



JACKSON'S MEN WADING THE POTOMAC AT WHITE'S FORD.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN MARYLAND.*



ROASTING GREEN CORN AT THE CAMP-FIRE. †

On the 3d of September, 1862, the Federal army under General Pope having been confounded, General Lee turned his columns toward the Potomac, with Stonewall Jackson in front. On the 5th of September Jackson crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, a few miles beyond Leesburg. The passage of the river by the troops marching in fours well closed up, the laughing, shouting, and singing, as a brass band in front played "Maryland, My Maryland," was a novel experience in that worn army. The Marylanders in the corps im-

parted much of their enthusiasm to the other troops, but we were not long in finding out, that if General Lee had hopes that the decimated regiments of his army would be filled by the sons of Maryland he was doomed to a speedy and unqualified disappointment. However, before we had been in Maryland many hours, one enthusiastic citizen presented Jackson with a gigantic gray mare. She was a little heavy and awkward for a war-horse, but as the General's "Little Sorrel" had a few days before been temporarily stolen, the present was a timely one, and he was not disposed to "look a gift horse in the mouth." But the present proved almost a Trojan horse to him. The next morning he mounted his new steed, but when he touched her with his spur the loyal and undisciplined beast reared straight into the air, and, standing erect for a moment, threw herself backwards, horse and rider rolling upon the ground. The General was stunned and severely bruised, and lay upon the ground

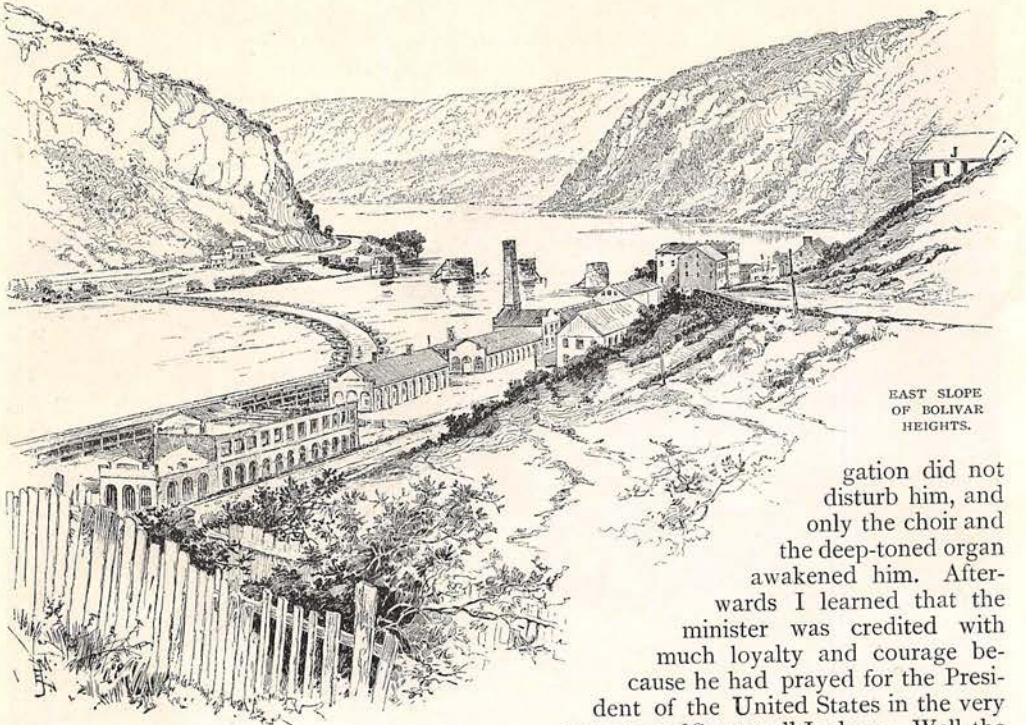
* See the May CENTURY for a general map and for other pictures of the campaign.—EDITOR.

† "We had been faring very badly since we left Manassas Junction, having had only one meal that included bread and coffee. Our diet had been green corn, with beef without salt, roasted on the end of ramrods. We heard with delight of the 'plenty' to be had in Maryland; judge of our disappointment, when about

two o'clock at night, we were marched into a dark clover-field, and the order came down the line, 'Men, go into that corn-field and get your rations—and be ready to march at five in the morning. Don't burn any of these fence-rails.' Of course we obeyed orders as to the corn, but the rails suffered."—LIEUT. ROBERT HEALY.

McLaws' position, Maryland Heights.

Walker's position, Loudoun Heights.



HARPER'S FERRY, FROM THE NORTH.

EAST SLOPE
OF BOLIVAR
HEIGHTS.

for some time before he could be removed. He was then placed in an ambulance, where he rode during the day's march, having turned his command over to his brother-in-law, General D. H. Hill, the next officer in rank.

Early that day the army went into camp, near Frederick, and Generals Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, and for a time "Jeb" Stuart, had their headquarters near each other in Best's grove. Hither in crowds came the good people of Frederick, especially the ladies, as to a fair. General Jackson, still suffering from his hurt, kept closely to his tent, busying himself with maps and official papers, and declined to see visitors. Once, however, when called to General Lee's tent, two young girls waylaid him, surrounded him, paralyzed him with smiles and embraces and questions, and then jumped into their carriage and drove off rapidly, leaving him there, cap in hand, bowing, blushing, and speechless. But once safe in his tent, he was seen no more that day. The next evening, Sunday, he went into Frederick for the first time to attend church, and there being no service in the Presbyterian Church he went to the German Reformed. As usual he fell asleep, but this time more soundly than was his wont. His head sunk upon his breast, his cap dropped from his hands to the floor, the prayers of the congre-

gation did not disturb him, and only the choir and the deep-toned organ awakened him. Afterwards I learned that the minister was credited with much loyalty and courage because he had prayed for the President of the United States in the very presence of Stonewall Jackson. Well, the General didn't hear the prayer, and if he had he would doubtless have felt like replying as General Ewell did, when asked at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, if he would permit the usual prayer for President Lincoln — "Certainly; I'm sure he needs it."

General Lee believed that Harper's Ferry would be evacuated as soon as he interposed between it and Washington. But he did not know that Halleck and not McClellan held command of it. When it was not evacuated he knew that some one had blundered, and took steps to capture the garrison. On Tuesday, the 9th, he issued an order, directing General Jackson to move the next morning, cross the Potomac near Sharpsburg, and envelop Harper's Ferry on the Virginia side. In the same order he directed General McLaws to march on Harper's Ferry by way of Middletown and seize Maryland Heights, and General Walker to cross the Potomac below Harper's Ferry and take Loudoun Heights, all to be in position on the 12th, except Jackson, who was first to capture if possible the troops at Martinsburg.

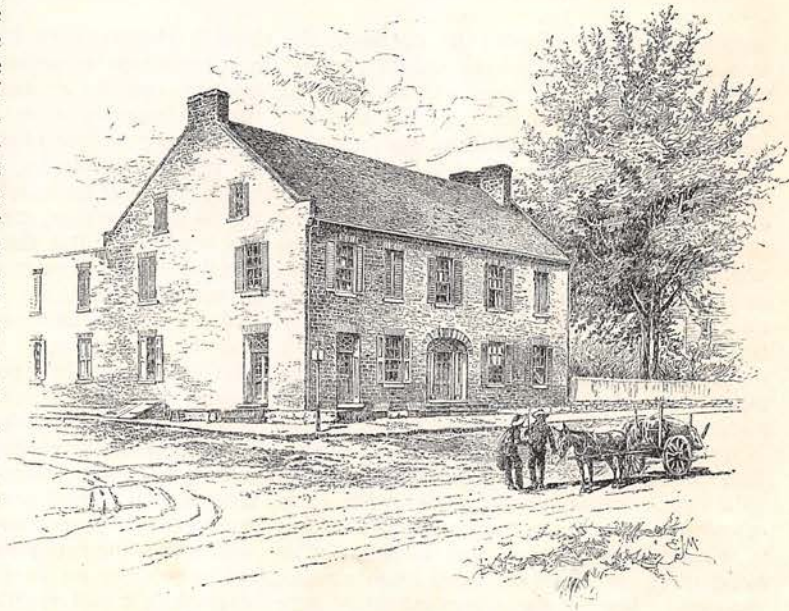
Early on the 10th Jackson was off. In Frederick he asked for a map of Chambersburg and its vicinity, and made many irrelevant inquiries about roads and localities in the direction of Pennsylvania. To his staff, who knew what little value these inquiries had, his questions only

illustrated his well-known motto, "Mystery, mystery is the secret of success." I was then Assistant Inspector General on his staff, and also acting Aide de Camp. It was my turn this day to be intrusted with the knowledge of his purpose. Having finished this public examination he took me aside, and after asking me about the different fords of the Potomac between Williamsport and Harper's Ferry, told me that he was ordered to capture the garrison at Harper's Ferry, and would cross either at Williamsport or Shepherdstown, as the enemy might or might not withdraw from Martinsburg. I did not then know of General Lee's order.

The troops being on the march, the General and staff rode rapidly out of town and took the head of the column. Just a few words here in regard to "Barbara Frietchie," a touching poem which sprang full-armed from the loyal brain of Mr. Whittier. An old woman, by that now immortal name, did live in Frederick in those days, but she was eighty-four years old and bed-ridden; she never saw General Jackson, and General Jackson never saw her. I was with him every minute of the time he was in that city,— he was there only twice,— and nothing like the scene so graphically described by the poet ever happened. The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.

On the march that day, the captain of the cavalry advance, just ahead, had instructions to let no civilian go to the front, and we entered each village we passed before the inhabitants knew of our coming. In Middletown two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white, and blue floating from their hair, and small union flags in their hands, rushed out of their house as we passed, came to the curbstone, and with much laughter waved their colors defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed and raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to his staff, said: "We evidently have no friends in this town." And this is about the way he would have treated Barbara Frietchie!

Having crossed South Mountain, at Turner's Gap, the command encamped for the night within a mile of Boonsboro'. Here General Jackson must determine whether he would go on to Williamsport or turn towards Shepherdstown. I at once rode into the village with a cavalryman to make some inquiries, but we ran into a squadron of Federal cavalry, who without ceremony proceeded to make war upon us. We retraced our steps, and although we did not stand upon the order of our going, a squad of them escorted us out of town with great rapidity. When I tried a couple of Parthian shots at them with my revolver, they returned them with interest, and shot a hole in my new hat, which, with the beautiful plume that a lady in Frederick had placed there, rolled in the dust. This was of little moment, but at the end of the town, reaching the top of the hill, we discovered, just over it, General Jackson, walking slowly toward us, leading his horse. There was but one thing to do. Fortunately the chase had become less vigorous, and, with a cry of command to unseen troops, we turned and charged the enemy. They suspecting trouble turned and fled, while the General quickly galloped to the rear. I recovered my hat and plume, and as I returned to camp I picked up the gloves which the General had dropped in mounting, and took them to him. Although he had sent a regiment of infantry to the front as soon as he went back, the only allusion he made to the



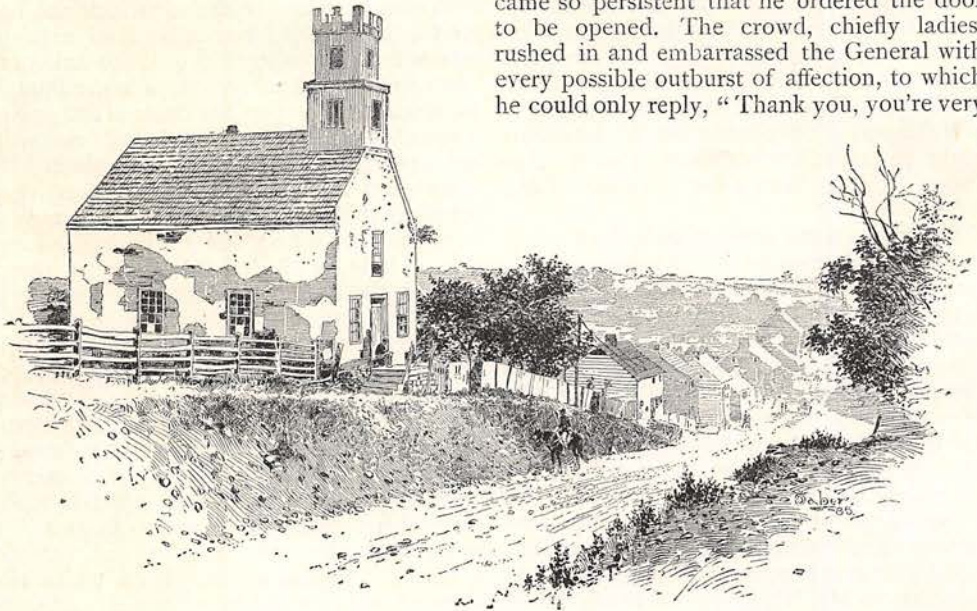
LEE'S HEADQUARTERS IN SHARPSBURG.

This house, which was the residence of Jacob H. Grove, is noted in Sharpsburg as the place where Lee held a conference with Longstreet and D. H. Hill. But Lee's headquarters' tents were pitched in a small grove on the right of the Shepherdstown road, just outside the town.—EDITOR.

incident was to express the opinion that I had a very fast horse.

The next morning, having learned that the Federal troops still occupied Martinsburg, General Jackson took the direct road to Will-

The next morning, the Confederates entered Martinsburg. Here the General was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the whole town hastened to the hotel to greet him. At first he shut himself up in a room to write dispatches, but the demonstration became so persistent that he ordered the door to be opened. The crowd, chiefly ladies, rushed in and embarrassed the General with every possible outburst of affection, to which he could only reply, "Thank you, you're very



MAIN STREET, SHARPSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN WAR-TIME.)

The old Lutheran Church, seen in the picture, stands at the east end of the village, and was a Federal hospital after the battle. Burnside's skirmishers gained a hold in the first cross-street below the church, where there was considerable fighting. On the hill in the extreme distance Main street becomes the Shepherdstown road, by which the Confederates retreated.—EDITOR.

iamsport. He there forded the Potomac, the troops now singing, and the bands playing, "Carry me back to ole Virginny!" We marched on Martinsburg. General A. P. Hill took the direct turnpike, while Jackson, with the rest of his command, followed a side road, so as to approach Martinsburg from the west, and encamped four miles from the town. His object was to drive General White, who occupied Martinsburg, towards Harper's Ferry, and thus "corral" all the Federal troops in that military pen. As the Comte de Paris puts it, he "organized a kind of grand hunting match through the lower valley of Virginia, driving all the Federal detachments before him and forcing them to crowd into the blind alley of Harper's Ferry." Fatigued by the day's march, Jackson was persuaded by his host of the night to drink a whisky toddy—the only glass of spirits I ever saw him take. While mixing it leisurely, he remarked that he believed he liked the taste of whisky and brandy more than any soldier in the army; that they were more palatable to him than the most fragrant coffee—and for that reason, with others, he rarely tasted them.

kind." He gave them his autograph in books and on scraps of paper, he cut off a button from his coat for a little girl, and then submitted patiently to an attack by the others, which soon stripped from his coat nearly all the remaining buttons. But when they looked beseechingly at his hair, he drew the line there, for his hair was thin, and he managed to close the interview. But these blandishments did not delay his movements, for in the afternoon he was off again.

On the 13th he invested Bolivar Heights and Harper's Ferry. On this day General McClellan came into possession, by carelessness or an accident, of General Lee's order of the 9th, and he was thus notified of the division of the Confederate army and the intention to capture Harper's Ferry. From this moment General Lee's army was in peril, imminent in proportion to the promptness with which the Federal commander might use the knowledge he thus obtained. His plans were quickly and skillfully made. Had they been executed more rapidly, or had Jackson been slower and less sure, the result must have been disastrous to us. But military

critics disposed to censure General McClellan for not being equal to his opportunities should credit him with the embarrassment of his position. He had not been in command of this army two weeks. It was a large army, but a heterogeneous one, with many old troops dispirited by recent defeat, and many new troops that had never been under fire. With such an army a general as cautious as McClellan does not take great risks, nor put the safety of his army rashly "to the touch, to win or lose it all." General McClellan was inclined by nature to magnify the forces of the enemy, and had he known General Lee's weakness he would have ventured more. Yet when we remember what Pope had done and suffered just before, and what happened to Burnside and Hooker not long after, their friends can hardly sit in judgment upon McClellan.

On the afternoon of the 13th Colonel Miles, in command at Harper's Ferry, made the fatal mistake of withdrawing his troops from Maryland Heights, and giving it up to McLaws. Napier has said, "He who wars walks in a mist through which the keenest eyes cannot always discern the right path." But it does seem that even Colonel Miles or General White might have known that to abandon these Heights under the circumstances was simply suicidal.*

Jackson met with so much delay in opening communication with McLaws and Walker and



UNION SIGNAL STATION ON ELK MOUNTAIN, FIVE OR SIX MILES SOUTH-EAST OF SHARPSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ascertaining whether they were in position that much of the 14th was consumed. But late in the afternoon A. P. Hill gained a foothold, with little resistance, well up on the enemy's left, and established some artillery at the base of Loudoun Heights and across the Shenandoah, so as to take the Federal line on Bolivar Heights in rear. General Hill had been placed under arrest by General Jackson, before crossing the Potomac into Maryland for disobedience of orders, and the command of his division devolved upon General Branch, who was killed in the last attack at Antietam. Now believing a battle imminent General Hill requested General Jackson to reinstate him in command of his division until the approaching engagement was over. No one could appreciate such an appeal more keenly than General Jackson, and he at once restored General Hill to his command. The work the Light Division did at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg proved the wisdom of Hill's request and of Jackson's compliance with it.

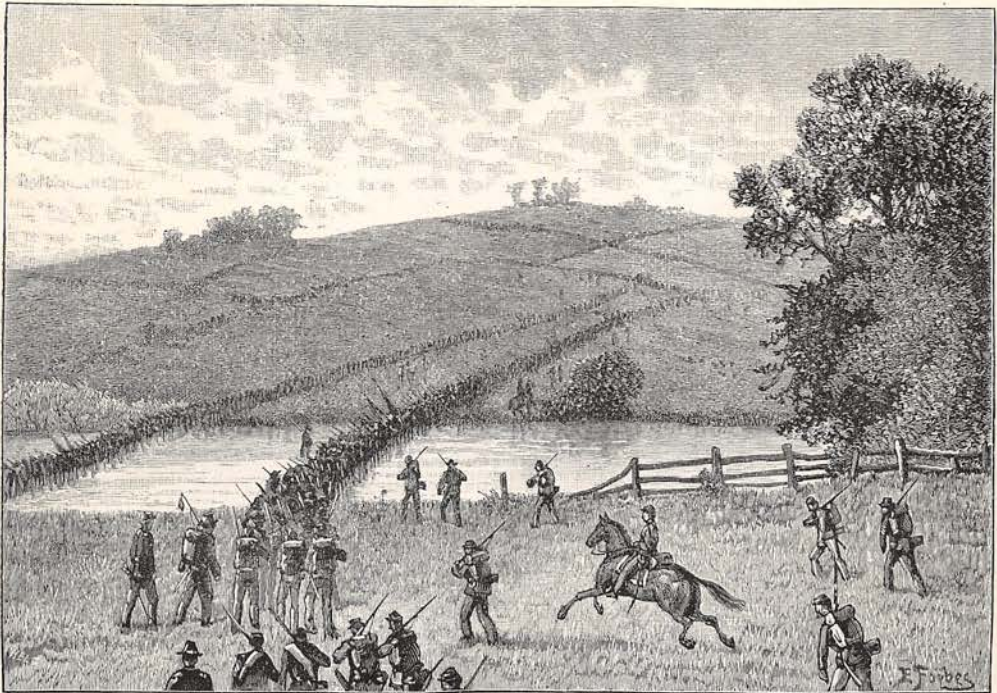
During the 14th, while Jackson was fixing his clamps on Harper's Ferry, McClellan was pushing against Lee's divided forces at Turner's Gap. Hooker and Reno, under Burnside

ever having given such an order, but said he gave orders that if it became necessary to abandon the heights the guns were to be spiked and dismounted."—
EDITOR.



GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH IN KEEDYSVILLE, USED AS A UNION HOSPITAL. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

* In his official report General White says: "It will be noticed that Colonel Ford claims to have been ordered by Colonel Miles to evacuate the heights. Colonel Miles, however, denied to me



DOUBLEDAY'S DIVISION OF HOOKER'S CORPS CROSSING THE UPPER FORDS OF THE ANTIETAM.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

and under the eye of General McClellan, were fighting the battle of South Mountain against D. H. Hill and Longstreet. Here Reno and Garland were killed on opposite sides, and night ended the contest before it was decided. At the same time Franklin was forcing his way through Crampton's Gap, driving out Howell Cobb commanding his own brigade and one regiment of Semmes's brigade both of McLaws's division, Parham's brigade of R. H. Anderson's division, and two regiments of Stuart's cavalry under Colonel Munford. The military complications were losing their simplicity.

Being advised of these movements, Jackson saw that his work must be done speedily. On Monday morning, at 3 o'clock, he sent me to the left to move Jones forward at first dawn, and to open on Bolivar Heights with all his artillery. This feint was executed promptly and produced confusion on the en-

emy's right. Troops were moved to strengthen it. Then the guns from Maryland and Loudoun Heights opened fire, and very soon, off on our right, the battle-flags of A. P. Hill rose up on Bolivar Heights, and Harper's Ferry was doomed. Returning, I found General Jackson at the church in the wood on the Bolivar and Halltown turnpike, and just as I joined him a white flag was raised on Bolivar and all the firing ceased. Under instructions from General Jackson, I rode up the pike and into the enemy's lines to ascertain the purpose of the white flag. Near the top of the hill I met General White and staff and told him my mission. He replied that Colonel Miles had been mortally wounded, that he was in command and desired to have an interview with General Jackson. Just then General Hill came up from the direction of his line, and at his request I conducted them to General Jackson, whom I found sitting on his

D.—French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, about the same time dislodged D. H. Hill's line from Roulette's house.

E.—Hill re-formed in the sunken road, since known as the "Bloody Lane," where his position was carried by French and Richardson, the latter being mortally wounded in the corn-field.

F.—Irwin and Brooks, of Franklin's corps, moved to the support of French and Richardson. At the point, F. Irwin's brigade was repelled, as described by General Longstreet on page 313.

G.—D. H. Hill, reinforced by R. H. Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, fought for the ground about Piper's house.

H.—Stuart attempted a flank movement north of the Dunker Church wood, but was driven back by the thirty guns under Doubleday.

J.—Pleasanton, with a part of his cavalry and several batteries,

crossed the Boonsboro' bridge as a flank support to Richardson, and to Burnside to the south. Several battalions of regulars from Porter's corps came to his assistance and made their way well up to the hill which is now the National Cemetery.

K.—Toombs (of Longstreet) had defended the lower bridge until Burnside moved Rodman and Scammon to the fords below.

L.—Then Toombs hurried south to protect the Confederate flank. Sturgis and Crook charged across the Burnside Bridge and gained the heights. Toombs was driven away from the fords.

M.—After three o'clock, Burnside's lines being re-formed, completed the defeat of D. R. Jones's division (of Longstreet), and on the right gained the outskirts of Sharpsburg. Toombs, and the arriving brigades of A. P. Hill, of Jackson's corps, saved the village and regained a part of the lost ground.—EDITOR.



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE—1.

This picture, after a recent photograph, is a view of the Confederate position from the slope of the hill occupied by the Union batteries before a crossing was effected.

At the time of the battle the buildings had not been erected,

and the Confederate hill-side was covered with trees. A Confederate battery on the left enfiladed the crossing. Union sharpshooters took advantage of the stone wall to the right of the approach to the bridge.—ERROR.

horse where I had left him. He was not, as the Comte de Paris says, leaning against a tree asleep, but exceedingly wide awake. The contrast in appearances there presented was striking. General White, riding a handsome black horse, was carefully dressed and had on untarnished gloves, boots, and sword. His staff were equally comely in costume. On the other hand, General Jackson was the dingiest, worst-dressed and worst-mounted general that a warrior who cared for good looks and style would wish to surrender to. The surrender, however, was unconditional, and then General Jackson turned the matter over to Gen-

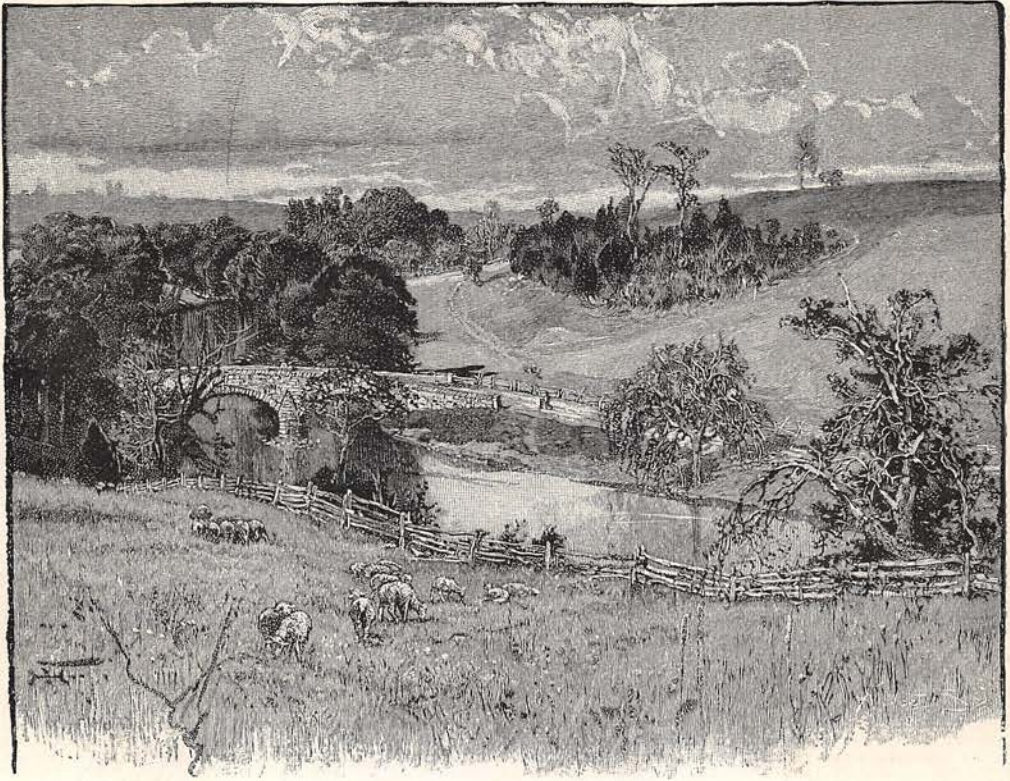
eral A. P. Hill, who allowed General White the same liberal terms that Grant afterwards gave Lee at Appomattox.*

The fruits of the surrender were 12,520 prisoners (Official Records), 13,000 arms, 73 pieces of artillery, and several hundred wagons.

General Jackson, after sending a brief dispatch to General Lee announcing the capitulation, rode up to Bolivar and down into Harper's Ferry. The curiosity in the Union army to see him was so great that the soldiers lined the sides of the road. Many of them uncovered as he passed, and he invariably returned the salute. One man had an echo

* Of the expectations of Jackson's men, Lieutenant Robert Healy says, in a recent letter: "On the evening of the 14th we took position within six hundred yards of a Federal fort on Bolivar Heights. We lay that night in a deep ravine, perpendicular to the Shenandoah. The next morning by dawn I crept up the hill to see how the land lay. A few strides brought me to the edge of an abattis which extended solidly for two hundred yards, a narrow bare field being between the abattis and the foot of the fort, which was garnished with thirty guns. They were searching the abattis lazily with grape-shot, which flew uncomfortably near at times. I thought I had never seen a more dangerous trap in my life. The order had been given that we were to charge at sunrise. I went back, and

Austin Brockenbrough asked, 'How is it?' 'Well,' said I, 'we'll say our prayers and go in like men.' 'Not as bad as that?' 'Every bit; see for yourself.' He went up and came back looking very grave. Meanwhile, from the east, north-west, and north-east our cannon burst in thunder and were answered by the Federal guns from Bolivar Heights. We were down in a ravine; we could see nothing; we could only hear. Presently, along our line came the words, 'Prepare to charge!' We moved steadily up the hill; the sun had just risen; some one said: 'Colonel, what is that on the fort?' 'Halt!' cried the Colonel; 'they have surrendered.' A glad shout burst from ten thousand men, and it was a rouser. We got into the place as soon as we could, but the way was so difficult it took us a half hour."



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE.—2.

This picture, after a recent photograph, is a view of the Union position from the hill where Confederate artillery was planted to enfilade the bridge. From a point below, the Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire charged up the road, but were swept by

such a murderous fire that only a few reached the bridge and sought shelter behind the stone wall above. Subsequently, the bridge was carried by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Fifty-first New York, charging from the pines on the hill-side (see page 310).—EDITOR.

of response all about him when he said aloud: "Boys, he's not much for looks, but if we'd had him we wouldn't have been caught in this trap!"

General Jackson lost little time in contemplating his victory. When night came, he started for Shepherdstown with J. R. Jones and Lawton, leaving directions to McLaws and Walker to follow the next morning. He left A. P. Hill behind to finish up with Harper's Ferry. His first order had been to take position at Shepherdstown to cover Lee's crossing into Virginia, but whether at his own suggestion or not the order was changed, and after daylight on the 16th he crossed the Potomac there, and joined Longstreet at Sharpsburg. General McClellan had, by that time, nearly all his army in position on the east bank of the Antietam, and General Lee was occupying the irregular range of high ground to the west of it, with the Potomac in his rear. Except some sparring between Hooker and Hood on our left, the 16th was allowed to pass without battle — and fortunately for us.

VOL. XXXII.—35.

In the new dispositions of that evening, Jackson was placed on the left of Lee's army.

The first onset, early on the morning of the 17th, told what the day would be. The impatient Hooker, with the divisions of Meade, Doubleday, and Ricketts, struck the first blow, and Jackson's old division caught it and struck back again. Between such foes the battle soon waxed hot. Step by step and marking each step with dead, the thin Confederate line was pushed back to the wood around the Dunker Church. Here Lawton, Starke (commanding in place of Jones, already wounded), and D. H. Hill with part of his division, engaged Meade. And now in turn the Federals halted and fell back, and left their dead by Dunker Church. Next Mansfield entered the fight, and beat with resistless might on Jackson's people. The battle here grew angry and bloody. Starke was killed, Lawton wounded, and nearly all their general and field officers had fallen; the sullen Confederate line again fell back, killing Mansfield and wounding Hooker, Crawford, and



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

This sketch was made on the hill behind McClellan's headquarters, the house in the hollow on the left. Sumner's corps is seen in line of battle in the middle-ground, and Franklin's is advancing in column to his support. In the left background there is the smoke of a bursting Confederate caisson. The column of

smoke is from the burning house and barn of S. Mumma, who gave the ground on which the Dunker Church stands, and after whom, in the Confederate reports, the church is frequently called St. Mumma's. On the right is the East wood, in which is seen the smoke of the conflict between Mansfield and Jackson. — EDITOR.

Hartsuff. And now D. H. Hill led in the rest of his division; Hood also took part, to the right and left, front and rear of Dunker Church. The Federal line was driven back, while artillery added its din to the incessant rattle of musketry. Then "old man" Sumner, with the fresh division of Sedgwick, re-formed the Federal line and renewed the offensive. Hood was driven back, and Hill partly; the Dunker Church wood was passed, the field south of it entered, and the Confederate left turned. Just then McLaws, hurrying from Harper's Ferry, came upon the field, and hurled his men against the victorious Sedgwick. He drove Sedgwick back into the Dunker wood and beyond it, into the open ground. Further to our right, the pendulum of battle had been swinging to and fro, with D. H. Hill and R. H. Anderson hammering away at French and Richardson, until the sunken road became historic as "bloody lane." Richardson was mortally wounded and Hancock assumed command of his division.

For a while there was a lull in the storm. It was early in the day, but hours are fearfully long in battle. About noon Franklin, with Slocum and W. F. Smith, marched upon the field to join the unequal contest. Smith tried his luck and was repulsed. Sumner then

ordered a halt. Jackson's fight was over, and a strange silence reigned around Dunker Church.

General Lee had not visited the left that day. As usual he trusted to Jackson to fight his own battle and work out salvation in his own way. How well he did it, against the ablest and fiercest of McClellan's lieutenants, history has told. How successfully he always met every general who opposed him, albeit the ablest, all the world seems to know — except General Longstreet.

During all this time Longstreet, stripped of his troops, sent to the help of Jackson, held the right almost alone with his eye on the center. He was now called to active work, for there were no unfought troops in Lee's army at Sharpsburg. Every soldier tasted battle that day.

General Burnside, with his corps of 14,000 men, had been lying all day beyond the bridge which now bears his name. Ordered to cross at eight o'clock, he managed to get over at one, and by three was ready to advance. He moved against the hill which D. R. Jones held with his little division of 2500 men. Longstreet was watching this advance. Jackson was at General Lee's headquarters on a knoll in rear of Sharpsburg. A. P. Hill was coming, but

had not arrived, and it was apparent that Burnside must be stayed, if at all, with artillery. One of the sections, transferred to the right from Jackson at the request of General Lee, was of the Rock-bridge Artillery, and as it galloped by, the youngest son of the General-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee, Jr., a private at the guns, black with the grime and powder of a long day's fight, stopped a moment to salute his father and then rushed after his gun. Where else in this war was the son of a commanding general a private in the ranks?

Going to put this section in place, I saw Burnside's heavy line move up the hill and the earth seemed to tremble beneath their tread. It was a splendid and fearful sight, but for them to beat back Jones's feeble line was scarcely war. The artillery tore, but did not stay them. They pressed forward until Sharpsburg was uncovered and Lee's line of retreat at their mercy. But then, just then, A. P. Hill, picturesque in his red battle-shirt, with three of his brigades, twenty-five hundred men, who had marched that day seventeen miles from Harper's Ferry, and waded the Potomac, appeared upon the scene and stopped the way. Tired and footsore, they forgot their woes in that supreme moment, and with no breathing time braced themselves to meet the coming shock. They met and stayed it. The blue line staggered and hesitated, and hesitating was lost. At the critical moment A. P. Hill was always strongest. Quickly advancing his battle-flags, his line moved forward, Jones's troops rallied on him, and in the din of musketry and artillery on either flank, they broke over the field. Hill did not wait for his other brigades, but held the vantage gained until Burnside was driven back to the Antietam and under the shelter



NORTH-WEST ANGLE OF THE "EAST WOOD" AND THE CORN-FIELD.
(BY FRANK H. SCHELL, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

When the artist sketched this scene he was told that the guns in the corn-field belonged to a Maryland battery, which was firing into the Dunker Church wood beyond. Most of the dead and wounded in this angle of the "East Wood" were Confederates. One of them, under the large tree on the left, had bound his shattered leg with cornstalks and leaves to stop the flow of blood. He asked for water, of which there was none, and then begged the artist to remove his dead comrade who was lying partly upon him, which was done. He wanted to be carried out of the woods, because he expected his friends to return and fight for them again. At the right was a tall young Georgian with a shattered ankle, sitting at the feet of one of the dead, who, he said, was his father.—EDITOR.

of heavy guns. The day was done. Again A. P. Hill, as at Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and elsewhere, had struck with the right hand of Mars. No wonder that both Lee and Jackson, when in the delirium of their last moments on earth they stood again to battle, saw the fiery form of A. P. Hill leading his columns on; but it is a wonder and a shame that the grave of this valiant Virginian in Hollywood cemetery has not a stone to mark it and keep it from oblivion.

The battle at Sharpsburg was the result of unforeseen circumstances and not of deliberate purpose. It was one of the bloodiest of the war, and a defeat for both armies. The prestige of the day was with Lee, but when on the night of the 18th he recrossed into Virginia, although, as the Comte de Paris says, he "left not a single trophy of his nocturnal retreat in the hands of the enemy," he left the prestige of the result with McClellan. And yet when it is known that General McClellan had 87,000 troops at hand, and General Lee fought the battle with less than 35,000, an army depleted by battles, weakened by privations, broken down by marching, and "ruined by straggling," it was unquestionably on the Confederate side the best fought battle of the war.

Henry Kyd Douglas.