Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the hero of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, and his was the severer and more important service. Lee lost nearly twenty thousand men by straggling in this campaign,— nearly twice as many as were captured at Harper's Ferry.

The battle casualties of Jackson's command from the Rappahannock to the Potomac, according to his official report, were 4387, while mine, including those of R. H. Anderson's division, were 4725, making in all 9112. That taken from the army of 55,000 at Second Manassas left a force of 45,888 moving across the Potomac. To that number must be added the forces that joined us; namely, D. H. Hill with 5000, McLaws with 4000, and Walker with 2000. Thus Lee's army on entering Maryland was made up of nearly 57,000 men, exclusive of artillery and cavalry. As we had but 37,000 at Sharpsburg, our losses in the several engagements after we crossed the Potomac, *including stragglers*, reached 19,888. Our casualties in the affairs preceding Sharpsburg and including that battle were 10,291. Estimating the casualties in the Maryland campaign preceding Sharpsburg at 2000, it will be seen that we actually lost at Sharpsburg 8291. Only a glance at these figures is necessary to impress one with the number of those who were unable to stand the long and rapid marches, and fell by the wayside, viz., 9597. The Virginians who have written of the war have often charged the loss of the Maryland campaign to "laggards." It is unkind to apply such a term to our soldiers, who were as patient, courageous, and chivalrous as any ever marshaled into phalanx. Writers who do so ignore the facts and circumstances that surrounded our troops. Many were just out of the hospitals, and many were crippled by injuries received in battle. They were marching without sufficient food or clothing, with their muskets, ammunition, provisions, and in fact their all, packed upon their backs. They struggled along with bleeding feet, tramping rugged mountain roads through a heated season, seeking another opportunity to offer their lives in defense of their people. Such soldiers should not be called "laggards" by their countrymen. Let them have their well-earned honors though the fame of others suffer thereby.

James Longstreet.

(Dr. Guild), there was a loss of 1567 killed and 8724 wounded in the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Shepherdstown. Dr. Guild does not give the number of missing and prisoners. Lee also does not mention the number of prisoners captured from him, nor the "missing" whose fate was unknown. Four thousand, it is believed, would cover such loss. Adding these to the killed and wounded, as shown by Dr. Guild's report, would make the Confederate loss from September 13th to 17th 13,291. Estimating four-fifths of these for the battle of Antietam, we have the following comparative result:

LOSSES AT ANTIETAM.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
Union Army	2108	9549	753	12,410.
Confederate Army	1253	6980	3200	11,433.

There is not the slightest reason for doubting that many of the "missing" of Lee's army were killed, and if the number could be ascertained it would very materially increase that class of casualties. General McClellan (page 67, Vol. XIX.) says that "about 2700 of the enemy's dead were . . . counted and buried upon the battle-field of Antietam"; also, that "a portion of their dead had been previously buried by the enemy." — EDITOR.

ANTIETAM SCENES.

CONFEDERATE WOODEN CANTEEN FOUND AT ANTIETAM.

THE cannon were thundering when at early morn, September 17, 1862, I mounted my horse at Hagerstown, where I had arrived the preceding day, upon its evacuation by the Confederates. The people of the town, aroused by the cannonade, were at the windows of the houses, or in the streets, standing in groups, listening to the reverberations rolling along the valley. The wind was south-west, the clouds hanging low, and sweeping the tree-tops on South Mountain.

The cannonade, reverberating from cloud to mountain and from mountain to cloud, became a continuous roar, like the unbroken roll of a thunder-storm. Wafted by the gentle breeze, it made the battle seem much nearer than it was. I was fully seven miles from Hooker's battlefield.

I turned down the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg turnpike at a brisk gallop, although knowing that Lee's army was in possession of the thoroughfare by the toll-gate then standing about two miles north of Sharpsburg. A citizen who had left his home, to be beyond harm during the battle, gave me the information. The thought uppermost in my mind

was to gain the left flank of the Confederate army, mingle with the citizens, and so witness the battle from the Confederate side. It would be a grand accomplishment, if successful. It would give me a splendid opportunity to see the make-up of the Confederate army. It would be like going behind the scenes of a theater. I was in citizen's dress, splashed with mud, and with dilapidated hat.

While wondering what would be the outcome of the venture, I came upon a group of farmers, who were listening with dazed countenances to the uproar momentarily increasing in volume. It was no longer alone the boom of the batteries, but a rattle of musketry—at first like pattering drops upon a roof; then a roll, crash, roar, and rush like a mighty ocean billow upon the shore, chafing the pebbles, wave on wave,—with deep and heavy explosions of the batteries, like the crashing of thunderbolts. I think that the currents of air must have had somewhat to do with it, for since then I have seen and heard conflicts where the numbers engaged were much larger than in Hooker's attack. At any rate, the farmers' hearts were in their mouths. Their faces were blanched, and they were walking about nervously, undecided, evidently, whether to flee or to remain.

"I wouldn't go down the pike, if I were you," said one, addressing me. "You will ride right into the Rebs."

"That is just where I would like to go."

"You can't pass yourself off for a Reb; they'll see, the instant they set eyes on you, that you are a Yank. They'll gobble you up, and take you to Richmond," said the second.

No doubt I acted wisely in leaving the turnpike and riding to gain the right flank of the Union line. A short distance and I came upon a Confederate soldier lying beneath a tree. He doubtless supposed that I was a cavalryman, and raised his hand as if to implore me not to shoot him. His face was pale and haggard. He had dropped from the ranks through sheer exhaustion. He had been living on green corn. I left the poor fellow with the conviction that he never again would see his Southern home.

Another mile and I came upon the driftwood of McClellan's army. Every army has its driftwood soldiers—valiant at the mess-table, brave in the story around the bivouac fire, but faint of heart when battle begins. Some of them were old skulkers, others fresh recruits, with bright uniforms, who had volunteered under the pressure of enthusiasm. This was their first battle and was not what they had pictured a battle to be.

"Where does this road lead to?" asked one with white lips.

"To Hagerstown. But where are you going?"

"Oh, our division has been ordered to Hagerstown," was the reply as they hastened on.

Ammunition trains were winding up the hill from the road leading to Keedysville. Striking across the fields, I soon came upon the grounds on Hoffman's farm selected for the field hospitals. Even at that hour of the morning it was an appalling sight. The wounded were lying in rows awaiting their turn at the surgeons' tables. The hospital stewards had a corps of men distributing straw over the field for their comfort.

Turning from the scenes of the hospital, I ascended the hill, and came upon the men who had been the first to sweep across the Hagerstown pike, past the toll-gate, and into the Dunker Church woods, only to be hurled back by Jackson, who had established his line in a strong position behind outcropping limestone ledges.

"There are not many of us left," was the mournful remark of an officer.

I learned the story of the morning's engagement, and then rode to the line of batteries on the ridge by the house of J. Poffenberger; if my memory serves me, there were thirty guns in position pointing south-west. Their brazen lips were cooling at the moment. There was a lull in the strife. All was quiet in the woods, along the turnpike, and in the corn-field beyond D. R. Miller's house,—so quiet that I thought I would ride on to the front line, not knowing that the brigade, lying upon the ground near the cannon, was the advanced line of the army. I rode through Poffenberger's door-yard, and noticed where a Confederate cannon-shot had ripped through the building; another had upset a hive of bees, and the angry insects had taken their revenge on the soldiers. I walked my horse down the pike past the toll-gate.

"Hold on!" It was the peremptory hail of a Union soldier crouching under the fence by the roadside. "Where are you going?"

"I thought I would go out to the front!"

"The front! you have passed it. This is the picket line. If you know what is good for yourself, you'll skedaddle mighty quick. The Rebs are in the corn, right out there."*

I acted upon the timely advice and re-

* Of the early morning fight in the corn-field, General Hooker says in his report: "We had not proceeded far before I discovered that a heavy force of the enemy had taken possession of a corn-field (I have since learned about a thirty-acre field), in my immediate front, and from the sun's rays falling on their bayonets projecting above the corn could see that the field was filled with the enemy, with arms in their hands, standing apparently at 'support arms.' Instructions were immediately given for the assemblage of all of my spare batteries near at hand, of which I think there were five or six, to spring into battery on the right of this field, and to open with canister at once. In the time I am writing every stalk of corn in the northern and greater part of the field was cut as closely as could have been done with a knife, and the slain lay in rows precisely as they had stood in their ranks a

treated to a more respectful distance; and none too soon, for a moment later the uproar began again, with solid shot tearing through the woods, crashing among the trees, and with shells exploding in unexpected places. I recall a round shot that came ricochetting over the ground, cutting little furrows, tossing the earth into the air, as the plow of the locomotive turns its white furrow after a snow-storm. Its speed gradually diminished and a soldier was about to catch it, as if he were at a game of base-ball, but a united yell of "Look out!" "Don't!" "Take care!" "Hold on!" caused him to desist. Had he attempted it, he would have been knocked over instantly.

Turning from the conflict on the right, I rode down the line, toward the center, forded the Antietam and ascended the hill east of it to the large square mansion of Mr. Pry, where General McClellan had established his headquarters. The commander-in-chief was sitting in an arm-chair in front of the house. His staff were around him; their horses, saddled and bridled, were hitched to the trees and fences. Stakes had been driven in the earth in front of the house, to which were strapped the headquarters telescopes, through which a view of the operations and movements of the two armies could be seen.

It was a commanding situation. The panorama included fully two-thirds of the battle-field, from the woods by the Dunker Church, southward to the hills below Sharpsburg.

The Fifth Corps, under Fitz John Porter, was behind the ridge extending south towards the bridge, where the artillery of the Ninth Corps was thundering. Porter, I remember, was with McClellan, watching the movements of the troops across the Antietam — French's and Richardson's divisions, which were forming in the fields east of Roulette's and Mumma's houses. What a splendid sight it was! How beautifully the lines deployed! The clouds which had hung low all the morning had lifted, and the sun was shining through the rifts, its bright beams falling on the flags, and glinting from gun-barrel and bayonet. Upon the crest of the hill south of the Dunker Church, I could see Confederates on horseback, galloping, evidently, with orders; for, a few moments later, there was another gleam in the sunshine from the bayonets of D. H. Hill's division, which was getting into position to resist the threatened movement of French and Richardson.

Memory recalls the advance of the line of men in blue across the meadow east of Roulette's. They reach the spacious barn, which divides the line of men as a rock parts the current of a river, flowing around it, but uniting beyond. The orchard around the house screens the movement in part. I see the blue uniforms beneath the apple-trees. The line halts for alignment. The skirmishers are in advance. There are isolated puffs of smoke, and then the Confederate skirmishers scamper up the hill and disappear. Up the slope moves the line to the top of a knoll. Ah! what a crash! A white cloud, gleams of lightning, a yell, a hurrah, and then up in the corn-field a great commotion, men firing into each other's faces, the Confederate line breaking, the ground strewn with prostrate forms. The Confederate line in "Bloody lane" has been annihilated, the center pierced.

There are golden moments in life, great opportunities which come to men. They must be seized upon the instant or they go by, never to return. Such an opportunity had come to General McClellan. I was but a civilian, uneducated in military tactics; but it was the plain dictate of common sense that then was the time when Porter's eleven thousand should have been sent across the Antietam and thrown like a thunderbolt upon the enemy. It was so plain that the rank and file saw it. "Now is the time" was the universal comment. But not a soldier stirred from his position. McClellan saw it, but issued no order. All through the day most of the Fifth Corps remained as immovable as statues.

The battle was in the main fought by divisions — one after another. There was no concerted action, no hammering all along the line at the same time. Heavy blows were given, but they were not followed up. It has been said that McClellan's excuse for not throwing in Porter's corps at that moment was the reason given by Napoleon at Borodino when asked why he did not at a certain moment put in the Imperial Guard: "If I am defeated to-day, where is my army for to-morrow?" There was no parallel between Antietam and Borodino. The moment had come for dividing Lee's army at its center and crushing it back upon the Potomac in utter rout. A. P. Hill, on his way from Harper's Ferry to join Lee, was at that moment fording the Potomac at Shepherdstown. General McClellan did not know it, but the fact was before him that French and Richardson had pierced the Confederate center.

With the falling back of the Confederates

few moments before. It was never my fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battle-field. Those that escaped fled in the opposite direction from our advance, and sought refuge behind the trees, fences, and stone ledges nearly on a line with the Dunker Church, etc., as there was no resisting this torrent of death-dealing missives. . . .

"The whole morning had been one of unusual animation to me and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of my troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain near me. My command followed the fugitives closely until we had passed the corn-field a quarter of a mile or more, when I was removed from my saddle in the act of falling out of it from loss of blood, having previously been struck without my knowledge."

I went up past Roulette's house to the sunken road. The hillside was dotted with prostrate forms of men in blue, but in the sunken road, what a ghastly spectacle! The Confederates had gone down as the grass falls before the scythe. They were lying in rows, like the ties of a railroad; in heaps, like cord-wood, mingled with the splintered and scattered fence rails. The terrible volley had flamed in their faces, more deadly than the simoon of the desert. Words are inadequate to portray the scene. There were prostrate forms, that had been vigorous with resolute life, and the next moment were motionless forever, resolution and energy still lingering in the pallid cheeks, in the set teeth, the gripping hand. I recall a soldier with the cartridge between his thumb and finger, the end of the cartridge bitten off, and the paper between his teeth when the bullet pierced his heart, and the machinery of life — all the muscles and nerves — came to a standstill. A young lieutenant had fallen while trying to rally his men; fixed determination was visible in every line of his face. His hand was still firmly grasping his sword. I counted fourteen bodies lying together, literally in a heap, amid the corn rows on the hillside. The broad green leaves were sprinkled and stained with blood.

One cannot write with complacency of the blundering attack of Burnside, who was to cross the Antietam and turn the Confederate right flank. All through the forenoon his cannon were flaming. Then came the slaughter at the bridge, where there was no need of such sacrifice of life. The river was fordable in dozens of places, and the troops could have crossed and turned the position of the brigade placed to hold the bridge.

The close of the battle presented a magnificent spectacle. The artillery of both armies came into play. The arrival of A. P. Hill had a stimulating effect upon Lee's veterans, while the carrying of the bridge and the work accomplished by French's and Richardson's divisions in the center, gave great encouragement to the Union army. It was plain that Lee was economical in the use of artillery ammunition. He had a short supply. The engagements at Groveton, Gainesville, Bull Run, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, and South Mountain had depleted his ammunition-chests, and supply trains had not reached him from the other side of the Potomac.

Far up on the Union right, the Union batteries were pounding; also those in the center. I recall a remarkable scene. The sun was going down,— its disc red and large as seen through the murky battle-cloud. One of Sumner's batteries was directly in line toward the sun, on the crest of the ridge north of the smoking ruins of Mumma's house and barn, and there was one piece in which the gunners, as they rammed home the cartridge, seemed to be standing in the sun. Beyond, hid from view by the distance and the low-hanging branches of the oaks, by the Dunker Church the Confederate guns were flashing. Immediately north of Sharpsburg, and along the hill in front, now the National Cemetery, Longstreet's cannon were in play. Half-way up the hill were Burnside's men sending out a continuous flame, with A. P. Hill's veterans confronting them. All the country was flaming and smoking; shells were bursting above the contending lines; Burnside was asking for reënforcements. How quickly Porter's eleven thousand could have rushed across Antietam bridge with no Confederates to oppose them, swept up the hillside and forced themselves like a wedge between Longstreet and A. P. Hill! but McClellan had only Miller's battery to send him! The sun went down; the thunder died away, the musketry ceased, bivouac fires gleamed as if a great city had lighted its lamps.

When the weary and worn are seeking rest, the work of the army correspondent begins. All through the day eyes and ears have been open. The note-book is scrawled with characters intelligible to him if read at once, but wholly meaningless a few hours later. He must grope his way along the lines in the darkness, visit the hospitals, hear the narratives of all, eliminate error, get at the probable truth, keeping ever in mind that each general thinks his brigade, each colonel his regiment, every captain his company, did most of the fighting. While thus visiting the lines, I heard a song rising on the night air sweet and plaintive:

> "Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
> 'T would be an assurance most dear
> To know that this moment some lov'd one
> Were saying, 'I wish he were here';
> To feel that the group at the fire-side
> Were thinking of me, as I roam."

Both before and after a battle sad and solemn thoughts come to the soldier. Before the conflict they are of apprehension; after the strife there is a sense of relief; but the thinned ranks, the knowledge that the comrade who stood by your side in the morning never will stand there again, brings inexpressible sadness. The soldiers, with thoughts far away, were apprehensive that the conflict of the day was but a prelude to another struggle more fierce and bloody in the morning. They were in position and lying on their arms, ready to renew the battle at daylight; but day dawned, and the cannon were silent. The troops were in line, yet there was no order to advance. I could hear now and then the isolated shots of the pickets. I could see that Lee had con-

tracted his line between Dunker Church and Sharpsburg. His cannon were in position, his troops in line. I knew, as did everybody else, that Franklin's corps was comparatively fresh; that McClellan had twenty-nine thousand men who either had as yet not fired a musket or had been only slightly engaged. Why did he not attack? No one could tell.

Riding up to the right, I found that hostilities had ceased; that the ambulance corps of both armies were gathering up the wounded in the field near the Dunker Church. Going out over the ground where the tides had ebbed and flowed, I found it thickly strewn with dead. I recall a Union soldier lying near the Dunker Church with his face turned toward heaven, his pocket Bible open upon his breast. I lifted the volume and read the words: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Upon the fly-leaf were the words: "We hope and pray that you may be permitted by a kind Providence, after the war is over, to return."

Near by stood a wounded battery-horse and a shattered caisson belonging to one of Hood's batteries. The animal had eaten every blade of grass within reach. No human being ever looked more imploringly for help than that dumb animal, wounded beyond the possibility of moving, yet resolutely standing, as if knowing that lying down would be the end.

The assumed armistice came to an end, the pickets stood in hostile attitude once more, but the day wore away and no orders were issued for a renewal of the attack. Another morning, and Lee was beyond the Potomac. I galloped along the lines where his army had stood; and saw the wreck and ruin of battle. I recall the body of a Confederate sharp-shooter, lying in the forks of a tree by the roadside, between the Dunker Church and Sharpsburg. Shells had exploded in the streets of Sharpsburg. The horses of a Confederate battery had gone down in a heap in the public square.

Porter's corps was passing through the town. McClellan and his staff came galloping up the hill. Porter's men swung their hats and gave a cheer; but few hurrahs came from the other corps — none from Hooker's. A change had come over the army. The complacent look which I had seen upon McClellan's countenance on the 17th, as if all were going well, had disappeared. There was a troubled look instead — a manifest awakening to the fact that his great opportunity had gone by. Lee had slipped through his fingers.

Charles Carleton Coffin.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word of Sympathy and Caution.

THE wage-workers believe that the social Fates are against them, and they are now proposing to take their destiny into their own hands. Fields and forests and mines bring forth untold stores of wealth; miles on miles of shafting drive the machinery by which this raw material is adapted to human uses; there is enough of every sort of commodity to give everybody abundance; and yet, in the midst of this overflowing bounty, one million willing workers, very few of whom are strikers, stand idle in the market-place because no man has hired them, while their little children cry for bread. It is not strange that "the army of the discontented," as Mr. Powderly has named them, grows apace. It is not to be wondered at that a feeling is spreading among the labor-classes that something is radically wrong.

In a thoughtful little book entitled "Our Country," lately published, the Rev. Josiah Strong observes that the tragedy of our civilization consists in the fact that while knowledge has been multiplied and diffused, wealth has been multiplied and concentrated in few hands.

"The horizon of the workingman, during this century, has been marvelously expanded; there has been a prodigious multiplication of his wants. The peasant of a few generations ago knew little of any lot save his own. He saw an aristocracy above him which enjoyed peculiar privileges, but these were often justified in his eyes by superior intelligence and manners. The life of the rich and great was far removed from him and vague. He was not discontented for lack of luxuries of which he knew nothing. But modern manufactures and commerce and shop windows have made all luxuries familiar to all eyes. The workingman of to-day in the United States has probably had a common-school education, has traveled somewhat, attended expositions, visited libraries, art galleries, and museums; through books he has become more or less acquainted with all countries, and all classes of society; he reads the papers, he is vastly more intelligent than his grandfather was, he lives in a larger world, and has many more wants. Indeed, his wants are as boundless as his means are limited. Education increases the capability of enjoyment, and this capability is increasing among the many more rapidly than the means of gratification; hence a growing popular discontent."

Such are the obvious causes of the great uprising of labor which was recently witnessed in this country. The more compact organization of the wage-workers, through the agency of the Knights of Labor, and the introduction of the boycott as a weapon of war, have suddenly changed the whole aspect of the labor problem; "the army of the discontented" has come into the field ready for an aggressive campaign.

Such a sudden accession of conscious power on the part of any class of persons that had long felt themselves oppressed would be witnessed with anxiety; it could hardly be expected that they would behave with entire justice and moderation. And while among the wage-workers there are hundreds of thousands whose instincts are sound, and whose counsels in such an emergency are sure to be temperate, there is also a great multitude of ignorant and undisciplined men