longstreet writes to me that he urged General Lee in the evening of the 13th to unite at Sharpsburg the troops which were then at Hagerstown and Boonsboro'. He said that he could effect more with one-third of his own corps fresh and rested, than with the whole of it, when exhausted by a forced march to join their comrades. Finding that he could not rest that night after retiring, General Longstreet arose and wrote to his commander presenting his views once more, for the abandonment of the defense of the mountain except by Stuart and the concentration at Sharpsburg.

I received a note about midnight of the 13th from General Lee saying that he was not satisfied with the condition of things on the turnpike or National road, and directing me to go in person to Turner's Gap the next morning and assist Stuart in its defense. In his official report General Lee says :

"Learning that Harper's Ferry had not surrendered and that the enemy was advancing more rapidly than was convenient from Fredericktown, I determined to return with Longstreet's command to the Blue Ridge to strengthen D. H. Hill's and Stuart's divisions engaged in holding the passes of the mountains, lest the enemy should fall upon McLaws's rear, drive him from the Maryland Heights, and thus relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry."

This report and the note to me show that General Lee expected General Stuart to remain and help defend the pass on the 14th. But on reaching the Mountain House between daylight and sunrise that morning, I received a message from Stuart that he had gone to Crampton's Gap. He was too gallant a soldier to leave his post when a battle was imminent, and it is therefore certain, that he believed there was but a small Federal force on the National road.* I found Garland's brigade at the Mountain House and learned that Colquitt's was at the foot of the mountain on the east side. I found General Colquitt there without videttes and without information of the Federals, but believing that they had retired. General Cox's division was at that very time marching up the old Sharpsburg or Braddock's road, a mile to the south, seizing the heights on our right and establishing those heavy batteries which afterwards commanded the pike and all the approaches to it. General Pleasonton of the Federal cavalry had learned the ground by the reconnaissance of the day before, and to him was intrusted the posting of the advance troops of Reno's corps on the south side of the pike. He says :

"I directed Scammon's brigade to move up the mountain on the left-hand road, gain the crest, and then move to the right, to the turnpike in the enemy's rear. At the same time, I placed Gibson's battery and the heavy batteries in position to the left, covering the road on that side and obtaining a direct fire on the enemy's position in the gap."

This shows that Pleasonton knew that the Confederate forces were at the foot of the mountain. However, I brought Colquitt's brigade back to a point near the summit and placed the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments on the north side of the pike behind a stone wall, which afforded an excellent fire upon the pike. The other three regiments, Sixth and Twenty-seventh Georgia, and Thirteenth Alabama, were posted on the south side of the pike, a little in advance of the wall and well protected by a dense wood. This brigade did not lose an inch of ground that day. The skirmishers were driven in, but the line of battle on both sides of the road was the same at ten o'clock at night as it was

* Generals Colquitt and Rosser have both written to me that General Stuart told them he had been followed by only a small Federal force.—D. H. H.

at nine o'clock in the morning. After posting Colquitt's brigade I went with Major Ratchford of my staff on a reconnaissance to our right. About three-fourths of a mile from the Mountain House we discovered, by the voices of command and rumbling of wheels, that the old road and heights above it were occupied, and took it for granted that the occupation was by Federal troops. We

did not see them, and I suppose we were not

"The road on which *your* battery is," said he, "comes into the valley road near the church."

This satisfied me that the enemy was on our right, and I asked him: "Are there any rebels on the pike?"

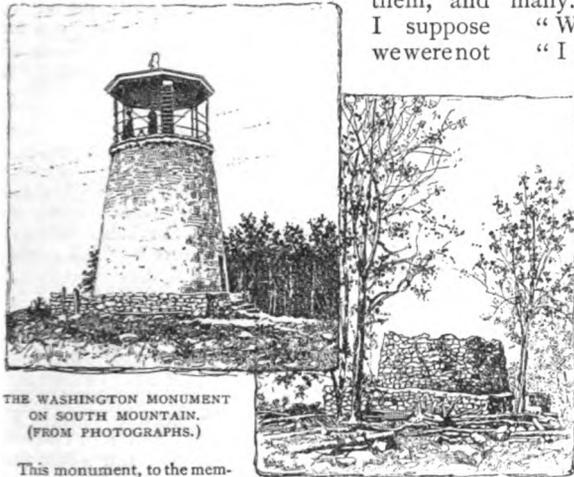
"Yes, there are some about the Mountain House."

I asked: "Are there many?"

"Well, there are *several*; I don't know how many."

"Who is in command?"

"I don't know."



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

This monument, to the memory of George Washington, was first erected by the citizens of Boonsboro' and vicinity in 1827. It stands on the summit, one and a half miles north of Turner's Gap (see map, page 144). Originally it was twenty feet high, but as an old resident of the neighborhood said, eight or ten feet of it were tumbled down the steep mountain-side by "bad boys and wicked men who never knew there was a George Washington." In its tumble-down condition, as seen on the right of the picture, it served as one of the Union signal stations during the battle of Antietam. In 1882 the monument was rebuilt, as seen on the left of the picture, by the Odd Fellows of Boonsboro'. The present height of the tower, including the observatory, is forty feet.—EDITOR.

seen by them. Colonel T. L. Rosser of the cavalry had been sent that morning with his regiment and Pelham's artillery by order of General Stuart to seize Fox's Gap on the Braddock road. Cox had got to the heights first and confronted Rosser with a portion of his command, while the remainder of it could be plainly seen at the foot of the mountain. General Rosser writes to me that he reported the situation of things to Stuart, who was passing by on the east side of the mountain on his way south. He, Rosser, was not directed to report to me, and I did not suspect his presence. I do not know to this hour whether Ratchford and myself came near stumbling upon him or upon the enemy.

Returning through the woods we came upon a cabin, the owner of which was in the yard, surrounded by his children, and evidently expectant of something. The morning being cool, Ratchford was wearing a blue cloak found by him at Seven Pines. In questioning the mountaineer about the roads I discovered that he thought we were Federals.

Just then a shell came hurtling through the woods, and a little girl began crying. Having a little one at home of about the same age, I could not forbear from stopping a moment to say a few soothing words to the frightened child, before hurrying off to the work of death on that calm, lovely Sabbath morning. I trust that the holy day may never again be desecrated by such bloody work, but that the blessings of peace may cover my native land forever.

The firing had aroused that prompt and gallant soldier, General Garland, and his men were under arms when I reached the pike. I explained the situation briefly to him, directed him to sweep through the woods, reach the road, and hold it at all hazards, as the safety of Lee's large train depended upon its being held. He went off in high spirits and I never saw him again. I never knew a truer, better, braver man. Had he lived, his talents, pluck, energy, and purity of character must have put him at the head of his profession, whether in civil or military life.

After passing through the first belt of woods Garland found Rosser, and conferring with him, determined to make his stand close to the junction of the roads, near the summit of the mountain (Fox's Gap). He had with him five regiments of infantry and Bondurant's battery of artillery—his infantry force being a little less than one thousand men, all North Carolinians. The Fifth Regiment was placed on the right of the road, with the Twelfth as its support; the Twenty-third was posted behind a low stone wall on the left of the Fifth; then came the Twentieth and Thirteenth. From the nature of the ground and the duty to be performed, the regiments were not in contact with each other, and the Thirteenth was two hundred and fifty yards to the left of the Twentieth. Fifty skirmishers of the Fifth North Carolina soon encountered the Twenty-third Ohio, deployed as skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hayes, afterwards President of

the United States, and the action began at nine A. M. between Cox's division and Garland's brigade.

I will delay an account of the fight to give the strength of the forces engaged.* The Ninth Corps (Reno's) consisted of four divisions under Cox, Willcox, Sturgis, and Rodman, or eight brigades under Scammon and Crook (Cox); Christ and Welsh (Willcox); Nagle and Ferrero (Sturgis); and Fairchild and Harland (Rodman). It had twenty-nine regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and eight batteries of artillery, three of them United States batteries of regulars under Benjamin, Clark, and Muhlenberg.

General Cox, who fought Garland, had six Ohio regiments under Brigadiers Scammon and Crook, and also the batteries of McMullin and Simmonds, and three companies of cavalry. The heavy batteries in position (twenty-pounder Parrotts) were of service to him also, in commanding the approaches to the scene of the conflict. The strength of the division is not given directly, but Scammon estimates his effectives at 1455. The other brigade was most likely equally strong, and I conclude that Cox's infantry, artillery, and cavalry reached three thousand. Garland's brigade is estimated at "scarce a thousand."

Scammon's brigade led the attack with great spirit. The Thirteenth North Carolina under Lieutenant-Colonel Ruffin, and Twentieth under Colonel Alfred Iverson, were furiously assailed on the left. Both regiments were under tried and true soldiers, and they received the assault calmly. Lieutenant Crome of McMullin's battery ran up a section of artillery by hand, and opened with effect upon the Twentieth North Carolina; but the skirmishers under Captain Atwell of that regiment killed the gallant officer while he was himself serving as a gunner. The section was abandoned, but the Confederates were unable to capture it. The effort seemed to be to turn the Thirteenth; and Colonel Ruffin in vain urged General Garland to go to the other part of his line. With him the post of danger was the post of honor. Judge Ruffin in a recent letter to me thus speaks of the fall of the hero:

"I said to him, 'General, why do you stay here? you are in great danger.'

"To which he replied: 'I may as well be here as yourself.'

"I said; 'No, it is my duty to be here with my regiment, but you could better superintend your brigade from a safer position.'

"Just then I was shot in the hip, and as there was no field-officer then with the regiment, other than myself, I told him of my wound, and that it might disable

me, and in that case I wished a field-officer to take my place. He turned and gave some order, which I have forgotten. In a moment I heard a groan, and looked and found him mortally wounded and writhing in pain. We continued to occupy this position for some time, when I sent my adjutant to the right to see what was going on (as the furious fighting had ceased in that direction). He returned and reported that the remainder of the brigade was gone and that the ground was occupied by the enemy. I then attempted to go to the left, hoping to come in contact with some portion of your command, but was again confronted by the enemy. I next tried to retreat to the rear, but to my dismay found myself entirely surrounded. The enemy in front was pressing us, and I saw but one way out, and that was to charge those in my front, repel them, if possible, and then, before they could recover, make a dash at those in my rear and cut my way out. This plan was successfully executed. I shall never forget the feelings of relief which I experienced when I first caught sight of you. You rode up to me, and shaking my hand said that you had given us up for lost and did not see how it was possible for us to have escaped. You then attached us to G. B. Anderson's brigade, which had come up in the meantime. . . . I remember one remark which you made just after congratulating me upon cutting my way out that surprised me very much. You said that you were greatly gratified to find that McClellan's whole army was in your front. As I knew how small your force was, I could not understand how it could be a source of pleasure to you to find yourself assailed by twenty times your number. In a moment you made it plain to me by saying that you had feared at first that McClellan's attack upon you was but a feint, and that with his main army he would cross the mountain at some of the lower gaps and would thus cut in between Jackson's corps and the forces under Lee."

A little before this I had seen from the lookout station near the Mountain House the vast army of McClellan spread out before me. The marching columns extended back far as eye could see in the distance; but many of the troops had already arrived and were in double lines of battle, and those advancing were taking up positions as fast as they arrived. It was a grand and glorious spectacle, and it was impossible to look at it without admiration. I had never seen so tremendous an army before. I did not see one like it afterward. For though we confronted greater forces at Yorktown, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and at Richmond under Grant, these were only partially seen, at most a corps at a time. But here four corps were in full view, one of which was on the mountain and almost within rifle range. The sight inspired more satisfaction than discomfort; for though I knew that my little force could be brushed away as readily as the strong man can brush to one side the wasp or the hornet, I felt that McClellan had made a mistake, and I hoped to be able to delay him until Longstreet could come up and our trains could be extricated from their perilous position.

When two distinct roars of artillery were heard south of us that morning, I thought

* From the advance sheets of Volume XIX., "Records of the Rebellion," kindly furnished me by Colonel R. N. Scott, a pretty accurate estimate can be formed.—D. H. H.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL GARLAND, JR., KILLED AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

that the nearer one indicated that McClellan was forcing his way across some gap north of Harper's Ferry with a view of cutting Lee's army in two. I suppose that Stuart believed that this would be the movement of the enemy, and for this reason abandoned Turner's Gap and hastened to what he believed to be the point of danger. McClellan was too cautious a man for so daring a venture. Had he made it, Jackson could have escaped across the Potomac, but the force under Lee in person (Longstreet's corps and my division) must have been caught. My division was very small and was embarrassed with the wagon trains and artillery of the whole army, save such as Jackson had taken with him. It must be remembered that the army now before McClellan, had been constantly marching and fighting since the 25th of June. It had fought McClellan's army from Richmond to the James, and then turned round and fought Pope's army reënforced by McClellan's, from the Rapidan to the Potomac. The order excusing bare-footed men from marching into Maryland had sent thousands to the rear. Divisions had become smaller than brigades were when the fighting first began; brigades had become smaller than regiments and regi-

ments had become smaller than companies.* Dabney, a careful statistician, in his "Life of Jackson" estimates Lee's forces at Sharpsburg (Antietam) at 33,000 men, including the three arms of service. Three of Longstreet's twelve brigades had gone to Harper's Ferry with Jackson. He (Longstreet) puts the strength of his nine brigades at Hagerstown on the morning of the 14th of September at 13,000 men. Accepting the correctness of his estimate for the present (though I expect to prove it to be too large), I find that Lee had under his immediate command that morning but 18,000 men. McClellan gives his force at Sharpsburg at 87,164. Had he made the movement which Stuart and myself thought he was making, it was hardly possible for the little force under Lee in person, to have escaped, encumbered as it was with wagon trains and reserve artillery. Forming his infantry into a solid column of attack, Lee might have cut a way through the fivefold force of his antagonist, but all the trains must have been lost,—an irreparable loss to the South. Frederick the Great's

campaign against the allies shows what he would have done had he been in command of the Federal army. But the American soldier preferred to do sure work rather than brilliant work, his natural caution being increased by the carping criticisms of his enemies.

Upon the fall of Garland, Colonel McRae of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment assumed command, and ordered the two regiments on the left to close in to the right. This order was not received or found to be impossible of execution. The main attack was on the Twenty-third North Carolina behind the stone wall. The Federals had a plunging fire upon this regiment from the crest of a hill, higher than the wall, and only about fifty yards from it. The Twelfth North Carolina, a badly trained and ill-disciplined regiment, under the command of a young captain on that day, deserted the field of honor and danger, and sought more healthy quarters. The Twelfth Ohio, actuated by a different impulse, made a charge upon Bondurant's battery and drove it off, failing, however, to capture it. The Thirtieth Ohio advanced directly upon the stone wall in their front, while a regiment moved upon the Twenty-third North Carolina on each flank. Some of the

* Thus the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment (page 899 of the Rebellion Records) is put at 120 men; Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment at 80; Eighth Virginia at 34; Hampton Legion (page 931) at 77; Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment at 59 (page 946).—D. H. H.

Thirtieth Ohio forced through a break in the wall, and bayonets and clubbed muskets were used freely for a few moments. Garland's brigade, demoralized by his death and by the furious assault on its center, broke now in confusion and retreated behind the mountain, leaving some two hundred prisoners of the Fifth, Twenty-third, and Twentieth North Carolina in the hands of the enemy. The brigade was too roughly handled to be of any further use that day. Rosser retired in better order, not, however, without having some of his men captured, and took up a position from which he could still fire upon the old road. This position he held until the order came at ten o'clock that night to cover the retreat of the infantry.

General Cox having beaten the force in his front, showed now a disposition to carry out General Pleasonton's instructions, and advance to the Mountain House by the road running south from it on the summit of the mountain. There was nothing to oppose him. My other three brigades had not come up; Colquitt's could not be taken from the pike except in the last extremity. So two guns were run down from the Mountain House and opened a brisk fire on the advancing foe. A line of dismounted staff-officers, couriers, teamsters, and cooks was formed behind the guns to give the appearance of battery supports. I do not remember ever to have experienced a feeling of greater *loneliness*. It seemed as though we were deserted by "all the world and the rest of mankind." Some of the advancing Federals encountered Colquitt's skirmishers under Captain Arnold, and apprehensive, apparently, of an attack in the rear, fell back again to their former positions.

General Cox seems not to have suspected that the defeat of Garland had cleared his front of every foe. He says in his report: "The enemy withdrew their battery to a new position on a ridge more to the front and right, forming their infantry in support and moving columns toward both our flanks." The *move* of the line of battle composed of staff-officers, couriers, teamsters, and cooks was happily seconded at the opportune moment by the advance of Arnold's sharpshooters. General Cox, a veteran soldier of approved valor and conduct, was completely deceived thereby.

It was more than half an hour after the utter rout and dispersion of Garland's brigade, when G. B. Anderson arrived at the head of his small but fine body of men. He made an effort to recover the ground lost by Garland, but failed and met a serious repulse. General Cox says of this attack: "The enemy made several attempts to retake the crest, advancing with great obstinacy and

boldness." Under the strange illusion that there was a large Confederate force on the mountain, the Federals withdrew to their first position in the morning to await the arrival of the other three divisions of Reno's corps. Willcox's arrived about noon, and Sturgis's and Rodman's between three and four o'clock, but there was no advance until five p. m. The falling back of Cox's division is alluded to by Colonel Ewing of Scammon's brigade and by Major Lyman J. Jackson of Crook's brigade. The former says: "We fell back to the original position until the general advance at five p. m." Major Jackson, after speaking of fighting the enemy behind a stone wall with the cooperation of two other regiments, adds: "We then fell back to the hillside in the open fields, where we were out of reach of their guns, and remained here *with the rest of our brigade* until an advance was made against the enemy by the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island troops on our right."

It was probably during this lull of active hostilities that General Hooker saw General Cox descending the mountain, for which statement he was rebuked by General Burnside. After the arrival of his whole corps General Reno arranged his line of battle as follows: Cox's division on his left, resting on the batteries in position; Willcox's on his right, supported by that of Sturgis. Rodman's division was divided; Fairchild's brigade was sent to the extreme left to support the batteries in position, and Harland's was placed on the extreme right.

In the meantime Rodes and Ripley, of my division, reported to me for orders. Rodes was sent with his brigade of twelve hundred men to a commanding knoll north of the pike or National road. Ripley was directed to attach himself to G. B. Anderson's left. Anderson being thus strengthened, and finding there was no enemy in his immediate front, sent out the Second and Fourth North Carolina regiments of his brigade on a reconnaissance to the front, right, and rear. Captain E. A. Osborne, commanding the skirmishers of the Fourth North Carolina, discovered a brigade in an old field south of Fox's Gap, facing towards the turnpike and supporting a battery with its guns turned in the same direction. Captain Osborne hastened back to Colonel Grimes, commanding the regiment, and told him that they could deliver a flank fire upon the brigade before it could change its position to meet them. But a Federal scout had seen the captain, and the brigade was the first to open fire. The fight was, of course, brief, the regiment beating a hasty retreat. The brigade halted at the edge of the woods, probably believing that there was a concealed foe somewhere in the depths



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. ANDERSON, KILLED AT ANTIETAM.
(FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

or forty-two regiments, with ten batteries of artillery and a battalion of cavalry. General Meade, a division commander, had under him the brigades of Seymour, Magilton, and Gallagher, containing thirteen regiments with four batteries attached. General Hatch, division commander, had under him the brigades of Doubleday, Phelps, Patrick, and Gibbon—seventeen regiments and four batteries. General Ricketts, division commander, had under him the brigades of Duryea, Christian, and Hartsuff—twelve regiments and two batteries. From the nature of the ground, none of the artillery of Hooker's corps could be used, except that which went directly up the pike with Gibbon's brigade and one battery (Cooper's) on the enemy's right.

The hour for the general advance is not specified in the reports. Some of the Federal officers, as we have seen,

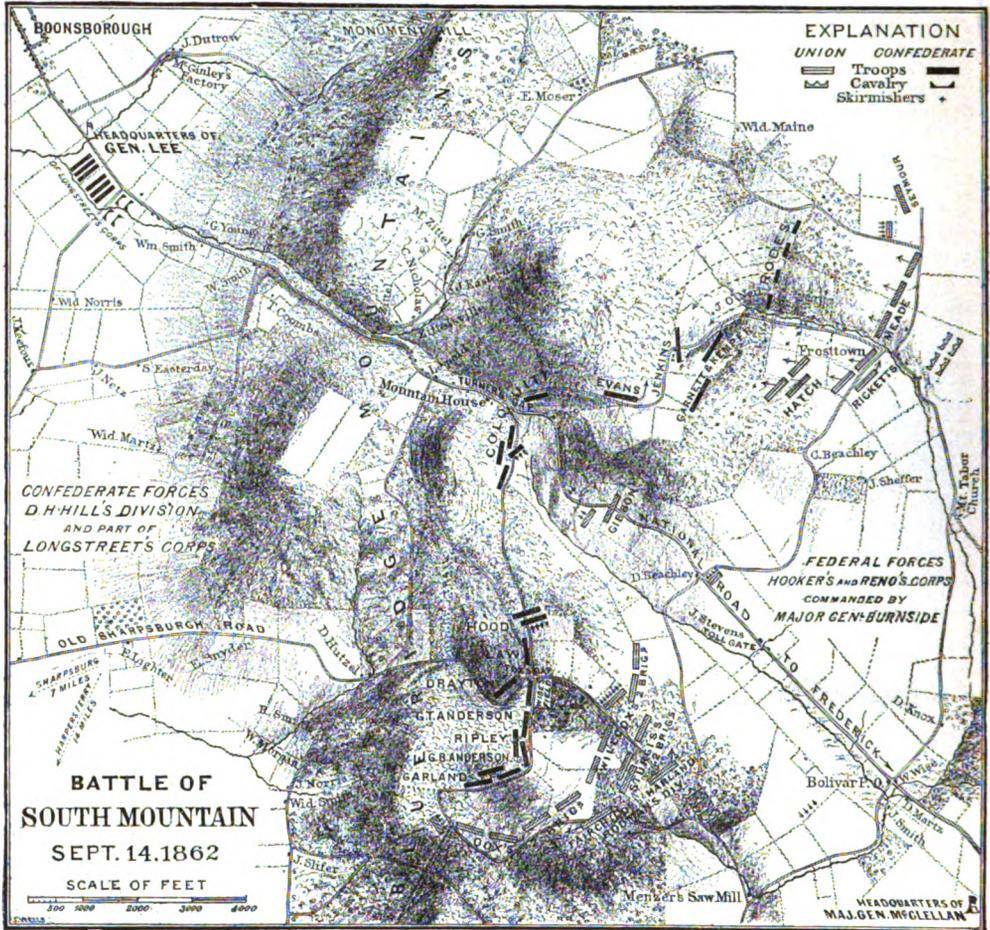
of the forest. This Federal brigade was, possibly, Benjamin C. Christ's of Willcox's division—the same which had made the successful flank movement in the previous fight.

About 3:30 P. M. the advance of Longstreet's command arrived and reported to me—one brigade under Colonel G. T. Anderson and one under General Drayton. They were attached to Ripley's left, and a forward movement was ordered. In half an hour or more I received a note from Ripley saying that he was progressing finely; so he was, to the rear of the mountain on the west side. Before he returned the fighting was over, and his brigade did not fire a shot that day.

The Federal commander intrusted to General Burnside the management of the fight, but under his own eyes; Burnside ordered a general advance on both sides of the pike. The First Corps, under Hooker, was to attack on the north side of the National road, while the Ninth Corps, under Reno, was to move forward, as before, on the southside. Hooker's corps consisted of three divisions, ten brigades,

speak of the general advance at five P. M. General Sturgis says that he became engaged on the south side of the pike at 3:30 P. M. General Meade, on the north side, says that he moved toward the right at two P. M., while General Ricketts, who took part in the same movement, says that he did not arrive at the foot of the mountain until five P. M. If General Meade was not mistaken as to the time of his starting, he must have been long delayed in the thick woods, through which the first part of his march was made.

Here is probably the best place to explain the extraordinary caution of the Federals, which seemed so mysterious to us on that 14th of September. An order of General Lee, made while at Frederick, directing Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry, and Longstreet and myself to go to Boonsboro', had fallen into the hands of some Federals, who carried it to General McClellan. This order (known at the South as the Lost Dispatch) was addressed to me, but I proved twenty years ago that it could not have been lost through my neglect or



MAP OF THE POSITIONS AT FOX'S AND TURNER'S GAPS.

The fights of Sept. 14 were so distinct as to time and place, and the positions of the troops were so often changed that any single map would be misleading without analysis: (1.) The early morning fight was mostly on the south side of Fox's Gap, between Cox's two Union brigades and Garland's brigade, the latter being assisted on its left by a part of Colquitt's brigade which was at Turner's Gap. By ten o'clock Garland had been killed and his brigade routed. (2.) Then Cox encountered G. B. Anderson's arriving brigade, repulsed it and fell back to his position in the morning. (3.) G. B. Anderson was then posted at Fox's Gap on both sides of the old Sharpsburg road. D. H. Hill's two other brigades came up towards noon, Ripley being joined to G. B. Anderson, and Rodes being sent to occupy a hill on the north side of Turner's Gap, near where Garnett is placed on the map. (4.) About two o'clock, on the Union side, Cox's division was re-

forced by the arriving divisions of Wilcox, Sturgis, and Rodman; and Hooker's corps of three divisions was moving north of the National road by way of Mount Tabor Church (Hooker's headquarters) to flank the Confederate left. About the same time D. H. Hill's brigades at Fox's Gap were reinforced by Longstreet's brigades of G. T. Anderson, Drayton, Law, and Hood; and north of Turner's Gap three of Rodes's four regiments were sent still further to the left, and the defense afterwards strengthened by the posting of Longstreet's brigades of Garnett and Kemper supported by Jenkins, on the hill first held by Rodes. Evans's brigade arrived later, and was of assistance to Rodes when the latter had been thrown back by the flank movement of Meade's right. (5.) The last severe engagements began at both gaps after three o'clock and lasted until after dark. Colquitt and Gibbon, in the center, joined desperately in the battle.—EDITOR.

carelessness. The Federal commander gained two facts from the order, one of which was needless and the other misleading. He learned that Jackson had gone to Harper's Ferry — a truth that he must have learned from his own scouts and spies and the roar of artillery in his own ears. The cannonading could be distinctly heard at Frederick, and told that *some one* was beleaguering Harper's Ferry. The misleading information was that Longstreet was at Boonsboro'. The map of the battle-field of South Mountain, prepared in 1872, ten years after

the fight, by the United States Bureau of Engineers, represents ten regiments and one battalion under Longstreet at the foot of the mountain on the morning of the 14th of September, 1862. Longstreet was then an ordinary day's march from that point. In fact, after the removal of Colquitt's brigade, about seven A. M., there was not a Southern soldier at the foot of the mountain until three P. M., when Captain Park of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment was sent there with forty men. General McClellan in his report says: "The force op-



VIEW FROM TURNER'S GAP, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.—SEE MAP ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

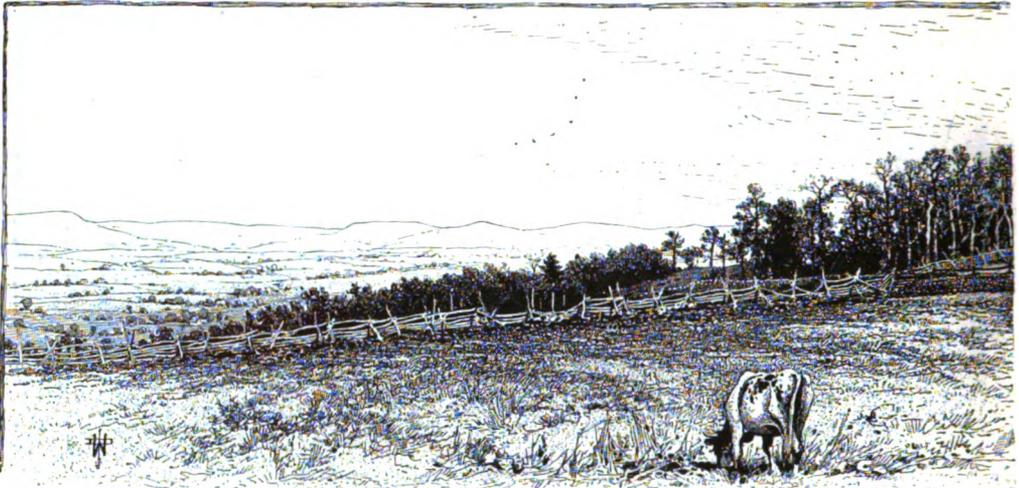
The point of view is a little to the left of the Mountain House, now the home of Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of Admiral Dahlgren. Rodes was first posted on the hill, the slope of which is seen on the left;

Gibbon was further down the road in the hollow. The white patch on the mountain to the south (on the right) is Wise's field at Fox's Gap, where Reno and Garland were killed.—EDITOR.

posed to me was D. H. Hill's corps (fifteen thousand) and a part if not the whole of Longstreet's, and perhaps a portion of Jackson's,—probably thirty thousand in all." (Page 13, Volume XIX.) The mistake of the Federal commander in regard to General Longstreet was natural, since he was misled by the Lost Dispatch. But it seems strange that the United States Engineers should repeat the blunder, with the light of history thrown for ten years upon all the incidents of the battle. It was incomprehensible to us of the losing side that the men who charged us so boldly and repulsed our attacks so successfully should let slip the fruits of victory and fall back as though defeated. The prisoners taken were from my division and the victors seemed to think that Longstreet's men lay hidden somewhere in the depths of those mysterious forests. Thus it was that a thin line of men extending for miles along the crest of the mountain could afford protection for so many hours to Lee's trains

and artillery and could delay the Federal advance until Longstreet's command came up, and joining with mine, saved the two wings of the army from being cut in two. But for the mistake about the position of our forces, McClellan could have captured Lee's trains and artillery and interposed between Jackson and Longstreet before noon on that 14th of September. The losing of the dispatch was the saving of Lee's army.

About four P. M. I saw what appeared to be two Federal brigades emerge from the woods south of Colquitt's position and form in an open field nearly at right angles to each other—one brigade facing towards the pike, and the other facing the general direction of the mountain. This inverted V-like formation was similar to that of the First Mississippi Regiment at Buena Vista. If it was made anywhere else during the Civil War, I never heard of it. The V afforded a fine target from the pike, and I directed Captain Lane to open



FOX'S GAP—THE APPROACH TO WISE'S FIELD.

This sketch and the one on the next page (from recent photographs) may be regarded as parts of one picture. The old Sharpsburg or Braddock road lies between the stone wall and the rail fence. The left distance shows the Middletown valley and the Catoctin range, from which Reno approached.—EDITOR.

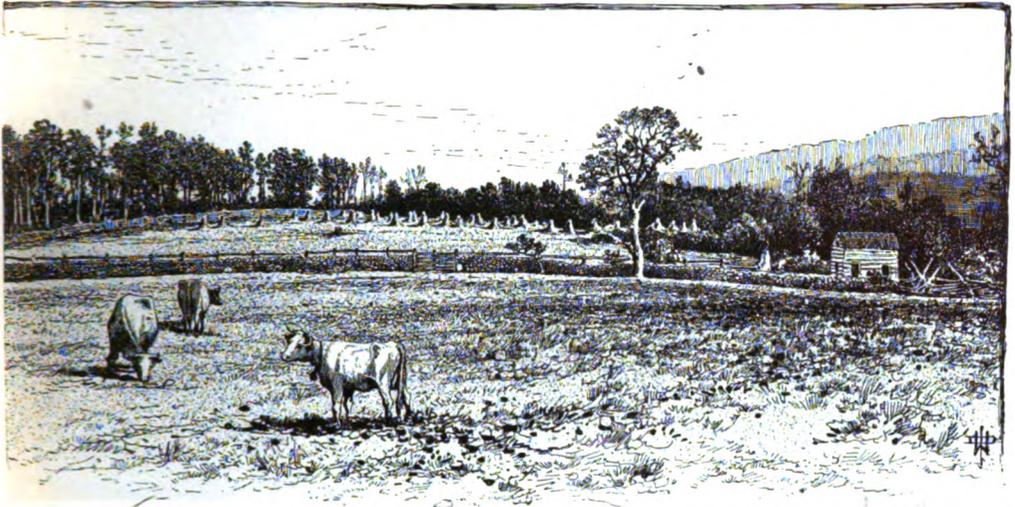
on it with his battery. His firing was wild, not a shot hitting the mark. The heavy batteries promptly replied, showing such excellent practice that Lane's guns were soon silenced. A small force in the edge of the woods on the west side of the old field opened fire upon the V. The Federals changed their formation, and advancing in line of battle, brushed away their assailants and plunged into the woods, when heavy firing began and lasted possibly half an hour.

I suppose that the Federal force which I saw was the division of General Sturgis, and that he left behind Harland's brigade of Rodman's division to guard his flank in his advance, since Harland reports that he had no casualties. General Sturgis claims that he swept everything before him. So do his comrades who fought on his left. On the other hand, General Hood, who came up a short time before this advance with the brigades of Wofford and Law, claims that he checked and drove back the Federals. G. T. Anderson reports that only his skirmishers were engaged. The surviving officers of G. B. Anderson (killed at Sharpsburg, and leaving no report) say that the same thing was true of their brigade in the afternoon. Ripley's brigade was not engaged at all. About dusk the Second and Thirteenth North Carolina regiments attacked Fairchild's brigade, and the batteries protected by it on the extreme Federal left, and were repulsed disastrously. Generals Burnside and Willcox say that the fight was continued until ten o'clock at night. Hood was mistaken, then, in thinking that he had driven back the Federal advance. The

opposing lines were close together at nightfall, and the firing between the skirmishers was kept up till a late hour. Equally erroneous is the claim that any Confederates were driven except Drayton's small brigade. We held the crests of the mountain, on the National road and the old Sharpsburg road until Lee's order for withdrawal was given. General Reno, the Federal corps commander on our right, was killed at seven P. M., in Wise's field, where the fight began at nine o'clock in the morning. But on our left a commanding hill was lost before night. Batteries placed upon it next morning, acting in concert with the heavy batteries placed on our right by General Pleasanton before we were aware of his presence, would have made any position untenable on the pike or the crest of the mountain. I made that statement to General Lee about nine P. M., when he consulted with Longstreet and myself in regard to renewing the fight the next morning. Longstreet concurred in this view, remarking that I knew the ground and the situation better than he did.

The story of the reverse on our left could best be told in the words of General Rodes, upon whose brigade the chief disaster fell. But our space requires its abridgment.

General Hooker detached Gibbon's brigade, consisting of three Wisconsin regiments and one Indiana regiment, from Hatch's division, and directed it to move directly up the pike with a section of artillery. Then the divisions of Meade and Hatch were formed on the north side of the pike, with the division of Ricketts in supporting distance in rear. A belt of woods had to be passed through, and



FOX'S GAP—WISE'S FIELD, AS SEEN FROM THE PASTURE NORTH OF THE ROAD.

The stump in the middle of the field is near where Reno fell. General Garland was killed near by. Part of the struggle was for the wooded crest on the left of the field. On the left of Wise's house is the ridge road, the Confederates at the house being posted behind a stone wall. The well at Wise's house was filled with the Confederate dead.—EDITOR.

then it was open field all the way to the summit, and the two detached peaks were in full view upon which the devoted little band of Rodes was posted—the Twelfth Alabama Regiment on one, and the Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Twenty-sixth Alabama regiments on the other. Under the illusion that there

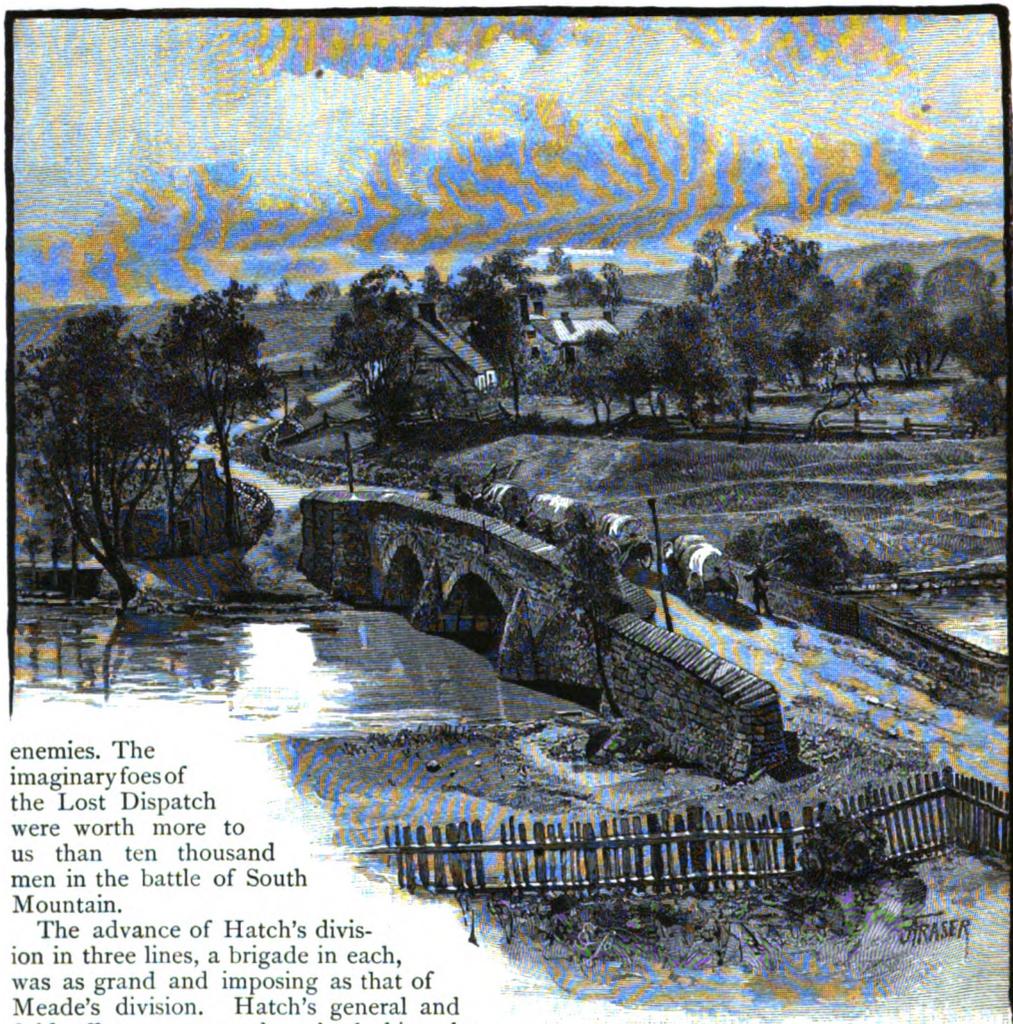
were ten regiments and one battalion of Longstreet's command in those woods, the progress through them was slow, but when once cleared, the advance was steady and made almost with the precision of movement of a parade day. Captain Robert E. Park, of Macon, Georgia, who commanded the forty skirmishers in the woods, thinks that he delayed the Federal advance for a long time.*

It is not more improbable that a few active skirmishers north of the pike should prove an obstacle to progress through the forest there, than that a division on the south side should hesitate to penetrate a forest from which their foes had been completely driven. The success of the Federals on the north side was due to the fact that after getting through the belt of woods at the foot of the mountain, they saw exactly what was before them. The lack of complete success south of the pike was owing to the thick woods on that side which were supposed to be full of hidden,

* Captain Park writes: "After passing through Boonsboro', *en route* to the scene of action, we met the dead body of the gallant General Garland, when an order from General D. H. Hill, through General R. E. Rodes, to Colonel B. B. Gayle of the Twelfth Alabama, directed that skirmishers should be deployed in front. Colonel Gayle hurriedly ordered captains of companies to send four men each to the front to report to Lieutenant R. E. Park as sharpshooters and I promptly reported for orders; was directed to carry my squad of forty men to the foot of South Mountain, 'and keep the enemy back as long as possible.' I hastily deployed the men, and we moved down the mountain-side. On our way down we could see the enemy, in two lines of battle, in the valley below, advancing, preceded only a few steps by their dense line of skirmishers. I concealed my men behind trees, rocks, and bushes, and cautioned them to aim well before firing. We awaited with beating hearts the sure and steady approach of the 'Pennsylvania Bucktails,' who were directly in my front, and soon near enough to fire upon. I gave the command, 'Fire,' and forty guns were almost simultaneously emptied with deadly effect, and the surviving skirmishers rushed



MAJOR-GENERAL JESSE L. RENO.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM, NEAR SHARPSBURG, BY WHICH THE CONFEDERATES RETREATED FROM SOUTH MOUNTAIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN WAR TIME.)

enemies. The imaginary foes of the Lost Dispatch were worth more to us than ten thousand men in the battle of South Mountain.

The advance of Hatch's division in three lines, a brigade in each, was as grand and imposing as that of Meade's division. Hatch's general and field officers were on horseback, his colors were all flying, and the alignment of his men seemed to be perfectly preserved. General Hooker, looking at the steady and precise movement from the foot of the mountain, describes it as a beautiful sight. From the top

of the mountain the sight was grand and sublime, but the elements of the pretty and

back pell-mell to their main line, disordering it greatly. The solid, well-drilled line soon rallied, and advanced steadily forward, and my small party, as soon as they were near enough, fired again, and nearly every bullet did fatal work. At least thirty men must have been killed or wounded at the second fire, and perhaps more at the first. Though checked for some minutes, their officers cursing loudly and earnestly exhorting them to 'close up' and 'forward,' the enemy again advanced. I directed my men to fall back slowly, and to fire from everything which screened them from observation. I had lost only four men wounded up to this time, but six or eight more became demoralized and, despite my commands, entreaties, and threats, left me and hastily fled to the rear. With the brave squad which remained, we slowly retreated, firing as rapidly as we could load, and doing fatal work with every step. The advance was very slow and cautious. It was about three o'clock when we opened fire at the foot of the mountain, and now the sun was rapidly setting. Corporal Myers, of Mobile, at my request, aimed at and shot an exposed officer, receiving himself a terrible wound as he did so. I raised him tenderly, gave him water, and reluctantly was about to abandon him to his fate, when a dozen muskets were pointed at me, and I was ordered to surrender. There was a deep ravine to our left, and the Third

Alabama skirmishers having fallen back, the Federals had got in my rear, and at the same time closed upon me in front. If I had not stopped with Myers I might have escaped capture, but I was mortified and humiliated by the necessity of yielding myself a prisoner. Certain death was the only alternative. The enemy pushed forward after my capture, and came upon Colonel Gayle and the rear support. Colonel Gayle was ordered to surrender, but, drawing his pistol and firing it in their faces, he exclaimed: 'We are flanked, boys, but let's die in our tracks,' and continued to fire until he was literally riddled by bullets, and surrendered his pure, brave young spirit to the God who gave it.

"I was accompanied to the rear by three Federal soldiers, and could but notice, as I walked down the mountain, the great execution done by my little squad as shown by the dead and wounded lying all along the route. At the foot of the mountain ambulances were being loaded. From what I saw and gathered from my captors, my little party committed fearful havoc, and the Federals imagined that several divisions of Lee's army confronted them. . . . I was carried before some prominent officer (have heard it was General Hatch), who questioned me about my regiment, brigade, division, number of troops, etc. The information I gave could not have benefited him much."— D. H. H.

the picturesque did not enter into it. Doubtless the Hebrew poet whose idea of the awe-inspiring is expressed by "terrible as an army with banners," had his view of the enemy from the top of a mountain.

There was not a single Confederate soldier to oppose the advance of General Hatch. I got some guns from the reserve artillery of Colonel Cutts to fire at the three lines; but owing to the little practice of the gunners and to the large angle of depression, the cannonade was as harmless as blank-cartridge salutes in honor of a militia general. While these innocent missiles were flying, which the enemy did not honor by so much as a dodge, Longstreet came up in person with three small brigades, and assumed direction of affairs. He sent the brigade of Evans under Colonel Stevens to the aid of Rodes's men, sorely pressed and well-nigh exhausted. The brigades of Pickett (under Garnett) and Kemper were hurried forward to meet and check Hatch, advancing, hitherto, without opposition.

General Meade had moved the brigade of Seymour to the right to take Rodes's position in reverse, while the brigades of Magilton and Gallagher went straight to the front. Meade was one of our most dreaded foes; he was always in deadly earnest, and he eschewed all trifling. He had under him brigade commanders, officers and soldiers, worthy of his leadership. In his onward sweep the peak upon which the Twelfth Alabama was posted was passed, the gallant Colonel Gayle was killed, and his regiment was routed and dispersed. The four other regiments of Rodes made such heroic resistance that Meade, believing his division about to be flanked, sent for and obtained Duryea's brigade of Ricketts's division. It was pitiable to see the gallant but hopeless struggle of those Alabamians against such mighty odds. Rodes claimed to have fought for three hours without support; but an overestimate of time under such circumstances is usual and natural. He lost sixty-one killed, one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, and two hundred and four missing (captured), or more than a third of his brigade. His supports fought gallantly and saved him from being entirely surrounded, but got on the ground too late to effect anything else. Evans's brigade under Stevens had been wasted by two campaigns and was small when it left Hagerstown that morning, and many had fallen out on the hot and dusty forced march. Of the four regiments in the brigade, we find in Volume XIX. of the "Rebellion Records" only the report of one, the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment under Colonel McMaster. That says that one hundred and forty-one men entered the fight on South Mountain, and of these seven are

reported killed, thirty-seven wounded, and seventeen missing (captured). Colonel McMaster writes to me that his was the largest regiment in the brigade; so it must have been about five hundred and fifty strong. General Meade says in his report that he lost three hundred and ninety-nine men, or ten per cent. of his division. As he received the support of Duryea before or about the time that Rodes got the aid of Stevens, he fought Rodes with the advantage all the while of three to one.

When Ripley came up, as before described, the pressure was all at Fox's Gap. He was sent in there and his brigade was uselessly employed by him in marching and countermarching. Had it been sent to strengthen Rodes the key of the position might not have been lost. But the vainest of all speculations and regrets are about "the might have been."

Meade encamped that night on the commanding eminence which he had won.

The strength of the two brigades sent to check General Hatch did not exceed eight hundred men, as I will show presently. They must have performed prodigies of valor, and their praises can best be spoken in the words of their enemies. General Patrick, commanding the leading Federal brigade, tells of a race between his men and a strong force of the enemy for the possession of a fence. Patrick won the race and delivered his fire from it and picked off the rebel cannoneers at some guns. General Hatch was wounded at this fence, and the command devolved on General Doubleday. The latter speaks of lying down behind the fence and allowing the enemy to charge up to within fifteen paces, and then he opened a deadly fire. Colonel Wainwright, who succeeded Doubleday in command of his brigade, was also wounded here, and Colonel Hofmann assumed command of it. Colonel Hofmann tells us that the ammunition of the brigade was just giving out when Ricketts relieved Doubleday. Several of the reports speak of the "superior force of the enemy." General Ricketts says that "he relieved Doubleday hard pressed and nearly out of ammunition." Before Ricketts came in person with Hartsuff's brigade, he had sent Christian's brigade to the assistance of Doubleday. Every man in the brigades of Kemper and Pickett (the latter under Garnett) must have been a hero, else such results could not have been achieved. General Doubleday's report contains this curious story: "I learned from a wounded prisoner that we were engaged with four to five thousand under the immediate command of General Pickett, with heavy masses in their vicinity. He stated also that Longstreet in vain tried to rally the men, calling them his pets and using every effort to induce them to renew the attack."

That old rebel played off finely, but he ought to have explained whether he heard Longstreet's appeals to the pets while he was lying there on the ground, or whether he was the only pet to respond and come back to be knocked over for his pains. The astonishing thing is that General Doubleday should believe that there were four thousand or five thousand men before him under the immediate command of Pickett. Of course, the old rebel knew that Pickett was not there in person and that there were no heavy masses in the vicinity. But Doubleday's belief of the story is a splendid tribute to the efficiency of the eight hundred men, who fought a division of thirty-five hundred men (the number reported by Hatch after Gibbon had been detached), and fought it so vigorously that two brigades were sent to its assistance.

Jenkins's brigade, under Walker, came up at dusk, too late to be in the fight; but it went in on the right of Garnett and took part in the irregular firing which was kept up till a late hour. Colonel Walker's report shows a loss of three killed and twenty-nine wounded, which proves that he was but slightly engaged. The tired men of both sides lay down at last to rest within a hundred yards of each other. But now Gibbon was putting in earnest work on the pike. He had a choice brigade, strong in numbers and strong in the pluck of his men, all from the North-west, where habitually good fighters are reared. He had pushed forward cautiously in the afternoon with the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment, followed by the Sixth on the north side of the pike and the Nineteenth Indiana, supported by the Second Wisconsin, on the south side. The ten imaginary regiments of the Lost Dispatch retarded his progress through the woods; and at one time, believing that the Seventh Wisconsin was about to be turned on its right flank, he sent the Sixth to its assistance. There were only a few skirmishers on his right, but the Lost Dispatch made him believe otherwise. About nine P. M. the stone wall was reached, and several gallant efforts were made in vain to carry it. When each repulse was followed by the rebel yells, the young men on my staff would cry out: "Hurrah for Georgia! Georgia is having a free fight." The Western men had met in the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments men as brave as themselves and far more advantageously posted. Colonel Bragg, of the Sixth Wisconsin, says in his report: "We sat down in the dark to wait another attack, but the enemy was no more seen." At midnight Gorman's brigade of Sumner's corps relieved Gibbon's.

General Gibbon reports officially three hundred and eighteen men killed and wounded,—

a loss sustained almost entirely, I think, at the stone wall. The colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin reports a loss of one hundred and forty-seven men in killed and wounded out of three hundred and seventy-five muskets carried into action. This shows that he had brave men and that he encountered brave men. From his report we infer that Gibbon had fifteen hundred men. On our side, Colquitt had eleven hundred men and lost less than one hundred, owing to the admirable position in which he had been placed.

And now in regard to the numbers engaged. Longstreet sent to my aid eight brigades,—five belonging to the division of D. R. Jones, consisting of the brigades of Drayton, Pickett, Jenkins, G. T. Anderson, and Kemper; and three belonging to an extemporized division of N. G. Evans, including the brigades of Evans, Hood, and Law. On page 886, Volume XIX. of the "Rebellion Records," Jones says that after Toombs joined him from Hagerstown, his six brigades numbered at Sharpsburg two thousand four hundred and thirty men; *i. e.*, an average of four hundred and five men to each brigade. Now all Longstreet's officers and men know that the ranks were fuller at Sharpsburg than at South Mountain, because there were more stragglers in the forced march from Hagerstown to the battlefield of the 14th of September than there were casualties in the battle. The above average would give eight hundred and ten as the number of men in the two brigades which confronted the division of Hatch aided by two brigades from Ricketts. But it is well known that the Virginia brigades were unusually small, because of the heavy draughts upon them for cavalry, artillery, and local service. Between pages 894 and 902, Volume XIX., we have the strength at South Mountain of four of the five regiments of Pickett's brigade given officially,—the Nineteenth Regiment, one hundred and fifty men; Eighteenth Regiment, one hundred and twenty men; Fifty-sixth Regiment, eighty men; Eighth Regiment, thirty-four men. The strength of the other regiment, the Twenty-eighth, is not given; but assuming that it was ninety-six, the average of the other four regiments, we have four hundred and eighty as the number of men in Pickett's brigade at South Mountain. But the report of the colonel of the Fifty-sixth shows that he was turned off with his eighty muskets and did not go in with his brigade; so that Garnett had in the battle but four hundred of Pickett's men. From Kemper's brigade we have but one report giving the strength of a regiment, and that comes from Colonel Corse of the Seventeenth Virginia. He says that at Sharpsburg he had six officers and

forty-nine privates in his regiment. A calculation based upon this report would show that Kemper's brigade was smaller than Pickett's.

On page 907 we have the only report from Jenkins's brigade which gives any intimation of its strength. There the First South Carolina Regiment is said to have one hundred and six men at Sharpsburg. It is possible the five regiments of this brigade numbered five hundred and thirty in that battle. It is true that it was considerably larger at Sharpsburg than at South Mountain, because the stragglers from the Hagerstown march much more than made up for the small loss (32) in the battle of the 14th. But with due allowance for that gain, the brigade must have been four hundred and fifty strong at South Mountain. It is evident, then, that Kemper's brigade fell below four hundred at South Mountain; otherwise, the brigade average in Jones's division would have exceeded four hundred and six.

Longstreet thinks that he had four thousand men at South Mountain. His estimate is too high, according to the records as I find them. Accepting his numbers, I would place twenty-two hundred at Fox's Gap and eighteen hundred north of Turner's Gap. Colquitt fought mainly and Rodes entirely with Hooker's corps. Adding the twenty-two hundred men of these two brigades to Longstreet's eighteen hundred, we have four thousand as the number opposed to Hooker.

General McClellan puts the strength of the two attacking corps at thirty thousand. His figures are substantially corroborated by the reports of his subordinates,—division, brigade, and regimental commanders. They indicate, moreover, that there had been great straggling in the Federal army, as well as in our own. On page 97, General Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster, reports, October 1, 1862, means of transportation for 13,707 men in the First Corps; for 12,860 men in the Ninth Corps . . . , and for 127,818 men in the entire Army of the Potomac. This was after the wastage of the two battles (14th and 17th September) reported on page 204 as amounting to 15,203.

General Hooker was well pleased with the work of his corps. He says (page 215): "When the advantages of the enemy's position are considered, and his preponderating numbers, the forcing of the passage of South Mountain will be classed among the most brilliant and satisfactory achievements of this army, and its principal glory will be awarded to the First Corps." Undoubtedly that corps had gained important positions, but it is difficult to see how four thousand men could preponderate in numbers over 13,707. Hooker's division and brigade commanders, who

had been well up under musketry fire, do not speak in such glowing terms of the victory. The reports of the stubborn fighters in the Federal army on both sides of the pike are models of modest propriety. This is especially so with those who bore the heat and burden of the day,—Meade, Hatch, Cox, Willcox, Scammon, Crook, Gibbon, Ewing, Gallagher, Magilton, Phelps, White, Jackson, Callis, Bragg, etc.

In regard to the casualties of the opposing forces, the losses in killed and wounded were greater on the Federal side than on the Confederate, because the one thin line of the latter fired at the dense masses of the former, sometimes in two lines and sometimes in three. But from their weakness the Confederates took no prisoners, while they lost over four hundred within the enveloping ranks of their enemies. The revised statement of Federal losses in Volume XIX. gives the casualties in the First Corps as 923; of the Ninth Corps as 889. Total 1812, infantry and artillery; and to this number is added one cavalryman, how killed is not explained.

I lost two brigadiers and a large number of regimental commanders within three days, so that the division reports are very meager. Of the five brigades, there is a statistical report from that of Rodes alone. By means of a very extensive correspondence I have ascertained the casualties as nearly as they can be reached at this late day:

	<i>Killed and Wounded.</i>	<i>Missing.</i>
Rodes	218	204
Colquitt	92	7
Garland	100	200
Anderson	84	29
Ripley	0	0
	494	440

Longstreet's loss must have been less than mine, as he had but four small brigades seriously engaged. Walker reports only thirty-two casualties in Jenkins's brigade; G. T. Anderson had none. Hood speaks lightly of the fight of the two brigades under him. The exact losses can, however, never be known.

In the foregoing table reference is had to prisoners taken in battle. Some of our wearied men slipped off in the woods to sleep, and were not aroused when the orders came to fall back. Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, a brave and efficient officer, writes to me that he could hardly keep his men awake even when the deadly missiles were flying among them. This is in confirmation of what General Hood, in charge of the rear-guard, told me when I passed him after daylight on the 15th. He said that he found it difficult to arouse and push on the tired men, who had fallen out by the wayside to get a few minutes' sleep.

If the battle of South Mountain was fought to prevent the advance of McClellan, it was a failure on the part of the Confederates. If it was fought to save Lee's trains and artillery, and to reunite his scattered forces, it was a Confederate success. The former view was taken by the President of the United States, for he telegraphed to General McClellan on the 15th of September: "God bless you and all with you. Destroy the rebel army, if possible."

But from whatever standpoint it may be looked at, the battle of South Mountain must be of interest to the military reader, as showing the effect of a hallucination in enabling nine thousand men to hold thirty thousand at bay for so many hours, in robbing victory of its fruits, and in inspiring the victors with such caution that a simple ruse turned them back in their triumphal career.

Every battle-field of the Civil War beheld the deadly conflict of former friends with each other. South Mountain may be taken as a specimen of this unnatural and horrible state of things. The last time I ever saw Generals McClellan and Reno was, in 1848, at the table of General G. W. Smith, in the city of Mexico. Generals Meade and Scammon had both been instructors while I was at West Point. Colonel Magilton, commanding a brigade in Meade's division, had been a lieutenant in my company in the Mexican war. General John Gibbon (whose brigade pressed up the pike on the 14th of September) and his brother Lardner had been best men at my wedding. They were from North Carolina; but one brother took the Northern side, while the other took the Southern.

There is another view of the picture, however. If we had to be beaten it was better to be beaten by former friends. Every true soldier loves to have "a foeman worthy of his steel." Every true man likes to attribute high qualities to those who were once friends, though now alienated for a time. The temporary estrangement cannot obliterate the recollection of noble traits of character. Some one attempted to condole with Tom Yearwood, a famous old South Carolina bully, upon the beating given him by his own son. "Hush up," said old Tom. "I am glad that no one but my own flesh and blood had a hand in my drubbing."

The sons of the South struck her many heavy blows. Farragut of Tennessee rose, as a reward of merit, to the highest rank in the Federal navy. A large number of his associates were from the South. In the Federal army there were of Southern blood and lineage Generals Thomas, Sykes, Reno, Newton, J. J. Reynolds, Canby, Ord, Brannan, William Nelson, Crittenden, Blair, R. W. Johnson,

T. J. Wood, N. B. Buford, Terrill, Graham, Davidson, Cooke, Alexander, Getty, French, Frémont, Pope, Hunter. Some of these doubtless served the South better by the side they took, but most of them were fine officers, and some of them were superb.

Then the South had three hundred thousand of her sons in the Federal army in more subordinate capacities. Her armies surrendered when a Southern-born President and a Southern-born Vice-President were at the head of the United States Government. Surely we have the comfort of old Tom Yearwood, and it *is* a comfort. That the wounds of defeat and humiliation have been so soon healed has been owing largely to this balm to mortified pride. The sting of shame to proud and sensitive Frenchmen is that their magnificent capital was captured by, and their splendid armies surrendered to, soldiers of an alien race and religion, speaking a different language, and unlike themselves in manners and customs and in all those characteristics which constitute their pride and their glory. On the other hand, the civil wars in England have left no bitter memories behind them. Who now knows or cares whether his ancestors fought on the side of the White Rose or the Red Rose? Who now knows or cares whether they were for King or Parliament; for James II. or for William of Orange? Compare this forgetfulness of civil strife in England with the bitterness which Ireland still feels over her subjugation; compare it with the fact that the Roman occupation of England for five hundred years made no impression upon the language of the natives, so little intercourse was there between them and their conquerors; compare it with the fact that for four hundred years after the Norman conquest there was no fusion between the Norman and Saxon tongues. In truth, all history teaches that the humiliation of defeat by a foreign foe is felt for ages, while that of defeat by the same race is temporary and soon forgotten. The late Civil War was relieved of very much of its sectional character by the presence of so many Southerners in the Union armies. Therefore, it will be in the United States as in all the unsectional civil wars of the world's history in which race and religion were not involved,—the waves of oblivion will roll over the bitter recollections of the strife. But we trust that fragrant forever will be the memory of deeds of heroism, patience, fortitude, self-denial, and constancy to principle; whether those deeds were performed by the wearers of the blue or the gray from their respective standpoints of duty.

D. H. Hill.