

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General W. F. Smith in Reply to General Grant.

THE assertion of a fact, even if it be an assertion involving a question of character, made by one of world-wide reputation, is generally accepted as true. A few interested in the individual who may be the subject of attack will hear his defense, if he make any; and perhaps a larger few whose sense of justice impels them to hear both sides, will listen before pronouncing sentence. To these two classes I address a few words.

In the February number (1886) of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* is a paper written by General Grant, in which he says (page 576):

"General W. F. Smith, who had been promoted to the rank of Major-General shortly after the battle of Chattanooga, on my recommendation, had not yet been confirmed. I found a decided prejudice against his confirmation by a majority of the Senate, but I insisted that his services had been such that he should be rewarded. My wishes were now reluctantly complied with, and I assigned him to the command of one of the corps under General Butler. I was not long in finding out that the objections to Smith's promotion were well founded."

General Grant makes this general charge without assigning a reason for it or attempting to justify it by citing any instance in which I had failed in any duty I had been called upon to perform. This gives me the right to call General Grant himself as a witness in my own behalf, and to assert that the reasons which moved him to say that "the objections to my confirmation were well founded" were of a personal, and not of a public nature.

The battle of Chattanooga ended on the 25th of November, 1863 — my name was not sent to the Senate till the 15th of March, 1864. On the 18th it was returned to the President, with the request that the date of rank should conform to the date of nomination.

On the 23d of the same month it was again sent to the Senate, and my nomination was confirmed on the same day. It was therefore nearly four months after the battle when my name was sent to the Senate for promotion, and in three days thereafter the Senate asked the President to make the date of rank conform to the date of nomination; and on the same day that my name was returned to the Senate my nomination was confirmed. The question of my confirmation therefore was settled on the 18th of March, when the request was made to have the date of rank conform to the date of nomination, and during this time and up to the time of my confirmation General Grant was not in the city of Washington.

He left Washington on the night of the 11th of March for Nashville and did not return till some time during the 23d — the day on which the President returned my name to the Senate and upon which final action was taken. Shortly thereafter I was informed by a Senator that my name had passed the Senate without having been referred to the Military Committee, which he stated to be a "high compliment and one seldom paid by the Senate." As to the fact whether this confirmation was made without a reference to the Military Committee, the records of the Senate will show.

But much more important to me is the fact that this sweeping denunciation was not founded upon any failure on my part to perform the duty I owed to the country, then in its struggle for existence, and that no one knew this better than the general who was in

command of its armies. On the 12th of November, 1863, General Grant addressed the Secretary of War as follows:

"I would respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General William F. Smith be placed first on the list for promotion to the rank of major-general. He is possessed of one of the clearest military heads in the army — is very practical and industrious — no man in the service is better qualified than he for our largest commands."

On July 1st, 1864, General Grant, from City Point, Virginia, addressed a letter to General Halleck, Chief of Staff, from which the following extracts are taken:

"Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, has just returned. He informs me that he called attention to the necessity of sending General Butler to another field of duty. . . . I have feared that it might become necessary to separate him and General Smith. The latter is really one of the most efficient officers in the service, readiest in expedients, and most skillful in the management of troops in action. I would dislike removing him from his present command unless it was to increase it, but as I say, I may have to do it if General Butler remains. . . . I would feel strengthened with Smith, Franklin, or J. J. Reynolds commanding the right wing of this army. . . ."

So that on the 1st of July, 1864, General Grant thought he would be strengthened with General Smith commanding the right wing of that army. On the strength of that letter I was placed in command of the troops in the field belonging to the Army of the James, and General Butler was ordered back to administrative duty at Fort Monroe.

Being much out of health at this time, I had asked for a short leave of absence, to which this answer was returned:

"HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT, July 2, 1864.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH: Your application for leave of absence has just come to me. Unless it is absolutely necessary that you should leave at this time, I would much prefer not having you go. It will not be necessary for you to expose yourself in the hot sun, and if it should become necessary I can temporarily attach General Humphreys to your command.

"U. S. GRANT."

As my health did not improve I repeated my request for leave, and on the 9th of July I received the following from General Grant at City Point:

"General Ord can be assigned to the command of your corps during your absence if you think it advisable."

I left my command on that day, and City Point on the following day, and it is manifest General Grant up to that moment had not changed the opinion he had expressed in recommending my promotion. I returned to the army on the 19th of July, to find myself relieved from my command. During this absence of ten days, nothing connected with my military duties could have occurred to impair the confidence in me expressed in General Grant's communication of the 9th.

I sought an explanation from him on the day of my return, and he was as reticent in assigning any cause for his action then as he was twenty-one years after, when, in preparing a contribution to the history of the war, he again passed sentence upon me without assigning a reason of any kind for his condemnation. I am to-day as ignorant of the causes for his action as I was then. That they were purely personal, and had not the remotest connection with my conduct as a soldier, I submit is proved by his own testimony, and it is upon this question alone that I care to defend myself.

March 1, 1886.

William Farrar Smith.

mayor's residence the evening previous, at which I was present, when Mr. Soulé unfolded his plan of the contemplated night attack and urged it strongly upon the mayor's attention. The meeting at nine o'clock the following morning was for the purpose of discussing this matter more freely. It was, however, too late for such an undertaking, even had the plan been a much more feasible one. The forts had surrendered! Captain Farragut had already dispatched a message to the mayor notifying him of that event, and adding that he was about to raise the United States flag on the Mint and Custom House. He still insisted that the lowering of the flag over the City Hall should be the work of those who had raised it, but before I left the ship he had yielded that point also, and I reported to my chief that there would be no bombardment and that the ungrateful task of lowering our flag would be performed by those who demanded its removal.

Mayor Monroe at once issued a proclamation requesting all citizens "to retire to their homes during these acts of authority which it would be folly to resist," and impressing upon them the melancholy consolation that the flag was not to be removed by their authorities "but by those who had the power and the will to exercise it."

I carried a copy of this proclamation on board the flag-ship. Captain Bell, who was charged with the duties of raising and removing the flags, seemed a little nervous in regard to the performance of the last part of his mission. Calling me aside, he asked me whether I thought the crowd would offer any opposition to his landing party. I replied in the negative.

I left the ship in advance of the force, and returned to the City Hall to report their coming. The stage was now set for the last act, and soon the officers, marines, and sailors appeared in Lafayette square with bayonets and two brass howitzers glittering in the sunlight. The marines were formed in line on the St. Charles street side of the square near the iron railing which at that time inclosed it, while

the guns were drawn through the gates out into the middle of the street, and placed so as to command the thoroughfare either way.

The crowd flowed in from every direction and filled the street in a compact mass both above and below the square. They were silent, but angry and threatening. Many openly displayed their arms. An open way was left in front of the hall, and their force being stationed, Captain Bell and Lieutenant Kautz passed across the street, mounted the hall steps and entered the mayor's parlor. Approaching the mayor, Captain Bell said: "I have come in obedience to orders to haul down the State flag from this building."

Mr. Monroe replied, his voice trembling with restrained emotion, "Very well, sir, you can do it; but I wish to say that there is not in my entire constituency so wretched a renegade as would be willing to exchange places with you."

He emphasized this speech in a manner which must have been very offensive to the officers. Captain Bell visibly restrained himself from reply, and asked at once that he might be shown the way to the roof. The mayor replied by referring him to the janitor whom he would find outside.

As soon as the two officers left the room, Mr. Monroe also went out. Descending the front steps he walked out into the street and placed himself immediately in front of the howitzer pointing down St. Charles street. There, folding his arms, he fixed his eyes upon the gunner who stood lanyard in hand ready for action. Here he remained, without once looking up or moving until the flag had been hauled down by Lieutenant Kautz and he and Captain Bell reappeared. At an order from the officers the sailors drew their howitzers back into the square, the marines fell into marching order behind them, and retired as they had come. As they passed out through the Camp street gate, Mr. Monroe turned toward the hall, and the people who had hitherto preserved the silence he had asked from them, broke into cheers for their mayor.

Marion A. Baker.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Author of "Life on the Alabama," in the April "Century."

SINCE you ask me for some account of my experience as a sailor, I may say that I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in February, 1836, and was taken to England when I was two years old. My parents settled at Whitehaven in Cumberland, and I was sent to "Piper's Marine School." When I got older I spent some time at a Catholic seminary at St. Omer in

France, where I learned to speak the language and to dislike the people for all time.

My father was a retired East India naval officer and an intimate friend of Sir Charles Napier, by whose influence I received a warrant as midshipman in the British Navy, and joined the *Swiftsure* frigate in November, 1853.

My messmates were a gang of ruffians, and they hazed me for being a "Yankee." I was constantly in hot water, and had a miserable time of it.

I was transferred to the *Britannia* flag-ship and was wounded in the attack on the forts at Sevastopol, October, 1854. I was sent home invalided and gladly resigned the service. I made the China voyage as second officer on the ship *Redoute* and then went to India and saw the beginning and end of the Sepoy mutiny, and must say that the pandies were not a whit more brutal and savage than the English civilians and soldiers.

I had a relation in the Commissary Department at Delhi, and I got there in time to carry a musket as volunteer with the Seventy-fifth Regiment, in the storming of September, '57, and I saw such fighting as I had only read of in story.

The conduct of the men was grand, and their officers wasted their own lives like water.

I had my left hand nearly cut off by a sword stroke, as it was all bayonet fighting, the rebels showing wonderful courage and persistency. As soon as I could travel I crossed the Punjab to the Indus, and went down that river to Kurrachee and took steamer for Canton.

The Taiping Rebellion was commencing, and there was no peace in all the land. I had no trouble in getting a commission as second lieutenant in the Chinese Navy, and cruised along the coast capturing pirates. As we took no prisoners, it was butchering work, and I soon got tired of it. I resigned in 1860, and going ashore, made the acquaintance of General Ward, an ex-Yankee clipper-mate and the best soldier in China, bold, bloody, and resolute. I also met Captain Gordon, well known by his later reputation, and I thought him a very commonplace gentleman. There was one thing he could do to perfection, and that was swear; and his Fokee levies had the benefit of his talent in that direction.

Ward's death, the next year, ended a career that promised to be remarkable. He would have made himself a power in the East.

The climate did not agree with me; in the fall of '61 I returned to England, and in '62 shipped on the Confederate privateer *Alabama*. After her destruction I went to blockade running, and made a little fortune by lucky ventures, but this was soon ended by the downfall of the Confederacy.

Save several voyages to the West Indies, I have been on shore since 1866.

When I first went to sea, educated young men were common in the fore-castle, thither led by a spirit of adventure, but no decent man would go to sea now save from dire compulsion.

His associates would be broken-down turnpike sailors and longshoremen,—perhaps vicious and unendurable,—and most likely all foreigners. So the common sailor that really is a sailor and has intelligence to tell what he knows will soon pass away forever. Herman Melville was the greatest and the last. Clark Russell is too literal, and to a sailor his long descriptions are tedious; but Melville is glorious.

Philip Drayton Haywood.

PHILADELPHIA, April 15, 1886.

General George H. Thomas at Chattanooga.

In his paper on "Chattanooga," published in THE CENTURY for November, 1885, General Grant says:

"On the 7th, before Longstreet could possibly have reached Knoxville, I ordered Thomas peremptorily to attack the enemy's right, so as to force the return of the troops that had gone up the

valley. I directed him to take mules, officers' horses, or animals wherever he could get them, to move the necessary artillery. But he persisted in the declaration that he could not move a single piece of artillery, and could not see how he could possibly comply with the order. Nothing was left to be done but to answer Washington dispatches as best I could, urge Sherman forward, although he was making every effort to get forward, and encourage Burnside to hold on."

This statement is in substance like one in General Badeau's military history of Ulysses S. Grant. A paper, however, over the signature of General Grant has a very different value. And it is in text and inference so unjust to the memory of the late Major-General George H. Thomas that it is proper to make a statement of facts taken in the main from official papers.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, was in November, 1863, at Chattanooga, and reported by telegraph from day to day to the Secretary of War all matters of interest with reference to the Army of the Cumberland and the plans of Generals Grant and Thomas, with both of whom he held intimate official relations. Under date of November 5th, 11 A. M., he telegraphed to Mr. Stanton:

" . . . Grant and Thomas considering plan proposed by W. F. Smith to advance our pickets on the left to Citico Creek, about a mile in front of the position they have occupied from the first, and to threaten the seizure of the north-west extremity of Missionary Ridge. This, taken in connection with our present demonstration in Lookout Valley, will compel them to concentrate and come back from Burnside to fight here."

It is perhaps well to explain here that at that time no plan for future operations had been discussed. On the supposition that Sherman's forces would be united with those of Thomas in front of Chattanooga, more space than we occupied was necessary for the proper encampments and probable developments for a battle. This made a move to the front at that time, for the acquisition of more ground, a proper one under all circumstances. It will be seen that in the plan proposed by me, as chief engineer, only a threat to seize the north-west end of Missionary Ridge was intended and with the idea that such a feint might force the recall of Longstreet. I think I may safely state that I did not propose at that time, in view of the condition of the Army of the Cumberland, to suggest anything which would bring on a general battle unless under the guns of our forts at Chattanooga. The next telegram to Secretary Stanton referring to this move is dated November 7th at ten A. M., and states:

"Before receiving this information" [report of a rebel deserter] "Grant had ordered Thomas to execute the movement on Citico Creek which I reported on the 5th as proposed by Smith. Thomas, who rather preferred an attempt on Lookout Mountain, desired to postpone the operation until Sherman should come up, but Grant has decided that for the sake of Burnside the attack must be made at once, and I presume the advance on Citico will take place to-morrow evening, and that on Missionary Ridge immediately afterward. If successful, this operation will divide Bragg's forces in Chattanooga valley from those in the valley of the Chickamauga, and will compel him either to retreat, leaving the railroad communication of Cheatham and Longstreet exposed, or else fight a battle with his diminished forces."

From General Grant's order of November 7th, the following extract is made:

" . . . I deem the best movement to attract the enemy to be an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge with all the force you can bring to bear against it, and, when that is carried, to threaten and even attack if possible the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland. Rations should be ready to issue a sufficiency to last four days the moment Missionary Ridge is in our possession—rations to be carried in haversacks. When there are not horses to move the artillery, mules must be taken from the teams or horses from ambulances, or, if necessary, officers dismounted and their horses taken. The movement should not be made one moment later than to-morrow morning."

It will be seen from this order that the plan proposed by me had been entirely changed, for while I had proposed only to threaten the seizure of the north-west end of Missionary Ridge, General Grant proposed "to attack the enemy" by carrying the Ridge and then "to threaten and even attack if possible" the lines of communication; *that is, to bring on a general engagement.* When it is remembered that eighteen days after this Sherman with six perfectly appointed divisions failed to carry this same point of Missionary Ridge, at a time when Thomas with four divisions stood threatening Bragg's center and Hooker with nearly three divisions was driving in Bragg's left flank (Bragg having no more strength than on the 7th), it will not be a matter of surprise that the order staggered Thomas. After the order had been issued I sought a conversation with General Grant for the purpose of inducing a modification, and began by asking General Grant what was the plan proposed by General Thomas for carrying out the order. To this General Grant replied, "*When I have sufficient confidence in a general to leave him in command of an army, I have enough confidence in him to leave his plans to himself.*" This answer seemed to cut off all discussion, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Shortly after that General Thomas sent for me, and under the impression that the order related to my plan referred to in Mr. Dana's dispatch of November 5th said, "If I attempt to carry out the order I have received, my army will be terribly beaten. You must go and get the order revoked." Without replying to this I asked General Thomas to go up the river with me, and we set out directly, going to a hill opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga Creek, where we spent an hour or more. We looked carefully over the ground on which Thomas would have to operate, noted the extreme of Bragg's camp-fires on Missionary Ridge, and then becoming convinced that Thomas with his force could not outflank Bragg's right without endangering our connection with Chattanooga, on our return I went directly to General Grant, and reported to him that after a careful reconnoissance of the ground I was of the decided opinion that no movement could be made in that direction until the arrival of Sherman's forces. That very evening the order for Thomas to move was countermanded, and no further effort to aid Burnside was attempted till the Army of the Tennessee had joined the army at Chattanooga. On the 8th of November at eleven A. M., Mr. Dana sent to the Secretary of War the following dispatch:

"Reconnoissance of Citico Creek and head of Missionary Ridge made yesterday by Thomas, Smith, and Brannan from the heights opposite on the north of the Tennessee proved Smith's plan for attack impracticable. The creek and country are wrongly laid down on our maps, and no operation for the seizure of Missionary Ridge can be undertaken with the force which Thomas can now command for the purpose. That force cannot by any effort be made to exceed eighteen thousand men. The deficiency of animals, forage, and subsistence rendering any attack by us on Bragg's line of communication at Cleveland or Charleston out of the question, it follows that no important effort for the relief of Burnside can be made."

General Grant in his official report says:

"Directions were given for a movement against Missionary Ridge, with a view to carrying it . . . of which I informed Burnside on the 7th of November by telegraph. After a thorough reconnoissance of the ground, however, it was deemed *utterly impracticable* to make the move until Sherman could get up, because of the inadequacy of our forces, and the condition of the animals then at Chattanooga; and I was forced to leave Burn-

side for the present to contend against superior forces of the enemy until the arrival of Sherman with his men and means of transportation. In the meantime reconnoissances were made and plans matured for operations."

As a matter of perhaps some historical value it may be stated that the hill visited by General Thomas on the 7th of November with his chief engineer and chief of artillery was the same one to which Sherman was taken on the 16th of November, and which is spoken of by him in his report of operations about Chattanooga.

I think there will remain no doubt in the mind of any reader of the foregoing that the official papers prove conclusively that the order of November 7th "to attract the enemy" by "an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge . . . and when that is carried to threaten and even attack if possible the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland," was one for which the entire credit should be given to General Grant, but that the failure to carry out the order has been incorrectly laid at the door of General George H. Thomas by General Grant, who apparently failed to refresh his memory by a reference to his own official reports and letters — a negligence which is liable in these late days to be injurious to any military authority, however high.

William Farrar Smith.

The Man with the Musket.

SOLDIERS pass on from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with
him, too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave lad,
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line:
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine!

H. S. Taylor.

crossed the river I saw him again, when he told me that he had it in his mind to relieve Sumner from command, place Hooker in arrest, and Franklin in command of the army.

In the third interview General Reynolds was with me, and in that he said that the men on the left did not fight well enough. To this we replied that the list of killed and wounded proved the contrary. He then said, "I did not mean that; I meant there were not muskets enough fired," adding, "I made a mistake in my order to Franklin; I should have directed him to carry the hill at Hamilton's at all hazards."

At the fourth interview he stated that the

mistake was that Franklin did not get the order early enough; that he had started it at four o'clock in the morning, but that General Hardie, to whom the order was committed, had stopped an hour and a half in camp to get breakfast. I then told him that we should have had the order before midnight in order to form such a column of attack as we had proposed.

For a few days General Burnside was dazed by the defeat and grief-stricken at the loss of life; but he soon recovered, and planned and attempted to carry out his harmless "Mud Campaign," his last, at the head of the Army of the Potomac.

William Farrar Smith.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Why Burnside did not Renew the Attack at Fredericksburg.

NOVEMBER 22d the whole Union army had reached Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, and General Lee, who had proved upon more than one occasion his watchfulness and enterprise, took means to insure the arrival, about the same time, of the Army of Northern Virginia on the heights in the immediate rear of Fredericksburg.

Without the slightest delay the enemy's line of defense was marked out, nor did their labors cease until their defensive lines were made formidable, and completed by the mounting of a large number of guns. In the mean time the Army of the Potomac had drawn its abundant supply of daily rations, subjected itself to some drilling and several reviews, and its commander had carried on an animated correspondence with the powers at Washington, chiefly in relation to pontoons which had been promised, but failed to reach Falmouth until long after the arrival of both armies at the points they then occupied. Some time during the first week in December the much-looked-for pontoon train appeared, and then came the oft repeated camp rumor of a "movement over the river," which in a few days assumed a more definite form, the actual plan of attack becoming the topic of many a camp gossip. It was freely stated that the whole army was to cross the river about such a time, and that the chief attack was to be made by General Sumner's Right Grand Division upon the enemy's center immediately back of Fredericksburg, where the hills were the steepest and the fortifications the strongest. There were a few officers in the Army of the Potomac who had watched the gradual growth of the enemy's lines, and knew something of the natural formations in that direction,—a succession of steep hills which in themselves were almost as potent for defensive purposes as the average artificial fortifications. I, for one, had been over that ground several times the August before while engaged in ascertaining the best line for a grand guard for the protection of the roads leading from the back country into Fredericksburg. The three or four officers who were possessed of this

knowledge expressed themselves very strongly in opposition to the plan of attack as foreshadowed by the gossips of the camp, and the news of these adverse opinions having come to General Burnside, he sent a circular to the general officers of the Right Grand Division and colonels commanding brigades to meet him at the Phillips house the evening of December 9th. At the time appointed the large room of that mansion was filled with general officers, with here and there a colonel and a few grand division staff-officers. General Burnside made a speech in which he partially disclosed and explained his plan for the coming battle. It was received without any particular criticism or comment, but General French, who was very enthusiastic, said the battle would be won in forty-eight hours, and called for three cheers for the commander, which were given.

The meeting ended, Colonel J. H. Taylor, assistant-adjutant-general of the Right Grand Division, and myself were standing together in the hall of the house; General Burnside came along and said to me, "What do you think of it?" I answered, "If you make the attack as contemplated it will be the greatest slaughter of the war; there isn't infantry enough in our whole army to carry those heights if they are well defended." He then turned to Colonel Taylor and said, "Colonel, what do you say about it?" The response came quickly and was sufficiently definite: "I quite agree with Colonel Hawkins. The carrying out of your plan will be murder, not warfare." The commanding general was very much surprised and irritated at these answers, and made a remark about my readiness to throw cold water upon his "plans"; he repeated the assertion of General French about victory within forty-eight hours, and passed on.

The meeting dispersed, the officers who had composed it going to their respective commands and giving their final orders for the movement of the following day. Besides attending to the details of moving my command on the morrow I found time to write three letters—one to my mother, another to my wife, and a third to Charles P. Kirkland of the city of New York. In each of these defeat was distinctly and without qualification predicted. The first letter in the order

mentioned has been preserved, and from it the following quotations are given :

"CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., December 10, 1862.

"DEAR MOTHER— . . . To-morrow, if our present plans are carried out, the great battle of the war will commence. . . . I have little hope of the plans succeeding. I do not think them good,— there will be a great loss of life and nothing accomplished. I am sure we are to fight against all chances of success. There is a rumor and a hope that Banks may have landed on the James River ; if so a large part of the enemy's force will be diverted from this point, but if they have a force anywhere near our own in number we are pretty certain to get whipped."

The letter to Judge Kirkland was much stronger and more explicit, and evoked an answer from which one paragraph is quoted :

"NEW YORK, December 18, 1862.

"How wonderfully *prophetic* is your letter, written on the 10th of December. It *foretells* exactly the awful disaster and reverse that our cause has met with. How is it possible, if you thus knew all this, that those *having control* were ignorant of it? This whole transaction seems now almost incredible. To think of the thousands of splendid, brave, patriotic fellows absolutely butchered without the least beneficial result : on the contrary, with a result disgraceful and disheartening to us, but I fervently trust a result from which we can recover."

This matter of the letters is here referred to, not in a spirit of pride, but simply to show a want of knowledge, judgment, and foresight on the part of those high in command.

We now pass over the bombardment of December 11th, the many disastrous attempts to lay the pontoons in front of Fredericksburg, and come to three o'clock of that day, when volunteers were called for to cross the river in open boats for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from the opposite bank. For this service the Seventh Michigan, Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts of General Howard's division, and the Eighty-ninth New York of my brigade answered the call. The first three regiments crossed under fire where the first bridge was afterwards laid, and the fourth under sharper fire where the second was completed. By nine o'clock that night the division of General Howard and my brigade had obtained possession of the town, the former taking the right of the line and the latter the left. The whole of the 12th of December into the night was occupied in crossing the army, and the morning of the 13th the battle was begun and continued at intervals until darkness set in. During a considerable portion of that day, while the attacks upon the enemy's center, known as "Marye's Heights," were being made, General George W. Getty, my division commander, and myself were on the roof of the Slaughter house, a high residence at the lower end of the city, named after its owner. From this prominent position our repeated repulses and the terrible slaughter of the Union troops had been witnessed. At about half-past three o'clock the order came for General Getty's Third Division of the Ninth Corps to make an attack upon that part of the enemy's line to the left of where the principal attack had been. The order was obeyed, but not until after I had tried to induce General Getty to protest against its obedience and the further useless waste of life. The attack of our division closed a battle which was one of the most disastrous defeats to the Union forces during the war.

The sadness which prevailed throughout the whole army on that night can neither be described nor imagined. The surgeons were the happiest of all, for they were so busy that they had no time to think of our terrible defeat.

About nine o'clock that evening I found myself near a building situated upon the main street of the town, where several of the generals of the Right Grand Division had assembled for the purpose of discussing the attack to be made the next morning. When I entered the room the officers were looking at a map upon a table, showing the position of the enemy. There were present Generals Willcox, Humphreys, Getty, Butterfield, and three or four others. They were seriously discussing the renewal of the attack of the morrow as though it had been decided upon. I listened until I was thoroughly irritated because of the ignorance displayed, and then uttered a solemn, earnest, and emphatic protest against even the consideration of another attack. With a pencil I made a rough drawing of the first line then occupied by the enemy, and also showed a second position a little to the rear of their first, to which they could fall back and make a strong stand in the event of their being driven out of their first line. It did not take long to convince these officers that another attack would probably end more disastrously than the first, and they united in a request that I should immediately proceed to the Phillips house, and try to persuade General Burnside that the attack ought not to be renewed.

It was a cheerless ride through the wet, cold, and deep mud of the army-traveled road that dark night, for I was a subordinate officer, weary from much care, watching and loss of sleep, bent upon an ungrateful errand to an officer commanding one of the largest armies of modern times. But a solemn sense of duty, and a humane desire to save further useless slaughter, convinced me that any sacrifice of self ought to be made in the interest of the brave men who were fighting our battles.

I arrived at the Phillips house about eleven o'clock to learn that I had probably passed on the road General Burnside, who had gone to perfect the details for a second attack. Those present at the Phillips house were Generals Sumner, Hooker, Franklin, Hardie, and Colonel Taylor. I made a brief statement and explanation of the object of my mission, which deeply interested all present. They united in a desire that I should wait until the arrival of General Burnside, which occurred about one o'clock. As he came through the door he said : "Well, it's all arranged ; we attack at early dawn, the Ninth Corps in the center, which I shall lead in person"; and then seeing me he said : "Hawkins, your brigade shall lead with the Ninth New York on the right of the line, and we'll make up for the bad work of to-day."

When he had ceased there was perfect silence, and he was evidently astonished that no one approved. With hesitation and great delicacy General Sumner then stated the object of my visit, and suggested that General Burnside should examine the rough drawing then upon the table, and listen to some reasons why the attack contemplated ought not to be made. After I had explained the enemy's positions, had called attention to several pertinent circumstances, and had made something of an argument, General Burnside

asked General Sumner what he thought, and he replied that the troops had undergone such great fatigue and privation, and met with such a disaster, that it would not be prudent to make another attack so soon. General Hooker, who was lying full length upon a bed in one corner of the room, upon being appealed to by General Burnside, sat up and said in the most frank and decided manner that no attack ought to be made in the morning. Then a general consultation took place, in which all who were present joined, the result of which was a verbal order, transmitted through me, countermanding the order for the second attack.

Of those present at the first interview, on the Fred-

ericksburg side, Generals Getty, Willcox, Butterfield, and probably several others not now remembered, still survive. The only survivors of the Phillips house interview are General Franklin and myself. To show the importance that General Franklin attached to the second interview, let me quote a paragraph from a letter from him to me, dated Hartford, Conn., December 17, 1866, in which he says :

" . . . I distinctly recollect your talk to Burnside, to which you refer, and had he been so talked to before he crossed the river, many lives would have been saved, as well as much credit to himself and reputation to the gallant Army of the Potomac."

Rush C. Hawkins.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Falsehood of Extremes.

IN the fight now going on between capital and labor, the worst elements on both sides are pretty nearly agreed in their fundamental principles. The conscienceless capitalist and the demagogue laborer seem to be far apart in their aims, but in their ruling ideas they are quite in harmony. Each believes in the employment of force to achieve his purposes; they differ only in the way in which the force is employed. The one organizes workingmen into companies, and arms them with brickbats to raise the price of labor; the other gets possession of legislatures and courts, and thus calls into action the power of the State, with its police and its militia, to validate and invalidate contracts, to make and unmake properties.

In their philosophy, as well as in their methods, the extremists on both sides are substantially at one. The maxim that the end justifies the means is continually appealed to as the warrant for their worst offenses. When we denounce the monopolies by which competition is crippled and killed, we are pointed to the beneficent results of these monopolies. Is not coal cheap to-day in the New York market? Is not the price of oil lower than ever before? How much does it cost to bring a barrel of flour from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic coast? Such are the triumphant queries of the apologists of monopoly. Has it not cheapened commodities and greatly multiplied the facilities of transportation? Does not the end justify the means?

The answer to these questions is by no means so obvious as the questioners suppose. Even from an economical point of view it is not certain that these triumphs of cheap commodities and cheap freight are not disasters. Oil at twenty cents a gallon may be a boon, but if it is the result of a process by which enterprise has been paralyzed in one great branch of industry, and by which thousands of men who might otherwise have been organizers of labor and captains of industry, gaining in such pursuits not only livelihood but mental development and independence of character, have been deprived of employment, or else made parts of a great machine in which their individuality is suppressed and their activity greatly circumscribed,—it is a serious question whether the loss to the country does not exceed the gain. Suppose that

the cheapening of oil, through this monopoly, has resulted in the weakening of the habit of self-help, and in the reduction of the productive energies of a large number of the people. Some of us would be willing to pay a little more for oil and a little less for poor-rates. We would rather have good neighbors than cheap commodities. It is possible that the end may justify the means; but what is the end? Are we sure that we have got to the end of the monopoly when we have purchased the material product at a reduced price?

A portion of the people may be benefited by cheap freights between terminal points on the great trunk lines of railroad; but the effect of the discriminations in favor of these points upon all the intermediate communities must also be considered. The fact that a barrel of flour is carried from Chicago to New York for fifty cents does not conclude the argument in favor of railroad monopolies and combinations. Nor does any story that can be told of the great reduction in the cost of transportation really meet the case, until we hear also the tale of those thousands of luckless investors who have been plundered of their little all to make this reduction possible.

It is not, then, so clear as it might be that monopoly is the beneficent force that its apologists represent it to be. So long as it keeps within the law, however, it must be allowed to use the power that it is able to accumulate. But when it begins to defeat the law by bribery and corruption, it is time to make a stand. Cheap freights and cheap commodities are a poor recompense for perverted justice and debauched legislation. The New York aldermen and their bribers may point to the increased facilities and the reduced prices of travel on Broadway; but the people of this city could better have afforded to travel that thoroughfare on foot for twenty years than suffer the injury to their municipal life of which these men were the authors. The end of those insidious practices by which great corporations, aided by astute lawyers and abetted by corrupt officials, evade and pervert and paralyze the laws of the land, does not appear in the cheap freights and the low railway fares that they sometimes offer us; it begins to be visible in the contempt for law which is constantly showing itself, and in the sullen resentments that fill the minds of the less fortunate classes. Greedy capital, seeking to justify its lawless methods by pointing to the good which it has accom-

centrate and stop him before he had moved over half the distance, and I consequently got no help from him."

I ventured to ask why he did not attack when he found that the enemy had weakened his forces in the immediate front and sent them away to meet Sedgwick. "That," said he, "would seem to have been the reasonable thing to do. But we were in this impenetrable thicket. All the roads and openings leading through it, the enemy immediately fortified strongly, and planted thickly his artillery commanding all the avenues, so that with reduced numbers he could easily hold his lines, shutting me in, and it became utterly impossible to manœuvre my forces. My army was not beaten. Only a part of it had been engaged. The First Corps, commanded by Reynolds, whom I regarded as the ablest officer under me, was fresh, and ready and eager to be brought into action, as was my whole army. But I had been fully con-

vinced of the futility of attacking fortified positions, and I was determined not to sacrifice my men needlessly, though it should be at the expense of my reputation as a fighting officer. We had already had enough grievous experience in that line. I made frequent demonstrations to induce the enemy to attack me, but he would not accept my challenge. Accordingly, when the eight days' rations with which my army started out were exhausted, I retired across the river. Before doing so I sent orders to General Sedgwick to hold his position near Banks's Ford, on the south side of the stream, and I would bring my whole army to his support; but the order failed to reach him until he had already recrossed the river. Could I have had my army on the open grounds at that point where I could have manœuvred it properly, I felt assured that I could have gained a decisive victory. But this, my last chance, was frustrated."

Samuel P. Bates.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Lee's Knowledge of Hooker's Movements.

THE assertion that Hooker's move upon Chancellorsville was a surprise to General Lee is a great mistake. Every day, Lee had information of Hooker's movements. The following letter, sent by Lee to Jackson and by the latter to me, has never been out of my possession since. It shows the remarkable intuition which enabled General Lee on so many occasions to foresee and penetrate the intentions of his antagonist. In this case a demonstration had been made on our extreme right at Port Royal, and without waiting for orders I had gone with a brigade and battery to meet it. I reported the facts to General Jackson, and it is my letter to him to which General Lee refers:

"HEADQUARTERS A. N. VA., April 23, 1863. LIEUT.-GEN'L T. J. JACKSON, Com'g Corps. GEN'L: I have received General Colston's letter of 8½ o'clock to-day which you forwarded to me. I think from the account given me by L't-Col. Smith of the Engineers, who was at Port Royal yesterday, of the enemy's operations there, the day and night previous, that his present purpose is to draw our troops in that direction while he attempts a passage elsewhere. I would not then send down more troops than are actually necessary. I will notify Gen'ls McLaws and Anderson to be on the alert, for I think that if a real attempt is made to cross the river it will be above Fredericksburg. Very respectfully, R. E. LEE, Gen'l."

The back of the letter was endorsed by Jackson, "Respectfully referred to General Colston for his guidance." It was also marked "confidential," and both the front and the back of the envelope were marked "private," so that not even my Adjutant General should open it in case of my absence.

The Federal writers have wondered why Jackson's corps did not complete its work on the evening of May 2d. They do not realize the condition of our troops after their successful charge on Howard. We had forced our way through brush so dense that the

troops were nearly stripped of their uniforms. Brigades, regiments, and companies had become so mixed that they could not be handled; besides which the darkness of evening was so intensified by the shade of the dense woods that nothing could be seen a few yards off. The halt at that time was not a mistake, but a necessity. So far from intending to stop, Jackson was hurrying A. P. Hill's division to the front to take the place of Rodes's and mine and to continue the attack, when he was wounded; A. P. Hill was also wounded soon afterwards, and the advance of his troops in the narrow road on which alone they could move, was checked by the shell and canister of twelve Napoleon guns, from an elevation within five hundred yards. The slaughter and confusion were greatly increased by this terrible fire in the darkness of the night, so that the pause in the attack was one of those fatalities of war that no skill or foresight can prevent.

It was about one o'clock on Sunday that Lee received information that Early had been driven from Marye's Heights and was falling back before Sedgwick. Jackson's corps, which had been fighting since six o'clock the previous evening, with very little rest during the night, renewing the conflict at daylight, and capturing the positions at Chancellorsville, was by this time much diminished by casualties and much exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and thirst; but it was preparing to move upon Hooker's last line of intrenchments, erected during the night on very strong positions. My division was in the lead in line of battle. It was then that I received an order to report at once in person to General Lee. I found him standing in a small tent pitched by the roadside. His plain gray sack-coat with only three stars on the rolling collar, was, like his face, well sprinkled with the dust of the battlefield. In low, quiet tones he said to me: "General, I wish you to advance with your division on

the United States Ford road. I expect you will meet with resistance before you come to the bend of the road. I do not want you to attack the enemy's positions, but only to feel them. Send your engineer officer with skirmishers to the front to reconnoiter and report. Don't engage seriously, but keep the enemy in check and prevent him from advancing."

I am confident that these were almost the exact words of General Lee, to which he added, "Move at once," which I did. The result is related in my official report of the battle. I was not a little puzzled at the time (not knowing the situation at Fredericksburg), and I wondered why we were not to continue our advance and hurl Hooker into the river. General Lee left the field at Chancellorsville immediately after giving me the above orders, and hastened to Early's support with McLaws's division, Mahone's brigade, and other troops, and compelled Sedgwick to retreat across the Rappahannock.

R. E. Colston.

The Reserve at Antietam.

THE Antietam articles in the June CENTURY have renewed the old question as to why McClellan did not press his advantage on the afternoon of Sept. 17th.

At the battle of Antietam I commanded one of the battalions of Sykes's division of regulars, held in reserve on the north of Antietam creek near the stone bridge. Three of our battalions were on the south side of the creek, deployed as skirmishers in front of Sharpsburg. At the time A. P. Hill began to force Burnside back upon the left, I was talking with Colonel Buchanan, our brigade commander, when an orderly brought him a note from Captain (now Colonel) Blunt, who was the senior officer with the battalions of our brigade beyond the creek. The note, as I remember, stated in effect that Captain Dryer, commanding the Fourth Infantry, had ridden into the enemy's lines, and upon returning had reported that there was but one Confederate battery and two regiments in front of Sharpsburg, connecting the wings of Lee's army. Dryer was one of the coolest and bravest officers in our service, and on his report Blunt asked instructions. We learned afterwards that Dryer proposed that he, Blunt and O'Connell, commanding the Fourth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Infantries should charge the enemy in Sharpsburg instantan. But Blunt preferred asking for orders. Colonel Buchanan sent the note to Sykes, who was at the time talking with General McClellan and Fitz John Porter, about a hundred and fifty yards from us. They were sitting on their horses between Taft's and Weed's batteries a little to our left. I saw the note passed from one to the other in the group, but could not, of course, hear what was said.

We received no orders to advance, however, although the advance of a single brigade at the time (sunset) would have cut Lee's army in two.

After the war, I asked General Sykes why our reserves did not advance upon receiving Dryer's report. He answered that he remembered the circumstance very well and that he thought McClellan was inclined to order in the Fifth Corps but that when he spoke of doing so Fitz John Porter said: "Remember, Gen-

eral! I command the last reserve of the last Army of the Republic."

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who will not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

Thomas M. Anderson.

Lieut.-Colonel Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.

General Grant's Reasons for Relieving General William F. Smith.

THE CENTURY of May publishes a letter from General William Farrar Smith in reply to General Grant, in which he states:

"... I sought an explanation from him on the day of my return, and he was as reticent in assigning any cause for his action then as he was twenty-one years after, when, in preparing a contribution to the history of the war, he again passed sentence upon me without assigning a reason of any kind for his condemnation. I am to-day as ignorant of the causes for his action as I was then."

The following is an extract from a letter which has never been made public:

"COLLEGE POINT, L. I., July 30, 1864.

"HON. S. FOOT.

"DEAR SENATOR: I am extremely anxious that my friends in my native State should not think that the reason of General Grant relieving me from duty was brought about by any misconduct of mine, and therefore I write to put you in possession of such facts in the case as I am aware of, and think will throw light upon the subject. . . .

"On my return from a short leave of absence, on the 19th of July, General Grant sent for me to report to him, and then told me that he 'could not relieve General Butler,' and that as I had so severely criticised General Meade, he had determined to relieve me from the command of the Eighteenth Corps, and order me to New York City to await orders. The next morning the General gave some other reasons, such as an article in the 'Tribune' reflecting on General Hancock, which I had nothing in the world to do with, and two letters which I had written, before the campaign began, to two of General Grant's most devoted friends, urging upon them to try and prevent him from making the campaign he had just made. . . . Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM F. SMITH, Major-General."

The above may refresh General Smith's recollection.

Joel Benedict Erhardt.

A Correction from Mr. Whittier.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY: My attention has been called to an article in the June number of THE CENTURY, in which the writer, referring to the poem on Barbara Frietchie, says, "The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction." Those who know me will bear witness that I am not in the habit of boasting of anything whatever, least of all, of congratulating myself upon a doubtful statement outliving the possibility of correction. I certainly made no "boast" of the kind imputed to me. The poem of Barbara Frietchie was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth.

AMESBURY, 6 Mo. 10, 1886.

John G. Whittier.

oners, among whom were 137 field-officers, captains, and subalterns. [The official Confederate reports make their loss 505 killed, 2150 wounded, 2183 missing — EDITOR.] We captured 3300 stand of small arms, fourteen stand of colors, two pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of equipments. We pursued his retreating column forty miles with all arms, and with cavalry sixty miles, and were ready to follow him to Vicksburg, had we received the orders.

Our loss was 355 killed, 1841 wounded, 324 captured or missing.

In closing his report Van Dorn said :

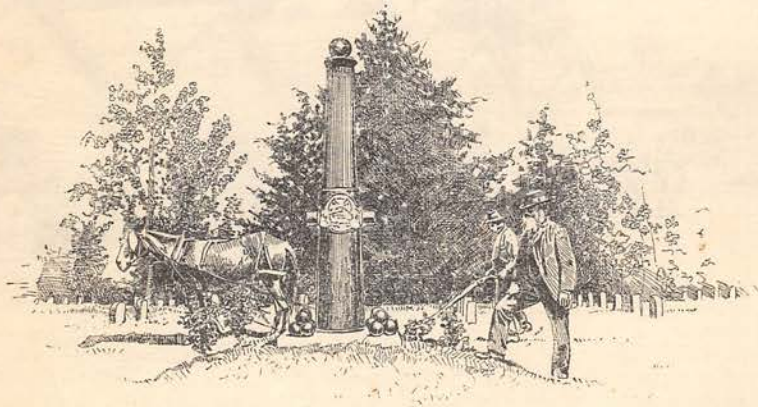
“A hand-to-hand contest was being enacted in the very yard of General Rosecrans’s headquarters and in the streets of the town. The heavy guns were silenced, and all seemed to be about ended when a heavy fire from fresh troops from Iuka, Burnsville, and Rienzi, who had succeeded in reaching Corinth, poured into our thinned ranks. Exhausted from loss of sleep, wearied from hard marching and fighting, companies and regiments without officers, our troops — let no one censure them — gave way. The day was lost. . . . The attempt at Corinth has failed, and in

consequence I am condemned and have been superseded in my command. In my zeal for my country I may have ventured too far without adequate means, and I bow to the opinion of the people whom I serve. Yet I feel that if the spirits of the gallant dead, who now lie beneath the batteries of Corinth, see and judge the motives of men, they do not rebuke me, for there is no sting in my conscience, nor does retrospection admonish me of error or of a reckless disregard of their valued lives.”

And General Price says in his report :

“The history of this war contains no bloodier page, perhaps, than that which will record this fiercely contested battle. The strongest expressions fall short of my admiration of the gallant conduct of the officers and men under my command. Words cannot add luster to the fame they have acquired through deeds of noble daring which, living through future time, will shed about every man, officer, and soldier who stood to his arms through this struggle, a halo of glory as imperishable as it is brilliant. They have won to their sisters and daughters the distinguished honor, set before them by a general of their love and admiration upon the event of an impending battle upon the same field, of the proud exclamation, ‘My brother, father, was at the great battle of Corinth.’”

W. S. Rosecrans.



MONUMENT IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, CORINTH.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Rumor from Shiloh.

“ENDURIN’ of the war” it was not safe in Kentucky for Southern sympathizers to rejoice over Southern successes. A certain old “secesh” from the hills of Tate’s Creek in Madison County had been frequently admonished by Judge Turner of Richmond, Kentucky, that if he was not more cautious he would land in Camp Chase or some other Northern prison. One day the Judge observed his old friend glancing anxiously into his office as he passed and repressed the door. Calling him in, the Judge asked him what was the matter. “Well,” said the old man, “Jedge, if you’ll lock yer door I’ll tell you.” After assuring himself that there were no listeners he proceeded :

“Jedge,— I hearn as the Rebils an’ the Yankees has had a master fight. As I hearn it, the Rebils and the

Yankees they met away down on the Mass-is-sippi River, an’ they fit three days in and three days out, an’ the een uv the third day cum John C. Brackenridge, Kentucky’s noble son, an’ axed fur the priverlige uv the fiel’ fur fifteen minits, an’ — Jedge — they *do* say he slew er hunderd thousand uv’m.”

X.

When Stonewall Jackson Turned our Right.

ON the afternoon of May 2d there was an ominous calm at Chancellorsville. The cavalry with Pleasanton had been five days in the saddle, scouting or skirmishing all the time. We were now therefore enjoying a welcome rest in an open field near General Hooker’s headquarters. We had dismounted, and had slacked our saddle-girths. Some of the men were sleeping

while holding their horses ; some were discussing the battle in progress, while others were even playing their usual game of "poker." Occasional shells merely reminded us that the armies were watching each other. Then there was a sudden commotion at headquarters, due to news from the front that Lee was heading upon Gordonsville. The bugle sounded us to horse. In a few moments we were off at a brisk trot out through the abatis which the infantry had made at the edge of the field. Making our way as best we could through a dense wood we came up with a reconnoitering party that had captured the Twenty-third Georgia. We supposed the unfortunate regiment had been sacrificed to give the main body a chance to escape, as our own men had sometimes been ; but while we were commiserating the poor fellows one of them defiantly said, "You may think you have done a big thing just now, but wait till Jackson gets round on your right."

We laughed at his harmless bravado, for we did not think he would betray Jackson's move had he known anything about it ; but while we were yet trying to get through the thick wood the roar of musketry and artillery on our right confirmed his speech. Leaving one regiment there, Pleasonton took the other two and the artillery back at a gallop, in a direction between the place we were resting at, and the point where the battle was raging. As we rode into an elevated clearing, called Hazel Grove, our regiment, the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was brought into line. We nervously braced ourselves for the ordeal, not knowing whether we were to make an attack or wait there to receive one.*

The roar of musketry was now heavier and nearer ; the vast woods between us and Dowdall's Tavern seemed to shake with it. There was no time to ask or to wonder what had happened, for General Pleasonton rode up to the regiment and started it off at a gallop, following it a short distance that no time might be lost in giving the necessary orders. After riding about three hundred yards we turned into a narrow road that promised to take us into the midst of the enemy. Half a dozen horsemen in cadet gray, a general's staff, most likely, as they did not ride in ranks, were in the road ahead of us, and turned and fled back to their lines with all the speed that was in their horses.

The word charge was now passed from the leading squadron, and sabers flew into the air along our line ; but none too soon, for we were already in the midst of the foe, and they were ready for us. The unfortunate squadron that led caught all the fire as we dashed along the narrow lane, and we who rode next it got only the smoke from the muzzle of their guns. We could reach nothing as yet, and see nothing but fire and smoke, for their line of battle was safely posted behind a thicket that lined the left of the road, while their rifles were aimed through it.

As for myself, my saddle-girth had either broken or was cut by a bullet, and it required all my skill to balance myself, leaving no surplus energy to expend on the enemy, had they been within reach of my saber.

It was a long lane, and a hot lane to go through, but the lane had a turn, and we got to it at last when we reached the Plank road, and struck Rodes's division right in the front. We struck it as a wave strikes a

stately ship : the ship was staggered, maybe thrown on her beam ends, but the wave is dashed into spray, and the ship sails on as before.

Major Keenan, who led the charge, went down with thirteen bullets in his body, the adjutant nine, and men of lower grade perhaps with fewer in proportion. My horse fell dead as we closed with them, and I was pitched across the road, falling on my face.

I was not long getting on my feet, and at once comprehended my situation, as I was only ten paces from the line of battle, which was bent, and doubled, and broken, as the result of the charge.

The officers were trying to recover their alignment ; so I had no time to look at the men and horses that were lying dead at the junction of the roads. I could just get a glimpse of the survivors of my regiment galloping back over the skirmish line that was about fifty yards from where I was standing. To follow them on foot through the skirmishers was the thought that flashed upon my mind, and in an instant I made the attempt by running after, my saber in one hand and carbine in the other.

The Confederates had just recovered from their surprise that a cavalry regiment should have ridden over them from their rear, and were firing after the regiment, when I ran out between them. I jostled against one, who shouted : "There goes a Yank !" They were now loading, and when they began to fire I dropped down behind the trees that had been cut to make an abatis, or had been shot down by the cannon, and when the volley was over I jumped up and ran as fast as before.

The Plank road, and the woods which bordered it, presented a scene of terror and confusion such as I had never seen before. Men and animals were dashing against each other in wild dismay before the line of fire that came crackling and crashing after them. The constantly approaching rattle of musketry, the crash of the shells through the trees, seemed to come from three sides upon the broken fragments of the Eleventh Corps that crowded each other on the road.

The horses of the men of my regiment who had been shot, and the pack mules that carried the ammunition of the Eleventh Corps, tore like wild horses through the woods, and I tried in vain to catch and mount one. When I saw the ammunition pack-saddles of a couple of mules exploded by the shells, and the poor creatures blown to pieces, I desisted. Then the Confederate line again got uncomfortably near and I continued my flight.

Once, when throwing myself down to escape the fury of the fire, I saw a member of my own regiment, whose horse also had been shot, hiding in a pine top that had been cut down by a shell. He had thrown his arms away that he might run the faster, and he begged me to do the same. This I refused to do, and I had a moral to point to from it ever afterward. I got in safely with my arms, while he was never seen again. I now joined the crowd of fugitives on the Plank road. What made their confusion greater was that while they were fleeing from an enemy that was at their heels with bullet and shell, they were going in the direction whence they had expected the foe, and this foe was following them from the direction they believed to be their line of retreat. To this day my geography of Chancellorsville is reversed in consequence of our getting turned round in the charge. We charged an enemy who was

* See the September CENTURY for map and pictures relating to the battle of Chancellorsville.—EDITOR.

apparently behind our own breastworks, and returned from the charge by jumping over from the side where our line of battle had been standing.

In jumping the abatis, one of our men was lifted from his saddle by a grape-vine, and remained suspended till made a prisoner, because, seeing Confederate lines on both sides, he did not know in which direction to escape.

Finally I met on the Plank road General Howard, who had commanded the Eleventh Corps, but who had no command of it now.

He was in the middle of the road, mounted, his maimed arm embracing the colors that some regiment had deserted, and with his sound arm he was gesticulating to the men to make a stand by their flag. He was bare-headed, pleading, praying, and beseeching his men, literally weeping and entreating the unheeding horde to rally. Under different circumstances I should have considered it my duty to follow and find my command, for a cavalry-man, when dismounted, is no more expected to form with infantry on the field, than a foot-soldier, separated from his regiment, would feel it his duty to follow the cavalry in a charge. But I could not go past that general. Maimed in his person and sublime in his patriotism, he seemed worthy to stand by, and out of pure compliment to his appearance I hooked up my saber and fell into the little line that gathered about him. As the front became clear, we fired a few shots at the advance line of the Confederates, but a fresh mass of fugitives in blue soon filled the road, and we had to stop firing. The general now ordered us to cover the whole line of retreat so as to let none pass, and the officers, seeing their general before them, ran in front of their men, drew their swords, and attempted to stop them.

As the number constantly increased, the pressure became greater upon the line that blocked the way; but this line was constantly reinforced by officers, and offered a firm resistance to the pressure upon it. At last the seething, surging sea of humanity broke over the feeble bank that held it back, and General Howard and his officers were carried away by main force with the tide.

Pharaoh and his chariots could have held back the walls of the Red Sea as easily as those officers could resist this retreat. I had never seen General Howard before then, neither have I seen him since that hour so trying to men's souls; but I have always carried that picture in my mind, and, whatever blame he may deserve for the breaking of his corps, I only remember him as a hero, for such he surely was in his tenderness and courage.

I started again on my race for life, this time towards the slopes of the Chancellorsville plateau, where battery after battery was galloping into position, and fresh regiment after regiment wheeling into line behind them. A line of battle showed itself at last; the Third Corps had come up to stop the successful charge, and Jackson's men would find a difference between attacking the Third Corps in front and the Eleventh in the rear.

Seeing them unlimber the guns and load, I made my greatest effort at speed. Not caring for a few fugitives, the guns belched forth their fire before I could get in. Yet I passed safely in, and at last paused for a long breath. While congratulating myself upon my escape, I looked behind the line of battle, and

there saw my own regiment drawn up for a charge, the line not so long as half an hour before by one-third, but still as shapely and resolute as ever. The horses were blown and nervous, and the men were no doubt depressed by the rough usage they had met with. A horse that followed the company riderless from the charge was given to me, and my confidence and self-respect came back as I mounted him, for I was no longer a fugitive.

The fighting now began on a more terrific and magnificent scale than before, but the men who had for two hours carried everything before them must now advance over the divisions of Birney, Berry, and Whipple, if Jackson's object were to be gained. Berry and Whipple laid down their lives on that field on the following day and the day after, and Birney gave his life for the cause in October, 1864.

The gathering darkness was now favorable to the Confederates, for they could get near the guns before they were seen; but it also added to the terror of the batteries, which were discharged double-shotted at the assailants, and lit up the heavens with fire that seemed supernatural. The dusky lines fell back into the woods in disorganized masses as oft as they advanced, and the cheers of our troops rang out at each retreat.

From the boldness and the frequency of the Confederate charges it was found necessary to move the infantry in front of the guns lest the enemy should seize them before being discovered. The slope was so steep that a line of battle could be formed in front of the guns and a double skirmish line in front of that.

Our regiment now moved up to the guns, enabling us to see better the slopes and the woods when lit up by the flashes. Sometimes darkness and stillness would reign for a few minutes, and we would think the long day's fighting was over, but it would soon be renewed. The stealthy rush from the woods could be heard first, then the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle, then a yell and a louder rushing of their lines met by the loud roll of the line of battle's fire. As the cheer of our men announced that the enemy's line was again in retreat, the flash of forty or fifty cannon from the right to the left would light up the scene and carry death over the heads of our men into the woods beyond.

When Jackson's men paused, for they had been marching and fighting since morning, and human nature could endure no more, our men were ordered to advance into the woods to find and drive them back. Though it was now midnight the woods were lit up with the flame of the musketry as they came face to face among the trees, and the battle began anew.

The artillerists pushed on their guns by hand a hundred yards behind the infantry line, and shook the woods in their depths, as they had the hills to their foundations. It seemed as if there was no limit to human courage or to the ammunition.

At two in the morning only, the fighting for the day was done. We were told to sleep on our arms; but who could sleep while counting the dead of our commands? Only the dead themselves could sleep after the rage of that battle. Comrades were gone; file-leaders and file-closers were gone; officers of every grade had perished. And Jackson himself had gone down in his greatest charge; his men never again came down on our flank with such fury.

John L. Collins.