

A SHELL AT HEADQUARTERS.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND AT CHATTANOOGA.

ON the night of September 20th, 1863, after two days of furious fighting, and after a loss of 16,179 men, nearly one-third its strength, the Army of the Cumberland withdrew from Chickamauga to Rossville, not quite four miles in the rear, and there stood in line of battle all the next day. But an attack was not made. The enemy had dashed against the "Rock of Chickamauga," and had been broken in pieces. Two-fifths of the men of Bragg's army had been killed or wounded. Rossville was held till the night of the 21st, when the Army of the Cumberland withdrew to positions in and around Chattanooga. The non-combatants of the town, in great alarm, had taken flight to the hills across the river, or had sought in their cellars refuge from the danger of an impending battle. Every church, public building, and available house had been taken for hospital purposes, for our wounded soldiers filled the town, more than nine thousand having been brought in from Chickamauga.

As soon as the divisions were in the positions assigned to them, the muskets were stacked and ax, pick, and spade were grasped. Day and night the work of fortification went on; trees were felled, houses were torn down, trenches were dug, epaulements for batteries rose from the ground in a single night, and the hills within our line grew into strong breastworks and impregnable fortresses. Looking from the signal station on Lookout Mountain down into the valley two thousand feet below, one could see myriads of boys in blue, like great ants, burrowing in the ground and throwing up hills of dirt. As Rosecrans, with his staff, rode along the lines, his troops greeted him with cheers that proclaimed the spirit of victors. Off to the south, Bragg's army could be seen, swarming through Rossville gap, and spreading over Missionary Ridge and the

east side of Lookout Mountain, and afterwards approaching our front in solid lines of battle. Batteries of artillery hurried into position; staff officers galloped over the field farther up the valley, and, in the direction of Rossville, great clouds of dust, like the "pillar of cloud by day," marked the advance of other unseen masses of troops.

Bragg's army was on its feet again, and another battle seemed imminent. Late that day General Bragg sent General Gracie to Rosecrans requesting an exchange of prisoners. In a conversation with Major Bond, aide-de-camp to General Rosecrans, General Gracie asked him what opinion prevailed among our men as to which army had the advantage in the operations that ended in the battle of Chickamauga and the occupation of Chattanooga, saying that this was a mooted question in Bragg's camp. Major Bond replied that there had been no time in the past two years that we would not have given for the possession of Chattanooga all that it had cost, and he added, "I believe we have got it." After a pause General Gracie remarked, "Well, that is so."

As the flag of truce that came with this message approached our lines, all who saw it believed that it brought a demand from Bragg for the surrender of Chattanooga. A rumor that the demand had been made and refused quickly spread through our camp, and all the troops now eagerly waited for the opening gun of Bragg's attack. But the battle was not to be. Bragg, having drawn his lines as close around Chattanooga as seemed prudent, sat down with his army, and began working with the spade not less energetically than the Army of the Cumberland. For many days, within the range of each other's artillery, the two armies dug as though each was preparing the

grave of the other. After it became apparent that Bragg would not fight at Chattanooga, it was thought that he might cross the river above, threaten our lines of communication with the rear, and thus repeat, on the north side, the manœuvre of Rosecrans. Longstreet advised such a movement; Bragg did not approve it, preferring to adopt the plan of starving us out.

On September 24th a brigade that had held the point of Lookout Mountain was withdrawn. Bragg at once took possession, and sent Longstreet's corps over into Lookout valley. He also extended his pickets down the south bank of the river, nearly to Bridgeport, our base of supplies. This cut us off from the river and the roads on its north and south banks, and left us but one open road to the rear,—if the sixty miles of unused way over Waldron's Ridge and through Sequatchie valley could be called a road, inasmuch as in places it was only the bed of winter torrents, or slashes on the mountain sides. Over this, for a time, we might haul supplies; but we were in a state of semi-siege.

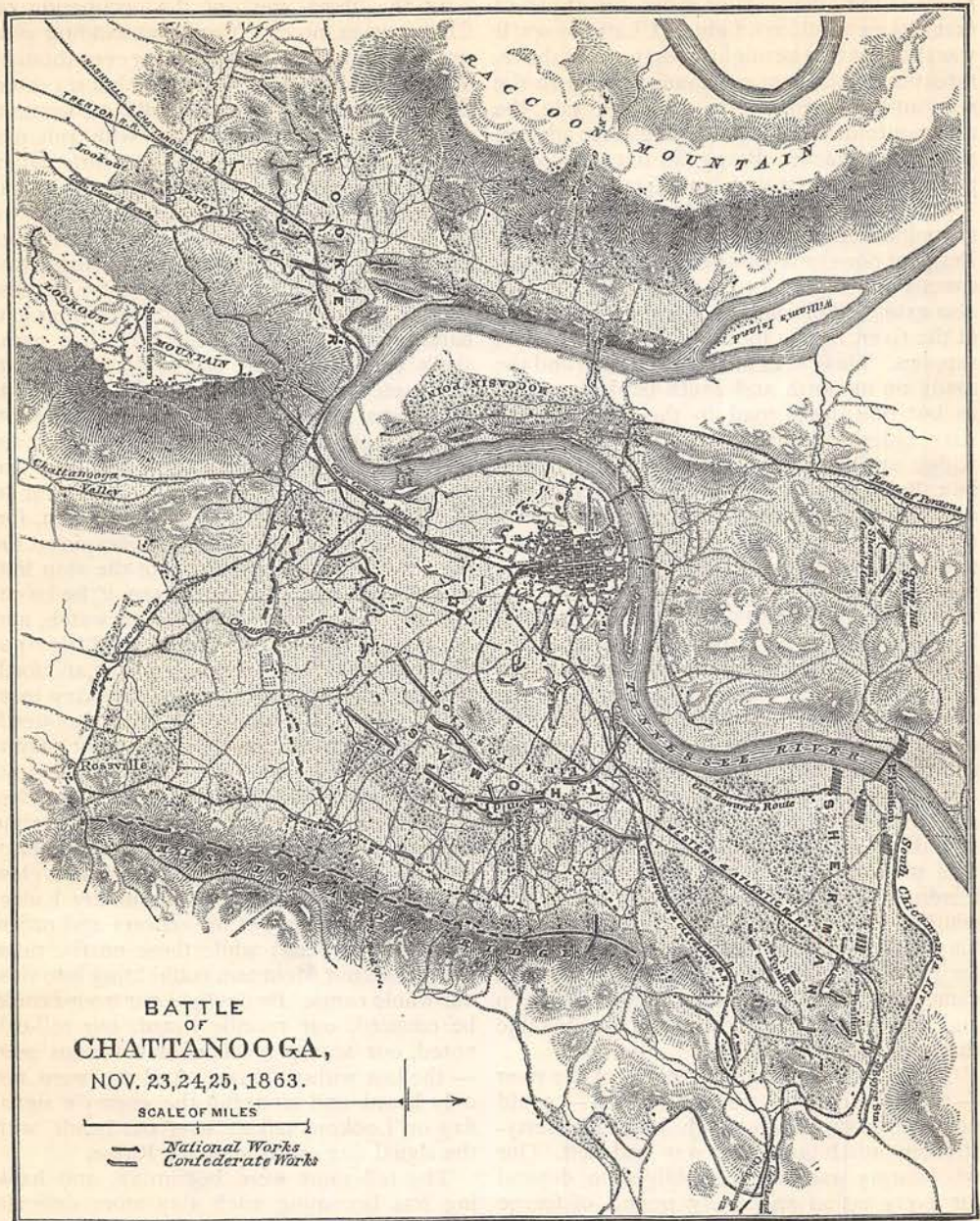
Within a few days the trees within our lines had been cut down for use in the fortifications, or for fuel, and even the arbors that had been put up to protect officers and men from the sickening heat of a September sun were sacrificed for fuel. Coffee had to be boiled, though its drinkers broiled. There had been but little rain since early in July. The earth was parched and blistered. Leaves had dried up on the trees, and all grass had withered and turned gray. The moving of men and animals stirred up blinding clouds of dust which every breeze sent whirling through the camps. The troops were longing for rain, the chaplains were praying for it. With the first week in October the rains came, and it was a question whether the deep and sticky mud was not more objectionable than the dust.

The hilly, barren country north of the river—the only country we could reach—could not furnish supplies enough for the poverty-stricken inhabitants the war had left. Our whole army was therefore obliged to depend for every ration and every pound of forage on the mules that hauled the army wagons over the sixty miles of horrible road from Bridgeport. On its line some of the hills were so steep that a heavy army wagon was almost a load going up, and, now that the rains were falling, that part of it in the little valleys had become so soft and cut up that a lightly loaded wagon would sink up to the axles. In one instance, a wagon having sunk till its bed rested on the mud, the driver did not, as usual, beat his mules and swear; he simply sat on a rock by the wayside, looked at the wretched animals, and *cried*.

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In the third week of the occupation of Chattanooga, no one, from commanding general down, any longer expected or even thought of an attack. Both armies had almost ceased their excavations. Missionary Ridge, summit, side, and base, was furrowed with rifle-pits and studded with batteries. The little valley of Chattanooga was dammed up with earthworks, and Lookout Mountain, now a mighty fortress, lifted to the low-hanging clouds its threatening head, crowned with siege guns. Since the 5th of October the guns of Missionary Ridge had been daily growling and barking at our forts on the left, while great shells came tumbling down from Lookout, like meteors shooting from the sky. Our own guns savagely sent back shot for shot, sowing them thickly on the sides of mountain and ridge. The two lines of pickets were not more than three hundred yards apart; but on the picket line it was peaceful and calm, for, by common consent, there was no picket firing. For it is inhuman to shoot the man into whose eyes one can look, even if he be an enemy. The pickets were there to watch, and not to kill. Quietly they sat at the little "gopher pits," chaffing and sending back and forth boisterous jokes, while perhaps shrieking messengers of death, unheeded and unnoticed, flew over their heads. On a still night, standing on the picket line, one could hear the old negro song "Dixie," adopted by the Confederacy as their national music; while from our line came in swelling response, "Hail Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." With a glass Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, even the movement of his officers and orderlies, could be seen; while those on the ridge or on Lookout Mountain could bring into view our whole camp. By daylight our troops could be counted, our reveille heard, our roll-call noted, our scanty meals of half rations seen—the last without envy. And we were not only heard and seen, but the enemy's signal flag on Lookout talked, over our heads, with the signal flag on Missionary Ridge.

The fall rains were beginning, and hauling was becoming each day more difficult. Double teams could draw not much more than half loads. Quartermasters could not send mules to the front fast enough to take the place of those that were worked to death. Ten thousand dead mules walled the sides of the road from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. In Chattanooga the men were on less than half rations. Guards stood at the troughs of artillery horses to keep the soldiers from taking the scant supply of corn allowed these starving animals. Indeed, so slight was the allowance of forage that many horses died of starvation, and most of the survivors grew too weak for use in pulling



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the lightest guns. Men followed the wagons as they came over the river, picking up the grains of corn and bits of crackers that fell to the ground. Yet there was no murmur of discontent.

Before Rosecrans had advanced from Tullahoma, he had urged the authorities at Washington to send him reinforcements, and to cause such operations to be made in other fields as would prevent reinforcements from being sent to Bragg. To his entreaties they turned a deaf

ear. Indeed, they were then about persuaded that Bragg was depleting his army by sending reinforcements to General Lee in Virginia; and they compelled Rosecrans to cross the Tennessee River with an insufficient force. The battle of Chickamauga dispelled such ideas, and caused great alarm. In haste they ordered General Sherman to move at once with the Fifteenth Army Corps from the vicinity of Vicksburg to Chattanooga, and sent by rail the Eleventh Corps and Twelfth Corps, —

fifteen thousand men,—under command of General Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac. Early in October Hooker reached Nashville, and as his men could not be fed in Chattanooga, they were temporarily strung along the railroad from Nashville to Bridgeport. Ever since Longstreet got into Lookout valley, Rosecrans had been making preparation to drive him out. A small stern-wheel steamboat was built at Bridgeport; a captured ferry-boat, reconstructed, was made an available transport; and material for boats and pontoons, or either, with stringers and flooring for bridges, was prepared at Chattanooga as rapidly as possible, at an improvised saw-mill. But the plan finally adopted was conceived and worked out by General William F. Smith, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland. On the 20th of October, after having been fully matured, it was submitted, and was warmly approved by Thomas, who had succeeded Rosecrans, and who at once gave orders to General Smith, General Hooker, and others to carry it into execution with all possible expedition.

October 16th the Military Division of the Mississippi was created. General Grant was placed in command, with directions to proceed at once to Chattanooga and take personal charge of operations. While *en route* for that point, he telegraphed from Louisville, Kentucky, on the 19th, relieving General Rosecrans and placing General Thomas in command. The same day he telegraphed to General Thomas:—

“Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible. Please inform me how long your present supplies will last, and the prospect of keeping them up.”

General Thomas responded:

“Two hundred and four thousand and sixty-nine rations in store; 96,000 to arrive to-morrow, and all trains were loaded which had arrived at Bridgeport up to the 16th inst., probably 300 wagons. We will hold the town till we starve.”

General Grant reached Chattanooga the evening of the 23d. The next day, in company with Generals Thomas and Smith, he rode to Brown's Ferry. There General Smith's plan was explained to him. He heartily approved it, and directed that its execution be proceeded with. Everything necessary for the movement being in readiness it was commenced with the greatest possible haste and secrecy on the night of the 26th. After midnight, fourteen hundred picked men from Hazen's and Turchin's brigades, under command of Brigadier-General Hazen, quietly marched to the river bank at Chattanooga; the rest of the troops of these two brigades, with three batteries of artillery under Major John Men-

denhall, crossed the river and marched over Moccasin Point to a place near Brown's Ferry, where, under cover of the woods, they waited the arrival of General Hazen's force. The success of this expedition depended on surprising the enemy at Brown's Ferry. It was known that he had there 1000 infantry, 3 pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, while Longstreet's corps was not far off. At 3 o'clock in the morning, 52 pontoons, filled with Hazen's 1400 men, and under the direction of Colonel T. R. Stanley, 18th Ohio Infantry, noiselessly started down the river on the nine-mile course to Brown's Ferry. There was a full moon, but the light was dimmed by floating clouds and by a fog rising from the water. Oars were used till the first picket fire of the enemy was approached; then the boats were steered close to the right bank, and allowed to float with the current. On top of Lookout a signal torch was seen flashing against the sky. Was it possible that the movement had been discovered, and that Lookout was telling Missionary Ridge? No; there were the pickets sitting around their fires on the south bank, unaware that fourteen hundred boys in blue were floating by within a stone's throw. Not a gun had yet been fired,—not an alarm given. The boats still hugged the right bank. Brown's Ferry was reached at break of dawn. Suddenly the oars were put into use, and before the enemy could make out the sounds, the boats were rowed to the left bank. The pickets on guard greeted them with a volley of musketry, and then fell back on their reserves. The fourteen hundred men quickly and in perfect order occupied the crest of a hill, and began to throw up light breastworks. But they had not proceeded far in this work when the enemy appeared and made a fruitless effort to drive them from the hill. In the mean time, the boats were bringing over the river the rest of the two brigades that had marched to the north ferry landing. When the transfer had been accomplished, the boats were used in the construction of a pontoon bridge, which was finished by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and over which Mendenhall's artillery crossed. Work was impeded early in the day by shots from the guns on Lookout Mountain.

In accordance with the general plan, General Hooker, at daylight on the morning of October 27th, crossed the river at Bridgeport with the Eleventh and Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, and moved along the direct road to Brown's Ferry by the base of Raccoon Mountain. He brushed away the enemy's pickets and light bodies of skirmishers, and moved cautiously, as he knew Longstreet was in Lookout valley, and might at any moment

appear to oppose his advance. It was his part to open and hold the river road, to cooperate with the Chattanooga force, and to protect the pontoon bridges from attacks that would almost certainly be made by Longstreet. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the head of his column reached a point about one mile from the ferry, up Lookout valley; and here his command went into camp, excepting Geary's division, which was left three miles in the rear, in a position covering the ferry. These movements were made in plain view of the enemy on Lookout Mountain, who evidently did not realize their importance or design in time to oppose them with good prospects of success. A short distance from the ferry, up the little valley of Lookout, was Longstreet, with his troops. Down below, near its mouth, his old enemy Hooker, with troops fresh from the Army of the Potomac, had just thrown down the gage of battle. From the commencement of the war these opposing forces had confronted each other in Virginia. Both had left their respective armies in Virginia to reënforce armies in the West, one moving on the northern half, the other on the southern half of a circle over two thousand miles in circumference, and by a sort of affinity had come face to face in this far-off valley at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Longstreet did not hesitate to accept the challenge. When he discovered Hooker's object, he did not even wait the light of day to repeat his old tactics. The night of the 27th was clear and the air crisp. The moon shone brightly from before midnight till morning. Hooker's troops were sleeping soundly after their hard march of nearly twenty-five miles, when Longstreet's men came crowding down the valley. An hour past midnight a terrific onslaught was made on Geary's division. It was assaulted on three sides. Artillery in the valley and on Lookout opened a severe fire. Our men, who slept in line of battle, sprang to their feet at the first shot of a sentinel. The contest lasted for three hours, till Longstreet's line was broken and his men driven from the field. It was Longstreet's intention to crush Geary; then, with his whole force, to attack General Howard's Eleventh Corps, nearly three miles away. In order to hold Howard where he was, and to prevent him from sending assistance to Geary, he had sent a smaller column to move round his camp, and, almost in its rear, to occupy a steep hill nearly two hundred feet high. General Howard ordered Colonel Orland Smith, with his brigade, to carry the hill. In gallant response a magnificent charge was made up the steep side, and the enemy was driven from the barricades on top at the point of the bayonet. Longstreet, routed at every

point, retreated up the valley, leaving it as the moon's pale light was fading over the hills and giving place to the coming brightness of day. Four hundred and twenty of our men, and many more of the enemy, were killed and wounded. Hooker thus gained Lookout valley; the siege of Chattanooga was raised; the "cracker line" was opened! Hooker's troops were truly messengers of glad tidings. In their wake followed hundreds of wagons, well filled with commissary stores, while the little Bridgeport steamer, loaded down to the guards, pushed its way up the river.

The credit of this result is chiefly due to General W. F. Smith, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, who conceived the plan of operations, and under whose directions it was mostly carried out. A failure in any part of the combined movements would have resulted seriously, perhaps disastrously. Foreknowledge on the part of the enemy would have enabled him to thwart it. So secretly had material been prepared and movements made, that none of the thousands in camp at Chattanooga, save a very few officers, were aware of anything unusual being done, till, on the 28th, they were awakened by the roar of artillery and the rattling roll of musketry coming over from Lookout valley. The raising of the siege of Chattanooga, by opening up the river and the road on its south bank, was determined upon by the commanding officers of the Army of the Cumberland soon after the occupation, though the plan of operations was adopted later, but before General Grant came to Chattanooga.

There being no longer any need for Longstreet in Lookout valley, Bragg sent him, with his corps, to Knoxville for the purpose of driving out Burnside and regaining possession of East Tennessee. The authorities at Washington became greatly concerned for Burnside's safety, and urged Grant to send assistance. But this he could not then do. Troops could not be spared from Chattanooga, nor could Bragg be attacked in his stronghold till the arrival of Sherman with the Fifteenth Corps. But Burnside held out against the attacks of Longstreet, and the situation at Chattanooga remained unchanged, except that supplies were constantly coming, and the men and the horses were getting in condition for active work.

On November 15th, General Sherman reached Chattanooga in advance of his troops. The next day, with General Grant, General Thomas, and General Smith, he rode over the hills to a point from which he could get a good view of the north end of Missionary Ridge. This appeared to be unoccupied by the enemy, as far back as Tunnel Hill. General Grant, having here pointed out the ground, explained to General Sherman his plan of operations,

and gave him instructions for carrying out the part assigned to him. General Grant's plan, in brief, was to turn Bragg's right.

General Grant selected his old army—the Army of the Tennessee, now under command of General Sherman—to open the battle, to make the grand attack, and to carry Missionary Ridge as far as Tunnel Hill. The Army of the Cumberland was simply to get into position and cooperate with General Sherman; in fact, only to protect his right while he was doing this work. General Grant well knew the men whom he had thus honored; he had commanded them at Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, and Vicksburg. He knew there were no better soldiers, and they came fresh from Vicksburg, bearing with them the prestige of victory. When he was explaining his plan to General Sherman, he said that the men of Thomas's army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga, that he feared they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive, and that the Army of the Cumberland had been so long in the trenches, that he wanted his troops to hurry up to take the offensive *first*, after which he had no doubt the Cumberland Army would fight well.

The men of the Army of the Cumberland gave most hearty welcome to their brethren of the Army of the Tennessee, who had marched from the far-off Mississippi to their assistance; but they were rather envious of them on account of the special distinction that had been given them and the glory that awaited them. They could not help feeling disappointed at not having been called on to do what they thought should have been their peculiar work. The army so close in front was their old adversary. They had driven it from the Ohio across the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; they had grappled with it in battle at Perryville, at Stone's River, and Chickamauga. Here was a grand opportunity to finish the battle of Chickamauga. Here was an opportunity for an effective, dramatic, and decisive conclusion.

No battle-field in our war, none in the wars of history, where large armies were engaged, was so spectacular, or so well fitted for a display of soldierly courage and daring as the amphitheater of Chattanooga. Late on the night of November 22d a sentinel who deserted from the enemy was brought to General Sheridan, and informed him that Bragg's baggage was being reduced, and that he was about to fall back. On account of these indications and reports, General Grant decided not to wait longer for General Sherman's troops to come up, but to find out whether Bragg was in fact withdrawing, and, if so, to attack him at once.

Therefore, at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, he directed General Thomas to "drive in the enemy's pickets," and feel his lines for the purpose of finding out whether he still held in force. Thus General Grant was about to change his plans. He was compelled to depart from his original purpose, and was obliged to call on troops of the Army of the Cumberland to make the first offensive movement.

General Thomas ordered General Granger, commanding the Fourth Corps, "to throw one division of the Fourth Corps forward in the direction of Orchard Knob, and hold a second division in supporting distance, to discover the position of the enemy, if he still remained in the vicinity of his old camp."

Orchard Knob is a rough, steep hill, one hundred feet high, covered with a growth of small timber, rising abruptly from the Chattanooga valley, and lying about half way between our outer pits and the breastworks of logs and stones. At its western base, and extending for a mile beyond, both north and south of the hill, were other rifle-pits, hid in part by a heavy belt of timber that extended about a quarter of a mile from the foot of the hill into the plain. Between this belt of timber and our lines were open fields in which there was not a tree, fence, or other obstruction, save the bed of the East Tennessee Railroad. On the plain were hundreds of little mounds, thrown up by our own and the enemy's pickets, giving the appearance of an overgrown prairie-dog village.

At noon General Grant, Assistant Secretary of War Dana, General Thomas, Generals Hooker, Granger, Howard, and other distinguished officers stood on the parapet of Fort Wood, facing Orchard Knob, waiting to see this initial movement,—the overture to the battle of Chattanooga. At half-past twelve, Wood's division, supported by Sheridan, marched out on the plain, in front of the fort. It was an inspiring sight. Flags were flying; the quick, earnest steps of thousands beat equal time. The sharp commands of hundreds of company officers, the sound of the drums, the ringing notes of the bugle, companies wheeling and counter-marching and regiments getting into line, the bright sun lighting up ten thousand polished bayonets till they glistened and flashed like a flying shower of electric sparks,—all looked like preparations for a pageant, rather than for the bloody work of death.

Groups of officers on Missionary Ridge looked down through their glasses, and the enemy's pickets, but a few hundred yards away, came out of their pits and idly stood looking on, unconcernedly viewing what they supposed to be preparations for a grand review. But at half-past one o'clock the advance was sounded.

At once Wood's division, moving with the steadiness of a machine, started forward. Not a straggler or laggard was on the field, and, what was probably hardly ever before seen, drummers were marching with their companies, beating the charge. General Howard, who had just come from the East, remarked to an officer: "Why, this is magnificent! Is this the way your Western troops go into action? They could not go on dress parade better." Now the enemy realized, for the first time, that it was not a review. His pickets fell back to their reserves. The reserves were quickly driven back to the main line. Firing opened from the enemy's advanced rifle-pits, followed by a tremendous roll of musketry and roar of artillery. Men were seen on the ground, dotting the field over which the line of battle had passed. Ambulances came hurrying back with the first of the wounded. Columns of puffy smoke arose from the Orchard Knob woods. A cheer, faint to those on the parapet of Fort Wood, indicated that the boys in blue were carrying the breastworks on the Knob! A sharp, short struggle, and the hill was ours.

The capture of Orchard Knob, with the advancing of our lines half way to Missionary Ridge, had a most important bearing on the struggle at Chattanooga. It caused Bragg the same evening to withdraw Walker's division from Lookout Mountain, and transfer it to Missionary Ridge, for the purpose of strengthening his center and right, thus weakening his forces on Lookout Mountain, and rendering less doubtful the result of an assault on that stronghold,—not yet contemplated. It also gave General Thomas a much more advantageous position from which to cooperate with General Sherman the next day, and one from which the movements of the enemy in the valley between the Knob and Ridge could be better observed. And it showed the commanding general that the men of the Army of the Cumberland, who, against great odds, fought and held the field at Chickamauga, had not been rusted out by nine weeks of burial in enervating earthworks.

While Granger's troops were fighting at Orchard Knob, part of General Sherman's force was still at Brown's Ferry. The crossing was rendered slow and difficult because the pontoon bridge was frequently broken by logs and small rafts set afloat up stream by the enemy. In the afternoon all the divisions had crossed, except Osterhaus's, when another break in the bridge occurred, and several pontoons were carried down stream. It was found that this could not be repaired before night, or in time for Osterhaus to join Sherman in his movement against Missionary Ridge. Osterhaus was, therefore, ordered to report with his division to General Hooker, and the place of his

division, temporarily separated from the Fifteenth Corps, was filled by Davis's division of the Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of November 23d, when it became certain that Osterhaus would be attached to Hooker's command, General Thomas directed Hooker to make a demonstration against Lookout Mountain the next morning, and, if the demonstration showed it could be carried, to proceed to take it. Later in the day, orders to the same effect came to General Hooker from General Grant. The success at Orchard Knob, and the breaking of the bridge at Brown's Ferry, caused this radical change to be made in Grant's plans. Yet he still held to the chief feature, which was to turn Bragg's right.

The morning of November 24th opened with a cold, drizzling rain. Thick clouds of mist were settling on Lookout Mountain. At day-break Geary's division, and Whitaker's brigade of Cruft's division, marched up to Wauhatchie, the nearest point at which Lookout Creek, swelled by recent rains, could be forded, and there crossed at 8 o'clock. The heavy clouds of mist reaching down the mountain side hid the movement from the enemy, who was expecting and who was well prepared to resist a crossing at the Chattanooga road below. As soon as this movement was discovered, the enemy withdrew his troops from the summit of the mountain, changed front, and formed a new line to meet our advance,—his left resting at the palisade, and his right at the heavy works in the valley, where the road crossed the creek. Having crossed at Wauhatchie, Whitaker's brigade, being in the advance, drove back the enemy's pickets, and quickly ascended the mountain, till it reached the foot of the palisade. Here, firmly attaching its right, the brigade faced left in front, with its left joined to Geary's division. Geary now moved along the side of the mountain, and through the valley, thus covering the crossing of the rest of Hooker's command. In the mean time Grose's brigade was engaging the enemy at the lower road crossing, and Woods's brigade of Osterhaus's division was building a bridge, rather more than half a mile farther up the creek. Geary, moving down the valley, reached this point at 11 o'clock, just after the bridge was finished, and as Osterhaus's division and Grose's brigade were crossing. Hooker's command, now united in the enemy's field, was ready to advance and sweep round the mountain. His line, hanging at the base of the palisades like a great pendulum, reached down the side of the mountain to the valley, where the force that had just crossed the creek was attached as its weight. Now, as, at the command of Hooker, it swung

forward in its upward movement, the artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, on Moccasin Point, opened fire, throwing a stream of shot and shell into the enemy's rifle-pits at the foot of the mountain, and into the works thickly planted on the "White House" plateau. At the same time the guns planted by Hooker on the west side of the creek opened on the works which covered the enemy's right. Then followed a gallant assault by Osterhaus and Grose. After fighting for nearly two hours, step by step up the steep mountain side, over and through deep gutters and ravines, over great rocks and fallen trees, the earthworks on the plateau were assaulted and carried, and the enemy driven out and forced to fall back. He did so slowly and reluctantly, taking advantage of the rough ground to continue the fight. It was now 2 o'clock. A halt all along the line was ordered by General Hooker, as the clouds had grown so thick that a further advance was impracticable, and as his ammunition was almost exhausted and more could not well be supplied. Ammunition wagons could not be brought up the rough mountain side. But all of the enemy's works had been taken. Hooker had carried the mountain on the east side, and had opened communication with Chattanooga. His right was at the palisades, his left in the valley near the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, and he commanded the enemy's line of defensive works in Chattanooga valley.

In the morning it had not been known in Chattanooga, in Sherman's army, or in Bragg's camp, that a battle was to be fought. Indeed, it was not definitely known even to General Grant; for Hooker was only ordered to make a demonstration, and, if this showed a good chance for success, then to make an attack. Soon after breakfast, Sherman's men at the other end of the line, intent on the north end of Missionary Ridge, and Thomas's men in the center, fretting to be let loose from their intrenchments, were startled by the sound of artillery and musketry firing in Lookout valley. Surprise possessed the thousands who turned their anxious eyes toward the mountain. The hours slowly wore away; the roar of battle increased, as it came rolling around the point of the mountain, and the anxiety grew. A battle was being fought just before and above them. They could hear, but could not see how it was going. Finally, the wind, tossing about the clouds and mist, made a rift that for a few minutes opened a view of White House plateau. The enemy was seen to be in flight over the open ground, and Hooker's men were in pursuit! Then went up a mighty cheer from the thirty thousand in the valley, that was heard above the battle by their comrades on the mountain.

At 2 o'clock Hooker reported to General Thomas and informed him that he was out of ammunition. Thomas at once sent Carlin's brigade from the valley, each soldier taking with him all of the small ammunition he could carry. At 5 o'clock Carlin was on the mountain, and Hooker's skirmishers were quickly supplied with the means of carrying on their work.

As the sun went down, the clouds rolled away, and the night came on clear and cool. A grand sight was old Lookout that night. Not two miles apart were the parallel camp-fires of the two armies, extending from the summit of the mountain to its base, looking like great streams of burning lava, while, in between, the flashes from the muskets of the skirmishers glowed like giant fireflies.

The next morning there was silence in Hooker's front. Before daylight eight adventurous, active volunteers from the 8th Kentucky Infantry scaled the palisades and ran up from the highest point the Stars and Stripes. The enemy had stolen away in the night.

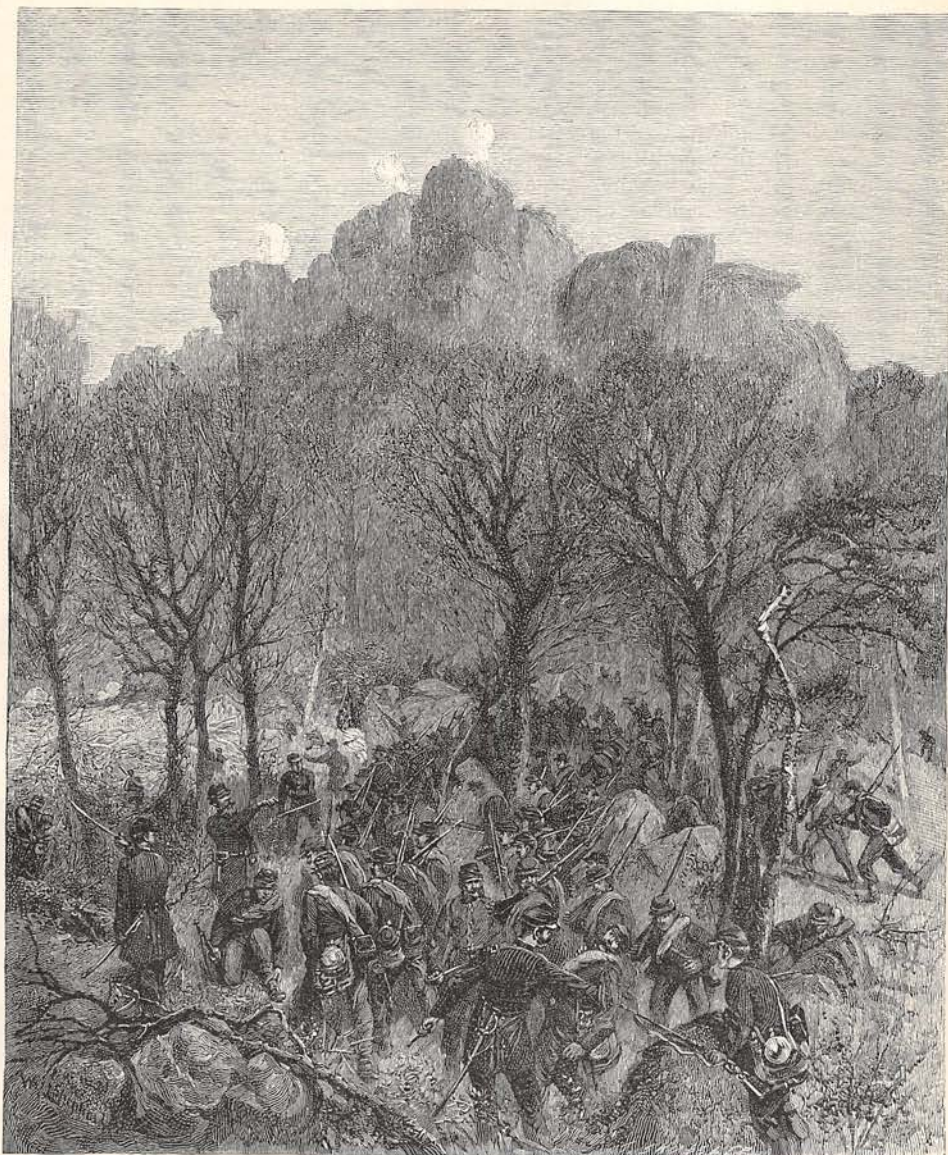
Although General Grant had twice changed his original plan, first in the movement from the center, then in the reconnaissance and resulting attack on Lookout Mountain, he still adhered to his purpose of turning Bragg's right, and made no change in the instructions given to General Sherman, except as to the time of attack. Every necessary preparation for crossing Sherman's troops had been made secretly, under direction of General W. F. Smith; one hundred and sixteen pontoons had been placed in North Chickamauga Creek, and in ravines near its mouth, and many wagon loads of "balks" (stringers) and chess (flooring) had been hid near by. An infantry and a cavalry brigade from the Army of the Cumberland took possession of the country just north of the river before this work began. Not a citizen, loyal or disloyal, nor a soldier, save those working on the bridge material, was allowed to enter or leave the territory. Before dark on the evening of November 23d, General Sherman had his troops well massed and hid behind the hills on the north side of the river opposite the end of Missionary Ridge. After dark General Brannan, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, planted fifty-six guns on the low foot hills on the north bank of the river, to cover Sherman's crossing and to protect the pontoon bridge when laid. Everything now being in readiness for the movement, at midnight General Giles A. Smith's brigade entered the pontoons, floated out of North Chickamauga Creek, and was rowed to the south bank of the river. Landing quietly, he surprised and captured the enemy's pickets, and secured a firm foothold.

The pontoons were sent across the river, and with these and the small steamboat brought up from Chattanooga, General Morgan L. Smith and General John E. Smith's divisions were ferried over the river. As soon as these troops had been landed, work was commenced on the pontoon bridge, which was skillfully laid under the supervision of General W. F. Smith. The bridge was 1350 feet in length, and was completed by 11 o'clock in the morning, when General Ewing's division and Sherman's artillery crossed. At 1 o'clock, just as Hooker was rounding the front of Lookout Mountain, the roar of his battle stirring the blood of the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee, General Sherman gave the command, "Forward!" His three divisions (composing the Fifteenth Corps, under command of General Frank P. Blair) advanced in three columns in echelon: on the left General Morgan L. Smith, following Chickamauga Creek, General John E. Smith having the center, and General Ewing the right. One brigade of General Jefferson C. Davis's division of the Army of the Cumberland was left at the bridge, and the other two were held in reserve between that point and the ridge, ready to move in any direction. At 3:30 General Sherman took the hill which was supposed to be the north end of the ridge. Soon afterwards one of his brigades took another hill a little in advance. These two hills were separated by a deep depression from the heavily fortified Tunnel Hill, on which Bragg's right flank rested and which was Sherman's objective point. General Grant thought that Sherman might take this position before Bragg could concentrate a large force to oppose him. As it was now too late in the day to attempt an assault on Tunnel Hill, Sherman threw up strong defensive works, and settled down for the night. At 4 o'clock he was vigorously attacked; but the enemy was handsomely repulsed, and Sherman still held the ground he had taken.

None of the men of the Army of the Cumberland, who for nine weeks were buried in the trenches at Chattanooga, can ever forget the glorious night of the 24th of November. As the sun went down, the clouds rolled up the mountain, and the mist was blown out of the valley. Night came on clear, with the stars lighting up the heavens. But there followed a sight to cheer their hearts and thrill their souls. Way off to their right, and reaching skyward, Lookout Mountain was ablaze with the fires of Hooker's men, while off to their left, and reaching far above the valley, the north end of Missionary Ridge was aflame with the lights of Sherman's army. The great iron crescent that had, with threatening aspect, so long hung over them, was disappearing.

The only thought that dampened their enthusiasm was that the enemy was being destroyed on the flanks, while they were tied down in the center, without a part in the victories. But late that night General Grant, thinking that General Sherman had carried Tunnel Hill, and acting in that belief, gave orders for the next day's battle. General Sherman was directed to attack the enemy at early dawn, and Thomas to coöperate with him, either by attacking the rifle pits in front, or by moving to the left, as might be determined by the result of Sherman's movement, and Hooker to hold himself in readiness to advance into Chattanooga valley, provided he could, with a small force, hold the Summertown road,—the road that zig-zagged from Chattanooga valley to the summit of the mountain. Early the next morning, when General Grant learned that the ridge had not been carried as far as Tunnel Hill, and that Lookout Mountain had been evacuated, he suspended operations which had been ordered, except in so far as General Sherman was concerned. Hooker was directed to come down from the mountain, and press forward on the road leading to Rossville; to carry the pass at that point, and then to operate on Bragg's left and rear. Bragg's army was now concentrated on Missionary Ridge, and in the valley at the east foot. Cheatham's and Stevenson's divisions had been withdrawn from Lookout Mountain the night of the 24th, and, marching all night, were seen at dawn the next morning moving along the summit of Missionary Ridge, on the way to reënforce Bragg's right. For several hours after daylight, the flowing of this steady stream of troops continued.

Early in the morning of the 25th, General Grant and General Thomas established their headquarters on Orchard Knob, a point from which the best view of the movements of the whole army could be had. At sunrise General Sherman commenced his attack. The gallant General Corse moved, with his brigade, down into the ravine, and up the fortified hill held by the enemy. General Morgan L. Smith on the left, and Colonel J. M. Loomis on the right, moved along the east and west base of the ridge,—all having strong reserves. Corse secured a high crest within three hundred feet of the enemy's works. From here he made an assault, was driven back, and again returned to the assault. Severe fighting continued for over an hour, during which time Corse, though he could make no impression on the enemy's works, retained the ground he had taken, despite a furious assault made upon him. General Smith gained the left spur of the ridge, and was abreast of the tunnel and railroad embankment. At 10 o'clock General Corse, having



THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. (SEE ALSO PICTURES IN THE APRIL CENTURY.)

This picture shows the Union troops fighting in the woods near the cliffs of Point Lookout.

Early in October Jefferson Davis visited Lookout Mountain with General Bragg. As they approached the edge of the cliff, Bragg,

been badly wounded, was carried off the field. About 2 o'clock two reserve brigades from the right were ordered up to assist in making another assault. In passing over an open field, well up on the side of the ridge, they were attacked in the right rear by a large body of the enemy, that had formed in the railroad gorge, and whose appearance had been hid from view by thick brush and undergrowth. The suddenness of the attack disconcerted them, and they fell back in disorder across the open field, but

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with a wave of the hand, alluded to "the fine view"; whereupon Major Robert W. Wooley, who had little faith in the military outlook, exclaimed to a brother officer, but so that all could hear: "Yes, it's a fine view, but a — bad prospect."—EDITOR.

halted and re-formed in the edge of the woods. After this, it appearing to be impossible for General Sherman to take the enemy's works, operations ceased.

General Grant being determined to turn Bragg's right, and seeing that General Sherman could make no progress, at 10 o'clock withdrew General Howard's two divisions from General Thomas's left and sent them to reënforce General Sherman. Later in the day General Baird's division was withdrawn from

General Thomas's right and was likewise sent to General Sherman. Thomas's command had been heavily drawn upon. Including Davis's, four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland had been sent to Sherman, and he then had more than one-half of all the troops operating at Chattanooga. Having more than he could handle at the north end of the ridge, he sent Baird's division back to Thomas, and it went into position on the left, in the place that had been occupied by Howard's command.

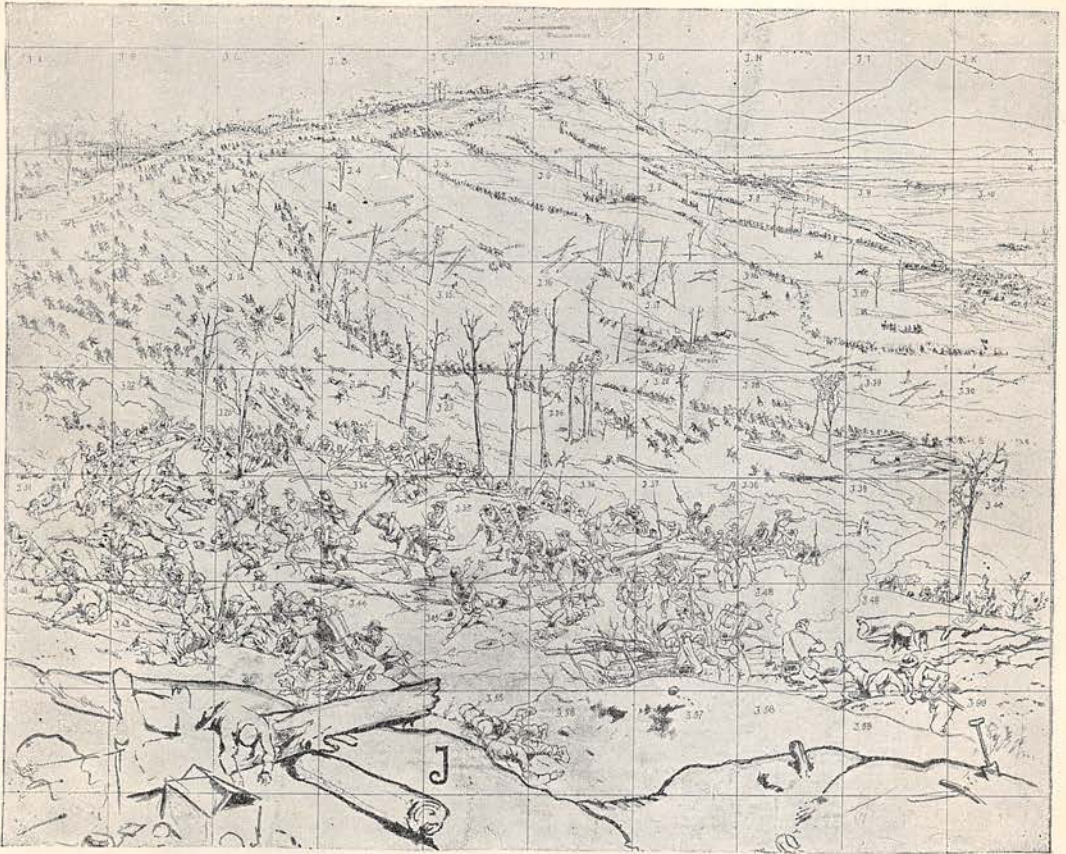
While Sherman was engaging the enemy, Hooker was coming down from Lookout Mountain, and pushing for Rossville. He was detained three hours at Chattanooga Creek, while a bridge that the retreating enemy had burned was being rebuilt. As soon as the stringers were laid, General Osterhaus's division crossed, and rapidly advanced to Rossville, where, after a severe skirmish, it captured a large quantity of stores, wagons, and ambulances. As soon as he had taken Rossville, Hooker moved against the south end of Missionary Ridge. The ridge was quickly carried, and, sweeping northward, Hooker soon came upon Stewart's division, posted on the summit, and behind the earthworks which the Army of the Cumberland had thrown up the day after Chickamauga. Cruft's division assaulted and carried the works, thus having the good fortune of retaking the works they themselves had constructed. It was by this time nearly sundown. Hooker reached the south end of the ridge too late in the day to relieve the pressure on Sherman, who was at the north end six miles off. Bragg's right had not been turned. Success had not followed Sherman's movement. The battle as planned had not been won.

Late on this memorable afternoon, there was an accident—an accident like the charge at Balaklava; though, unlike this theme for poetry, it called for greater daring, and was attended by complete success, and yielded most important results, for it led to the complete shattering of the enemy's army, and drove him from the field. On Orchard Knob, and opposite the center of Missionary Ridge, were four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland. On the left was Baird's division; then Wood's and Sheridan's divisions occupying the lines which, two days before, they had taken in their magnificent advance; on the right was Johnson's division,—all under the personal command of Thomas. It was past 3 o'clock. General Sherman had ceased operations. General Hooker's advance had not yet been felt. The day was dying, and Bragg still held the ridge. If any movement to dislodge him was to be made that day it must be made at once. At half-past three o'clock, an attack was ordered by General Grant. He had changed his plan of

battle. At once orders were issued that at the firing, in rapid succession, of six guns on Orchard Knob, Thomas's whole line should instantaneously move forward, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions in the center, Sheridan to be supported on the right by Johnson, and Wood on the left by Baird's divisions. This demonstration was to be made to relieve the pressure on Sherman. The only order given was to move forward and take the rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge. In Sheridan's division, the order was, "As soon as the signal is given, the whole line will advance, and you will take what is before you."

Between Orchard Knob and Missionary Ridge was a valley, partly covered with a small growth of timber. It was wooded in front of the right of Baird's and of the whole of Wood's division. In front of Sheridan's and Johnson's it had been almost entirely cleared. At the foot of the ridge were heavy rifle-pits, which could be seen from Orchard Knob, and extending in front of them for four and five hundred yards, the ground was covered with felled trees. There was a good plain for both direct and enfilading fire from the rifle-pits, and the approaches were commanded by the enemy's artillery. At this point the ridge is five or six hundred feet high. Its side, scored with gullies, and showing but little timber, had a rough and bare appearance. Halfway up was another line of rifle-pits, and the summit was furrowed with additional lines and dotted over with epaulements, in which were placed fifty pieces of artillery. The art of man could not have made a stronger fortress. Directly in front of Orchard Knob, and on the summit of the ridge, was a small house, where Bragg had established his headquarters.

At twenty minutes before four, the signal guns were fired. Suddenly twenty thousand men rushed forward, moving in line of battle by brigades, with a double line of skirmishers in front, and closely followed by the reserves in mass. The big siege guns in the Chattanooga forts roared above the light artillery and musketry in the valley. The enemy's rifle-pits were ablaze, and the whole ridge in our front had broken out like another *Ætna*. Not many minutes afterwards our men were seen working through the felled trees and other obstructions. Though exposed to such a terrific fire, they neither fell back nor halted. By a bold and desperate push they broke through the works in several places, and opened flank and reverse fires. The enemy was thrown into confusion, and took precipitate flight up the ridge. Many prisoners and a large number of small arms were captured. The order of the commanding general had now been fully and most successfully carried



THE CHARGE UP MISSION RIDGE OF BAIRD'S, WOOD'S, SHERIDAN'S, AND JOHNSON'S DIVISIONS.
(FROM THE ROUGH SKETCH FOR ONE SECTION OF THE CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.)

out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes, to take breath and to re-form lines; then, with a sudden impulse, all started up the side of the ridge. Not a commanding officer had given the order to advance. The men who carried the muskets had taken the matter into their own hands, had moved of their own accord. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen, stretching beyond on either side; there was no thought of support, or reserves.

As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him angrily say: "Thomas, who ordered those men up the ridge?" Thomas replied, in his usual slow, quiet manner: "I don't know; I did not." Then addressing General Gordon Granger, he said: "Did you order them up, Granger?" "No," said Granger; "they started up without orders. When those

fellows get started, all hell can't stop them." General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning round, stoically watched the ridge. He gave no further orders.

As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas, he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said: "Ride at once to Wood and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge, and tell them, if they can take it, to push ahead." As I was mounting, Granger added: "It is hot over there, and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you." As fast as my horse could carry me, I rode first to General Wood, and delivered the message. "I didn't order them up," said Wood; "they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too! Tell Granger, if we are supported, we will take and hold the ridge!" As soon as I reached General Wood, Captain Avery got to General Sheridan, and delivered his message. "I didn't order them up," said Sheridan; "but we are going to take the ridge." He then asked Avery for his flask and waved



BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. GRANT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EARLY IN THE WAR. LENT BY MR. O. HUFELAND.)

it at a group of Confederate officers, standing just in front of Bragg's headquarters, with the salutation, "Here's at you!" At once two guns—the "Lady Breckinridge" and the "Lady Buckner"—in front of Bragg's headquarters were fired at Sheridan and the group of officers about him. One shell struck so near as to throw dirt over Sheridan and Avery. "Ah!" said the General, "that is ungenerous; I shall take those guns for that!" Before Sheridan received the message taken by Captain Avery, he had sent a staff officer to Granger, to inquire whether "the order given to take the rifle-pits meant the rifle-pits at the base, or those on the top of the ridge?" Granger told this officer that "the order given was to take those at the base." Conceiving this to be an order to fall back, the officer, on his way to Sheridan, gave it to General Wagner, com-

manding the Second Brigade of the division, which was then nearly half way up the ridge. Wagner ordered his brigade back to the rifle-pits at the base, but it only remained there till Sheridan, seeing the mistake, ordered it forward. It again advanced under a terrific fire that was raking the lower part of the ridge.

The men, fighting and climbing up the steep hill, sought the roads, ravines, and less rugged parts. The ground was so broken that it was impossible to keep a regular line of battle. At times their movements were in shape like the flight of migratory birds,—sometimes in line, sometimes in mass, mostly in V-shaped groups, with the points towards the enemy. At these points regimental flags were flying, sometimes drooping as the bearers were shot, but never reaching the ground, for other brave hands were there to seize them. Sixty flags were ad-

vancing up the hill, in the faces of its defenders. Bragg was hurrying large bodies of men from his right to the center. They could be seen coming along the summit of the ridge in double-quick time. Cheatham's division was being withdrawn from Sherman's front. Bragg and Hardee were at the center, doing their utmost to encourage their troops, and urging them to stand firm and drive back the advancing enemy, now so near the summit — indeed, so near that the guns, which could not be sufficiently depressed to reach them, became useless. Artillerymen were lighting the fuses of shells, and bowling them by hundreds down the hill. The critical moment arrived when the summit was just within reach. At six different points, and almost simultaneously, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions broke over the crest, — Sheridan's first, near Bragg's headquarters; and in a few minutes Sheridan was beside the guns that had been fired at him, and claiming them as captures of his division. Baird's division took the works on Wood's left almost immediately afterwards; and then Johnson came up on Sheridan's right. The enemy's guns were turned upon those who still remained in the works, and soon all were in flight down the eastern slope. Baird got on the ridge just in time to change front, and oppose a large body of the enemy moving down from Bragg's right to attack our left. After a sharp engagement, that lasted till dark, he drove the enemy back beyond a high point on the north, which he at once occupied.* The sun had not yet gone down, Missionary Ridge was ours,

and Bragg's army was broken and in flight! Dead and wounded comrades lay thickly strewn on the ground; but thicker yet were the dead and wounded men in gray. Then followed the wildest confusion, as the victors gave vent to their joy. Some madly shouted; some wept from very excess of joy; some grotesquely danced out their delight, — even our wounded forgot their pain, to join in the general hurrah. But Sheridan did not long stop to receive praise and congratulations. With two brigades he started down the Mission Mills road, and found, strongly posted on a second hill, the enemy's rear. They made a stout resistance, but by a sudden flank movement he drove them from the heights, and captured two guns and many prisoners. The day was succeeded by a clear moonlight night. At 7 o'clock General Granger sent word to General Thomas that by a bold dash at Chickamauga Crossing, he might cut off a large number of the enemy now supposed to be leaving Sherman's front, and that he proposed to move in that direction. It was midnight before guides could be found, and then General Sheridan again put his tired and well-worn men in motion. He reached the creek just as the rear guard of the enemy was crossing, and pressed it so closely that it burned the pontoon bridge before all its troops were over. Here Sheridan captured several hundred prisoners, a large number of quartermaster's wagons, together with caissons, artillery, ammunition, and many small arms.

In this battle, Sheridan's and Wood's divis-

* Governor John A. Martin, of Kansas, colonel of the 8th Kansas Volunteers, of Willich's brigade, Wood's division, in a letter to General Fullerton dated November 16th, 1866, describes the charge as follows: "When the advance on Mission Ridge was ordered, on November 25th, my regiment went out directly from Orchard Knob. General Willich, in communicating to me the orders received, distinctly stated that we were directed to take the line of Confederate works at the foot of the hill. We reached these works without serious difficulty, the losses being very small. Shortly after, we emerged from the woods into the open field, and were charging the Confederate works on the double-quick; the soldiers there threw down their arms, and, holding up their hands, in token of surrender, jumped to our side. I had ridden my horse to this line, and, on reaching it, halted my regiment behind the enemy's intrenchments. Dismounting, I ran forward to the little huts that were built by the Confederates, on the plateau just back of their line, with a view of ascertaining what the situation was. I had seen, as soon as I reached the first line of works, as did every soldier in the command, that it was impossible for the troops to remain there long. The line was within easy range of the musketry on the summit of the ridge, and was raked by the artillery fire on the projecting points of the ridge on either side. Reaching the foot of the ridge east of the plateau, I found the position there fairly well protected, — that is, not so easily reached, either by the musketry or artillery of the enemy, — and I at once ran back to near where my regiment had been halted. Just as I got there General Willich came up, and I said to him, 'We can't live here, and ought to go forward.' He gave me directions to move ahead, and I at once ordered my regiment forward. By that time, or about that time, it seemed to me that there was a simultaneous advance of many of the regiments in different parts of the line, and I got the impression that possibly orders had been communicated for an advance on the ridge, which I had not received; hence I hurried my regiment forward as rapidly as possible. When I reached the foot of the ridge again, with the regiment, my orderly came up with my horse, and I mounted it, as my adjutant did his. The advance to the ridge was as rapid as the nature of the ground would permit; and I think, from the position I occupied, I had a fair opportunity to see what was going on, not only immediately above me, but to the right and

left. I was impressed with the idea, I know, that a sharp rivalry had sprung up between several regiments, including my own, as to which should reach the summit first. Another idea, I remember distinctly, which impressed me, was that the different regiments had assumed the form of a triangle or wedge — the advance point in nearly every case being the regimental battle-flag. I have always believed that my own regiment made the first break in the enemy's lines on the summit of Mission Ridge; but the difference between the break thus made by the 8th Kansas and the progress made by one or two regiments of Hazen's brigade on our right and the 25th Illinois of our own brigade, was exceedingly brief.

"But that the first break in the enemy's lines was made in front of our division, I have not the slightest doubt. After we passed through the Confederate works, and while the men were rushing with great enthusiasm after the fleeing Confederates, who were running down the hill on the other side, my attention was directed to the right, where, at the point of a knob, I saw other troops were still engaged in a fierce struggle with the Confederates, who were yet in force behind their works; and while thus, for a moment, watching the progress of the fight to the right, a Confederate battery on a point to the left of our position was swung round, and poured a fire directly down our line. Immediately I ordered my bugler to sound the recall, and began forming all the troops I could gather at that point, with a view of moving to the left to clear the enemy's works in that direction. I had assembled probably a hundred men, when suddenly the whole Confederate line, both to the right and left, gave way before the furious attack of our troops, and was soon in full retreat through the woods and down the roads to the rear.

"I have stated, hastily, some of my impressions of the battle, but the principal point which, in my judgment, should always be made prominent is the fact that Mission Ridge was fought without orders from the commander-in-chief. I remember, too, and this only confirms what I have said, that shortly after the battle was over General Granger rode along our lines, and said, in a joking way, to the troops, 'I am going to have you all court-martialed! You were ordered to take the works at the foot of the hill, and you have taken those on top! You have disobeyed orders, all of you, and you know that you ought to be court-martialed!'" — EDITOR.

ions — the two center assaulting divisions — took 31 pieces of artillery, several thousand small arms, and 3800 prisoners. In that one hour of assault they lost 2337 men in killed and wounded,—over twenty per cent. of their whole force! On the northern end of the ridge, General Sherman lost in his two days'

fighting 1697 in killed and wounded. Of these, 1268 were in his own three divisions. During the night the last of Bragg's army was withdrawn from Missionary Ridge, and Chattanooga from that time remained in undisputed possession of the Union forces.

J. S. Fullerton.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

"Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania"—A Reply to General Longstreet.

GENERAL LONGSTREET'S article on Gettysburg in the February CENTURY is notable for its mistakes as well as for its attitude toward General Lee and others.

First. The statement that General Lee passed over more deserving officers from other States in order to give the command of his corps to Virginians is an unworthy attack upon a man who was as singularly free from such prejudices as he was from self-seeking, either during the war or after it. Lee said in a letter to President Davis, October 2d, 1862:

"In reference to commanders of corps with the rank of lieutenant-general, of which you request my opinion, I can confidently recommend Generals Longstreet and Jackson, in this army. My opinion of the merits of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave; has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object. Next to these two officers I consider General A. P. Hill the best commander with me. He fights his troops well and takes good care of them. At present I do not think that more than two commanders of corps are necessary for this army."

This was Lee's judgment after a campaign in which both the Hills and McLaws had served, and long before there was any question of making either of them a lieutenant-general. It would be about as just to accuse Lee of undue partiality to Georgia in making Longstreet his senior lieutenant, as it is to accuse him of partiality to Virginia in selecting A. P. Hill rather than D. H. Hill or McLaws for the command of his third corps.

Second. In regard to the battle of Gettysburg: the first day's fight was brought on unexpectedly to Lee. In the absence of Stuart he was not aware of the proximity of the Federal army. The first day's operations were very successful. Two of the seven infantry corps of the Federal army were virtually demolished, having been defeated and driven in disorder completely from the field, leaving many killed and wounded and several thousand prisoners to the victors.

Third. It was at the close of this day's work that General Lee, in view of its results, and of the indications it gave of the position of the Federal army, decided to follow up the fight. General Longstreet advised a movement across Meade's front to threaten his left and rear. Such a movement would have been difficult in the absence of Stuart; it could not have been executed in the then position of the army with sufficient promptness to surprise Meade; and if successful it simply would have forced the Federal army back to some position nearer Baltimore and Washington where the issue of battle was still to be tried. General Longstreet begs the question when he assumes that Meade would then have been obliged to attack at a disadvantage. General Lee decided that this plan did not promise as good results as to follow up the partial victory already gained. More than one-fourth of the Fed-

eral army was beaten. (Of the First and Eleventh Corps that had numbered 20,931 on June 30th, not 5700 were in line on July 2d.) That army was not concentrated, and hours must elapse before its full strength could be marshalled for battle. The absent portions would reach the field jaded by forced marches to meet the depressing news of the defeat of their comrades. Doubt and uncertainty would prevail, increased perhaps by the fact that the present Federal commander was so new in his place. Lee's troops were much better up, only Pickett's division and Law's brigade being out of reach. Not to press the Union army was to lose the greater part of the advantage of the first day's victory. The Federals would soon recover from their depression if not pressed, and his own troops would be disappointed. Lee believed if he could attack early on the second day he would have but part of the Federal army to deal with, and that if he could repeat his success of the first day the gain would be great. He therefore determined upon attack. On the night of the 1st (not on the forenoon of the 2d, as General Longstreet has it) he decided, after a conference with Ewell and his division commanders, to make the attack early next day from his right with Longstreet's two divisions that were within reach, this attack to be supported by Hill and Ewell. (See Ewell's and Early's reports; Early's paper in "South. Hist. Papers," Vol. IV., p. 241; and Long's "Memoirs of Lee.")

Fourth. General Longstreet would have us infer that he was not ordered by General Lee to attack early on the second day; but that his memory is at fault on this point has been abundantly shown by Generals Fitz Lee, Pendleton, Early, Wilcox, and many others. No testimony on this point is more direct and conclusive than that of General A. L. Long, then military secretary to General Lee. He says in his recently published "Memoirs of R. E. Lee" (page 277), that on the evening of the 1st, when General Lee had decided not to renew the attack on Cemetery Hill that day, he said (in Long's presence) to Longstreet and Hill, "Gentlemen, we will attack the enemy in the morning as early as practicable." Long continues: "In the conversation that succeeded he [Lee] directed them to make the necessary preparations and be ready for prompt action the next day." Long shows plainly that General Lee's design was to attack the troops in front before the whole Federal army could get up, and he describes graphically the impatience Lee showed next morning, as early as 9 A. M., at Longstreet's delay. General Longstreet is wrong, too, in giving the impression that his divisions were 15 or 20 miles away on the night of the 1st, for in his official report he says that "McLaws' division. . . reached Marsh Creek, 4 miles from Gettysburg, a little after dark, and Hood's division [except Low's