

in the end. The question with us (and one often asked at the time) was, "How long will the people of the North, and the army itself, stand it?" We heard much about the demoralization of Grant's army and of the mutterings of discontent at home with the conduct of the campaign, and we verily believed that their patience would soon come to an end.

So far as the fighting qualities of our men were concerned, they were little if at all impaired by the terrible strain that had been put upon them. Had General Lee so ordered, they would have attacked the Federal army, after the battle of Cold Harbor, with the same

though perhaps a more quiet courage than they had displayed on entering the campaign thirty days before. The Army of Northern Virginia was so well seasoned and tempered that, like the famous Toledo blade, it could be bent back and doubled upon itself, and then spring again into perfect shape.

It may justly be said of both armies that in this terrible thirty days' struggle their courage and endurance were superb. Both met "foemen worthy of their steel," and battles were fought such as could only have occurred between men of kindred race, and nowhere else than in America.

E. M. Law.



HANCOCK'S CORPS ASSAULTING THE WORKS AT THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

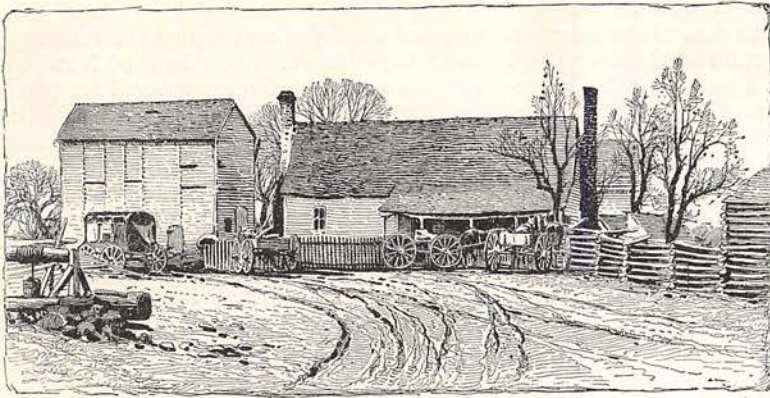
HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

BY THE HISTORIAN OF THE SIXTH CORPS.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S surprise and capture of the larger portion of Edward Johnson's division, and the capture of the salient "at Spotsylvania Court House on the 12th of May, 1864, accomplished with the Second Corps," have been regarded as one of the most brilliant feats of that brilliant soldier's career; but without the substantial assistance of General Wright, grand old John Sedgwick's worthy successor, and the Sixth Corps, a defeat as bitter as his victory was sweet would have been recorded against the hero of that day.

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The storm which had set in early in the afternoon of the 11th of May continued with great severity, and but little rest was obtained during the night. Soon after dark, however, a remarkable change in the weather took place, and it became raw and disagreeable; the men gathered in small groups about half-drowned fires, with their tents stretched around their shoulders, while some had hastily pitched the canvas on the ground, and sought shelter beneath the rumped and dripping folds. Others rolled themselves up, and lay close to



TODD'S TAVERN IN WAR-TIME. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the simmering logs, eager to catch a few moments' sleep; many crouched about, without any shelter whatever, presenting a pitiable sight.

Throughout the day some skirmishing and sharpshooting had occurred, but this had been of a spasmodic character, and had elicited no concern. About dusk the Sixth Corps moved to a position on the right and rear of the army. The stormy night was favorable to Hancock's movement, and about 10 o'clock he put his troops in motion, marching to a point on the left of the Sixth Corps' former position in the neighborhood of the Brown house, massing his troops in that vicinity.

At the beginning of the campaign the Army of the Potomac had been reorganized into three infantry corps—the Second (Hancock), the Fifth (Warren), and the Sixth (Sedgwick, now Wright). The Ninth (Burnside) served as an independent command until May 24th, when it was permanently attached to Meade's army. A cavalry corps under Sheridan completed the organization. General Grant's orders to Hancock were to assault at daylight on the 12th in cooperation with Burnside on his left, while Wright and Warren were held in readiness to assault on his right. The Confederate army was composed of three corps—Longstreet (now R. H. Anderson) on their left, Ewell in the center, and A. P. Hill on the right. The point to be assaulted was a salient of field works on the Confederate center, afterwards called the "Bloody Angle." It was held by General Edward Johnson's division. Here the Confederate line broke off at an angle of ninety degrees, the right parallel, about the length of a small brigade, being occupied by General George H. Steuart's regiments. This point was a part or continuation of the line of works charged and carried by Gen-

eral Upton on May 10th, and was considered to be the key to Lee's position.

Just as the day was breaking, Barlow's and Birney's divisions of Hancock's corps pressed forward upon the unsuspecting foe, and leaping the breastworks after a hand-to-hand conflict with the

bewildered enemy, in which guns were used as clubs, possessed themselves of the intrenchments. Over 3,000 prisoners were taken, including General Johnson and General Steuart. Twenty Confederate cannon became the permanent trophies of the day, 12 of them belonging to Page, and 8 to Cutshaw.

Upon reaching the second line of Lee's works, held by Wilcox's division, who by this time had become apprised of the disaster to their comrades, Hancock met with stern resistance, as Lee in the meantime had been hurrying troops to Ewell from Hill on the right, and Anderson on the left, and these were sprung upon our victorious lines with such an impetus as to drive them hastily back towards the left of the salient.*



GENERAL EMORY UPTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

* General Grant ("Personal Memoirs," p. 231) says: "Burnside on the left had advanced up east of the salient to the very parapet of the enemy. Potter, commanding one of his divisions, got over, but was not able

to remain there. . . . Burnside accomplished but little on our left of a positive nature, but negatively a great deal. He kept Lee from reënforcing his center from that quarter."—EDITOR.



UPTON'S BRIGADE AT THE "BLOODY ANGLE." (BY FRANK H. SCHELL, AFTER DRAWINGS BY G. N. GALLOWAY.)

As soon as the news of Hancock's good and ill success reached army headquarters, the Sixth Corps — Upton's brigade being in advance — was ordered to move with all possible haste to his support. At a brisk pace we crossed a line of intrenchments a short distance in our front, and, passing through a strip of timber, at once began to realize our nearness to the foe. It was now about 6 o'clock, and the enemy, reënforced, were making desperate efforts to regain what they had lost. Our forces were hastily retiring at this point before the concentrated attack of the enemy, and these with our wounded lined the road. We pressed forward and soon cleared the woods and reached an insidious fen, covered with dense marsh grass, where we lay down for a few moments awaiting orders. I cannot imagine how any of us survived the sharp fire that swept over us at this point — a fire so keen that it split the blades of grass all about us, the minies moaning in a furious concert as they picked out victims by the score.

The rain was still falling in torrents, and held the country about in obscurity. The command was soon given to my regiment, the 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Captain Macfarlain commanding, — it being the advance

of Upton's brigade, — to "rise up," whereupon with hurrahs we went forward, cheered on by Colonel Upton, who had led us safe through the Wilderness. It was not long before we reached an angle of works constructed with great skill. Immediately in our front an abatis had been arranged consisting of limbs and branches interwoven into one another, forming footlocks of the most dangerous character. But there the works were, and over some of us went, many never to return. At this moment Lee's strong line of battle, hastily selected for the work of retrieving ill fortune, appeared through the rain, mist, and smoke. We received their bolts, losing nearly one hundred of our gallant 95th. Colonel Upton saw at once that this point must be held at all hazards; for if Lee should recover the angle, he would be enabled to sweep back our lines right and left, and the fruits of the morning's victory would be lost. The order was at once given us to lie down and commence firing; the left of our regiment rested against the works, while the right slightly refused rested upon an elevation in front. And now began a desperate and pertinacious struggle.

Under cover of the smoke-laden rain the enemy was pushing large bodies of troops for-



GENERAL GRANT RECONNOITERING THE CONFEDERATE POSITION AT SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.
(BY C. W. REED, AFTER A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

Mr. Reed, the artist, belonged to Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts battery, which, with a battery of the 5th Regular Artillery, was holding the Fredericksburg road (see map, page 288) at the place

where General Grant made his observation. At the time, the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers were crossing the road from the left toward the right of the line.—EDITOR.

ward, determined at all hazards to regain the lost ground. Could we hold on until the remainder of our brigade would come to our assistance? Regardless of the heavy volleys of the enemy which were thinning our ranks, we stuck to the position, and returned the fire until the 5th Maine and the 121st New York of our brigade came to our support, while the 96th Pennsylvania went in on our right; thus reinforced, we redoubled our exertions. The smoke, which was dense at first, was intensified by each discharge of artillery to such an extent that the accuracy of our aim became very uncertain, but nevertheless we kept up the fire in the supposed direction of the enemy. Meanwhile they were crawling forward under cover of the smoke, until, reaching a certain point, and raising their usual yell, they charged gallantly up to the very muzzles of our pieces and reoccupied the Angle.

Upon reaching the breastwork, the Confederates for a few moments had the advantage of us, and made good use of their rifles. Our men went down by the score; all the artillery horses were down; the gallant Upton was the only mounted officer in sight. Hat in hand, he bravely cheered his men, and begged them to "hold this point." All of his staff had been either killed, wounded, or dismounted.

At this moment, and while the open ground in rear of the Confederate works was choked with troops, a section of Battery C, 5th United States Artillery, under Lieutenant Richard Metcalf,* was brought into action and increased the carnage by opening at short

* This is, I believe, the only instance in the history of the war of a battery charging on breastworks. It was commanded by Lieutenant James Gilliss, and was attached to the Second Corps. Sergeant William E. Lines, one of only two survivors of the section that went in on that day, and who commanded the right gun of that section, has given the writer the following facts relative to the matter. He says:

"After the capture of the Confederate works, we were put in position just under the hill near the small pine-trees so much spoken of. We fired a few rounds of solid shot. Of course we could not see the Confederate line, but we elevated our guns so as to clear our own infantry. While we were waiting, a staff officer with a Sixth Corps badge rode up to Lieutenant Gilliss, and I could see they had some argument or dispute, for the officer soon went away. Directly another officer rode up to Gilliss, and the same sort of colloquy took place, the officer evidently wanting Gilliss to do something that the latter would not do. This officer rode away. In a very short time General Wright, who then commanded the Sixth Corps, rode up to Gilliss, and had a moment's conversation with him. Lieutenant Metcalf then came over to the first section, and gave the command, 'Limber the guns,' 'drivers mount,' 'cannoneers mount,' 'caissons rear,' and away we went, up the hill, past our infantry, and into position. The staff officer who led us was shot before we got into position. I have often thought it was owing to that fact that we got so close to the enemy's works. We were a considerable distance in front of our infantry, and of course artillery could not live long under such a fire as the enemy were putting through there. Our

range with double charges of canister. This staggered the apparently exultant enemy. These guns in the maze of the moment were run up by hand close to the famous Angle, fired again and again, and were only abandoned when all the drivers and cannoneers had fallen. The battle was now at white heat.

The rain continued to fall, and clouds of smoke hung over the scene. Like leeches we stuck to the work, determined by our fire to keep the enemy from rising up. Captain John D. Fish of Upton's staff, who had until this time performed valuable service in conveying ammunition to the gunners, fell, pierced by a bullet. This brave officer seemed to court death as he rode back and forth between the caissons and cannoneers with stands of canister under his "gum" coat. "Give it to them, boys! I'll bring you the canister," said he; and as he turned to cheer the gunners, he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. In a few moments the two brass pieces of the 5th Artillery, cut and hacked by the bullets of both antagonists, lay unworked with their muzzles projecting over the enemy's works, and their wheels half sunk in the mud. Between the lines and near at hand lay the horses of these guns, completely riddled. The dead and wounded were torn to pieces by the canister as it swept the ground where they had fallen. The mud was half way to our knees, and by our constant movement the fallen were almost buried at our feet. We now backed off from the breastwork a few yards, abandoning

men went down in short order. The left gun fired nine rounds. I fired fourteen with mine, and was assisted in the last four rounds by an officer of a Vermont regiment, and by another from the 95th Pennsylvania, both of whom were shot. The effect of our canister upon the Confederates was terrible: they were evidently trying to strengthen their first line from the second when we opened on them, and you can imagine the execution at that distance. When Lieutenant Metcalf and myself could no longer serve the guns, we withdrew. Our section went into action with 23 men and 1 officer—Lieutenant Metcalf. The only ones who came out sound were the lieutenant and myself. Every horse was killed, 7 of the men were killed outright, 16 wounded; the gun carriages were so cut with bullets as to be of no further service. . . . 27 balls passed through the lid of the limber chest while Number Six was getting out ammunition, and he was wounded in the face and neck by the fragments of wood and lead. The sponge bucket on my gun had 39 holes in it, being perforated like a sieve. The force of the balls can be imagined when I say that the bucket was made of one-eighth inch iron. One curious circumstance on the morning we captured the works [May 12th] was, that musketry shots seemed to make such a slight noise; instead of the sharp *bing* of the shot, it was a dull *thud*. This may have been an important aid to our success, as the [first] firing of the enemy's skirmishers did not alarm their men in the breastworks."—G. N. G.

It is also claimed that a section of Brown's Rhode Island battery was run up to the breastworks in a similar manner.—EDITOR.

for a while the two twelve-pounders, but still keeping up a fusillade. We soon closed up our shattered ranks and the brigade settled down again to its task. Our fire was now directed at the top of the breastworks, and woe be to the head or hand that appeared above it. In the meantime the New Jersey brigade, Colonel W. H. Penrose, went into action on our right, and the Third Brigade, General Eustis's, was hard at work. The Vermont brigade, under Colonel Lewis A. Grant, that had been sent to Barlow's assistance, was now at the Angle, and General Wheaton's brigade was deep in the struggle. The Second and Third Divisions of the Sixth Corps were also ready to take part. It will thus be seen that we had no lack of men for the defense or capture of this position, whichever it may be termed.

The great difficulty was the prescribed limits of the Angle, around which we were fighting, which precluded the possibility of getting more than a limited number into action at once. At one time our ranks were crowded in some parts four deep by reinforcements. Major Henry P. Truefitt, commanding the 119th Pennsylvania, was killed, and Captain Charles P. Warner, who succeeded him, was shot dead. Later in the day Major William Ellis, of the 49th New York, who had excited our admiration, was shot through the arm and body with a ramrod during one of several attempts to get the men to cross the works and drive off the enemy. Our losses were frightful. What remained of many different regiments that had come to our support had concentrated at this point, and had planted their tattered colors upon a slight rise of ground close to the Angle, where they staid during the latter part of the day.

To keep up the supply of ammunition pack mules were brought into use, each animal carrying three thousand rounds. The boxes were dropped close behind the troops engaged, where they were quickly opened by the officers or file-closers, who served the ammunition to the men. The writer fired four hundred rounds of ammunition, and many others as many or more. In this manner a continuous and rapid fire was maintained, to which the enemy replied with vigor for a while.

Finding that we were not to be driven back, the Confederates began to use more discretion, exposing themselves but little, using the loopholes in their works to fire through, and at times placing the muzzles of their rifles on the top logs, seizing the trigger and small of the stock, and

elevating the breech with one hand sufficiently to reach us. During the day one of our batteries took position behind us, sending shell after shell close over our heads, to explode inside the Confederate works. In like manner Coehorn mortars eight hundred yards in our rear sent their shells with admirable precision gracefully curving over us. Sometimes the enemy's fire would slacken, and the moments would become so monotonous that something had to be done to stir them up. Then some resolute fellow would seize a fence rail or piece of abatis, and, creeping close to the breastworks, thrust it over among the enemy, and then drop on the ground to avoid the volley that was sure to follow. A daring lieutenant in one of our left companies leaped upon the breastworks, took a rifle that was handed to him, and discharged it among the foe. In like manner he discharged another, and was in the act of firing a third shot when his cap flew up in the air, and his body pitched headlong among the enemy.

On several occasions squads of disheartened Confederates raised pieces of shelter tents above the works as a flag of truce; upon our slacking fire and calling to them to come in, they would immediately jump the breastworks and surrender. One party of twenty or thirty thus signified their willingness to submit; but owing to the fact that their comrades occasionally took advantage of the cessation to get a volley into us, it was some time before we concluded to give them a chance. With leveled pieces we called to them to come in. Springing upon the breastworks in a body, they stood for an instant panic-stricken at the terrible array before them; that momentary delay was the signal for their destruction. While we, with our fingers pressing the trigger, shouted to them to jump, their troops, massed in the rear, poured a volley into them, killing or wounding all but a few, who dropped with the rest and crawled in under our pieces, while we instantly began firing.

The battle, which during the morning raged with more or less violence on the right and left of this position, gradually slackened, and attention was concentrated upon the Angle. So continuous and heavy was our fire that the head logs of the breastworks were cut and torn until they resembled hickory brooms. Several large oak-trees, which grew just in the rear of the works, were completely gnawed off by our converging fire, and about 3 o'clock in the day fell among the enemy with a loud crash.*

Towards dusk preparations were made to

* The stump of one of these trees is preserved in Washington. In his official report, Brigadier-General Samuel McGowan, who commanded a brigade in Wilcox's Confederate division, says: "To give some idea of the intensity of the fire, an oak-tree twenty-two inches

in diameter, which stood just in rear of the right of the brigade, was cut down by the constant scaling of musket-balls, and fell about 12 o'clock Thursday night, injuring by its fall several soldiers in the 1st South Carolina regiment."—EDITOR.

relieve us. By this time we were nearly exhausted, and had fired three to four hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Our lips were encrusted with powder from "biting cartridge." Our shoulders and hands were coated with mud that had adhered to the butts of our rifles.*

The troops of the Second Corps, who were to relieve us, now moved up, took our position, and opened fire as we fell back a short distance to re-arrange our shattered ranks and get something to eat, which we were sadly in need of. When darkness came on we dropped from exhaustion.

About midnight, after twenty hours of constant fighting, Lee withdrew from the contest, leaving the Angle in our possession. Thus closed the battle of the second day at Spotsylvania.

On the 13th, early in the day, volunteers were called for to bury the dead. The writer volunteered to assist, and with the detail moved to the works near the Angle, in front of which we buried a number of bodies near where they fell. We were exposed to the fire of sharpshooters, and it was still raining. We cut the name, company, and regiment of each of the dead on the lids of ammunition boxes which we picked up near by. The inscriptions were but feebly executed, for they were done with a pocket knife. This work ended, we went close up where we had fought on Thursday and viewed the spot appropriately called the "Slaughter Pen," or "Bloody Angle."

* Our pieces at times would become choked with burnt powder, and would receive the cartridge but half way. This fact, however, did not interfere with their discharge.—G. N. G.

A momentary gleam of sunshine through the gloom of the sky seemed to add a new horror to the scene. Hundreds of Confederates, dead or dying, lay piled over one another in those pits. The fallen lay three or four feet deep in some places, and, with but few exceptions, they were shot in and about the head. Arms, accouterments, ammunition, cannon, shot and shell, and broken foliage were strewn about. With much labor a detail of Union soldiers buried the dead by simply turning the captured breastworks upon them. Thus had these unfortunate victims unwittingly dug their own graves.† The trenches were nearly full of muddy water. It was the most horrible sight I had ever witnessed.

The enemy's defenses at this point were elaborately constructed of heavy timber, banked with earth to the height of about four feet; above this was placed what is known as a head log, raised just high enough to enable a musket to be inserted between it and the lower work. Pointed pine and pin-oak formed an abatis, in front of which was a deep ditch. Shelves ran along the inside ledges of these works (a series of square pits) and along their flank traverses which extended to the rear; upon these shelves large quantities of "buck and ball" and "minie" cartridges were piled ready for use, and the guns of the dead and wounded were still pointing through the apertures, just as the men had fallen from them.

G. Norton Galloway.

† The Confederate General McGowan officially says: "The trenches on the right in the bloody angle ran with blood and had to be cleared of the dead bodies more than once."—EDITOR.

FORCES AND LOSSES IN THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

From a careful examination of the Official Records the total effective strength of Grant's army at the beginning of the Wilderness campaign is estimated at about 118,000, and that of Lee's army at about 61,000 of all arms.

On June 1st, at and about Cold Harbor the Army of the Potomac numbered, "present for duty," 103,875. The Eighteenth Corps, from the Army of the James, added to the army on the same date about 10,000 men.

The strength of Lee's army at Cold Harbor is nowhere authoritatively stated. This also applies to the Confederate losses from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor.

The losses in battle of the Union army, as denoted by the revised tables prepared by the late Colonel Robert N. Scott, may be summarized as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured or missing.	Total.
The Wilderness.....	2,246	12,037	3,383	17,666
Spotsylvania Court House.....	2,725	13,416	2,258	18,399
North Anna and Totopotomoy.....	591	2,734	661	3,986
Cold Harbor.....	1,844	9,077	1,816	12,737
Sheridan's first expedition.....	64	337	224	625
Sheridan's second expedition....	150	741	625	1,516
Grand total from the Wilderness to the James River ...	7,620	38,342	8,967	54,929



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Union War Songs and Confederate Officers.

THE reading of Mr. Brander Matthews's "Songs of the War," in the August number of *THE CENTURY*, vividly recalls to mind an incident of my own experience which seems to me so apt an illustration of the effect of army songs upon men that I venture to send it to you, as I remember it, after twenty-two years.

A day or two after Lee's surrender in April, 1865, I left our ship at "Dutch Gap," in the James River, for a run up to Richmond, where I was joined by the ship's surgeon, the paymaster, and one of the junior officers. After "doing" Richmond pretty thoroughly we went in the evening to my rooms for dinner. Dinner being over and the events of the day recounted, the doctor, who was a fine player, opened the piano, saying: "Boys, we've got our old quartette here; let's have a sing." As the house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers, no patriotic songs were sung. Soon the lady of the house handed me this note: "Compliments of General — and Staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?" Of course we consented, and they came. As the general entered the room, I recognized instantly the face and figure of one who stood second only to Lee or Jackson, in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual interchange of civilities, we sang for them glees and college songs, until at last the general said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully, but what *we* want to hear is your army songs." Then we gave them the army songs with unction, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body," "We're Coming, Father Abraham," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," through the whole catalogue, to the "Star-spangled Banner,"—to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the "music of the Union,"—and closed our concert with "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." When the applause had subsided, a tall, fine-looking fellow in a major's uniform exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have licked you out of your boots! Who could n't have marched or fought with such songs? While we had nothing, absolutely nothing, except a bastard 'Marseillaise,' the 'Bonny Blue Flag,' and 'Dixie,' which were nothing but jigs. 'Maryland, my Maryland' was a splendid song, but the true, old 'Lauriger Horatius' was about as inspiring as the 'Dead March in Saul,' while every one of these Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit." Then turning to the general he said: "I shall never forget the first time I heard 'Rally Round the Flag.' 'T was a nasty night during the 'Seven Days' Fight,' and if I remember rightly it was raining. I was on picket, when, just before 'taps,' some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus until it seemed to me the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sung out, 'Good heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of, anyway? Here we've licked

'em six days running and now, on the eve of the seventh, they're singing "Rally Round the Flag." I am not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the 'knell of doom,' and my heart went down into my boots; and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an up-hill fight with me ever since that night."

The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the general shook hands at parting, he said to me: "Well, the time *may* come when we can *all* sing the 'Star-spangled Banner' again." I have not seen him since.

Richard Wentworth Browne.

General Edwards's Brigade at Spotsylvania.

IN the interesting article in the June *CENTURY*, entitled "Hand-to-Hand Fighting at Spotsylvania," the author, while generally accurate and graphic, unaccountably omits any reference to that brigade of the Sixth Corps which was first engaged there, which was holding the key to the position when his own (Upton's) brigade came upon the field, and which, without egotism, can claim to have fought longer and more effectively than any other brigade of the Sixth Corps engaged. This honorable claim is made for the Fourth Brigade, Second Division, commanded by Colonel Oliver Edwards, which on that day had present for duty three small regiments, the 10th and 37th Massachusetts and the 2d Rhode Island. This claim is based upon the following facts:

When the two divisions of the Sixth Corps, which had been massed the previous evening, were summoned to the support of General Hancock, whose Second Corps had penetrated the Confederate lines, General Wright, who had just assumed command of the Sixth Corps, directed that the first brigade under arms and ready to move should lead the way. Edwards's brigade was first in line and led the march of the corps. It moved to the vicinity of the Landrum House, passing the Confederate generals and some of the prisoners who had been captured by Hancock, and, reaching the edge of woods facing the scene of action, came into line of battle facing by the rear rank, and advanced toward the captured works with the 10th Massachusetts on the right, the 2d Rhode Island in the center, and the 37th Massachusetts on the left.

The situation at this time was simply this,—the force of the Second Corps' attack had of itself broken up the organization of that command; the mass of men had been withdrawn to the outer face of the Confederate works and re-formed as well as possible under the circumstances. By the time this was accomplished the Confederates were prepared to undertake the recapture of the works they had lost. Then it was that Edwards's brigade moved forward and occupied the outer face of the intrenchments, relieving some troops already there

and connecting with the Excelsior Brigade. As the command came into position, it covered the nose or apex of the angle with the Rhode Island regiment, the 10th Massachusetts extending along the right face.

The brigade was scarcely in position when the Confederates advanced to the attack, the ground being extremely favorable for their purpose. On their side of the works it was wooded, and, in addition, scarcely forty yards to the rear of the fortifications was a hollow or a ravine which formed a natural siege approach. In that ravine, almost within pistol-shot of the Union lines, they were enabled to form columns of assault entirely screened from view, and the resulting attack had the appearance of lines of battle suddenly springing from the bosom of the earth. Three times in rapid succession their columns formed and rushed upon the angle held by Edwards and his nine hundred men, and as often did the deliberate fire of the Fourth Brigade repel the attack with terrible slaughter. To the right of Edwards's position, however, the defense was not so successful; the Union troops were driven back from the intrenchments, a force of Confederates crossing the works and taking position in a piece of woods, which gave them an enfilading fire on Edwards's right, so severe and well directed that it threw his 10th Regiment into confusion. It was at this time that Upton's brigade came upon the field and, in the words of that officer himself, encountered so severe a fire that he was unable to occupy the intrenchments, but resting his left upon them, near Edwards's right, his brigade lay down and opened fire.

Thus three assaults had been repulsed by Edwards's brigade before any other troops of the Sixth Corps came upon the field. As soon as the development of the Union line to the right relieved the flank fire somewhat, the 10th Regiment was returned to its place in the works, and throughout the remainder of that memorable day the brigade held its position with a fire so deadly and well directed that no hostile lines of battle could live to cross the few yards between the works and the ravine spoken of. Once, indeed, by the use of a white flag the Confederates came near accomplishing by stratagem what they had failed to do by force of arms. This emblem of peace being displayed in front of the Fourth Brigade, an officer ranking Edwards, but himself ranked by General Eustis, who was present, unjustifiably ordered the Fourth Brigade to cease firing. Instantly the purpose of the movement was shown by the dash of the Confederate line of battle for the coveted works. Fortunately, however, Edwards and his command were on the alert, and repulsed the attack, but not until the hostile colors were for a moment planted on the works,—the only instance during the day in which anything like a line of battle was enabled to advance so far at that point.

Near night the brigade was relieved, but the 37th Regiment was almost immediately ordered back to hold the works which had been unceremoniously vacated by a regiment of the Second Corps out of ammunition. The guns of the 37th also were empty, but the brave fellows pushed their bayonets under the head log, and thus held the works until a fresh supply of ammunition could be procured, when the firing was resumed and continued until 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th.

This regiment was thus in action continually for more

than twenty hours, during which time it fired over four hundred rounds per man. At one time its guns became so foul that they could no longer be used, many of them bursting in the hands of the men. As it was impossible to relieve the line, a regiment from the Second Corps exchanged guns with the 37th, enabling the latter to continue their fire without interruption. It was in front of the right wing of this regiment and almost directly in the rear of the apex that the oak-tree, twenty-one inches in diameter, was cut down by bullets and fell within the Confederate lines.* I believe every regiment that fought anywhere in that part of the field claims to have shot down this particular tree; but in truth no single organization is entitled to all the credit. Certainly the Fourth Brigade, and especially its 37th Regiment, may claim the lion's share. Not only was this command engaged longer than any other, but all day the fire of the entire brigade was delivered under the head log, deliberately and well directed, and from the position of the troops a large portion of their fire concentrated at this point. Another fact, which would seem to settle the matter, was that the tree fell during the night, near midnight in fact, and hours after the firing had practically ceased on all parts of the line save at this vital point.

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The Lost War Maps of the Confederates

IN several published articles, and in several books by Confederate generals and civilians, there have been severe criticisms (some just and some unjust) in regard to the want of suitable maps for the guidance of our commanders. General D. H. Hill in *THE CENTURY*, and General Dick Taylor and Mr. Jefferson Davis in their books, have made special mention of this want, and General Long in his recent "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" comes to the defense of that distinguished general from this implied blame, and remarks that "the want of maps should be placed where it properly belongs,—with the war-directing authority at Richmond," and he further states that "the blunders complained of were more the result of inattention to orders and want of proper energy on the part of a few subordinate commanders than any lack of knowledge of the country." These remarks of General Long are substantially true. The writer has the best of reasons from personal knowledge and observation, and from an interview with General Lee a little after daybreak on Sunday morning, June 29th, 1862, for confirming the truth of the latter remarks as to "inattention to orders and want of proper energy," in this particular campaign up to that date. The escape of McClellan's army from White Oak Swamp was undoubtedly due to these short-comings, and I am persuaded that General Long and others have proved conclusively that the same cause prevented the concentration of Lee's army at the proper time before Gettysburg and occasioned its defeat there. It is one of the many failings of humanity to shift blame from one shoulder to another, as it is also to claim the merit of success where it is not due. Any simpleton can now untie a Gordian knot, knowing how Alexander did it.

* Several trees were cut down.—See foot-note, page 306, of *THE CENTURY* magazine for June, 1887.—EDITOR.