

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—I.*

(INCLUDING THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.)



A SOLDIER OF 1861 (14TH NEW YORK).†

BEFORE the war had really begun I enlisted. I had read the papers, and attended flag-raising, and heard orators declaim of “undying devotion to the Union.” One speaker to whom I listened declared that “human life must be cheapened,” but I never learned that he helped on the work experimentally. When men by the hundred walked soberly and deliberately to the front and signed the enlistment papers, he didn’t show any inclination that way. As I came out of the hall with conflicting emotions, feeling as though I should have to go finally or forfeit my birthright as an American citizen, one of the orators who stood at the door, glowing with enthusiasm and patriotism, and shaking hands effusively with those who enlisted, said to me:

“Did you enlist?”

“No,” I said. “Did you?”

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

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

I was young, but not unobserving, and did

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did the volunteers fight well?" I inquired.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An old regular said to me regarding the stampede:

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

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

Warren Lee Goss.

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

A PHASE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

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

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

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

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—II.*

CAMPAIGNING TO NO PURPOSE.



WHILE we were in camp at Washington in February, 1862, we were drilled to an extent which to the raw "thinking soldier" seemed unnecessary. Our colonel was a strict disciplinarian. His efforts to drill out of us the methods of action and thought common to citizens, and to substitute in place thereof blind, unquestioning obedience to military rules, were not always appreciated at their true value. In my company there was an old drill-sergeant (let us call him Sergeant Hackett) who was in sympathetic accord with the colonel. He had occasion to reprove me often, and finally to inflict a blast of profanity at which my self-respect rebelled. Knowing that swearing was a breach of discipline, I waited confidently upon the colonel, with the manner of one gentleman calling upon another. After the usual salute, I opened complaint by saying:

"Colonel, Mr. Hackett has——"

The colonel interrupted me angrily, and with fire in his eye, exclaimed:

"'Mister'? There *are* no misters in the army."

"I thought, sir——" I began apologetically.

"Think? think?" he cried. "What right have *you* to think? *I* do the thinking for this regiment! Go to your quarters!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A SUTLER'S TENT.

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

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

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



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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

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

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

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

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

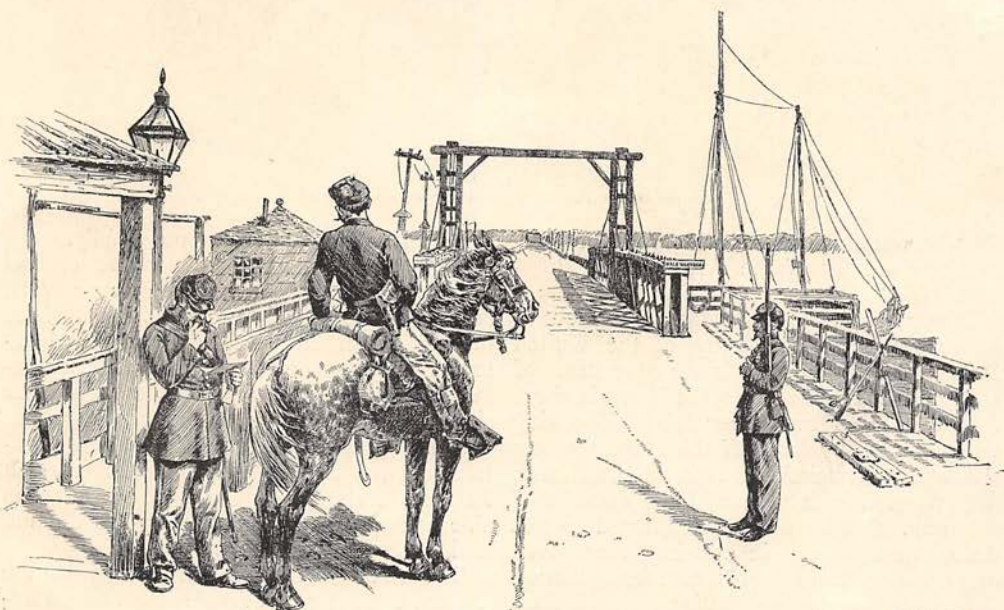
The ruins of the burned armory of the United States were noticeable from the Maryland shore; also the masses of men moving in ceaseless tramp over the long and almost crescent-like bridge. The murmur of many voices, the mellow, abrupt call of the negro drivers to their mules, the glistening arms of the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

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

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

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

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



LONG BRIDGE — EXAMINING A PASS.

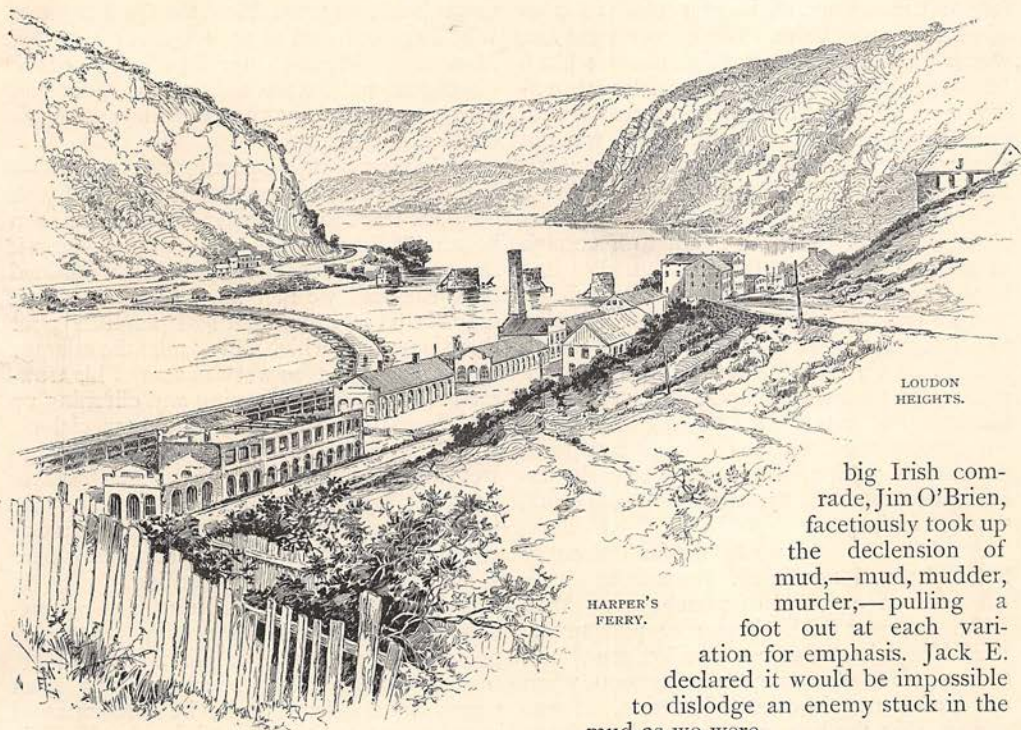
Wm. Shelton.

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

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

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

After we passed the fort, which commanded



MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

LOUDON HEIGHTS.

HARPER'S FERRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Warren Lee Goss.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

FEBRUARY 12-16, 1862.



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

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

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

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

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—III.*

UP THE PENINSULA WITH MCCLELLAN.

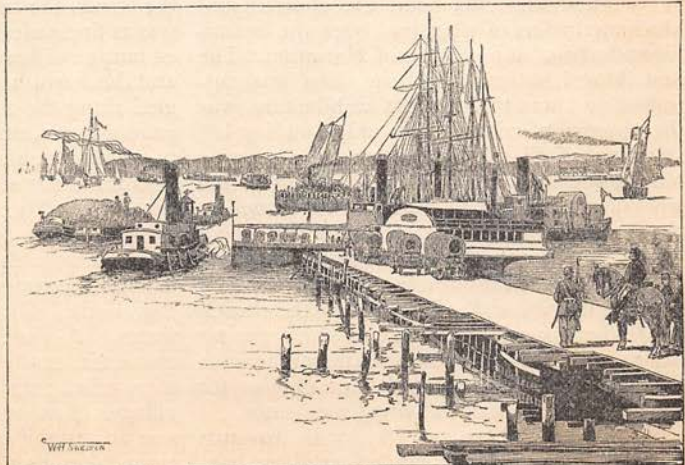


AN ORDERLY AT HEADQUARTERS.

THE manner in which orders are transmitted to the individual groups of an army might be compared to the motion that a boy gives to a row of bricks which he has set up on end within striking distance of each other. He pushes the first brick, and the impetus thus given is conveyed down the line in rapid succession, until each brick has responded to the movement. If the machine is well adjusted in all its parts, and the master mechanic, known as the commanding general, understands his business, he is able to run it so perfectly as to control the movements of brigades, divisions, and corps. In the early spring of 1862, when the Army of the Potomac was getting ready to move from Washington, the constant drill and discipline, the brightening of arms and polishing of buttons, and the exasperating fussiness on the part of company and regimental officers during inspections, conveyed to us a hint, as one of our comrades expressed it, that "some one higher in command was punching them to punch us." There was unusual activity upon the Potomac in front of our camp. Numerous steam

tugs were pulling huge sailing vessels here and there, and large transports, loaded with soldiers, horses, bales of hay, and munitions for an army, swept majestically down the broad river. Every description of water conveyance, from a canal-boat to a huge three-decked steamboat, seemed to have been pressed into the service of the army.

The troops south of the city broke camp, and came marching, in well-disciplined regiments, through the town. I remember that the Seventh Massachusetts seemed to be finely disciplined, as it halted on the river-banks before our camp. I imagined the men looked serious over leaving their comfortable winter-quarters at Brightwood for the uncertainties of the coming campaign. At last, when drills and inspections had made us almost frantic with neatness and cleanliness, we got marching orders. I shall not forget that last inspection. Our adjutant was a short old fellow, who had seen much service in the regular army. He gave his orders in an explosive manner, and previous to giving them his under lip would work in curious muscular contractions, so that the long imperial which decorated it would be worked up, under and over his nose, like the rammer of a musket in the act of loading. At that last inspection, previous to the opening campaign, he gave the order with a long roll to the r's: "Preparrrre to open rrrranks." The ranks were open, and he was twisting his mouth and elevating his imperial for another



TRANSPORTS ON THE POTOMAC.

order, when an unlucky citizen, who was not conversant with military rules, passed between the ranks. The adjutant, pale with anger, hastily followed the citizen, who was very tall. The distance from the toe of our adjutant's boot to the citizen's flank was too great for the adjutant, who yet kept up a vigorous kicking into air, until at last, with a prodigious outlay of muscular force, his foot reached the enemy, but with such recoil as to land him on his back in the mud.

We formed in two ranks and marched on board a little steamer lying at the wharf near our quarters. "Anything for a change," said Wad Rider, really delighted to move. All heavy baggage was left behind. I had clung to the contents of my knapsack with dogged tenacity; but, notwithstanding my most earnest protest, I was required to disgorge about one-half of them, including a pair of heavy boots and my choice brick from the Harper's Ferry engine-house. To my mind I was now entirely destitute of comforts.

The general opinion among us was that at last we were on our way to make an end of the Confederacy. We gathered in little knots on the deck, here and there a party playing "penny ante"; others slept or dozed, but the majority smoked and discussed the probabilities of our destination, about which we really knew as little as the babes in the wood. That we were sailing down the Potomac was apparent.

The next day we arrived at Old Point Comfort, and looked with open-eyed wonder at Fortress Monroe, huge and frowning. Negroes were plentier than blackberries, and went about their work with an air of importance born of their new-found freedom. These were the "contrabands" for whom General Butler had recently invented that sobriquet. We pitched our tents amid the charred and blackened ruins of what had been the beautiful and aristocratic village of Hampton. The first thing I noticed about the ruins, unaccustomed as I was to Southern architecture, was the absence of cellars. The only building left standing of all the village was the massive old Episcopal church. Here Washington had worshiped, and its broad aisles had echoed to the footsteps of armed men during the Revolution. In the church-yard the tombs had been broken open. Many tombstones were broken and overthrown, and at the corner of the church a big hole showed that some one with a greater desire for possessing curiosities than reverence for ancient landmarks had been digging for the corner-stone and its buried mementos.

Along the shore which looks towards Fortress Monroe were landed artillery, baggage-wagons, pontoon trains and boats, and the level land back of this was crowded with

the tents of the soldiers. Here and there were groups frying hard-tack and bacon. Near at hand was the irrepressible army mule, hitched to and eating out of pontoon boats; those who had eaten their ration of grain and hay were trying their teeth, with promise of success, in eating the boats. An army mule was hungrier than a soldier, and would eat anything, especially a pontoon boat or rubber blanket. The scene was a busy one. The red cap, white leggins, and baggy trousers of the Zouaves mingled with the blue uniforms and dark trimmings of the regular infantrymen, the short jackets and yellow trimmings of the cavalry, the red stripes of the artillery, and the dark blue with orange trimmings of the engineers; together with the ragged, many-colored costumes of the black laborers and teamsters, all busy at something.

During our short stay here I made several excursions, extending two or three miles from the place, partly out of curiosity, and partly from the constant impression on a soldier's mind that his merits deserve something better to eat than the commissary furnishes. It seemed to me in all my army experience that nature delighted in creating wants and withholding supplies, and that rations were wanting in an inverse proportion to my capacity to consume them.

One morning we broke camp and went marching up the Peninsula. The roads were very poor and muddy with recent rains, and were crowded with the indescribable material of the vast army which was slowly creeping through the mud over the flat, wooded country. It was a bright day in April — a perfect Virginia day; the grass was green beneath our feet, the buds of the trees were just unrolling into leaves under the warming sun of spring, and in the woods the birds were singing. The march was at first orderly, but under the unaccustomed burden of heavy equipments and knapsacks, and the warmth of the weather, the men straggled along the roads, mingling with the baggage-wagons, ambulances, and pontoon trains, in seeming confusion.

During our second day's march it rained, and the muddy roads, cut up and kneaded, as it were, by the teams preceding us, left them in a state of semi-liquid filth hardly possible to describe or imagine. When we arrived at Big Bethel the rain was coming down in sheets. A dozen houses of very ordinary character, scattered over an area of a third of a mile, constituted what was called the village. Just outside and west of the town was an insignificant building from which the town takes its name. It did not seem large enough or of sufficient consequence to give name to a village as small as Big Bethel.



MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP. (AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY ROUSE.)

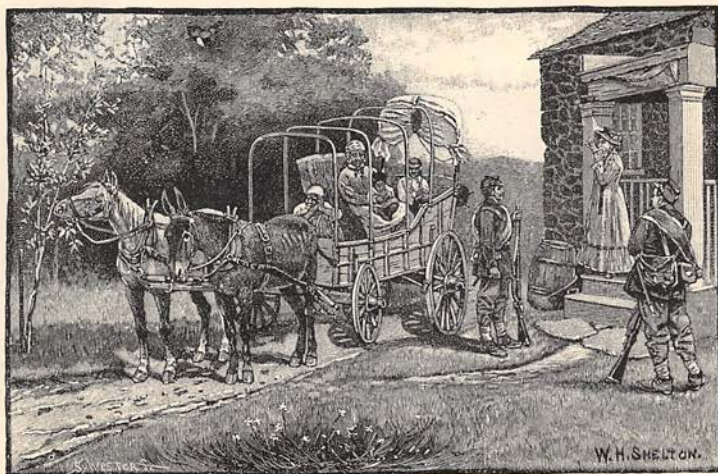
Before our arrival it had evidently been occupied as officers' barracks for the enemy, and looked very little like a church.

I visited one of the dwelling-houses just outside the fortifications (if the insignificant rifle-pits could be called such) for the purpose of obtaining something more palatable than hard-tack, salt beef, or pork, which, with coffee, were the marching rations. The woman of the house was communicative, and expressed her surprise at the great number of Yanks who had "come down to invade our soil." She said she had a son in the Confederate army, or, as she expressed it, "in our army," and then tearfully said she should tremble for her boy every time she heard of a battle. I expressed the opinion that we should go into Richmond without much fighting. "No!" said she, with the emphasis of conviction, "you uns will drink hot blood before you uns get thar!" I inquired if she knew anything about the skirmish which took place at Big Bethel. She replied by saying, "Why, Major Winthrop died right in yer!" pointing to a small sleeping-room which opened from the main room in which we were. She

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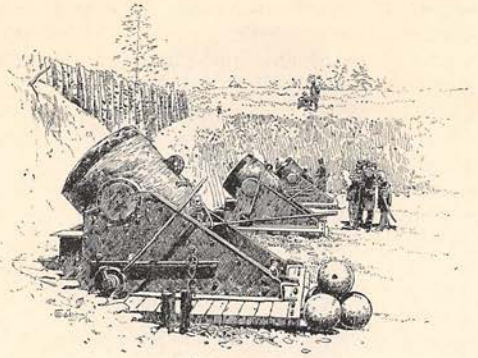
added, "When you uns were fighting, Major Winthrop was way ahead and was shot; he was a brave man, but we have brave men too." I asked her if she knew who shot him, and she replied that a colored boy belonging to one of the officers shot him. During the engagement, the colored boy, standing by his master, saw Winthrop in advance, and said, "See that officer! Can I take your rifle and shoot him?" The master assented, and the boy shot Major Winthrop. He was then brought to this house. One or two days after the fight, she said, the boy was "playing over yon, in that yer yard,"—pointing to the yard of a neighboring house,—with his mate, when the rifle they were playing with was accidentally discharged, and the colored boy who shot Winthrop was killed. "How old was the boy?" I asked. "About forty," she replied. At the right of the road was an open, marshy piece of land, and it was over this Major Winthrop was leading his men when shot. The woody intervale just beyond the marshy land was occupied by the enemy's works, which consisted of five rifle-pits, each a few rods in length, and one of them commanding the marshy opening mentioned. [NOTE.—The above is but one of several different accounts as to the manner of Winthrop's death. All the facts that can be vouched for by his family are given in the "Life," by his sister, Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson (N. Y.: Henry Holt & Co.)—ED.]

While wandering about, I came to the house of a Mrs. T——, whose husband was said to be a captain in the Confederate service and a "fire-eating" secessionist. Here some of our men were put on guard for a short time, until relieved by guards from other parts of the army as they came up, whereupon we went on.



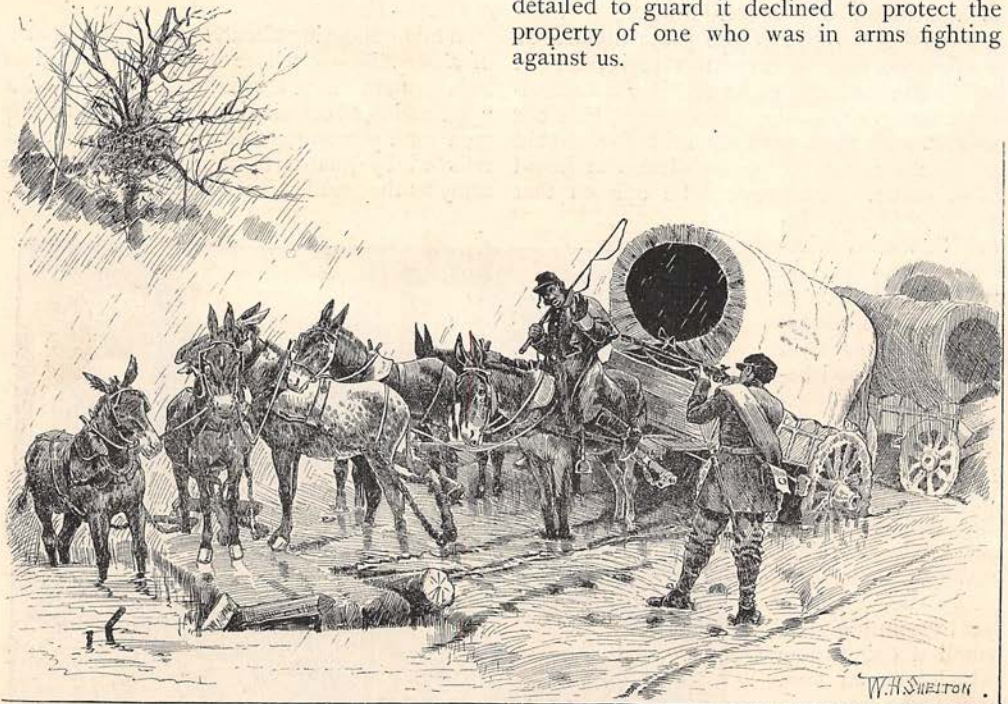
MRS. T——'S EXODUS.

A large, good-looking woman, about forty years old, who, I learned, was Mrs. T——, was crying profusely, and I could not induce her to tell me what about. One of the soldiers said her grief was caused by the fact that some of our men had helped themselves to the contents of cupboard and cellar. She was superintending the loading of an old farm-wagon, into which she was putting a large family of colored people, with numerous bundles. The only white person on the load as it started away was the mistress, who sat amid her dark chattels in desolation and tears. Returning to the house after this exodus, I found letters, papers, and odds and ends of various kinds littering the floor, whether overturned in the haste of the mistress or by the visiting soldiers I could only guess. As I passed into what had evidently been the best room, or parlor, I found a fellow-soldier intently poring over the illustrations of a large book, which proved to be an elegantly bound and illustrated family Bible. Upon my approach he began tearing out the illustrations, but I arrested his hand and rebuked him. He resented my interference, saying, "Some one is going for these things before the army gets through here if I don't." It was impossible to keep out the vandal "Yanks"; they flowed through



FEDERAL MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE YORKTOWN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the house, a constant stream, from cellar to garret, until there was no more any need of a guard, as there was no longer anything to guard. I felt so hopeless of protecting the family Bible, that at last it occurred to me that the only way to save it was to carry it off myself. I gave it to one of our colored teamsters to carry into camp for me. After our arrival at Yorktown I hunted him up, but he informed me that he had "drapped it." No other building at Big Bethel was so devastated, and I did not see another building so treated on our whole route. The men detailed to guard it declined to protect the property of one who was in arms fighting against us.



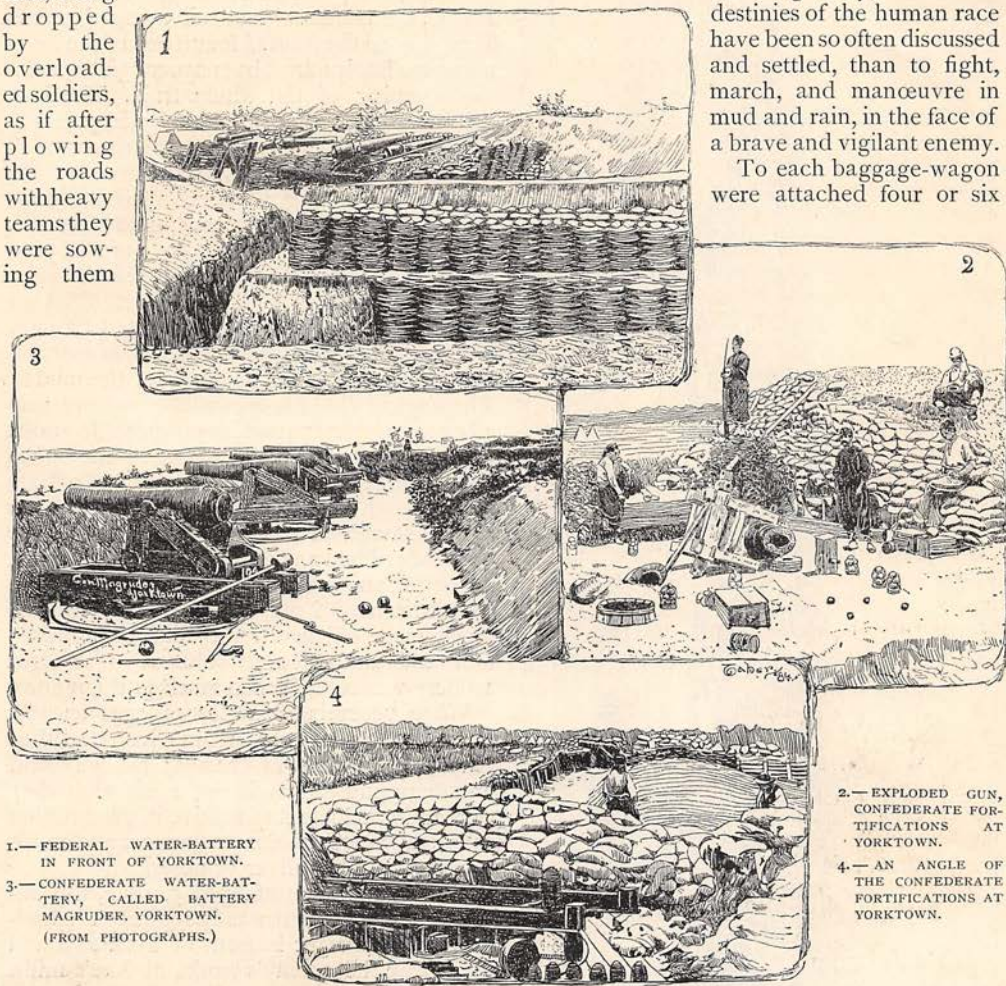
"GET THOSE MULES OUT OF THE MUD!"

W.H. SHELTON

After leaving Big Bethel we began to feel the weight of our knapsacks. Castaway overcoats, blankets, parade-coats, and shoes were scattered along the route in reckless profusion, being dropped by the overloaded soldiers, as if after plowing the roads with heavy teams they were sowing them

home over comfortable breakfast-tables, without impediments of any kind to circumscribe their fancied operations; it is so much easier to manœuvre and fight large armies around the corner grocery, where the destinies of the human race have been so often discussed and settled, than to fight, march, and manœuvre in mud and rain, in the face of a brave and vigilant enemy.

To each baggage-wagon were attached four or six



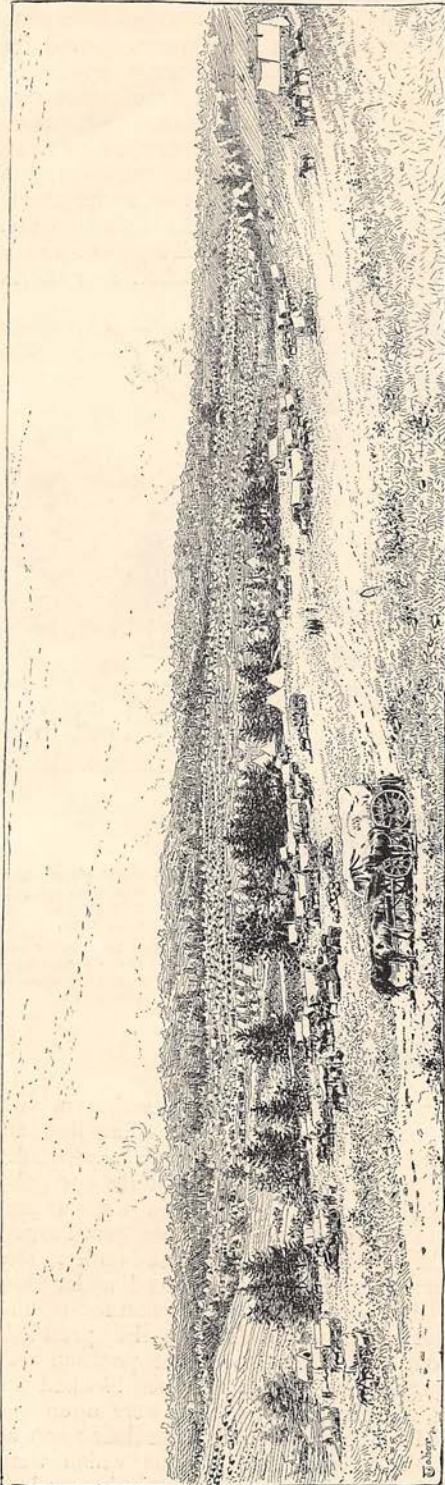
1.—FEDERAL WATER-BATTERY IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN.
3.—CONFEDERATE WATER-BATTERY, CALLED BATTERY MAGRUDER, YORKTOWN.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

2.—EXPLODED GUN, CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT YORKTOWN.

4.—AN ANGLE OF THE CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT YORKTOWN.

for a harvest. I lightened my knapsack without much regret, for I could not see the sense of carrying a blanket or overcoat when I could pick one up almost anywhere along the march. Very likely the same philosophy actuated those who preceded me or came after. The colored people along our route occupied themselves in picking up this scattered property. They had on their faces a distrustful look, as if uncertain of the tenure of their harvest. The march up the Peninsula seemed very slow, yet it was impossible to increase our speed, owing to the bad condition of the roads. I learned in time that marching on paper and the actual march made two very different impressions. I can easily understand and excuse our fireside heroes, who fought their or our battles at

mules, driven usually by a colored man, with only one rein, or line, and that line attached to the bit of the near leading mule, while the driver rode in a saddle upon the near wheel mule. Each train was accompanied by a guard, and while the guard urged the drivers the drivers urged the mules. The drivers were usually expert and understood well the wayward, sportive natures of the creatures over whose destinies they presided. On our way to Yorktown our pontoon and baggage trains were sometimes blocked for miles, and the heaviest trains were often unloaded by the guard to facilitate their removal from the mud. Those wagons which were loaded with whisky were most lovingly guarded, and when unloaded the barrels were often



CAMP OF THE FEDERAL ARMY NEAR WHITE HOUSE ON THE PAMUNKEY RIVER — MCCLELLAN'S BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST RICHMOND. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

lightened before they were returned to the wagons. It did seem at times as if there were needless delays with the trains, partly due, no doubt, to fear of danger ahead. While I was guarding our pontoon trains after leaving Big Bethel, the teams stopped all along the line. Hurrying to the front, I found one of the leading teams badly mired, but not enough to justify the stopping of the whole train. The lazy colored driver was comfortably asleep in the saddle. "Get that team out of the mud!" I yelled, bringing him to his senses. He flourished his long whip, shouted his mule lingo at the team, and the mules pulled frantically, but not together. "Can't you make your mules pull together?" I inquired. "Dem mules pull right smart!" said the driver. Cocking and capping my unloaded musket, I brought it to the shoulder, and again commanded the driver, "Get that team out of the mud!" The negro rolled his eyes wildly and woke up all over. He first patted his saddle mule, spoke to each one, and then, flourishing his long whip with a crack like a pistol, shouted, "Go 'long dar! what I feed yo' fo'!" and the mule team left the slough in a very expeditious manner. Thereafter I had an unfailing argument, which, if but seldom used, was all the more potent. The teamsters of our army would have been much more efficient if they had been organized and uniformed as soldiers. Our light artillery was seldom seen stuck in the mud.

When procuring luxuries of eggs or milk we paid the people at first in silver, and they gave us local scrip in change; but we found on attempting to pay it out again that they were rather reluctant to receive it, even at that early stage in Confederate finance, and much preferred Yankee silver or notes.

On the afternoon of April 5, 1862, the advance of our column was brought to a standstill, with the right in front of Yorktown and the left by the enemy's works at Lee's mills. We pitched our camp on Wormly Creek, near the Moore house on the York River, in sight of the enemy's water battery and their defensive works at Gloucester Point. One of the impediments to an immediate attack on Yorktown was the difficulty of using light artillery in the muddy fields in our front, and at that time the topography of the country ahead was but little understood, and had to be learned by reconnoissance in force. We had settled down to the siege of Yorktown; began bridging the streams between us and the enemy, constructing and improving the roads for the rapid transit of supplies, and for the advance. The first parallel was opened about a mile from the enemy's fortifications, extending along the entire front of their works, which reached from the York River on the



FEDERAL CAMP AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON THE PAMUNKEY RIVER, FIVE MILES (BY LAND) BELOW WHITE HOUSE.

left to Warwick Creek on the right, along a line about four miles in length. Fourteen batteries and three redoubts were planted, heavily armed with ordnance.

We were near Battery No. 1, not far from the York River. On it were mounted several two-hundred-pound guns, which commanded the enemy's water batteries. One day I was in a redoubt on the left, and saw General McClellan with the Prince de Joinville, examining the enemy's works through their field-glasses. They very soon drew the fire of the observant enemy, who opened with one of their heavy guns on the group, sending the first shot howling and hissing over and very close to their heads; another, quickly following it, struck in the parapet of the redoubt. The French prince, seemingly quite startled, jumped and glanced nervously around, while McClellan quietly knocked the ashes from his cigar. When I afterwards heard McClellan accused of cowardice, I knew the accusation was false.

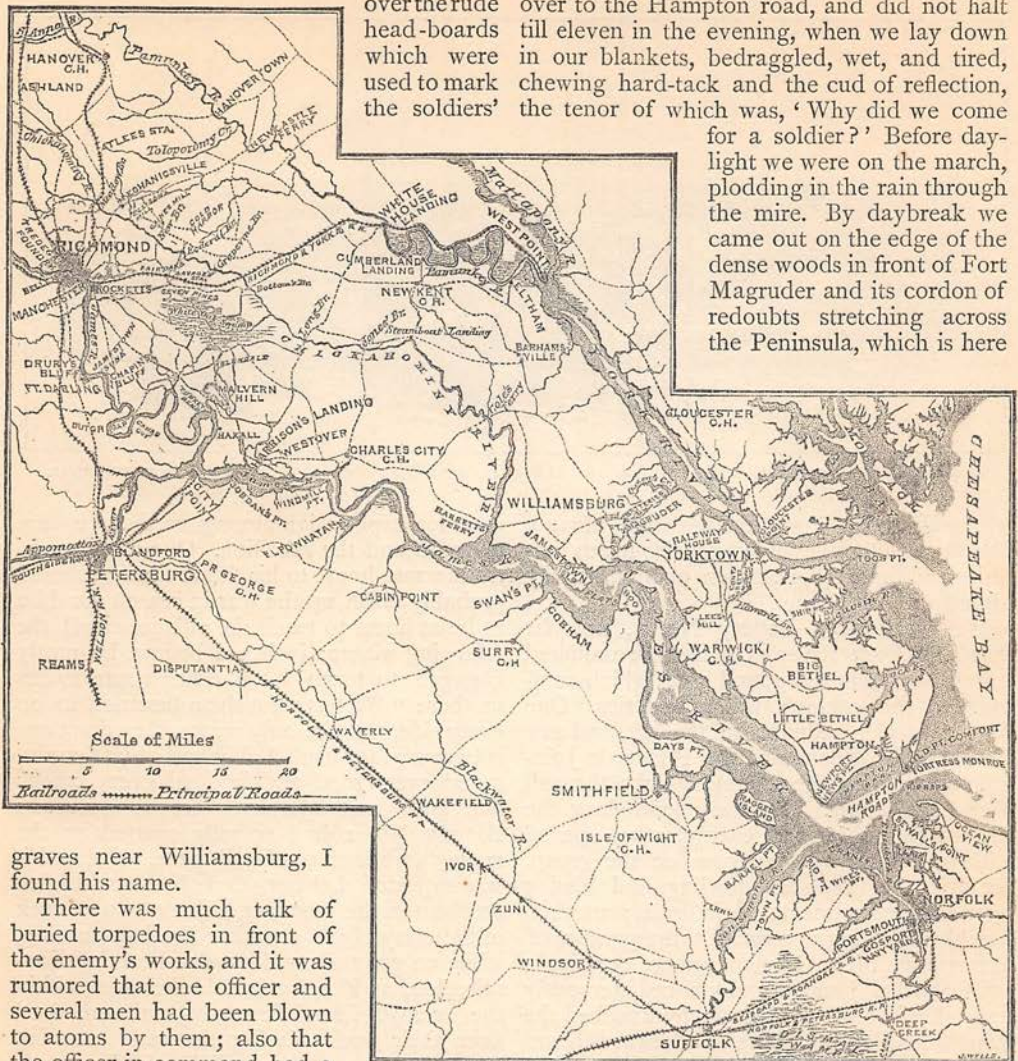
Several of our war-vessels made their appearance in the York River, and occasionally threw a shot at the enemy's works; but most of them were kept busy at Hampton Roads, watching for the iron-clad *Merrimac*, which was still afloat. The firing from the enemy's lines was of little consequence, not amounting to over ten or twelve shots each day, a number of these being directed at the huge balloon which went up daily on a tour of inspection, from near General Fitz John Porter's headquarters. One day the balloon broke from its mooring of ropes and sailed majestically over the enemy's works; but fortunately for its occupants, it soon met a counter-current of air which returned it safe to our lines. The month of April was a dreary one, much of the time rainy and uncomfortable. It was a

common expectation among us that we were about to end the rebellion. One of my comrades wrote home to his father that we should probably finish up the war in season for him to be at home to teach the village school the following winter; in fact, I believe he partly engaged to teach it. Another wrote to his mother: "We have got them hemmed in on every side, and the only reason they don't run is because they can't." We had at last corduroyed every road and bridged every creek; our guns and mortars were in position; Battery No. 1 had actually opened on the enemy's works, Saturday, May 4, 1862, and it was expected that our whole line would open on them in the morning. About two o'clock of Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, while on guard duty, I observed a bright illumination, as if a fire had broken out within the enemy's lines. Several guns were fired from their works during the early morning hours, but soon after daylight of May 5th it was reported that they had abandoned their works in our front, and we very quickly found the report to be true. As soon as I was relieved from guard duty, I went over on "French leave" to view our enemy's fortifications. They were prodigiously strong. A few tumble-down tents and houses and seventy pieces of heavy ordnance had been abandoned as the price of the enemy's safe retreat.

Upon returning to camp I found rations being issued and preparations for pursuit being made, and that very afternoon we struck our tents and took up our lines of march, with our faces turned hopefully towards Richmond. A sergeant belonging to a neighboring regiment, whose acquaintance I had formed before Yorktown, jocosely remarked, as he passed me on the march, "I shall meet you on the road to glory!" Later, in looking

over the rude head-boards which were used to mark the soldiers'

over to the Hampton road, and did not halt till eleven in the evening, when we lay down in our blankets, bedraggled, wet, and tired, chewing hard-tack and the cud of reflection, the tenor of which was, 'Why did we come for a soldier?' Before daylight we were on the march, plodding in the rain through the mire. By daybreak we came out on the edge of the dense woods in front of Fort Magruder and its cordon of redoubts stretching across the Peninsula, which is here



OUTLINE MAP OF THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN, BASED ON THE U. S. MILITARY MAP OF SOUTH-EASTERN VIRGINIA.

graves near Williamsburg, I found his name.

There was much talk of buried torpedoes in front of the enemy's works, and it was rumored that one officer and several men had been blown to atoms by them; also that the officer in command had a force of Confederate prisoners at work removing them. We saw a number of sticks stuck in the ground both inside and outside the earthworks, with white rags attached, which were said to indicate the location of the buried torpedoes already discovered.

Williamsburg is twelve miles from Yorktown, but the women and children, of whom we were continually inquiring the distance, gave us very indefinite but characteristic replies. A comrade in Hooker's division gave me an account of his experiences about as follows: "Marching over the muddy road late in the afternoon, we found our farther advance prevented by a force which had preceded us, and we halted in the mud by the roadside just as it began to rain. About five o'clock we resumed our march by crossing

narrowed by the head-waters of two streams which empty into the York on the one hand and the James River on the other. Here we had an opportunity of viewing the situation while waiting for orders to attack. The main fort, called Magruder, was a strong earthwork with a bastioned front and a wide ditch. In front of this muddy-looking heap of dirt was a level plain, sprinkled plentifully with smaller earthworks; while between us and the level plain the dense forest, for a distance of a quarter of a mile, had been felled, thus forming a labyrinth of tangled abatis difficult to penetrate. A mile away lay the village of Williamsburg.

"We were soon sent out as skirmishers, with orders to advance as near the enemy's rifle-

pits as possible. They immediately opened fire upon us with heavy guns from the fort, while from their rifle-pits came a hum of bullets and crackle of musketry. Their heavy shot came crushing among the tangled abatis of fallen timber, and plowed up the dirt in our front, rebounding and tearing through the branches of the woods in our rear. The constant hissing of the bullets, with their sharp *ping* or *bizz* whispering around and sometimes into us, gave me a sickening feeling and a cold perspiration. I felt weak around my knees—a sort of faintness and lack of strength in the joints of my legs, as if they would sink from under me. These symptoms did not decrease when several of my comrades were hit. The little rifle-pits in our front fairly blazed with musketry, and the continuous *snap, snap, crack, crack* was murderous. Seeing I was not killed at once, in spite of all the noise, my knees recovered from their unpleasant limpness, and my mind gradually regained its balance and composure. I never afterwards felt these disturbing influences to the same degree.

“We slowly retired from stump to stump and from log to log, finally regaining the edge of the wood, and took our position near Webber’s and Brumhall’s batteries, which had just got into position on the right of the road, not over seven hundred yards from the hostile fort. While getting into position, several of the battery men were killed, as they immediately drew the artillery fire of the enemy, which opened with a noise and violence that astonished me. Our two batteries were admirably handled, throwing a number of shot and shell into the enemy’s works, speedily silencing them, and by nine o’clock the field in our front, including the rifle-pits, was completely ‘cleaned out’ of artillery and infantry. Shortly afterwards we advanced along the edge of the wood to the left of Fort Magruder, and about eleven o’clock we saw emerging from the little ravine to the left of the fort a swarm of Confederates, who opened on us with a terrible and deadly fire. Then they charged upon us with their peculiar yell. We took all the advantage possible of the stumps and trees as we were pushed back, until we reached the edge of the wood again, where we halted and fired upon the enemy from behind all the cover the situation afforded. We were none of us too proud, not even those who had the dignity of shoulder-straps to support, to dodge behind a tree or stump. I called out to a comrade, ‘Why don’t you get behind a tree?’ ‘Confound it,’ said he, ‘there ain’t enough for the officers.’ I don’t mean to accuse officers of cowardice, but we had suddenly found out that they

showed the same general inclination not to get shot as privates did, and were anxious to avail themselves of the privilege of their rank by getting in our rear. I have always thought that pride was a good substitute for courage, if well backed by a conscientious sense of duty; and most of our men, officers as well as privates, were too proud to show the fear which I have no doubt they felt in common with myself. Occasionally a soldier would show symptoms which pride could not over-



A TEMPTING BREASTWORK.

come. One of our men, Spinney, ran into the woods and was not seen until after the engagement. Some time afterwards, when he had proved a good soldier, I asked him why he ran, and he replied that every bullet which went by his head said ‘Spinney,’ and he thought they were calling for him. In all the pictures of battles I had seen before I ever saw a battle, the officers were at the front on prancing steeds, or with uplifted swords were leading their followers to the charge. Of course, I was surprised to find that in a real battle the officer gets in the rear of his men, as is his right and duty,—that is, if his ideas of duty do not carry him so far to the rear as to make his sword useless.

“The ‘Rebs’ forced us back by their charge, and our central lines were almost broken. The forces withdrawn from our right had taken the infantry support from our batteries, one of which, consisting of four guns, was captured. We were tired, wet, and exhausted when supports came up, and we were allowed to fall back from under the enemy’s fire, but still in easy reach of the battle. I asked one of my comrades how he felt, and his reply was characteristic of the prevailing sentiment: ‘I should feel like a hero if I wasn’t so blank wet.’ The bullets had cut queer antics among our men. A private who had a canteen of whisky when he went into the engagement, on endeav-

oring to take a drink found the canteen quite empty, as a bullet had tapped it for him. Another had a part of his thumb-nail taken off. Another had a bullet pass into the toe of his boot, down between two toes, and out along the sole of his foot, without much injury. Another had a scalp wound from a bullet, which took off a strip of hair about three inches in length from the top of his head. Two of my regiment were killed outright and fourteen badly wounded, besides quite a number slightly injured. Thus I have chronicled my first day's fight, and I don't believe any of my regiment were ambitious to 'chase the enemy any farther' just at present. Refreshed with hot coffee and hard-tack, we rested from the fight, well satisfied that we had done our duty. When morning dawned, with it came the intelligence that the enemy had abandoned their works in our front, and were again in full retreat, leaving their wounded in our hands."

After the engagement I went over the field in front of the enemy's fort. Advancing through the tangled mass of logs and stumps, I saw one of our men aiming over the branch of a fallen tree, which lay among the tangled abatis. I called to him, but he did not turn or move. Advancing nearer, I put my hand on his shoulder, looked in his face, and started back. He was dead!—shot through the brain; and so suddenly had the end come that his rigid hand grasped his musket, and he still preserved the attitude of watchfulness—literally occupying his post after death. At another place we came upon one of our men who had evidently died from wounds. Near one of his hands was a Testament, and on his breast lay an ambrotype picture of a group of children and another of a young woman. We searched in vain for his name. It was neither in his book nor upon his clothing; and, unknown, this private hero was buried on what was doubtless his first battle-field. The pictures were afterwards put on exhibition for identification.

The sixth of May was a beautiful morning, with birds singing among the thickets in which lay the dead. The next morning we marched through quaint, old-fashioned Williamsburg. The most substantial buildings of the town were those of William and Mary College, which were of brick. In most of the houses there were no signs of life; blinds and shutters were closed, but a white hand was occasionally seen through the blinds, showing that a woman was gazing stealthily at us. Occasionally a family of black people stood in the doorway, the women and children greeting us with senseless giggles, and in one instance waving their red handkerchiefs. I asked one

of the black women where the white people were, and she replied, "Dey's done gone and run away." We kindled fires from that almost inexhaustible source of supply, the Virginia fences, cooked our coffee, sang our songs, and smoked our pipes, thoughtless of the morrow. And we quarreled with nothing, except the pigs that wandered at will in field and wood, and which we occasionally converted into pork.

On our tramp to White House Landing, on the Pamunkey River, we began to realize some of the more substantial discomforts of a march; the dust, rising in clouds, filled our nostrils and throats, and thoroughly impregnated our clothing, hair, and skin, producing intolerable choking and smothering sensations; our usual thirst was intensified, and made us ready to break ranks at sight of a brook, and swarm like bees around every well on the route. No one can imagine the intolerable thirst of a dusty march who has not had a live experience of it; canteens often replenished were speedily emptied, and, unless water was readily attainable, there was great suffering. During the frequent showers, which came down with the liberality common to the climate, it was not unusual to see men drinking from a puddle in the road; and at one place where water was scarce I saw men crowding round a mud-puddle drinking heartily, while in one edge of it lay a dead mule. There was little to choose between the mud and the dust, and we usually had one or the other in profusion.

Near New Kent Court-House, a little settlement of two or three houses, we came upon several Confederate sick. One of them was full of fighting talk. I asked him what he was fighting for. He said he didn't know, except it be "not to get licked!" "I reckon you uns have got a powerful spite against we uns, and that's what you uns all come down to fight we uns for, and invade our soil!" I could not argue with a prisoner, and a sick man at that, on equal terms; so I replenished his canteen, and induced one of my comrades to give him some of his rations. From the number of interviews held at different times with our Confederate prisoners, I gathered the general impression that their private soldiers knew but very little about the causes of the war, but were fighting "not to get licked," which is so strong a feeling in human nature that I may say it will account for much hard fighting on both sides. In one of the little cabins surrounding the principal residence were a mulatto woman and her children. She was quite comely, and, with her children, was pretty well dressed. She was a bitter Yankee-hater, and, we inferred, the domestic manager

of the household. She declared that "the colored people didn' want to be niggers for the Yanks!"

Our corps arrived at White House Landing, May 22, 1862, and here we found a large portion of our army, which was encamped on the wide, level plain between the wood-skirted road and the Pamunkey River, occupying tents of all descriptions. Another camp was located at Cumberland Landing, a few miles below White House. The first night of our arrival was a stormy and tempestuous one, and it was evident that an attack from the enemy was expected, as we received orders to lay upon our arms. The

Pamunkey is navigable to this point, having sufficient depth, but is very narrow,—in fact, so narrow that some of the larger steamers could not turn, for their stem and stern would reach either bank, except at selected places. The broad plain was crowded with tents, baggage-wagons, pontoon trains, and artillery,—all the accompaniments of a vast army. Here some of the regiments who came out from home in a Zouave uniform changed their bright clothes for the regular army blue, and, as marching orders came with the sunrise, moved off the field, leaving windrows of old clothes on the plain.

Warren Lee Goss.



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General R. S. Ewell at Bull Run.

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GENERALS FITZHUGH LEE, EWELL, AND BEAUREGARD.

In General Beauregard's article on Bull Run, on page 101 of the November CENTURY, is this severe criticism of one of his subordinates:

"The commander of the front line on my right, who failed to move because he received no immediate order, was instructed in the plan of attack, and should have gone forward the moment General Jones, upon whose right he was to form, exhibited his own order, which mentioned one as having been already sent to that commander. I exonerated him after the battle, as he was technically not in the wrong; but one could not help recalling Desaix, who even moved in a direction opposite to his technical orders when facts plainly showed him the service he ought to perform, whence the glorious result of Marengo, or help believing that if Jackson had been there, the movement would not have balked."

The officer referred to is the late Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, and the censure is based on the following statement on page 95:

"Meanwhile, in rear of Mitchell's Ford, I had been waiting with General Johnston for the sound of conflict to open in the quarter of Centreville upon the Federal left flank and rear (making allowance, however for the delays possible to commands unused to battle), when I was chagrined to hear from General D. R. Jones that, while he had been long ready for the movement upon Centreville, General Ewell had

not come up to form on his right, though he had sent him between seven and eight o'clock a copy of his own order, which recited that Ewell had been already ordered to begin the movement. I dispatched an immediate order to Ewell to advance; but within a quarter of an hour, just as I received a dispatch from him informing me that he had received no order to advance in the morning, the firing on the left began to increase so intensely as to indicate a severe attack, whereupon General Johnston said that he would go personally to that quarter."

These two short extracts contain at least three errors, so serious that they should not be allowed to pass uncorrected among the materials from which history will one day be constructed:

1. That Ewell failed to do what a good soldier of the type of Desaix or Stonewall Jackson would have done—namely, to move forward immediately on hearing from D. R. Jones.
2. That Beauregard was made aware of this supposed backwardness of Ewell by a message from D. R. Jones.
3. That on receiving this message he at once ordered Ewell to advance.

The subjoined correspondence, now first in print, took place four days after the battle. It shows that Ewell did exactly what Beauregard says he ought to have done—namely, move forward promptly; that his own staff-officer, sent to report this forward movement, carried also to headquarters the first intelligence of the failure of orders to reach him; that no

the battle of Seven Pines, furnished by him to General Mindil, "in hopes of making the Confederate side a little clearer."

As to my being "taken quite sick," I was not seriously ill until the 2d of June. General Longstreet's statement that General Smith was slow in organizing for renewed attack because he was taken sick is, therefore, a mistake. In fact, at that time there was no organizing requisite, except, perhaps, in the right wing under Longstreet, and this was intrusted to him. I turned the command of the army over to General Lee about 2 P. M. He certainly gave no orders to General Longstreet, or to any part of the army, before 4 P. M. General Longstreet seems to have forgotten his notes of that morning, as well as that dated 1:30 P. M., ending with the exclamation, "Oh that I had 10,000 men more!"

When General Lee and General Smith joined General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, Longstreet had lost on the 1st of June much of the ground he had gained on the 31st of May. I have no knowledge of any proposition having been made by General Longstreet to General Lee for renewing the attack. I

had never seen the works in General Longstreet's front, over which the troops of the latter had fought forward on the 31st of May and back during the morning of the 1st of June. General Longstreet is in error when he says that he was forced to yield his opinions because of my superior knowledge of the position in his front.

During the night of the 1st of June the troops under Longstreet quietly fell back to resume their former positions in front of Richmond. The division under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, remained for several days confronting the Federal position it had attacked, north of Fair Oaks Station.

The limited space allotted to this article would prevent much further comment on my part in reference to the incidents and previously published accounts of this battle, even if I felt disposed at this time to say more. I will therefore only add that in my opinion, then and since, General Johnston's "original plan" was entirely correct in principle, and promised assured success if carried into effect as he, at sunrise on the morning of the 31st of May, intended and expected.

Gustavus W. Smith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—IV.*

TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.—THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTER.

our trains were moved over them. A few miles west of the Pamunkey we found the country beautiful and undulating, with graceful, round-topped hills, here and there crowned with trees and clothed in the varied tints of early summer.

On our entire march up the Peninsula, we did not see a dozen white men left upon the soil. At last, on the twenty-third of May, we arrived upon the banks of the sluggish Chickahominy,—a small mill-stream, forty or fifty feet wide, with swampy lowland bordering on either side; the tops of the trees growing in the swamp being about on a level with the crests of the bluffs just beyond, on the Richmond side. Our first camp was pitched on the hills in the vicinity of Gaines's Farm.

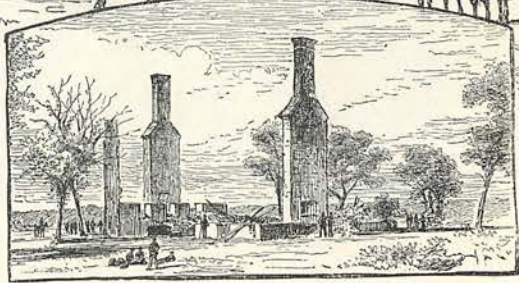
The engineers soon began the construction of bridges for the passage of the troops, as it was very important to gain a foothold on the west bank, preparatory to our advance. While Duane's bridge was being constructed, we were ordered on duty along the banks; and upon approaching the river we found, in the thickets near it, one of our dead cavalrymen lying in the water, evidently having been killed while watering his horse. The bridges were thrown out with marvelous quickness, and the corduroy approaches were soon constructed. A small force was ordered to cross, to reconnoiter and to observe the condition of

THE roads were narrow and very muddy between the White House and the Chickahominy, and it was with great trouble that

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WHITE HOUSE, THE HOME OF GENERAL W. H. F. LEE, MCCLELLAN'S BASE OF SUPPLIES ON THE PAMUNKEY.—RUINS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. (FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE TIME.)



the roads with respect to the passage of artillery. I happened to be one of that squad. With orders not to return the fire if assailed, we advanced across the bridge and through the woods, a quarter of a mile; and, seeing the sloughy condition of the roads, were returning, when the crack of a rifle told us the enemy were upon us. At the first fire one of our men fell. He entreated us to leave him and save ourselves; while we were carrying him, the enemy wounded two more of our men, but not seriously. On each side of the narrow defile were woods with but little screening underbrush, and it was through this we were advancing when attacked. We could not see the enemy, who were secreted in the tree-tops around us, but the *zip, zip* of their bullets pursued us as we retreated.

The comrade who had been shot, apparently through the lungs, was examined by our surgeon, who at first thought the case fatal, as the bullet came out of the chest on the side opposite to which it entered; but it was found that the bullet had been deflected by a rib, and glanced round, beneath the skin, only causing a painful flesh-wound. In three weeks our comrade was on light duty about camp. Before seeing very much service we discovered that a man may be hit with bullets in a great many places without killing him. Later I saw a man who had both his eyes destroyed by a bullet, without injuring the bridge of his nose, or otherwise marking his face.

In the barn at Gaines's Farm there were a number of Confederate sick and wounded,—men captured in some skirmish during our advance; and while taking a peep at them through a crack, I saw a North Carolina lieutenant whom I recognized as a former school-acquaintance. I obtained permission to speak to him, but they told me he was violent and bitter in his language. On approaching him, and inquiring if he knew me, something like a smile of recognition lighted up his face; hesitating a moment, he finally extended his hand. We talked for fifteen or twenty minutes about our school-fellows and early days, but not one word about the war. In two days I visited the barn again, and upon inquiring for him was told by one of the men in charge, "That cock is done crowing." I asked where he was buried. "He isn't buried; they have carried him out!" I stepped into the barnyard and found him thrown upon a heap of dirt. It was impossible to express all the indignation I felt; I emphatically said that none but cowards would have been guilty of such an act. I was ordered off for thus expressing my mind. Undoubtedly he had been very bitter, but that was no excuse. I mention this as the only instance I ever knew where a dead

enemy, or even a prisoner, was insulted by our soldiers. No *soldier* would have committed such a foul act. It was reserved for some miserable "skulker" who, to avoid the active duties of a soldier, had taken refuge in a hospital.

Considerable foraging was done, on the sly, about the neighboring plantations, but

water was waist-deep throughout the greater part of the swamp.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES (FAIR OAKS).

We were ordered on duty with Sumner's corps, which was stationed at Tyler's house,



SUMNER'S MARCH TO REËNFORCE COUCH AT FAIR OAKS STATION.

Lieutenant Edmund Kirby, Battery I, First U. S. Artillery, says in his official report: "The roads were almost impassable for artillery, and I experienced great difficulty in getting my guns along. I was obliged at times to unlimber and use the prolonge, the cannoners being up to their waists in water. About 4:30 P. M. I was within three-quarters of a mile of Fair Oaks Station, with three pieces [Napoleon twelve-pounders] and one caisson, the remainder of the battery being in the rear, and coming up as fast as circumstances would permit."

as a rule foraging was severely condemned by our commanders. There was much tobacco raised in this section of country, and we found the barns filled with the best quality of tobacco in leaf; this we appropriated without objection on the part of our officers. As all trades were represented in our ranks, that of cigar-maker was included, and the army rioted in cigars without enriching the sutlers.

By the lower bridges two of the army corps were sent across to take position near Seven Pines. Some of the bridges were of boats, with corduroy approaches. While they were in process of finishing, on the night of May 30, a terrible storm occurred; the rain-fall was immense, and the thunder the most terrific I ever heard, its sharp, crackling rattle at times sounding like the cannonading of an engagement. When morning dawned, our boat bridges were found dangling midway in a stream which covered the whole swampy and bottom land on both sides the original channel, and the

and held the center of the general line of the army. Not long after noon of the 31st we heard the dull reverberation of cannonading in the direction of Seven Pines, and the companies and regiments fell into line, ready to march at a moment's notice. About two in the afternoon the march was begun to the approaches of Sumner's upper bridge, also called the "Grapevine" bridge, which had been built of logs over the swampy bottom, and which was sustained in place by ropes tied to stumps on the up-stream side. At first it seemed impossible to cross, so swollen was the stream by the overflow; but when the troops were well on the bridge, it was held in place by the moving weight and rendered passable, although covered with water and swaying in the rushing torrent, which every moment threatened to float it away piecemeal. The men grumbled some, after the manner of soldiers. "If this bridge goes down I can't swim a stroke," said one. "Well," said

"Little" Day, always making the best of everything, "there will be, in that case, plenty of logs for you to float on." If we had gone down with all our marching-equipments, there would have been but little chance even for a good swimmer. Kirby's battery of Napoleon guns preceded us; we found them mired on the west shore. They were unlimbered, and the men of different regiments tugged and lifted at them, knee-deep in the mire, until they were extricated, and finally almost carried them to dry land, or rather firm land, as by no stretch of courtesy could anything in the vicinity be called dry.

Sedgwick's division, being nearer the Grapevine bridge, took the lead at that crossing, while Richardson's division moved toward Sumner's lower bridge. There French's brigade crossed by wading to the waist, the other brigades being ordered to turn back and follow Sedgwick. It was this delay which kept Richardson out of the first day's fight.

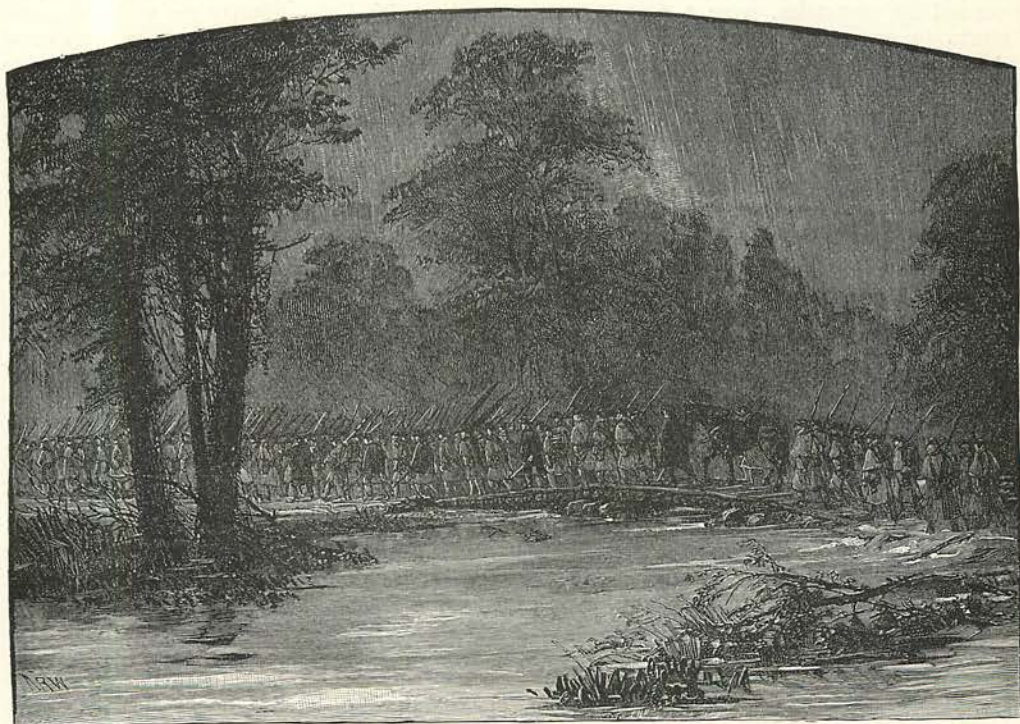
A private of the Fifteenth Massachusetts (Gorman's brigade) afterward gave me his recollections of that forced march through water and mud. "Most of our artillery," he said, "became so badly mired that we were obliged to proceed without it, but the little battery of twelve-pound Napoleon guns, commanded by an energetic regular officer (Lieutenant Kirby), notwithstanding it was continu-

ally mired to its axles, was pluckily dragged along by horses and men. Despite the mire, we cracked jokes at each other, shouted and sang in high spirits, and toiled through the morass in the direction of the heavy firing."

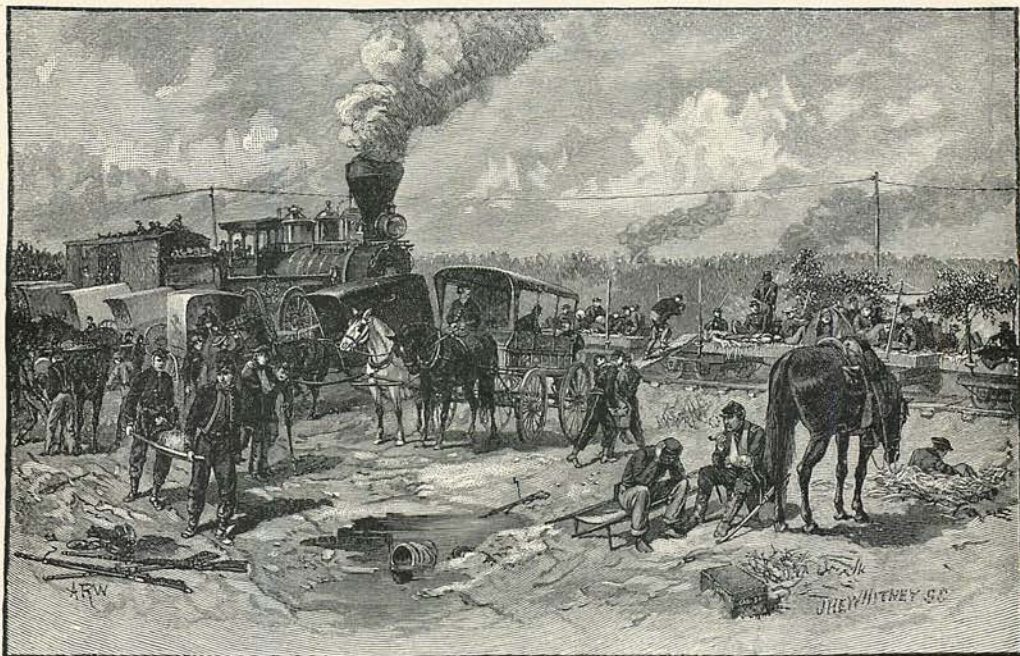
About 3:30 P. M. we began to meet stragglers from the front. They all told in substance the same story: "Our companies and regiments are all cut to pieces!" One straggler had a strapping Confederate prisoner in charge. He inquired for a Pennsylvania regiment, saying that during the fight in the woods he lost his company, and while trying to find his way out came across the "reb," and was trying to "take him in." "Stranger," said the prisoner, "yer wouldn't have taken me in if I'd known yer war lost."

"Meanwhile the thunder of the conflict grew louder and louder, and about five o'clock we came upon fragments of regiments of that part of Couch's command which had become isolated at Fair Oaks Station; they had fallen back half a mile or so, and when we joined them beyond the Courtney house, they were hotly engaged with the enemy, who were in overwhelming numbers.

"As we came up through a stumpy field we were greeted with the quick *crack, crack* of the infantry in our front. The smoke of battle hung in clouds over the field, and through it could be seen the flashes of the



SUMNER'S CORPS CROSSING THE OVERFLOWED "GRAPEVINE" BRIDGE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



AFTER THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS—PUTTING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE CARS. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

artillery. The *ping, zip, zip* of bullets, and the wounded men limping from the front or carried by comrades, were a prelude to the storm to come. We formed on the left of Abercrombie's shattered brigade, near the Adams house, and were welcomed with hearty cheers. Presently there was a terrible explosion of musketry, and the bullets pattered around us, causing many to drop; a line of smoke ahead showed where this destructive fire came from. Kirby's five Napoleon guns came up, and in the angle of the woods opened with splendid precision upon the Confederate columns. The recoil of the pieces was often so great as to bury the wheels nearly to the hub in mud. Soon the "rebel yell" was heard as they charged on the right of Kirby's battery, which changed front to the right, and delivered a destructive fire of canister. This caused the enemy to break in confusion, and retreat to the cover of the woods. Shortly afterward the enemy developed in greater force in our front, and the hum of shot and shell was almost incessant; but in a few minutes the fire slackened, and the Confederate lines came dashing upon us with their shrill yells. We received them with a volley from our rifles, and the battery gave them its compliments. The gray masses of the enemy were seen dimly through the smoke, scattering to cover. Presently the order ran

down the line, "Fix bayonets!" While waiting the moment for the final order, John Milan said: "It's light infantry we are, boys, and they expect us to fly over them criss-cross fences." Then the final order came: "Guide right—Double quick—Charge!" Our whole line went off at double-quick, shouting as we ran. Some scattering shots were fired by the enemy as we struggled over the fences, and then their line broke and dissolved from view.

"That night we lay under the stars, thinking of the events of the day and the expected conflict of the morrow. Until dawn of Sunday (June 1) our officers were busy gathering together the scattered and separated forces. About five o'clock next morning we heard firing on our left flank, which was covered by Richardson's division of Sumner's corps. It was a line of Confederate pickets deploying in an open field on the south side of Fair Oaks Station. Shortly after six o'clock there was a furious fire of musketry on our left, which continued for an hour.

"During the day I went over a portion of the battle-field in the road through the woods, where the Confederates had made the unsuccessful charge upon Kirby's battery. Here the dead lay very thick, and a number of their wounded were hidden in the thickets. They had fallen in many instances on their faces in the headlong charge; some with their legs torn

off, some with shattered arms, and others with ghastly wounds in the head.

"On the 2d of June the whole line moved forward, and from Fair Oaks to the Williamsburg road occupied the positions which had been held previous to the battle. About that time I went over the battle-ground in front of Casey's position where the battle began. Many of the dead remained unburied. Some of the men who first took possession of the works informed me that they found large quantities of Confederate arms; also a number of the enemy who had become intoxicated on Yankee whisky. The camp had been well plundered, and the enemy had adopted a system of exchange in dress, throwing aside their ragged uniforms, and clothing themselves in the more comfortable and cleanly garments of the Federal soldiers. I saw a Sibley tent in which I counted over two hundred bullet-holes."

A comrade who visited the scene of the charge made by Sedgwick's men said that in the woods beyond, where the Confederate lines had been formed, a number had been killed while in the act of getting over the fence, and were suspended in the positions in which they had been shot. In the woods just beyond this fence were some swampy pools, to which a number of the enemy's wounded had crept for water and died during the night. There were two or three of these pools of stagnant water, around which were clusters of wounded and dead men.

When my company reached the vicinity of Fair Oaks, about a week after the battle, I was surprised to find how many limbs of

trees had been cut away by bullets and shot. At one place a cannon-ball had apparently passed entirely through the stem of a large tree, splitting it for some distance; but the springy wood had closed together again so closely that the point of a bayonet could not be inserted in its track. The forests in the rear were marked in such a manner by bullets as to indicate that the enemy must have shot at times a long way over their intended mark.

In the advance, where Naglee's brigade made its struggle until overwhelmed by the enemy, graves were plenty in every direction, and some of the enemy's dead were found standing, in the swamp near by, in the position in which they were shot. They had decomposed so rapidly that the flesh had partly dropped from the bones.

Many of Casey's men had lost their knapsacks, blankets, and clothing, as well as their tents, and were in a sad plight for soldiering.

Thereafter our lines were constantly engaged in skirmishing, and we were kept in position for battle day after day, expecting an attack. Often the bugler at brigade headquarters sounded the alarm to "fall in," on one day sounding it ten times. During one of the frequent thunder-storms the Confederates made reconnaissance, and fired volleys so timed that they might be mistaken for thunder; but our men were not deceived and stood to their arms, expecting an attack. At one time the men in our rear were practicing the drill with blank cartridges, and were mistaken for the enemy. Thus the alarms of war kept our attention occupied.

Warren Lee Goss.



LINE OF BATTLE OF GENERAL DEVENS'S BRIGADE, COUCH'S DIVISION, WHERE GENERAL DEVENS WAS WOUNDED.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—V.*

RETIRING FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY.



THE CAMP KITCHEN. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

ON the 25th of June preparations were made for a general advance from our position at Fair Oaks. Our pickets on the left were moved forward to an open field crossed by the Williamsburg road, and our lines then pushed forward beyond a swampy belt of timber, which for several days had been contested ground. Our troops, going in with a dash, met little serious resistance. The ground was so marshy in places that our men were obliged to cluster round the roots of trees or stand knee-deep in water. On the 27th (the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill) and the 28th the enemy in our front were unusually demonstrative, if not active. Our pickets were often so near the enemy's outposts as to hear them talk. One of my comrades told me of a conversation he overheard one night between two of the "Johnnies."

"Uncle Robert," said one, "is goin' to gobble up the Yankee army and bring 'em to Richmond."

"Well," said his comrade, with a touch of incredulity in his tones, "we uns 'll have a right smart of 'em to feed; and what are we uns goin' to do with 'em when we uns catch 'em?"

"Oh," said the other, with a touch of contempt, "every one of we uns will have a Yank to tote our traps!"

On the 27th one of my comrades, while on picket, heard orders given as if to a large body

of men—"From right of companies to rear into column—right face. Don't get into a dozen ranks there. Why don't they move forward up the path?" These commands excited our vigilance. What puzzled us was that we could not hear the tramp of men, which is usual in moving large bodies of troops, when near enough to hear their voices. Later we knew that the Confederates in our front were keeping up a big show with a small number of troops. We heard the heavy booming of cannon, which told of Porter's battle on the north side of the Chickahominy, and on that day a balloon was seen over the Confederate capital. Every sign pointed to unusual activity in our front. Then Porter followed us to the south side of the Chickahominy, and the whole aspect of affairs was changed.

Details were made to destroy such stores as could not easily be removed in wagons, and some of our officers, high in rank, set an unselfish example by destroying their personal baggage. No fires were allowed to be kindled in the work of destruction. Tents were cut and slashed with knives; canteens punched with bayonets; clothing cut into shreds; sugar and whisky overturned on the ground, which absorbed it. Some of our men stealthily imitated mother earth as regards the whisky. Most of our officers appreciated the gravity of the situation, and were considerate enough to keep sober, in more senses than one. Early on the morning of the 29th the work of destruction was complete, our picket-line was relieved, and with faces that reflected the gloom of our hearts we turned our backs upon Richmond, and started upon the retreat. The gloom was rather that of surprise than of knowledge, as the movement was but slightly understood by the mass of the army, or for that matter by most of the officers.

The weather was suffocatingly hot; dust rose in clouds, completely enveloping the marching army; it was inhaled into our nostrils and throats, and covered every part of our clothing as if ashes had been sifted upon us. About nine o'clock line of battle was formed near Allen's farm. Occasionally the report of a sharp-shooter's rifle was heard in the woods. Some of the troops took advantage of

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such shade as was afforded by scattering trees and went to sleep. All were suddenly brought to their feet by a tremendous explosion of artillery. The enemy had opened from the woods south of the railroad, with great vigor and precision. This attack after some sharp fighting was repelled, and, slinging knapsacks, the march was again resumed over the dusty roads. It was scorching hot when they arrived at Savage's Station, and there again they formed line of battle.

Franklin's corps, which had fallen back from Golding's farm, joined us here, and a detail was made as at other places to destroy supplies; immense piles of flour, hard bread in boxes, clothing, arms, and ammunition were burned, smashed, and scattered. Two trains of railroad cars, loaded with ammunition and other supplies, were here fired, set in motion towards each other, and under a full head of steam came thundering down the track like flaming meteors. When they met in collision there was a terrible explosion. Other trains and locomotives were precipitated from the demolished Bottom's bridge. Clouds of smoke rose at various points north of us, showing that the work of destruction was going on in other places.

Here, awaiting the approach of the enemy, we halted, while wagons of every description passed over the road on the retreat. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon (though official reports put it as early as four), when dense clouds of dust, rising in long lines from the roads beyond, warned us of the approach of the enemy. Soon they advanced from the edge of the woods and opened fire from the whole mass of their artillery. Our guns responded. For nearly an hour not a musket was heard, but the air vibrated with the artillery explosions. Then the infantry became engaged in the woods. Even after the shadows of night covered the scene with their uncertain light, the conflict went on, until nine o'clock, when to the deep-toned Union cheers there were no answering high-pitched rebel yells.*

Our regiment occupied till after sundown a position opposite the hospital camp near the station. It was then ordered to charge the enemy, which was done under cover of the heavy smoke that hung over the field. At nine o'clock they began to care for the wounded, and to carry them to the amputating-table. Our "Little Day" was wounded through the

* At Savage's Station I had the ill-luck to be taken prisoner, and in consequence was "unavoidably absent" from our lines until August, when we were exchanged. I afterwards learned from my comrades their experiences and the gossip of the intervening half-dozen weeks, which is briefly outlined in what follows.—W. L. G.

arm, but bandaged it himself. Wad Rider got another slight scalp-wound, which led him to remark, "Them cusses always aim for my head." Pendleton got what he called a ventilator through the side of his hat, the bullet grazing his head. One of the chaplains was indefatigable in his care of the wounded, and finally preferred to be taken prisoner rather than desert them.

Turning their backs upon the battle-field and the hospital camp of twenty-five hundred sick and wounded, who were abandoned to the enemy, the troops resumed their march. The long trains, of five thousand wagons and two thousand five hundred head of beef, had by this time crossed White Oak Swamp. The defile over which the army passed was narrow, but it possessed the compensating advantage that no attack could be made on the flank, because of the morass on either side. As fast as the rear-guard passed, trees were felled across the road to obstruct pursuit. Before daylight the Grand Army was across the swamp, with the bridge destroyed in the rear.

GLENDALE.

DURING the early morning hours of Monday, June 30th, our regiment was halted near a barn used as a temporary hospital. The boys lay down weary and footsore with fighting and marching. They were aroused about eight o'clock and resumed their march. At eleven they were halted near Nelson's farm. The country here began to change from swamp and wood to cultivated fields.

McCall's division, now numbering only about six thousand men, was formed nearly parallel to the New Market road, with his batteries in rear of the infantry. Kearny was within supporting distance on his right, guarding the space between the New Market and Charles City roads, while our corps, Sumner's with Hooker's division, were formed in the rear of McCall's advance line. To force the Union army from this key position and divide it, Longstreet gave battle. At 2:30 P. M., advancing with A. P. Hill by the Charles City road, he attacked with fury McCall's division. A heavy force of the enemy, passing through the woods, was hurled upon General Seymour's brigade, holding the left, who maintained a stubborn fight for two hours, finally causing him to fall back. Knieriem's and Diederichs' batteries were badly demoralized at this point. One of their officers blubbered outright. "Are you wounded? Are you killed?" asked Hooker's ironical jokers. "No; mine battery disgraces me worse than det," was his reply.

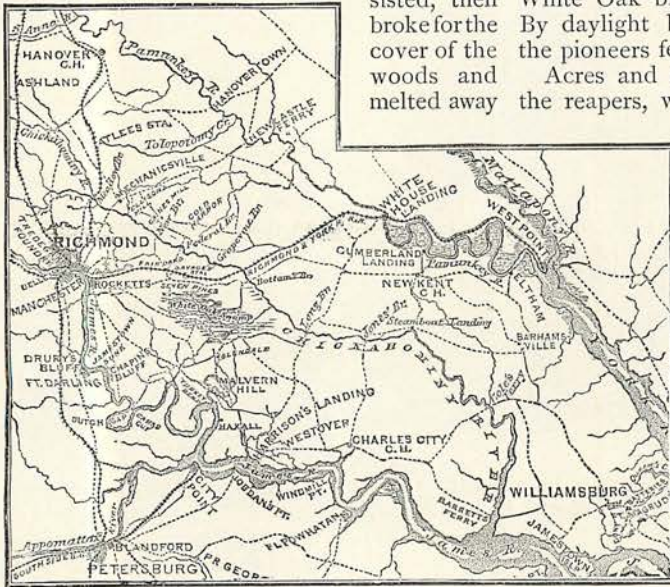
When McCall's division gave way the enemy, who had turned the left of the Union line, came down upon Sumner's troops, who soon received the order, "Forward, guide right"; and at double quick, while the batteries in the rear threw shot and shell over their heads into the ranks of the enemy, they pressed forward upon them. For a few moments the enemy resisted, then broke for the cover of the woods and melted away

were the prevailing colors. Some of them had a strip of carpet for a blanket, but the raggedness of their outfit was no discredit to soldiers who fought as bravely as did these men.

Franklin's force, which had been disputing the passage of White Oak Swamp during the day, at dark retreated from that position, which made it prudent to retire our whole force from Glendale, for Jackson's forces at White Oak bridge would soon be upon us. By daylight began our march to Malvern, the pioneers felling trees in the rear.

Acres and acres of waving grain, ripe for the reapers, were seen on every side. The

troops marched through the wheat, cutting off the tops and gathering them into their haversacks, for, except in more than ordinarily provident cases, they were out of rations and hungry, as well as lame and stiff from marching. The bands, which had been silent so long before Richmond, here began playing patriotic airs, which had a very inspiring effect. As they neared the James River and caught sight of our gunboats, a cheer went up from each regiment. About eleven o'clock in the morning they took up position on the Malvern plateau.



THE CHANGE OF BASE FROM WHITE HOUSE TO HARRISON'S LANDING. (SEE ALSO LARGE MAP, PAGE 453 OF THE JULY "CENTURY.")

in the twilight shadows gathering over the field. Our artillery continued to shell the woods, and the din of musketry did not cease until long after dark. This Union victory insured the safety of the army, which until that hour had been in peril.

During the night many of the enemy's stragglers were captured. Hooker's men, who heard them in the strip of woods calling out the names of their regiments, stationed squads at different points to answer and direct them into the Union lines, where they were captured. "Here by the oak," our men would say in answer to their calls, and thus gathered in these lost children of the Confederacy. Our regiment captured five or six stragglers in much the same manner. Many of them were under the influence of stimulants. It was current talk at that time—to account for the desperate, reckless charges made during the day—that the Confederates were plied with whisky. I am not of that opinion, as whisky will not make men brave. Those captured wore a medley of garments which could hardly be called a uniform, though gray and butternut

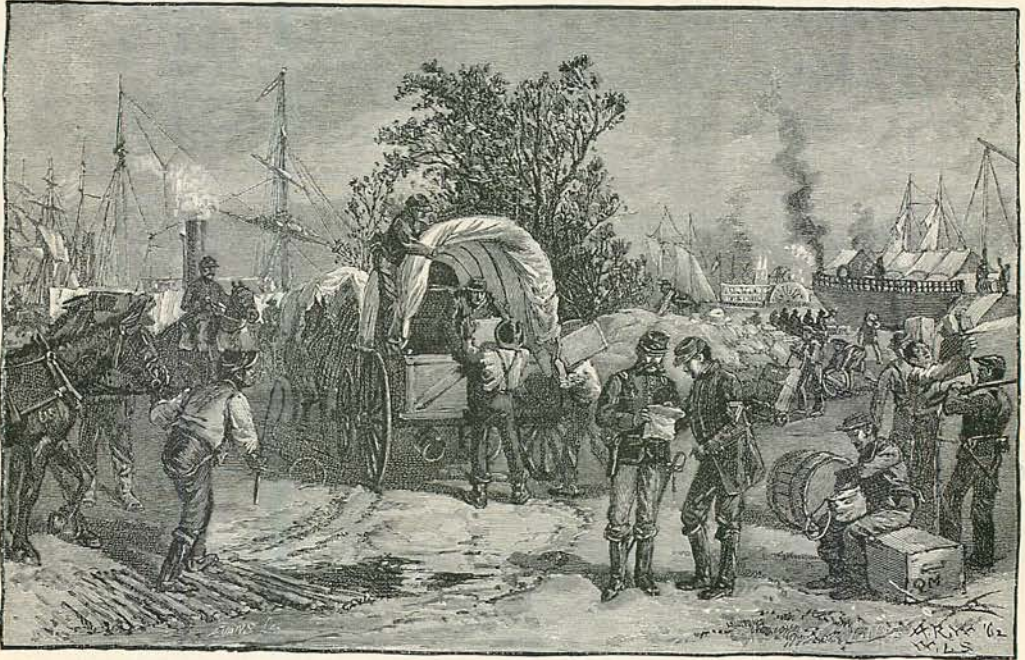
MALVERN HILL.

THE *morale* of the army, notwithstanding its toilsome midnight marches and daily battles, with insufficient sleep and scanty food, was excellent. Its comparatively raw masses were now an army of veterans, tried in the fire of battle.

Our stragglers, their courage revived by sight of the gun-boats, came up the hill, seeking their regiments. One squad encountered half a dozen of the enemy's cavalry and charged them with empty muskets. Another squad came in with a Confederate wagon, in which were several wounded comrades rescued from the battle-field. Another squad had their haversacks filled with honey, and bore marks of a battle with bees. During the morning long lines of men with dusty garments and powder-blackened faces climbed the steep Quaker road. Footsore, hungry, and wearied, but not disheartened, these tired men took their positions and prepared for another day of conflict. The private soldiers were quick to perceive the advantages which

the possession of Malvern Hill gave us, and such expressions as "How is this for Johnny Reb!" were heard on every hand. Wad Rider, complacently and keenly viewing the surroundings, said, "Satan himself couldn't whip

terrible. Soon it partly died away and was followed by roaring volleys, and then the irregular *snap, crack, crack* of firing at will of the musketry. It was the attack of G. B. Anderson's brigade of D. H. Hill's division upon



SUPPLYING THE HUNGRY ARMY AT HARRISON'S LANDING. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD MADE AT THE TIME.)

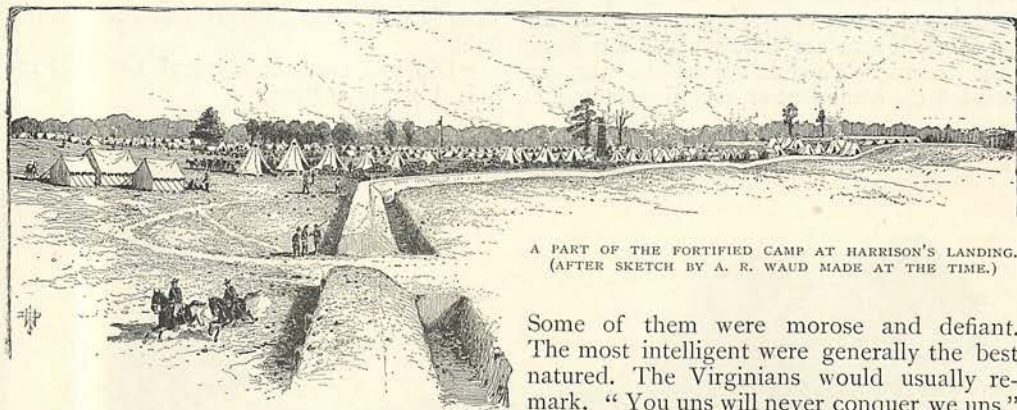
us out of this!" As soon as it was in position near the north front of the hill, our regiment was given the order, "In place — rest," and in a few minutes the men were asleep, lying upon their muskets.

Early in the forenoon skirmishing began along the new line. Some of the troops, while going up the hill to take their positions on the field, were fired upon by the enemy's batteries. Small parties advanced within musket-shot, evidently reconnoitering our position, and fired from the cover of the woods on our men. Shells from our gun-boats on the James came hoarsely spluttering over the heads of the troops. Occasionally hostile regiments appeared from the woods below the crest of the hill, and were as often driven back by our artillery.

The fighting of the day might be described as a succession of daring attacks and bloody repulses. Heavy firing began at different points soon after noon, followed by a lull. About three o'clock there was heard an explosion of artillery, with the well-known rebel yell, followed by the cheering of our men. The crash of artillery was even at this time

Couch's front. In a hand-to-hand struggle at this time, the Thirty-sixth New York captured the colors of the Fourteenth North Carolina and a number of prisoners. Couch then advanced his line to a grove, which gave a stronger position and a better range for the musketry. An assault at the same time was made along the left, but was speedily repulsed by the batteries. At four o'clock there was quiet. But the storm of battle at six o'clock burst upon Malvern cliff. Brigade after brigade came up the hill with impetuous courage, breasting the storm of canister, grape, and shell which devastated their ranks. Half-way up they would break in disorder, before the destructive cannonade and the deadly volleys of musketry. Vainly they were rallied. It was more than human courage could endure.

After D. H. Hill, Magruder made his attack. Our guns, grouped around the Crew house, opened upon the Confederates, as with fierce yells they charged up the slope. In some instances our infantry, being sheltered by the inequalities of the ground in front of the guns, withheld their fire until the charging column was within a few yards of them.



A PART OF THE FORTIFIED CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING.
(AFTER SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD MADE AT THE TIME.)

Sometimes the enemy attacked from the cover of the ravine on the left, but they never reached the crest. Night came, yet the fight went on, with cheers answering to yells and gun answering to gun. The lurid flashes of artillery along the hostile lines, in the gathering darkness; the crackle of musketry, with flashes seen in the distance like fire-flies; the hoarse shriek of the huge shells from the gun-boats, thrown into the woods, made it a scene of terrible grandeur. The ground in front of Porter and Couch was literally covered with the dead and wounded. At nine o'clock the sounds of the battle died away, and cheer after cheer went up from the victors on the hill.

During the battle of Malvern Hill the infantry where my regiment was posted was not brought into active opposition to the enemy. They lay on the ground in front of the guns, which threw shot, shell, and canister over their heads. Several times after three o'clock brigades were sent from this position to act as supports where the attack was heaviest on Couch's lines. Just after three o'clock the artillery fire was heavy on our brigade, but the loss was light, owing to the protection afforded to the infantry by the inequalities of the ground. Between six and seven o'clock our company was detailed to guard prisoners; and about that time, as one of my comrades said, General Hooker rode by on his white horse, which formed a very marked contrast to his very red face. He rode leisurely and complacently, as if in no alarm or excitement, but looked very warm. Behind a bluff, not far from the Crew house, was the extemporized hospital towards which stretcher-bearers were carrying the wounded; those able to walk were hobbling, and in some instances were using a reversed musket for a crutch.

All of the prisoners were "played-out" men who had evidently seen hard service with marching, fighting, and short rations.

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Some of them were morose and defiant. The most intelligent were generally the best natured. The Virginians would usually remark, "You uns will never conquer we uns." In general they were poorly clad.

Thus ended the Union advance on Richmond. The grand "Army of the Potomac" forced its way to within sight of the enemy's capital, only to fall back, in a desperate struggle of seven successive days, to the James River. Yet it preserved its trains, its courage, and its undaunted front, and inflicted upon the enemy heavier losses than it sustained. Though crowded back in the final movement, our army defeated the enemy on every battle-field but one during the seven days. The moral advantage was on the side of the Confederates; the physical on the side of the Federals. We had inflicted a loss of about 20,000 on the enemy, while sustaining a loss of but 15,849. The North was in humiliation over the result, while the Confederates rejoiced.

ON THE JAMES.

THE next morning at daybreak our regiment moved with its squad of prisoners down the road to Haxall's. Here, for some reason, they were halted for two or three hours while regiments, trains, and cattle moved over the narrow defile, jumbled in confusion together. There were loud discussions as to the right of way, and a deal of growling among the soldiers at retreating, after giving the "rebs" such a whipping; but most of them seemed to think "Little Mac" knew what he was about, and the enthusiasm for him grew in intensity rather than decreased. The halt gave leisure for talk with the prisoners. One of them was a good-looking, intelligent fellow about twenty-two years of age. He informed one of my comrades that he belonged to a North Carolina regiment. He was a college graduate, and the prospect of spending a summer at the North did not seem to displease him. He confidentially said that he had been a Union man just as long as he could, and finally went

into the Confederate army to save his property and reputation and to avoid conscription. He added: "There are thousands in the South just like me. We didn't want the war, and resisted the sentiment of secession as long as

march and some right smart fighting, for Old Jack is powerful on prayer just before a big fight."

"Did you ever see General Lee?" I inquired of one of them.



THE WESTOVER MANSION, CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING, JULY, 1862.

we could. Now it has gone so far we've got to fight or sever all the associations with which our lives are interlinked. I know it is a desperate chance for the South. Look at your men, how they are disciplined, fed, and clothed, and then see how our men are fed and clothed. They are brave men, but they can't stand it forever. Southern men have got fight in them, and you will find them hard to conquer."

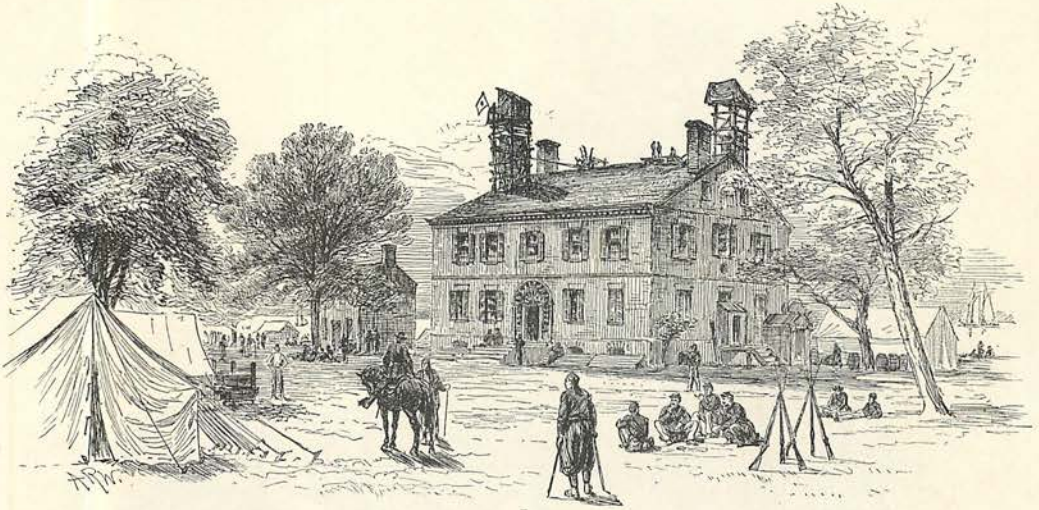
One lean "Johnny" was loud in his praise of Stonewall Jackson, saying: "He's a general, he is. If you uns had some good general like him, I reckon you uns could lick we uns. 'Old Jack' marches we uns most to death; a Confed that's under Stonewall has got to march."

"Does your general abuse you—swear at you to make you march?" inquired one of his listeners.

"Swear?" answered the Confederate; "no. Ewell he does the swearing; Stonewall does the praying. When Stonewall wants us to march he looks at us soberly, just as if he was sorry for we uns, but couldn't help it, and says, 'Men, we've got to make a long march.' We always know when there is going to be a long

"Yes, I was a sort of orderly for 'Uncle Robert' for a while. He's mighty calm-like when a fight is going on."

About ten o'clock in the morning the regiment resumed its march. It reached Harrison's Landing about four in the afternoon, just as it began to rain in torrents. Here they were relieved from guard duty and allowed the privilege of making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The level land which terminates in bluffs on the James River was covered with hundreds of acres of wheat ready for the harvest. The process of cutting for the army began without delay, and before night every blade of it was in use for bedding and forage; not a vestige remained to tell of the waving fields which had covered the plain a few hours previous. The fields whereon it stood were trampled under foot; not even a stubble stood in sight. Great fields of mud were the resting-place of the army. It was almost as muddy as if the waters of the deluge had just receded from the face of the earth. Mules, horses, and men were alike smeared and spotted with mire, and the ardor of the army was somewhat dampened thereby.



MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD, 1862.)

This house was the birthplace of General (afterward President) William Henry Harrison. During the month of July, 1862, it was used as a hospital and as a signal-station, the scaffolding about the chimneys having been built for that purpose.

At Harrison's Landing the army settled down to a period of rest, which was much needed. The heat during the day was intolerable, and prevented much exercise. Men lay under their shelter, smoked, told stories, discussed the scenes and battles of the previous month, and when evening came on visited each other's camps and sang the popular songs of the day. Those vampires of the army, the sutlers, charged double prices for everything they had to sell, until the soldiers began to regard them as their natural enemies. No change smaller than ten cents circulated in camp. It was the smallest price charged for anything. Sutlers' pasteboard checks were in good demand as change, and were very useful in playing the game of "bluff." Thus the army whiled away the month of July.

During August some of the prisoners captured from us on the seven days' retreat arrived in our lines for exchange. They were a sorry-looking crowd — emaciated, hungry, sick, ragged, and dirty. They did not have a high opinion of the entertainment they had received at Belle Isle and Libby prison.

During one of those quiet, still August nights, dark, and as close and muggy as only a night in "dog days" can be, some time after midnight, the whole camp was roused by the furious and rapid bursting of shells in our very midst. Imagine, if you can, a midnight shelling of a closely packed camp of fifty thousand men, without giving them one hint or thought of warning; imagine our dazed appearance as we rolled from under our canvas

coverings, and the running and dodging here and there, trying to escape from the objective point of the missiles. Of course the camp was a perfect pandemonium during the half hour that the shelling lasted. We soon discovered that the visitors came from a battery across the James River, and in twenty minutes a few of our guns silenced them completely. Most of these shells burst over and amongst us who occupied the center of the camp, near the old Harrison's Landing road. This road was lined on either side with large shade-trees, which were probably of some assistance to the enemy in training their guns.

While at Harrison's Landing there was a great deal of sickness. But, more than any other ailment, homesickness was prevalent. It made the most fearful inroads among the commissioned officers. Many sent in their resignations, which were promptly returned disapproved. One, who had not shown a disposition to face the enemy proportionate to his rank, hired two men to carry him on a stretcher to the hospital boat; and this valiant officer was absent from the army nearly a whole year. We believed at that time that some of the hospitals at the North, for the sake of the money made on each ration, sheltered and retained skulkers. In contrast with this was the noble action of men who insisted on joining their commands before their wounds were fairly healed, or while not yet recovered from their sickness.

Bathing and swimming in the James was a luxury to us soldiers, and did much, no doubt



DUMMIES AND QUAKER GUNS LEFT IN THE WORKS AT HARRISON'S LANDING ON THE EVACUATION BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. (FROM SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

towards improving the health of the army. Boxes with goodies from home came by express in great numbers. One of my friends at one time received a whole cheese, and for a week was the envy of the company.

Hooker's brigade moved towards Malvern Hill on the second of August, and on the fourth attacked the enemy near Glendale. On the fifteenth all was bustle and confusion, getting ready for some movement—perhaps another advance on Richmond. But instead we took up our line of march down the Penin-

sula. The people on the way openly expressed hatred of us and sympathy with the rebellion. No guards were posted over the houses as heretofore, and we used the fences to cook our coffee, without reproach from our officers. At one house, near the landing, a notice was posted forbidding the burial of a Yankee on the estate. That house was very quickly and deliberately burned to the ground. Steamboats and wagons were crowded with our sick. After rapid marches we arrived at Hampton, and embarked again for Alexandria.

Warren Lee Goss.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Imboden's "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas."

THE series of War Papers now being published in THE CENTURY are of such extraordinary value as history and material for history, that it is desirable to have them as accurate as possible, and to correct even small errors of fact as they are stated. Allow me to correct two in General Imboden's article in the May CENTURY. The general could not have tossed "little Julia," the daughter and only child of Stonewall Jackson, in his arms three days after the battle of Bull Run, for she was not born until more than a year after that time. She might have been seen in "long dresses" near Fredericksburg, just before

her father was killed at Chancellorsville, for she was there making her first visit to the army, and was then only about six months old.

Again, General Jackson did not put General D. H. Hill under arrest while crossing the Potomac into Maryland at Leesburg. It was General A. P. Hill who was put under arrest on the day before we crossed the Potomac, Sept. 4th, for disobedience of orders in not moving his division as early in the morning as he was directed to do, and thereby delaying the prompt movement of the corps. I had given the order to General Hill fixing the hour for marching, and carried the order from General Jackson putting him under arrest. General Branch was in command of A. P. Hill's divis-

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—VI.*

TWO DAYS OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.†



COUNTING THE SCARS IN THE COLORS.

POPE'S first orders on the 29th of August were partly given with a view to the possibility of falling back beyond Bull Run. At three o'clock of that morning Pope had written to Porter that McDowell had intercepted the retreat of Jackson; that Kearny and Hooker were to attack the enemy's rear; and that Porter was to move upon Centreville at dawn of day. Porter was obeying the order when he learned its revocation through a staff-officer riding with orders to another part of the field, and at once countermarched from Manassas Junction. Meanwhile Pope had learned that Ricketts's and King's divisions had retreated, leaving open the road for Lee's advance or Jackson's retreat. He ordered Sigel to attack in order to bring Jackson to a stand if possible. Jackson was in fact leisurely awaiting attack behind his chosen stronghold of the unfinished railroad, with his skirmishers in front for the most part veiled with thick woods. General Sigel soon developed the position of the enemy. There were gaps in Sigel's lines, the closing of which weakened the main line, itself already too thin for such an attempt. The enemy were quick to avail themselves of this weakness, and broke our lines by a furious attack, causing Sigel to fall back.

Longstreet had availed himself of the roads left open by King and Ricketts, and about noon his advance had formed on Jackson's right. After 12 o'clock McDowell brought to Porter information from General Buford, show-

ing that Longstreet was holding the roads in force in Porter's front, and hence it was impossible, by marching on converging lines, to establish communications with the right wing of the army without giving battle. After consultation with Porter, McDowell started with King's division to go round by the Sudley Springs road. Porter waited to open up communications with McDowell, sending scouting parties through the broken country and tangled woods to the right for this purpose.

Towards noon a part of Sigel's force, under Schurz, gained a foothold on the railroad, and held on stubbornly for two hours. They were exhausted with marching, fighting, and manœuvring in the extreme heat since five in the morning.

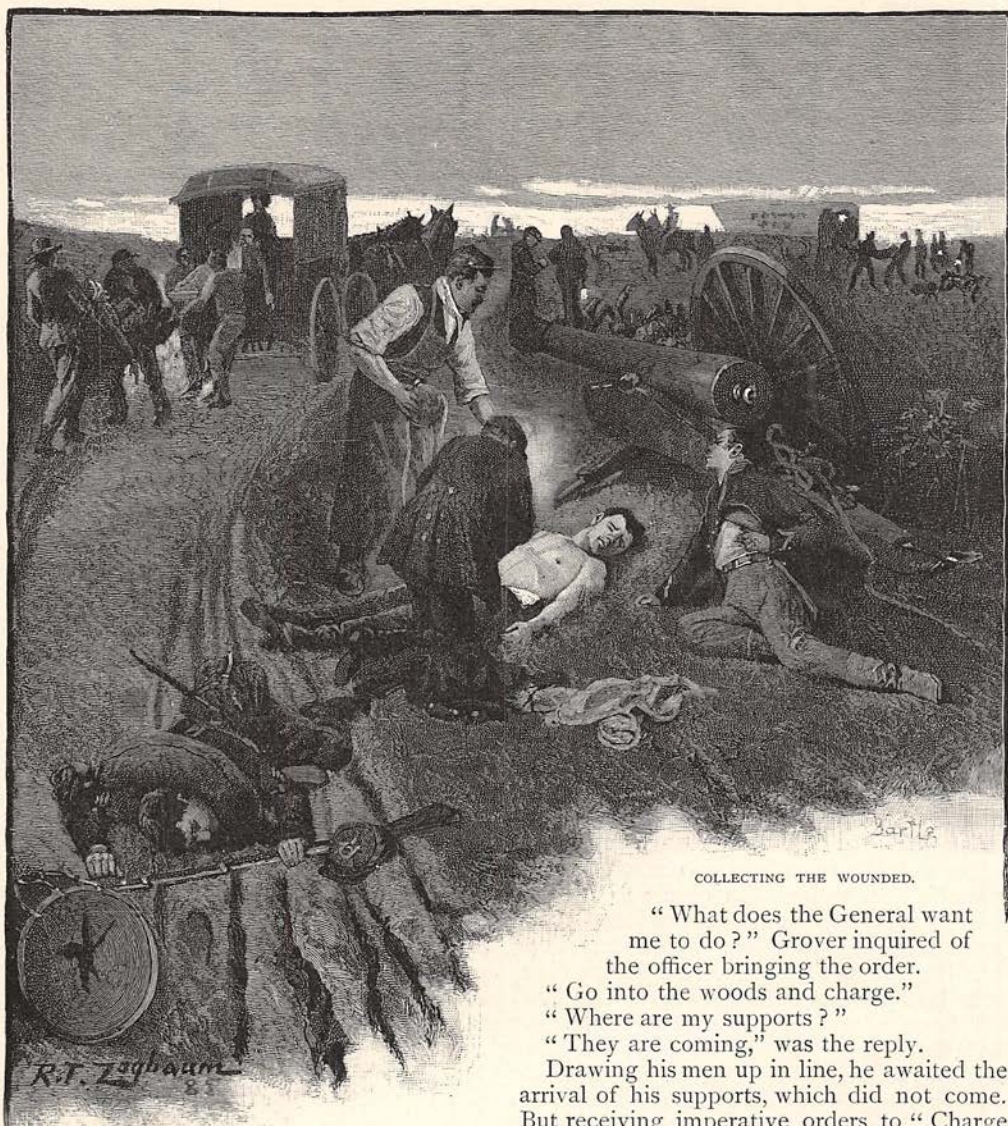
The veterans of Heintzelman, under Kearny and Hooker, aroused from their bivouacs at two in the morning, were an hour after sunrise on the heights of Centreville, in sight of the blue hills about Thoroughfare Gap through which Longstreet was hastening to Jackson's aid. Forging Bull Run, they came upon the rusty remains of guns, bayonets, weather-beaten fragments of gun-carriages and equipments, and the bleaching skulls and bones of their comrades who had perished on the field the year before—the first sacrifices to the blunders of the war. Many fields were black from the effect of fires ignited by our shells. This fragment of the army, under Hooker and Kearny, was in a destitute condition. The horses of the field-officers in most instances had been



RUINS OF THE HENRY HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE SECOND BATTLE.)

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† The writer is indebted to friends of the 11th and 18th Mass. Volunteers and to comrades of other organizations for the incidents relating to this battle.—W. L. G.



COLLECTING THE WOUNDED.

"What does the General want me to do?" Grover inquired of the officer bringing the order.

"Go into the woods and charge."

"Where are my supports?"

"They are coming," was the reply.

Drawing his men up in line, he awaited the arrival of his supports, which did not come. But receiving imperative orders to "Charge at once," the men loaded their rifles and fixed bayonets. With cheers the men dashed through the tangled wood in their front. One of the regiments had its flag torn from its staff, and the eagle was shot away from its top, but the men answered to the cry, "Rally round the pole." As they stormed the railroad they saw wounded Confederates clutch the embankment, hold on for a moment, and then losing their grasp, roll down the steep bank. The first line of the enemy was overthrown. On they rushed upon a second line. Bayonets and swords were used at close quarters, so stubborn was the fight.

Had this attack been properly supported, it must have broken Jackson's center. There were many deeds performed in this action

left behind at Yorktown. The rank and file were poorly supplied with clothing, and to a large extent destitute of proper rations. Many were without blanket or blouse, some even without trousers; others with shoeless, blistered feet were marching over rough, hot, and dusty roads. Still they were full of enthusiasm for the fight; and as Pope, with a numerous staff, passed them on the road, he was loudly cheered. After that battle there was less cheering for the commander. At eleven o'clock they had reached the battle-field. At three Pope ordered Hooker to attack the strong position in his front. General Hooker, foreseeing that the attack promised but little chance of success, remonstrated.

Finally the order came to General Grover.

which were heroic. A father and son charged side by side. The son fell, pierced by the enemy's bullets. Two privates, advancing through the woods, were separated from the main line, and were confronted by a squad of the enemy. They were called upon to surrender, but, standing shoulder to shoulder, they stood their ground until their assailants went back. Then one of the two fainted from a wound; his comrade took him in his arms, and brought him safely back into our lines. So the combat went on, till a new line of the enemy advanced upon our men, and compelled them to fall back.

Kearny was, at the same time, to have made an attack upon A. P. Hill's division, on Jackson's left, but for some unexplained reason he did not advance until Grover's brigade had been repulsed. General Kearny, the one-armed veteran, led his men in person. His soldiers wore the red square on their caps which was the insignia of "Kearny's men," or, as they were sometimes dubbed, "Phil Kearny's thieves." They went enthusiastically to the charge, supported by the troops of Reno. He doubled back the left of the enemy, and for a short time seemed to have achieved a decisive result. The enemy hurried up two brigades of Ewell's division, acting as reserve, who came down upon Kearny's thin and exhausted line, which was driven from its hard-won position.

McDowell arrived at the scene of action between five and six in the afternoon, bringing up King's division, then commanded by Hatch. The enemy were making movements which were interpreted to mean a retreat, and Hatch was ordered to press them, and a fierce and bloody contest for three-quarters of an hour followed. Thus ended the first day of the second Bull Run, or Groveton. The enemy were readjusting their lines for another day's fighting, and Pope, misinterpreting these movements, conceived that the enemy were running away. It might be said in praise of Pope that he was never discouraged, always sanguine of success, always ready for a fight.

As usual, so soon as the fighting ceased many sought without orders to rescue comrades lying wounded between the opposing lines. There seemed to be a mutual understanding between the men of both armies that such parties were not to be disturbed in their mission of mercy. After the attempt of Grover and Kearny to carry the railroad embankment, the enemy followed them back and formed a line of battle in the edge of the woods. Our artillery sent their main line to the rear. It was replaced

by a line of skirmishers formed in the fringe of this wood. These opened fire upon the wounded Union men who were attempting to creep to the protection of their friends. After this fire had died away along the darkling woods, little groups of men from the Union lines went stealthily about, bringing in the wounded from the exposed positions. Blankets attached to poles or muskets often served as stretchers to bear the wounded to the ambulances and surgeons. There was a great lack of organized effort to care for our wounded. Vehicles of various kinds were pressed into service. The removal of the wounded went on during the entire night, and tired soldiers were roused from their slumbers by the plaintive cries of wounded comrades passing in torturing vehicles. In one instance a Confederate and a Union soldier were found comforting each other on the field. They were put into the same Virginia farm-cart and sent to the rear, talking and groaning in fraternal sympathy.

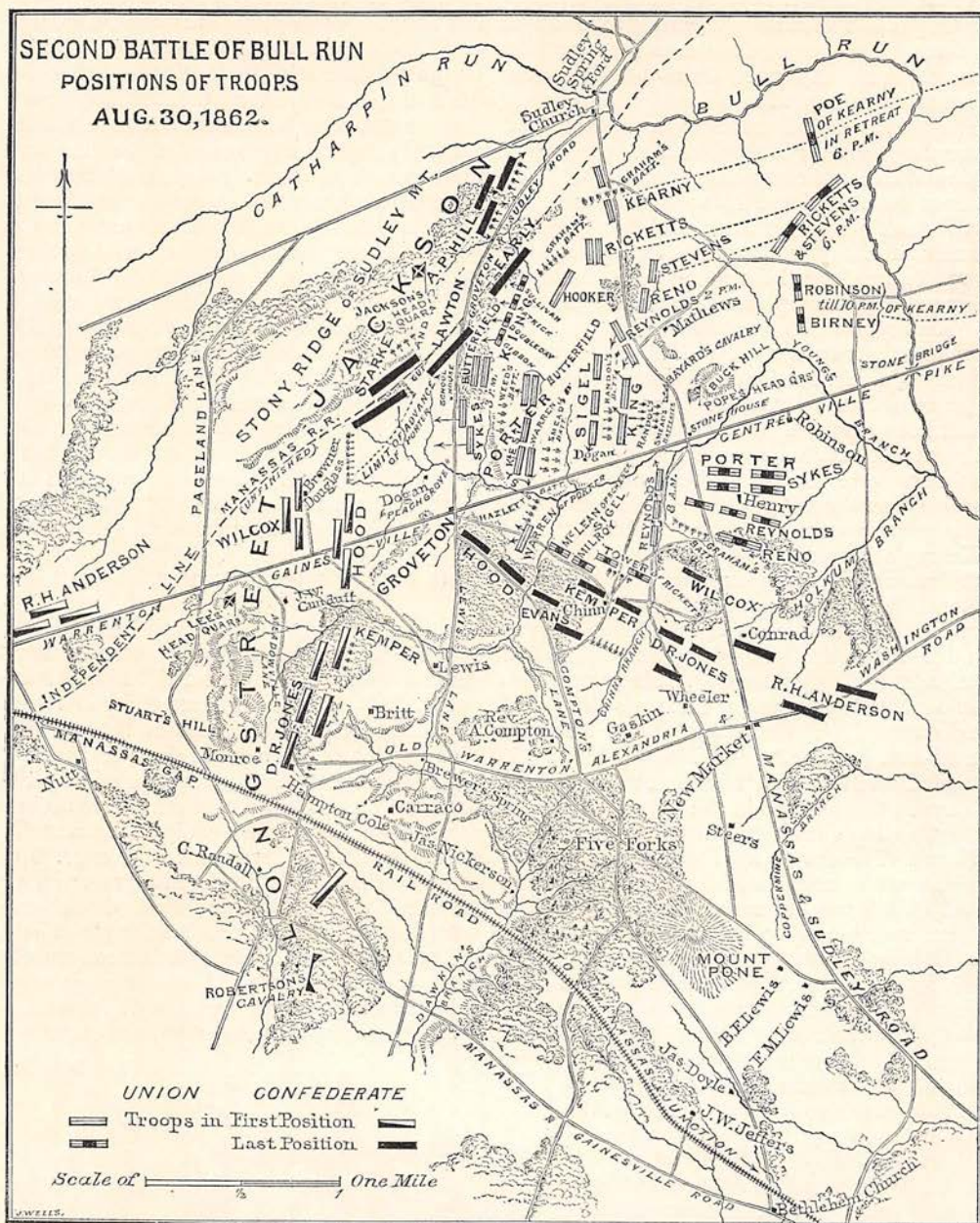
THE FIGHTING OF SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

THE condition of Pope's army on Saturday, August 30, was such that a more cautious general would have hesitated before giving battle. His men were exhausted by incessant marching and fighting; thousands had straggled from their commands; the men had had but little to eat for two days previous; the horses of the artillery and cavalry were broken down from being continually in harness for over a week and from want of forage. But Pope believed he had gained a great victory on the day previous, and that the enemy were demoralized, while in fact their lines held the railroad embankment as a fortress, and for thirty-six hours there had been nothing to prevent the union of Longstreet with Jackson.

At an early hour Pope ordered a recon-



SUDLEY CHURCH, FROM THE SUDLEY SPRINGS ROAD. A HOSPITAL IN BOTH BATTLES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE SECOND BATTLE.)



FIRST AND LAST POSITIONS IN THE FIGHTING OF AUGUST 30.

During the assault by Porter's corps and King's division Jackson's forces were all behind the unfinished railway. When that assault failed the Unionists north of the turnpike were attacked by two of the three brigades indicated as with Wilcox. These were Featherston's and Pryor's, which were acting with some of Jackson's troops and with one brigade of Hood. Wilcox with his own

proper brigade passed far to the right and fought his way to an advanced position, after several brigades under Evans and Jones had by desperate fighting compelled the troops of Sigel and McDowell to loosen their hold on Bald Hill. The last fighting was in the woods where Wilcox's final position is indicated and where troops of D. R. Jones's division had also been fighting.—EDITOR.

noissance made in his front. At this time the enemy, in readjusting their lines, had withdrawn their troops from some of the contested ground of the day previous. Pope interpreted this movement to mean that the enemy were

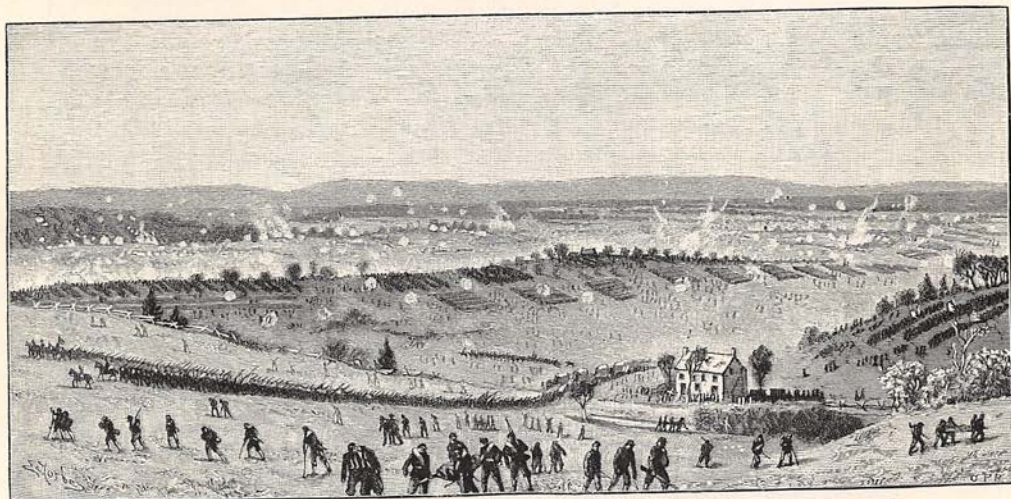
in full retreat, and at noon assigned McDowell to the pursuit. Porter was ordered to push forward on the Warrenton turnpike, followed by the divisions of King and Reynolds. At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle

was opened by Porter. With cheers the Union force dashed up the hill, through the intervening woods, and charged the railroad cut and embankment. Hatch, on the right, with King's division, moved to the attack. The fight was most obstinate and determined, and as one line was repulsed another took its place, the Confederates resisting with bayonets and stones after their ammunition gave out, and sticking to the deep cut and embankment as to a fortress. Longstreet opened on the force, assaulting Jackson with a murderous enfilading fire of shells. It was under this cannonade that the lines of Porter were broken and partly put to flight.

On the extreme right, Hooker's, Kearny's, and Ricketts's divisions, which were to have attacked by the Sudley Springs road, made no serious demonstration in that quarter.

direction, relying upon Jackson's well-known skill and stubbornness, while he prepared for an attack on our flank. When half of our troops were either in actual conflict or already discomfited, then it was that Longstreet rolled like an irresistible wave upon our left.

It fell to McDowell to defend the line of retreat by the Warrenton turnpike. A strong prejudice existed among the men against this able but unfortunate commander. Nothing was more common during the day than to hear him denounced. He wore a peculiar head-gear which looked like a basket. It was a common remark that Pope had his "head-quarters in the saddle, and McDowell his head in a basket." Such was the moral disadvantage under which McDowell labored with his men, and such elements have more to do with success or defeat than is generally



VIEW FROM THE HENRY HILL DURING THE ATTACK UPON JACKSON, ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK, AUGUST 30.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY EDWIN FORBES.)

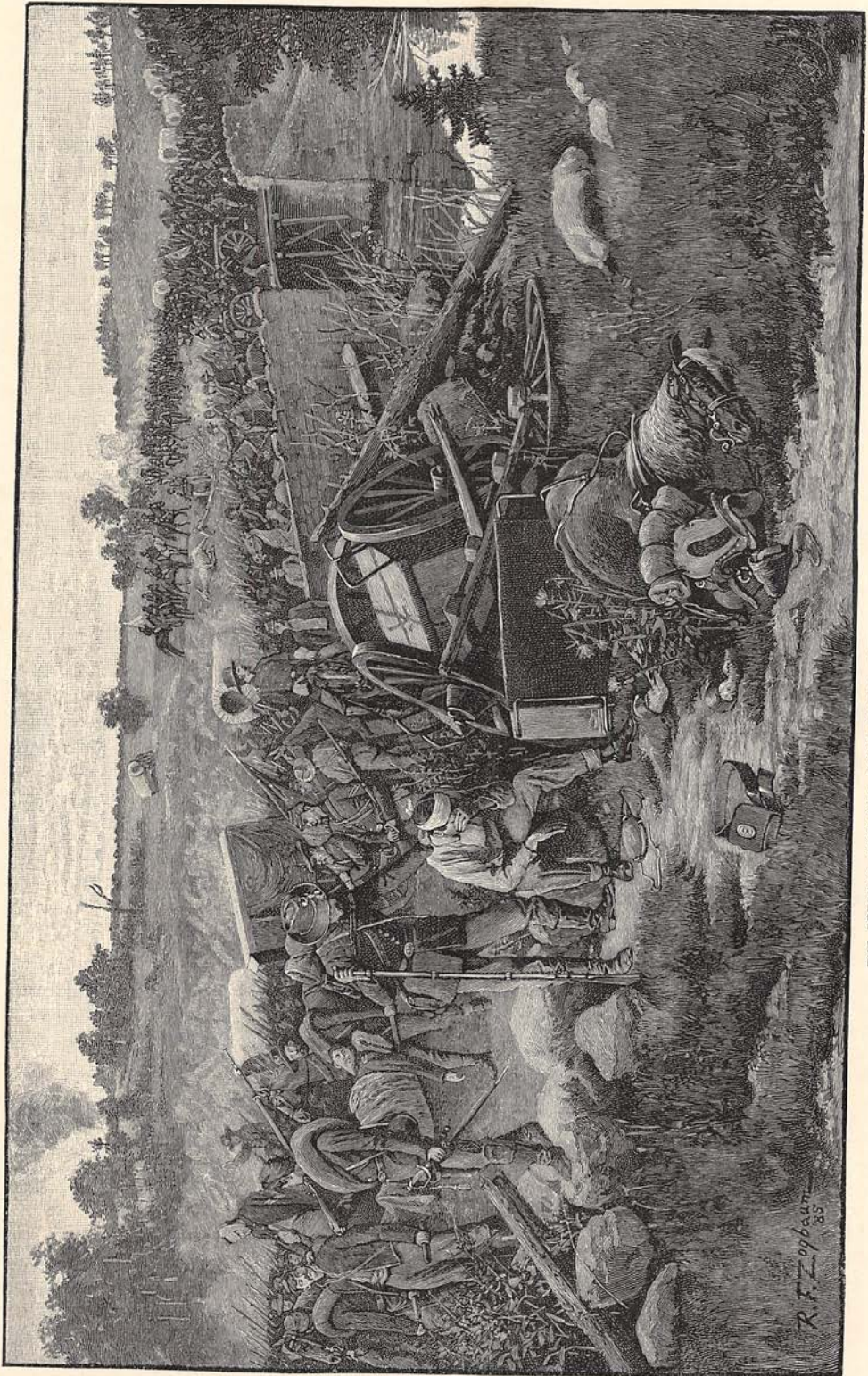
In the foreground Reynolds's division is marching to the defense of the left flank. The stone house on the turnpike is seen in the hollow.—EDITOR.

Reynolds had meantime discovered the enemy in force concealed in the woods south of the turnpike. It was here that Lee had massed for the attack planned upon our left flank. Reynolds, who during the fighting described above occupied a key position protecting Porter's left flank, was ordered by Pope (or by McDowell) to support Porter, thus uncovering the left flank of the force attacking Jackson. Colonel G. K. Warren, in command of one of Porter's brigades, seeing the importance of this vacated position, without orders seized and held it obstinately with only a thousand men, of whom over four hundred were killed, wounded, or captured.

When Lee saw that Pope contemplated an attack north of the turnpike, he allowed the Union army to expend its strength in that

imagined. Since understanding McDowell's character and record better, we soldiers are glad to acknowledge his true worth as a brave, able, and long-headed commander, and to apologize for abuse which was undeserved.

Pope took prompt measures to ward off impending disaster. The officers and privates, as a whole, by their devotion, coolness, and courage, gave steadiness to the wavering lines. Wounded and even wounded men dragged themselves forward to the conflict for the common safety. It was past five o'clock when Longstreet's five fresh divisions, hitherto concealed in the woods, came on, giving the rebel yell, and followed by artillery which took positions from point to point in conformity to the main line of advance. When, however, the Confederates reached the position where



R. F. Zippel
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THE RETREAT OVER THE STONE BRIDGE, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30.

they had hoped to intercept our line of retreat, they unexpectedly found it defended. McLean's brigade of Schenck's division, Milroy's independent brigade, and Tower with two brigades of Ricketts's, held the line of Bald Hill. Being severely pressed, Schenck in person brought up reinforcements to McLean's support, including two brigades of Schurz's division, and fell, severely wounded, while at the head of his men. Here it was that Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, fell while leading his regiment. Here also the brave Colonel Koltes, commanding Schurz's third brigade, was killed. Then came the struggle for the Henry house hill, the plateau which was the scene of the hardest fighting in the first Bull Run. It was bristling with the guns of Reynolds's and Reno's men, and of Sykes's regulars. The enemy made a vigorous attack. At last darkness, the succor of armies hard pressed, came. The army crossed Bull Run by the stone bridge, and by midnight were all posted on the heights of Centreville.*

Notwithstanding the surprise of Long-

* Captain William H. Powell, of the Fourth Regular Infantry, in a letter to THE CENTURY, dated Fort Omaha, Neb., March 12, 1885, describes as follows the retreat upon Washington and McClellan's reception by his old army:

"The last volley had been fired, and as night fell upon us the division of regulars of Porter's corps was ordered to retire to Centreville. It had fought hard on the extreme left, to preserve the line of retreat by the turnpike and the stone bridge. We were gloomy, despondent, and about 'tired out'; we had not had a change of clothing from the 14th to the 31st of August, and had been living, in the words of the men, on 'salt horse,' 'hard tack,' and 'chicory juice.' As we filed from the battle-field into the turnpike leading over the stone bridge, we came upon a group of mounted officers, one of whom wore a peculiar style of hat which had been seen on the field that day, and which had been the occasion of a great deal of comment in the ranks. As we passed these officers, the one with the peculiar hat called out in a loud voice:

"What troops are these?"

"The regulars," answered somebody.

"Second Division, Fifth Corps," replied another.

"God bless them! they saved the army," added the officer solemnly. We learned that he was General Irvin McDowell.

"As we neared the bridge, we came upon confusion. Men singly and in detachments were mingled with sutlers' wagons, artillery caissons, supply wagons, and ambulances, each striving to get ahead of the other. Vehicles rushed through organized bodies, and broke the columns into fragments. Little detachments gathered by the roadside, after crossing the bridge, crying out the numbers of their regiments as a guide to scattered comrades.

"And what a night it was! Dark, gloomy, and beclouded by the volumes of smoke which had risen from the battle-field. To our disgust with the situation was added the discomfort of a steady rain setting in after nightfall. With many threats to reckless drivers, and through the untiring efforts of our officers,—not knowing how, when, or where we should meet the enemy again,—we managed to preserve our organization intact, keeping out of the road as much as possible, in order to avoid mingling with others. In this way we arrived at Centreville some time before midnight, and on the morning of the 31st of August we were placed in the old Confederate earthworks surrounding that village to await the developments of the enemy.

"It was Sunday. The morning was cold and rainy; everything bore a look of sadness in unison with our feelings. All about were the *disjecta membra* of a shattered army; here were stragglers plodding through the mud, inquiring for their regiments; little squads, just issuing from their shelterless bivouac on the wet ground; wagons wrecked and forlorn; half-formed regiments, part of the men with guns and part without; wanderers driven in by the patrols; while every one you met had an unwashed, sleepy, downcast aspect, and looked as if he would like to hide his head somewhere from all the world.

"During the afternoon of Sept. 1, a council of war was held in the bivouac of the regular division, at which I noticed all the prominent generals of that army. It was a long one, and apparently not over-pleasant, if one might judge of it by the expres-

sions on the faces of the officers when they separated. The information it developed, however, was that the enemy was between the Army of the Potomac and Washington; that Kearny was then engaged with him at Chantilly, and that we must fall back towards the defenses of the city. Dejection disappeared, activity took the place of immobility, and we were ready again to renew the contest. But who was to be our leader? and where were we to fight? Those were the questions that sprang to our lips. We had been ordered to keep our camp-fires burning brightly until 'tattoo'; and then, after the rolls had been called, we stole away—out into a gloomy night, made more desolate by the glare of dying embers. Nothing occurred to disturb our march; we arrived at Fairfax Court House early on the morning of the 2d of September. At this point we were turned off on the road to Washington, and went into bivouac. Here all sorts of rumors reached us; but, tired out from the weary night march, our blankets were soon spread on the ground, and we enjoyed an afternoon and night of comparative repose.

"About four o'clock on the next afternoon, from a prominent point, we descried in the distance the dome of the Capitol. We would be there at least in time to defend it. Darkness came upon us, and still we marched. As the night wore on, we found at each halt that it was more and more difficult to arouse the men from the sleep they would fall into apparently as soon as they touched the ground. During one of these halts, while Colonel Buchanan, the brigade commander, was resting a little off the road, some distance in advance of the head of the column, it being starlight, two horsemen came down the road towards us. I thought I observed a familiar form, and, turning to Colonel Buchanan, said:

"Colonel, if I did not know that General McClellan had been relieved of all command, I should say that he was one of that party," adding immediately, "I do really believe it is he!"

"Nonsense," said the Colonel; "what would General McClellan be doing out in this lonely place, at this time of night, without an escort?"

"The two horsemen passed on to where the column of troops was lying, standing, or sitting, as pleased each individual, and were lost in the shadowy gloom. But a few moments had elapsed, however, when Captain John D. Wilkins, of the Third Infantry (now colonel of the Fifth), came running towards Colonel Buchanan, crying out:

"Colonel! Colonel! General McClellan is here!"

"The enlisted men caught the sound! Whoever was awake aroused his neighbor. Eyes were rubbed, and those tired fellows, as the news passed down the column, jumped to their feet, and sent up such a hurrah as the Army of the Potomac had never heard before. Shout upon shout went out into the stillness of the night; and as it was taken up along the road and repeated by regiment, brigade, division, and corps, we could hear the roar dying away in the distance. The effect of this man's presence upon the Army of the Potomac—in sunshine or rain, in darkness or in daylight, in victory or defeat—was ever electrical, and too wonderful to make it worth while attempting to give a reason for it. Just two weeks from this time this defeated army, under the leadership of McClellan, won the battles of South Mountain and Antietam; and had to march ten days out of the two weeks in order to do it."

Yanks didn't keep we uns in fixin's." And this was very near the sober truth.

The hardships of the army in this campaign were unparalleled in its experience. The field hospitals contained nearly eight thousand wounded men, and a ghastly army of dead lay on the field. The ambulances, too few for the occasion, were supplemented by hacks and carriages of every description, brought from Washington. The tender hand of woman was there to alleviate distress, and the picture of misery was qualified by the heroic grit of those who suffered.

The greatest losses in a battle are in the wounded, their ratio being as ten to one of the killed; and it seemed as if accident exhausted its combination in the variety of places in which a man could be wounded and yet live. I have seen men die from a trivial scratch, and others live with a fractured skull; others were killed by a shell or shot passing very near them, without leaving a bruise or scratch upon the body, and men shot through the lungs and bowels lived and got well. During the fighting of Saturday an officer put out his foot to stop a cannon-ball, which seemed to be rolling very slowly along the ground. It took off his leg and killed him. Another picked up a shell from the ground, not thinking it was lighted, and it exploded in his hands without doing him any serious injury. Jar and concussion often broke down the nervous system and produced death, while men with frightful wounds often recovered.

After that hard experience the *morale* of the army was much better than might have

been expected, though some, for the first time, began to regard our cause as a losing one. Most of the soldiers believed the Confederate armies were more ably commanded than our own. Said one: "If the rebels have a small force, they manage to get into some strong place like that old railroad cut that Jackson held." Another said: "They always have the most men where the nip comes." This expressed in a nutshell two facts. When weak, the Confederates took strong defensive positions, and at the supreme moment they were superior at the point of contact. Along with stubbornness and confidence, the natural inclination of the soldiers in our ranks was towards cautiousness and economy. Sometimes they ceased the fight before receiving orders because they recognized its uselessness in advance of their commander. The common soldiers represented the average intelligence of the North, and many of them—enough to give tone to the whole—looked upon the cause as peculiarly their own. It was felt that we must keep up the fight because it was a cause that belonged to ourselves and children. This view was deeply impressed upon the great bulk of our army. It supplied a bond of cohesion when discipline failed; and although we had fought and retreated, retreated and fought, we were neither dismayed nor badly disorganized. We were learning the trade of war thoroughly and systematically, and only needed a commander. The regard the private soldiers felt for McClellan arose from a deep conviction that he would not needlessly throw away our lives; that, with all his faults, he understood his trade.

Warren Lee Goss.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Broad View of Art.

MUCH has been said, much has been written of late years, to advocate the cause of art-education in this country; and a great deal also has been done in the way of practical response to such appeals. But Dr. Waldstein's articles in this and in the foregoing number of *THE CENTURY* differ from most of those which have hitherto been devoted to the subject as regards the *kind* of art-education advocated. These essays, it seems to us, are of peculiar value for this very reason. Great stress has hitherto been laid upon the necessity of teaching the processes of art-production, little upon the necessity of cultivating the artist's mind and heart as well as his hand, and still less, perhaps, upon the necessity of educating the public—of inculcating the method and forming the habit of *art-appreciation*; and turning to what has been done in the matter, we find the same mood prevailing. The founding of art-schools has usually preceded the founding of museums, galleries, and collections; and these last have more often

been advocated in the interest of those who may be called the active than of those who may be called the passive students of art.

For these reasons, we repeat, Dr. Waldstein's arguments deserve the most careful perusal; and for the reason, too, that they lift the whole discussion to the very highest and broadest plane, and contain thoughts and suggestions that should interest every member of the community. His suggestions are based chiefly on the lessons of Greek art; but they find a still more indisputable support in the lessons which may be drawn from the condition of our own art at the present moment. No one who looks about him here to-day with open and unprejudiced eyes can be long in doubt as to what our art most needs at this very time. No one can doubt that it needs the cultivation of the artist's mind and heart more than the cultivation of his hand, and more even than this, the cultivation of the appreciative power of the public. The prime necessity is that we should go earnestly and systematically to work to inspire, to develop, to guide and clarify the taste

McCLELLAN AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—VII.†



A DISORGANIZED PRIVATE.
(FROM A PHOTO.)

TWO days after our second defeat at Bull Run, while yet the roads were crowded with stragglers, and despondency overshadowed all, McClellan reassumed command of the army. It was the morning of September 2d, 1862, and reorganization began at once. The demoralizing influences of a battle, whether it is a defeat or a victory, are always very great; but there is no disorganization of the machine known as a brigade, regiment, or company, except in case of utter rout, when the army becomes a mob. As soon as a vacancy occurs in battle the officer next in rank, without assignment or orders, fills the place. An officer, perhaps, finds fighting does not agree with his peculiar temperament, and resigns, or is taken sick and puts himself under the care of some sympathetic surgeon; or the demoralized private, during the fight, throws away his knapsack and fighting equipments in order to increase his speed for the rear. The sick and foot-sore straggle, the cowards skulk, and a more vicious class willfully desert. Those who have by casualty of battle been deprived of gun, or knapsack, or haversack, or canteen, or tin cup, have to be re-supplied. A private, perchance, sees where a bullet has entered his neatly rolled blanket, which when opened out is found better adapted for ventilation than bedding. The whole military machine must be lubricated with general, special, necessary and unnecessary, ornamental and practical orders, and bound together, more or less, with red tape. Incapable officers who have been promoted by the accident of battle are restored to their former positions, and competent ones advanced.

Companies are filled up with recruits. Sometimes two or more companies, thinned by the casualties of battle, are merged into one.

In no direction was the ability of McClellan so conspicuous as in organizing. Even before the soldiers knew he was again in command, they began to detect a new influence around them. In order to bring the troops upon ground with which they were already familiar, they were as far as practicable ordered to the camping-grounds occupied by each corps before the movement to the Peninsula. In a few days the *morale* of the army underwent an astonishing change for the better.

On the 5th of September, with shoes worn out, clothing in rags, and destitute of the necessaries for effective duty, the Army of the Potomac again left the defenses of Washington, while the work of reorganization went on as it marched into Maryland to meet the enemy.

Lee had transferred the theater of operations from the front of Richmond to the front of Washington. The harvest of the fertile valley of the Shenandoah had fallen into his hands, together with stores and munitions of war of great value to the impoverished Confederacy. To secure, as he thought, the full benefit of his victory, he crossed the Potomac into Maryland. By this movement he hoped to arouse a deep sentiment against the war at the North by bringing it nearer to our own hearthstones; to enable the secession element in Maryland to raise the standard of revolt, and recruit his army; and so to manoeuvre as to seize Baltimore or Washington. It was a bold undertaking, and his army was poorly equipped for the task. At no time had it been so destitute and ragged, and so little calculated to impress the imagination of "My Maryland" with the fact that the despot's foot was on her soil. The western counties of Maryland were loyal or lukewarm in their rebel sympathies, and the result showed they hardly aspired to become as miserable as the hungry, tattered horde let loose among them. Yet at no time in its previous history was the Confederate army so worthy of admiration, and of the name of Chivalry. They were heroes in rags!*

* Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the Fifty-fifth Virginia, in Stonewall Jackson's corps, tells the following incident of the march into Maryland. The day before the corps waded the Potomac at White's Ford, they marched through Leesburg, where an old lady

with upraised hands, and tears in her eyes exclaimed: "The Lord bless your dirty, ragged souls!" Lieutenant Healy adds: "Don't think we were any dirtier than the rest, but it was our luck to get the blessing."
—EDITOR.

McClellan, in taking command, had to confront both the enemy and Halleck. The latter was constantly telegraphing his doubts, and fears, and advice. September 9th, he telegraphed that he feared the enemy's object was to draw off the mass of our forces and then attack from the Virginia side. As late as the 13th, he telegraphed: "Until you know more certainly the enemy's force south of the Potomac, you are wrong in thus uncovering the capital." On the 14th, "I fear you are exposing your left and rear." As late as the 16th, he wrote: "I think you will find that the whole force of the enemy in your front has crossed the river."

On September 10th, McClellan wrote to Halleck asking that the ten thousand men garrisoning Harper's Ferry be ordered to join him by the most practicable route. Before he left Washington he had advised that the garrison be withdrawn by way of Hagerstown to aid in covering the Cumberland valley; or cross the river to Maryland Heights, the military key to the position. Halleck chose to consider the possession of the town as of the first importance, and the whole campaign pivots around this fact, which resulted, as might have been expected, in the capture of the garrison. But it also had another far-reaching result not intended, for Harper's Ferry was the point whereon Lee miscalculated and miscarried in his plans. He did not propose to make any direct movement against Washington or Baltimore, but first establishing his communications with Richmond by way of the Shenandoah Valley, and by menacing Pennsylvania, he expected that McClellan would uncover Washington, and be led from his base of supplies. Then if he could defeat McClellan he might seize Baltimore or Washington, or both. Imagine his surprise after he had crossed the Potomac above Harper's Ferry, and rendered the place useless, to find it still occupied. The Federal advance had been up to this time so timid that Lee believed he could capture the garrison and again concentrate his columns before being called upon to give battle. He forthwith ordered Jackson to move by way of Williamsport across the Potomac, advance upon Martinsburg and then descend to Harper's Ferry and attack from the rear, while McLaws should capture Maryland Heights, and a force, under Walker, crossing below, should seize the heights of Loudon. Before the plan succeeded McClellan had arrived at Frederick, and on the 13th, there fell into his hands a copy of Lee's official order, fully disclosing this movement in all its details. Here was an opportunity seldom presented to a general, of throwing his forces between the now

divided army of his antagonist, and destroying him in detail. McClellan ordered a movement towards Maryland Heights, but not rapid enough to effect his purpose. On the 15th, Jackson, having surrounded Harper's Ferry, opened with artillery. In an hour Colonel Dixon S. Miles, who was in command, was killed, the Union guns were silenced, and the post with its twelve thousand men (including two thousand under General Julius White, who had retreated from Martinsburg), and seventy-three pieces of artillery, surrendered at eight o'clock in the morning. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender, and losing not a moment, Stonewall Jackson, on the night of the 15th, marched his men seventeen miles, and on the morning of the 16th had united his force with Lee at Sharpsburg.

Behold the contrast between the swift energy of the Confederates, and the leisurely march of the Union force in this great emergency! McClellan, to whom the plans of the Confederates had been revealed by Lee's captured order, was by this knowledge master of the situation. Resolved to avail himself of its advantage, he decided to move his left through Crampton's Gap and debouch into Pleasant Valley in rear and within five miles of Maryland Heights; also with a large force to seize Turner's Gap, six miles further north, before the enemy could concentrate for its defense.

At 6:20 in the afternoon of the 13th, he directed Franklin to march at daybreak upon Crampton's Gap, and closed by saying: "I ask of you, at this important moment, all your intellect and the utmost activity that a general can exercise." With such an immense stake upon the boards, we wonder he did not command Franklin to move that night, immediately on receiving the order. The distance from Franklin's position near Jefferson to the top of Crampton's Gap was but twelve miles. The roads were in good condition, the weather was fine, and we now know that had he marched to the foot of the mountains during the night, he could have debouched into Pleasant Valley, in rear of the Confederates, with little or no opposition, on the morning of the 14th. McLaws, while directing the guns from Maryland Heights upon the defenders of Harper's Ferry, learned of Franklin's advance, and at once sent back Howell Cobb, with instructions to hold the pass to the last man.

Upon Franklin's arrival at the foot of the mountain at Burkittsville, at noon of the 14th, he found the enemy posted behind a stone wall, while the artillery were on the road, well up on the heights. About 3 P. M., Bartlett's brigade, supported by the brigades of Newton and Torbert, all of Slocum's division, advanced upon the enemy, and a severe



J. W. Pope

During the war Major-General Pope wore a full beard. This portrait is from a somewhat recent photograph.—EDITOR.

contest ensued. The enemy, overpowered, fell back up the hill, firing upon our men from behind rocks and the natural defensive positions presented by the ground, until they reached their artillery, where they made a more decided stand. Their riflemen took advantage of every possible cover of ledge and rock and tree. When Slocum's division had become actively engaged Brooks's and Irwin's brigades, of Smith's division, were sent forward and bore a part in the final struggle. Hancock's brigade was held in reserve. After a sharp action of three hours the crest was

carried,—four hundred prisoners, seven hundred stand of arms, one piece of artillery, and three colors were the prizes of the Union army. Our loss was 113 killed, 418 wounded, and 2 missing.

A Vermont soldier told me that during this up-hill fight, while climbing over a ledge, he slipped and fell eighteen or twenty feet between two rocks. Rapid as had been his tumble, upon his arrival he found himself preceded by a Confederate soldier. For an instant they glared angrily at each other, when the "reb" burst out laughing, saying: "We're

both in a fix. You can't gobble me, and I can't gobble you, till we know which is going to lick. Let's wait till the shooting is over, and if your side wins I'm your prisoner, and if we win you're my prisoner!" The bargain was made. "But," said my informant, "didn't that reb feel cheap when he found I'd won him!"

That night the advance of Franklin's corps rested on their arms within three and a half miles of McLaws on Maryland Heights. During the night Couch joined him, and had he attacked McLaws early in the morning (September 15th), it is possible that the garrison at Harper's Ferry would have been saved. An hour after midnight of that morning McClellan had sent orders for Franklin to occupy the road from Rohrer'sville to Harper's Ferry, and hold it against an attack from Boonsboro', or in other words from Longstreet and Hill, and to destroy such force as he found in Pleasant Valley. "You will then proceed," ordered McClellan, "to Boonsboro', . . . and join the main body of the army at that place. Should you find, however, that the enemy have retreated from Boonsboro' towards Sharpsburg you will endeavor to fall upon him and cut off his retreat." But from one cause and another the plans for an overwhelming defeat miscarried.

Our corps (Sumner's) was following Reno's and Hooker's in the advance upon Turner's Gap, five miles north of the fight described above, but I individually did not get up in time to see the last blows struck. Until our arrival at Frederick, and even later, I was a straggler.* The circumstance which caused me to become a demoralized unit of the army may be creditable or otherwise, but I will tell it. Just before the battle of Chantilly (September 1), I, with Wad Rider, and "Joe," the recruit, had retired to the seclusion of a neighboring wood to engage in a war of extermination against an invader of the Union blue. I had partly resumed my clothing but not my shoes. Joe had entirely re-dressed, but Wad Rider was still on undress parade. Suddenly Joe, whose quickness of sight and hearing were remarkable, shouted, "Rebs! Rebs!" Down a cross-road on our left came a squad of the enemy's cavalry. I ran barefoot, with my

cartridge-box and belt over one shoulder, my musket in one hand, and my other hand holding my garments together. As I ran I heard a musket-shot, and turned to view the situation. Wad Rider, dressed in nothing but his cuticle and equipments, had killed the leading cavalryman in the pursuit, and shouting like mad for reinforcements, was retreating in light marching order upon the camp. I dashed through a stump lot, with Joe on my flank and Wad in the rear, still pursued by the enemy, who were calling upon us to surrender. The noise brought the boys swarming from the camp, and when I regained my feet, after a collision with the root of a stump, the rebels were making for the woods. Under a strong escort of comrades we returned to reclaim Wad's uniform and my shoes, but the enemy had gobbled them. Wad stripped the dead cavalryman, and assumed his clothing without saying so much as "poor fellow," and looked grotesque enough in his gray suit. "First thing you'll hear of," said Wad, "some blank fool will be shooting me for a reb!"

As the result of my fall I had the sorest foot in camp. I was ordered to report to the hospital—a place I never had a liking for—but I preferred to limp along in rear of the army like a true straggler. I messed with darky teamsters, or with anybody who had eatables, and would receive me into good-fellowship. In some of the Maryland houses they were nursing the sick soldiers of the Union army, and many farmers gave to the hungry soldiers most of the food upon their farms. Near Middletown a woman gave me a pair of shoes, which I was not then able to wear; while at another place an old lady, after caring for my unheroic wound, presented me with a pair of stockings which she had knit for her own son, who was in the Union army. Maryland was the first place since I had come to the front where we were greeted with smiles from children and women. At a pleasant farm-house, near Damascus, where flowers grew in the garden, and vines climbed around the capacious veranda, a little girl peeped over the gate and said good-morning. I asked her if she was not afraid of so many passing soldiers, and she replied: "No, my father is a soldier in the army

* During the Maryland campaign the Confederates as well as the Federals were greatly weakened by straggling. General Lee advocated severe measures; yet in the face of remarkable discipline his ranks were thinned by straggling. On October 7, twenty days after the battle of Antietam, General Halleck, in a letter to General McClellan, said: "Straggling is the great curse of the army, and must be checked by severe measures. . . . I think, myself, that shooting them while in the act of straggling from their commands, is the only effective remedy that can be applied. If you apply the remedy you will be sustained here. . . ."

The country is becoming very impatient at the want of activity of your army, and we must push it on. . . . There is a decided want of legs in our troops. . . . The real difficulty is they are not sufficiently exercised in marching; they lie still in camp too long. After a hard march one day is time enough to rest. Lying still beyond that time does not rest the men. If we compare the average distances marched per month by our troops for the last year, with that of the rebels, or with European armies in the field, we will see why our troops march no better. They are not sufficiently exercised to make them good and efficient soldiers."—EDITOR.



Major T. Hancock

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY & SON, TAKEN IN WAR TIME, OR SOON AFTER.)

too," and then timidly, as if afraid to dazzle me with his exalted rank, said, "He's a corporal! Do you know him?" Of course we met with some decided contrasts smacking of disloyalty.

I picked up temporary acquaintances of all kinds, but during my third day's ramble I chummed with an artilleryman, who had lost his voice. Near Damascus, we called at a pleasantly situated house, belonging to an old man about sixty or seventy years of age. He was very non-committal in his sentiments. His wife was a lady-like old woman, and her two daughters had evidently seen good society. We propounded the usual conundrum about something to eat, and exhibited money to show that we intended to pay.

The young women, when speaking of the Confederates, spoke of them as "our army," and it leaked out that they had one brother therein, and another in the paymaster's department at Washington. After supper, we were invited into the reception-room, where there was a piano. I asked for a song. One of the young women seated herself at the piano and played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then wheeled as if to say: "How do you like that?" My chum hoarsely whispered a request for the "Star-Spangled Banner," and she obligingly complied, and then said in a semi-saucy manner: "Is there anything else?" My friend mentioned a piece from Beethoven. "I never heard of it before," said she; "perhaps if you should whistle it I would recognize it." But my friend's whistle was in as bad tune as his voice. "Perhaps you will

play it yourself!" said the black-eyed miss, for an extinguisher! To my astonishment, no less, seemingly, than theirs, the rusty-looking artilleryman seated himself at the piano and under his hands the instrument was transformed. He played piece after piece and finally improvised a midnight march in which a band of music was heard, receding farther and farther until the whole died away in the distance. Our parting was more cordial than our reception.

Two or three miles south of Frederick, my chum was peppered with pigeon-shot while gathering our supper in a farmer's sweet-potato patch and in the morning refused to march, so I pushed on without him. I joined a party who were driving a herd of cattle for the army. The guard hung their haversacks on the horns, and packed their knapsacks and muskets on the backs of the oxen and cows. It was in this company that I arrived at Frederick and wandered into the hospital, a church, where there were about two hundred sick inmates. Feeling lonesome, I pushed on after my regiment. A battle was imminent, and many stragglers were hurrying forward to be in the fight. It was about noon of the 14th when I caught up with my company, and fell in line, hobbling along towards Turner's Gap, where heavy firing could be heard. At ten in the evening we relieved the force holding the main road of the Gap. During the night we could distinctly hear the rumble of the enemy's artillery, and at early dawn found they had fled, leaving their dead and wounded to our care.

Warren Lee Goss.



RUSH'S LANCERS. FRANKLIN'S ADVANCE SCOUTS. (BY WINSLOW HOMER, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE DURING THE WAR.)