

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.

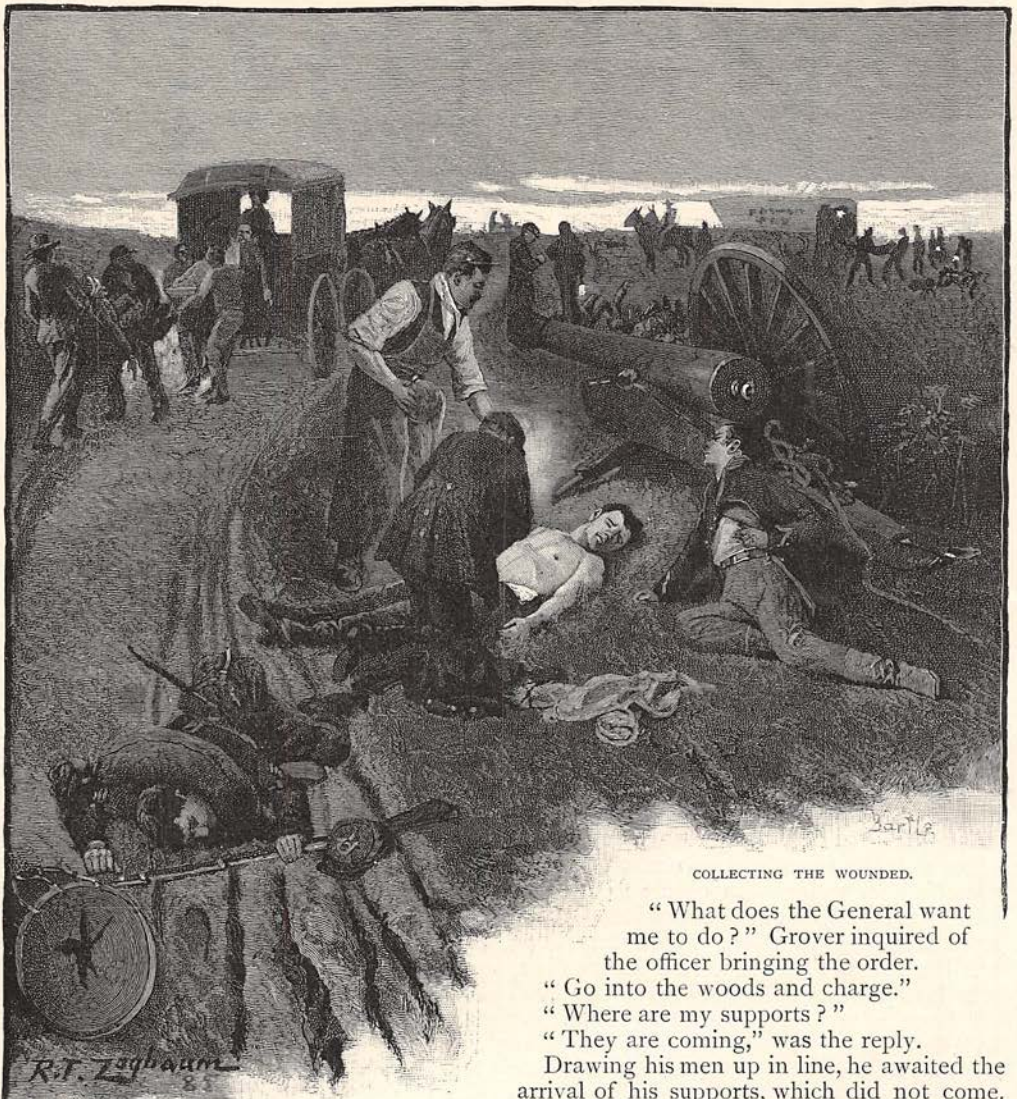
The veterans of Heintzelman, under Kearny and Hooker, aroused from their bivouacs at two in the morning, were an hour after sunrise on the heights of Centreville, in sight of the blue hills about Thoroughfare Gap through which Longstreet was hastening to Jackson's aid. Forging Bull Run, they came upon 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.)

* Copyright, 1884, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

† 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.

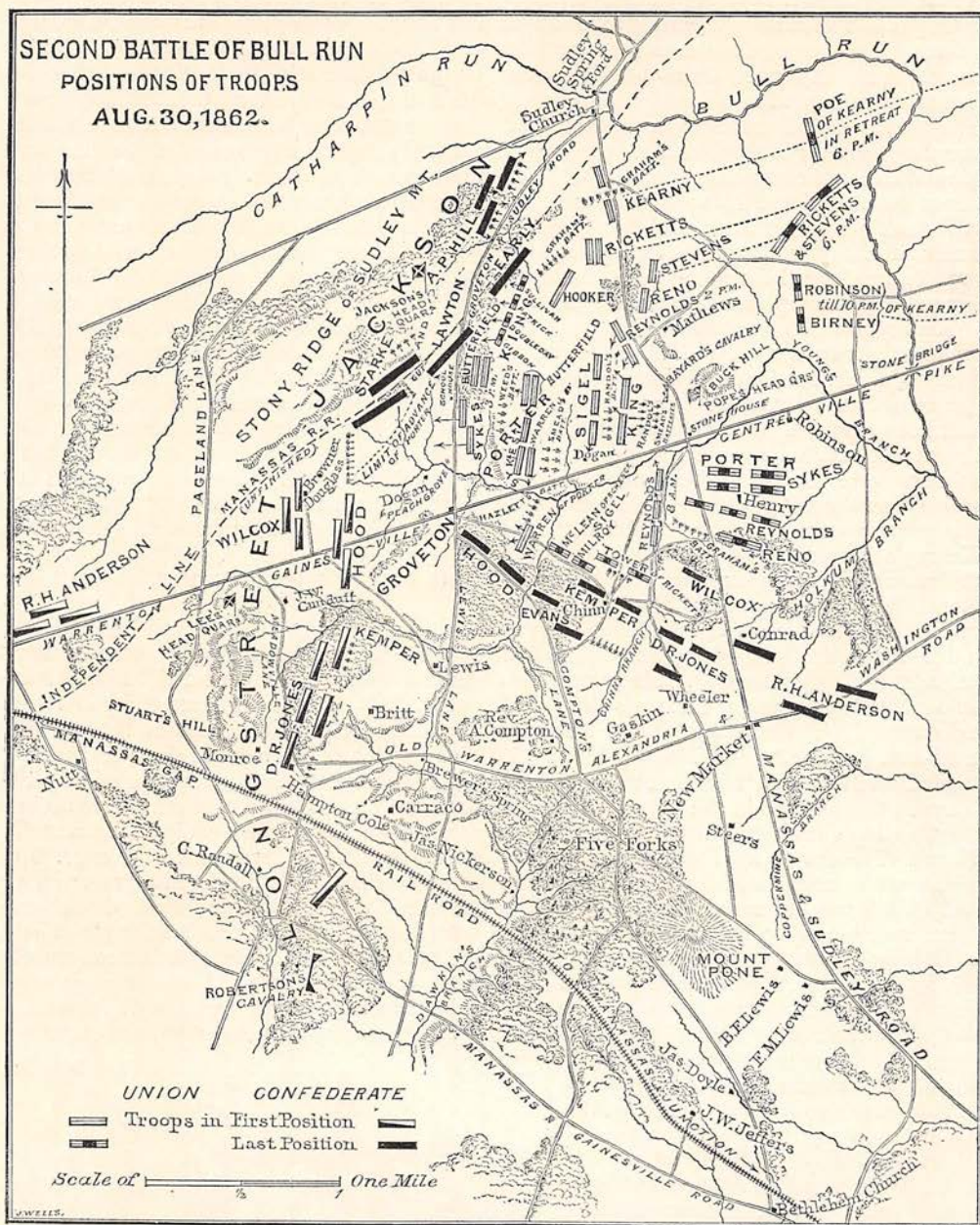
THE FIGHTING OF SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

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

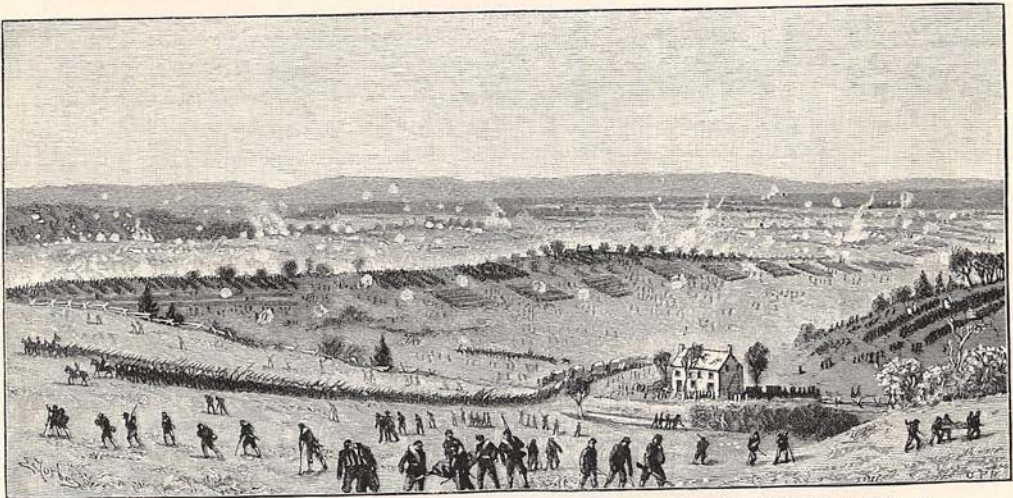
in full retreat, and at noon assigned McDowell to the pursuit. Porter was ordered to push forward on the Warrenton turnpike, followed by the divisions of King and Reynolds. At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle

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.)

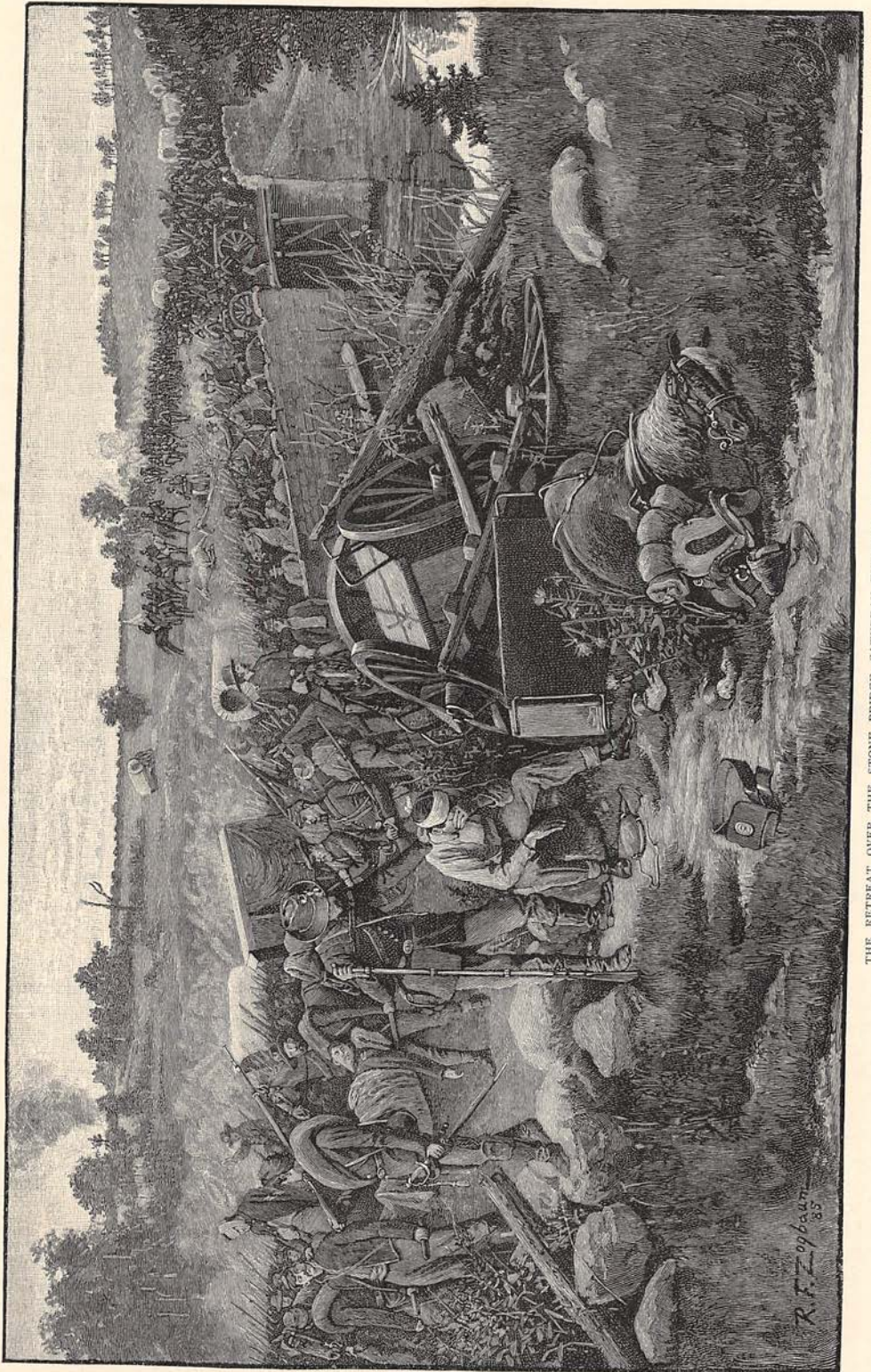
In the foreground Reynolds's division is marching to the defense of the left flank. The stone house on the turnpike is seen in the hollow.—EDITOR.

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
85

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 blouced 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