

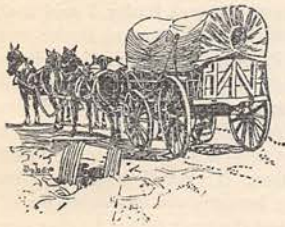
leaving the latter without more than eight thousand men to secure the town and the prisoners. Ewell's absent division was expected soon, but it did not arrive until near sunset, when the Twelfth Federal Corps and Stannard's Vermont brigade were also up, and the Third Corps arriving. In fact an assault by the Confederates was not practicable before

5:30 P. M., and after that the position was perfectly secure. For the first time that day the Federals had the advantage of position, and sufficient troops and artillery to occupy it, and General Ewell would not have been justified in attacking without the positive orders of General Lee, who was present, and wisely abstained from giving them.

Henry J. Hunt.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Young Hero of Gettysburg.



SINCE the great battle of Gettysburg it has been commonly supposed that Constable John L. Burns, the old hero of three-score years and ten so justly famous in song and story, who hurried to

the scene with his trusty rifle at the first clash of arms on the morning of July 1st and fought until thrice wounded, was the only citizen of that now historic town, or of the vicinity, who took up arms in defense of native soil. Yet such is not the case. I am able now to present another, a mere youth, in point of age standing almost at the other extreme of human life.

On the day before the battle, while the company in which I was serving (A, Twelfth Massachusetts) was at Marsh Run, two and one-half miles north of Emmetsburg, Maryland, and about five miles from Gettysburg, Anson B. Barton, one of our sergeants, went to that stream for water. While filling his canteen he was approached by a slender lad, apparently not more than sixteen years old, who made some inquiries as to the probable outcome of the movements then in progress, and being informed that we would undoubtedly soon encounter the enemy, and that then a great battle would be fought, his eyes glowed with enthusiasm, and he expressed a wish to join the army at once, "and fight the rebels."

Sergeant Barton took the little fellow into camp, turning him over to Captain Clark with the remark: "Captain, here's a recruit for you." The boy was then taken to headquarters, where Colonel Bates questioned him closely, and something like a "scene" ensued. The little fellow was desperately in earnest. In answer to the colonel's questions he said that he lived near there; that he was "willing to be mustered into service if necessary," but that in any event he was determined to "fight the rebels," and would do so whether enrolled as a soldier or not if the colonel would give him "a musket and a box of cartridges." The interview finally ended by the colonel remarking to Captain Clark: "Well, captain, you may take him into your company if you wish, but we cannot muster him in now, as the books are back with the teams."

So the little patriot was turned over to our company. Our men took kindly to him from the start, for we were all charmed by the spirit he had shown, and

every one set about actively to fit him for his new duties. After an extended search, a cap, blouse, musket, and roundabout were secured, together with a supply of ammunition, and thus equipped he took his place in the ranks.

The next day our corps (the First) met the enemy at Gettysburg, and a terrible battle took place. Our little recruit fought with the steadiness of a veteran, and was twice wounded. When we fell back to Cemetery Hill we had to leave him lying upon the field, but the enemy kindly brought him off and placed him in a hospital inside the town. Here he was seen after the battle by one of our men, and until a few months ago this was supposed to be the only trace the survivors of the company had of their little hero. Even his name was thought to have been forgotten.

Last autumn, having been invited to deliver the dedicatory address at the unveiling of the regimental monument at Gettysburg, and thinking that the occasion would be an appropriate one upon which to mention such facts as I might be able to gather in regard to the boy, I made diligent inquiry among my comrades. By Lieutenant Whitman of New York city, who at the battle of Gettysburg was a sergeant in Company A, I was informed that the little fellow's name was J. W. Weakley, and that after the battle he was sent to the hospital at Carlisle. This information, although only partly correct, led finally to a successful result, as will be seen below.

I then addressed a letter to Surgeon-General Murray, United States Army, asking if the name in question appeared upon the records of the hospital at Carlisle, and, in case it did, if he could give me any further information in regard to the boy. That official very kindly replied to my inquiries, although his letter did not come to hand in season for use at the dedication. It was as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 20, 1885.

"MR. GEORGE KIMBALL, BOSTON, MASS.

"SIR: In reply to your letter of the 3d instant, asking whether the records of the hospital at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, contain the name of J. W. Weakley, and whether or not he recovered, and where he belonged, I have to inform you that the records of Post Hospital, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, between June and August, 1863, are not on file at this office. It appears, however, from the records of the General Field Hospital First Army Corps, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, that C. F. Weakley, private Company A, Twelfth Massachusetts, was admitted to that hospital; complaint, 'Right thigh and arm'; no disposition given. He is also reported on the records of the Superintendent of Hospitals at Gettysburg, for July 1st, 2d, and 3d; complaint, 'Gun-shot, right arm and thigh.' No further record concerning the above-

named soldier is found. The information above given must not be used as a basis for any claim against the United States Government.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. MURRAY,
"Surgeon-General United States Army."

My imperfect mention of the matter at Gettysburg excited the interest of Mr. W. H. Tipton and other gentlemen of that town, and active work was at once begun to discover, if possible, young Weakley's antecedents. After the receipt of the Surgeon-General's letter, I wrote to Mr. Samuel Motter, editor of the Emmettsburg "Chronicle," with this end also in view. Some years before I had written to the Selectmen of Emmettsburg in regard to the affair, and my letter found its way into Mr. Motter's paper; but I did not then know the name of the boy, so no result was obtained. Now, however, I felt quite confident of success.

In a few days I received a reply from Mr. Motter, giving me the results of his investigations, which were very gratifying. They were, in substance, that young Weakley, at the time of the events above described, was living with his father on a mountain about three miles from Emmettsburg, his mother being dead. Both father and son were somewhat eccentric—even nomadic—in their manner of life. They were both well known in Emmettsburg, but were, however, without "social standing." The boy often wandered from the paternal roof, and frequently separated himself for weeks from his father. It was probably during one of these aimless excursions from his mountain home that young Weakley became impressed with the duty he owed his country, and acted upon his convictions. He was often seen upon the streets of Emmettsburg after the battle, with his injured arm in a sling, and showing other evidences of hardship and suffering, but the people of the town did not believe his story, or credit him with sufficient courage to go voluntarily into a battle. Such is often the lot of the poor and lowly, who, nevertheless, often perform deeds of patriotism and noble daring.

Young Weakley soon recovered from his wounds, and, although of delicate physique and at that time subject to epilepsy, enlisted in a Maryland regiment. After several months' service in Virginia, he became still weaker physically, and one day his comrades found him lying dead at the bottom of a ditch into which he had evidently fallen from exhaustion. Some years after the war, his father obtained a pension on account of the son's death, but the present whereabouts of Mr. Weakley are unknown to the people of Emmettsburg.

The name of this heroic young mountaineer deserves a place upon the roll of fame beside that of John L. Burns of Gettysburg.

Boston, August, 1886.

George Kimball.

Comments on "General Grant's Reasons for Relieving General William F. Smith."

As we derive our greatest pleasures from favors unintentionally bestowed, I desire to make my acknowledgments to those who have hunted up and furnished for publication, in the September CENTURY, my letter to the late Senator Foot, dated July 30, 1864. That letter was evidently written to prove that upon the

showing of General Grant, himself, there was no charge affecting my military reputation, and I entered into no discussion as to the validity of General Grant's reasons. That forgotten letter is valuable to me as showing to many friends, who in later days have questioned me on the subject that my statements in regard to my removal from command in July, 1864, are more at length but substantially the same as those furnished to Senator Foot on the heels of the occurrence to which it relates. All those who have heard my statements will, I think, bear me witness that after stating all the reasons General Grant gave at the time for his action, I have invariably said that I was in utter ignorance of the real cause which induced my summary removal from an important military command. When General Grant stated that he removed me because he could not relieve General Butler, I said that could not be the reason because General Butler was relieved by order of the President, and before I had been placed in command, but after I had asked General Grant to let me go to some other field of duty. From that position General Grant himself retreated, and then spoke of an article in the "New York Tribune" which he thought I had written. To that I replied, "You cannot have relieved me because you suspected me of writing such a paper; and the truth is that I never saw or heard of the article until it was published, and have not the faintest idea of its authorship." After this statement General Grant brought up two other reasons, equally without foundation, and *all* these reasons having reference to events which had taken place before my assignment to the command of the Army of the James. The charge that I had months before written two letters to two of General Grant's most devoted friends to urge him not to carry out a particular campaign when he stood committed to another on the records of the War Department, is hardly worthy a reference. When General Grant closed the interview to which I have referred, he made a remark on which, with facts and letters in my possession, I based a theory as to the reasons which brought about my removal. I could not offer that theory unsupported by sufficient data, and so in view of all the facts known to me, I am clearly entitled to reassert that I am to-day in ignorance of the real causes which induced my removal from a command to which I had been assigned only two weeks before,—ten days of which had been spent on leave of absence,—and when the command had come to me both unexpectedly and without solicitation.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

The Finding of Lee's Lost Order.

IN reply to your request for the particulars of the finding of General Lee's lost dispatch, "Special Orders 191," and the manner in which it reached General McClellan, I beg leave to submit the following account:

The Twelfth Army Corps arrived at Frederick, Maryland, about noon on the 13th of September, 1862. The Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, of which I was colonel at that date, belonged to the Third Brigade, First Division, of that corps.

We stacked arms on the same ground that had been occupied by General D. H. Hill's corps the evening before.

Within a very few minutes after halting, the order was brought to me by First Sergeant John M. Bloss and Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company "F" Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, who stated that it was found by Private Mitchell near where they had stacked arms. When I received the order it was wrapped around three cigars, and Private Mitchell stated that it was in that condition when found by him.

General A. S. Williams was in command of our division. I immediately took the order to his headquarters, and delivered it to Colonel S. E. Pittman, General Williams's Adjutant-General.

The order was signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's Adjutant-General, and the signature was at once recognized by Colonel Pittman, who had served with Colonel Chilton at Detroit, Michigan, prior to the war, and was acquainted with his handwriting. It was at once taken to General McClellan's headquarters by Colonel Pittman. It was a general order giving directions for the movement of General Lee's entire army, designating the route and objective point of each corps. Within one hour after finding the dispatch, General McClellan's whole army was on the move, and the enemy were overtaken next day, the 14th, at South Mountain, and the battle of that name was fought. During the night of the 14th General Lee's army fell back toward the Potomac River, General McClellan following the next day. On the 16th they were overtaken again, and the battle of Antietam was fought mainly on the 17th. General D. H. Hill says in his article in the May CENTURY that the battle of South Mountain was fought in order to give General Lee time to move his trains, which were then parked in the neighborhood of Boonsboro'. It is evident from General Lee's movements from the time he left Frederick City that he intended to recross the Potomac without hazarding a battle in Maryland, and had it not been for the finding of this lost order the battle of South Mountain and probably that of Antietam would not have been fought.

For confirmation of the above statements in regard to the finding of the dispatch, you are respectfully referred to Colonel Samuel E. Pittman, of Detroit, Michigan, and Captain John M. Bloss, of Muncie, Indiana.

Very respectfully,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1886.

S. Colgrove.

NOTE.—Mr. W. A. Mitchell, the son of Private Mitchell, who, as General Silas Colgrove describes above, was the finder of Lee's order, writes that his father was severely wounded at Antietam. After eight months in hospital he completed his term of enlistment, three years, and three years after his discharge died at his home in Bartholomew, Indiana. As his family were then destitute, efforts were made to procure a pension for the widow, but without success. The following letter from General McClellan to the son is of interest:

"TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, November 18, 1879. W. A. MITCHELL, ESQ., LA CYGNE, KANSAS. DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 9th inst. has reached me. I cannot, at this interval of time, recall the name of the finder of the papers to which you refer—it is doubtful whether I ever knew the name. All that I can say is that on or about the 13th September, 1862,—just before the battles of South Mountain and Antietam,—there was handed to me by a member of my staff a copy (original) of one of General Lee's orders of march, directed to General D. H. Hill, which order developed General Lee's intended operations for the next few days, and was of very great service to me in enabling me to direct the movements of my own troops accordingly. This order was stated to have been found on one of the abandoned camp-grounds of the Confederate troops by a private soldier, and, as I think, of an Indiana regiment. Whoever found the order in question and transmitted it to the headquarters showed intelligence and deserved marked reward, for he rendered an infinite service. The widow of that soldier should have her pension without a day's delay. Regretting that it is not in my power to give the name of the finder of the order, I am very truly yours, GEO. B. McCLELLAN."—EDITOR.

McClellan's Kindness.

REFERENCE is frequently made to the peculiar personal attachment which General McClellan's troops had for him. The following incident may be worthy of record as illustrating one of the causes of this attachment:

In August, 1862, during the march of the Army of the Potomac from Harrison's Landing to Fort Monroe, the Eighty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was halted about midday just before crossing the pontoon bridge over the Chickahominy. It was extremely hot, and the road very dusty. A group of tired soldiers flung themselves on the ground to rest, not noticing that they were on the leeward side of the road.

Presently the clanking of sabers told of the approach of a body of mounted men. Just as they reached us the leader drew up and said quietly: "Better cross to the other side, lads, or you will be covered with dust." It was a slight act, but it showed that the commander of the army—for such we recognized him to be, just as he and his staff passed on—was not indifferent to the comfort of the humblest soldier.

M. L. Gordon.

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL., June 5, 1886.

THE REFORMER.

THIS is, O Truth, the deepest woe
Of him thou biddest to protest:—
With men no kinship may he know;
Thy mission hems from worst and best.

The wolf that gauntly prowled the wood
From human kind more mercy got,
Than he who warns men to be good,
And stands alone, yet flinches not.

Thou grantest not one friendly hand
Or heart on which he may rely;
Alone and dauntless he must stand,
Alone must fight, alone must die!

Paul Hermes.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Capitulation of Harper's Ferry.



ARMY WATER-CART.

RECENT contributions from distinguished officers of the Confederate army, relative to the battle of Antietam and the capitulation of Harper's Ferry, although substantially correct so far as they go, are necessarily incomplete, and do not present the situation and circumstances under which the last-named event took place from

the stand-point of the other side.

On the 8th of September, 1862,—being then in command of the Union forces at Martinsburg, Virginia, about two thousand five hundred of all arms,—I reported to General Wool at Baltimore, commanding the Department, that the enemy was approaching from the north in a force estimated at 15,000 to 20,000, and asked for instructions. General Wool replied :

"If 20,000 men should attack you, you will of course fall back. Harper's Ferry would be the best position I could recommend." * * *

After reconnoissance, and some skirmishing with the enemy's advance, demonstrating that his force was too large to successfully oppose, especially as there were no defenses at Martinsburg, the post was, in accordance with General Wool's views, evacuated, and Harper's Ferry reached on the 12th.

Upon reporting to Colonel Miles, the officer in command, he showed me the following dispatch :

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 7, 1862. COLONEL MILES, Harper's Ferry : Our army [McClellan's] is in motion ; it is important that Harper's Ferry be held to the latest moment. The Government has the utmost confidence in you, and is ready to give you full credit for the defense it expects you to make. H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

In view of the foregoing dispatch, and of the fact that I had been ordered from Harper's Ferry to the command at Martinsburg a few days previously by General Wool, it was manifest that the authorities intended to retain Miles in command—very properly so, as he was an officer of forty years' experience.

The defenses of Harper's Ferry, if worthy of the name, consisted of a small work on the crest of Maryland Heights called Stone Fort ; another well down the western slope, where a battery of heavy naval guns was established. There was also down the western slope from the Stone Fort a line of intrenchments terminating at a work near the Potomac called Fort

Duncan, but this line was not occupied except at the upper end.

On Bolivar Heights a line of rifle-pits extended from near the Potomac southward to the Charlestown road, where a small work for the protection of artillery was situated.

In the rear of this line eastward, and in the upper part of the town, was an earthwork known as Camp Hill. Loudoun Heights (east of the Shenandoah) were not occupied by our troops.

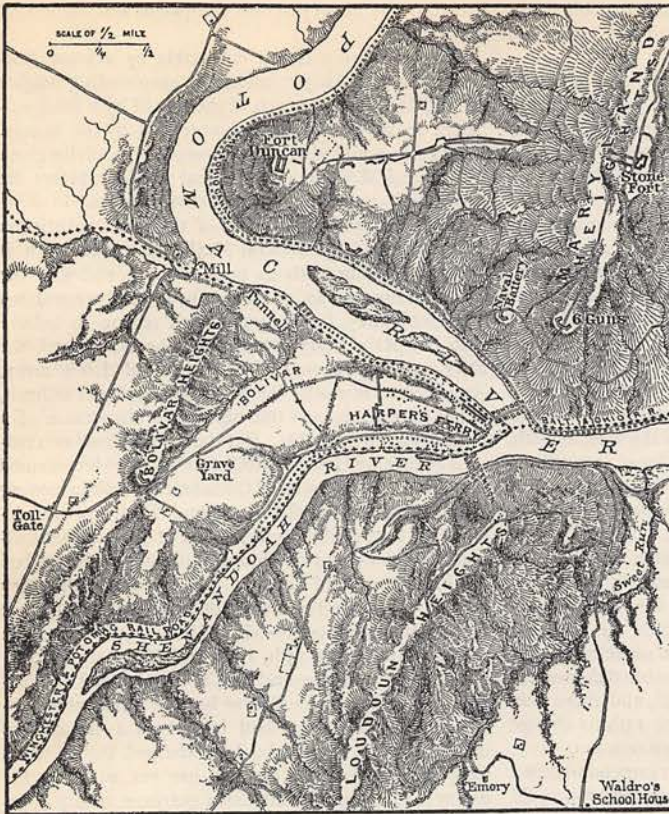
The troops constituting the garrison were disposed by Colonel Miles as follows : on Maryland Heights, about two thousand ; on Bolivar Heights, from the Potomac to the Charlestown road, thence at a right angle to the Shenandoah, a distance in all of at least a mile and a half, seven thousand men ; in the work at Camp Hill, about eight hundred ; and the remainder, about one thousand, guarded the bridges and other points on the rivers.

The distance from Maryland Heights to the nearest point on Bolivar Heights, by way of the pontoon bridge, was two and a quarter miles ; to the intersection of the Charlestown road, three miles. Thus the principal points to be defended were not within supporting distance of each other in case of assault, nor was either of them properly fortified.

On the 13th the divisions of Generals McLaws and R. H. Anderson, by order of General Lee, reached Maryland Heights, and attacked the force stationed there, under Colonel Ford, who after some fighting abandoned the position—as he stated, by order of Colonel Miles, but the latter denied having given such an order. Be this as it may, it is certain that the enemy could have easily taken it with the force at his command, whenever he chose to do so.

It has generally been considered that Colonel Miles should have tried to hold that position, even if it became necessary to mass his whole force there. The reasons given by him to the writer for not doing so were : (1) That his orders required him to hold Harper's Ferry, and this would be a violation of such orders ; (2) that water would be inaccessible. Moreover, it was manifest that if Harper's Ferry were evacuated, the enemy would close in from beyond Bolivar Heights, and from Loudoun Heights, and cross to the north side of the Potomac, thus wholly enveloping our small force with Lee's entire army, and virtually concentrating the latter in front of McClellan, with the river-crossing at Harper's Ferry, the principal object of its occupation, given up to the enemy.

Whether this view was correct or not, it is a fact that the maintenance of the line on Bolivar Heights till the morning of September 15th prevented the presence of the divisions of Generals A. P. Hill, McLaws, and Anderson with Lee, until the 17th, the day of Antietam, being four full days after General McClellan had received a copy of General Lee's orders directing the movement against Harper's Ferry, and



MAP OF THE DEFENSES AND APPROACHES OF HARPER'S FERRY.

disclosing the fact that fully one-third of his army was south of the Potomac, and much more than that, including the force under McLaws and Anderson, engaged in the movement against Harper's Ferry.

Officers of the Confederate army, before alluded to, writing for the June *CENTURY* (1886), have described the situation of that part of Lee's army north of the Potomac during the 14th, 15th, and 16th as one of "imminent peril," "very serious," etc., etc., virtually admitting that it might have then been defeated. Thus it will be seen that there were two sides to the question whether Maryland Heights was the "Key to Harper's Ferry" under the then existing circumstances, and that the detention of the Confederate forces around that place was prolonged, instead of abbreviated, by the continued occupation of Bolivar Heights, instead of the abandonment of the position for that on Maryland Heights.

During the afternoon of the 14th General Jackson, who had completed the investment of the place by his arrival on the 13th, moved forward with a view to occupy the ridge which is a prolongation of Bolivar Heights south of the Charlestown road and descends toward the Shenandoah River. To oppose this movement troops were advanced, but after a spirited engagement it was manifest that we could not prevent his establishment in the position sought, and at night our force was withdrawn within the lines of defense.

During the evening a consultation took place at which it was determined to send out all the cavalry,

as it was of very little use in the defense of the place, and in case of the capture or surrender of the post, the horses and equipments would be valuable to the enemy. Colonel Arno Voss, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, ranking cavalry officer, commanded the force which thus escaped. The question whether the infantry could not also escape was discussed and given up, because it was deemed impossible to march it fast enough. Moreover, Colonel Miles considered that he had no right to evacuate Harper's Ferry. The testimony of the cavalry officers, given subsequently, was, with one exception, to the effect that the road was impracticable for artillery, difficult for infantry, and that they could not have escaped.

Soon after daylight on the morning of the 15th fire was opened by the enemy's artillery, comprising probably nearly or quite fifty pieces; those established at the southern extremity of Bolivar Heights completely enflading that part of our line extending from the Charlestown road northward to the Potomac; those placed on the south-western slope of Loudoun Heights, and on the west side of the Shen-

andoah near by, delivering their fire at an acute angle to our line, being half enfladed; those at or near the crest of Loudoun Heights taking us in rear; and still others in the valley beyond Bolivar Heights firing directly at our front.

The fire was chiefly converged upon the batteries we had established at and near the intersection of Bolivar Heights and the Charlestown road, that being the point upon which it was manifest General Jackson would deliver the expected assault.

The writer, being in command of the forces in this quarter, ordered the massing of the artillery there and the movement of the regiment holding Camp Hill to the front. These orders, as I afterward learned, were countermanded by Colonel Miles, who deemed it necessary to retain a force near the river-crossing; at all events, the order was not executed.

The artillery fight continued until half-past eight in the morning, when it was apparent the assault might be expected immediately. At this time Colonel Miles visited the work at the Charlestown road and said to the writer that the situation seemed hopeless, and that the place might as well be surrendered without farther sacrifice of life. It was replied that such a step should only be taken upon the judgment of a council of war, whereupon Colonel Miles called the commanders of brigades together, who, after consultation, and with great reluctance on the part of some, voted unanimously for capitulation if honorable terms could be obtained, for the following reasons:

First. The officer commanding had lost all confidence in his ability further to defend the place, and was the first to advise surrender.

Second. There was no reason to hope that the attenuated line on Bolivar Heights could be maintained, even for half an hour, against the greatly superior force massed for the assault, supported if necessary by an attack on our rear by Generals Walker and McLaws.

Third. Great as was the disparity in numbers, the disparity in position was greater. Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights were dominated by Maryland and Loudoun Heights, and the other positions held by the enemy's artillery. The crest of Maryland Heights is at an elevation of one thousand and sixty feet; the southern point, nearest Harper's Ferry, six hundred and forty-nine feet; Loudoun Heights, nine hundred and fifty-four feet. The south-western slope of the latter and the grounds near by, west of the Shenandoah, where batteries of the enemy were placed, were three hundred to six hundred feet high. The elevation of Bolivar Heights is about three hundred feet, while Camp Hill and the town of Harper's Ferry are still lower. Thus all our movements of men or guns during the engagements of the 14th and 15th, as well as the effect of their own plunging fire, were plainly visible from the enemy's signal-station on Loudoun Heights. No effective reply could be made to the fire from these elevated positions, no suitable defenses existed from which to resist the assault, and there was no opportunity on the morning of the 15th to change our position, if there had been a better one to occupy.

Fourth. Awaiting the assault, then impending, with no hope of even a temporary successful resistance, did not seem to justify the sacrifice of life consequent upon such a course—the situation being regarded as one of the unfortunate chances of war, unavoidable under existing circumstances.

The writer was appointed by Colonel Miles commissioner to arrange the terms of capitulation, and at the urgent request of other officers I accepted the unwelcome duty, in the hope of obtaining honorable conditions. Immediately after the council broke up, Colonel Miles was mortally wounded; he died the next day.

As commissioner I was received very courteously by the Confederate officers, and the terms of capitulation agreed upon with General A. P. Hill provided that all private property of individuals and the side-arms of officers should be retained by them. Refugees, of whom there were a considerable number, were not to be treated as prisoners, except such, if any, as were deserters from the Confederate army. There were none of this class. All the Union troops were immediately paroled, and were not to serve again until regularly exchanged. A number of the prominent officers of the Confederate army spoke of our situation as hopeless from the hour when the investment was completed.

This paper has been prepared for the sole purpose of presenting the salient facts in the case, with no purpose of condemning or vindicating any one connected with it, directly or indirectly, and all incidents not actually necessary to show the causes of the event have been omitted by reason of the limited space which a magazine article allows.

But it is believed that the following facts are estab-

lished by the history of this campaign, and should be presented.

Harper's Ferry is not defensible by a force inferior to that attacking it, unless the surrounding heights be well fortified, and each of them held by a force sufficient to maintain itself unsupported by the others. It was this which doubtless prompted the advice given by General McClellan to General Halleck before the investment, that the garrison be withdrawn.

Had the hard-fought battle of the 17th at Antietam been delivered by General McClellan on the 14th at South Mountain, with as large a force, and with the same energy, and followed by a prompt advance down Pleasant Valley, there seems good reason to believe that Harper's Ferry would have been relieved, the river-crossing secured, the reunion of Lee's army, separated as it was by the Potomac, rendered difficult, if not impossible, and the capture or dispersion of a large part of it probable. But there may have been reasons governing General McClellan which to him seemed to demand the adoption of the course he took in moving against the enemy's left at Antietam. This, however, delayed the battle till the 17th, in face of the fact that Colonel Miles had informed him through Major Russell of the First Maryland Cavalry, who left Harper's Ferry on the 13th, that he could not hold that place more than forty-eight hours—viz., till the 15th. Thus the opportunities of the 14th, 15th, and 16th were lost.

Of course after General McClellan decided to postpone the battle, it would have been of immense advantage if Harper's Ferry had been held a day or two longer; but of those who have claimed that it could have been longer held, no one has yet, so far as the writer is informed, stated *how* a garrison mostly of recruits, under fire for the first time, could have successfully defended an area of three square miles, assailed from all sides by veterans three times their number, posted, with artillery, in positions commanding the whole field. The writer with due deference expresses the opinion that the force under Jackson could have carried the place by assault, within an hour after his arrival before it, or at any time thereafter prior to the surrender, in spite of any resistance which under the circumstances could have been made.

Julius White.

The report of the Military Commission censured Colonels Miles and Ford and Major Baird. It affirmed that there was nothing in the conduct of Colonels D'Utassy and Trimble to call for censure; and that General Julius White merited the approbation of the Commission, adding, "He appears from the evidence to have acted with decided capability and courage."—EDITOR.

Ripley's Brigade at South Mountain.

I FIND that some persons construe the article of General D. H. Hill, in the *JUNE CENTURY*, as reflecting upon the troops composing the brigade of General R. S. Ripley, at the battle of Boonsboro' or South Mountain. General Hill disclaims any such intention on his part, and the facts are these:

He correctly states Ripley's manoeuvres at Boonsboro' until we reached a position at the foot of the mountain,—on the west side,—when General Ripley said to me (colonel of the Third North Carolina Infantry) that we were entirely cut off from the rest of the army, except G. B. Anderson's brigade, which was on our right, and that he assumed the command

of the two brigades, directing me to take command of the three regiments (Colonel Doles, with his Fourth Georgia, having been detached and sent to a position on the north of the Pike) and that he would remain near me; directing me, at the same time, to advance slowly up the mountain with a strong line of skirmishers in front. Upon reaching the summit, after toiling through the dense undergrowth of laurel, Captain Thruston, in command of the skirmish line, reported troops in his front, a few minutes later confirming his first impression that they were G. B. Anderson's brigade, presenting their left flank and advancing towards his left.

This was promptly reported, through my adjutant, to General Ripley, who directed me to withdraw to my original position; which having been accomplished, I was directed to hold my then position until further orders. After nightfall I moved forward, changing front to left, a short distance, to the support of General Drayton, remaining there without "drawing trigger" until we took up the line of march for Sharpsburg, about ten to twelve at night. While, therefore, we accomplished nothing tangible, we were in position to do any duty for which we might be called.

At Sharpsburg the command made a record of which any troops might well feel proud. General Ripley, for the first time, went to the front with his command, and was wounded before the action became general. This placed Colonel Doles in command as senior colonel. In speaking of the troops here, I can do so only for the Fourth Georgia and Third North Carolina, and no soldiers ever did duty more faithfully or more cheerfully than did they.

I carried into action, the morning of the 17th of September, 520 men, and the loss on that and the following day was 330 men, and 23 out of 27 officers, of which latter 7 were killed or died from their wounds within a few days. Most of the loss was sustained in less than two hours of fighting on the first day. We were in position near the "East Wood," having gone into action through the yard of the Mumma house (which was set fire to by my orders), and for an hour were fighting three lines of Federals, when a division, in column of battalion, came up, and, halting within one hundred yards of my right company, the right of the brigade, opened fire, enfilading my command and causing the heavy loss sustained in so short a time. This necessitated a prompt change of front on my part, and while this was being done I was disabled and carried off the field, not, however, before I had the satisfaction of seeing my brave men held well in hand by my senior captain, S. D. Thruston, who was soon after promoted.

The following circumstances, though not coming under my own observation, are well authenticated.

Captain Thruston sent a message to General Longstreet—"Captain Thruston sends his compliments to General Longstreet and requests reinforcements, as he has only one man to every panel of fence, and the enemy are strong and very active in his front."

To which General Longstreet replied—"Tell Captain Thruston he must hold his position if he has only one man to every sixteen panels of fence. I have no assistance to send him." This order was strictly obeyed. The regiment remained on that hill and under that fence—with the rails of which the enemy's guns were playing "battledoor and shuttlecock"—from midday of the 17th to ten A. M. of the 18th, with not so much as one drop of water.

While Captain Thruston was riding with General D. H. Hill, on the morning of the 18th, to obtain a regiment to relieve his from the position at that fence, General Hill remarked, "My dear sir, we have too many cowards in our army." To which Captain Thruston replied, "General, you cannot apply that epithet to my regiment, as their fighting yesterday showed for itself." "No, sir," said General Hill; "your regiment fought nobly yesterday"—a well-deserved compliment, and valued more highly as coming from one competent to give, but not profuse in giving, compliments of the kind.

I have never doubted that the remarkable tenacity and bull-dog courage with which that brigade held its position, in the face of odds of ten to one, had much to do with preventing the enemy from penetrating our lines, both on the 17th and 18th.

The inaction of the brigade at Boonsboro' was not of their own choosing, and the fault lay not with them!

William L. De Rosset.

WILMINGTON, N. C., September 24, 1886.

General Lee Trusting in Providence at Antietam.

I HAVE read everything I have ever seen in print in regard to the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and one incident that may or may not be of importance I have never seen mentioned. About 4 P. M. on the day of the battle, a full brigade of Federal troops—five regiments, I think—forded the Antietam at an obscure ford about half-way between Sharpsburg and the mouth of the Antietam, or, as I remember, about one mile below Sharpsburg, and, being entirely in the rear of the Confederate army, formed line facing Sharpsburg, at right angles with the Antietam, and advanced nearly half a mile. I believed then and believe now that had they made ever so faint an attack, or indeed had their presence been known to the Confederates, nothing could have prevented an entire change of result. I went in person—under orders—to General Lee, and communicated this fact, and was informed that he could do nothing; "that every man was engaged, and he was compelled to trust to Providence." I was gone from my post about three-fourths of an hour, and upon my return found the brigade hastily recrossing the river, and I have never learned what troops they were; nor have I ever heard any mention of this fact!

Frank A. Bond.



position, except that it had no right flank, and awaited the attack of the enemy, who we thought would be inspired by the day. Meanwhile the wounded and trains were started back to the Potomac, and at night, in a pouring rain and over roads that were almost gulfs of mud, the army followed. Providence had evidently not yet taken a "proper view of the situation." We had not finished the war, but had to go back to Virginia and start afresh. Yet the *morale* of the army seemed not at all affected. The defeat was attributed entirely to the position, and if anything it rather gave the men confidence in what position could do for them if they had it on their side. Had Meade attacked us at Downsville, where we were stopped for several days by high water in the Potomac, I believe we should have repulsed him easily, barring exhaustion of ammunition.

The retreat was a terrible march for the artillery, crippled as we were by the loss of so many horses in battle, and the giving out of many more on the stony roads for the lack of horse-shoes. We were compelled to trespass on the reluctant hospitality of the neighboring farmers, and send squads in every direction to get horses. Wherever found they were to be bought, whether the owner desired to sell or not. Of course our only money was Confederate bills, but we explained to the farmers that these would be as good as greenbacks if only they would make their own government stop fighting us. Such transactions we called "pressing" for short; and, by the way, we often practiced it at home as well as abroad, but our own people took it more complacently than did the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania.

Near Hagerstown I had an experience with an old Dunkard which gave me a high and lasting respect for the people of that faith. My scouts had had a horse transaction with this old gentleman, and he came to see me about it. He made no complaint, but said it was his only horse, and as the scouts had told him we had some hoof-sore horses we should have to leave behind, he came to ask if I would trade him one of those for his horse, as without one his crop would be lost.

I recognized the old man at once as a born gentleman in his delicately speaking of the transaction as a trade. Desiring him to know that one gentleman, even in difficulties, can

always appreciate another, I was earnestly anxious to make it as square as circumstances would permit. So I assented to his taking a foot-sore horse, and offered him beside payment in Confederate money. This he respectfully but firmly declined. Considering how the recent battle had gone, I waived argument but tried another suggestion. I told him that we were in Maryland as the guests of the United States; that after our departure the Government would pay all bills that we left behind, and that I would give him an order on the United States for the value of his horse and have it approved by General Longstreet. To my surprise he declined this also. I supposed then that he was simply ignorant of the bonanza in a claim against the Government, and I explained that; and, telling him that money was no object to us under the circumstances, I offered to include the value of his whole farm. He again said he wanted nothing but the foot-sore horse. Still anxious that the war should not grind this poor old fellow in his poverty, I suggested that he take two or three foot-sore horses which we would have to leave anyhow when we marched. Then he said, "Well, sir, I am a Dunkard, and the rule of our church is an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and a horse for a horse, and I can't break the rule."

I replied that the Lord, who made all horses, knew that a good horse was worth a dozen old battery scrubs; and after some time prevailed on him to take two, by calling one of them a gift. But that night about midnight, we were awakened by approaching hoofs and turned out expecting to receive some order. It was my old Dunkard leading one of his foot-sores. "Well, sir," he said, "you made it look all right to me to-day when you were talking; but after I went to bed to-night I got to thinking it all over, and I don't think I can explain it to the church, and I would rather not try." With that he tied old foot-sore to a fence, and rode off abruptly. Even at this late day it is a relief to my conscience to tender to his sect this recognition of their integrity and honesty in lieu of the extra horse which I vainly endeavored to throw into the trade. Their virtues should commend them to all financial institutions in search of incorruptible employees.

E. P. Alexander.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

In Reply to General Pleasonton.

REGARDING the account given by General Pleasonton of the affair at Hazel Grove, near Chancellorsville, in the September number of *THE CENTURY*, I beg to say that the following facts can be established

beyond dispute, by the testimony of numerous and unimpeachable eye-witnesses:

1. That no order was given by General Pleasonton to Major Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry to charge into the woods bordering Hazel Grove, for the purpose of holding the enemy in check until General

Pleasanton could get some guns into position; and that no such charge was made.

2. That the Eighth Pennsylvania was sent by General Pleasanton to report to General Howard at or near Wilderness Church, and had left Hazel Grove for that purpose before the enemy seriously threatened that position.

3. That the gallant charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania was made by order of its commanding officer, Major Pen-nock Huey, on the Plank road, far out of sight and hearing of Hazel Grove, and neither had, nor was intended to have, any bearing on the defense of that position.

4. That the fact that any charge had been made by the Eighth Pennsylvania was unknown to General Pleasanton until Major Huey reported to him the next morning.

5. That when Jackson's advance struck the Eleventh Corps, four batteries had been for some time waiting orders in the extensive clearing known as Hazel Grove. Of these, "H," First Ohio Light Artillery, and the Tenth and Eleventh New York Independent Batteries, belonged to Whipple's division of the Third Corps. They were left there when that division passed through *en route* to join the force operating under General Sickles near the Furnace. Later, Martin's Horse Battery, with Devin's Cavalry Brigade, arrived and took ground on the opposite or south side of the field. When the sound of battle indicated that the enemy were driving in the right of the army, and were approaching Hazel Grove, the batteries of Whipple's division were brought into position under my direction, as acting Chief of Artillery. Although the movement was delayed by causes beyond my control until its execution had become exceedingly difficult, our eighteen guns were established in battery, ready to open, before the enemy fired a shot or were in a position to do so. General Pleasanton seems to be unaware of that fact, or he would hardly have failed to allude to it. It is therefore fair to presume that his attention was engrossed by the supervision of Martin's battery, as detailed in his paper. General Sickles was more observing. On his arrival, soon after the firing ceased, he sent for me, and warmly expressed his approbation of the manner in which my command had held the ground.

6. That nothing on wheels from the Eleventh Corps passed through Hazel Grove, which was entirely out of their line of retreat. The vehicles that stampeded through my lines while in process of formation were forges, battery wagons, ambulances, etc., belonging to the Third Corps, left in the cross-road leading to the Plank road, when that corps went out to the Furnace to attack Jackson's column. So whatever else may have formed the components of the remarkable *tumulus* described by General Pleasanton, it certainly did not contain the *débris* of the Eleventh Corps. As for the *tumulus* itself, it escaped my observation when I crossed the bog he refers to on Sunday morning, with my battery, or what there was left of it, at the pressing solicitation of Archer's Confederate Brigade.

BOSTON, October 14, 1886. *James F. Huntington.*

"The Reserve at Antietam."

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER writes to say of Colonel Thomas M. Anderson's communication in the September CENTURY under the above caption, that no such note as "Captain Dryer's report" was seen by him,

and that no such discussion as to the opportunity for using the "reserve" took place between him and General McClellan. General Porter shows that nearly all of his Fifth Corps (according to McClellan's report, twelve thousand nine hundred strong), instead of being idle at that critical hour, had been sent to reinforce the right and left wings, leaving of the Fifth Corps to defend the center, a force "not then four thousand strong," according to General Porter's report.—EDITOR.

Citizens of Gettysburg in the Battle.

FOR twenty-three years we have heard it asserted that the people of Gettysburg were lacking in patriotism because they did not spring to arms *en masse*, and assist in repelling the invaders. I am glad to see in your November issue that a correspondent cites young Weakley, in addition to old John Burns, as another who volunteered in the defense of his home during the battle; but he prefaces his article with the old assertion.

The purpose of this communication is to state that, upon the first indication of an invasion of Pennsylvania, the Twenty-sixth Regiment, P. V. M., was organized and mustered into the United States service at Harrisburg, under the command of Colonel W. W. Jennings of that city. Company A of this regiment, to which I had the honor of belonging, was composed partly of students from the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Gettysburg, partly of students from the Pennsylvania College at the same place, and partly of citizens of Gettysburg; one other company came from Hanover, but a few miles distant. *We were the first militia troops to oppose the entrance of the Confederates into the State.*

On June 23d we left Harrisburg for Gettysburg, to be used, I believe, as riflemen amongst the hills near Cashtown. A railroad accident prevented this plan from being carried into effect, and us from reaching Gettysburg, until the 26th, by which time General Early had passed that point. In accordance with orders received from Major Granville O. Haller, in command of the post, we were marched out on the Chambersburg pike at ten A. M., June 26th, for a distance of about three and a half miles, accompanied by Major Robert Bell, who commanded a troop of horse, also raised, I understand, in Gettysburg. Having halted, our colonel, accompanied by Major Bell, rode to the brow of an elevation distant several hundred yards, and there saw General Early's troops advancing in force, but a few minutes distant. This officer, knowing of our presence but anticipating a still larger force, says in his official report: "I sent General Gordon with his brigade and White's battalion of cavalry on the pike through Cashtown towards Gettysburg, and moved with the rest of the command to the left through Hilltown to Mummasburg. . . . The object of this movement was for Gordon to amuse and skirmish with the enemy while I should get on his flank and rear so as to capture his whole force." We, a few hundred men at the most, were in the toils: what should be done? We would gladly have marched to join the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, but where were they? Our colonel, left to his own resources, wisely decided to make an effort to return to Harrisburg, and immediately struck off from the pike, the Confederates capturing many of our rear-guard after a sharp skirmish, and sending their cavalry in pursuit of us. These lat-

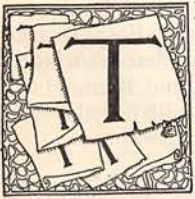
ter overtook us in the afternoon at Witmer's house, about four and a half miles from Gettysburg by the Carlisle road, where after an engagement they were repulsed with some loss. I have narrated enough for my purpose, and will only add that, after many vicissitudes, we finally reached Harrisburg, having marched fifty-four out of sixty consecutive hours, with a loss of some two hundred men.

I can recall no instance in our civil war where the people of a town rose in a body, or in any numbers, to aid their troops in driving out the enemy. Now, in view of the fact that Gettysburg, small town as it then was, furnished its quota of brave men who were then in the army serving their several terms of enlistment; and that from it and its immediate vicinity were raised promptly two, if not three, companies of men in defense of their State;

that one of its oldest as well as one of its youngest citizens took up arms for the same purpose and aided in the battle; that hundreds of the unfortunate men of Reynolds's gallant corps were secreted, sheltered, fed, and aided in every way by the men and women of Gettysburg when they were hurled back through its streets, as I know from personal communication with them—I say, in view of these facts, let us give these people the credit that belongs to them instead of casting continued reflections upon their actions. I can the more justly give my opinion in this matter because I was the only member of our company who did not belong to Gettysburg. I went to Harrisburg to be mustered in with the others because my brother, then a student in the Seminary, was amongst them.

READING, PA., NOV. 2, 1886. *H. M. M. Richards.*

GEORGE BANCROFT—IN SOCIETY, IN POLITICS, IN LETTERS.



HE period in the life of our distinguished historian which might stand for a type of his manifold labors and extended activity was that of his mission to Germany. His quiet but elegantly appointed house on

the Thiergarten at Berlin was the scene of his most successful diplomatic achievement. It was during his life there that he received the splendid homage of the literary men from all Europe as one of the foremost historians of a time abounding in great historians. It was there that all the threads which connected a fruitful and energetic old age with the education and experience of a restless and fertile youth were finally united to bind the laurels of a great and enduring reputation. And yet as the setting is so important to the picture, it would perhaps distort our view of him as an American, to dwell too long on the rather dazzling splendor of surroundings so aristocratic and foreign. We will like better to think of him in his summer-home as he stands, hat in hand, to welcome the expected visitor under the trees in Newport where the entrance avenue bends toward the great verandas of his large but unostentatious house, which he built there over thirty years ago amid the then quiet beauties of the "Point." As the splendid mansions and somewhat showy gardens have multiplied about him, the friendly screen of his plantations has steadily inclosed him and his favorite roses from the surroundings until the casual visitor, either from the land-side or the wonderful cliff-walk, would pass by ignorant of even the existence of a spot so beautiful in itself and so interesting in its associations. It is even more fitting, however, to recall the American statesman, the American

historian, the laborious and successful representative of the American people in his stately home in Washington. The spacious staircase to the right leads the visitor past the drawing-room and the dining-room upward to the second story, which barely holds the volumes of the great library that lines the walls, fills the entries and passage-ways, and overflows into the window-seats and on to the floors. The busy click of the typewriter gives evidence of the unceasing literary activity of the chief in the labor of his stenographer, and as the door of the great work-room, with its lofty ceilings and open fire-place, is thrown back to receive you, the harmony of these surroundings with the life of the man is evident, even striking.

The figure which rises from behind the work-table, littered with reference-books and manuscripts, is full of dignity and impressiveness. The clear-cut features; the carefully trimmed hair and beard, revealing a massive and shapely head; the finely molded form and active movement, in no way suggest advanced years: even the expression of the eye and the lines of the forehead fail to reveal frailness or extreme old age. As has recently been said of his friend and contemporary Von Ranke, who was only five years his senior, he seems to have outgrown and conquered old age itself, and to have found a substitute for physical force in the continuous energy of faith and love, in an apparently inexhaustible and indomitable intellect. His stature, which is about that of the average man or somewhat less, has lost nothing under the burden of years, and he carries firm and erect the slight but close-knit chest and capacious head with which he has for so long pushed and wrought in the crises and struggles of the great world in which he lives. Nor is there a trace of lassitude in his manners. The same trait which Harriet Martineau noted and

VII. CHRYSALIS.

1. LONG, long has the Orient-Jew spun around his helplessness the cunningly enmeshed web of Talmud and Kabbala.

2. Imprisoned in dark corners of misery and oppression, closely he drew about him the dust-gray filaments, soft as silk and stubborn as steel, until he lay death-stiffened in mummied seclusion.

3. And the world has named him an ugly worm, shunning the blessed daylight.

4. But when the emancipating springtide breathes wholesome, quickening airs, when the Sun of Love shines out with cordial fires, lo, the Soul of Israel bursts her cobweb sheath, and flies forth attired in the winged beauty of immortality.

Emma Lazarus.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Hancock and the Artillery at Gettysburg.

GENERAL HUNT, in his article on "The Third Day at Gettysburg," criticises General Hancock's conduct of his artillery, on the ground that his directing the Second Corps batteries to continue firing through the Confederate cannonade was both an encroachment upon his own (General Hunt's) proper authority, as chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and an act of bad policy. On the latter point he says:

"Had my instructions been followed here, as they were by McGilvery, I do not believe that Pickett's division would have reached our line. We lost not only the fire of one-third of our guns, but the resulting cross-fire, which would have doubled its value."

This, it will be seen, constitutes a very severe impeachment.

I have had much correspondence and conversation with General Hancock on the subject; and, as the heroic leader of the Second Corps can no longer reply for himself, I beg leave to speak on his behalf.

In the first place, two antagonistic theories of authority are advanced. General Hancock claimed that he commanded *the line of battle* along Cemetery Ridge. General Hunt, in substance, alleges that General Hancock commanded the infantry of that line; and that he himself commanded the artillery.

Winfield S. Hancock did not read his commission as constituting him a major-general of infantry; nor did he believe that a line of battle was to be ordered by military specialists. He knew that by both law and reason the defense of Cemetery Ridge was intrusted to him, subject to the actual, authentic orders of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, but not subject to the discretion of one of General Meade's staff-officers. General Meade could, under the President's order, have placed a junior at the head of the Second Corps; but whomever he did place over the corps became thereby invested with the whole undiminished substance, and with all the proper and ordinary incidents of command.

So much for the question of authority. On the question of policy there is only to be said that a difference of opinion appears between two highly meritorious officers — one, the best artillerist of the army; the other, one of the best, if not the best, commander of troops in the army — as to what was most expedient in a given emergency. Unquestionably it would have been a strong point for us if, other things equal, the limber chests of the artillery had been full when Pickett's and Pettigrew's divisions began their great charge. But would other things have been equal? Would the ad-

vantage so obtained have compensated for the loss of *morale* in the infantry which might have resulted from allowing them to be scourged, at will, by the hostile artillery? Every soldier knows how trying and often demoralizing it is to endure artillery fire without reply.

Now, on the question thus raised, who was the better judge, General Hunt or General Hancock? Had Henry J. Hunt taken command of a brigade of infantry in 1861, had he for nearly two years lived with the infantry, marching with them, camping among them, commanding them in numerous actions, keeping close watch of their temper and spirit, observing their behavior under varying conditions and trials, I believe that he would, by the 3d of July, 1863, have become one of the most capable and judicious corps commanders of the army. But in so doing he would necessarily have forfeited nearly all of that special experience which combined with his high intelligence and great spirit to make him one of the best artillerists whom the history of war has known. Certainly a service almost wholly in the artillery could not yield that intimate knowledge of the temper of troops which should qualify him, equally with Hancock, to judge what was required to keep them in heart and courage, under the Confederate cannonade at Gettysburg, and to bring them up to the final struggle, prepared in spirit to meet the fearful ordeal of Longstreet's charge. Hancock had full authority over that line of battle; he used that authority according to his own best judgment, and he beat off the enemy. That is the substance of it.

BOSTON, Jan 12, 1887.

Francis A. Walker.

General Warren on Little Round Top.

A LETTER FROM HIS WIDOW.

IN General Hunt's paper in the December CENTURY, the account of the occupation of Little Round Top is introduced in the following words:

"As soon as Longstreet's attack commenced, General Warren was sent by General Meade to see to Little Round Top," etc.

Truth and history require me to say that when General Warren, at the action of the 2d of July, was sent, at his own suggestion, to the left, it was with no specific reference on General Meade's part to Little Round Top. As bearing on this point, I transcribe from a letter dated July 13, 1872, from General Warren, the following extract:

"Just before the action began in earnest on July 2d, I was with General Meade, near General Sickles, whose troops seemed very badly disposed on that part of the

field. At my suggestion, General Meade sent me to the left to examine the condition of affairs, and I continued on till I reached Little Round Top. There were no troops on it, and it was used as a signal station. I saw that this was the key of the whole position, and that our troops in the woods in front of it could not see the ground in front of them, so that the enemy would come upon them before they would be aware of it. The long line of woods on the west side of the Emmetsburg road (which road was along a ridge) furnished an excellent place for the enemy to form out of sight, so I requested the captain of a rifle battery just in front of Little Round Top to fire a shot into these woods. He did so, and as the shot went whistling through the air the sound of it reached the enemy's troops and caused every one to look in the direction of it. This motion revealed to me the glistening of gun-barrels and bayonets of the enemy's line of battle, already formed and far outflanking the position of any of our troops; so that the line of his advance from his right to Little Round Top was unopposed. I have been particular in telling this, as the discovery was intensely thrilling to my feelings, and almost appalling. I immediately sent a hastily written dispatch to General Meade to send a division at least to me, and General Meade directed the Fifth Army Corps to take position there. The battle was already beginning to rage at the Peach Orchard, and before a single man reached Round Top the whole line of the enemy moved on us in splendid array, shouting in the most confident tones. While I was still all alone with the signal officer, the musket-balls began to fly around us, and he was about to fold up his flags and withdraw, but remained, at my request, and kept waving them in defiance. Seeing troops going out on the Peach Orchard road, I rode down the hill, and fortunately met my old brigade. General Weed, commanding it, had already passed the point, and I took the responsibility to detach Colonel O'Rorke, the head of whose regiment I struck, who, on hearing my few words of explanation about the position, moved at once to the hill-top. About this time First Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett of the Fifth Artillery, with his battery of rifled cannon, arrived. He comprehended the situation instantly and planted a gun on the summit of the hill. He spoke to the effect that though he could do little execution on the enemy with his guns, he could aid in giving confidence to the infantry, and that his battery was of no consequence whatever compared with holding the position. He staid there till he was killed. I was wounded with a musket-ball while talking with Lieutenant Hazlett on the hill, but not seriously; and, seeing the position saved while the whole line to the right and front of us was yielding and melting away under the enemy's fire and advance, I left the hill to rejoin General Meade near the center of the field, where a new crisis was at hand."

I would not claim for General Warren that he did more than his duty, but that he should have whatever of credit is due for the heroic resolution to accept so grave a responsibility, and an appreciation of the inspiration or genius which recognized this to be a turning-point of that supreme battle. This is conceded to General Warren by Swinton, General Abbot, Comte de Paris, General F. A. Walker, and other historians.

Emily F. Warren.

More Light on "The Reserve at Antietam."

AFTER reading the article of Colonel Thomas M. Anderson on the above subject in the September (1886) number of *THE CENTURY* and the reply of General Porter in the January (1887) number, I feel as if a word or two on the subject might clear up a little of the obscurity connected therewith. The note in question may have been delivered as stated, but that Captain Dryer did not reach the enemy's lines by three hundred or four hundred yards, I know personally, for I had to go to him at the farthest point of his advance. In this, therefore, some one seems to have been mistaken, as well as in the object for which the Second,

Fourth, and a battalion of the Twelfth United States regiments were sent across Antietam Creek. As Adjutant-General of the First Brigade of Regulars, I was ordered to detail a regiment to support (I think it was) Tidball's battery, which had been ordered, and was about to take position on the Boonsboro' pike, on the Sharpsburg side of the bridge over Antietam Creek, near J. Meyer's house. The roster decided that the Twelfth should be the regiment, and Captain (now Colonel) M. M. Blunt, who was in command, was ordered to do the work.

Tidball went into position, and I believe had eight or ten horses killed before he could fire a shot—even if he did fire one. It was madness to stay there, however, for the little good to be accomplished, and he withdrew. At the first onslaught I was ordered to send another regiment, and the lot fell to the Fourth Infantry, commanded by Captain Hiram Dryer, who was senior to all the other officers on that side of the creek. When he obtained the position where Tidball was supposed to be, the battery was not there; but the location for the regiments was a good one, and being less subject to the enemy's fire where they were than where they had been, no order was given for their withdrawal, General Sykes supposing that in the absence of proper orders to advance the troops would remain quiet. Gallant and impetuous as Dryer always was, he could not remain idle, and it was soon observed that he was pushing his men forward on each side of the pike towards the crest occupied by the enemy, with a view, as it was afterwards understood, to charge and take a battery there.

Having observed this, and knowing it was not the intention, nor could we afford, at that particular time, to make any forward movement on the center, I reported this to Generals Sykes and Buchanan, who were together at the time, and I was directed by General Sykes to proceed at once to the advanced position which Captain Dryer had obtained (being within three hundred or four hundred yards of the enemy's batteries) and direct him to withdraw his troops immediately to the original position at the head of the bridge, and then to report in person to General Sykes. During my absence at the front, I believe, the note in question was received. When Dryer reported, those who were present know that the interview was in no wise a subject of consultation.

Had Captain Dryer been permitted to make the charge he was contemplating, his regiments, which we from our position could (but he could not) see, would have found, instead of a single battery, some eighteen guns covering their front, and he would never have been able to reach them; and he could never have returned, after an unsuccessful charge, because he was nearly a mile away from any support whatever. His men would have been annihilated by the concentrated fire that the enemy could have poured upon his small force. It was confidently believed, however, by the two brigades of regular infantry that if they had been thrown forward at any time towards the close of the day of the 17th, supported by Morell's division, they could have carried the center, and thus could have enabled General Burnside to drive the enemy from the field on the left.

Wm. H. Powell,
Captain Fourth U. S. Infantry.

BOISE BARRACKS, IDAHO, January 4, 1887.

"Life on the *Alabama*."

SINCE the February number of the magazine went to press we have learned, for the first time, from his own admission, that "P. D. Haywood," the author of the article "Life on the *Alabama*—By one of the Crew," which appeared in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1886, was not a seaman on the Confederate cruiser, though at the time the article was accepted he assured us he was, and furnished references which seemed to be satisfactory. He now claims that he had the incidents of his paper from a member of the *Alabama's* crew, but we are unable to attach any importance to that statement, and shall omit his article from the war papers when they are republished in book form.—EDITOR.

The Rebel Yell.

THE thirsty rays of the July sun
Drank the breath of the summer morning
Over Utah fitfully blown
From ponderous mountain lips of stone
That seemed in grim prophetic warning
Curled in a vast and massive scorning,
As if the roar of the morning gun,
The faint far crackle of distant rifles,
Were part of a sum of mortal trifles.

Then woke Deseret's mountain men
At sound of an old familiar thunder,
Woke with a quick heart-leap, again,
Drew their brows in listening wonder,
With eyes of warriors gleaming under ;
For these were the soldiers of the South
Drifted away on the wreck of battle
To this far mountain isle of drouth—
Listening now to the pulsing rattle
Of rifle volleys, while memory taxing
In half-awakening explanation,—
"Ha!" they said, their brows relaxing,
"This is the birthday of our Nation!
The common day of American glory!
How will the Mormon render the story?"

Then some from Stonewall's old brigade,
And some from the noted Hampton Legion,
And some from the Black Horse cavalcade,
And more from a far less famous region,—
The men that followed Old Pap Price
From early trials of Cow Skin Prairie
In and out of Missouri, twice,—
Followed their leader bold and wary
On to the final and sure disaster,
As men have never followed a master,
As men go anywhere, hand and glove,
Even to death, with the leader they love :—
These men questioning thus, and replying,
Looked from their cityward windows all,
Beheld the dome of the city hall
And the Stars and Stripes at *half-mast* flying!

As with one impulse, down to the street
From many a window disappearing,
Every obstacle leaping and clearing,
With old-time rush of the charging feet,
Toward the town-hall, they thundering hurried
Where Mormon chiefs sat flushed and flurried.
"Run up the flag!" the foremost cried
With voice like the roar of a joining battle.
"Up to the top!" And those at his side
Echoed his cry as the pattering rattle
Of a full brigade when it "orders arms";
Or a regiment firing a single volley.

The Mormons answered: "What wild folly,
Men of the South—and after the harms
That came to you from this striped rag,
Tainting you still with the smell of treason!
This is never your blue-crossed flag!
How flies your courage! How fails your reason!"
And then the soldier spokesman rose
As if he rose in a ringing stirrup,
Over the cowering heads of foes
The while his strong steed sprang at a chirrup:
"Not yet was it treason when *we* flew
To arms for a question vexed and nettled
From times of the Colonies on and through
To Appomattox—*but there it was settled.*"
Pausing, he knitted his grizzled brow,
And with a glance that seemed to sever
The hearts of the men at the lowered hunting
Whilst he for the strongest phrases hunting
Shouted: "To *us* it is treason NOW!
From Appomattox on and forever!
Run up *our* flag! We give you one minute,
Not to consider it, but to begin it!"

Then, when a dozen of shaking hands
Swiftly drew on the rising pulley,
Till, soaring up on its sea-grass strands,
The bright silk flag unfolding fully
Floated high in a sun-flood gleaming,
There sprang from hundreds of soldier throats
A shrill fierce cry like eagles screaming.
Out on the morning breeze it floats,
On, to the cabined sides of the mountains
Hushing the murmurs of winds and fountains:
Men leaped up wherever it fell,
Catching it up like a song forgotten,
Filled the air with the rebel yell,
The lost war-cry of the land of the cotton,
Till all the resonant fibers of pines
Every power of sound enlarging
Rang with the thrill of a shout that never
Sprang from aught but the terrible lines
Of the dauntless Gray-men fiercely charging,
Echoed it back from the mountain's brow
From tallest pines and stunted sages,
A shout that shall echo through future ages—
"To lower the flag is treason *now*,
"From Appomattox on and forever!"

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

H. W. Taylor.

In the Ranks at Fredericksburg.

GENERAL W. F. SMITH, in his article on "Franklin's Left Grand Division," makes mention of a "round shot that ripped open a soldier's knapsack and distributed his clothing and cards." It was not a round shot, but the second shot that came from the Whitworth gun that the "Johnnies" ran in on our flank. And although we were surprised and dumfounded at this attack from a new arm that appeared to take in about five miles of our line, the boys could not forego their little joke; so when that column of cards was thrown some twenty feet in the air, on all sides could be heard the cry, "Oh, deal me a hand!"

Three other shots in that battle did queer work. Ours was the last brigade (the "Iron Brigade") to cross on the pontoons, and we came to a halt upon the river bank, for a few moments, before going into position among the big cotton-wood trees at the Bernard House. We had been paid off that day, and the gamblers began to play at cards the moment we halted. A man who was about to "straddle" a "fifty-cent blind"

had his knapsack knocked from under him by a solid shot, and he "straddled" half a dozen soldiers, who were covered with a cart-load of dirt. This was the first shot from the "Johnnies" on our left. Their second shot passed over the river and struck a paymaster's tent. The struggle between that paymaster and the stragglers for possession of the flying greenbacks was both exciting and ridiculous.

The next day, December 13th, our officers and the enemy's batteries kept us on the jump. During a moment's halt, behind a slight rise of ground, we lay down. A soldier facing to the rear was in earnest conversation with a comrade. Suddenly he made a terrific leap in air, and from the spot of ground on which he had been sitting a solid shot scooped a wheelbarrow load of dirt. It was a clear case of premonition, for the man could give no reason for having jumped.

General Smith also speaks of "the Veterans' ridicule of the bounty men." The Twenty-fourth Michigan became part of our brigade shortly after Antietam, and we soon learned they were mostly bounty men. We made unmerciful sport of them, but never a word of joke or abuse did I hear after the Twenty-fourth had shown its mettle in this battle of which General Smith writes.

On the evening of December 14th, General Doubleday wanted our regiment (the Second Wisconsin) to go on picket and make an effort to stop the firing upon

the picket line, for the shots of the Confederates covered the whole field and no one could get any rest. We had not been in the picket line more than twenty minutes before we made a bargain with the "Rebs," and the firing ceased, and neither they nor ourselves pretended to keep under cover. But at daylight the Twenty-fourth Michigan came to relieve us. Before they were fairly in line they opened fire upon the Confederates without the warning we had agreed to give. We yelled lustily, but the rattle of musketry drowned the sound, and many a confiding enemy was hit. This irritated the Confederates, who opened a savage fire, and the Twenty-fourth Michigan (the bounty men) were put upon their good behavior; so it was with difficulty a general engagement was prevented. All that day, until about four o'clock, the picket-firing was intense, but was abruptly ended by a Confederate challenging a Sixth Wisconsin man to a fist encounter in the middle of the turnpike. The combatants got the attention of both picket lines, who declared the fight "a draw." They ended the matter with a coffee and tobacco trade and an agreement to do no more firing at picket lines, unless an advance was ordered. It was this agreement that enabled Lieutenant Rogers to save a long picket line that was to have been sacrificed when we fell back.

George E. Smith,

Late Private Co. E, Second Wisconsin Vols.

RACINE, WIS., Oct. 3, 1886.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Voting Power of Ignorance.

ILLITERACY in the United States has been the subject of frequent newspaper and magazine articles since the Census of 1870 brought the matter into plain view. It has generally been treated, however, rather from the standpoint of national pride than from that of national danger; and when danger has been referred to, it has been rather the undefined danger of an ignorant vote than any specific risk. Further, there has always been a general feeling that the bulk of the illiteracy, after all, was among the negroes, and that time and hard work would alleviate most of the evils arising from an inevitable consequence of the Civil War.

That column of the Census reports which defines the illiteracy of white males of twenty-one years old and upwards, that is, of white voters, should be enough to destroy any complacency as to the future. Out of 11,343,005 white voters, 886,659, or 7.8% were unable to write. If we take this as the illiterate vote, and compare it with the pluralities and majorities in the Presidential election of 1884, a still more noteworthy result comes out to view. Thus, Cleveland's plurality in Connecticut was 1284, while the illiterate vote was 9501; Blaine's plurality in Massachusetts was 24,372, while the illiterate vote was 30,951; Cleveland's plurality in Kentucky was 34,839, while the illiterate vote was 54,956; Blaine's plurality in Illinois was 24,827, while the illiterate vote was 44,536. Thus one might go on through State after State, in which the illiterate vote was larger than the plurality which decided the electoral vote of the State, and, if united, might have

been the controlling factor in the election. It will be enough to give the general result; there are eighteen such States, and they cast 243 out of 369 electoral votes. So large is the possible field for the voting power of ignorance.

It is undoubtedly true, and it has been one of the advantages of universal suffrage, that this illiterate vote has been nullified to a certain extent hitherto by its division, and that the more intelligent vote, which changes on occasion from one side to the other, has been a percentage large enough to decide elections. Nevertheless, there must be a constant pressure, as the steady descent of parties shows, to deal tenderly with the prejudices of the ignorant vote. The pressure is not so strong as it would be if the ignorant vote were united into a party, holding the balance of power in eighteen States, with 243 electoral votes; but it is strong enough to exert a steady influence toward the degradation of parties and party politics. Massachusetts tries, and fails in practice, to disfranchise those who cannot read and write, just as Connecticut fails to disfranchise those who have not a good moral character.

The ignorant vote, being the residuum of universal suffrage, is the most helpless element of a democracy. It is the first to be bought up, the first to be deceived, the first to be assailed by any form of coercion or terror. Election laws, and every variety of protection for the ballot, have been primarily compelled by the existence of this class, and are designed for its protection. It is a necessity for a democracy to see to it that vote-buying is prevented; otherwise the power of money might consolidate this ignorant vote into an instrument of dangerous, perhaps fatal, effect. The

it is, I think, certain that Rosecrans was stronger in infantry and artillery than Bragg by at least four thousand men."

It is difficult to make a correct estimate of the casualties on the Confederate side, as so many official papers were never published. My corps had "present for duty" 8884 men the morning of the 19th. The casualties were: killed, 370; wounded, 2448; missing, 172,—total, 2990. Among the killed were two brigadier-generals. Proportionally, this would give a loss in Bragg's army of 18,000 men. [The official estimate, War Records office, is 17,804.—ED.] But the right wing suffered very much more than the left, because it fought all the time against a foe under cover. (The only general officers killed were in the right wing.) For the same reason the right wing inflicted much less injury upon the enemy than did the left—hardly half as much. It would be a high estimate to put our casualties at 15,000 in artillery and infantry.

The Federal estimate of their loss (revised official returns) is: killed, 1656; wounded, 9749; captured or missing, 4774,—total, 16,179. The estimate of "missing" is below the mark by one thousand, if the Confederate claim of the capture of 6500 prisoners is correct. The Confederates also claim to have taken 51 pieces of artillery, 15,000 stand of arms, and a large amount of ordnance stores, camp equipage, etc.

But whatever blunders each of us in authority committed before the battles of the 19th and 20th, and during their progress, the great blunder of all was that of not pursuing the enemy on the 21st. The day was spent in

burying the dead and gathering up captured stores. Forrest, with his usual promptness, was early in the saddle, and saw that the retreat was a rout. Disorganized masses of men were hurrying to the rear; batteries of artillery were inextricably mixed with trains of wagons; disorder and confusion pervaded the broken ranks struggling to get on. Forrest sent back word to Bragg that "every hour was worth a thousand men." But the commander-in-chief did not know of the victory until the morning of the 21st, and then he did not order a pursuit. Rosecrans spent the day and the night of the 21st in hurrying his trains out of town. A breathing space was allowed him; the panic among his troops subsided, and Chattanooga—the objective point of the campaign—was held. There was no more splendid fighting in '61, when the flower of the Southern youth was in the field, than was displayed in those bloody days of September, '63. But it seems to me that the *elan* of the Southern soldier was never seen after Chickamauga—that brilliant dash which had distinguished him on a hundred fields was gone forever. He was too intelligent not to know that the cutting in two of Georgia meant death to all his hopes. He knew that Longstreet's absence was imperiling Lee's safety, and that what had to be done must be done quickly. The delay to strike was exasperating to him; the failure to strike after the success was crushing to all his longings for an independent South. He fought stoutly to the last, but, after Chickamauga, with the sullenness of despair and without the enthusiasm of hope. That "barren victory" sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy.

D. H. Hill.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Reserve Corps at Chickamauga.

BY GENERAL GORDON GRANGER'S CHIEF OF STAFF.

ON the 19th day of September, 1863, the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, General Gordon Granger in command, was distributed over a long stretch of country, its rear at Murfreesboro' and its van on the battle-field of Chickamauga. Here were W. C. Whitaker's and J. G. Mitchell's brigades, and the Twenty-second Michigan and Eighty-ninth Ohio regiments, all of the First Division, under immediate command of Brigadier-General James B. Steedman; Colonel Daniel McCook's brigade of infantry, and Colonel Minty's brigade of cavalry, the whole being under command of Major-General Gordon Granger, the corps commander. These troops had been posted to cover the rear and left flank of the army. During September 19th, the first day of the battle, they were engaged in some skirmishing and stood at arms expecting an attack. On the evening of the 19th every indication pointed to a renewal of the battle early the

next day. The night was cold for that time of year. Tell-tale fires were prohibited. The men slept on their arms. All was quiet save in the field-hospitals in the rear. The bright moon lighted up the fields and woods. Along the greater part of a front of eight miles the ground was strewn with the intermingled dead of friend and foe. The morning of Sunday, the 20th, opened with a cloudless sky, but a fog had come up from the warm water of the Chickamauga and hung over the battle-field until nine o'clock. The expected attack on Granger was not made. A silence of desertion was in the front. This quiet continued till nearly ten o'clock; then, as the peaceful tones of church bells, rolling over the land from the East, reached the meridian of Chickamauga, they were made dissonant by the murderous roar of the artillery of Bishop Polk, who was opening the battle on Thomas's front. Granger, who had been ordered, at all hazards, to hold fast where he was to protect the left flank and rear of the army, listened and grew impatient. Shortly before ten o'clock, calling my attention to a great column of

dust moving from our front towards the point from which came the sound of battle, he said, "They are concentrating over there. That is where we ought to be." The corps flag marked his headquarters in an open field near the Ringgold road. He walked up and down in front of his flag, nervously pulling his beard. Once stopping, he said, "Why, the —— does Rosecrans keep me here? There is nothing in front of us now. There is the battle" — pointing in the direction of Thomas.

Every moment the sounds of battle grew louder, while the many columns of dust rolling together here mingled with the smoke that hung over the scene.

At eleven o'clock, with Granger, I climbed a high hayrick near by. We sat there for ten minutes listening and watching. Then Granger jumped to his feet, thrust his glass into its case, and exclaimed with an oath:

"I am going over to Thomas, orders or no orders."

"And if you go," I replied, "it may bring disaster to the army and you to a court-martial."

"There's nothing in our front now but ragtag, bob-tail cavalry," he replied. "Don't you see Bragg is piling his whole army on Thomas! I am going to his assistance."

We quickly climbed down the rick, and, going to Steedman, Granger ordered him to move his command "over there," pointing towards the place from which came the sounds of battle. Colonel Dan McCook was directed to hold fast at McAfee Church, where his brigade covered the Ringgold road. Before half-past eleven o'clock Steedman's command was in motion. Granger, with his staff and escort, rode in advance. Steedman, after accompanying them a short distance, rode back to the head of his column.

Thomas was nearly four miles away. The day had now grown very warm, yet the troops marched rapidly over the narrow road, which was covered ankle-deep with dust that rose in suffocating clouds. Completely enveloped in it, the moving column swept along like a desert sandstorm. Two miles from the point of starting, and three-quarters of a mile to the left of the road, the enemy's skirmishers and a section of artillery opened fire on us from an open wood. This force had worked round Thomas's left, and was then partly in his rear. Granger halted to feel them. Soon becoming convinced that it was only a large party of observation, he again started his column and pushed rapidly forward. I was then sent to bring up Colonel McCook's brigade, and put it in position to watch the movements of the enemy; to keep open the Lafayette road, and to cover the open fields between that point and the position held by Thomas. This brigade remained there the rest of the day. Our skirmishers had not gone far when they came upon Thomas's field-hospital, at Cloud's house, then swarming with the enemy, who were helping themselves to everything portable. They came from the same body of Forrest's cavalry that had fired on us from the wood. They were quickly driven out, and our men were warmly welcomed with cheers from hundreds of dying and wounded men.

A little farther on, we were met by a staff-officer sent by General Thomas to discover whether we were friends or enemies; he did not know whence friends were coming — the enemy appeared to be approaching

from all directions. Bragg's whole army was rolling up against the heroic troops of this grand soldier. All of the shattered Army of the Cumberland left on the field was with Thomas; but not more than one-fourth of the men of the army who went into battle at the opening were there. Thomas's loss in killed and wounded during the two days had been dreadful. As his men dropped out his line was contracted. It was hardly half as long as it had been. Now its flanks were bent back, conforming to ridges shaped like a horseshoe.

On the part of Thomas and his men there was no thought but that of fighting. He was a soldier who had never retreated, who had never been defeated. He stood immovable, the "Rock of Chickamauga." Where he was, timid men became brave. Never had soldiers greater love for a commander. He imbued them with his spirit, and their confidence in him was sublime.

To the right of Thomas's line — his extreme right being composed of Brannan's fragments on the Snodgrass hill — was a gorge, then a high ridge, nearly at right angles thereto, running east and west. Confederates under Kershaw (McLaws's division of Hood's corps) were passing through the gorge, together with Bushrod Johnson's division, which Longstreet was strengthening with Hindman's division; divisions were forming on this ridge for an assault; to their left the guns of a battery were being unlimbered for an enfilading fire. There was not a man to send against the force on the ridge, none to oppose this impending assault. The enemy saw the approaching colors of the Reserve Corps and hesitated.

At one o'clock Granger shook hands with Thomas. Something was said about forming to fight to the right and rear.

"Those men must be driven back," said Granger, pointing to the gorge and ridge. "Can you do it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "My men are fresh, and they are just the fellows for that work. They are raw troops, and they don't know any better than to charge up there."

Granger quickly sent Aleshire's battery of three-inch rifle guns which he brought up to Thomas's left to assist in repelling another assault about to be made on the Kelly farm front. Whitaker's and Mitchell's brigades under Steedman were whirled into position and projected against the enemy in the gorge and on the ridge. With ringing cheers they advanced in two lines by double-quick. Over open fields, through weeds waist-high, through a little valley, then up the ridge. The enemy opened on them first with artillery, then with a murderous musketry fire. When well up the ridge the men, almost exhausted, were halted for breath. They lay on the ground two or three minutes, then came the command "Forward." Brave, bluff old Steedman, with a regimental flag in his hand, led the way. On went the lines, firing as they ran and bravely receiving a deadly and continuous fire from the enemy on the summit. The horrible din from muskets and the scarcely intermittent roar of the artillery drowned the voice of command. The Confederates began to break, and in another minute they were flying down the southern slope of the ridge. In twenty minutes from the beginning of the charge the ridge had been carried.

Granger's hat had been torn by a fragment of shell; Steedman had been wounded; Whitaker had been wounded, and four of his five staff-officers killed or mortally wounded. Twenty per cent. of Steedman's

two brigades, numbering 3500 muskets, had been killed and wounded in that twenty minutes; and the end was not yet.

The enemy massed a force to retake the ridge. They came before our men had rested; twice they assaulted and were driven back. During one assault, as the first line came within range of our muskets, it halted, apparently hesitating, when we saw a colonel seize a flag, wave it over his head, and rush forward. The whole line instantly caught his enthusiasm, and with a wild cheer followed, only to be hurled back again. Our men ran down the ridge in pursuit. In the midst of a group of Confederate dead and wounded they found the brave colonel dead, the flag he carried spread over him where he fell.

Soon after five o'clock Thomas rode to the left of his line, leaving Granger, the ranking officer, at the center. The ammunition of both Thomas's and Granger's commands was now about exhausted. When Granger had come up he had given ammunition to Brannan and Wood, and that had exhausted his supply. The cartridge-boxes of both our own and the enemy's dead within reach had been emptied by our men. When it was not yet six o'clock, and Thomas was still on the left of his line, Brannan rushed up to Granger, saying, "The enemy are forming for another assault; we have not another round of ammunition—what shall we do?" "Fix bayonets and go for them," was the reply. Along the whole line ran the order, "Fix bayonets." On came the enemy—our men were lying down. "Forward" was sounded. In one instant they were on their feet. Forward they went to meet the charge. When bayonet meets bayonet, one side gives way. The enemy fled. So impetuous was this counter-charge that one regiment of the Reserve Corps, with empty muskets and empty cartridge-boxes, broke through the enemy's line, which, closing up in their rear, carried it off as in the undertow.

One more feeble assault was made by the enemy; then the day closed, and the battle of Chickamauga was over. Of the 3700 men of the Reserve Corps who went into the battle that afternoon, 1175 were killed and wounded, 613 were missing, all prisoners, many of whom were of the regiment that broke through the lines. Our total loss, 1788, nearly fifty per cent. lost in one afternoon.

Gordon Granger was rough in manner, but he had a tender heart. He was not a respecter of persons. He was rather inclined to insubordination. This was especially so when he knew his superior officer to be wrong. Otherwise he was a splendid soldier. Rosecrans named him well when he wrote of him, "Granger, great in battle."

J. S. Fullerton.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 20, 1887.

General Polk at Chickamauga.

BY HIS SON, CAPTAIN POLK, OF HIS STAFF.

IN response to your request for the reasons given by General Polk for the delay in attack on the morning of Sept. 20, 1863, let me say that it was because General Hill's corps was not ready for the assault. General Polk sent General Hill an order at midnight to attack at daylight, but General Hill could not be found (either on his line of battle or at Tedford's Ford, where

his headquarters were reported to be). Upon learning this fact General Polk issued an order, dated 5:30 A. M., direct to Hill's division commanders to attack as soon as they could get into position. This second order was delivered in the presence of General Hill by Captain Wheless soon after sunrise, about 6:15. To this General Hill replied that his men were getting rations and that he would not be ready to move for an hour or more. General Polk reported this reply to General Bragg, in a note dated seven A. M., and stated that the attack would be made as soon as General Hill was ready. This, of course, conflicts with the time given by General Hill for the reception of the second order, viz., 7:25 A. M. These facts are derived from the official statements of General Polk, Captain Wheless, and of John H. Fisher, on file in the War Records office.

As to the whereabouts of General Polk on the morning of the 20th, General Polk left his camp at Alexander's Bridge, 1200 yards in rear of his line, between daylight and sunrise, and, as is shown by the statement of General Cheatham (Official Records), was on the line of battle at sunrise, where he remained and where he first met General Bragg (Captain Wheless, Official Records). These facts I state from my personal knowledge.

General Bragg's statement that General Polk was away from his line of battle at this time was not derived from his own knowledge, but from a statement of one of his staff-officers, as is shown in the following extract from an unpublished private letter from General Bragg, dated Mobile, February 8, 1873.

"The staff-officer sent to General Polk (Major Lee, A. I. G.) to urge his compliance with the orders of the previous night, reported to me that he found him at a farmhouse, three miles from the line of his troops, about one hour after sunrise, sitting on the gallery reading a newspaper, and waiting, as he (the general) said, for his breakfast."

The facts of the records above quoted are a sufficient answer to this absurd statement. But I can add further that I saw Major Lee when he delivered General Bragg's message to General Polk, at his (Polk's) camp in the woods, at Alexander's Bridge, 1200 yards from his line, before sunrise. General Polk was then preparing to mount his horse.

I will also add of my own knowledge that General Polk had ridden from one end of his line to the other, and had met General Hill and each of the division commanders before General Bragg came upon his line of battle. They met on the line about 7:45 A. M.

You inquire also about "the attack on the 13th." The object of Polk's movement was to intercept Crittenden before he should cross to the west side of the Chickamauga, and unite with other portions of Rosecrans's army. Polk was told that he would find Crittenden east of the creek about Pea Vine Church on the Graysville road, and was directed to attack him there at daylight of the 13th. He moved as ordered and found no enemy, Crittenden having crossed to the west of the creek the evening before. General Bragg in his report neglects to take this fact into account, and thus leaves the impression that Crittenden's escape was due to Polk's tardiness in moving rather than to his own tardiness in ordering the movement. It should have been ordered for the morning of the 12th.

W. M. Polk.