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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



PART XV

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(CONTINUED IN PART XVI)



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town of Chattanooga, Howard, who, it will be remembered, had been concealed behind the hills on the north side, took up his line of march to join the troops on the south side. His crossing was in full view both from Missionary Ridge and the top of Lookout, and the enemy, of course, supposed these troops to be Sherman's. This enabled Sherman to get to his assigned position without discovery.

On the 20th, when so much was occurring to discourage,—rains falling so heavily as to delay the passage of troops over the river at Brown's Ferry, and threatening the entire breaking of the bridge; news coming of a battle raging at Knoxville; of Willeox being threatened by a force from the east,—a letter was received from Bragg which contained these words:

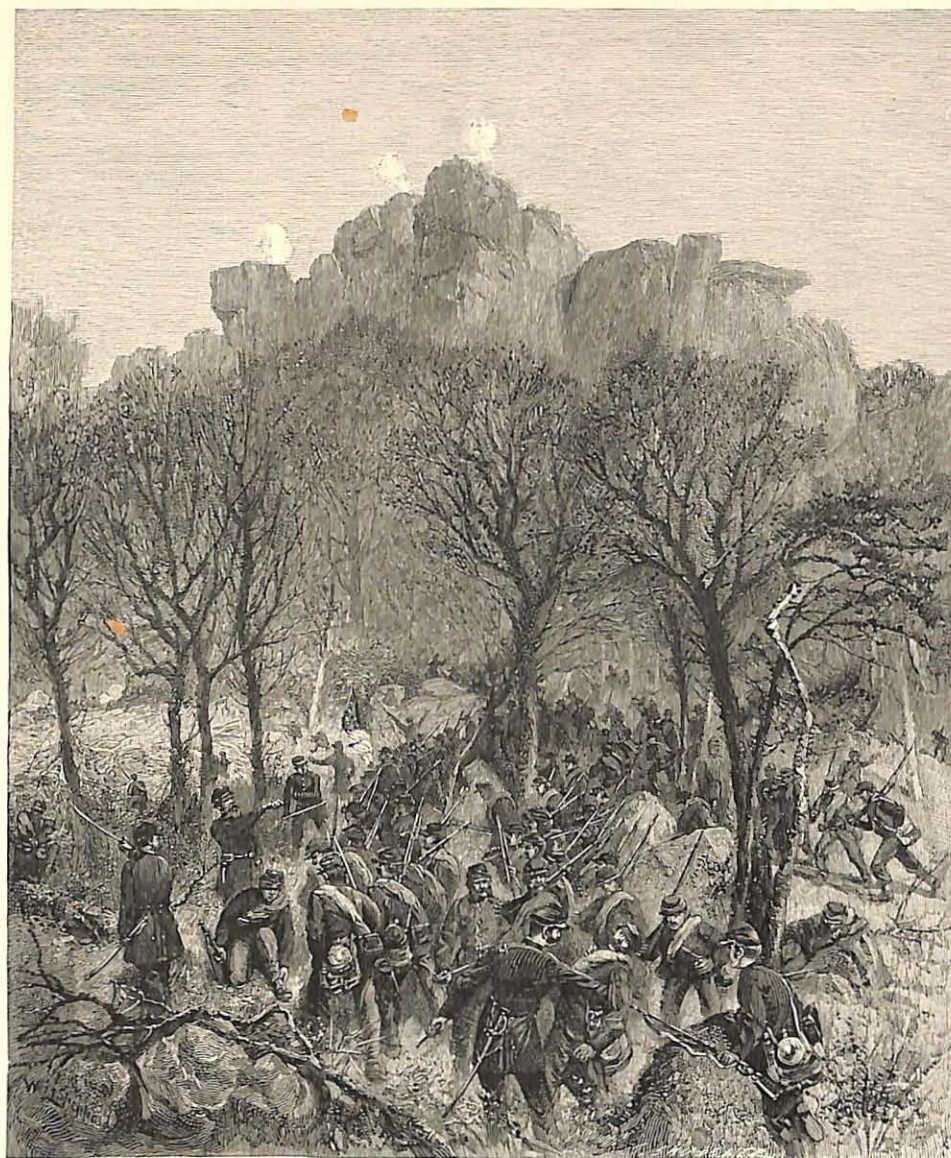
"As there may still be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal."

Of course I understood that this was a device intended to deceive; but I did not know what the intended deception was. On the 22d, however, a deserter came in who informed me that Bragg was leaving our front, and on that day Buckner's division was sent to reinforce Longstreet at Knoxville, and another division started to follow, but was recalled. The object of Bragg's letter, no doubt, was in some way to detain me until Knoxville could be captured, and his troops there be returned to Chattanooga.

During the night of the 21st the rest of the pontoon-boats, completed, one hundred and sixteen in all, were carried up to and placed in North Chickamauga. The material for the roadway over these was deposited out of view of the enemy within a few hundred yards of the bank of the Tennessee, where the north end of the bridge was to rest.

Hearing nothing from Burnside, and hearing much of the distress in Washington on his account, I could no longer defer operations for his relief. I determined therefore to do on the 23d, with the Army of the Cumberland, what had been intended to be done on the 24th.

The position occupied by the Army of the Cumberland had been made very strong for defense during the months it had been besieged. The line was about a mile from the town, and extended from Citico Creek, a small stream running near the base of Missionary Ridge and emptying into the Tennessee about two miles below the mouth of the South Chickamauga, on the left, to Chattanooga Creek on the right. All commanding points on the line were well fortified and well equipped with artillery. The important elevations within the line had all been carefully fortified and supplied with a proper armament. Among the elevations so fortified was one to the east of the town, named Fort Wood. It owed its importance chiefly to the fact that it lay between the town and Missionary Ridge, where most of the strength of the enemy was. Fort Wood had in it twenty-two pieces of artillery, most of which would reach the nearer points of the enemy's line. On the morning of the 23d, Thomas, according to instructions, moved Granger's corps of two divisions, Sheridan and T. J. Wood com-



THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

From a painting lent by Captain W. L. Stork. The picture shows the Union troops fighting in the woods near the cliffs of Point Lookout.

Early in October, 1863, Jefferson Davis visited Lookout Mountain with General Bragg. As they approached the edge

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

manding, to the foot of Fort Wood, and formed them into line as if going on parade—Sheridan on the right, Wood to the left, extending to or near Citico Creek. Palmer, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, held that part of our line facing south and southwest. He supported Sheridan with one division, Baird's, while his other division, under [R. W.] Johnson, remained in the trenches, under arms, ready to be moved to any point. Howard's corps was moved in rear of the center. The picket lines were within a few hundred yards of each other. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon all were ready to advance. By this time the clouds had lifted so that the enemy could see from his elevated position all

that was going on. The signal for advance was given by a booming of cannon from Fort Wood and other points on the line. The rebel pickets were soon driven back upon the main guards, which occupied minor and detached heights between the main ridge and our lines. These too were carried before halting, and before the enemy had time to reinforce their advance guards. But it was not without loss on both sides. This movement secured to us a line fully a mile in advance of the one we occupied in the morning, and one which the enemy had occupied up to this time. The fortifications were rapidly turned to face the other way. During the following night they were made

strong. We lost in this preliminary action about eleven hundred killed and wounded, while the enemy probably lost quite as heavily, including the prisoners that were captured. With the exception of the firing of artillery, kept up from Missionary Ridge and Fort Wood until night closed in, this ended the fighting for the day.

The advantage was greatly on our side now, and if I could only have been assured that Burnside could hold out ten days longer I should have rested more easy. But we were doing the best we could for him and the cause. . . .

At 2 o'clock in the morning, November 24th, Giles A. Smith pushed out from the North Chickamauga with his 116 boats, each loaded with 30 brave and well-armed men. The boats, with their precious freight, dropped down quietly with the current to avoid attracting the attention of any one who could convey information to the enemy, until arriving near the mouth of South Chickamauga. Here a few boats were landed, the troops debarked, and a rush was made upon the picket-guard known to be at that point. The guard was surprised, and twenty of their number captured. The remainder of the troops effected a landing at the point where the bridge was to start, with equally good results. The work of ferrying over Sherman's command from the north side of the Tennessee was at once commenced, using the pontoons for the purpose. A steamer was also brought up from the town to assist. The rest of M. L. Smith's division came first, then the division of John E. Smith. The troops as they landed were put to work intrenching their position. By daylight the two entire divisions were over, and well covered by the works they had built.

The work of laying the bridge on which to cross the artillery and cavalry was now begun. The ferrying over of the infantry was continued with the steamer and the pontoons, taking the pontoons, however, as fast as they were wanted to put in their place in the bridge. By a little past noon the bridge was completed, as well as one over the South Chickamauga, connecting the troops left on that side with their comrades below, and all the infantry and artillery were on the south bank of the Tennessee.

Sherman at once formed his troops for assault on Missionary Ridge. By 1 o'clock he started, with M. L. Smith on his left, keeping nearly the course of Chickamauga River; J. E. Smith next, to the right and a little in the rear; then Ewing, still farther to the right, and also a little to the rear of J. E. Smith's command, in column ready to deploy to the right if an enemy should come from that direction. A good skirmish line preceded each of these columns. Soon the foot of the hill was reached; the skirmishers pushed directly up, followed closely by their supports. By half-past 3 Sherman was in possession of the height, without having sustained much loss. A brigade from each division was now brought up, and artillery was dragged to the top of the hill by hand. The enemy did not seem to have been aware of this movement until the top of the hill was gained. There had been a drizzling rain during the day, and the clouds were so low that Lookout Mountain and the top of

Missionary Ridge were obscured from the view of persons in the valley. But now the enemy opened fire upon their assailants, and made several attempts with their skirmishers to drive them away, but without avail. Later in the day a more determined attack was made, but this, too, failed, and Sherman was left to fortify what he had gained.

Sherman's cavalry took up its line of march soon after the bridge was completed, and by half-past 3 the whole of it was over both bridges, and on its way to strike the enemy's communications at Chickamauga Station. All of Sherman's command was now south of the Tennessee. During the afternoon General Giles A. Smith was severely wounded and carried from the field.

Thomas having done on the 23d what was expected of him on the 24th, there was nothing for him to do this day, except to strengthen his position. Howard, however, effected a crossing of Citico Creek and a junction with Sherman, and was directed to report to him. With two or three regiments of his command, he moved in the morning along the banks of the Tennessee and reached the point where the bridge was being laid. He went out on the bridge as far as it was completed from the south end, and saw Sherman superintending the work from the north side, moving himself south as fast as an additional boat was put in and the roadway put upon it. Howard reported to his new chief across the chasm between them, which was now narrow and in a few minutes was closed.

While these operations were going on to the east of Chattanooga, Hooker was engaged on the west. . . .

The side of Lookout Mountain confronting Hooker's command was rugged, heavily timbered, and full of chasms, making it difficult to advance with troops, even in the absence of an opposing force. Farther up the ground becomes more even and level, and was in cultivation. On the east side the slope is much more gradual, and a good wagon road, zigzagging up it, connects the town of Chattanooga with the summit.

Early in the morning of the 24th Hooker moved

Geary's division, supported by a brigade of Cruft's, up Lookout Creek, to effect a crossing. The remainder of Cruft's division was to seize the bridge over the creek, near the crossing of the railroad. Osterhaus was to move up to the bridge and cross it. The bridge was seized by Grose's brigade after a slight skirmish with the picket guarding it. This attracted the enemy so that Geary's movement farther up was not observed. A heavy



SIGNAL CORPS, PRIVATE.



AMBULANCE CAMP.

mist obscured him from the view of the troops on the top of the mountain. He crossed the creek almost unobserved, and captured the picket of over forty men on guard near by. He then commenced ascending the mountain directly in his front. By this time the enemy was seen coming down from their camp on the mountain slope, and filing into their rifle pits to contest the crossing of the bridge. By 11 o'clock the bridge was complete. Osterhaus was up, and after some sharp skirmishing the enemy was driven away, with considerable loss in killed and captured.

While the operations at the bridge were progressing, Geary was pushing up the hill over great obstacles, resisted by the enemy directly in his front, and in face of the guns on top of the mountain. The enemy, seeing their left flank and rear menaced, gave way and were followed by Cruft and Osterhaus. Soon these were up abreast of Geary, and the whole command pushed up the hill, driving the enemy in advance. By noon Geary had gained the open ground on the north slope of the mountain with his right close up to the base of the upper palisade, but there were strong fortifications in his front. The rest of the command coming up, a line was formed from the base of the upper palisade to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek.

Thomas and I were on the top of Orchard Knob. Hooker's advance now made our line a continuous one. It was in full view, extending from the Tennessee River, where Sherman had crossed, up Chickamauga River to the base of Missionary Ridge, over the top of the north end of the ridge, to Chattanooga Valley, then along parallel to the ridge a mile or more, across the valley to the mouth of Chattanooga

Creek, thence up the slope of Lookout Mountain to the foot of the upper palisade. The day was hazy, so that Hooker's operations were not visible to us except at moments when the clouds would rise. But the sound of his artillery and musketry was heard incessantly. The enemy on his front was partially fortified, but was soon driven out of his works. At 2 o'clock the clouds, which had so obscured the top of Lookout all day as to hide whatever was going on from the view of those below, settled down and made it so dark where Hooker was as to stop operations for the time. At 4 o'clock Hooker reported his position as impregnable. By a little after 5, direct communication was established, and a brigade of troops was sent from Chattanooga to reinforce him. These troops had to cross Chattanooga Creek, and met with some opposition, but soon overcame it, and by night the commander, General Carlin, reported to Hooker and was assigned to his left. . . .

The morning of the 25th opened clear and bright, and the whole field was in full view from the top of Orchard Knob. It remained so all day. Bragg's headquarters were in full view, and officers—presumably staff-officers—could be seen coming and going constantly.

The point of ground which Sherman had carried on the 24th was almost disconnected from the main ridge occupied by the enemy. A low pass, over which there is a wagon road crossing the hill, and near which there is a railroad tunnel, intervenes between the two hills. The problem now was to get to the latter. The enemy was fortified on the point, and back farther, where the ground was still higher, was a second fortification commanding the

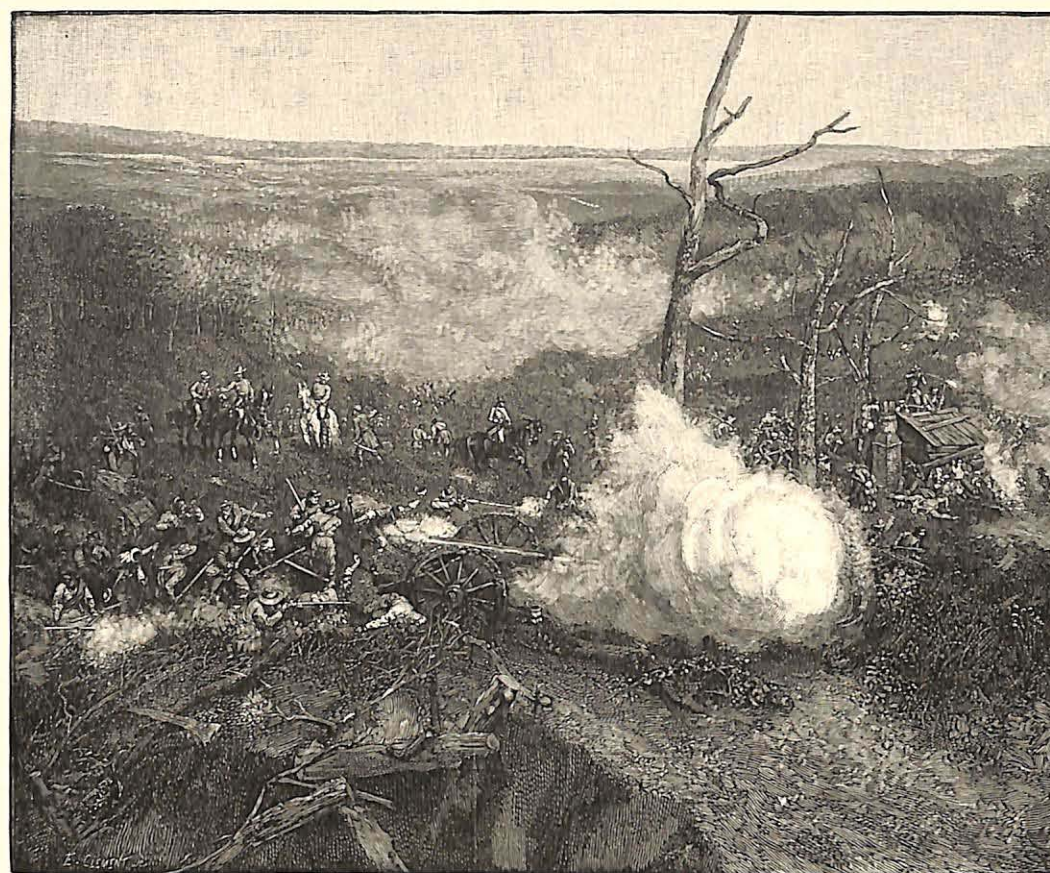
first. Sherman was out as soon as it was light enough to see, and by sunrise his command was in motion. Three brigades held the hill already gained. Morgan L. Smith moved along the east base of Missionary Ridge; Loomis along the west base, supported by two brigades of John E. Smith's division; and Corse with his brigade was between the two, moving directly toward the hill to be captured. The ridge is steep and heavily wooded on the east side, where M. L. Smith's troops were advancing, but cleared and with a more gentle slope on the west side. The troops advanced rapidly and carried the extreme end of the rebel works. Morgan L. Smith advanced to a point which cut the enemy off from the railroad bridge and the means of bringing up supplies by rail from Chickamauga Station, where the main depot was located. The enemy made brave and strenuous efforts to drive our troops from the position we had gained, but without success. The contest lasted for two hours. Corse, a brave and efficient commander, was badly wounded in this assault. Sherman now threatened both Bragg's flank and his stores, and made it necessary for him to weaken other points of his line to strengthen his right. From the position I occupied I could see column after column of Bragg's forces moving against Sherman; every Confederate gun that could be brought to bear upon the Union forces was concentrated upon him. J. E. Smith, with two brigades, charged up the west side of the ridge to the support of Corse's command, over open ground, and in the face of a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry, and reached the very parapet of the enemy. He lay here for a time, but the enemy coming with a heavy force upon his right flank, he was compelled to fall back, followed by the foe. A few hundred yards brought Smith's troops into a wood, where they were speedily re-formed, when they charged and drove the attacking party back to his intrenchments.

Seeing the advance, repulse, and second advance of J. E. Smith from the position I occupied, I directed Thomas to send a division to reinforce him. Baird's division was accordingly sent from the right of Orchard Knob. It had to march a considerable distance, directly under the eyes of the enemy, to reach its position. Bragg at once commenced massing in the same direction. This was what I wanted. But it had now got to be late in the afternoon, and I had expected before this to see Hooker crossing the ridge in the neighborhood of Rossville, and compelling Bragg to mass in that direction also.

The enemy had evacuated Lookout Mountain during the night, as I expected he would. In crossing the valley he burned the bridges over Chattanooga Creek, and did all he could to obstruct the roads behind him. Hooker was off bright and early, with no obstructions in his front but distance and the destruction above named. He was detained four hours in crossing Chattanooga Creek, and thus was lost the immediate advantages I expected from his forces. His reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas's assault of the ridge. But Sherman's condition was getting so critical that the assault for his relief could not be delayed any longer.

Sheridan's and Wood's divisions had been lying under arms from early in the morning, ready to move the instant the signal was given. I now directed Thomas to order the charge at once. I watched eagerly to see the effect, and became impatient at last that there was no indication of any charge being made. The center of the line which was to make the charge was near where Thomas and I stood together, but concealed from our view by the intervening forest. Turning to Thomas to inquire what caused the delay, I was surprised to see General Thomas J. Wood, one of the division commanders who were to make the charge, standing talking to him. I spoke to General Wood, asking him why he had not charged, as ordered an hour before. He replied very promptly that this was the first he had heard of it, but that he had been ready all day to move at a moment's notice. I told him to make the charge at once. He was off in a moment, and in an incredibly short time loud cheering was heard, and he and Sheridan were driving the enemy's advance before them toward Missionary Ridge. The Confederates were strongly intrenched on the crest of the ridge in front of us, and had a second line half-way down and another at the base. Our men drove the troops in front of the lower line of rifle-pits so rapidly, and followed them so closely, that rebel and Union troops went over the first line of works almost at the same time. Many rebels were captured and sent to the rear under the fire of their own friends higher up the hill. Those that were not captured retreated, and were pursued. The retreating hordes being between friends and pursuers, caused the enemy to fire high, to avoid killing their own men. In fact, on that occasion the Union soldier nearest the enemy was in the safest position. Without awaiting further orders or stopping to re-form, on our troops went to the second line of works; over that and on for the crest—thus effectually carrying out my orders of the 18th for the battle and of the 24th for this charge. I watched their progress with intense interest. The fire along the rebel line was terrific. Cannon and musket balls filled the air; but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used. The pursuit continued until the crest was reached, and soon our men were seen climbing over the Confederate barrier at different points in front of both Sheridan's and Wood's divisions. The retreat of the enemy along most of his line was precipitate, and the panic so great that Bragg and his officers lost all control over their men. Many were captured and thousands threw away their arms in their flight.

Sheridan pushed forward until he reached the Chickamauga River at a point above where the enemy had crossed. He met some resistance from troops occupying a second hill in rear of Missionary Ridge, probably to cover the retreat of the main body and of the artillery and trains. It was now getting dark, but Sheridan, without halting on that account, pushed his men forward up this second hill slowly and without attracting the attention of the men placed to defend it, while he detached to the right and left to surround the position. The enemy discovered the movement before these dis-



THE CONFEDERATE LINE OPPOSED TO BAIRD'S DIVISION ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.
From the Cyclorama.

positions were complete, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving artillery, wagon trains, and many prisoners in our hands. To Sheridan's prompt movement the Army of the Cumberland and the nation are indebted for the bulk of the capture of prisoners, artillery, and small-arms that day. Except for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished.

While the advance up Missionary Ridge was going forward, General Thomas, with his staff, General Gordon Granger, commander of the corps making the assault, and myself and staff, occupied Orchard Knob, from which the entire field could be observed. The moment the troops were seen going over the last line of rebel defenses I ordered Granger to join his command, and mounting my horse I rode to the front. General Thomas left about the same time. Sheridan, on the extreme right, was already in pursuit of the enemy east of the ridge. Wood, who commanded the division to the left of Sheridan, accompanied his men on horseback, but did not join Sheridan in the pursuit. To the left, in Baird's front, where Bragg's troops had massed against Sherman, the resistance was more stubborn, and the contest lasted longer. I ordered Granger to follow the enemy with Wood's division, but he was so much excited, and kept up such a roar of musketry in the direction the enemy had taken, that by the time I could stop the firing the

enemy had got well out of the way. The enemy confronting Sherman, now seeing everything to their left giving way, fled also. Sherman, however, was not aware of the extent of our success until after nightfall, when he received orders to pursue at daylight in the morning.

Hooker, as stated, was detained at Chattanooga Creek by the destruction of the bridges at that point. He got his troops over, with the exception of the artillery, by fording the stream, at a little after 3 o'clock. Leaving his artillery to follow when the bridges should be reconstructed, he pushed on with the remainder of his command. At Rossville he came upon the flank of a division of the enemy, which soon commenced a retreat along the ridge. This threw them on Palmer. They could make but little resistance in the position they were caught in, and as many of them as could do so escaped. Many, however, were captured. Hooker's position during the night of the 25th was near Rossville, extending east of the ridge. Palmer was on his left, on the road to Graysville.

During the night I telegraphed to Willcox that Bragg had been defeated, and that immediate relief would be sent to Burnside if he could hold out; to Halleck I sent an announcement of our victory, and informed him that forces would be sent up the valley to relieve Burnside.

Before the battle of Chattanooga opened I had taken measures for the relief of Burnside the moment the way should be clear. . . .

The victory at Chattanooga was won against great odds, considering the advantage the enemy had of position; and was accomplished more easily than was expected by reason of Bragg's making several grave mistakes: first, in sending away his ablest corps commander, with over 20,000 troops; second, in sending away a division of troops on the eve of battle; third, in placing so much of a force on the plain in front of his impregnable position.

It was known that Mr. Davis had visited Bragg on Missionary Ridge a short time before my reaching Chattanooga. It was reported and believed that he had come out to reconcile a serious difference between Bragg and Longstreet, and finding this difficult to do planned the campaign against Knoxville, to be conducted by the latter general. I had known both Bragg and Longstreet before the war, the latter very well. We had been three years at West Point together, and, after my graduation, for a time in the same regiment. Then we served together in the Mexican war. I had known Bragg in Mexico, and met him occasionally subsequently. I could well understand how there might be an irreconcilable difference between them.

Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was also thoroughly upright. But he was possessed of an irascible temper, and was naturally disputatious. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet in the old army he was in frequent trouble. As a subordinate he was always on the lookout to catch his commanding officer infringing upon his prerogatives; as a post



SIGNALING FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

commander he was equally vigilant to detect the slightest neglect, even of the most trivial order.

I heard in the old army an anecdote characteristic of General Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field-officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies and at the same time acting post quartermaster and commissary. He was a first lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and indorsed on the back of it his reason for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself."

Longstreet was an entirely different man. He was brave, honest, intelligent, a very capable soldier, subordinate to his superiors, just and kind to his subordinates, but jealous of his own rights, which he had the courage to maintain. He was never on the lookout to detect a slight, but saw one as soon as anybody when intentionally given.

It may be that Longstreet was not sent to Knoxville for the reason stated, but because Mr. Davis had an exalted opinion of his own military genius, and thought he saw a chance of "killing two birds with one stone." On several occasions during the war he came to the relief of the Union army by means of his superior military genius.

I speak advisedly when I say Mr. Davis prided himself on his military capacity. He says so himself virtually, in his answer to the notice of his nomination to the Confederate Presidency. Some of his generals have said so in their writings since the downfall of the Confederacy. Whatever the cause or whoever is to blame, grave mistakes were made at Chattanooga, which enabled us, with the undaunted courage of the troops engaged, to gain a great victory, under the most trying circumstances presented during the war, much more easily than could otherwise have been attained. If Chattanooga had been captured, East Tennessee would have followed without a struggle. It would have been a victory to have got the army away from Chattanooga safely. It was manifold greater to defeat, and nearly destroy, the besieging army.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CHATTANOOGA REGION FROM POINT LOOKOUT, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
From a lithograph.

In this battle the Union army numbered in round figures about 60,000 men; we lost 752 killed, and 4713 wounded and 350 captured or missing. The rebel loss was much greater in the aggregate, as we captured, and sent North to be rationed there, over 6100 prisoners. Forty pieces of artillery, over seven thousand stand of small-arms, and many caissons, artillery wagons, and baggage wagons fell into our hands. The probabilities are that our loss in killed was the heavier, as we were the attacking party. The enemy reported his loss in

killed at 361; but as he reported his missing at 4146, while we held over 6000 of them as prisoners, and there must have been hundreds, if not thousands, who deserted, but little reliance can be placed in this report. There was certainly great dissatisfaction with Bragg, on the part of the soldiers, for his harsh treatment of them, and a disposition to get away if they could. Then, too, Chattanooga following in the same half-year with Gettysburg in the East, and Vicksburg in the West, there was much the same feeling in the South at

this time that there had been in the North the fall and winter before. If the same license had been allowed the people and the press in the South that was allowed in the North, Chattanooga would probably have been the last battle fought for the preservation of the Union.

Bragg's army now being in full retreat, the relief of Burnside's position at Knoxville was a matter for immediate consideration. Sherman marched with a portion

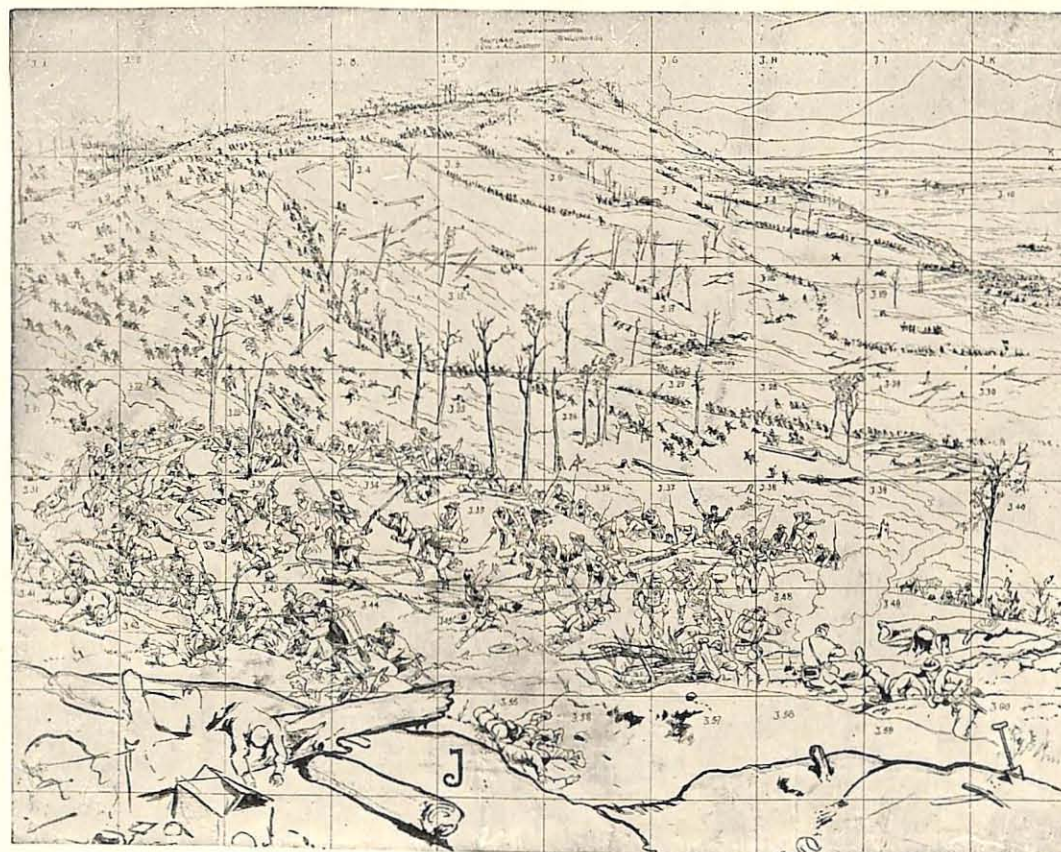
of the Army of the Tennessee, and one corps of the Army of the Cumberland, toward Knoxville; but his approach caused Longstreet to abandon the siege long before these troops reached their destination. Knoxville was now relieved; the anxiety of the President was removed, and the loyal portion of the North rejoiced over the double victory: the raising of the siege of Knoxville and the victory at Chattanooga.

THE ASSAULT ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

1. THE UNION SIDE, BY BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH S. FULLERTON, U. S. V.

... At twenty minutes before four the signal-guns were fired. Suddenly twenty thousand men rushed forward, moving in line of battle by brigades, with a double line of skirmishers in front, and closely followed by the reserves in mass. The big siege-guns in the Chattanooga forts roared above the light artillery and musketry in the valley. The enemy's rifle-pits were ablaze, and the whole ridge in our front had broken out like another Aetna. Not many minutes afterward our men were seen working through the felled trees and other obstructions. Though exposed to such a terrific fire, they neither fell back nor halted. By a bold and desperate push they broke through the works in several places and opened flank and reverse fires. The enemy was thrown into confusion, and took precipitate flight up the ridge. Many prisoners and a large number of small-arms were captured. The order of the commanding general had now been fully and most successfully carried out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes, to take breath and to re-form lines; then, with a sudden impulse, and without orders, all started up the ridge. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of supports or of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen, stretching on either side.

As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him say angrily:



THE CHARGE UP MISSIONARY RIDGE BY BAIRD'S, WOOD'S, SHERIDAN'S, AND JOHNSON'S DIVISIONS.
From the rough sketch for one section of the Cyclorama of the Battle of Missionary Ridge.

"Thomas, who ordered those men up the ridge?" Thomas replied, in his usual slow, quiet manner: "I don't know; I did not." Then, addressing General Gordon Granger, he said, "Did you order them up, Granger?" "No," said Granger; "they started up without orders. When those fellows get started all hell can't stop them." General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning, stoically watched the ridge. He gave no further orders.

As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas, he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said: "Ride at once to Wood, and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge, and tell them, if they can take it, to push ahead." As I was mounting, Granger added: "It is hot over there, and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you." As fast as my horse could carry me, I rode first to General Wood, and delivered the message. "I did n't order them up," said Wood; "they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too! Tell Granger, if we are supported, we will take and hold the ridge!" As soon as I reached General Wood, Captain Avery got to General Sheridan, and delivered his message. "I did n't order them up," said Sheridan; "but we are going to take the ridge!" He then asked Avery for his flask and waved it at a group of Confederate officers, standing just in front of Bragg's headquarters, with the salutation, "Here 's at you!" At once two guns—the "Lady Breckinridge" and the "Lady Buckner"—in front of Bragg's headquarters were fired at Sheridan and the group of officers about him. One shell struck so near as to throw dirt over Sheridan and Avery. "Ah!" said the general, "that is ungenerous; I shall take those guns for that!" Before Sheridan received the message taken by Captain Avery, he had sent a staff-officer to Granger, to inquire whether "the order given to take the rifle-pits meant the rifle-pits at the base, or those on the top of the ridge." Granger told this officer that "the order given was to take those at the base." Conceiving this to be an order to fall back, the officer, on his way to Sheridan, gave it to General Wagner, commanding the Second Brigade of the division, which was then nearly half-way up the ridge. Wagner ordered his brigade back to the rifle-pits at the base, but it only remained there till Sheridan, seeing the mistake, ordered it forward. It again advanced under a terrific fire.

The men, fighting and climbing up the steep hill, sought the roads, ravines, and less rugged parts. The ground was so broken that it was impossible to keep a regular line of battle. At times their movements were in shape like the flight of migratory birds—sometimes in line, sometimes in mass, mostly in V-shaped groups, with the points toward the enemy. At these points regimental flags were flying, sometimes drooping as the bearers were shot, but never reaching the ground, for other brave hands were there to seize them. Sixty flags were advancing up the hill. Bragg was hurrying large bodies of men from his right to the center. They could be seen hastening along the ridge. Cheatham's division was being withdrawn from



BAIRD'S DIVISION FIGHTING FOR THE CREST OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.
From the Cyclorama.

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

The sun had not yet gone down, Missionary Ridge was ours, and Bragg's army was broken and in flight! . . .

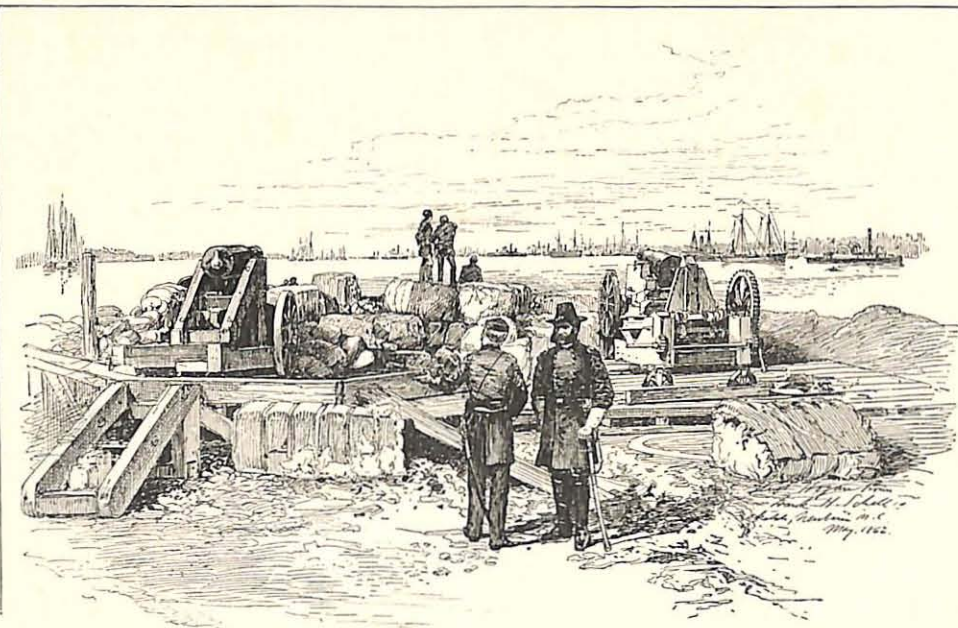
Sheridan did not long stop to receive praise and congratulations. With two brigades he started down the Mission Mills road, and found, strongly

posted on a second hill, the enemy's rear. They made a stout resistance, but by a sudden flank movement he drove them from the heights and captured two guns and many prisoners. . . .

2. THE CONFEDERATE SIDE, BY GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, C. S. A.

About 11 A. M. the enemy's forces were being moved in heavy masses from Lookout and beyond to our front, while those in front extended to our right. They formed their lines with great deliberation just beyond the range of our guns and in plain view of our position. Though greatly outnumbered, such was the strength of our position that no doubt was entertained of our ability to hold it, and every disposition was made for that purpose. During this time they [the enemy] had made several attempts on our extreme right, and had been handsomely repulsed with very heavy loss by Major-General Cleburne's command, under the immediate directions of Lieutenant-General Hardee. . . . About 8:30 P. M. the immense force in the front of our left and center advanced in three lines, preceded by heavy skirmishers. Our batteries opened with fine effect, and much confusion was produced before they reached musket-range. In a short time the roar of musketry became very heavy, and it was soon apparent the enemy had been repulsed in my immediate front. While riding along the crest congratulating the troops, intelligence reached me that our line was

broken on my right, and the enemy had crowned the ridge. Assistance was promptly despatched to that point under Brigadier-General Bate, who had so successfully maintained the ground in my front, and I proceeded to the rear of the broken line to rally our retiring troops and return them to the crest to drive the enemy back. General Bate found the disaster so great that his small force could not repair it. About this time I learned that our extreme left had also given way, and that my position was almost surrounded. Bate was immediately directed to form a second line in the rear, where, by the efforts of my staff, a nucleus of stragglers had been formed upon which to rally. Lieutenant-General Hardee, leaving Major-General Cleburne in command on the extreme right, moved toward the left when he heard the heavy firing in that direction. He reached the right of Anderson's division just in time to find it had nearly all fallen back, commencing on its left, where the enemy had first crowned the ridge. By a prompt and judicious movement, he threw a portion of Cheatham's division directly across the ridge facing the enemy, who was now moving a strong force immediately on his left flank. By a decided stand here the enemy was entirely checked, and that portion of our force to the right remained intact. All to the left, however, except a portion of Bate's division, was entirely routed and in rapid flight. . . . A panic which I had never before witnessed seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or his character. In this distressing and alarming state of affairs General Bate was ordered to hold his position covering the road for the retreat of Breckinridge's command, and orders were immediately sent to Generals Hardee and Breckinridge to retire their forces upon the depot at Chickamauga. . . . No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops on the left in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column, and wherever resistance was made the enemy fled in disorder after suffering heavy loss. Those who reached the ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion from the great physical exertion in climbing which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them. Having secured much of our artillery, they soon availed themselves of our panic, and turning our guns upon us enfiladed the lines, both right and left, rendering them entirely untenable. Had all parts of the line been maintained with equal gallantry and persistence, no enemy could ever have dislodged us, and but one possible reason presents itself to my mind in explanation of this bad conduct in veteran troops who never before failed in any duty assigned them, however difficult and hazardous: They had for two days confronted the enemy, marshaling his immense forces in plain view, and exhibiting to their sight such a superiority in numbers as may have intimidated weak-minded and untried soldiers. But our veterans had so often encountered similar hosts when the strength of position was against us, and with perfect success, that not a doubt crossed my mind.



GENERAL BURNSIDE AT THE CONFEDERATE COTTON BATTERY ON THE WHARF, NEW BERNE.

From a war-time sketch.

OPERATIONS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.

The Confederate forts, Hatteras and Clark, at Hatteras Inlet, the main approach to Pamlico Sound, were reduced by a military and naval expedition led by General Benjamin F. Butler and Commodore Silas H. Stringham in August, 1861.

The fine harbor of Port Royal, South Carolina, was secured in November of the same year by a combined expedition under Commodore Samuel F. Du Pont and General Thomas W. Sherman. Forts Walker and Beauregard, at the entrance to the harbor, were reduced after five hours' bombardment.

The capture of Port Royal was followed by the abandonment by the Confederates of all the coast towns South of Charleston, except Savannah, which was defended by Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the river. In April, 1862, that stronghold was reduced by a remarkable bombardment from Union batteries erected on Tybee Island.

A strong blockade was maintained along the coast, but it was neutralized again and again by Confederate supply steamers, and also by cruisers, notably in front of Charleston and Wilmington. At Charleston, in the summer of 1862, the blockading fleet was effectually destroyed by Confederate rams.

The Confederates made three attempts to recapture New Berne, North Carolina, after it fell into Union possession, as narrated by General Burnside, below. All were failures. In the last, May 5, 1864, the ram *Albatross* attempted to cooperate, but while passing through Albemarle Sound she was met and defeated by a fleet under Captain Melancton Smith.

Fort Fisher, a strong work at the mouth of Cape Fear River guarding Wilmington, held out until January, 1865 (see article by Captain Selfridge to follow), and, on the 22d of February, Wilmington fell into the hands of General John M. Schofield, with an army transferred from Tennessee, by way of Washington.

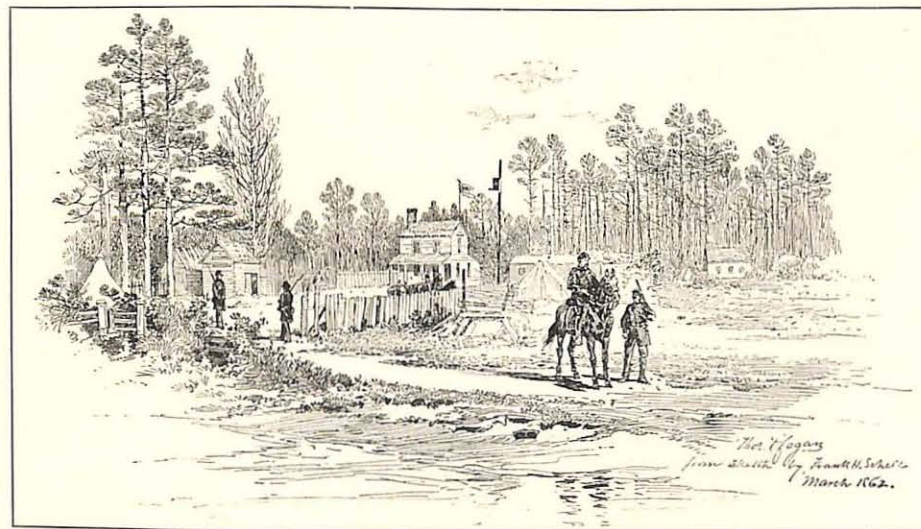
The following paper was read by General Burnside before the Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island, July 7th, 1880, and is included here by permission of the Society, the text being somewhat abridged to conform to the plan of this work.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION TO NORTH CAROLINA.

BY AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.

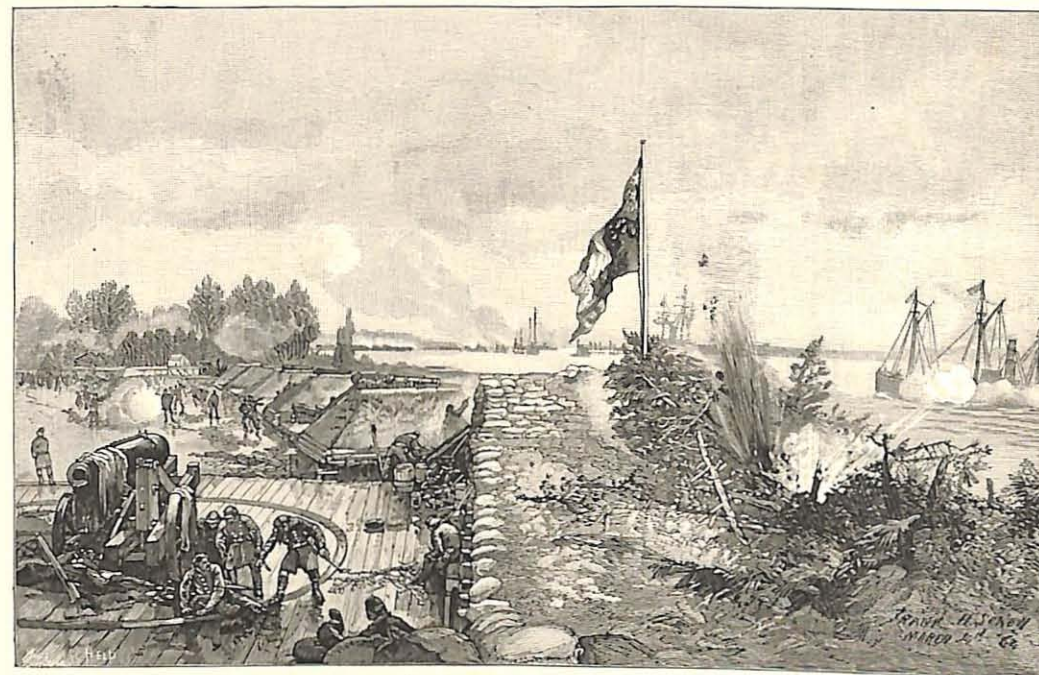
Commander of the Forces in the North Carolina Campaign.

SOON after the 1st Rhode Island regiment was mustered out of service, I was appointed by President Lincoln to the office of brigadier-general. My commission was given to me August 6th, 1861, and I was ordered to report to Gen-



GENERAL BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS, ROANOKE ISLAND.

From a war-time sketch.



FORTS ELLIS AND LANE IN THE DISTANCE.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE FORT THOMPSON DURING THE BATTLE OF NEW BERNE.

From a war-time sketch.

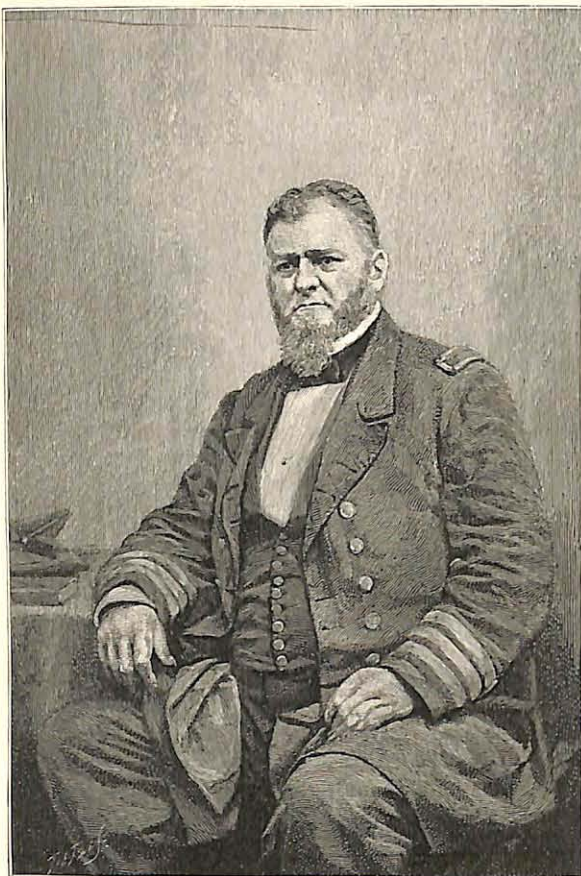
eral McClellan, who placed me in charge of the division and brigades which were formed of the new troops as they arrived in Washington. My duty was to look after the drill and discipline of these brigades, with a view to giving the men the efficiency necessary for assignment to the older divisions of the army, which were then organizing in Washington under the name of the Army of the Potomac. The duty was interesting in some respects, but was in the main somewhat tame, so that I very naturally desired more active duty.

One evening in the following October, General

McClellan and I were chatting together over the affairs of the war, when I mentioned to him a plan for the formation of a coast division to which I had given some thought. After giving him a somewhat detailed account of the plan, he asked me to put it in writing as soon as possible, which was done. The next day it was presented to him, and it met his approval. He laid it before the Secretary of War, by whom it was also approved. The general details of the plan were briefly as follows: To organize a division of from 12,000 to 15,000 men, mainly from States bordering on the Northern sea-coast, many of whom would be familiar with the coasting trade, and among whom would be found a goodly number of mechanics; and to fit out a fleet of light-draught steamers, sailing vessels, and barges, large enough to transport the division, its armament and supplies, so that it could be rapidly thrown from point to point on the coast with a view to establishing lodgments on the Southern coast, landing troops, and penetrating into the interior, thereby threatening the lines of transportation in the rear of the main army then concentrating in Virginia, and holding possession of the inland waters on the Atlantic coast.

After the approval of the plan, I was ordered to New York to fit out the fleet; and on the 23d of October orders were issued establishing my headquarters for the concentration of the troops of the division at Annapolis. Troops arrived from time to time at Annapolis, and all went well in the camp, which was established on beautiful grounds just outside the town. . . .

I had organized the division into three brigades, which were placed in command of General J. G. Foster, General Jesse L. Reno, and General John G. Parke, three of my most trusted friends. We



REAR-ADMIRAL L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH, U. S. N.
Flag-officer of the fleet in the Burnside Expedition.

had been cadets together at West Point, and I had always entertained for them the greatest confidence and esteem. In all future operations in the expedition, our close friendly relations were maintained, and I was never disappointed in any reliance which I had placed on their gallantry, skill, and integrity. I had been notified by General McClellan that our destination would be Hatteras Inlet, with a view to operations in the inland waters of North Carolina.

On the 5th of January the troops began to embark. During that day there were some delays, which resulted from inexperience in the manœuvring of the vessels and in the new work to which they were unaccustomed. On that night, snow to the depth of from two to three inches fell, which gave to the camp and surrounding country, on the morning of the 6th, a most picturesque appearance. Regiment after regiment struck their tents and marched to the point of embarkation, with bands playing, colors flying, and the men cheering and singing from lightness of heart. As they passed through the quaint old town of Annapolis, the lines of troops, with their dark uniforms and glittering bayonets, contrasted markedly with the snow-clad fields and trees. . . .

On the morning of the 9th, each vessel set sail, under orders to rendezvous at Fort Monroe, and there, by the night of the 10th, all had joined the *Supply* and other vessels, making altogether a fleet

of more than eighty. The harbor probably never presented a finer appearance than on that night. All the vessels were illuminated, and the air was filled with the strains of martial music and the voices of brave men. Not a man in the fleet knew his destination, except myself, the brigade commanders, and two or three staff-officers, yet there was no complaint or inquisitiveness, but all seemed ready for whatever duty was before them.

Sealed orders were given to the commanders of each vessel, to be opened at sea. Much discouragement was expressed by nautical men and by men high in military authority as to the success of the expedition. The President and General McClellan were both approached, and the President was frequently warned that the vessels were unfit for sea, and that the expedition would be a total failure. Great anxiety was manifested to know its destination, but the secret had been well kept at Washington and at our headquarters. As Mr. Lincoln afterward told me, one public man was very importunate, and, in fact, almost demanded that the President should tell him where we were going. Finally, the President said to him, "Now, I will tell you in great confidence where they are going, if you will promise not to speak of it to any one." The promise was given, and Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, now, my friend, the expedition is going to sea!" The inquirer left him without receiving

any further information. In this joocular manner Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of throwing off the cares of state; and it often occurs to me that but for that habit he would have been broken down under the great weight of public responsibility which rested upon him from the first day of the war to the termination of his noble life. In my opinion, no man has ever lived who could have gone through that struggle as he did. At no period of his life, I believe, was his heart ever stirred with a feeling of enmity or resentment against any one. He was actuated by the simple desire and determination to maintain the authority of the Government at all hazards.

On the night of the 11th the signal for sailing

was given, and very soon the fleet was under way. My headquarters were on board a large steamer, the *George Peabody*; but, with two or three of my staff-officers, I took for my headquarters during the voyage a small propeller called the *Picket*, in reality the smallest vessel in the fleet. I was moved to do this because of the great criticism which had been made as to the unseaworthiness of the vessels of the fleet, and because of a desire to show my faith in their adaptability to the service. Their weaknesses were known to me, but they were the best that could be procured, and it was necessary that the service should be performed even at the risk of losing life by shipwreck. The weather was threatening, but I did not foresee the storm by which we were afterward overtaken. At that time we had no weather signal reports; but, in any event, the sailing would not have been delayed, because the orders to proceed to our work were imperative. It was, of course, learned by all, after reaching the sea, that the destination of the fleet was Hatteras Inlet. . . .

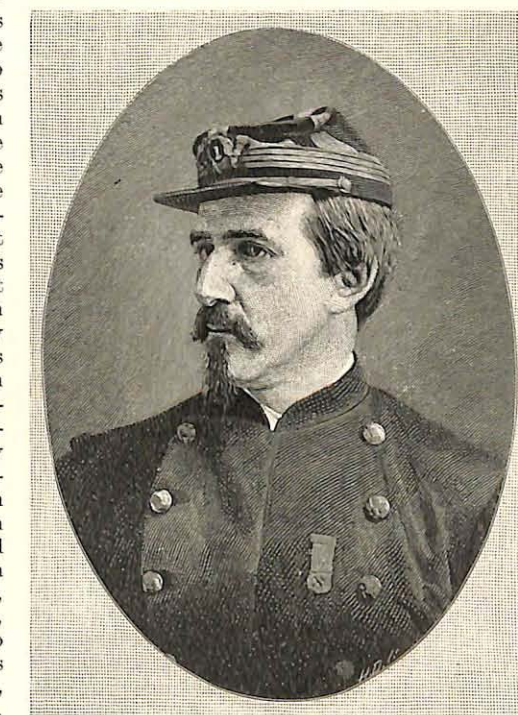
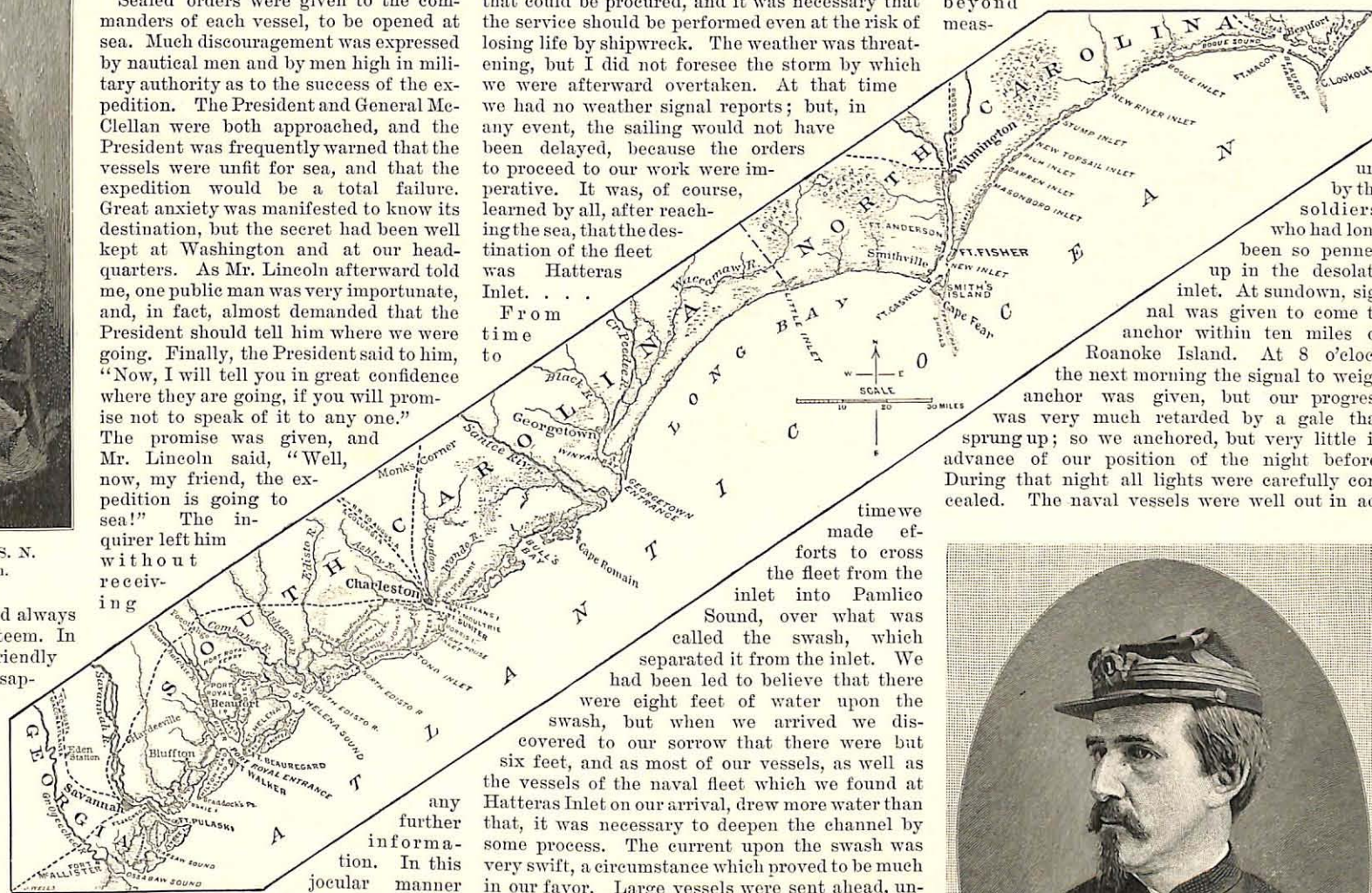
From time to

time we made efforts to cross the fleet from the inlet into Pamlico Sound, over what was called the swash, which had been led to believe that there were eight feet of water upon the swash, but when we arrived we discovered to our sorrow that there were but six feet, and as most of our vessels, as well as the vessels of the naval fleet which we found at Hatteras Inlet on our arrival, drew more water than that, it was necessary to deepen the channel by some process. The current upon the swash was very swift, a circumstance which proved to be much in our favor. Large vessels were sent ahead, under full steam, on the bar when the tide was running out, and then anchors were carried out by boats in advance, so as to hold the vessels in position. The swift current would wash the sand from under them and allow them to float, after which they were driven farther on by steam and anchored again, when the sand would again wash out from under them. This process was continued for days, until a broad channel of over eight feet was made, deep enough to allow the passage of the fleet into the sound. On the 26th, one of our largest steamers got safely over the swash and anchored in the sound, where some of the gun-boats had preceded them. By the 4th of February the entire fleet had anchored and had passed into the sound, and orders

were given for the advance on Roanoke Island. Detailed instructions were given for the landing of the troops and the mode of attack.

At an early hour on the morning of the 5th the start was made. The naval vessels, under Commodore Goldsborough, were in advance and on the flanks. The sailing vessels containing troops were taken in tow by the steamers. There were in all sixty-five vessels. The fleet presented an imposing appearance as it started up the sound. The day was most beautiful, and the sail was enjoyed beyond measure.

ure by the soldiers, who had long been so penned up in the desolate inlet. At sundown, signal was given to come to anchor within ten miles of Roanoke Island. At 8 o'clock the next morning the signal to weigh anchor was given, but our progress was very much retarded by a gale that sprung up; so we anchored, but very little in advance of our position of the night before. During that night all lights were carefully concealed. The naval vessels were well out in ad-



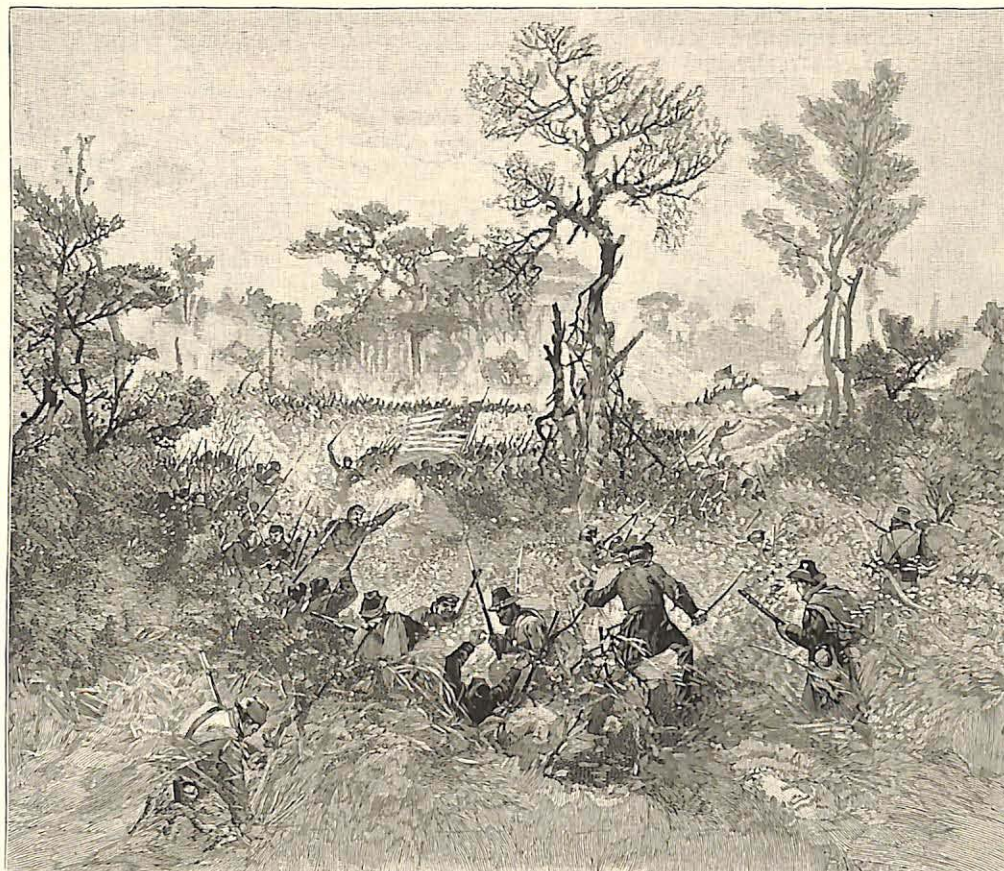
RUSH C. HAWKINS,
BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.

vance to protect the transports from the inroads of the rebel gun-boats.

On the morning of the 7th the gun-boats passed inside the narrow passage known as Roanoke Sound, and were soon abreast of the lower part of Roanoke Island. Soon after the naval fleet had passed through, the transport fleet began its passage. The rebel gun-boats were seen close inshore under the batteries of the island. At half-past 10 o'clock a signal gun was fired from one of the forts, announcing our approach. At half-past 11, one of the naval vessels opened fire, which was replied to by the rebels. Signals were given by the commodore of the fleet to begin the action. By noon the firing became rapid, and soon after the engagement became general. The rebels had driven a line of piles across the main channel to obstruct the progress of our vessels, leaving a narrow space for themselves to retreat through; and as our naval vessels pressed them, they availed themselves of this means of safety. Our guns soon got the range of their batteries, and, by most extraordinary skill and rapidity of firing, almost silenced them. Just before noon, I ordered a reconnoissance by a small boat, with the view of ascertaining a point of landing. A young negro, who had escaped from the island on our arrival at Hatteras Inlet, had given me most valuable information as to the nature of the shore of the island, from which I had determined that our point of landing should be at Ashby's Harbor, which was nearly midway up the shore.

At 1 o'clock, the quarters of the garrison in one of the forts were fired by one of our shells. The rebel gun-boats retired up the sound, but still continued a brisk fire as they were followed by our vessels. Orders were given for the troops to land at 3 o'clock. The ground in the rear of Ashby's Harbor was cleared by shells from the naval vessels, and our large surf-boats were lowered, rapidly filled with troops, and towed up in long lines by light-draught vessels until they came near to the shore of the harbor, when each of the surf-boats was cut loose and steered for the shore. There was no obstruction to their landing. In less than an hour 4000 troops were ashore, and before midnight the entire force was landed, with the exception of one regiment, which was landed on the morning of the 8th.

The advance of our troops was ordered on this morning, General Foster being in the advance and center, General Reno on the left, and General Parke on the right. Just above Ashby's Harbor the island from shore to shore was marshy, swampy ground. A causeway had been built up the center of the island, and on this, about one mile and a half from the harbor, was a fort, which was flanked by what seemed to



UNION ASSAULT UPON THE FORT AT ROANOKE ISLAND.

Described in text below. (From a war-time sketch.)

be impassable ground; but it did not prove to be so to our troops. General Foster pressed the rebels in front, General Reno passed around the left with his brigade, often waist-deep in the marsh, through almost impenetrable thickets, until he gained the right flank of the enemy's line. General Parke performed equally good service on the right, and after advantageous positions had been obtained, the work was carried by a simultaneous assault, and from that time there was no hindrance to the march of our troops to the head of the island and to the forts on the shore, where the entire garrison was captured. The naval fleet pursued the rebel gun-boats, nearly all of which, however, were destroyed by their crews to prevent capture. The results of this important victory were great, particularly in inspiring the confidence of the country in the efficiency of its armies in the field.

The troops enjoyed their rest at Roanoke Island, but were not allowed to remain idle long. On the 26th of February, orders were given to make arrangements to embark for New Berne, and within four days they were all on board. On the 12th of March, the entire command was anchored off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, and about fourteen miles from New Berne. The approach to the city had been obstructed by piles and sunken vessels. About four miles from New Berne a large fort on the shore had been built, with a heavy armament, and a line

of earthworks extended from the fort inland a distance of some two miles, where it ended in almost impassable ground.

On the night of the 12th orders were given for landing, and on the morning of the 13th the troops were put ashore, in very much the same way that they had been at Roanoke. By 1 o'clock the debarkation was finished, and the troops were put in line of march. About this time the rain began to fall, and the road became almost impassable. No ammunition could be carried except what the men themselves could carry. No artillery could be taken except the small howitzers, which were hauled by the troops with drag-ropes. This was one of the most disagreeable and difficult marches that I witnessed during the war. We came in contact with the enemy's pickets just before dark, when it was decided to delay the attack until morning. That night a most dreary bivouac followed. Early the next morning, notwithstanding the fog, the disposition for the attack was made. General Foster was ordered to engage the enemy on the right, General Reno to pass around on the extreme left, and General Parke to occupy the center. We were much nearer to the enemy than we expected, and were soon in contact with them. General Foster rapidly closed with them, and met with severe resistance. He asked for reinforcements, but was told that every man had been ordered into action, and that there were no reserves. The contest was

sharp, but brief. The 4th Rhode Island broke the enemy's line near where it crossed the railroad, after which the enemy wavered, and a general advance of our whole line placed us in possession of the works. The enemy fled to New Berne, burning the bridge behind them. Our troops rapidly pursued, but the fact that they had to cross the river in boats prevented them from capturing the main body of the enemy. As it was, large numbers of prisoners and munitions fell into our hands. In the mean time the naval vessels had worked their way up to the city and aided in the transportation of the troops across, and New Berne was occupied on the afternoon of the 14th.

It still remained for us to reduce Fort Macon, Beaufort. To this work General Parke's brigade was ordered. The country between New Berne and Beaufort was immediately occupied, and a passage by hand-car was made between the two places, all the rolling stock having been run off the road. By the morning of the 11th of April regular siege operations had been begun by General Parke and were pressed rapidly forward, and by the 26th of April the garrison at Beaufort had been forced to surrender.

Thus another victory was to be inscribed upon our banner. The Rhode Island troops bore a most honorable part in this conflict. After that, several small expeditions were sent into the interior of the country, all of which were successful.

Much to my sorrow, on the 3d of the following July I was ordered to go to the peninsula to consult with General McClellan, and after that my duties as commanding officer in North Carolina ended; but a large proportion of the troops of the expedition served under me during the remainder of the war, as members of the gallant Ninth Corps.

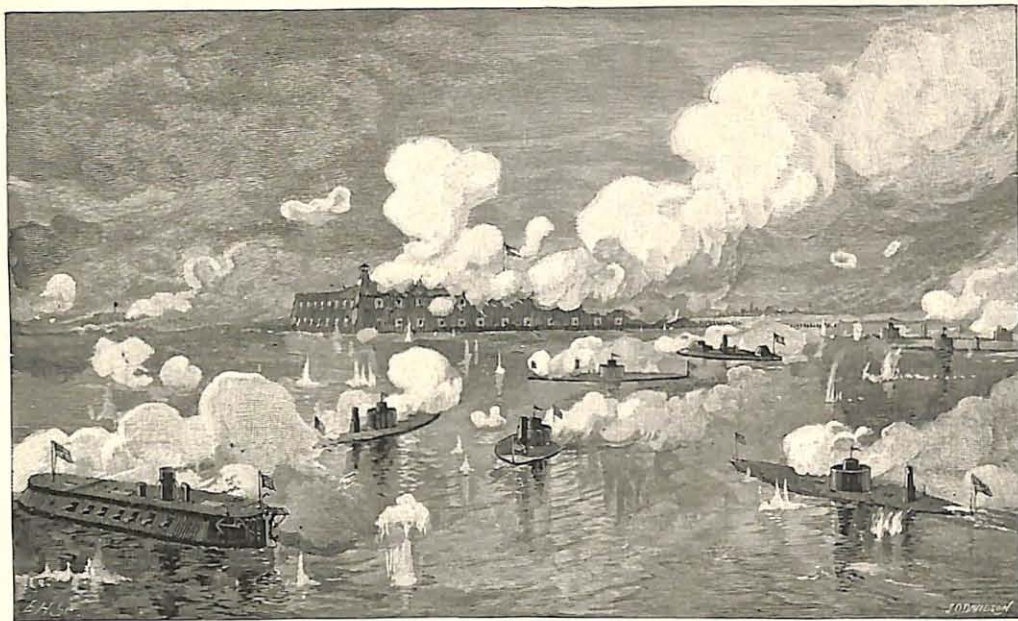
The Burnside expedition has passed into history; its record we can be proud of. No body of troops ever had more difficulties to overcome in the same space of time. Its perils were both by land and water. Defeat never befell it. No gun was lost by it. Its experience was a succession of honorable victories.



L. O'B. BRANCH,
BRIGADIER-GEN., C. S. A.
Commanding the Confederate
forces at New Berne; killed at
Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862. (From
a photograph.)



VICE-ADMIRAL S. C. ROWAN, U. S. N.
Commander of the naval division at Roanoke Island.



"NEW IRONSIDES."
BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER AND ADJACENT FORTS BY THE UNION FLEET, APRIL 7, 1863.

BEFORE CHARLESTON IN 1863.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL QUINCY A. GILLMORE,
U. S. V.
Commanding the Department of the South.

NOTE.—As the city of Charleston was one of the two chief points through which munitions of war and other supplies from Europe were sent into the Confederacy, the United States Government was anxious to capture it. The Confederates under Beauregard strengthened and equipped Forts Sumter and Moultrie, and other defensive works in the harbor, constructed batteries, laid torpedoes in navigable streams near the city of Charleston, and kept a large force of men in the various garrisons, with reinforcements not far away.

On the 7th of April, 1863, Admiral Du Pont, with a fleet of monitors, unsuccessfully attacked Fort Sumter. Later the Union land forces, under General Quincy A. Gillmore, undertook the capture of Morris Island, held by the Confederates with infantry and artillery. From the position thus secured, and in cooperation with the fleet, Fort Sumter could then be successfully assailed, leaving a passage for the ships to enter the harbor and reach the city. Morris Island, with its powerful "Battery Wagner," was captured, but Sumter, though only a ruin, remained in the hands of the Confederates throughout the war. Charleston was not evacuated until February 17, 1865, and then only to furnish additional men to the army opposing Sherman's march.

The following is General Gillmore's account of the attack on Morris Island, and the storming of Battery Wagner.

. . . Between the middle of June and the 6th of July preparations for the descent upon Morris Island went quietly forward. It was deemed necessary that this attack should be a surprise in order to insure success. On the extreme northern end of Folly Island forty-seven field and siege guns and mortars were quietly placed in position, screened by thick undergrowth from the view of the enemy on the opposite side of Light-house inlet. . . .

On the evening of July 9th a small brigade was silently embarked in row-boats in Folly River, behind Folly Island. It was commanded by Brigadier-General George C. Strong, who had received

orders to carry the south end of Morris Island by storm. By break of day the leading boats had reached Light-house inlet, where the column was halted under cover of marsh-grass to await orders. The point where the landing was to be made was still nearly a mile distant, and this stretch of river had to be passed in full view under fire. All our Folly Island batteries opened before sunrise, and soon after this four iron-clad monitors, led by Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, steamed up abreast of Morris Island and took part in the action. After the cannonade had lasted nearly two hours General Strong was signaled to push forward and make the attack. This was promptly and gallantly done under a hot fire. The men did not hesitate or waver for a moment. All the enemy's batteries on the south end of the island, containing eleven pieces of artillery, were captured in succession, and by 9 o'clock we occupied three-fourths of the island, with our skirmishers within musket range of Battery Wagner. Thus was the first step in the plan of joint operation successfully taken. The intense heat, which prostrated many of the men, forced a suspension of operations for the day.

Two unsuccessful attempts were made to carry Battery Wagner by assault. In the first, which took place at daybreak on the morning of July 11th, the parapet of the work was reached, but the supports recoiled under the heavy fire of grape and canister that met them, and the advantage gained could not be held. This repulse demonstrated the remarkable strength of the work and the necessity of establishing counter-batteries against it, which, with the cooperation of the fleet, might dismount the principal guns and either drive the enemy from it or open the way to a successful assault. After the first assault Battery Wagner was inclosed; it reached entirely across the island from water to water; it mounted some heavy guns for channel defense, and several siege-guns that swept the

narrow beach over which we would have to approach from the south; and a large bomb-proof shelter afforded the garrison absolute protection when the fire became so hot that they could not stand to their guns or man the parapet. To us the place presented the appearance of a succession of low, irregular sand-hills like the rest of the island. Battery Gregg, on the north end of the island at Cumming's Point, was known to be armed with guns bearing on the channel. Of one important topographical change we were entirely ignorant. We did not know that the island at its narrowest point, between us and Battery Wagner, and quite near to the latter, had been worn away by the encroachments of the sea to about one-third the width shown on our latest charts, and so much reduced in height that during spring-tides or heavy weather the waves swept entirely over it to the marsh in rear. Against us the fort presented an armed front about 800 feet in length, reaching entirely across the island, while our advance must be made over a strip of low shifting sand only about 80 feet wide, and two feet above the range of ordinary tides.

Between the 16th and 18th of July, as preliminary to a second attempt to get possession of Battery Wagner by assault, 41 pieces of artillery, comprising light rifles and siege-mortars, were put in position on an oblique line across the island at distances from the fort ranging from 1300 to 1900 yards. The rifles were intended principally to dismount the enemy's guns. Early in the afternoon of the 18th all these batteries opened fire, and the navy closed in on the fort and took an active and efficient part in the engagement. In a short time the work became absolutely silent on the faces looking toward us, and practically so on the sea front, from which at the beginning of the action a severe fire had been delivered against the fleet.



MAJOR-GENERAL QUINCY A. GILLMORE,
U. S. A.
From a photograph.

The work was silenced for the time at least, but whether this was due to the injury inflicted on its armament, or to the inability of the men to stand to their pieces, or to these two causes combined, we had no means of knowing.

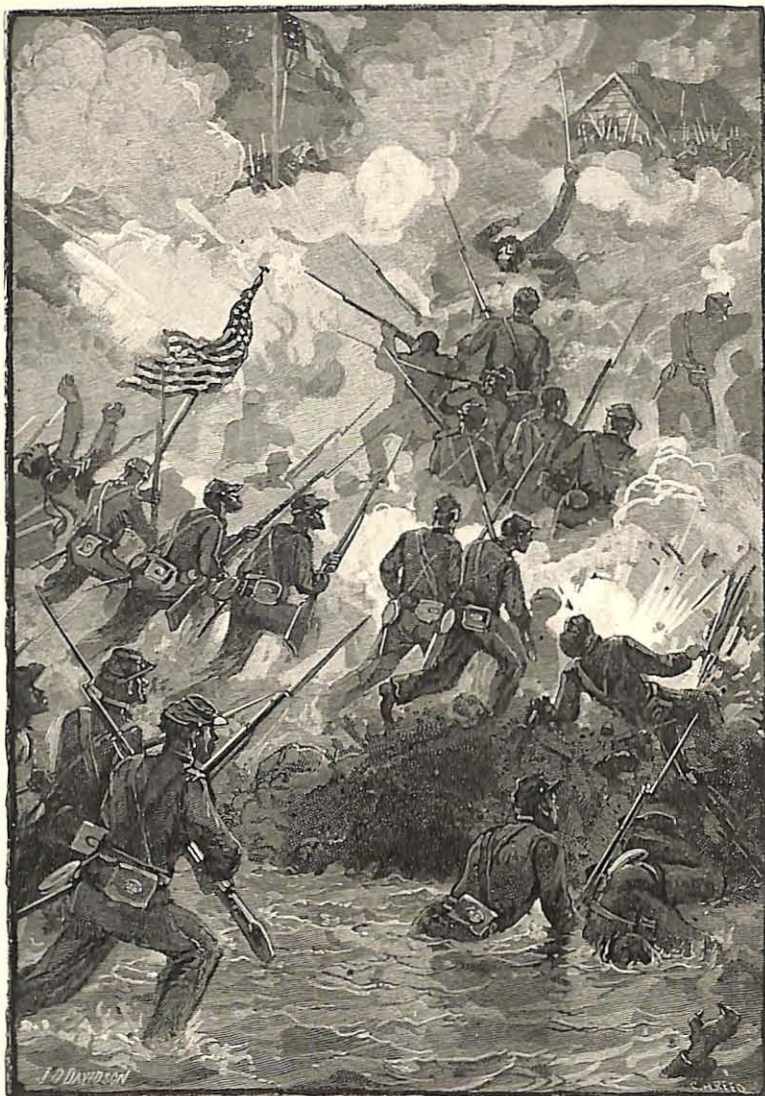
An assault was ordered. The time of evening twilight was selected for the storming party to advance, in order that it might not be distinctly seen from the James Island batteries on our extreme left, and from Fort Sumter and Sullivan's Island in our distant front. Brigadier-General Truman Seymour organized and commanded the assaulting column, composed of Brigadier-General G. C. Strong's brigade supported by the brigade of Colonel Haldimand S. Putnam. As the column left the line of our batteries and began its advance along the narrow strip of beach, a rapid fire was opened upon it from Fort Sumter and from the works on James Island and on Sullivan's Island. When it reached a point so near to Battery Wagner that the fire from our own guns and those of the navy had to be suspended from fear of destroying our own men, a compact and deadly sheet of musketry fire was instantly poured upon the advancing column by the garrison, which had suddenly issued forth from the security of the bomb-proof shelter. Although the troops went gallantly forward and gained the southeast bastion of the work and held it for more than two hours, the advantages which local knowledge and the deepening darkness gave the enemy forced a withdrawal. The repulse was complete, and our loss severe, especially in officers of rank. The gallant Strong, who had been the first man to land on Morris Island a few days before, actually leading his entire command in



THE "SWAMP ANGEL" IN POSITION.

From a sketch made at the time.

NOTE.—The 8-inch 200-pounder Parrott rifle gun, called the "Swamp Angel" by the soldiers, was used in bombarding the city of Charleston. The English journal, "Engineering," speaks of the construction of the battery upon which this gun was mounted as one of the most important engineering works done by either army. The gun exploded in the thirty-sixth discharge. It is now mounted as a monument in Trenton, New Jersey.



THE NIGHT ASSAULT ON BATTERY WAGNER, JULY 18, 1863.

that descent and in the daring assault that followed, was fatally wounded. . . . Colonel John S. Chatfield was mortally wounded; Colonel Hal-dimand S. Putnam and Colonel Robert G. Shaw were killed; and Brigadier-General Truman Seymour and several regimental commanders were wounded. . . .

To meet the contingency brought on by the failure it was determined to change slightly the pre-arranged order of operations by attempting the demolition of Fort Sumter with our heavy rifles, at a distance of two miles and upward, by firing over Battery Wagner and its garrison from ground already in our possession. . . .

The first parallel was established, July 19th, on the line occupied the day before by our batteries against Battery Wagner, and the second parallel on the night of the 23d by the flying sap, about six hundred yards in advance of the first. Eleven of the breaching guns against Fort Sumter were located in these two parallels, and the other seven to

the left and rear of the first parallel. Those in the second parallel were perilously near to Battery Wagner, the most advanced piece being only 820 yards distant from the guns of that work. One of the batteries was efficiently commanded by Commander Foxhall A. Parker, U. S. N. On the night of August 9th the position selected for the third parallel was reached by the flying sap, 330 yards in advance of the right of the second parallel. It was deemed inexpedient to push the approaches beyond this point until after the breaching batteries should open on Fort Sumter.

From this time forward the fire from the enemy's guns in our front and on our extreme left was severe and almost uninterrupted. . . . Finally some of the breaching batteries opened fire on the 17th of August, and by the 19th all were in successful operation. The result was soon clearly foreshadowed.

Nothing, indeed, but the destruction of our guns, either by the enemy's shot or through their own inherent weakness, would long delay it. About 450 projectiles struck the fort daily, every one of which inflicted an incurable wound. Large masses of the brick walls and parapets were rapidly loosened and thrown down. The bulk of our fire was directed against the gorge and southeast face, which presented themselves diagonally to us. They were soon pierced through and through, and cut down on top to the casemate arches. The shot that went over them took the north and northwest faces in reverse.

The seven days' service of the breaching batteries, ending August 23d, left Fort Sumter in the condition of a mere infantry outpost, without the power to fire a gun heavier than a musket, alike incapable of annoying our approaches to Battery Wagner, or of inflicting injury upon the fleet. In this condition it remained for about six weeks. A desultory fire was kept up to prevent repairs, and on the 30th of August another severe cannonade was opened and continued for two days at the request of the admiral commanding, who contemplated entering the inner harbor on the 31st.

Some time before this the enemy began to remove the armament of Fort Sumter by night, and many of its guns were soon mounted in other parts of the harbor.

During the progress of the operations thus briefly outlined, the navy had most cordially coöperated whenever and wherever their aid could best be rendered. The service of the monitors was notably efficient in subduing the fire of Battery Wagner, which at times not only seriously retarded the labors of the sappers, but threatened the destruction of some of the most advanced of the breaching guns. While the breaching of Fort Sumter was still in progress, active work was resumed on the approaches to Battery Wagner by pushing the full sap from the left of the third parallel. Meanwhile, the spring-tides had come with easterly winds, flooding the trenches to the depth of two feet and washing down the parapets. The progress of the sap was hotly contested with both artillery and sharpshooters. The latter had taken possession of a ridge about 240 yards in advance of the main work, where they had placed themselves under such cover that they could not be dislodged by our fire or the flank fire of the fleet, while that from their own guns in rear passed harmlessly over their heads. An attempt to capture this ridge having failed, a fourth parallel was established on the night of August 21st, about five hundred yards in advance of the third. From this point the ridge was carried [by the 24th Massachusetts] at the point of the bayonet on the 26th, under the direction of Brigadier-General Terry, and the fifth parallel was established thereon. The resistance to our advance now assumed a most obstinate and determined character, being evidently under skilful and intelligent direction, while the firing from the James Island batteries became more steady and accurate. . . .

In this emergency it was determined, as well to

hasten the final result as to revive the flagging spirits of the men, to carry on simultaneously against Battery Wagner two distinct kinds of attack: First, to silence the work by an overpowering bombardment with siege and Cohorn mortars, so that our sappers would have only the James Island batteries to annoy them; and, second, to breach the bomb-proof shelter with our heavy rifles, and thus force a surrender. During the daytime the *New Ironsides*, Captain S. C. Rowan, was to coöperate with her eight-gun broadsides. These operations were actively begun at break of day on the 5th of September. . . .

The garrison soon sought safety in the bomb-proof shelter, and the fort showed but little sign of life. . . . Early on the night of September 6th our sap was pushed forward entirely beyond the south front of the work, and between the sea front and the water, crowning the crest of the counter-scarp at the north or farthest end of that front, and completely masking all the guns of the work. An order was issued to carry the place the next morning by assault on the north front at the time of low tide, when the width of beach would be the greatest. . . . During the night the fort was evacuated with such celerity that only two boat-loads of men were captured.

These operations left the whole of Morris Island in our possession, and Fort Sumter in ruins and destitute of guns. A powerful armament was mounted on the north end of the island, to coöperate with the monitors when they should move in, and to prevent the remounting of guns on Fort Sumter. Early on the morning following the capture of Battery Wagner, the admiral, under a flag of truce, demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter. It was refused.

On the night of the 8th a naval assault was made on the work about midnight, and repulsed with considerable loss. . . .



THE BOAT ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER, NIGHT OF SEPT. 8, 1863.



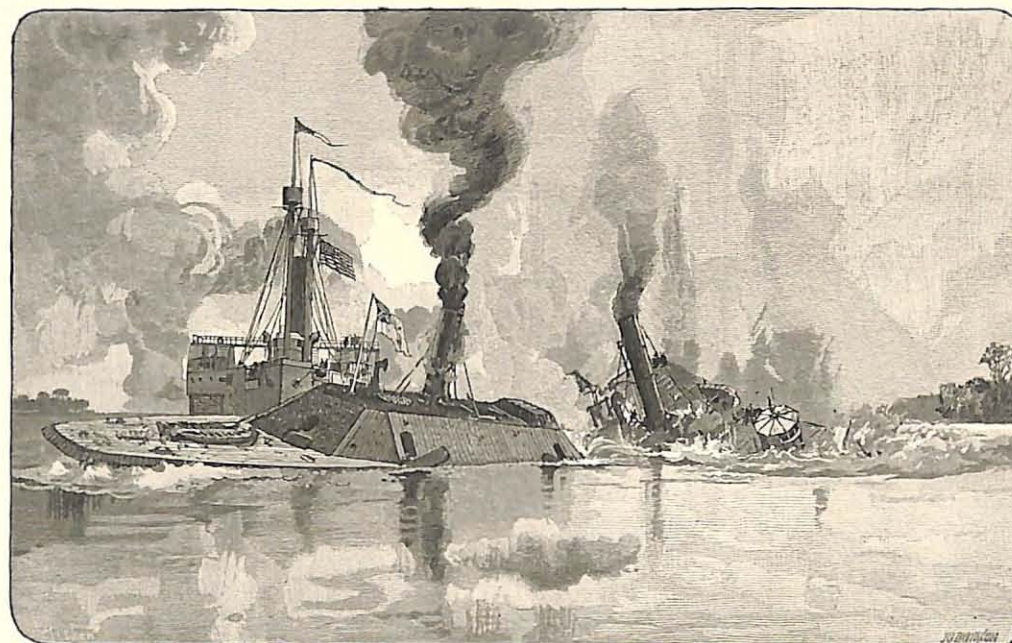
CAPTAIN J. W. COOKE, C. S. N.
Commander of the "Albemarle."

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM "ALBEMARLE."

BY HER BUILDER, GILBERT ELLIOTT.
Volunteer aide to the commander of the ram during the engagement described.

IN the spring of 1864 it was decided at Confederate headquarters that an attempt should be made to recapture Plymouth. General Hoke was placed in command of the land forces, and Captain J. W. Cooke received orders to cooperate with the *Albemarle*, an ironclad then nearly finished. Accordingly Hoke's division proceeded to the vicinity of Plymouth and surrounded the town from the river above to the river below, and preparation was made to storm the forts and breastworks as soon as the *Albemarle* could clear the river front of the Federal war-vessels protecting the place with their guns.

On the morning of April 18th, 1864, the *Albemarle* left the town of Hamilton and proceeded down the river toward Plymouth, going stern foremost, with chains dragging from the bow, the rapidity of the current making it impracticable to steer with her head down-stream. She came to



THE SINKING OF THE "SOUTHFIELD," APRIL 18, 1864.

anchor about three miles above Plymouth, and a mile or so above the battery on the bluff at Warren's Neck, near Thoroughfare Gap, where torpedoes, sunken vessels, piles, and other obstructions had been placed. An exploring expedition was sent out, under command of one of the lieutenants, which returned in about two hours, with the report that it was considered impossible to pass the obstructions. Thereupon the fires were banked, and the officers and crew not on duty retired to rest.

Having accompanied Captain Cooke as a volunteer aide, and feeling intensely dissatisfied with the apparent intention of lying at anchor all that night, and believing that it was "then or never" with the ram if she was to accomplish anything, and that it would be foolhardy to attempt the passage of the obstructions and batteries in the daytime, I requested permission to make a personal investigation. Captain Cooke cordially assenting,

and Pilot John Luck and two of the few experienced seamen on board volunteering their services, we set forth in a small lifeboat, taking with us a long pole, and arriving at the obstructions proceeded to take soundings. To our great joy it was ascertained that there was ten feet of water over and above the obstructions. This was due to the remarkable freshet then prevailing; the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" said, afterward, that such high water had never before been seen in Roanoke River. Pushing on down the stream to Plymouth, and taking advantage of the shadow of the trees on the north side of the river, opposite the town, we watched the Federal transports taking on board the women and children who were being sent away for safety, on account of the approaching bombardment. With muffled oars, and almost afraid to breathe, we made our way back up the river, hugging the northern bank, and reached the ram about 1 o'clock, reporting to Captain Cooke that it was practicable to pass the obstructions provided the boat was kept in the middle of the stream. Captain Cooke instantly aroused his men, gave the order to get up steam, slipped the cables in his impatience to be off, and started down the river. The obstructions were soon reached and safely passed, under a fire from the fort at Warren's Neck which was not returned. Protected by the ironclad shield, to those on board the noise made by the shot and shell as they struck the boat sounded no louder than pebbles thrown against an empty barrel. At Boyle's Mill, lower down, there was another fort upon which was mounted a very heavy gun. This was also safely passed, and we then discovered two steamers coming up the river. They proved to be the *Miami* and the *Southfield*.

The two ships were lashed together with long spars, and with chains festooned between them. The plan of Captain Flusser, who commanded, was to run his vessels so as to get the *Albemarle* be-

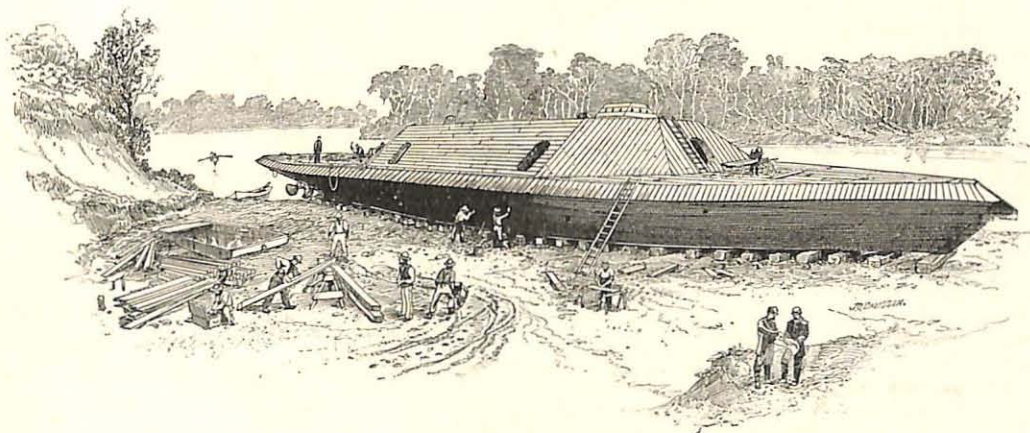
tween the two, which would have placed the ram at a great disadvantage, if not altogether at his mercy; but Captain Cooke ran the ram close to the southern shore, and then suddenly turning toward the middle of the stream, and going with the current, the throttles, in obedience to his bell, being wide open, he dashed the prow of the *Albemarle* into the side of the *Southfield*, making an opening large enough to carry her to the bottom in much less time than it takes to tell the story. Part of her crew went down with her.

The chain-plates on the forward deck of the *Albemarle* became entangled in the frame of the sinking vessel, and her bow was carried down to such a depth that water poured into her port-holes in great volume, and she would soon have shared the fate of the *Southfield*, had not the latter vessel reached the bottom, and then, turning over on her side, released the ram, thus allowing her to come up on an even keel. The *Miami*, right alongside, had opened fire with her heavy guns, and so close were the vessels that a shell with a ten-second fuse, fired by Captain Flusser, after striking the *Albemarle* rebounded and exploded, killing the gallant man who pulled the lanyard, tearing him almost to pieces. Notwithstanding the death of Flusser, an attempt was made to board the ram, which was heroically resisted by as many of the crew as could be crowded on the top deck, who were supplied with loaded muskets passed up by their comrades below. The *Miami*, a very fast side-wheeler, succeeded in eluding the *Albemarle* without receiving a blow from her ram, and retired below Plymouth, into Albemarle Sound.

Captain Cooke having successfully carried out his part of the programme, General Hoke attacked the fortifications the next morning and carried them. . . . During the attack the *Albemarle* held the river front, and all day long poured shot and shell into the resisting forts with her two guns.



COMMANDER C. W. FLUSSER, U. S. N.
In command of the "Miami." (Killed.)



BUILDING THE "ALBEMARLE" AT EDWARDS'S FERRY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

BY W. B. CUSHING, COMMANDER, U. S. N.
Leader of the expedition to sink the iron-clad ram.

IN September, 1864, the Government was laboring under much anxiety in regard to the condition of affairs in the sounds of North Carolina. Some months previous (April 19th) a rebel iron-clad had made her appearance, attacking and recapturing Plymouth, beating our fleet, and sinking the *Southfield*. Some time after (May 5th), this ironclad, the *Albemarle*, had steamed out into the open sound and engaged seven of our steamers, doing much damage and suffering little. The *Sasacus* had attempted to run her down, but had failed, and had had her boiler exploded. The Government had no ironclad that could cross Hatteras bar and enter the sounds, and it was impossible for any number of our vessels to injure the ram at Plymouth.

At this stage of affairs Admiral S. P. Lee spoke to me of the case, when I proposed a plan for her capture or destruction. I submitted in writing two plans. The first was based upon the fact that through a thick swamp the ironclad might be approached to within a few hundred yards, whence India-rubber boats, to be inflated and carried upon men's backs, might transport a boarding-party of a hundred men; in the second plan the offensive force was to be conveyed in two very small low-pressure steamers, each armed with a torpedo and a howitzer. In the latter (which had my preference), I intended that one boat should dash in, while the other stood by to throw canister and renew the attempt if the first should fail. It would also be useful to pick up our men if the attacking boat were disabled. Admiral Lee believed that the plan was a good one, and ordered me to Washington to submit it to the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, doubted the merit of the project, but concluded to order me to New York to "purchase suitable vessels."

Finding some boats building for picket duty, I selected two, and proceeded to fit them out. They were open launches, about thirty feet in length, with small engines, and propelled by a screw. A 12-pounder howitzer was fitted to the bow of each, and a boom was rigged out, some fourteen feet in length, swinging by a goose-neck hinge to the bluff of the bow. A topping lift, carried to a stanchion

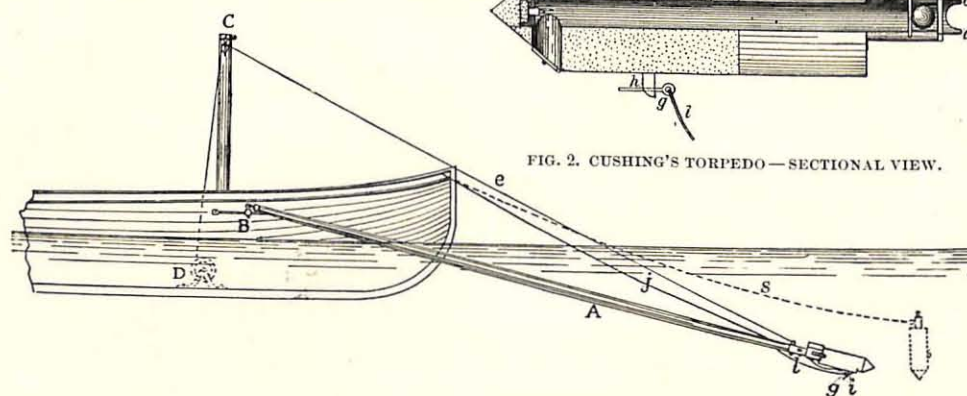
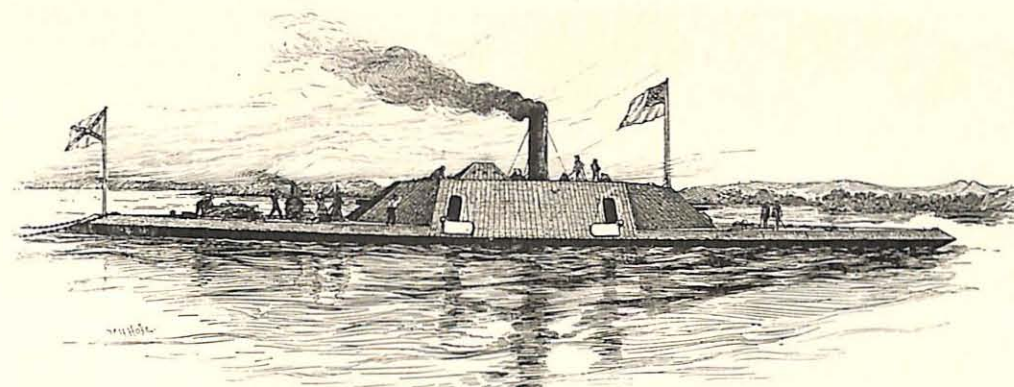


FIG. 1. CUSHING'S LAUNCH AND TORPEDO—SHOWING METHODS OF WORKING.



THE "ALBEMARLE" READY FOR ACTION.

inboard, raised or lowered it, and the torpedo was fitted into an iron slide at the end. This was intended to be detached from the boom by means of a heel-jigger leading inboard, and to be exploded by another line, connecting with a pin, which held a grape shot over a nipple and cap. The torpedo was the invention of Engineer Lay of the navy, and was introduced by Chief-Engineer Wood. Everything being completed, we started to the southward, taking the boats through the canals to Chesapeake Bay. My best boat having been lost in going down to Norfolk, I proceeded with the other through the Chesapeake and Albemarle canal. Half-way through, the canal was filled up, but finding a small creek that emptied into it below the obstruction, I endeavored to feel my way through. Encountering a mill-dam, we waited for high water, and ran the launch over it; below she grounded, but I got a flat-boat, and, taking out gun and coal, succeeded in two days in getting her through. Passing with but seven men through the canal, where for thirty miles there was no guard or Union inhabitant, I reached the sound, and ran before a gale of wind to Roanoke Island.

In the middle of the night I steamed off into the darkness, and in the morning was out of sight. Fifty miles up the sound I found the fleet anchored off the mouth of the river, and awaiting the ram's appearance. Here, for the first time, I disclosed

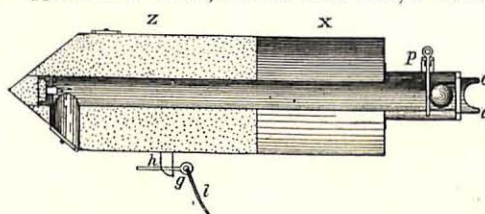


FIG. 2. CUSHING'S TORPEDO—SECTIONAL VIEW.

to my officers and men our object, and told them that they were at liberty to go or not, as they pleased. These, seven in number, all volunteered. One of them, Mr. Howarth of the *Monticello*, had been with me repeatedly in expeditions of peril.

The Roanoke River is a stream averaging 150 yards in width, and quite deep. Eight miles from the mouth was the town of Plymouth, where the ram was moored. Several thousand soldiers occupied town and forts, and held both banks of the stream. A mile below the ram was the wreck of the *Southfield*, with hurricane deck above water, and on this a guard was stationed. Thus it seemed impossible to surprise them, or to attack with hope of success.

Impossibilities are for the timid: we determined to overcome all obstacles. On the night of the 27th of October we entered the river, taking in tow a small cutter with a few men, whose duty was to dash aboard the wreck of the *Southfield* at the first hail, and prevent a rocket from being ignited.

We passed within thirty feet of the pickets without discovery, and neared the vessel. I now thought that it might be better to board her, and "take her alive," having in the two boats twenty men well armed with revolvers, cutlasses, and hand-grenades. To be sure, there were ten times our number on the ship and thousands near by; but a surprise is everything, and I thought if her fasts were cut at the instant of boarding, we might overcome those on board, take her into the stream, and use her iron sides to protect us afterward from the forts. Knowing the town, I concluded to land at the lower wharf, creep around, and suddenly dash aboard from the bank; but just as I was sheering in close to the wharf, a hail came, sharp and quick, from the ironclad, and in an instant was repeated. I at once directed the cutter to cast off, and go down to capture the guard left in our rear, and, ordering all steam, went at the dark mountain of iron in front of us. A heavy fire was at once opened upon us, not only from the ship, but from men stationed on the shore. This did not disable us, and we neared them rapidly. A large fire now blazed upon the bank, and by its light I discovered the unfortunate fact that there was a circle of logs around the *Albemarle*, boomed well out from her side, with the very intention of preventing the action of torpedoes. To examine them more closely,

I ran alongside until amidships, received the enemy's fire, and sheered off for the purpose of turning, a hundred yards away, and going at the booms squarely, at right angles, trusting to their having been long enough in the water to have become slimy—in which case my boat, under full headway, would bump up against them and slip over into the pen with the ram. This was my only chance of success, and once over the obstruction my boat would never get out again. As I turned, the whole back of my coat was torn out by buck-shot, and the sole of my shoe was carried away. The fire was very severe.

In a lull of the firing, the captain hailed us, again demanding what boat it was. All my men gave comical answers, and mine was a dose of canister from the howitzer. In another instant we had struck the logs and were over, with headway nearly gone, slowly forging up under the enemy's quarterport. Ten feet from us the muzzle of a rifle gun looked into our faces, and every word of command on board was distinctly heard.

My clothing was perforated with bullets as I stood in the bow, the heel-jigger in my right hand and the exploding-line in the left. We were near enough then, and I ordered the boom lowered until the forward motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the ram's overhang. A strong pull of the detaching-line, a moment's waiting for the torpedo to rise under the hull, and I hauled in the left hand, just cut by a bullet.

The explosion took place at the same instant that 100 pounds of grape, at 10 feet range, crashed among us, and the dense mass of water thrown out by the torpedo came down with choking weight upon us.

Twice refusing to surrender, I commanded the men to save themselves; and, throwing off sword, revolver, shoes, and coat, struck out from my disabled and sinking boat into the river. It was cold, long after the frosts, and the water chilled the blood, while the whole surface of the stream was



COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

plowed up by grape and musketry, and my nearest friends, the fleet, were twelve miles away; but anything was better than to fall into rebel hands, so I swam for the opposite shore. As I neared it a man [Samuel Higgins, fireman], one of my crew, gave a great gurgling yell and went down.

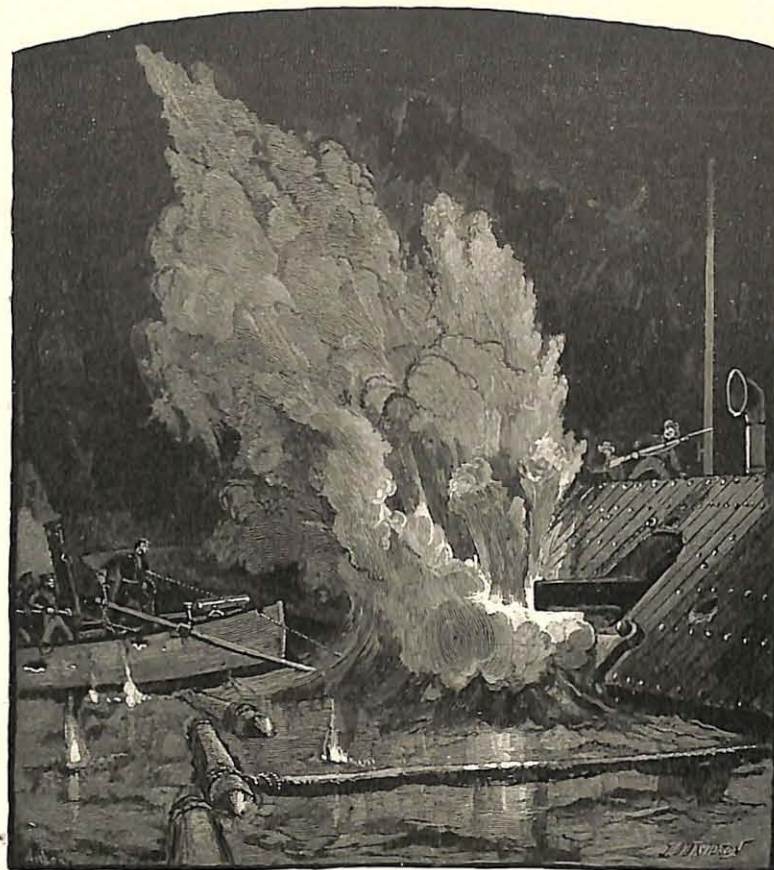
The rebels were out in boats picking up my men; and one of the boats, attracted by the sound, pulled in my direction. I heard my own name mentioned, but was not seen. I now "struck out" down the stream, and was soon far enough away again to attempt landing. This time, as I struggled to reach the bank, I heard a groan in the river behind me, and, although very much exhausted, concluded to turn and give all the aid in my power to the officer or seaman who had bravely shared the danger with me.

Swimming in the night, with eye at the level of the water, one can have no idea of distance, and labors, as I did, under the discouraging thought that no headway is made. But if I were to drown that night, I had at least an opportunity of dying while struggling to aid another. Nearing the swimmer, it proved to be Acting Master's Mate Woodman, who said that he could swim no longer. Knocking his cap from his head, I used my right arm to sustain him, and ordered him to strike out. For ten minutes at least, I think, he managed to keep afloat, when, his physical force being completely gone, he sank like a stone.

Again alone upon the water, I directed my course toward the town side of the river, not making much headway, as my strokes were now very feeble, my clothes being soaked and heavy, and little chop-seas splashing with choking persistence into my mouth every time I gasped for breath. Still, there was a determination not to sink, a will not to give up; and I kept up a sort of mechanical motion long after my bodily force was in fact expended. At last, and not a moment too soon, I touched the soft mud, and in the excitement of the first shock I half raised my body and made one step forward; then fell, and remained half in the mud and half in the water until daylight, unable even to crawl on hands and knees, nearly frozen, with my brain in a whirl, but with one thing strong in me—the fixed determination to escape.

As day dawned I found myself in a point of swamp that enters the suburbs of Plymouth, and not forty yards from one of the forts. The sun came out bright and warm, proving a most cheering visitant, and giving me back a good portion of the strength of which I had been deprived before. Its light showed me the town swarming with soldiers and sailors, who moved about excitedly, as if angry at some sudden shock. It was a source of satisfaction to me to know that I had pulled the wire that set all these figures moving, but as I had no desire of being discovered my first object was to get into a dry fringe of rushes that edged the swamp; but to do this required me to pass over thirty or forty feet of open ground, right under the eye of a sentinel who walked the parapet.

Watching until he turned for a moment, I made a dash to cross the space, but was only half-way over when he again turned, and forced me to drop down, right between two paths, and almost entirely unshielded. Perhaps I was unobserved because of the mud that covered me and made me blend with



THE BLOWING-UP OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

the earth; at all events the soldier continued his tramp for some time, while I, flat on my back, lay awaiting another chance for action. Soon a party of four men came down the path at my right, two of them being officers, and passed so close to me as almost to tread upon my arm. They were conversing upon the events of the previous night, and were wondering "how it was done," entirely unaware of the presence of one who could give them the information. This proved to me the necessity of regaining the swamp, which I did by sinking my heels and elbows into the earth and forcing my body, inch by inch, toward it. For five hours then, with bare feet, head, and hands, I made my way where I venture to say none ever did before, until I came at last to a clear place, where I might rest upon solid ground. The cypress swamp was a network of thorns and briars that cut into the flesh at every step like knives; frequently, when the soft mire would not bear my weight, I was forced to throw my body upon it at length, and haul myself along by the arms. Hands and feet were raw when I reached the clearing, and yet my difficulties were but commenced. A working party of soldiers was in the opening, engaged in sinking some schooners in the river to obstruct the channel. I passed twenty yards in their rear through a corn furrow, and gained some woods below. Here I encountered a negro, and after serving out to him twenty dollars in greenbacks and some texts of Scripture (two powerful arguments with an old

darkey), I had confidence enough in his fidelity to send him into town for news of the ram.

When he returned, and there was no longer doubt that she had gone down, I went on again and plunged into a swamp so thick that I had only the sun for a guide and could not see ten feet in advance. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I came out from a dense mass of reeds upon the bank of one of the deep, narrow streams that abound there, and right opposite to the only road in the vicinity. It seemed providential, for thirty yards above or below, I never should have seen the road, and might have struggled on until, worn out and starved, I should find a never-to-be-discovered grave. As it was, my fortune had led me to where a picket party of seven soldiers were posted, having a little flat-bottomed, square-ended skiff toggled to

the root of a cypress tree that squirmed like a snake in the inky water. Watching them until they went back a few yards to eat, I crept into the stream and swam over, keeping the big tree between myself and them, and making for the skiff. Gaining the bank, I quietly cast loose the boat and floated behind it some thirty yards around the first bend, where I got in and paddled away as only a man could whose liberty was at stake.

Hour after hour I paddled, never ceasing for a moment, first on one side, then on the other, while sunshine passed into twilight and that was swallowed up in thick darkness, only relieved by the few faint star rays that penetrated the heavy swamp curtain on either side. At last I reached the mouth of the Roanoke, and found the open sound before me. My frail boat could not have lived in the ordinary sea there, but it chanced to be very calm, leaving only a slight swell, which was, however, sufficient to influence my boat, so that I was forced to paddle all upon one side to keep her on the intended course.

After steering by a star for perhaps two hours for where I thought the fleet might be, I at length discovered one of the vessels, and after a long time got within hail. My "Ship ahoy!" was given with the last of my strength, and I fell powerless, with a splash, into the water in the bottom of my boat, and awaited results. I had paddled

every minute for ten successive hours, and for four my body had been "asleep," with the exception of my arms and brain. The picket vessel, *Valley City*, upon hearing the hail, at once got under way, at the same time lowering boats and taking precaution against torpedoes. It was some time before they would pick me up, being convinced that I was the rebel conductor of an infernal machine, and that Lieutenant Cushing had died the night before. At last I was on board, had imbibed a little brandy and water, and was on my way to the flag-ship.

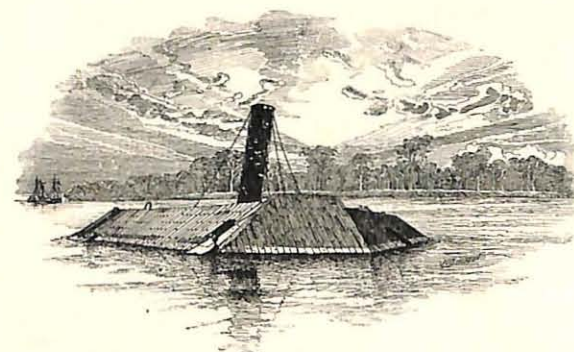
As soon as it became known that I had returned, rockets were thrown up and all hands were called to cheer ship, and when I announced success, all the commanding officers were summoned on board to deliberate upon a plan of attack. In the morning I was well again in every way, with the exception of hands and feet, and had the pleasure of exchanging shots with the batteries that I had inspected the day before. I was sent in the *Valley City* to report to Admiral Porter at Hampton Roads, and soon after Plymouth and the whole district of the Albemarle, deprived of the ironclad's protection, fell an easy prey to Macomb and our fleet.

NOTE BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

The crew of the *Albemarle* numbered but sixty, too small a force to allow me to keep an armed watch on deck at night and to do outside picketing besides. Moreover, to break the monotony of the life and keep down ague, I had always out an expedition of ten men, who were uniformly successful in doing a fair amount of damage to the enemy.

It was about 3 A. M. The night was dark and slightly rainy, and the launch was close to us when we hailed and the alarm was given—so close that the gun could not be depressed enough to reach her; so the crew were sent in the shield with muskets, and kept up a heavy fire on the launch as she slowly forced her way over the chain of logs and ranged by us within a few feet. As she reached the bow of the *Albemarle* I heard a report as of an unshotted gun, and a piece of wood fell at my feet. Calling the carpenter, I told him a torpedo had been exploded, and ordered him to examine and report to me, saying nothing to any one else. He soon reported "a hole in her bottom big enough to drive a wagon in." By this time I heard voices from the launch: "We surrender," etc., etc. I stopped our fire and sent out Mr. Long, who brought back all those who had been in the launch except the gallant captain and three of her crew, all of whom took to the water. Having seen to their safety, I turned my attention to the *Albemarle* and found her resting on the bottom in eight feet of water, her upper works above water.

That is the way the *Albemarle* was destroyed, and a more gallant thing was not done during the war. . . .



THE WRECK OF THE "ALBEMARLE."
From a photograph.



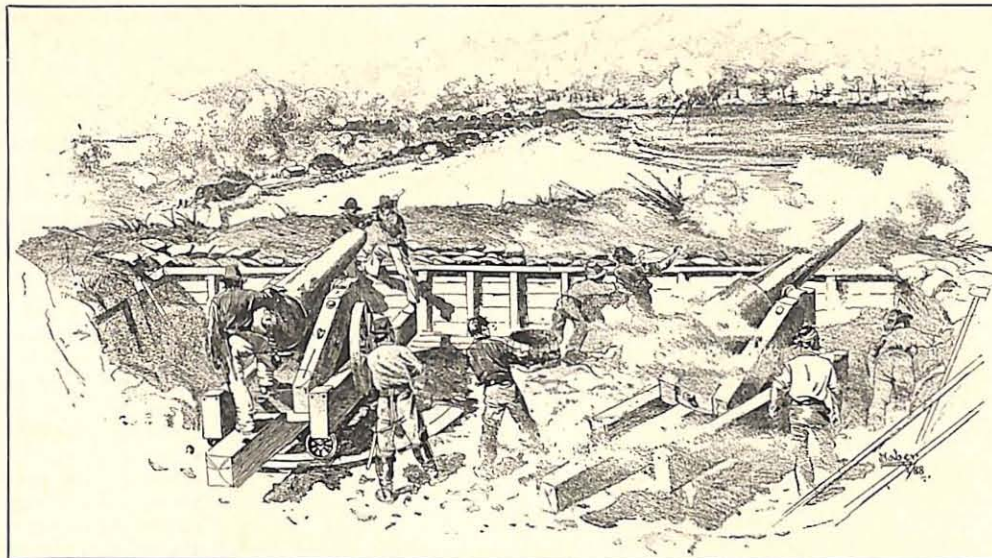
MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY, U. S. A.
From a photograph.

THE BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

BY THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, JR., CAPTAIN, U. S. N.
Commander of a division in the naval column during the assault.

WHEN the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, recognizing the importance of closing the port of Wilmington, urged upon President Lincoln to direct a coöperation of the army, General Grant was requested to supply the necessary force from the troops about Richmond. As Fort Fisher lay within the territorial jurisdiction of General Butler, commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, the troops were detailed from his command, and in the first attack Butler, with General Weitzel in immediate command of the troops, had control of the land operations. The naval command of the expedition having been declined by Admiral Farragut, on account of ill-health, Rear-Admiral Porter, who had so successfully coöperated with the army in opening the Mississippi, was selected, and was allowed to bring with him five of his officers, of whom the writer was one, being detailed for the command of the gun-boat *Huron*. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts being almost entirely in our possession, the Navy Department was able to concentrate before Fort Fisher a larger force than had ever before assembled under one command in the history of the American navy—a total of nearly 60 vessels, of which five were ironclads, including the *New Ironsides*, besides the three largest of our steam-frigates, viz., the *Minnesota*, *Colorado* and *Wabash*. The fleet arrived in sight of the fort on the morning of December 20th, 1864. . . .

[Bombardment was opened at intervals between the 20th and 25th, and on the last date was resumed with vigor to cover a land attack. The troops advanced to



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER, AS SEEN FROM THE MOUND BATTERY.

within a short distance of the fort, when Butler and Weitzel decided that the place could not be carried by storm. The second attack, January 15th, 1865, Captain Selfridge describes as follows:]

Upon receiving Admiral Porter's despatches, Mr. Welles again sought the coöperation of the army, to which General Grant at once acceded, sending back the same force of white troops, reinforced by two colored brigades under General Charles J. Paine, the whole under the command of Major-General Alfred H. Terry. While lying at Beaufort, Admiral Porter determined to assist in the land attack of the army by an assault upon the sea-face of Fort Fisher with a body of seamen. In a general order volunteers from the fleet were called for, and some two thousand officers and men offered themselves for this perilous duty.

General Terry arrived off Beaufort with his forces on the 8th of January, 1865, a plan of operations was agreed upon, and the 12th was fixed for the sailing of the combined force.

Upon the morning of the 13th the ironclads were sent in to engage the fort. Going in much closer than before, the monitors were within twelve hundred yards of the fort. Their fire was in consequence much more effective.

The remainder of the fleet were occupied till 2 p. m. in landing the troops and stores. This particular duty, the provisioning of the army, and the protection of its flank was afterward turned over to the lighter gun-boats, whose guns were too small to employ them in the bombardment of the fort, the whole under the charge of Commander J. H. Upshur, commanding the gun-boat *A. D. Vance*.

On the afternoon of the 13th the fleet, excepting the ironclads, which had remained in their first positions close to the fort, steamed into the several positions assigned them and opened a terrific fire. By placing a buoy close to the outer reef, as a guide, the leading ship, the *Minnesota*, was enabled to anchor nearer, and likewise the whole battle-line was much closer and their fire more effective, the best proof of which is the large number of guns

upon the land-face of the fort that was found to be destroyed or dismantled. The weight of fire was such that the enemy could make but a feeble reply. At nightfall the fleet hauled off, excepting the ironclads, which kept up a slow fire through the night.

During the 14th a number of the smaller gun-boats carrying 11-inch guns were sent in to assist in dismantling the guns on the land-face. Their fire was necessarily slow, and the presence of these small craft brought the enemy out of their bomb-proofs to open upon them, during which the *Huron* had her main-mast shot away. Upon seeing this renewal of fire, the *Brooklyn*, *Mohican*, and one or two other vessels were ordered in by Porter, and with this reinforcement the fire of the fort slackened. The bombardment from the smaller gun-boats and ironclads was kept up during the night. This constant duty day and night was very hard upon these small vessels, and the officers and crew of my own vessel, the *Huron*, were worn out.

Fort Fisher was at this time much stronger than at the first attack. . . . It was arranged that the grand bombardment should begin on the morning of the 15th, and the separate assaults of soldiers and sailors should take place at 3 p. m. A code of signals was agreed upon between the two commanders, and the assault was to be signaled to the fleet by a blowing of steam-whistles, whereupon their fire would be directed to the upper batteries. After the assault of the sailors had failed the *Ironsides* used her 11-inch guns with great effect in firing into the traverses filled with Confederates resisting the advance of the Union forces. At 9 a. m. the fleet was directed by signal to move in three divisions, and each ship took its prescribed place as previously indicated to her commander; consequently there was no disorder.

All felt the importance of this bombardment, and, while not too rapid to be ineffective, such a storm of shell was poured into Fort Fisher that forenoon, as I believe had never been seen before in any naval engagement. The enemy soon ceased to make any reply from their heavy guns, excepting

the "mound battery," which was more difficult to silence, while those mounted on the land-face were by this time disabled.

Before noon the signal was made for the assaulting column of sailors and marines to land. From thirty-five of the sixty ships of the fleet boats shoved off, making, with their flags flying as they pulled toward the beach in line abreast, a most spirited scene. The general order of Admiral Porter required that the assaulting column of sailors should be armed with cutlasses and pistols. It was also intended that trenches or covered ways should be dug for the marines close to the fort, and that our assault should be made under the cover of their fire; but it was impossible to dig such shelter trenches near enough to do much good under fire in broad daylight.

The sailors as they landed from their boats were a heterogeneous assembly, companies of two hundred or more from each of the larger ships, down to small parties of twenty each from the gun-boats. They had been for months confined on shipboard, had never drilled together, and their arms, the old-fashioned cutlass and pistol, were hardly the weapons to cope with the rifles and bayonets of the enemy. Sailor-like, however, they looked upon the landing in the light of a lark, and few thought the sun would set with a loss of one-fifth of their number.

After some discussion between Lieutenant-Commander K. R. Breese, and some of the senior officers, it was decided to form three divisions, each composed of men from the corresponding division squadrons of the fleet; the first division under the command of Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Cushman, the second under Lieutenant-Commander James Parker (who was Breese's senior but waived his rank, the latter being in command as the admiral's representative), the third under Lieutenant-Commander T. O. Selfridge, Jr.; a total of 1600 blue-jackets, to which was added a division of 400 marines under Captain L. L. Dawson.

The whole force marched up the beach and lay down under its cover just outside rifle range, await-



CAPTAIN T. O. SELFRIDGE, JR., U. S. N.
From a photograph.

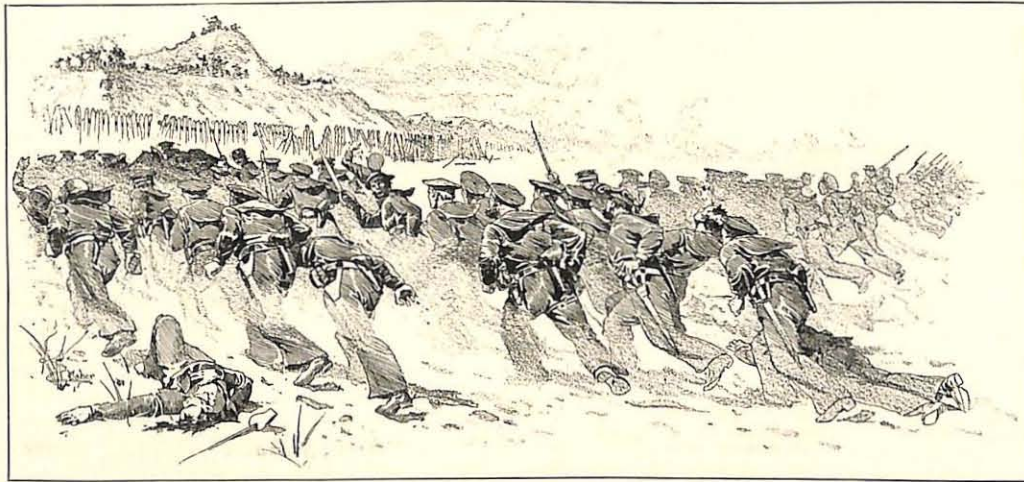
ing the movements of the army. We were formed by the flank, and our long line flying numerous flags gave a formidable appearance from the fort, and caused the Confederates to divide their forces, sending more than one-half to oppose the naval assault.

At a preconcerted signal the sailors sprang forward to the assault, closely following the water's edge, where the inclined beach gave them a slight cover. We were opened upon in front by the great mound battery, and in flank by the artillery of the half-moon battery, and by the fire of a thousand rifles. Though many dropped rapidly under this fire, the column never faltered, and when the angle where the two faces of the fort unite was reached, the head halted to allow the rear to come up. This halt was fatal, for as the others came up they followed suit, and lay down till the space between the parapet and the edge of the water was filled. As the writer approached with the Third Division he shouted to his men to come on, intending to lead them to where there was more space; but, looking back, he discovered that his whole command, with few exceptions, had stopped and joined their comrades. Making his way to the front, close to the palisade, he found several officers, among whom were Lieutenant-Commanders Parker and Cushman. The situation was a very grave one. The rush of the sailors was over; they were packed like sheep in a pen, while the enemy were crowding the ramparts not forty yards away, and shooting into them as fast as they could fire. There was nothing to reply with but *pistols*. Something must be done, and speedily. There were some spaces in the palisade where it was torn away by the fire of the fleet, and an attempt was made to charge through, but we found a deep, impassable ditch, and those who got through were shot down. Flesh and blood could not long endure being killed in this slaughter pen, and the rear of the sailors broke, followed by the whole body, in spite of all efforts to rally them. It was certainly mortifying, after charging for a mile, under a most galling fire, to the very foot of the fort, to have the whole force retreat down the beach. It has been the custom, unjustly in my opinion, to lay the blame on the marines for not keeping down the fire till the sailors could get in. But there were but 400 of them against 1200 of the garrison: the former in the open plain, and with no

cover; the latter under the shelter of their ramparts. The mistake was in expecting a body of sailors, collected hastily from different ships, unknown to each other, armed with swords and pistols, to stand against veteran soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets. Another fatal mistake was the stopping at the sea angle. Two hundred yards farther would have brought us to a low parapet without palisade or ditch, where, with proper arms, we could have intrenched and fought. Some sixty remained at the front, at the foot of the parapet,

under cover of the palisade, until nightfall enabled them to withdraw. Among the number I remember Lieutenant-Commanders Breese, Parker, Cushman, Sicard; Lieutenants Farquhar, Lamson, S. W. Nichols, and Bartlett.

A loss of some three hundred in killed and wounded attests the gallant nature of the assault. Among these were several prominent officers, including Lieutenants Preston and Porter, killed; Lieut.-Commanders C. H. Cushman, W. N. Allen; Lieutenants G. M. Bache, R. D. Evans, wounded.



ASSAULT OF THE NAVAL COLUMN ON THE NORTHEAST SALIENT OF FORT FISHER.

After their repulse the sailors did good service with the marines by manning the intrenchments thrown up across the peninsula, which enabled General Terry to send Abbott's brigade and Blackman's (27th U. S.) colored regiment to the assistance of the troops fighting in the fort. Here they remained till morning, when they returned to their respective ships. When the assault of the naval column failed, the *Ironsides* and the monitors were directed to fire into the gun traverses in advance of the positions occupied by the army, and by doing so greatly demoralized the enemy. About 8 P.M. that night the fort fell into our hands after the hardest fighting by our gallant troops, and with its capture fell the last stronghold of the Southern Confederacy on the Atlantic coast.

I will not go so far as to say the army could not have stormed Fort Fisher without the diversion afforded by the naval assault, for no soldiers during the war showed more indomitable pluck than the gallant regiments that stormed the fort on that afternoon; but I do say our attack enabled them to get into the fort with far less loss than they would otherwise have suffered.

As a diversion the charge of sailors was a success; as an exhibition of courage it was magnificent; but the material of which the column was composed, and the arms with which it was furnished, left no reasonable hope after the first onslaught had been checked that it could have succeeded.

While kept under the walls of the fort, I was an eye-witness to an act of heroism on the part of Assistant-Surgeon William Longshaw, a young officer of the medical staff, whose memory should ever be kept green by his corps, and which deserves more than this passing notice. A sailor too severely wounded to help himself had fallen close to the water's edge, and with the rising tide would have drowned. Dr. Longshaw, at the peril of his life, went to his assistance and dragged him beyond the incoming tide. At this moment he heard a cry from a wounded marine, one of a small group who, behind a little hillock of sand close to the parapet, kept up a fire upon the enemy. Longshaw ran to his assistance, and while attending to his wounds was shot dead. What made the action of this young officer even more heroic was the fact that on that very day he had received a leave of absence, but had postponed his departure to volunteer for the assault.

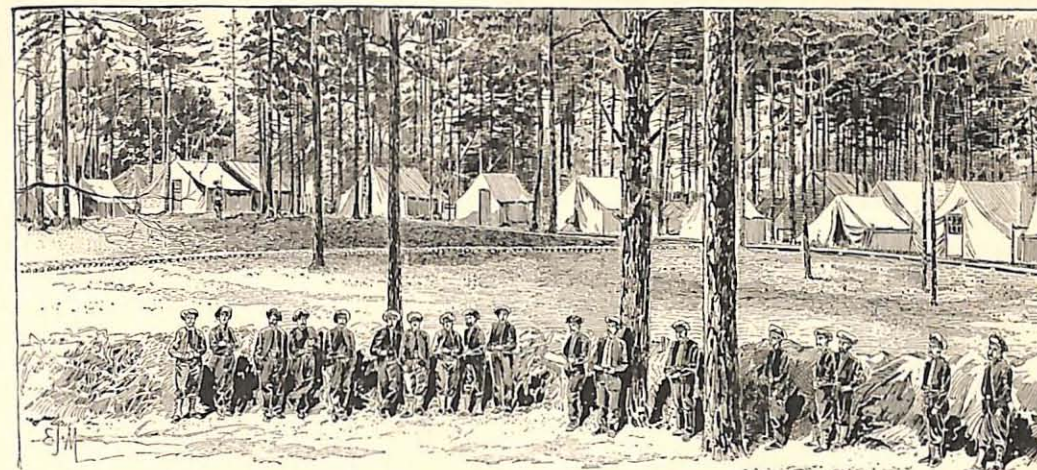


GENERAL GRANT RECONNOITERING THE CONFEDERATE POSITION AT SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

From a sketch made at the time.

NOTE.—Mr. Reed, the artist, belonged to Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts battery (Warren's Corps), which, with a battery of the 5th Regular Artillery, was holding the Fredericksburg road, at the place where General Grant made his observation. The troops seen in the background are the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers, who at the time were crossing the

road from the left toward the right of the line. The position was one looking directly toward the Court House proper, and was part of the line seized by Burnside's Corps on May 9th. Warren's Corps occupied it from the 14th to the 21st. Veterans will recognize this as a faithful portrait of the general as he appeared in the field during that campaign.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT BRANDY STATION.

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.

Lee's retreat from Gettysburg to Virginia ended in placing his army in its former position at Culpeper. Longstreet's corps was transferred to the scene of Bragg's operations around Chattanooga, and fought at Chickamauga and Knoxville. After the battle of Chickamauga, the Eleventh and Twelfth Union Corps, under Howard and Slocum, were sent to Chattanooga. Late in September Meade pushed across the Rappahannock and Rapidan, forcing Lee to abandon Culpeper. As a counter move, Lee attempted to turn Meade's flank and get between the Army of the Potomac and Washington. Thereupon Meade retired slowly to Centreville. On October 14, General G. K. Warren (the new commander of the Fifth Corps) repulsed a desperate attack by A. P. Hill's corps at Bristoe. Lee followed Meade toward Centreville, but, without offering general battle, retired to the Rapidan. Meade pursued, and a brilliant action was fought at the crossing of the Rappahannock, November 7, between Russell's division of the Sixth Corps

and Hays's division of Early's Corps. Russell stormed the Rappahannock redoubts and captured eight battle-flags with 2000 prisoners.

Meade crossed the Rappahannock, and on the 28th of November was south of the Rapidan confronting Lee, who had fortified the line of Mine Run, covering Orange Court House. On December 1 the army retreated to the north bank of the Rapidan without a battle, and established winter quarters. Lee remained at Orange Court House and Gordonsville, where Longstreet's Corps rejoined him in March, 1864.

The most noteworthy affair in Virginia during the winter was a Union cavalry raid in rear of Lee's army. The cavalcade, led by General Kilpatrick and Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, rode to the fortifications of Richmond without meeting serious opposition. Some sharp fighting took place in front of the Confederate works, and the raiders retreated down the Peninsula. Colonel Dahlgren was ambushed and killed during the retreat.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.*

BY ULYSSES S. GRANT, GENERAL, U. S. A.

MY commission as lieutenant-general was given to me on the 9th of March, 1864. On the following day I visited General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, at his headquarters, Brandy Station, north of the Rapidan. I had known General Meade slightly in the Mexican war, but had not met him since until this visit. I was a stranger to most of the Army of the Potomac—I might say to all, except the officers of the regular army who had served in the Mexican war. There had been some changes ordered in the organization of that army before my promotion. One was the consolidation of five corps into three, thus throwing some officers of rank out of important commands. Meade evidently thought that I might want to make still one more change not yet ordered. He said to me that I might want an officer who had served with me in the West, mentioning Sherman especially, to take his place; if so, he begged me not to hesitate about making the change. He urged that the work before us was of

such vast importance to the whole nation that the feeling or wishes of no one person should stand in the way of selecting the right men for all positions. For himself, he would serve to the best of his ability wherever placed. I assured him that I had no thought of substituting any one for him. As to Sherman, he could not be spared from the West.

This incident gave me even a more favorable opinion of Meade than did his great victory at Gettysburg the July before. It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always expect the most efficient service. . . .

On the 23d of March I was back in Washington, and on the 26th took up my headquarters at Culpeper Court House, a few miles south of the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the State of the President,

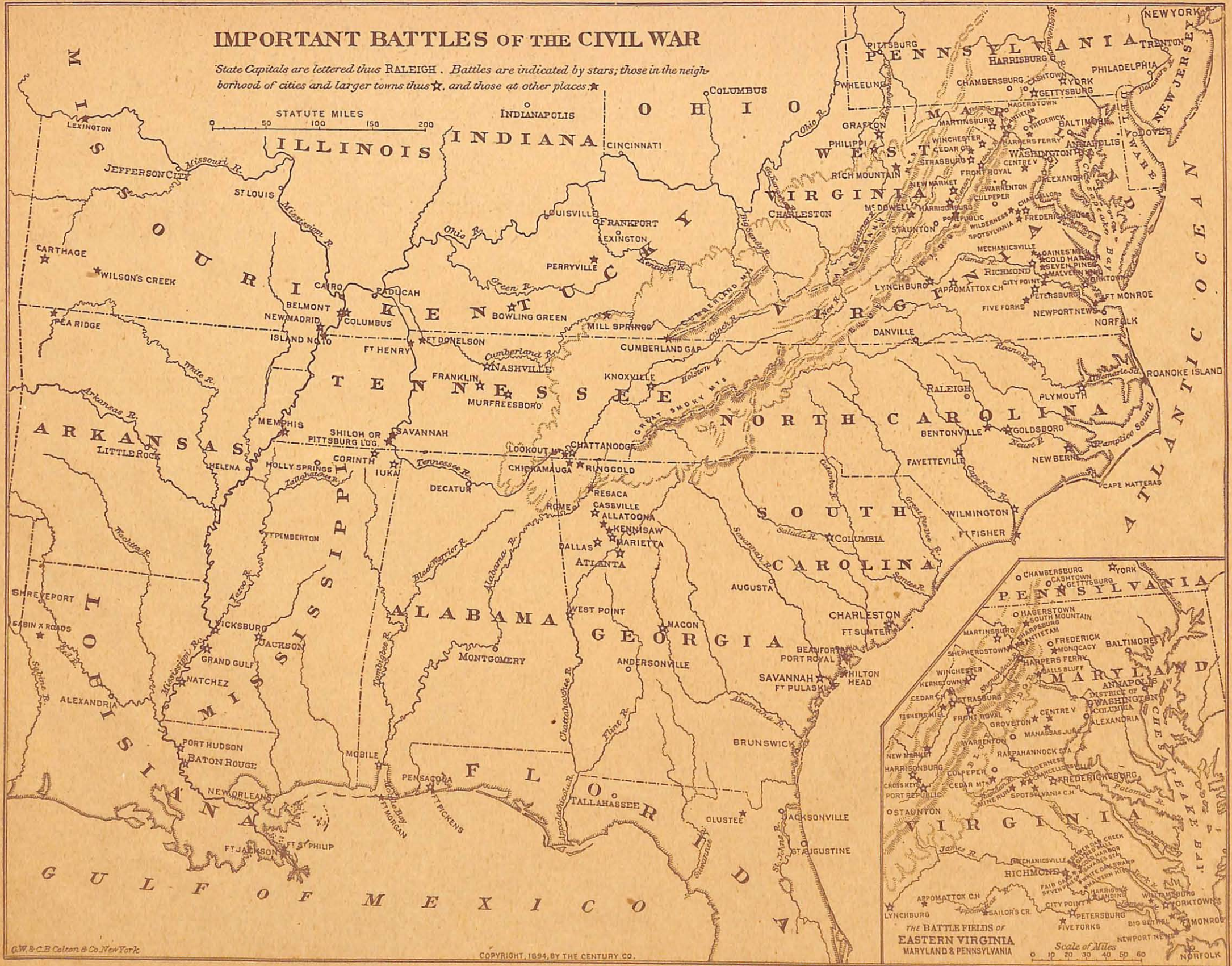


GENERAL GRANT WHISTLING DURING THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. From a war-time sketch.

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IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR

State Capitals are lettered thus RALEIGH. Battles are indicated by stars; those in the neighborhood of cities and larger towns thus ★, and those at other places ★.



PART SIXTEEN WILL CONTAIN

The Continuation of

The Wilderness Campaign, by General Grant

Describing the preliminaries of the great movement of the Union Army
from the Rapidan to the James, with narratives of the specific battles by

GENERAL E. M. LAW (Confederate) AND GENERAL ALEX. S. WEBB (Union)

The Famous
"Bloody Angle"
at
Spotsylvania

Described by
A Union Soldier of
the Ninety-fifth
Pennsylvania
Volunteers



REMOVING THE WOUNDED FROM THE FIELD.

Cold Harbor
The Union Side
by
General McMahon

The Confederate Side
by
Geo. Cary Eggleston
Sergeant Major of a
Virginia Battery

**The Grand Strategy of the Last Year of the War
and the Capture of Atlanta
BY GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN**

Continued in Part XVII

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