

marched against Pope and expected that he would make some explanation of his conduct. He did not do so, and the next I heard of him he was stopping along the route making stump speeches to the troops and referring in anything but complimentary terms to the commander of his division. I sent him back to Gordonsville, with instructions to confine himself to the limits of that town in arrest until further orders. He obeyed the command and went to Gordonsville. Just as I was leaving the Rappahannock I received a long letter of apology from him, and directed him to join his command. As we were pre-

paring for the charge at Manassas, Toombs got there. He was riding rapidly, with his hat in his hand, and was much enthused. I was just sending a courier to his command with a dispatch.

"Let me carry it!" he exclaimed.

"With pleasure," I responded, and handed him the paper.

He put spurs to his horse and dashed off, accompanied by a courier. When he rode up and took command of his brigade there was wild enthusiasm, and everything being ready, an exultant shout was sent up, and the men sprang to the charge. I never had any more trouble with Toombs.

*We were ever afterwards
 warm personal friends
 James Longstreet.*

WITH JACKSON'S "FOOT-CAVALRY" AT THE SECOND MANASSAS.



IN the operations of 1862, in Northern Virginia, the men of Jackson's corps have always claimed a peculiar proprietorship. The reorganization of the disrupted forces of Banks, Frémont and McDowell under a new head seemed a direct challenge to the soldiers who had made the Valley Campaign, and the proclamation of the general with the itinerant head-

quarters betokened to the "foot-cavalry" an infringement of their specialty, demanding emphatic rebuke. Some remnant of the old *esprit de corps* yet survives, and prompts this narrative.

After the check to Pope's advance at Cedar Mountain, on the 9th of August, and while we awaited the arrival of Longstreet's troops, A. P. Hill's division rested in camp at Crenshaw's

Farm. Our brigade (Field's) was rather a new one in organization and experience, most of us having "smelt powder" for the first time in the Seven Days before Richmond. We got on the field at Cedar Mountain too late to be more than slightly engaged, but on the 10th and 11th covered the leisurely retreat to Orange Court House without molestation. When about a week later Pope began to retreat in the direction of the Rappahannock, we did some sharp marching through Stevensburg and Brandy Station, but did not come up with him until he was over the river. While our artillery was duelling with him across the stream, I passed the time with my head in the scant shade of a sassafras bush by the roadside, with a chill and fever brought from the Chickahominy low-grounds. In the latter connection, I improved the shining hours by inditing a pathetic request in my note-book, to whom it might concern, that my body might be decently buried.

For the next few days there was skirmishing at the fords, we moving up the south bank of the river, the enemy confronting us on the opposite side. The weather was very sultry, and the troops were much weakened by disorders induced by their diet of unsalted beef, eked out with green corn and unripe apples; as a consequence there was a good deal of straggling. I got behind several times, but managed to catch up from day to day. Once

some cavalry made a dash across the river at our train; I joined a party in arrears like myself, and we fought them off on our own hook until Trimble's brigade, the rear-guard, came up.

We were then opposite the Warrenton Springs, and were making a great show of crossing, Early's brigade having been thrown over the river and somewhat smartly engaged. I have since heard that this officer remonstrated more than once at the service required of him, receiving each time in reply a peremptory order from Jackson "to hold his position." He finally retorted: "Oh! well, old Jube can *die*, if *that's* what he wants, but tell General Jackson I'll be—— if this position *can* be held!"

The brigade moved off next morning, leaving me in the grip of my ague, which reported promptly for duty, and, thanks to a soaking over night, got in its work most effectually. The fever did not let go until about sundown, when I made two feeble trips to carry my effects about one hundred yards to the porch of a house close by, where I passed the night without a blanket—mine having been stolen between the trips. I found a better one next morning thrown away in a field, and soon after came up with the command in bivouac, and breakfasting on some beef which had just been issued. Two ribs on a stump were indicated as my share, and I broiled them on the coals and made the first substantial meal for forty-eight hours. This was interrupted by artillery fire from beyond the river, and as I was taking my place in line, my colonel, whom I knew rather personally, considering our relative rank, ordered me to the ambulance to recruit. Here I got a dose of Fowler's solution, "in lieu of quinine," and at the wagon-camp that day fared better than for a long time before. Meanwhile, they were having a hot time down at Waterloo bridge, which the enemy's engineers were trying to burn, while some companies of sharpshooters under Lieutenant Robert Healey of "ours"—whose rank was no measure of his services or merit—were disputing the attempt. A concentrated fire from the Federal batteries failed to dislodge the plucky riflemen, while our guns were now brought up, and some hard pounding ensued. But at sunset the bridge still stood, and I "spread down" for the night, under the pole of a wagon, fully expecting a serious fight on the morrow.

I was roused by a courier's horse stepping on my leg, and found this rude waking meant orders to move. With no idea whither, we pulled out at half-past two in the morning, and for some time traveled by fields and "new cuts" in the woods, following no road, but by the growing dawn evidently keeping

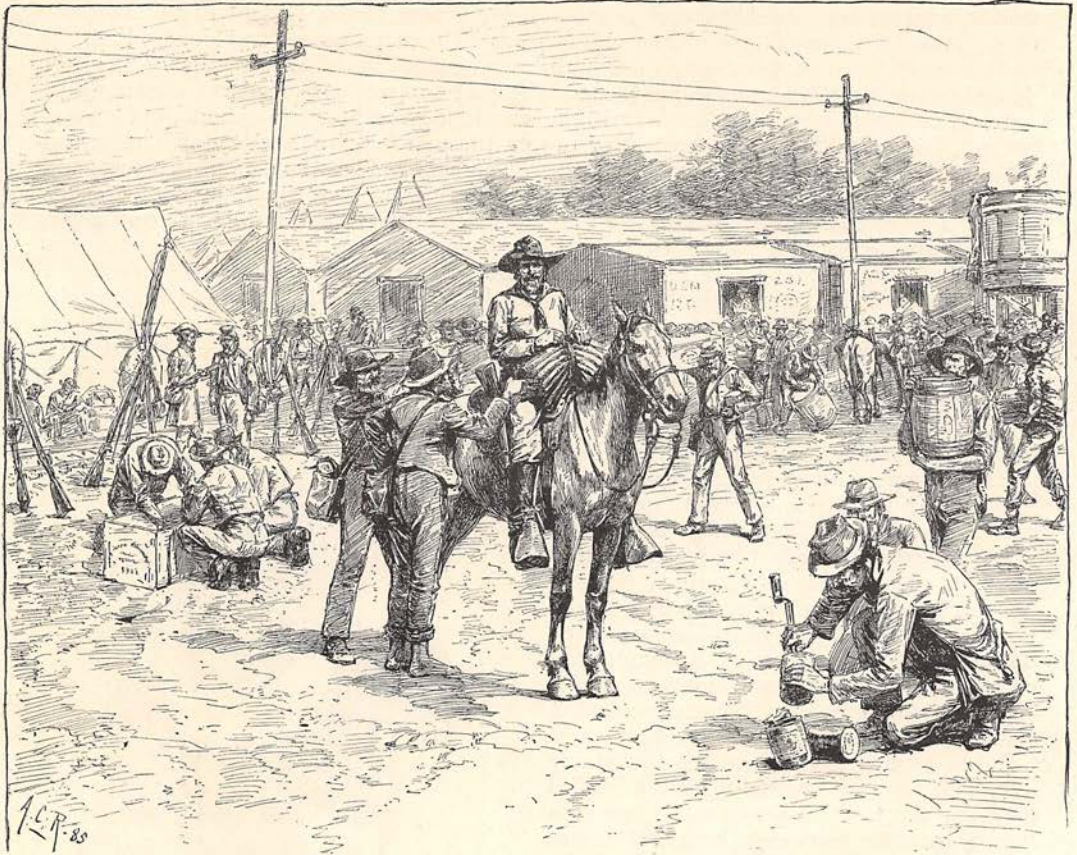
up the river. Now Hill's "Light Division" was to earn its name, and qualify itself for membership in Jackson's corps. The hot August sun rose up, clouds of choking dust enveloped the hurrying column, but on and on the march was pushed without relenting. Knapsacks had been left behind in the wagons, and haversacks were empty by noon; for the unsalted beef spoiled and was thrown away, and the column subsisted itself, without process of commissariat, upon green corn and apples from the fields and orchards along the route, devoured while marching; for there were no stated meal-times and no systematic halts for rest. It was far on in the night when the column stopped, and the weary men dropped beside their stacked muskets and



CONFEDERATE CAMP-SERVANT ON THE MARCH.

were instantly asleep, without so much as unrolling a blanket. A few hours of much-needed repose, and they were shaken up again long before "crack of day," and limped on in the darkness, only half awake. There was no mood for speech, nor breath to spare if there had been—only the shuffling tramp of the marching feet, the steady rumbling of wheels, the creak and rattle and clank of harness and accouterment, with an occasional order, uttered under the breath and always the same: "Close up! close up, men!"

All this time we had the vaguest notions as to our objective: at first we had expected to



JACKSON'S TROOPS PILLAGING THE UNION DEPOT OF SUPPLIES AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.

strike the enemy's flank, but as the march prolonged itself, a theory obtained that we were going to the Valley. But we threaded Thoroughfare Gap, heading eastward, and in the morning of the third day (Aug. 27) struck a railroad running north and south—Pope's "line of communication and supply." Manassas was ours!

What a prize it was! Here were long warehouses full of stores; cars loaded with boxes of new clothing *en route* to General Pope, but destined to adorn the "backs of his enemies"; camps, sutlers' shops—"no eating up" of good things. In view of the abundance, it was no easy matter to determine what we should eat and drink and wherewithal we should be clothed; one was limited in his choice to only so much as he could personally transport, and the one thing needful in each individual case was not always readily found. However, as the day wore on, an equitable distribution of our wealth was effected by barter, upon a crude and irregular tariff in which the rule of supply and demand was somewhat complicated by fluctuating estimates of the imminence of marching orders.

A mounted man would offer large odds in shirts or blankets for a pair of spurs or a bridle; and while in anxious quest of a pair of shoes I fell heir to a case of cavalry half-boots, which I would gladly have exchanged for the object of my search. For a change of underclothing and a pot of French mustard I owe grateful thanks to the major of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with regrets that I could not use his library. Whisky was, of course, at a high premium, but a keg of "lager"—a drink less popular then than now—went begging in our company.

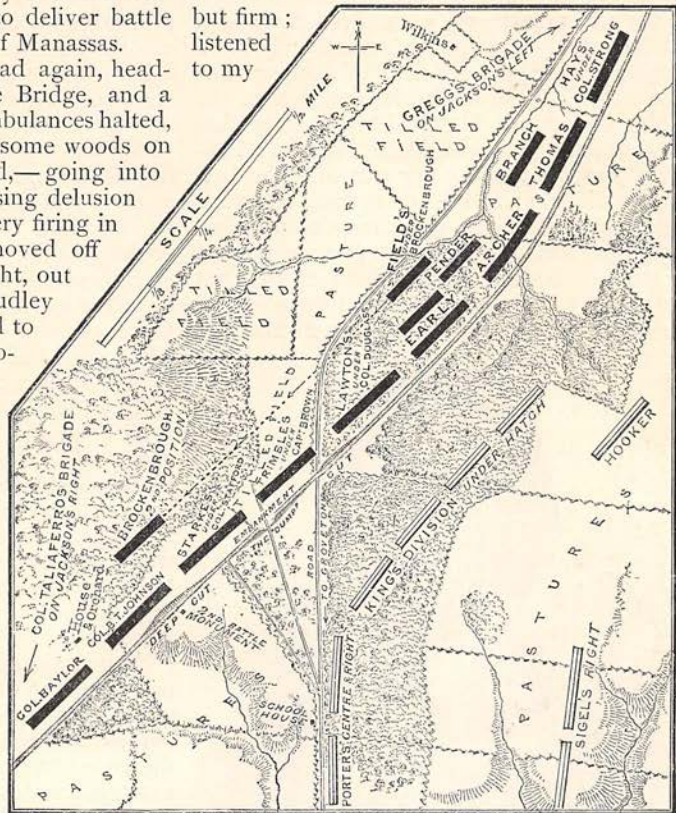
But our brief holiday was drawing to a close, for by this time General Pope had some inkling of the disaster which lurked in his rear. When, some time after dark, having set fire to the remnant of the stores, we took the road to Centreville, our mystification as to Jackson's plans was complete. Could he actually be moving on Washington with his small force, or was he only seeking escape to the mountains? The glare of our big bonfire lighted up the country for miles, and was just dying out when we reached Centreville. The corduroy road had been full of pitfalls and

stumbling-blocks, to some one of which our cracked axle had succumbed before we crossed Bull Run, and being on ahead, I did not know of the casualty until it was too late to save my personal belongings involved in the wreck. Thus suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, just as the gray dawn revealed the features of the forlorn little hamlet, typical of this war-harried region, I had a distinct sense of being a long way from home. The night's march had seemed to put the climax to the endurance of the jaded troops. Such specters of men they were,—gaunt-cheeked and hollow-eyed, hair, beard, clothing, and accouterments covered with dust—only their faces and hands where mingled soil and sweat streaked and crusted the skin, showing any departure from the whitey-gray uniformity. The ranks were sadly thinned, too, by the stupendous work of the last week. Our regiment, which had begun the campaign 1015 strong and had carried into action at Richmond 620, counted off that Thursday morning (Aug. 28) just eighty-two muskets! Such were the troops about to deliver battle on the already historic field of Manassas.

We were soon on the road again, heading west; we crossed Stone Bridge, and a short distance beyond, our ambulances halted, the brigade having entered some woods on the right of the road ahead,—going into camp, I thought. This pleasing delusion was soon dispelled by artillery firing in front, and our train was moved off through the fields to the right, out of range, and parked near Sudley Church. Everything pointed to a battle next day; the customary hospital preparations were made, but few, if any, wounded came in that night, and I slept soundly, a thing to be grateful for. My bed-fellow and I had decided to report for duty in the morning, knowing that every musket would be needed. I had picked up a good "Enfield" with the proper trappings, on the road from Centreville, to replace my own left in the abandoned ambulance; and having broken my chills, and gained strength from marching unencumbered, was fit for service—as much so as were the rest at least.

Friday morning early, we started in what we supposed to be the right direction, gui-

ded by the firing, which more and more betokened that the fight was on. Once we stopped for a few moments at a field-hospital to make inquiries, and were informed that our brigade was farther along to the right. General Ewell was carried by on a stretcher while we were there, having lost his leg the evening before. Very soon we heard sharp musketry over a low ridge which we had been skirting, and almost immediately we became involved with stragglers from that direction—Georgians, I think they were. It looked as if a whole line was giving way, and we hurried on to gain our own colors before it should grow too hot. The proverbial effect of bad company was soon apparent. We were halted by a Louisiana major, who was trying to rally these fragments upon his own command. My companion took the short cut out of the scrape by showing his "sick permit," and was allowed to pass; mine, alas! was in my cartridge-box with my other belongings in that unlucky ambulance. The major was courteous but firm; listened to my



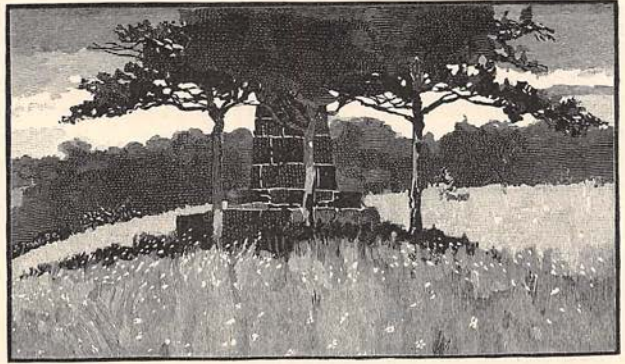
JACKSON'S LINE ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE LAST DAY, AUGUST 30.

The topography is after General Beauregard's map, made from survey after the first battle of Bull Run. The deep cut, and the embankment as far as the "Dump," were the scene of the fighting with stones, illustrated on page 620. Here the unfinished railroad embankment is made of earth and blasted rock taken from the cut. A break in the embankment, or rather a space which was never filled in, is locally known as the "Dump," and near it several hundred Union soldiers were buried.—EDITOR.

story with more attention than I could have expected, but attached my person all the same. "Better stay with us, my boy, and if you do your duty I'll make it right with your company officers when the fight's over. They won't find fault with you when they know you've been in with the 'Pelicans,'" he added, as he assigned me to company "F."

The command was as unlike my own as it was possible to conceive. Such a congress of nations only the cosmopolitan Crescent City could have sent forth, and the tongues of Babel seemed resurrected in its speech; English, German, French, and Spanish, all were represented, to say nothing of Doric brogue and local "gumbo," and its voluble exercise was set off by a vehemence of utterance and gesture curiously at variance with the reticence of our Virginians. On the whole, I did not take to my comrades very kindly, and cordially consigned Company "F" to a region even more redolent of sulphur than the scene of our enforced connection. In point of fact, we burned little powder that day, and my promised distinction as a "Pelican" *pro tem.* was cheaply earned. The battalion did a good deal of counter-marching and some skirmishing, but most of the time we were acting as support to a section of Cutshaw's battery. The tedium of this last service my companions relieved by games of "seven up," with a greasy, well-thumbed

deck, and in smoking cigarettes, rolled with great dexterity between the deals. Once, when a detail was ordered to go some distance under fire to fill the canteens of the company, a hand was dealt to determine who



THE UNION MONUMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT,"
FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884. (SEE MAP, PRECEDING PAGE.)

should go, and the decision was accepted by the loser without demur. Our numerous shifts of position completely confused what vague ideas I had of the situation, but we must have been near our extreme left at Sudley Church, and never very far from my own brigade, which was warmly engaged that day and the day following.* Towards evening we were again within sight of Sudley Church. I could see the light of fires among the trees as if cooking for the wounded was going on, and the idea occurred to me that there I could easily learn the exact position of my proper people. Once clear of my major and his polyglot "Pelicans," the rest would be plain sailing.

My flank movement was easily effected, and I suddenly found myself the *most* private soldier on that field; there seemed to be nobody else anywhere near. I passed a farmhouse which seemed to have been used as a hospital, and where I picked up a Zouave fez. Some cavalymen were there, one of whom advised me not to "go down there," but as he gave no special reason and did not urge his views, I paid no heed to him, but went on my way down a long barren slope, ending at a small water-course at the bottom, beyond which the ground rose abruptly and was covered by small growth. The deepening twilight and strange solitude about me, with the remembrance of what had happened a year ago on this same ground, made me feel uncomfortably lonely. By this time I was close to the stream, and while noting the lay of the land on the opposite bank with regard to



COLONEL W. S. H. BAYLOR, COMMANDING THE "STONEWALL"
BRIGADE; KILLED AUGUST 30, 1862.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. BURDETTE.)

* A recent letter from Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the writer's regiment, the Fifty-fifth Virginia, says: "Thursday night we slept on our arms; Friday,



THE "DEEP CUT," FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884.

If this picture were extended a little to the left it would include the Union monument. General Bradley T. Johnson, commanding a brigade in Jackson's old division, in his official report describes Porter's assault on Saturday as follows:

"About 4 P. M. the movements of the enemy were suddenly developed in a decided manner. They stormed my position, deploying in the woods in brigade front and then charging in a run, line after line, brigade after brigade, up the hill on the thicket held by the Forty-eighth and the railroad cut occupied by the Forty-second. . . . Before the railroad cut the fight was most obstinate. I saw a Federal flag hold its position for half an hour within ten yards of a flag of one of the regiments in the cut, and

go down six or eight times; and after the fight one hundred dead men were lying twenty yards from the cut, some of them within two feet of it. The men fought until their ammunition was exhausted and then threw stones. Lieutenant _____ of the battalion killed one with a stone, and I saw him after the fight with his skull fractured. Dr. Richard P. Johnson, on my volunteer staff, having no arms of any kind, was obliged to have recourse to this means of offense from the beginning. As line after line surged up the hill time after time, led up by their officers, they were dashed back on one another until the whole field was covered with a confused mass of struggling, running, routed Yankees."—EDITOR.

choice of a crossing-place, I became aware of a man observing me from the end of the cut above. I could not distinguish the color of his uniform, but the crown of his hat tapered suspiciously, I thought, and instinctively I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and reached behind me for a cartridge.

"Come here!" he called;—his accent was worse than his hat.

we charged a battery and took it, and in the evening got considerably worsted in an engagement with the enemy in a field on the left. Saturday morning we lay in reserve in the edge of the woods (see Brockenbrough's brigade on the map, page 617); about half-past two o'clock we received urgent orders to reinforce a portion of our line in the center, which was about to give way. We proceeded at double-quick to a point in the woods behind the deep cut, where we formed line. . . . We came in sight of the enemy when we had advanced a few yards, and were saluted with cannon. We pushed on, however, to the old railroad cut, in which most of Jackson's

"Who are you?" I responded as I executed the movement of "tear cartridge."

He laughed and said something,—evidently not to me,—then invited me to "come and see." Meanwhile I was trying to draw my rammer, but this operation was arrested by the dry click of several gunlocks, and I found myself covered by half a dozen rifles, and my friend of the steeple-crown, with less urbanity in his

troops lay. The troops occupying this place had expended their ammunition and were defending themselves with rocks . . . which seemed to have been picked or blasted out of the bed of the railroad, chips and slivers of stone which many were collecting and others were throwing. Of course, such a defense would have been overcome in a very short time, but our arrival seemed to be almost simultaneous with that of the enemy. We had ammunition (twenty rounds to the man) and we attacked the enemy and drove them headlong down the hill, across the valley and over the hill into the woods, where we were recalled by General Starke.—*Robert Healy.*"



STARKE'S LOUISIANA BRIGADE FIGHTING WITH STONES AT THE EMBANKMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT."

intonation, called out to me to "drop that." In our brief intercourse he had acquired a curious influence over me. I did so.

My captors were of Kearny's division, on picket. They told me they thought I was deserting until they saw me try to load. I could not account for their being where they were, and when they informed me that they had Jackson surrounded and that he must surrender next day, though I openly scouted the notion, I must own the weight of evidence seemed to be with them. The discussion of this and kindred topics was continued until a late hour that night with the sergeant of the guard at Kearny's headquarters, where I supped in unwonted luxury on hard-tack and "genuine" coffee, the sergeant explaining that the fare was no better because of our destruction of their supplies at the Junction. Kearny's orderly gave me a blanket, and so I

passed the night. We were early astir in the morning, (Aug. 30) and I saw Kearny as he passed with his staff to the front,—a spare, erect, military figure, looking every inch the fighter he was—but with the shadow of his doom hovering over him even then. He fell three days later, killed by some of my own brigade.*

Near Stone Bridge I found about five hundred other prisoners, mostly stragglers picked up along the line of our march. Here my polite provost-sergeant turned me over, and after drawing rations—hard-tack, and coffee and sugar mixed—we took the road to Centreville, having to stand a good deal of chaff on the way at our forlorn appearance, for that thoroughfare was thronged with troops, trains, and batteries. We were a motley crowd enough, certainly, and it *did* look as if our friends in blue were having their return innings.

* Captain James H. Haynes, Fifty-fifth Virginia regiment, says he was on the skirmish line at Chantilly, in the edge of a brushy place with a clearing in front. It was raining heavily and growing dark when Kearny rode suddenly upon the line, and asked what troops they were. Seeing his mistake, he turned and started across the open ground to escape, but was fired on and killed. His body was brought into the lines and recognized by General A. P. Hill, who said

sadly, "Poor Kearny! he deserved a better death than this."

The next day General Lee ordered that the body be carried to the Federal lines, and in a note to General Pope he said: "The body of General Philip Kearny was brought from the field last night and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."—A. C. R.

More than once that day as I thought of our thin line back yonder, I wondered how the boys were making it, for disturbing rumors came to us as we lay in a field near Centreville, exchanging rude *badinage* across the cordon of sentries surrounding us. We received recruits from time to time who brought the same unvarying story, "Jackson hard-pressed — no news of Longstreet yet." (He was there, but keeping silent.) So the day wore on. Towards evening there was a noticeable stir in the camps around us, much riding to and fro of couriers and orderlies, and now we thought we could hear more distinctly the deep-toned, jarring growl which had interjected itself at intervals all the afternoon through the trivial buzz about us. Watchful of indications, we noted too that the drift of wagons and ambulances was *from* the battle-field, and soon orders came for us to take the road in the same direction. The cannonading down the pike was sensibly nearer now, and

at times we could catch even the roll of musketry, and once we thought we could distinguish, faint and far off, a prolonged, murmurous modulation of sound familiar to our ears as the charging shout of the gray people — but this may have been fancy. All the same, we gave tongue to the cry, and shouts of "Longstreet! Longstreet's at 'em, boys! Hurrah for Longstreet!" went up from the column, while the guards trudged beside us in sulky silence.

There is not much more to tell. An all-day march on Sunday through rain and mud brought us to Alexandria, where we were locked up for the night in a cotton-factory. Monday we embarked on a transport steamer, and the next evening were off Fort Monroe, where we got news of Pope's defeat. I was paroled and back in Richmond within ten days of my capture, and then and there learned how completely Jackson had eclipsed his former fame on his baptismal battle-field.

Allen C. Redwood.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Comments on General Grant's "Chattanooga."

IN THE CENTURY for November is a most valuable and interesting article by General Grant on Chattanooga. Written at a time when he was enfeebled, and suffering intensely from a mortal malady, it has in it some statements which are at variance with official documents, and which may properly be attributed to any cause other than a desire to do injustice to others or to relate anything but facts. General Grant's description of the situation at Chattanooga at the time of his arrival is graphic, and might be added to without exaggeration. The condition of matters was known not only to all officers of rank and intelligence in the Army of the Cumberland, but was discussed among the soldiers, who expressed themselves as willing to starve before giving up Chattanooga, which was all that remained to them of the battle of Chickamauga. We were in truth short of food, medicine, ammunition, and clothing, and without prompt relief were rapidly drifting to utter destruction as an army, and to terrible loss of life.

On the 3d of October, 1863, having reported a day or two before to General Rosecrans, I was assigned to duty as chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, and it devolved on me as a part of my duty to lay out and construct the fortifications so as to enable a comparatively small force to hold the place, and also to look out for the communications by which the army was supplied. In the performance of that duty I was actively engaged in building boats and material for bridges, and was studying earnestly to find some way of restoring our short line of communications lost by the giving up of Lookout mountain and valley. I found a most excellent company of volunteers styled "Michigan Engineers and Mechanics," commanded by Captain Fox. They, before my arrival, had set up a saw-mill, and were engaged in making boats and flooring, etc.,

for military bridges. In pursuance of the one paramount necessity of finding some way of shortening our distance to the railroad at Bridgeport, on the 19th of October I started to make a personal examination of the north side of the Tennessee River below Chattanooga. The object was to find some point on the south side, the holding of which would secure to us the river from Bridgeport through the Raccoon Mountain, and the short road in the valley from there to Chattanooga. On returning unsuccessful in my search, to within about five miles of Chattanooga, I saw before me on a bluff, washed by the river, an earthwork in which was posted a field-battery commanding a road through a break in the hills on the opposite side, where had formerly been established a ferry, known as Brown's Ferry. The position struck me as worthy of close examination, and learning from the commanding officer of the battery that there was a tacit agreement that the pickets should not fire on each other, I left my horse in the battery and went down to the water's edge. There I spent an hour, studying the character of the hills, the roadway through the gorge, and marking and estimating the distances to the fires of the picket reserves of the enemy. I then rode back to headquarters, to find that during my absence General Rosecrans had been relieved from duty there and General Thomas put in command of the army.

The next morning, October 20th, General Thomas asked me what length of bridge material I had not in use, and directed me to throw another bridge across the river at Chattanooga. I asked him not to give the order till he had heard my report of my examination of the day before and had looked into a plan I had to propose for opening the river to our steamboats, of which there were two then partly disabled, but which had not been repaired by me lest they should eventually serve the purposes of the enemy. After a discussion which I think was finished in two days and by the 22d of October he gave his approval to the plan, and I