

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.



RALLYING BEHIND THE TURNPIKE FENCE.

WHEN the Second Bull Run campaign closed we had the most brilliant prospects the Confederates ever had. We then possessed an army that, if kept together, the Federals would never have dared attack. With such a splendid victory behind us, and such bright prospects ahead, the question arose as to whether or not we would go into Maryland. General Lee, on account of our short supplies, hesitated a little, but I reminded him of my experience in Mexico where on several occasions we had to live two or three days on green corn. I told him we could not starve at that season of the year so long as the fields were loaded with roasting ears. Finally he determined to go on, and accordingly crossed the river and went to Frederick City. On the 6th of September some of our cavalry, moving toward Harper's Ferry, became engaged with some of the Federal artillery near there. General Lee proposed that I organize a force, and go and surround the garrison and capture it. I objected and urged that our troops were worn with marching, were on short rations, and it would be a bad idea to divide our forces while we were in the enemy's country, where he could get information, in six or eight hours, of any movement we might make. The Federal army, though beaten at Second Manassas, was not disorganized, and it would certainly come out to look for us, and we should guard against being caught in such a condition. Our army was very superior in the quality of its soldiers, but it was in no condition to divide in the enemy's country. I urged that we should keep it well in hand, recruit our strength, and get up supplies, and then we could do anything we pleased. General Lee made no reply to this,

and I supposed the scheme was abandoned.

A day or two after we had reached Frederick City, I went up to General Lee's tent and found the front walls closed. I inquired for the general, and he, recognizing my voice, asked me to come in. I went in and found Jackson there. The two were discussing the move against Harper's Ferry, both heartily approving it. They had gone so far it seemed useless for me to offer any further opposition, and I only suggested that Lee should use his entire army in the move instead of sending off a large portion of it to Hagerstown as he intended to do. General Lee so far changed the wording of his order as to require me to halt at Boonsboro' with General D. H. Hill; Jackson being ordered to Harper's Ferry via Bolivar Heights, on the south side; McLaws by the Maryland Heights on the north, and Walker, via Loudoun Heights, from the southeast. This was afterward changed, and I was sent on to Hagerstown, leaving D. H. Hill alone at South Mountain.

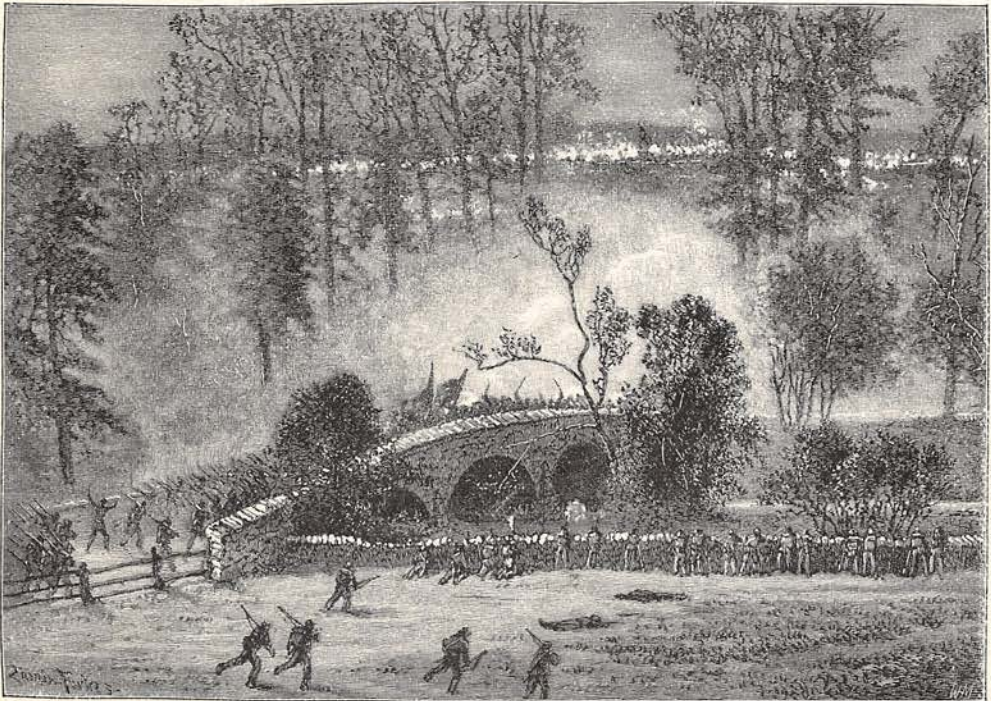
The movement against Harper's Ferry began on the 10th. Jackson made a wide, sweeping march around the Ferry, passing the Potomac at Williamsport, and moving from there on toward Martinsburg, and turning thence upon Harper's Ferry to make his attack by Bolivar Heights. McLaws made a hurried march to reach Maryland Heights before Jackson could get in position, and succeeded in doing so. With Maryland Heights in our possession the Federals could not hold their position there. McLaws put two or three hundred men to each piece of his artillery and carried it up the heights, and was in position when Jackson came on the heights opposite. Simultaneously Walker appeared upon Loudoun

Heights, south of the Potomac and east of the Shenandoah, thus completing the combination against the Federal garrison. The surrender of the Ferry and the twelve thousand Federal troops there was a matter of only a short time.

If the Confederates had been able to stop with that, they might have been well contented with their month's campaign. They had had a series of successes and no defeats; but the division of the army to make this attack on Harper's Ferry was a fatal error, as the subsequent events showed.

While a part of the army had gone toward Harper's Ferry I had moved up to Hagerstown. In the meantime Pope had been relieved and McClellan was in command of the army, and with ninety thousand refreshed troops was marching out to avenge Second Manassas. The situation was a very serious one for us. McClellan was close upon us. As we moved out of Frederick he came on and occupied that place, and there he came across a lost copy of the order assigning position to the several commands in the Harper's Ferry move.

This lost order has been the subject of much severe comment by Virginians who have written of the war. It was addressed to D. H. Hill, and they charged that its loss was due to him, and that the failure of the campaign was the result of the lost order. As General Hill has proven that he never received the order at his headquarters it must have been lost by some one else. Ordinarily upon getting possession of such an order the adversary would take it as a decoy, but it seems that General McClellan gave it his confidence, and made his dispositions accordingly. He planned his attack upon D. H. Hill under the impression that I was there with twelve brigades, nine of which were really at Hagerstown, and R. H. Anderson's division was on Maryland Heights with General McLaws. Had he exercised due diligence in seeking information from his own resources he would have known better the situation at South Mountain and could have enveloped General D. H. Hill's division on the afternoon of the 13th, or early on the morning of the 14th, and then turned upon McLaws at Maryland Heights, before I could have reached

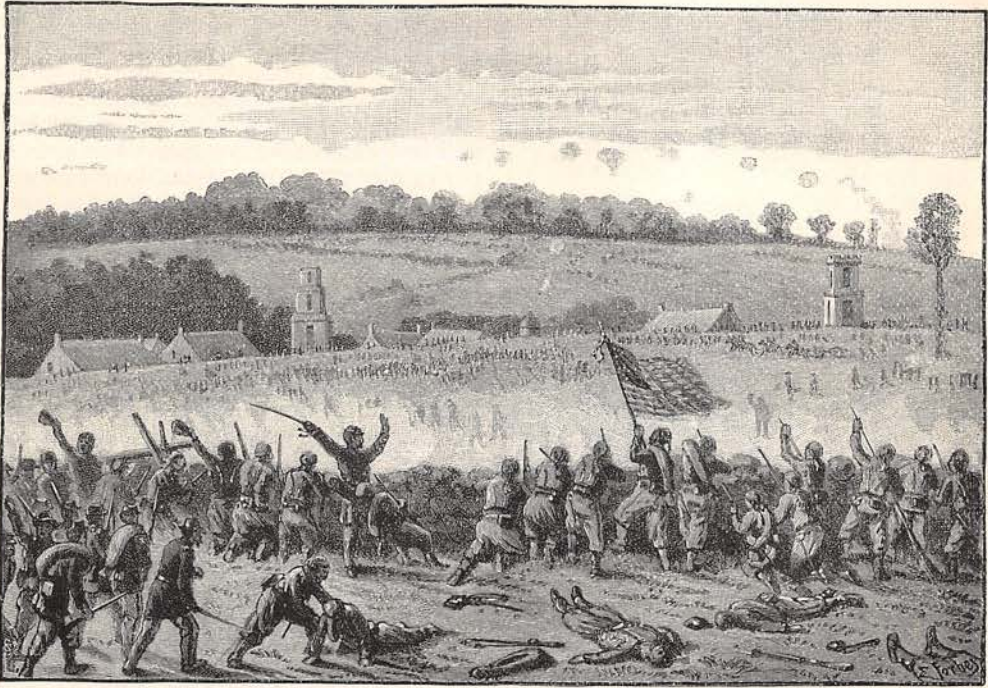


THE CHARGE ACROSS THE BURNSIDE BRIDGE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

In his report General Sturgis describes as follows the charge across the bridge:

"Orders arrived from General Burnside to carry the bridge at all hazards. I then selected the Fifty-first New York and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania from the Second Brigade, and directed them to charge with the bayonet. They started on their mission of death full of enthusiasm, and taking a route less exposed than

the regiments [Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire] which had made the effort before them, rushed at a double-quick over the slope leading to the bridge and over the bridge itself, with an impetuosity which the enemy could not resist; and the stars and stripes were planted on the opposite bank at one o'clock P. M., amid the most enthusiastic cheering from every part of the field from where they could be seen."



BURNSIDE'S ATTACK UPON SHARPSBURG. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

General Willcox's division, the right of the line, charged into the village. Colonel Fairchild, commanding a brigade in Rodman's division, on the left of the line (which included Hawkins's Zouaves, seen at the stone wall in the picture), describes in his report as follows the advance upon Sharpsburg after the hill above the bridge had been gained: "We continued to advance to the opposite hill under a tremendous fire from the enemy's batteries, up steep embankments. Arriving near a stone fence, the enemy—a brigade composed of South Carolina and Georgia regiments—opened on us with musketry. After returning their fire I immediately ordered a charge, which the whole brigade gallantly responded to, moving with alacrity and steadiness. Arriving at the fence, behind which the enemy were awaiting us, receiving their

fire, losing large numbers of our men, we charged over the fence, dislodging them and driving them from their positions down the hill toward the village, a stand of regimental colors belonging to a South Carolina regiment being taken by Private Thomas Hare, Company D, Eighty-ninth New York Volunteers, who was afterward killed. We continued to pursue the enemy down the hill. Discovering that they were massing fresh troops on our left, I went back and requested General Rodman to bring up rapidly the Second Brigade to our support, which he did, they engaging the enemy, he soon afterward falling badly wounded. . . . The large force advancing on our left flank compelled us to retire from the position, which we could have held had we been properly supported."

either point. As it was, McClellan, after finding the order, moved with more confidence on toward South Mountain, where D. H. Hill was stationed as a Confederate rear guard with five thousand men under his command. As I have stated, my command was at Hagerstown, thirteen miles further on. General Lee was with me, and on the night of the 13th we received information that McClellan was at the foot of South Mountain with his great army. General Lee ordered me to march back to the mountain early the next morning. I suggested that instead of meeting McClellan there, we withdraw Hill and unite my forces and Hill's at Sharpsburg, at the same time explaining that Sharpsburg was a strong defensive position from which we could strike the flank or rear of any force that might be sent to the relief of Harper's Ferry. I endeavored to show him that by making a forced march to Hill my troops would be in an exhausted condition and could not make a proper battle. The general listened patiently

enough, but did not change his plans, and directed that I should go back the next day and make a stand at the mountain.

After lying down, my mind was still on the battle of the next day, and I was so impressed with the thought that it would be impossible for us to do anything at South Mountain with the fragment of a worn and exhausted army, that I got up and striking a light wrote a note to General Lee, urging him to order Hill away and concentrate at Sharpsburg. To that note I got no answer, and the next morning I marched as directed, leaving General Toombs as ordered by General Lee at Hagerstown to guard our trains and supplies. We marched as hurriedly as we could over a hot and dusty road, and reached the mountain about three o'clock in the afternoon, with the troops much scattered and worn. In riding up the mountain to join General Hill I discovered that everything was in such disjointed condition it would be impossible for my troops and Hill's to hold the mountain against such forces as McClellan

had there, and wrote a note to General Lee, in which I stated that fact, and cautioned him to make his arrangements to retire that night. We got as many troops up as we could, and by putting in detachments here and there managed to hold McClellan in check until night, when Lee ordered the withdrawal to Sharpsburg.

On the afternoon of the 15th of September my command and Hill's crossed the Antietam Creek, and took position in front of Sharpsburg, my command filing into position on the right of the Sharpsburg and Boonsboro' turnpike, and D. H. Hill's division on the left. Soon after getting into position we found our left at



BRIGADIER-GENERAL L. O'B. BRANCH,
OF A. P. HILL'S DIVISION, KILLED
IN THE ATTACK UPON BURNSIDE'S
ADVANCED LINE.

Dunker Church, the weak point, and Hood with two brigades was changed from my right to guard this point, leaving General D. H. Hill between the parts of my command.

That night we heard of the fall of Harper's Ferry, and Jackson was ordered to Sharpsburg as rapidly as he could come. Right then, we should have retired from Sharpsburg and gone to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The moral effect of our move into Maryland had been lost by our discomfiture at South Mountain, and it was then evident we could not hope to concentrate in time to do more than make a respectable retreat, whereas by retiring before the battle, we could have claimed a very successful campaign.

On the afternoon of the 15th, the blue uniforms of the Federals appeared among the trees that crowned the heights on the eastern bank of the Antietam. The number increased and larger and larger grew the field of blue until it seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see, and from the tops of the mountains down to the edges of the stream gathered the great army of McClellan, ninety thousand strong. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle as this grand force settled down in sight of the Confederates, then shattered by battles and scattered by long and tiresome marches. On the 16th Jackson came and took position with part of his command on my left. Before night the Federals attacked my left and gave us a severe fight principally against Hood's division, but we drove them back, holding well our

ground. After nightfall Hood was relieved from the position on the left, ordered to replenish his ammunition, and be ready to resume his first position on my right in the morning. General Jackson's forces, who relieved Hood, were extended to our left, reaching well back toward the Potomac, where most of our cavalry was. Toombs had joined us with two of his regiments, and was placed as guard on the bridge on my right. Hooker, who had thrown his corps against my left in the afternoon, was reënforced by the corps of Sumner and Mansfield. Franklin and Sykes were also drawn into position for the impending battle. Burnside was over against my right, threatening the passage of the Antietam at that point. When light came on the morning of the 17th the Federals were in good position along the east of the Antietam, stretching up and down and across it to our left for three miles. They had a good position for artillery, and their guns were of the most approved make and metal. Our position overcrowded theirs a little, but our guns were inferior and our ammunition very imperfect.

Back of McClellan's line was a high ridge upon which was his signal station overlooking every point of our field. My command deployed on the right of the Boonsboro'-Sharpsburg pike with Hood's brigades awaiting orders. D. H. Hill was on the left extending toward the Hagerstown-Sharpsburg pike, and Jackson extended out from Hill's left toward the Potomac. The battle opened by the enemy concentrating heavily on the corps of Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield against our center, attacking upon Jackson's right and D. H. Hill's left. So severe and persistent was this attack I was obliged to send Hood back to support our center. The Federals forced us back a little, however, and held this part of our position to the end of the day's work. With new troops and renewed efforts McClellan continued his attacks upon this point from time to time, while he brought his forces to bear against all other points. The lines swayed back and forth as a cord exposed to rushing currents. A force too heavy to be withstood would strike and drive in a weak point till we could collect a few fragments, and in turn force back the advance till our lost ground was recovered. A heroic effort was made by D. H. Hill, who collected some fragments and led a charge to drive back and recover our lost ground at the center. He soon found that his little band was too much exposed on its left flank and was obliged to abandon it. Thus the battle ebbed and flowed with terrific slaughter on both sides.

The Federals fought with wonderful bravery and the Confederates clung to their ground

with heroic courage as hour after hour they were mown down like grass. The fresh troops of McClellan literally tore into shreds the already ragged army of Lee, but the Confederates never gave back.

I remember at one time they were surging up against us with fearful numbers. I was occupying the left over by Hood, whose ammunition gave out. He retired to get a fresh supply. Soon after, the Federals moved up against us in great masses.

We were under the crest of a hill occupying a position that ought to have been held by from four to six brigades. The only troops there were Cooke's regiment of North Carolina infantry without a cartridge. As I rode along the line with my staff I saw two pieces of the Washington artillery (Miller's battery), but there were not enough men to man them. The gunners had been either killed or wounded. This was a fearful situation for the Confederate center. I put my staff-officers to the guns while I held their horses. It was easy to see that if the Federals broke through our line there, the Confederate army would be cut in two and probably destroyed, for we were already badly whipped and were only holding our ground by sheer force of desperation. Cooke sent me word that his ammunition was out. I replied that he must hold his position as long as he had a man left. He responded that he would show his colors as long as there was a man alive to hold them up. We loaded up our little guns with canister and sent a rattle of hail into the Federals as they came up over the crest of the hill.

There was more business to the square inch in that little battery than in any I ever saw, and it shot harder and faster and with a sort of human energy as it seemed to realize that it was to hold the thousands of Federals at bay or the battle was lost. So warm was the reception we gave them that they dodged back behind the crest of the hill. We sought to make them believe we had many batteries before them instead of only two little guns. As the Federals would come up they would see the colors of the North Carolina regiment waving placidly and then would receive a shower of canister. We made it lively while it lasted. In the meantime General Chilton, General Lee's chief of staff, made his way to me and asked, "Where are the troops you are holding your line with?" I pointed to my two pieces and to Cooke's regiment and replied, "There they are; but that regiment hasn't a cartridge."

Chilton's eyes popped as though they would come out of his head, he struck spurs to his horse and away he went to General Lee. I suppose he made some remarkable report, although I did not see General Lee

again until night. After a little a shot came across the Federal front, plowing the ground in a parallel line. Another and another, each nearer and nearer their line. This was from a battery on D. H. Hill's line.

This enfilade fire, so distressing to soldiers, soon beat back the attacking column. Meanwhile R. H. Anderson and Hood came to our support and gave us more confidence. It was a little while only until another assault was made against Hill and extending far over toward our left, where McLaws and Walker were supporting Jackson. In this desperate effort the lines seemed to swing back and forth for many minutes but at last settled down to their respective positions, the Confederates holding with a desperation which seemed to say, "We are here to die."

Meantime General Lee was over toward our right, where Burnside was trying to cross to make an attack there. Toombs, who had been assigned as guard at that point, did handsome service. His troops were footsore and worn from marching, and he had only twelve hundred men to meet Burnside, who had ten thousand. The little band fought bravely, but the Federals were pressing them slowly back. The delay that Toombs caused saved that part of the battle, however, for at the last moment A. P. Hill came in to reënforce him and D. H. Hill discovered a good place for a battery and opened with it. Thus the Confederates were enabled to drive the Federals back, and when night settled down the army of Lee was still in possession of the field. But it was dearly bought, for thousands of brave soldiers were dead on the field and many gallant commands were torn as a forest in a cyclone. It was heartrending to see how Lee's army had been slashed by the day's fighting.

Nearly one-fourth of the troops who went into the battle were killed or wounded that day. We were so badly crushed that at the close of the day ten thousand fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had. But McClellan did not know it, and even feared when Burnside was pressed back that Sharpsburg was a Confederate victory, and that he would have to retire. As it was, when night settled down both armies were content to stay where they were.

During the progress of the battle of Sharpsburg General Lee and I were riding along my line and D. H. Hill's, when we received a report of movements of the enemy and started up the ridge to make a reconnoissance. General Lee and I dismounted, but Hill declined to do so. I said to him, "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us a little interval so that we may not be in the line of the fire when they open upon you."

General Lee and I stood on the top of the crest with our glasses, looking at the movements of the Federals on the rear left. After a moment I turned my glass to the right and the Federal left. As I did so I noticed a puff of white smoke from the mouth of a cannon. "There is a shot for you," I said to General Hill.

The gunner was a mile away, and the cannon-shot came whisking through the air for three or four seconds and took off the front legs of the horse that Hill sat on and let the animal down on his pegs. The horse's head was so low and his croup so high that Hill was in a most ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Finally we prevailed on him to try the other end of the horse and he got down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. That was the second best shot I ever saw. The best was at Yorktown. There a Federal officer came out in front of our line, and sitting down to his little platting table began to make a map. One of our officers carefully sighted a gun, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the hands of the man at the little table.

When the battle was over and night was gathering, I started to General Lee's headquarters to make my report. In going through the town I passed a house that had been set afire and was still burning. The family was in great distress, and I stopped to do what I could for them. By that I was detained until some time after the other officers had reached headquarters and made their reports.

My delay caused some apprehension on the part of General Lee that I had been hurt; and, in fact, such a report was sent him. When I rode up and dismounted he seemed much relieved, and coming to me very hurriedly for one of his dignified manner, threw his arms upon my shoulders and said:

"Here is my old war-horse at last."

When the reports were all in, General Lee decided that he would not be prepared the next day for offensive battle, and would prepare only for defense, as we had been doing.

The next day the Federals failed to advance, and both armies remained in position. During the day some of the Federals came over under a flag of truce to look after their

* This was Lee's estimate as stated to me at the time. It is much above the estimate of those who have since written of this campaign. Colonel Marshall, in his evidence in the Fitz John Porter case, gives our forces at the Second Manassas on August 29th as 50,000, not including artillery or cavalry. R. H. Anderson joined me on the night of August 29th, with something over 4000.—J. L.

Careful study of the "Official Records" leads to the following conclusions: In his official report General Lee says, "This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side."

dead and wounded. The following night we withdrew, passing the Potomac with our entire army. After we had gotten over, the Federals made a show of pursuit, and a force of about fifteen hundred crossed the river and gave a considerable amount of trouble to the command under General Pendleton. General A. P. Hill was sent back with his division, and he attacked the Federals who had crossed the river in pursuit of us. His lines extended beyond theirs, and he drove them back in a great deal of confusion. Many sprang over the steep bluffs of the river and were killed; some were drowned and many were shot. Hill had a very handsome affair of it. Proceeding on our march, we went to Bunker Hill, where we remained for several days. A report was made of a Federal advance, but it turned out to be only a party of cavalry and amounted to nothing. As soon as that cavalry retired we moved back and camped around Winchester, where we remained until some time in October. Our stragglers continued to come in until November, which shows how many we had lost by severe marches.

The great mistake of the campaign was the division of Lee's army. If General Lee had kept his forces together he could not have suffered defeat. At Sharpsburg he had hardly thirty-seven thousand men,* who were in poor condition for battle, while McClellan had ninety thousand, who were fresh and well.

The next year, when on our way to Gettysburg, there was the same situation of affairs at Harper's Ferry, but we let it alone.

General Lee was not satisfied with the result of the Maryland campaign, and seemed inclined to attribute the failure to the Lost Dispatch; though I believe he was more inclined to attribute the loss of the dispatch to a courier or other negligence than that of the officer to whom it was directed. That another dispatch was lost in the same campaign was additional cause of anxiety to him. Our men came in so rapidly after the battle that renewed hope of gathering his army in great strength soon caused General Lee to look for other and new prospects, and to lose sight of the lost campaign. But at Sharpsburg was sprung the keystone of the arch upon which the Confederate cause rested.

According to McClellan's report the number of combatants in his command was 87,164; but the brunt of the battle was borne by about 60,000 men.

Comparing the available strength of the two armies, undoubtedly McClellan's doubled that of Lee's.

The Union losses at Antietam were 139 officers and 1969 men killed; 474 officers and 9075 men wounded; and 7 officers and 746 men captured or missing; total, 12,410. The Union losses in the entire campaign (exclusive of Harper's Ferry), from Sept. 3d to 20th, were 15,203.

According to the report of Lee's medical director

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, Cramp-ton'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

listening to the reverberations rolling along