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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

# THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



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(COMMANDING SECOND BRIGADE OF COLORED TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER)

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BY JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA"

FROM THE DECK OF THE "KEARSARGE"

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NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO.



Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

# THE CENTURY WAR BOOK.

IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE "PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION."

## Fort Sumter.

The Union side, by GEN. DOUBLEDAY, Executive Officer of the Fort, and by a sergeant of the garrison; the Confederate side, by GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Beauregard, the Confederate Commander, who besieged Fort Sumter.

## Bull Run.

The Union side, by GEN. FRY of the staff of Gen. McDowell, commanding the Union forces, and by Walt Whitman the poet, who describes the return of the retreating troops to Washington as seen by him while nursing in the hospital; the Confederate side, by GEN. BEAUREGARD, commanding the Confederate Army of the Potomac, and by GEN. IMBODEN, commanding a battery of artillery.

## Fort Donelson.

Graphically described by GEN. LEW WALLACE, author of "Ben Hur," etc., commanding the Third Division of the Union forces.

## Shiloh.

By GEN. GRANT, the Union Commander, supplemented by an article by GEN. BUELL; the Confederate side described by COL. WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON, son of the Confederate Commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh—the second day's fighting described by GEN. BEAUREGARD, who took command after the death of Gen. Johnston.

## The Fight Between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac."

By a LIEUTENANT ON THE "MERRIMAC" and by THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "MONITOR." Capt. Ericsson tells how the "Monitor" was invented, and a survivor of the crew describes her loss in a storm off Hatteras.

## The Peninsular Campaign.

By GEN. GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, who commanded the Union Army, with a supplementary article by PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS, of Gen. McClellan's staff, and articles on the various battles of the campaign—Seven Pines, Hanover Court House, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, The Seven Days' Fighting, by generals on both sides, including FITZ-JOHN PORTER, LONGSTREET, D. H. HILL, GUSTAVUS W. SMITH, and JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

## The Capture of New Orleans.

The Union side, by ADMIRAL PORTER, who commanded the mortar fleet, and by COMMANDER BARTLETT, and CAPTAIN KAUTZ; the Confederate side, by CAPT. BEVERLEY CANNON, and by George W. Cable, the famous novelist, who was a lad in New Orleans at the time of the capture.

## The Second Battle of Bull Run.

By GEN. JOHN POPE, Union Commander; the Confederate side by GEN. LONGSTREET, and GEN. TALIAFERRO.

## Antietam.

The Union side, by GEN. M'CLELLAN, with notes by GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER, the story of the battle as seen from the ranks by a private, and an army correspondent's account of it by Charles Carleton Coffin; the Confederate side, by GEN. LONGSTREET, who commanded the right and center, and "A Southern Woman's Recollections of Antietam."

## From Corinth to Murfreesboro'.

Including the Battle of Iuka, by GEN. HAMILTON; the Battle of Corinth, by GEN. ROSECRANS; Murfreesboro', by GEN. CRITTENDEN, commanding the left wing; the Confederate side by COL. URQUHART, of Gen. Bragg's staff.

## Fredericksburg.

The Union side, by GEN. COUCH, commanding the Second Corps, and by GEN. AMES and GEN. REYNOLDS; the Confederate side, by GEN. M'LAWS and other Confederate officers.

## Chancellorsville.

The Union side, by GEN. PLEASANTON, commanding the cavalry, by GEN. HOWARD, commanding the Eleventh Corps, and by LIEUT.-COL. JACKSON, of Gen. Newton's staff; the Confederate side, with special reference to the death of Stonewall Jackson, described by the REV. JAMES POWER SMITH, Stonewall Jackson's aide-de-camp.

## Gettysburg.

A wonderful description of this great battle by leaders on both sides, with connecting notes by GEN. DOUBLEDAY, making the whole story of the battle easily understood. The articles are by GEN. LONGSTREET, commanding the First Corps of Lee's army, GEN. HENRY J. HUNT, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac (Union); GEN. ALEXANDER, chief of Longstreet's artillery; GEN. KERSHAW, who commanded Kershaw's Confederate brigade; GEN. E. M. LAW, who commanded a Confederate division in the assault on "Round Top"; GEN. IMBODEN, commanding a Confederate cavalry brigade; LIEUT.-COL. RICE, U. S. A., etc., etc.

## Vicksburg.

The Union side, by GEN. GRANT, commander of the besieging armies; the Confederate side, by COL. LOCKETT, chief engineer of the defenses of Vicksburg.

## Chickamauga.

The Confederate side, describing the great attack, by GEN. D. H. HILL, commanding a Confederate corps; the Union side, by GEN. OPDYCKE, who was Colonel of the 125th Ohio in the battle, by GEN. FULLERTON, who was Gen. Granger's chief-of-staff, and by GEN. THURSTON, who was on Gen. McCook's staff.

## Chattanooga.

By GEN. GRANT, commanding the Union Army; the assault on Missionary Ridge described by GEN. FULLERTON, Union, and by GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG, Confederate.

## Operations on the Atlantic Coast.

The Burnside expedition, described by GEN. BURNSIDE; the attack on Charleston, by GEN. QUINCY A. GILLMORE; Fort Fisher, by CAPT. SELFRIDGE, commanding a naval division; the Confederate ram "Albemarle," by her builder, Gilbert Elliott, with the thrilling story of the destruction of the "Albemarle," by COMMANDER CUSHING, who led the expedition to sink the ram.

## The Wilderness.

The Union side, by GEN. GRANT, GEN. ALEXANDER S. WEBB, GEN. MARTIN McMAHON, GEN. WM. FARRAR SMITH, and others; the Confederate side, by GEN. E. M. LAW, Geo. Cary Eggleston, and others.

## Sherman's March.

Including a great article by GEN. SHERMAN, with articles by GEN. O. O. HOWARD and GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM; the Confederate side, by GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, who opposed Sherman's march to Atlanta, and others.

## Sheridan in the Shenandoah.

The Union side, by GEN. WESLEY MERRITT; the Confederate side, by GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

## Petersburg.

By MAJOR POWELL, who describes the Battle of the Crater; GEN. HENRY G. THOMAS, and others.

## The Fight Between the "Alabama" and the "Kearsarge."

A great story of this famous fight, related by THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA" and by THE SURGEON OF THE "KEARSARGE."

## Five Forks and Appomattox.

By GEN. HORACE PORTER, of Gen. Grant's staff, with articles on the fall of Richmond by a CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN, and the occupation by A MEMBER OF GEN. WEITZEL'S STAFF; with an article on "The Last Days of the Confederacy," by the Confederate GEN. DUKE, and the story of the grand review in Washington, by GEN. SLOCUM.

In addition to the battles and campaigns described above, there are papers on many other important engagements, such as the Battle of Mobile Bay, the Pea Ridge Campaign, by Gen. Sigel, famous cavalry raids described by their leaders, Hood's invasion of Tennessee, numerous articles by privates on both sides describing the life in the ranks, etc., etc.

A Superb Popular Edition of the world-famous "Century War Book," including all the most striking features of that great work, with the connecting material condensed for popular reading. Including, also, all the important illustrations.

COMPLETE IN TWENTY PARTS.

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BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY G. THOMAS, U. S. V.

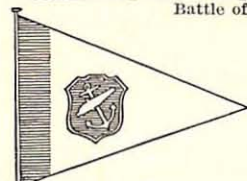
proposition was received with disfavor. Matters remained *in statu quo* until about 2 P. M., when the enemy's anticipated assault was made.

About 9:30 A. M. General Meade had given positive orders to have the troops withdrawn from the crater. To have done so under the severe fire of the enemy would have produced a stampede, which would have endangered the Union lines, and might possibly have communicated itself to the troops that were massed in rear of the Ninth Corps. General Burnside thought, for these and other reasons, that it would be possible to leave his command there until nightfall, and then withdraw it. There was no means of getting food or water to them, for which they were suffering. The midsummer sun caused waves of moisture produced by the exhalation from this mass to rise above the crater. Wounded men died there begging piteously for water, and soldiers extended their tongues to dampen their parched lips until their tongues seemed to hang from their mouths. Finally, the enemy, having taken advantage of our inactivity to mass his troops, was seen to emerge from the swale between the hill on which the crater was situated and that of the cemetery. On account of this depression they could not be seen by our artillery, and hence no guns were brought to bear upon them. The only place where they could be observed was from the crater. But there was no serviceable artillery there, and no infantry force sufficiently organized to offer resistance when the enemy's column pressed forward. All in the crater who could possibly hang on by their elbows and toes lay flat against its conical wall and delivered their fire; but not more than a hundred men at a time could get into position, and these were only armed with muzzle-loading guns, and in order to re-load they were compelled to face about and place their backs against the wall.

The enemy's guns suddenly ceased their long-continued and uninterrupted fire on the crater, and the advancing column charged in the face of feeble resistance offered by the Union troops. At this stage they were perceived by our artillery, which opened a murderous fire, but too late. Over the crest and into the crater they poured, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. It was of short duration, however; crowded as our troops were, and without organization, resistance was vain. Many men were bayoneted at that time—some probably that would not have been, except for the excitement of battle. About 87 officers and 1652 men of the Ninth Corps were captured, the remainder retiring to our own lines, to which the enemy did not attempt to advance. Among the captured was General William F. Bartlett. Earlier in the war he had lost a leg, which he replaced with one of cork. While he was standing in the crater, a shot was heard to strike with the peculiar thud known to those who have been in action, and the general was seen to totter and fall. A number of officers and men immediately lifted him, when he cried out, "Put me any place where I can sit down." "But you are wounded, General, are n't you?" was the inquiry. "My leg is shattered all to pieces," said he. "Then you can't sit up," they urged; "you'll have to lie down." "Oh, no!" exclaimed the general, "it's only my cork leg that's shattered!" . . .

## THE CHARGE OF THE COLORED DIVISION.

BY HENRY GODDARD THOMAS, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.  
Commanding Second Brigade of Colored Troops at the Battle of the Crater.



GUIDON OF THOMAS'S BRIGADE OF THE COLORED DIVISION—SHADED PARTS, GREEN; THE FIELD, WHITE.

. . . For some time previous to the explosion of the mine it was determined by General Burnside that the colored division should lead the assault. The general tactical plan had been given to the brigade commanders (Colonel Sigfried and myself), with a rough outline map of the ground, and directions to study the front for ourselves. But this latter was impracticable except in momentary glimpses. The enemy made a target of every head that appeared above the work, and their marksmanship was good. The manner of studying the ground was this: Putting my battered old



SONG OF THE COLORED DIVISION BEFORE CHARGING INTO THE CRATER.

hat on a ramrod and lifting it above the rampart just enough for them not to discover that no man was under it, I drew their fire; then stepping quickly a few paces to one side, I took a hasty observation. . . .

About 11 P. M., July 29th, a few hours before the action, we were officially informed that the plan had been changed, and our division would not lead.

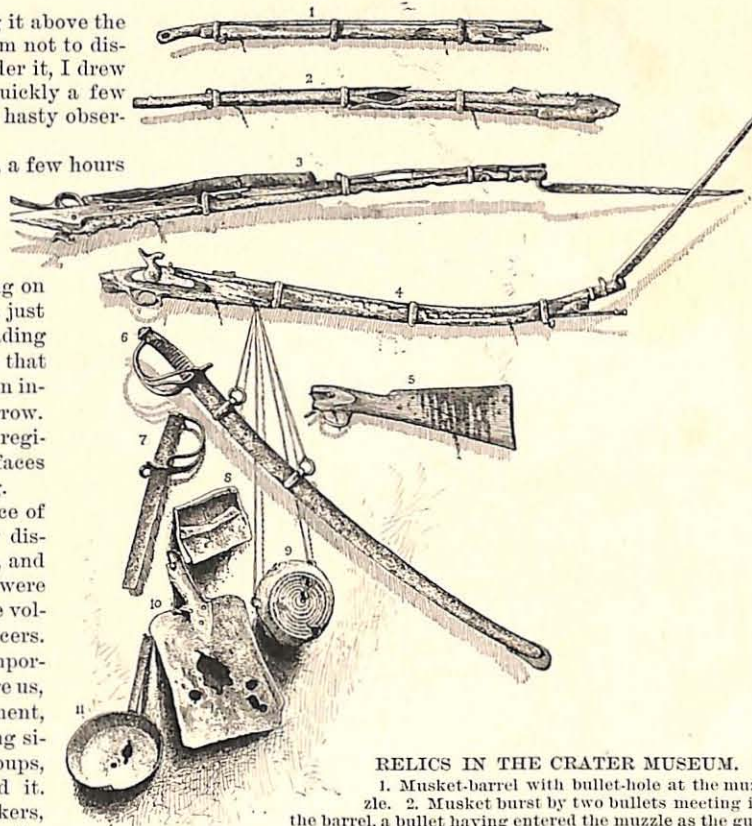
We were then bivouacking on our arms in rear of our line, just behind the covered way leading to the mine. I returned to that bivouac dejected and with an instinct of disaster for the morrow. As I summoned and told my regimental commanders, their faces expressed the same feeling.

Any striking event or piece of news was usually eagerly discussed by the white troops, and in the ranks military critics were as plenty and perhaps more voluble than among the officers. Not so with the blacks; important news such as that before us, after the bare announcement, was usually followed by long silence. They sat about in groups, "studying," as they called it. They waited, like the Quakers, for the spirit to move; when the spirit moved, one of their singers would uplift a mighty voice, like a bard of old, in a wild sort of chant. If he did not strike a sympathetic chord in his hearers, if they did not find in his utterance the exponent of their idea, he would sing it again and again, altering sometimes the words, more often the music. If his changes met general acceptance, one voice after another would chime in; a rough harmony of three parts would add itself; other groups would join his, and the song would become the song of the command.

The night we learned that we were to lead the charge the news filled them too full for ordinary utterance. The joyous negro guffaw always breaking out about the camp-fire ceased. They formed circles in their company streets and were sitting on the ground intently and solemnly "studying." At last a heavy voice began to sing,

"We-e looks li-like me-en a-a-marchin' on,  
We looks li-like men-er-war."

Over and over again he sang it, making slight



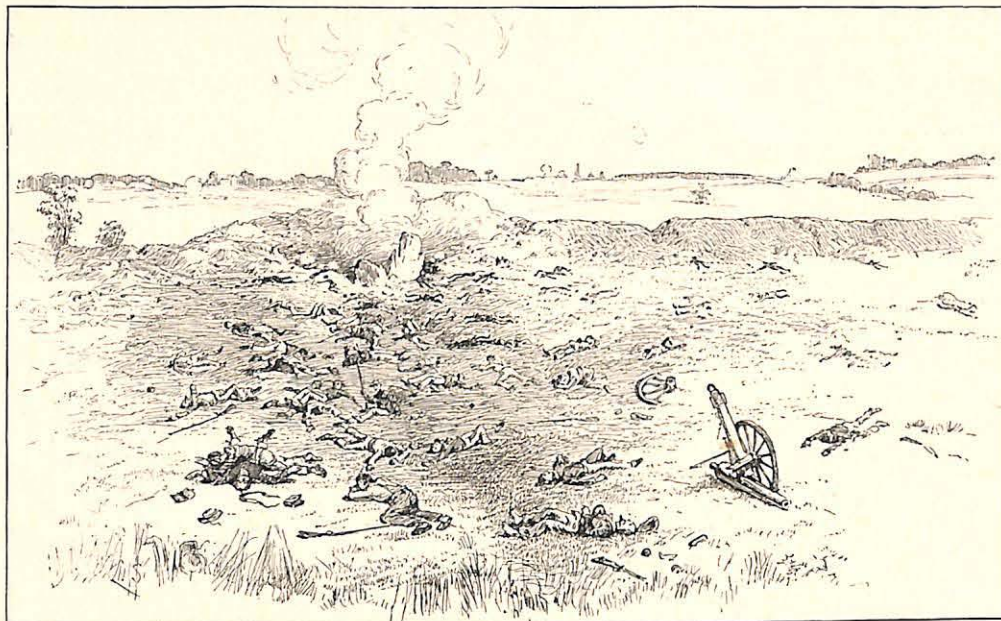
RELICS IN THE CRATER MUSEUM.

1. Musket-barrel with bullet-hole at the muzzle.
2. Musket burst by two bullets meeting in the barrel, a bullet having entered the muzzle as the gun was discharged.
3. Musket struck by six bullets, one embedding itself in the barrel near the bayonet.
4. Musket bent after having been cocked and capped.
5. Musket-stock covered with blood, found in a bomb-proof.
6. Sword found in a bomb-proof.
7. Broken sword.
8. Lining of a cartridge-box.
9. Canteen perforated by bullets.
10. Shovel having bullet-holes, found on the Union picket line in front of the crater.
11. Frying-pan having bullet-holes; taken out of the crater.

changes in the melody. The rest listened to him intently; no sign of approval or disapproval escaped their lips or appeared on their faces. All at once, when his refrain had struck the right response in their hearts, his group took it up, and shortly half a thousand voices were upraised extemporizing a half dissonant middle part and bass. It was a picturesque scene—these dark men, with their white eyes and teeth and full red lips, crouching over a smoldering camp-fire, in dusky shadow, with only the feeble rays of the lanterns of the first sergeants and the lights of the candles dimly showing through the tents. The sound was as weird as the scene, when all the voices struck the low E (last note but one), held it, and then rose to A with a *portamento* as sonorous as it was clumsy. Until we fought the battle of the crater they sang this every night to the exclusion of all other songs. After that defeat they sang it no more. . . .

Finally, about 7:30 A. M., we got the order for the colored division to charge. My brigade followed Sigfried's at the double-quick. Arrived at the crater, a part of the First Brigade entered. The crater was already too full; that I could easily see. I swung my column to the right and charged over the enemy's rifle-pits connecting with the crater on our right. These pits were different from any in our lines—a labyrinth of bomb-proofs and





THE CRATER, AS SEEN FROM THE UNION SIDE.

From a sketch made at the time.

In October, 1867, Major James C. Coit, of Cheraw, South Carolina, wrote as follows with regard to this picture, and the Confederate battery, under his command, bearing on the crater:

"I am satisfied that I made that sketch of the crater. I had sent the sketch home after the battle, and had given some of the officers on the lines copies. It was made when I was in front of the Federal lines under the flag of truce for burying the dead. One gun that was blown up by the explosion fell between the lines, as represented in the sketch.

"My guns [Coit's battalion] were all upon the front line up to the time of the explosion of the mine. After that time one of my batteries was placed upon a second line, upon the Jerusalem plank-road immediately in rear of the crater. I also had a mortar-battery between the crater and the cemetery, about 150 yards in rear of the battery that was so effective on the day of the explosion. This battery [Wright's], where I

magazines, with passages between. My brigade moved gallantly on right over the bomb-proofs and over the men of the First Division. As we mounted the pits, a deadly enfilade from eight guns on our right and a murderous cross-fire of musketry met us. Among the officers, the first to fall was the gallant Fessenden of the 23d Regiment. Ayres and Woodruff of the 31st dropped within a few yards of Fessenden, Ayres being killed, and Woodruff mortally wounded. Liscomb of the 23d then fell to rise no more; and then Hackhiser of the 28th and Flint and Aiken of the 29th. Major Rockwood of the 19th then mounted the crest and fell back dead, with a cheer on his lips. Nor were these all; for at that time hundreds of heroes "carved in ebony" fell. These black men commanded the admiration and respect of every beholder.

The most advantageous point for the purpose, about eight hundred feet from the crater, having been reached, we leaped from the works and endeavored to make a rush for the crest. Captain Marshall L. Dempsey, and Lieutenant Christopher Pennell, of my staff, and four white orderlies with the brigade guidon accompanied me, closely followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, leading the 31st Regiment. At the instant of leaving the works

was during the engagement, was just across the ravine to our left of the crater and just in rear of our infantry line, about 300 yards distant from the crater. It was erected there to defend Elliott's Salient. It bore directly upon the crater, and was the only battery which could reach the Federal troops in advancing to our lines and after they occupied the crater. It commanded the ground from the Federal main line to the Jerusalem plank-road in rear of the crater. General Potter was unable to silence it, or even to do us any serious injury, because he could not fire directly upon its front. From this position, which was very elevated, I had a view of the whole field from the Federal main line to the ridge or plank-road. I saw all the movements of the Federal troops from the beginning to the end of the fight. I remember particularly being struck with the gallantry of one of the Federal officers, with a flag in one hand and waving his sword in the other, mounting our works."

Ross was shot down; the next officer in rank, Captain Wright, was shot as he stooped over him. The men were largely without leaders, and their organization was destroyed. Two of my four orderlies were wounded: one, flag in hand; the remaining two sought shelter when Lieutenant Pennell, rescuing the guidon, hastened down the line outside the pits. With his sword uplifted in his right hand and the banner in his left, he sought to call out the men along the whole line of the parapet. In a moment, a musketry fire was focused upon him, whirling him round and round several times before he fell. Of commanding figure, his bravery was so conspicuous that, according to Colonel Weld's testimony, a number of his (Weld's) men were shot because, spell-bound, they forgot their own shelter in watching this superb boy, who was an only child of an old Massachusetts clergyman, and to me as Jonathan was to David.

The men of the 31st making the charge were being mowed down like grass, with no hope of any one reaching the crest, so I ordered them to scatter and run back. The fire was such that Captain Dempsey and myself were the only officers who returned, unharmed, of those who left the works for that charge.



THE CONFEDERATE LINE AS RECONSTRUCTED AT THE CRATER.

From a drawing made by Lieutenant Henderson after the battle.

We were not long back within the honeycomb of passages and bomb-proofs near the crater before I received this order from the division commander: "Colonels Sigfried and Thomas, if you have not already done so, you will immediately proceed to take the crest in your front." My command was crowded into the pits, already too full, and were sandwiched, man for man, against the men of the First Division. They were thus partly sheltered from the fire that had reduced them coming up; but their organization was almost lost. I had already sent word to General Burnside by Major James L. Van Buren, of his staff, that unless a movement simultaneous with mine was made to the right, to stop the enfilading fire, I thought not a man would live to reach the crest; but that I would try another charge in about ten minutes, and I hoped to be supported. I then directed the commanders of the 23d, 28th, and 29th regiments to get their commands as much together and separated from the others as possible in that time, so that each could have a regimental following, for we were mixed up with white troops, and with one another to the extent of almost paralyzing any effort. We managed to make the charge, however, Colonel Bross of the 29th leading. The 31st had been so shattered, was so diminished, so largely without officers, that I got what was left of them out of the way of the charging column as much as possible. This column met the same fate in one respect as the former. As I gave the order, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Bross, taking the flag into his own hands, was the first man to leap from the works into the valley of death below. He had attired himself in full uniform, evidently with the intent of inspiring his men. He had hardly reached the ground outside the works before he fell to rise no more. He was conspicuous and magnificent in his gallantry. The black men followed into the

jaws of death, and advanced until met by a charge in force from the Confederate lines.

I lost in all 36 officers and 877 men,—total, 913. The 23d Regiment entered the charge with eighteen officers; it came out with seven. The 28th entered with eleven officers, and came out with four. The 31st had but two officers for duty that night. . . .

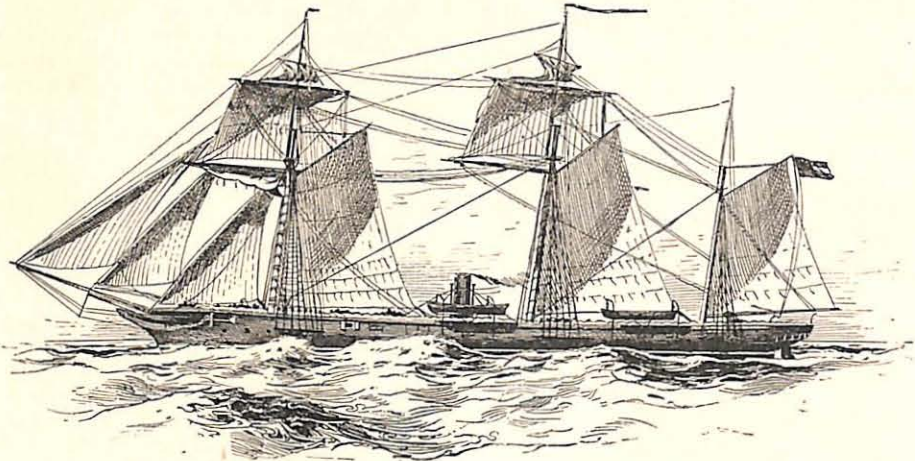
NOTE.—The battle of the "Crater" ended for the time being the attempts of Grant to take Petersburg by direct assault. Hancock's corps, Gregg's cavalry division, and a force from Butler's army advanced up the north bank of the James in August to threaten Richmond, and at the same time Warren's corps marched out of the works at Petersburg and seized the Weldon railroad, at Globe Tavern, south of the city. The Confederates made repeated and desperate attacks to dislodge Warren, but were repulsed. Later Hancock and Gregg recrossed the James and proceeded to destroy the Weldon road beyond Warren's position. A desperate battle ensued at Reams's Station on August 20th.

In September operations were continued north of the James. On the 29th the Tenth Corps, under General D. B. Birney, and the Eighteenth, under General E. O. C. Ord, carried Fort Harrison, opposite Drewry's Bluffs, by storm, but were repulsed in a desperate assault on Fort Gilmer, a strong work nearer to Richmond.

In October an expedition under Hancock attempted to seize the South Side railroad, a line west of the Weldon road, but it proved to be within the enemy's intrenchments and the expedition retired after a sharp battle at Hatcher's Run. Further movements on the left were the expedition, December 7th to 10th, under Warren, by which the Weldon railroad was destroyed as far as Hicksford, and the combined movement, February 5th to 7th, under Warren and Humphreys (who on the 28th of November succeeded to the command of Hancock's Corps), which resulted in extending the Union intrenchments to Hatcher's Run, after some severe fighting with the troops of A. P. Hill and Gordon. The renewal of these operations in the spring of 1865 led to the campaign of Five Forks. Sheridan's cavalry joined the besieging army March 24th, and on the 29th started on the march around Lee's right flank.

Meanwhile, on the 25th, Gordon's corps breached Grant's lines at Fort Stedman, and fighting over the intrenchments continued until the grand assaults which terminated the siege on April 2d. (See p. 308.)





THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "ALABAMA."

This sketch was made from a photograph (of a drawing) which Captain Semmes gave to a friend, with the remark that it was a correct picture of his ship. On the stocks, and until she went into commission, the *Alabama* was known as "No. 290," that being her number on the list of ships built by the Lairds. According to the volume, "Our Cruise in the Confederate States' War Steamer *Alabama*," she was a bark-rigged wooden propeller, of 1040 tons' register; length of keel, 210 feet; length over all, 220; beam, 32; depth, 17. She carried two horizontal engines, each of 300 horse-power; she had stowage for 350 tons of coal. All her standing rigging was of wire. She had a double wheel placed just before the mizzen-mast, and on it was inscribed the motto, "*Aide toi et Dieu* *vaidera*."

The bridge was in the center, just before the funnel. She carried five boats; cutter and launch amidships, gig and whale-boat between the main and mizzen-mast, and dingy astern. The main deck was pierced for twelve guns. She had an elliptic stern, billet head, and high bulwarks. Her cabin accommodations were first-class; and her ward-room was furnished with a handsome suite of state-rooms. The starboard steerage was for midshipmen, the port for engineers. Next came the engine-room, coal-bunkers, etc.; then the berth-deck, accommodating 120 men. Under the ward-room were store-rooms, and under the steerage were shell-rooms. Just forward of the fire-room came the hold, next the magazines, and, forward of all, the boatswain's and sail-maker's store-rooms. The hold was all under the berth-deck.

## THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE."

NOTE.—The Confederate Government sent out during the progress of the war a number of cruisers to attack the commerce of the United States. Most of them were built abroad; several of them in England. The most famous of these was the *Alabama*, which sailed from Liverpool on the 29th of July, 1862, on the day that the law officers of the Crown rendered an opinion that the vessel was clearly intended for warlike use against the United States, and recommended that she be seized at once. She was fitted up in one of the islands of the Azores, and for two years was a terror to the commerce of the United States, until finally sunk by the *Kearsarge*.

### FROM THE DECK OF THE "ALABAMA." BY JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA."

... Our little ship was now showing signs of the active work she had been doing. Her boilers were burned out, and her machinery was sadly in want of repairs. She was loose at every joint, her seams were open, and the copper on her bottom was in rolls. We therefore set our course for Europe, and on the 11th of June, 1864, entered the port of Cherbourg, and applied for permission to go into dock. There being none but national docks, the Emperor had first to be communicated with before permission could be granted, and he was absent from Paris. It was during this interval of waiting, on the third day after our arrival, that the *Kearsarge* steamed into the harbor, for the purpose, as we learned, of taking on board the prisoners we had landed from our last two prizes. Captain Semmes, however, objected to this on the ground that the *Kearsarge* was adding to her crew in a neutral

port. The authorities conceding this objection valid, the *Kearsarge* steamed out of the harbor, without anchoring. During her stay we examined her closely with our glasses, but she was keeping on the opposite side of the harbor, out of the reach of a very close scrutiny, which accounts for our not detecting the boxing to her chain armor. After she left the harbor Captain Semmes sent for me to his cabin, and said: "I am going out to fight the *Kearsarge*; what do you think of it?" We discussed the battery, and especially the advantage the *Kearsarge* had over us in her 11-inch guns. She was built for a vessel of war, and we for speed, and though she carried one gun less, her battery was more effective at point-blank range. While the *Alabama* carried one more gun, the *Kearsarge* threw more metal at a broadside; and while our guns were more effective at long range, her 11-inch guns gave her greatly the advantage at close range. She also had a slight advantage in her crew, she carrying 163, all told, while we carried 149. Considering well these advantages, Captain Semmes communicated through our agent to the United States consul that if Captain Winslow would wait outside the harbor he would fight him as soon as we could coal ship.

Accordingly on Sunday morning, June 19th, between 9 and 10 o'clock, we weighed anchor and stood out of the western entrance of the harbor, the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne* following us. The day was bright and beautiful, with a light breeze blowing. Our men were neatly dressed, and our officers in full uniform. The report of our going out to



REAR-ADMIRAL SEMMES, C. S. N., CAPTAIN OF THE "ALABAMA."

From a photograph taken in England after the loss of his ship.

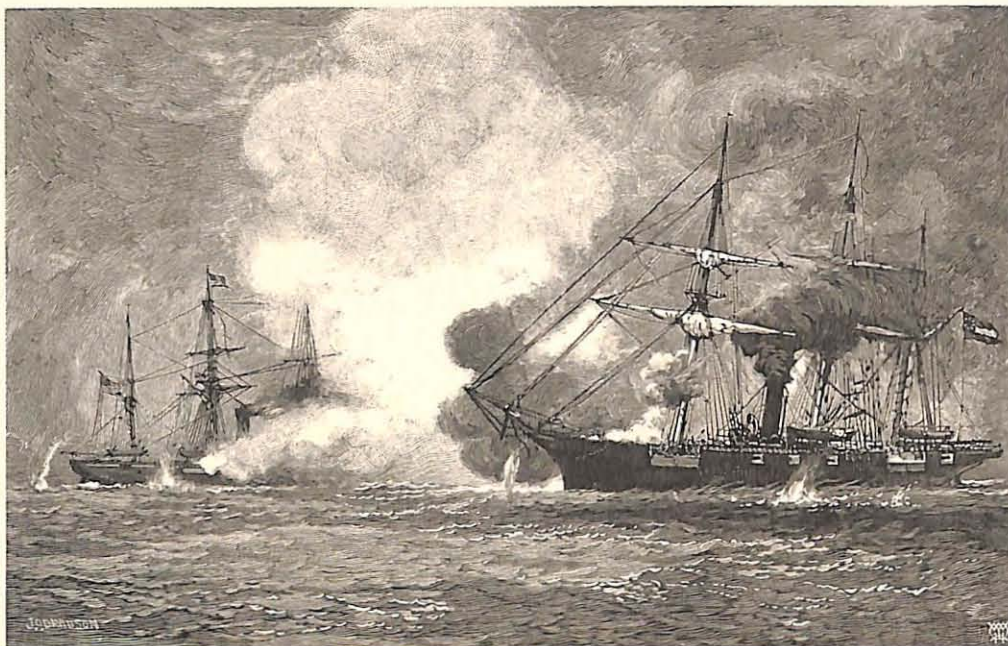
fight the *Kearsarge* had been circulated, and many persons from Paris and the surrounding country had come down to witness the engagement. With a large number of the inhabitants of Cherbourg they collected on every prominent point on the shore that would afford a view seaward. As we rounded the breakwater we discovered the *Kearsarge* about seven miles to the northward and eastward. We immediately shaped our course for her, called all hands to quarters, and cast loose the starboard battery. Upon reporting to the captain that the ship was ready for action, he directed me to send all hands aft, and mounting a gun-carriage, he made the following address:

"OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE 'ALABAMA': You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy—the first that has been presented to you since

you sank the *Hatteras*! In the mean time you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, one-half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends! Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, which bids defiance to her enemy's whenever and wherever found! Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

In about forty-five minutes we were somewhat over a mile from the *Kearsarge*, when she headed





"KEARSARGE."

FIGHTING IN A CIRCLE.

"ALABAMA."

for us, presenting her starboard bow. At a distance of a mile we commenced the action with our 100-pounder pivot-gun from our starboard bow. Both ships were now approaching each other at high speed, and soon the action became general with broadside batteries at a distance of about five hundred yards. To prevent passing, each ship used a strong port helm. Thus the action was fought around a common center, gradually drawing in the circle. At this range we used shell upon the enemy. Captain Semmes, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast with his glass in hand, observed the effect of our shell. He called to me and said: "Mr. Kell, use solid shot; our shell strike the enemy's side and fall into the water." We were not at this time aware of the chain armor of the enemy, and attributed the failure of our shell to our defective ammunition.\* After using solid shot for some time, we alternated shell and shot. The enemy's 11-inch shells were now doing severe execution upon our quarter-deck section. Three of them successively entered our 8-inch pivot-gun port: the first swept off the forward part of the gun's crew; the second killed one man and wounded several others; and the third struck the breast of the gun-carriage, and spun

\* On the coast of Brazil we had had some target practice at one of our prizes. Many of our fuses proved defective. Upon visiting the target I found that one of the 100-pound shells had exploded on the quarter-deck, and I counted fifteen marks from its missiles, which justifies me in asserting that had the 100-pound shell which we placed in the stern-post of the *Kearsarge* exploded, it would have changed the result of the fight. I at once examined every fuse and cap, discarding the apparently defective, and at the same time made a thorough overhauling of the magazine, as I thought; but the action with the *Kearsarge* proved that our entire supply of powder was damaged. The report from the *Kearsarge's* battery was clear and sharp, the powder burning like thin vapor, while our guns gave out a dull report, with thick and heavy vapor.—J. McL. K.

around on the deck until one of the men picked it up and threw it overboard. Our decks were now covered with the dead and the wounded, and the ship was careening heavily to starboard from the effects of the shot-holes on her water-line.

Captain Semmes ordered me to be ready to make all sail possible when the circuit of fight should put our head to the coast of France; then he would notify me at the same time to pivot to port and continue the action with the port battery, hoping thus to right the ship and enable us to reach the coast of France. The evolution was performed beautifully, righting the helm, hoisting the headsails, hauling at the fore try-sail sheet, and pivoting to port, the action continuing almost without cessation.

This evolution exposed us to a raking fire, but, strange to say, the *Kearsarge* did not take advantage of it. The port side of the quarter-deck was so encumbered with the mangled trunks of the dead that I had to have them thrown overboard, in order to fight the after pivot-gun. I abandoned the after 32-pounder, and transferred the men to fill up the vacancies at the pivot-gun under the charge of young Midshipman Anderson, who in the midst of the carnage filled his place like a veteran. At this moment the chief engineer came on deck and reported the fires put out, and that he could no longer work the engines. Captain Semmes said to me, "Go below, sir, and see how long the ship can float." As I entered the ward-room the sight was indeed appalling. There stood Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn at his post, but the table and the patient upon it had been swept away from him by an 11-inch shell, which opened in the side of the ship an aperture that was fast filling the ship with water.

It took me but a moment to return to the deck and report to the captain that we could not float ten minutes. He replied to me, "Then, sir, cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors; it

will never do in this nineteenth century for us to go down, and the decks covered with our gallant wounded." The order was promptly executed, after which the *Kearsarge* deliberately fired into us five shot.\* I ordered the men to stand to their quarters and not flinch from the shot of the enemy; they stood every man to his post most heroically. With the first shot fired upon us after our colors were down, the quartermaster was ordered to show a white flag over the stern, which order was executed in my presence. When the firing ceased Captain Semmes ordered me to despatch an officer to the *Kearsarge* to say that our ship was sinking, and to ask that they send boats to save our wounded, as our boats were disabled. The dingey, our smallest boat, had escaped damage. I despatched Master's-

\* In Captain Winslow's letter (dated Cherbourg, June 21st, 1864) to the Secretary of the Navy, he says: "Toward the close of the action between the *Alabama* and this vessel, all available sail was made on the former for the purpose of again reaching Cherbourg. When the object was apparent the *Kearsarge* was steered across the bow of the *Alabama* for a raking fire; but before reaching this point the *Alabama* struck. Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was using some ruse, the *Kearsarge* was stopped"—and, I may add, continued his fire, for by his own words he thought Captain Semmes was making some ruse. The report that the *Alabama* fired her guns after the colors were down and she had shortened sail is not correct. There was a cessation in the firing of our guns when we shifted our battery to port, after which we renewed the action.

Almost immediately afterward the engineer reported the fires put out, when we ceased firing, hauled down the colors, and shortened sail. There was no gun fired from the *Alabama* after that. Captain Winslow may have thought we had surrendered when we ceased firing and were in the act of shifting the battery; but the idle report that junior officers had taken upon themselves to continue the action after the order had been given to cease firing is not worthy of notice. I did not hear the firing of a gun, and the discipline of the *Alabama* would not have permitted it.—J. McL. K.

In the letter from which Captain Kell quotes, Captain Winslow does not speak of "continuing his fire." But in his detailed report (dated July 30th, 1864) Captain Winslow says of the *Alabama*, after she had winded and set sail: "Her port broadside was presented to us, with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterward, to shift over but one. I saw now that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag having been displayed over the stern our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking."

mate Fullman with the request. No boats appearing, I had one of our quarter-boats lowered, which was slightly injured, and I ordered the wounded placed in her. Dr. Galt, the surgeon who was in charge of the magazine and shell-room division, came on deck at this moment and was at once put in charge of the boat, with orders to "take the wounded to the *Kearsarge*." They shoved off just in time to save the poor fellows from going down in the ship.

I now gave the order for every man to jump overboard with a spar and save himself from the sinking ship. To enforce the order, I walked forward and urged the men overboard. As soon as the decks were cleared, save of the bodies of the dead, I returned to the stern-port, where stood Captain Semmes with one or two of the men and his faithful steward, who, poor fellow! was doomed to a watery grave, as he could not swim. The *Alabama's* stern-port was now almost at the water's edge. Partly undressing, we plunged into the sea, and made an offing from the sinking ship, Captain Semmes with a life-preserver and I on a grating.

The *Alabama* settled stern foremost, launching her bows high in the air. Graceful even in her death-struggle, she in a moment disappeared from the face of the waters. The sea now presented a mass of living heads, striving for their lives. Many poor fellows sank for the want of timely aid. Near me I saw a float of empty shell-boxes, and called to one

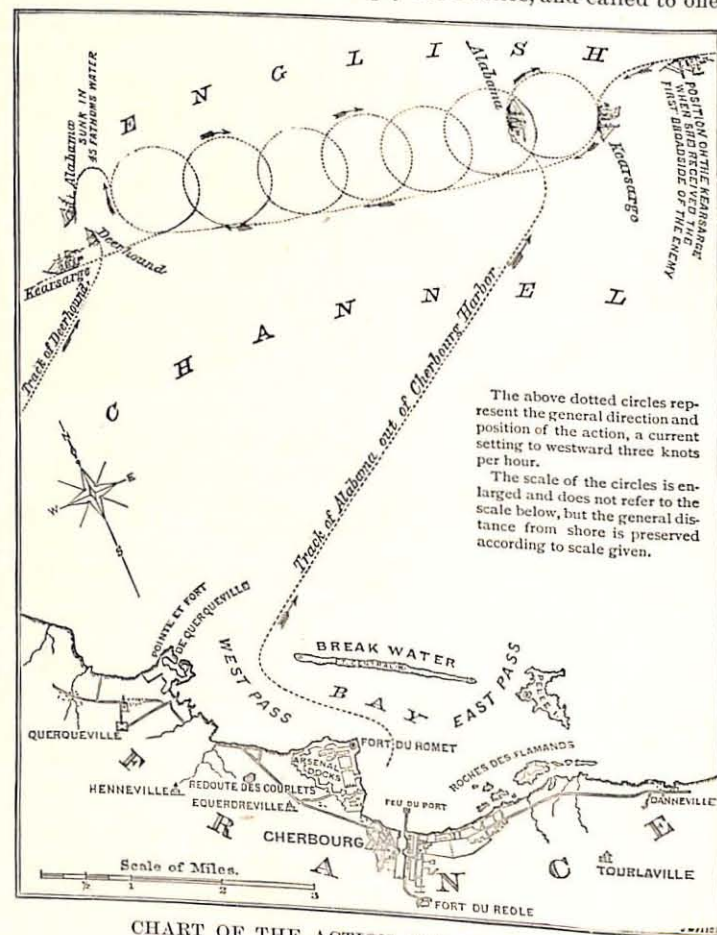


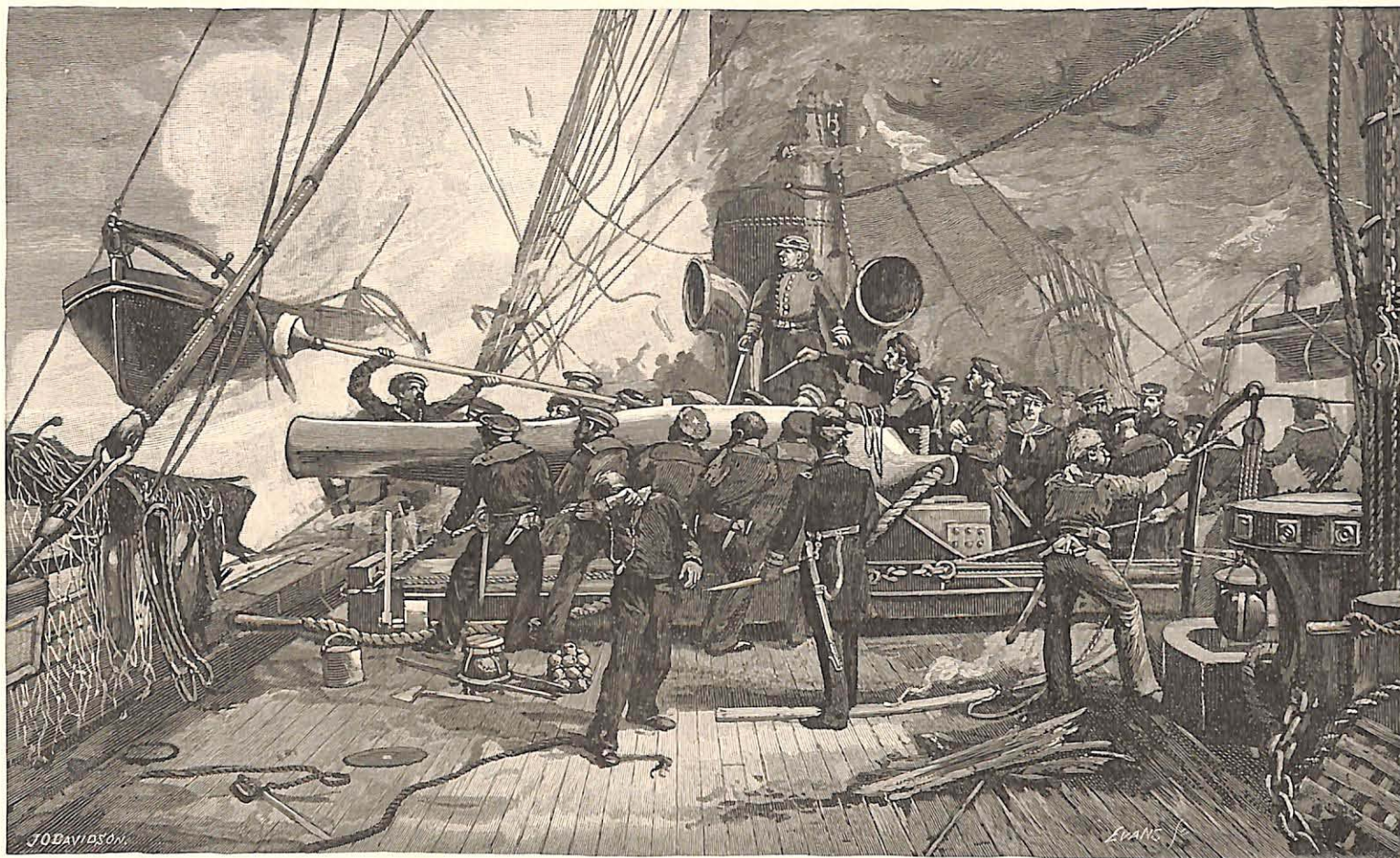
CHART OF THE ACTION OFF CHERBOURG.



of the men, a good swimmer, to examine it; he did so and replied, "It is the doctor, sir, dead." Poor Llewellyn! he perished almost in sight of his home. The young midshipman, Maffitt, swam to me and offered his life-preserver. My grating was not proving a very buoyant float, and the white-caps breaking over my head were distressingly uncomfortable, to say the least. Maffitt said: "Mr. Kell, take my life-preserver, sir; you are almost exhausted." The gallant boy did not consider his own condition, but his pallid face told me that his heroism was superior to his bodily suffering, and I refused it. After twenty minutes or more I heard near me some one call out, "There is our first lieutenant," and the next moment I was pulled into a boat, in which was Captain Semmes, stretched out in the stern-sheets, as pallid as death. He had received during the action a slight contusion on the hand, and the struggle in the water had almost exhausted him. There was also several of our crew in

the boat, and in a few moments we were alongside a little steam-yacht, which had come among our floating men, and by throwing them ropes had saved many lives. Upon reaching her deck, I ascertained for the first time that she was the yacht *Deerhound*, owned by Mr. John Lancaster, of England. In looking about I saw two French pilot-boats engaged in saving our crew, and finally two boats from the *Kearsarge*. To my surprise I found on the yacht Mr. Fullam, whom I had despatched in the dingy to ask that boats be sent to save our wounded. He reported to me that our shot had literally torn the casing from the chain armor of the *Kearsarge*, indenting the chain in many places, which explained Captain Semmes's observation of the effect of our shell upon the enemy, "that they struck the sides and fell into the water."

Captain Winslow, in his report, states that his ship was struck twenty-five or thirty times, and I doubt if the *Alabama* was struck a greater number of times. I may not, therefore, be bold in asserting that had not the *Kearsarge* been protected by her iron cables, the result of the fight would have been different. Captain Semmes felt the more keenly the delusion to which he fell a victim (not knowing that the *Kearsarge* was chain-clad) from the fact that he was exceeding his instructions in seeking an action with the enemy; but to seek a fight



THE ELEVEN-INCH FORWARD PIVOT-GUN ON THE "KEARSARGE" IN ACTION.

with an ironclad he conceived to be an unpardonable error. However, he had the satisfaction of knowing she was classed as a wooden gun-boat by the Federal Government; also that he had inspected her with most excellent glasses, and so far as outward appearances showed, she displayed no chain armor. At the same time it must be admitted that Captain Winslow had the right unquestionably to protect his ship and crew. In justice to Captain Semmes I will state that the battle would never have been fought had he known that the *Kearsarge* wore an armor of chain beneath her outer covering.\* Thus was the *Alabama* lost by an error, if you please, but, it must be admitted, a most pardonable one, and not until "Father Neptune" claimed her as his own did she lower her colors.

The 11-inch shells of the *Kearsarge* did fearful work, and her guns were served beautifully, being aimed with precision, and deliberate in fire. She came into action magnificently. Having the speed of us, she took her own position and fought gallantly. But she tarnished her glory when she fired upon a fallen foe. It was high noon of a bright, beautiful day, with a moderate breeze blowing to waft the smoke of battle clear, and nothing to ob-

\* Surgeon Browne points out that the advantage derived from the chain armor was immaterial. It was a device that Captain Semmes also might have employed.

struct the view at five hundred yards. The very fact of the *Alabama* ceasing to fire, shortening sail, and hauling down her colors simultaneously, must have attracted the attention of the officer in command of the *Kearsarge*. Again, there is no reason given why the *Kearsarge* did not steam immediately into the midst of the crew of the *Alabama*, after their ship had been sunk, and, like a brave and generous foe, save the lives of her enemies, who had fought nobly as long as they had a plank to stand upon. Were it not for the timely presence of the kind-hearted Englishman and the two French pilot-boats, who can tell the number of us that would have rested with our gallant little ship beneath the waters of the English Channel? I quote the following from Mr. John Lancaster's letter to the London "Daily News": "I presume it was because he [Captain Winslow] would not or could not save them himself. The fact is that if the captain and crew of the *Alabama* had depended for safety altogether upon Captain Winslow, not one-half of them would have been saved."

\* In his report of June 21st, 1864, Captain Winslow said:

"It was seen shortly afterward that the *Alabama* was lowering her boats, and an officer came alongside in one of them to say that they had surrendered and were fast sinking, and begging that boats would be despatched immediately for the saving of life. The two boats not dis-

The following is an extract from Mr. John Lancaster's log, dated "Steam-yacht *Deerhound*, off Cowes":

"SUNDAY, June 19th,  
9 A. M.

"Got up steam and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbor. Half-past ten observed the *Alabama* steaming out of the harbor toward the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*. Ten minutes past eleven, the *Alabama* commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The *Kearsarge* immediately replied with her starboard guns. A very sharp, spirited fire was kept up, shot sometimes being varied by shells. In maneuvering, both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. At 12 a slight intermission was observed in the *Alabama's* firing, the *Alabama* making head-sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles. At 12:30, observed the *Alabama* to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made toward her and in passing the *Kearsarge* were requested to assist in saving the *Alabama's* crew. At 12:50, when within a distance of two hundred yards, the *Alabama* sunk. We then lowered our two boats, and with the assistance of the *Alabama's* whale-boat and dingy, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At 1 P. M. we started for Southampton."

Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At 1 P. M. we started for Southampton."

When Mr. Lancaster approached Captain Semmes, and said, "I think every man has been picked up; where shall I land you?" Captain Semmes replied, "I am now under the English colors, and the sooner you put me with my officers and men on English soil, the better." The little yacht moved rapidly away at once, under a press of steam, for Southampton. Armstrong, our second lieutenant, and some of our men who were saved by the French pilot-boats, were taken into Cherbourg. Our loss was 9 killed, 21 wounded, and 10 drowned.

It has been charged that an arrangement had been entered into between Mr. Lancaster and Captain Semmes, previous to our leaving Cherbourg, that in the event of the *Alabama* being sunk the *Deerhound* would come to our rescue. Captain Semmes and myself met Mr. Lancaster for the first time when rescued by him, and he related to us the able were at once lowered, and as it was apparent the *Alabama* was settling, this officer was permitted to leave in his boat to afford assistance. An English yacht, the *Deerhound*, had approached near the *Kearsarge* at this time, when I hailed and begged the commander to run down to the *Alabama*, as she was fast sinking and we had but two boats, and assist in picking up the men. He answered affirmatively and steamed toward the *Alabama*, but the latter sank almost immediately."



circumstance that was the occasion of his coming out to see the fight. Having his family on board, his intention was to attend church with his wife and children, when the gathering of the spectators on the shore attracted their attention, the report having been widely circulated that the *Alabama* was to go out that morning and give battle to the *Kearsarge*. The boys were clamorous to see the fight, and after a family discussion as to the propriety of going out on the Sabbath to witness a naval combat, Mr. Lancaster agreed to put the question to vote at the breakfast-table, where the youngsters carried their part by a majority. Thus many of us were indebted for our lives to that inherent trait in the English character, the desire to witness a "passage at arms."

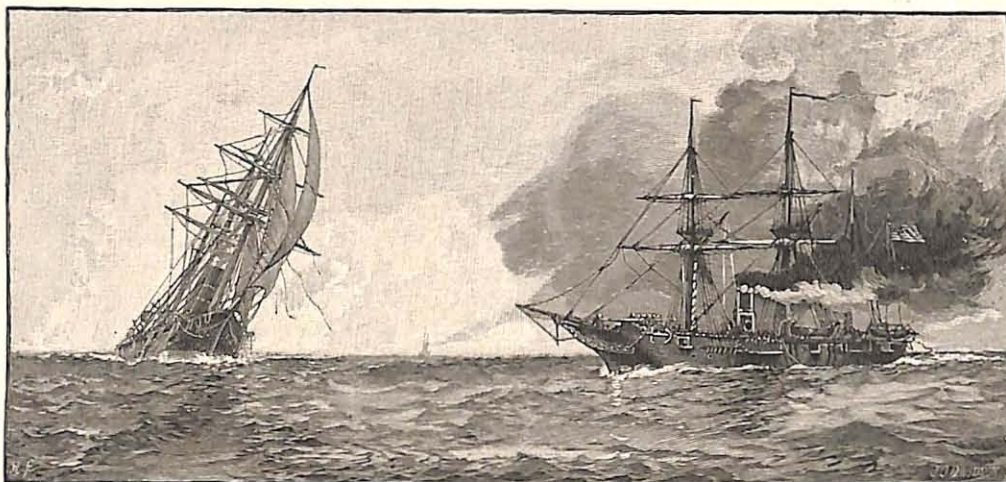
That evening we landed in Southampton, and were received by the people with every demonstration of sympathy and kindly feeling. Thrown upon their shores by the chances of war, we were taken to their hearts and homes with that generous hospitality which brought to mind with tenderest feeling our own dear Southern homes in ante-bellum times. To the Rev. F. W. Tremlett, of Belsize Park, London, and his household, I am indebted for a picture of English home life that time cannot efface, and the memory of which will be a lasting pleasure till life's end.

#### FROM THE DECK OF THE "KEARSARGE."

BY JOHN M. BROWNE, SURGEON OF THE  
"KEARSARGE."

ON Sunday, the 12th of June, 1864, the *Kearsarge*, Captain John A. Winslow, was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland. The cornet suddenly appeared at the fore, and a gun was fired. These were unexpected signals that compelled absent officers and men to return to the ship. Steam was raised, and as soon as we were off, and all hands called, Captain Winslow gave the welcome news of a telegram from Mr. Dayton, our Minister to France, announcing that the *Alabama* had arrived the day previous at Cherbourg; hence the urgency of departure, the probability of an encounter, and the expectation of her capture or destruction. The crew responded with cheers. The succeeding day witnessed the arrival of the *Kearsarge* at Dover for despatches, and the day after (Tuesday) her appearance off Cherbourg, where we saw the Confederate flag flying within the breakwater. As we approached, officers and men gathered in groups on deck, and looked intently at the "daring rover" that had been able for two years to escape numerous foes and to inflict immense damage on our commerce. She was a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. The surgeon went on shore and obtained *pratique* (permission to visit the port) for boats. Owing to the neutrality limitation, which would not allow us to remain in the harbor longer than twenty-four hours, it was inexpedient to enter the port. We placed a vigilant watch by turns at each of the harbor entrances, and continued it to the moment of the engagement.

On Wednesday Captain Winslow paid an official visit to the French admiral commanding the mari-



CLOSE OF THE COMBAT—THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE  
"ALABAMA."

time district, and to the United States commercial agent, bringing on his return the unanticipated news that Captain Semmes had declared his intention to fight. At first the assertion was barely credited, the policy of the *Alabama* being regarded as opposed to a conflict, and to escape rather than to be exposed to injury, perhaps destruction; but the doubters were half convinced when the so-called challenge was known to read as follows:

"C. S. S. 'ALABAMA,' CHERBOURG, June 14th, 1864.  
"To A. BONFILS, Esq., CHERBOURG. SIR: I hear that you were informed by the U. S. Consul that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the U. S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge* as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening; or after the morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. SEMMES, Captain."

This communication was sent by Mr. Bonfils, the Confederate States Commercial Agent, to Mr.

Liais, the United States Commercial Agent, with a request that the latter would furnish a copy to Captain Winslow for his guidance. There was no other challenge to combat. The letter that passed between the commercial agents was the challenge about which so much has been said. Captain Semmes informed Captain Wins-

low through Mr. Bonfils of his intention to fight; Captain Winslow informed Captain Semmes through Mr. Liais that he came to Cherbourg to fight, and had no intention of leaving. He made no other reply.

Captain Winslow assembled the officers and discussed the expected battle. It was probable the two ships would engage on parallel lines, and the *Alabama* would seek neutral waters in event of defeat; hence the necessity of beginning the action several miles from the breakwater. It was determined not to surrender, but to fight until the last, and, if need be, to go down with colors flying. Why Captain Semmes should imperil his ship was not understood, since he would risk all and expose the cause of which he was a selected champion to a needless disaster, while the *Kearsarge*, if taken or destroyed, could be replaced. It was therefore concluded that he would fight because he thought he would be the victor.

Preparations were made for battle, with no relaxation of the watch. Thursday passed; Friday came; the *Kearsarge* waited with ports down,

guns pivoted to starboard, the whole battery loaded, and shell, grape, and canister ready to use in any mode of attack or defense; yet no *Alabama* appeared. French pilots came on board and told of unusual arrangements made by the enemy, such as the hurried taking of coals, the transmission of valuable articles to the

shore, such as captured chronometers, specie, and the bills of ransomed vessels; and the sharpening of swords, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. It was reported that Captain Semmes had been advised not to give battle; that he replied he would prove to the world that his ship was not a privateer, intended only for attack upon merchant vessels, but a true man-of-war; further, that he had consulted French officers, who all asserted that in his situation they would fight. Certain newspapers declared that he ought to improve the opportunity afforded by the presence of the enemy to show that his ship was not a "corsair," to prey upon defenseless merchantmen, but a real ship-of-war, able and willing to fight the "Federal" waiting outside the harbor. It was said the *Alabama* was swift, with a superior crew, and it was known that the ship, guns, and ammunition were of English make.

A surprise by night was suggested, and precautionary means were taken; everything was well planned and ready for action, but still no *Alabama* came. Meanwhile the *Kearsarge* was cruising to and fro off the breakwater. A message was brought from Mr. Dayton, our Minister to Paris, by his son, who with difficulty had obtained permission from the French admiral to visit the *Kearsarge*. Communication with either ship was prohibited, but the permission was given upon the promise of Mr. Dayton to return on shore directly after the delivery of the message. Mr. Dayton expressed the opinion that Captain Semmes would not fight, though acknowledging the prevalence of a contrary belief in Cherbourg. He was told that, in the event of battle, if we were successful the colors would be displayed at the mizzen as the flag of victory. He went on shore with the intention of leaving for Paris without delay. In taking leave of the French admiral the latter advised Mr. Dayton to remain over night, and mentioned the fixed purpose of Captain Semmes to fight on the following day, Sunday; and he gave the intelligence that there could be no further communication with the *Kearsarge*. Mr. Dayton passed a part of Saturday night trying to procure a boat to send off the acquired information, but the vigilance along the coast made his efforts useless. He remained, witnessed the battle, telegraphed the result to Paris, and was one of the first to go on board and offer congratulations.

At a supper in Cherbourg on Saturday night, several officers of the *Alabama* met sympathizing friends, the coming battle being the chief topic of conversation. Confident of victory, they proclaimed the intent to sink the "Federal" or gain a "corsair." They rose with promises to meet the following night to repeat the festivity as victors, were escorted to the boat, and departed with cheers and best wishes for a successful return.

Sunday, the 19th, came; a fine day, atmosphere somewhat hazy, little sea, light westerly wind. At 10 o'clock the *Kearsarge* was near the buoy marking the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, at a distance of about three miles from the entrance. The decks had been holystoned, the bright work cleaned, the guns polished, and the crew were dressed in Sunday suits. They were inspected at quarters and dismissed to attend divine service. Seemingly no one thought of the enemy; so long awaited and not appearing, speculation as



RETURNING FOR THE WOUNDED.



to her coming had nearly ceased. At 10:20 the officer of the deck reported a steamer approaching from Cherbourg,—a frequent occurrence, and consequently it created no surprise. The bell was tolling for service when some one shouted, "She's coming, and heading straight for us!" Soon, by the aid of a glass, the officer of the deck made out the enemy, and shouted, "The *Alabama*!" and calling down the ward-room hatch repeated the cry, "The *Alabama*!" The drum beat to general quarters; Captain Winslow put aside the prayer-book, seized the trumpet, ordered the ship about, and headed seaward. The ship was cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard.

The *Alabama* approached from the western entrance, escorted by the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne*, flying the pennant of the commandant of the port, followed in her wake by a small fore-and-aft-rigged steamer, the *Deerhound*, flying the flag of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. The commander of the frigate had informed Captain Semmes that his ship would escort him to the limit of the French waters. The frigate, having convoyed the *Alabama* three marine miles from the coast, put down her helm, and steamed back into port without delay.

The steam-yacht continued on, and remained near the scene of action.

Captain Winslow had assured the French admiral that in the event of an engagement the position of the ship should be far enough from shore to prevent a violation of the law of nations. To avoid a question of jurisdiction, and to avert an escape to neutral waters in case of retreat, the *Kearsarge* steamed to sea, followed by the enemy, giving the appearance of running away and being pursued. Between six and seven miles from the shore the *Kearsarge*, thoroughly ready, at 10:50 wheeled, at a distance of one and a quarter miles from her opponent, presented the starboard battery, and steered direct for her, with the design of closing or of running her down. The *Alabama* sheered and presented her starboard battery. More speed was ordered, the *Kearsarge* advanced rapidly, and at 10:57 received a broadside of solid shot at a range of about eighteen hundred yards. This broadside cut away a little of the rigging, but the shot mostly passed

over or fell short. It was apparent that Captain Semmes intended to fight at long range.

The *Kearsarge* advanced with increased speed, receiving a second and part of a third broadside, with similar effect. Captain Winslow wished to get at short range, as the guns were loaded with five-second shell. Arrived within nine hundred yards, the *Kearsarge*, fearing a fourth broadside, and apprehensive of a raking, sheered and broke her silence with a starboard battery. Each ship was now pressed under a full head of steam, the position being broadside, both employing the starboard guns.

Captain Winslow, fearful that the enemy would make for the shore, determined with a port helm to run under the *Alabama*'s stern for raking, but was prevented by her sheering and keeping her broadside to the *Kearsarge*, which forced the fighting on a circular track, each ship, with a strong port helm, steaming around a common center, and pouring its fire into its opponent a quarter to half a mile away. There was a current setting to westward three knots an hour.

The action was now fairly begun. The *Alabama* changed from solid shot to shell. [Commander Kell (see p. 266) says the *Alabama* began with shell.] A shot from an early broadside of the *Kearsarge* carried away the spanker-gaff of the enemy, and caused his ensign to come down by the run. This incident was regarded as a favorable omen by the men, who cheered and went with increased confidence to their work. The fallen ensign reappeared at the mizzen. The *Alabama* returned to solid shot, and soon after fired both shot and shell to the end. The firing of the *Alabama* was rapid and wild, getting better near the close; that of the *Kearsarge* was deliberate, accurate, and almost from the beginning productive of dismay, destruction, and death. [Captain Semmes in his official report says: "The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship."] The *Kearsarge* gunners had been cautioned against firing without direct aim, and had been advised to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and to clear the deck of the enemy with the lighter ones. Though subjected to an incessant storm of shot and shell, they kept their stations and obeyed instructions.

The effect upon the enemy was readily perceived, and nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of our men. Cheers succeeded cheer; caps were thrown in the air or overboard; jackets were discarded; sanguine of victory, the men were shouting, as each projectile took effect: "That is a good one!" "Down, boys!" "Give her another like the last!" "Now we have her!" and so on, cheering and shouting to the end. After the *Kearsarge* had been exposed to an uninterrupted cannonade for eighteen minutes, a 68-pounder Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. WINSLOW, CAPTAIN OF THE "KEARSARGE."  
From a photograph taken soon after the fight.

below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew of the after pivot-gun. With these exceptions not an officer or man received serious injury. The three unfortunate men were speedily taken below, and so quietly was the act done that at the termination of the fight a large number of the men were unaware that any of their comrades were wounded. Two shots entered the ports occupied by the thirty-twos, where several men were stationed, one taking effect in the hammock-netting, the other going through the opposite port, yet none were hit. A shell exploded in the hammock-netting and set the ship on fire; the alarm calling for fire-quar-

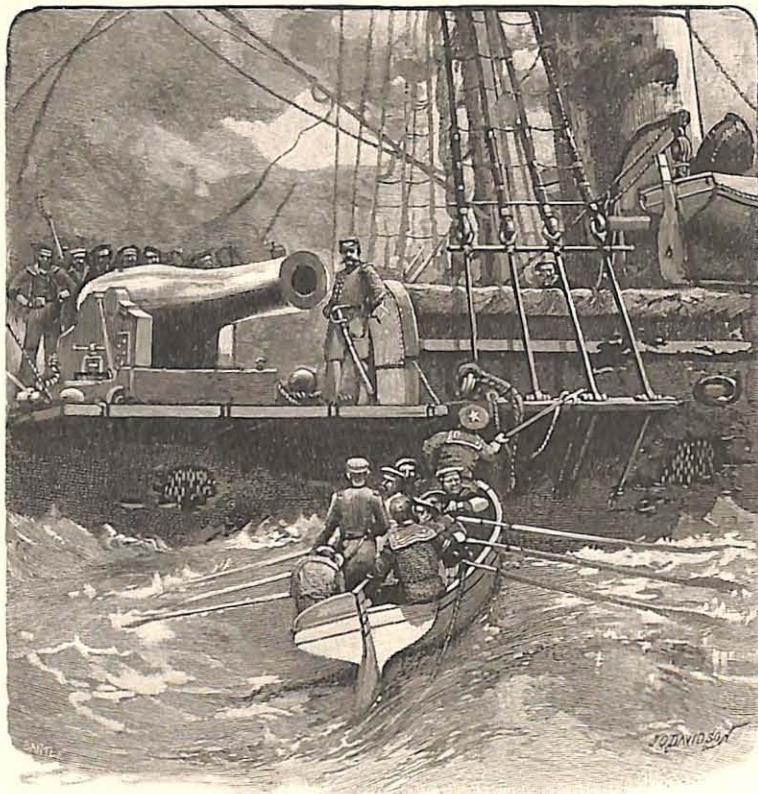
ters was sounded, and men who had been detailed for such an emergency put out the fire, while the rest stayed at the guns.

It is wonderful that so few casualties occurred on board the *Kearsarge*, considering the number on the *Alabama*—the former having fired 173 shot and shell, and the latter nearly double that number. The *Kearsarge* concentrated her fire and poured in the 11-inch shells with deadly effect. One penetrated the coal-bunker of the *Alabama*, and a dense cloud of coal-dust arose. Others struck near the water-line between the main and mizzen masts, exploded within board, or, passing through, burst beyond. Crippled and torn, the *Alabama*, moved



THE CREW OF THE "KEARSARGE" AT QUARTERS.  
From a photograph.





THE BOAT FROM THE "ALABAMA" ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER AND ASKING FOR ASSISTANCE.  
The picture shows shot-marks in the thin deal covering of the chain armor amidships.

less quickly and began to settle by the stern, yet did not slacken her fire, but returned successive broadsides without disastrous result to us.

Captain Semmes witnessed the havoc made by the shells, especially by those of our after pivot-gun, and offered a reward to any one who would silence it. Soon his battery was turned upon this particular offending gun. It was in vain, for the work of destruction went on. We had completed the seventh rotation on the circular track and had begun the eighth, when the *Alabama*, now settling, sought to escape by setting all available sail (fore-trysail and two jibs), left the circle amid a shower of shot and shell, and headed for the French waters; but to no purpose. In winding, the *Alabama* presented the port battery, with only two guns bearing, and showed gaping sides, through which the water washed. The *Kearsarge* pursued, keeping on a line nearer the shore, and with a few well-directed shots hastened the sinking. Then the *Alabama* was at our mercy. Her colors were struck, and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing. I was told by our prisoners that two of the junior officers swore they would never surrender, and in a mutinous spirit rushed to the two port guns and opened fire upon the *Kearsarge*. [See page 266.] Captain Winslow, amazed at this extraordinary conduct of an enemy who had hauled down his flag in token of surrender, exclaimed, "He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside." Again the shot and shell went crashing through her sides,

and the *Alabama* continued to settle by the stern. The *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows for raking, and in position to use grape and canister.

A white flag was then shown over the stern of the *Alabama* and her ensign was half-masted, union down. Captain Winslow for the second time gave orders to cease firing. Thus ended the fight, after a duration of one hour and two minutes. Captain Semmes, in his report, says: "Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally." He is silent as to the renewal by the *Alabama* of the fight after his surrender—an act which, in Christian warfare, would have justified the *Kearsarge* in continuing the fire until the *Alabama* had sunk beneath the waters.

Boats were now lowered from the *Alabama*. Her master's-mate, Fullam, an Englishman, came alongside the *Kearsarge* with a few of the wounded, reported the disabled and sinking condition of his ship, and asked for assistance. Captain Winslow inquired, "Does Captain Semmes surrender his ship?" "Yes," was the reply. Fullam then solicited permission to return with his boat and crew to assist in rescuing the drowning, pledging his word of honor that when this was done he would come on board and surrender. Captain Winslow granted the request. With less generosity he could have detained the officer and men, supplied their places in the boat from his ship's company, secured more prisoners and afforded equal aid to the distressed. The generosity was abused, as the sequel shows. Fullam pulled to the midst of the drowning, rescued several officers, went to the yacht, *Deerhound*, and cast his boat adrift, leaving a number of men struggling in the water.

It was now seen that the *Alabama* was settling fast. The wounded, and the boys who could not swim, were sent away in the quarter-boats, the waist-boats having been destroyed. Captain Semmes dropped his sword into the sea and jumped overboard with the remaining officers and men.

Coming under the stern of the *Kearsarge* from the windward, the *Deerhound* was hailed, and her commander requested by Captain Winslow to run down and assist in picking up the men of the sinking ship. Or, as her owner, Mr. John Lancaster, re-

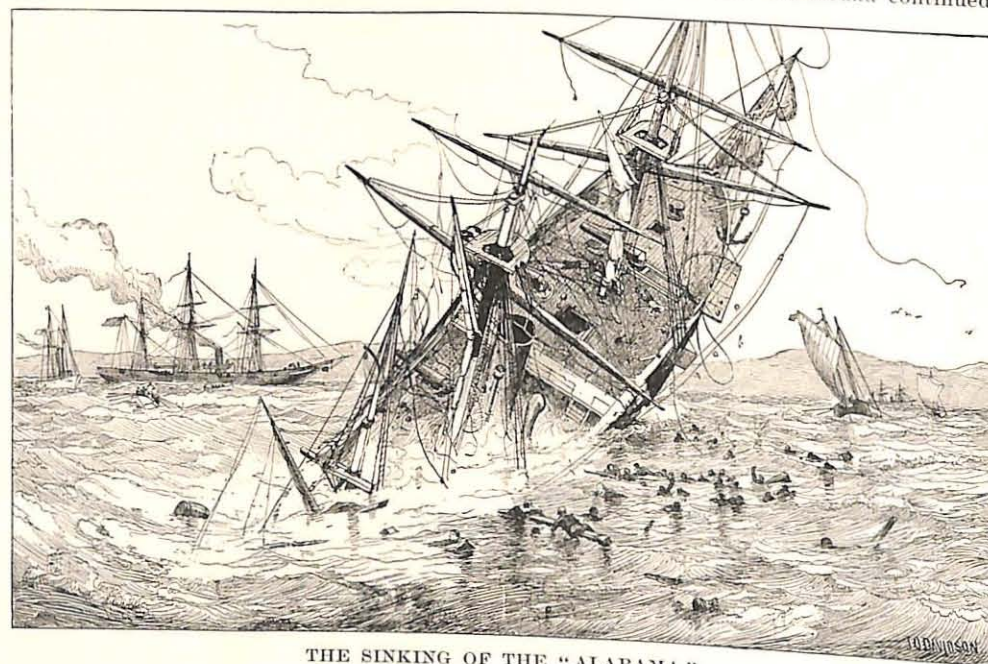
ported: "The fact is, that when we passed the *Kearsarge* the captain cried out, 'For God's sake, do what you can to save them'; and that was my warrant for interfering in any way for the aid and succor of his enemies." The *Deerhound* was built by the Lairds at the same time and in the same yard with the *Alabama*. Throughout the action she kept about a mile to the windward of the contestants. After being hailed she steamed toward the *Alabama*, which sank almost immediately after. This was at 12:24. The *Alabama* sank in forty-five fathoms of water, at a distance of about four and a half miles from the breakwater, off the west entrance. She was severely hulled between the main and mizzen masts, and settled by the stern; the main-mast, pierced by a shot at the very last, broke off near the head and went over the side, the bow lifted high from the water, and then came the end. Suddenly assuming a perpendicular position, caused by the falling aft of the battery and stores, straight as a plumb-line, stern first, she went down, the jib-boom being the last to appear above water. Thus sank the terror of merchantmen, riddled through and through, and as she disappeared to her last resting-place there was no cheer; all was silent.

The yacht lowered her two boats, rescued Captain Semmes (wounded in the hand by broken iron rigging), First Lieutenant Kell, twelve officers, and twenty-six men, leaving the rest of the survivors to the two boats of the *Kearsarge*. Apparently aware that the forty persons he had rescued would be claimed, Mr. Lancaster steamed away as fast as he could, direct for Southampton, without waiting for such surgical assistance as the *Kearsarge* might render. Captain Winslow permitted the yacht to secure his prisoners, anticipating their subsequent surrender. Again his confidence was misplaced, and he afterward wrote: "It was my mistake at the moment that I could not recognize an enemy who, under the garb of a friend, was affording assistance." The aid of the yacht, it is

presumed, was asked in a spirit of chivalry, for the *Kearsarge*, comparatively uninjured, with but three wounded, and a full head of steam, was in condition to engage a second enemy. Instead of remaining at a distance of about four hundred yards from the *Alabama*, and from this position sending two boats, the other boats being injured, the *Kearsarge* by steaming close to the settling ship, and in the midst of the defeated, could have captured all—Semmes, officers, and men. Captain Semmes says: "There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after the ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then, tardily, another boat."

This imputation of inhumanity is contradicted by Mr. Lancaster's assertion that he was requested to do what he could to save "the poor fellows who were struggling in the water for their lives."

The *Deerhound* edged to the leeward and steamed rapidly away. An officer approached Captain Winslow and reported the presence of Captain Semmes and many officers on board the English yacht. Believing the information authentic, as it was obtained from the prisoners, he suggested the expediency of firing a shot to bring her to, and asked permission. Captain Winslow declined, saying "it was impossible; the yacht was simply coming round." Meanwhile the *Deerhound* increased the distance from the *Kearsarge*; another officer spoke to him in similar language, but with more positiveness. Captain Winslow replied that no Englishman who carried the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron could so act. The *Deerhound* continued her



THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."



flight, and yet another officer urged the necessity of firing a shot. With undiminished confidence Captain Winslow refused, saying the yacht was "simply coming round," and would not go away without communicating. The escape of the yacht and her coveted prize was manifestly regretted. The famed *Alabama*, "a formidable ship, the terror of American commerce, well armed, well manned, well handled," was destroyed, "sent to the bottom in an hour," but her commander had escaped; the victory seemed already lessened. It was held by the Navy Department that Captain Semmes violated the usages of war in surrendering to Captain Winslow through the agency of one of his officers and then effecting an escape during the execution of the commission; that he was a prisoner of the United States Government from the moment he sent the officer to make the surrender.\* . . .

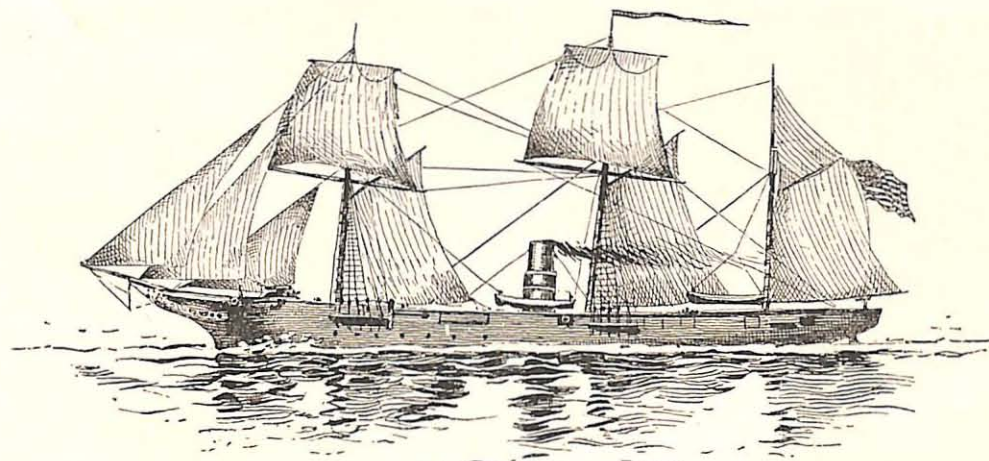
The *Kearsarge* received twenty-eight shot and shell, of which thirteen were in the hull, the most efficient being abaft the mainmast. A 100-pounder rifle shell entered at the starboard quarter and lodged in the stern-post. The blow shook the ship from stem to stern. Luckily the shell did not explode, otherwise the result would have been serious, if not fatal. A 32-pounder shell entered forward of the forward pivot port, crushing the waterways, raising the gun and carriage, and lodged, but did not explode, else many of the gun's crew would likely have been injured by the fragments and splinters. The smoke-pipe was perforated by a rifle shell, which exploded inside and tore a ragged hole nearly three feet in diameter, and carried away three of the chain guys. Three boats were shattered. The cutting away of the rigging was mostly about the mainmast. The spars were left in good order. A large number of pieces of burst shell were gathered from the deck and thoughtlessly thrown overboard. . . .

At 3:10 P. M. the *Kearsarge* anchored in Cherbourg harbor close by the ship-of-war *Napoleon*, and was soon surrounded by boats of every description filled with excited and inquisitive people. Ambulances, by order of the French admiral, were

\* The controversy in reference to the *Deerhound* is summarized thus in a letter to the editors from Professor James Russell Soley, U. S. N.:

"A neutral ship, in general, could have no right to take part in hostilities even to the extent of rescuing the drowning sailors of a belligerent, their situation being a part and a consequence of the battle. In the case of the *Deerhound*, however, the interference was directly authorized by Captain Winslow's request, addressed to Mr. Lancaster, and therefore the latter committed no breach of neutrality in taking the prisoners on board. Once on board the English yacht, however, they were as free as air. So far from its being the obligation of the *Deerhound* to surrender them, the obligation was exactly the other way. Their surrender would have been as gross a violation of neutrality toward the Confederates as their unauthorized rescue would have been toward the Union Government. Captain Winslow was therefore perfectly right in refusing to detain the *Deerhound*, since the conduct of the yacht was the necessary and logical consequence of his own act. The point where he was clearly in the wrong was in making the request in the first place. What he should have done, as Surgeon-General Browne clearly intimates, was to have steamed up close to the sinking *Alabama*, and saved her people himself, instead of remaining four hundred yards off."

It will be noticed that this statement leaves untouched the question of the right of a prisoner to escape after surrender and before delivering himself up.



THE UNITED STATES SCREW-SLOOP "KEARSARGE" AT THE TIME OF THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE "ALABAMA."

When the "Kearsarge" was at the Azores, a few months before the fight with the "Alabama," Midshipman Edward E. Preble made a mathematically correct drawing of the ship, and from a photograph of that drawing the above picture was made. After the fight alterations were made in the "Kearsarge" which considerably changed her appearance.

sent to the landing to receive the wounded, and thence they were taken to the Hôpital de la Marine, where arrangements had been made for their reception. Dr. Galt and all the prisoners except four officers were paroled and sent on shore before sunset. Secretary Welles soon after expressed his disapprobation of this action. . . .

Captain Semmes in his official report says:

"At the end of the engagement it was discovered, by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded, that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated. The planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad."

The ships were well matched in size, speed, armament, and crew, showing a likeness rarely seen in naval battles. The number of the ship's company of the *Kearsarge* was 163. That of the *Alabama*, from the best information, was estimated at 150.

The chain plating was made of one hundred and twenty fathoms of sheet-chains of one and seven-tenths inch iron, covering a space amidships of forty-nine and one-half feet in length by six feet two inches in depth, stopped up and down to eyebolts with marlines, secured by iron dogs, and employed for the purpose of protecting the engines when the upper part of the coal-bunkers was empty, as happened during the action. The chains were concealed by one-inch deal-boards as a finish. The chain plating was struck by a 32-pounder shot in the starboard gangway, which cut the chain and bruised the planking; and by a 32-pounder shell, which broke a link of the chain, exploded, and tore away a portion of the deal covering. Had the shot been from the 100-pounder rifle the result would have been different, though without serious damage, because the shot struck five feet above the water-line, and if sent through the side would have cleared the machinery and boilers. It is proper,

therefore, to assert that in the absence of the chain armor the result would have been nearly the same, notwithstanding the common opinion at the time that the *Kearsarge* was an "ironclad" contending with a wooden ship. The chains were fastened to the ship's sides more than a year previous to the fight, while at the Azores. It was the suggestion of the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton, to hang the sheet-chain (or spare anchor-cable) over the sides, so as to protect the midship section, he having served with Admiral Farragut in passing the forts to reach New Orleans, and having observed its benefit on that occasion. The work was done in three days, at a cost for material not exceeding seventy-five dollars. In our visit to European ports, the use of sheet-chains for protective purposes had attracted notice and caused comment. It is strange that Captain Semmes did not know of the chain armor; supposed spies had been on board and had been shown through the ship, as there was no attempt at concealment; the same pilot had been employed by both ships, and had visited each during the preparation for battle. The *Alabama* had bunkers full of coal, which brought her down in the water. The *Kearsarge* was deficient in seventy tons of coal of her proper supply, but the sheet-chains stowed outside gave protection to her partly-filled bunkers. . . .

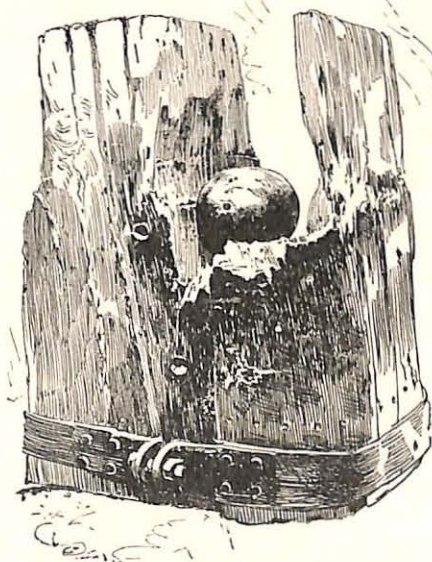
This Sunday naval duel was fought in the presence of more than 15,000 spectators, who, upon the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, and rigging of men-of-war, witnessed "the last of the *Alabama*." Among them were the captains, their families, and crews of two merchant ships burnt by the daring cruiser a few days before her arrival at Cherbourg, where they were landed in a nearly destitute condition. Many spectators were provided with spy-glasses and camp-stools. The *Kearsarge* was burning Newcastle coals, and the *Alabama* Welsh coals, the difference in the amount of smoke enabling the movements of each ship to be distinctly traced. An excursion train from Paris arrived in the morning, bringing hundreds of plea-

sure-seekers, who were unexpectedly favored with the spectacle of a sea-fight. A French gentleman at Boulogne-sur-Mer assured me that the fight was the conversation of Paris for more than a week.

NOTE.—Twelve Confederate cruisers figured in the so-called "*Alabama* Claims" settlement with England. Named in the order of the damage inflicted by each, these cruisers were: the *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Sumter*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, *Jeff. Davis*, *Sallie*, and *Boston*. The actual losses inflicted by the *Alabama* (\$7,050,293.76, according to claims for ships and cargoes filed up to March 15th, 1872) were only about \$400,000 greater than those inflicted by the *Shenandoah*. The sum total of the claims filed against the twelve cruisers, for ships and cargoes, up to March 15th, 1872, was \$19,782,917.60, all but about six millions of it being charged to the account of the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*.

On May 8th, 1871, the Treaty of Washington was concluded, in accordance with which a Tribunal of Arbitration was appointed, which assembled at Geneva. It consisted of Count Fredericq Schepis, named by the King of Italy; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, named by the President of the Swiss Confederation; Viscount d'Itajuba, named by the Emperor of Brazil; Mr. Charles Francis Adams, named by the President of the United States; and Sir Alexander Cockburn, named by the Queen of Great Britain. The Counsel of Great Britain was Sir Roundell Palmer (afterward Lord Selborne). The United States was represented by William M. Evarts, Caleb Cushing, and Morrison R. Waite. Claims were made by the United States for indirect and national losses, as well as for the actual private losses represented by nearly twenty millions on ships and cargoes.

The Tribunal decided that England was in no way responsible for the \$1,781,915.43 of losses inflicted by the *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, *Jeff. Davis*, *Sallie*, *Boston*, and *Sumter*; and on September 14th, 1872, it awarded \$15,500,000 damages for actual losses of ships and cargoes and interest, on account of the *Alabama*, the *Florida* and her tenders, and the *Shenandoah* after she left Melbourne.



THE SHELL IN THE STERN-POST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

The charge was withdrawn from the shell, which was boxed in, and in that condition it remained for months, until the ship reached Boston, where, when the vessel was repaired, a section of the stern-post containing the embedded shell was cut away and sent to the Navy Department, and was finally deposited in the Ordnance Museum, at the Navy Yard, Washington.—J. M. B.





MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

## SHERMAN'S MARCH FROM ATLANTA THROUGH GEORGIA AND THE CAROLINAS.

### FROM ATLANTA TO SAVANNAH.

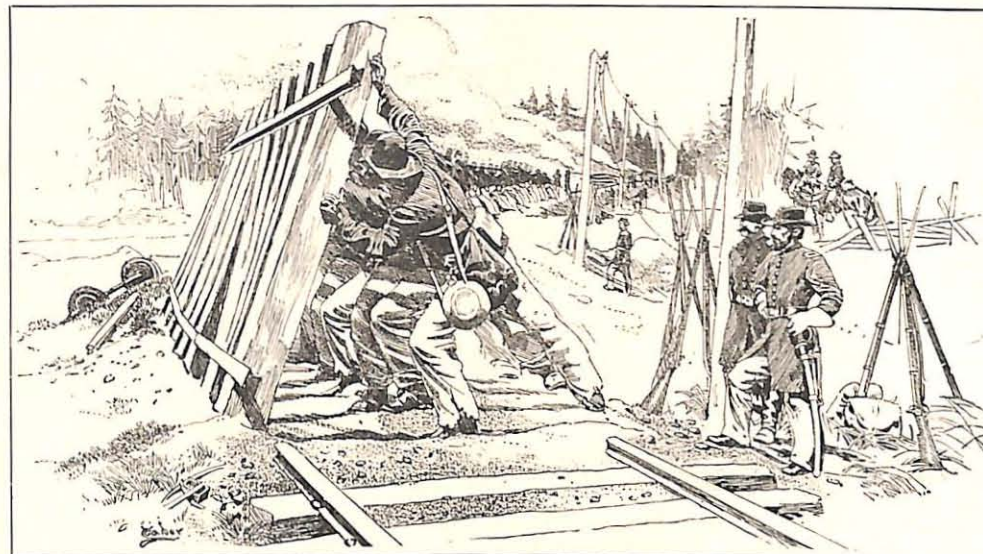
BY OLIVER O. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.  
Commanding the right wing of Sherman's army.

WHEN Sherman decided to march South from Atlanta, he ordered to Thomas at Nashville, Schofield with the Twenty-third Corps, Stanley with the Fourth Corps, all the cavalry, except Kilpatrick's division, all the detachments drawn back from the railway line, and such other troops, including A. J. Smith's, as Sherman's military division could furnish. Sherman reserved for his right wing my two corps, the Fifteenth and Seventeenth; and for his left wing the Fourteenth and Twentieth under Slocum. Mine, the Army of the Tennessee, numbered 33,000; Slocum's, the "Army of Georgia," 30,000; Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, 5000; so that the aggregate of all arms was 68,000 men. All surplus stores and trains were sent back to Tennessee. The railway south of the Etowah was next completely demolished. Under the ef-

ficient management of Colonel O. M. Poe, Sherman's chief engineer, all that was of a public nature in Atlanta which could aid the enemy was destroyed. Wrecked engines, bent and twisted iron rails, blackened ruins and lonesome chimneys saddened the hearts of the few peaceful citizens who remained there.

Behold now this veteran army thus reorganized and equipped, with moderate baggage and a few days' supply of small rations, but with plenty of ammunition, ready to march anywhere Sherman might lead. Just before starting, Sherman had a muscular lameness in one arm that gave him great trouble. On a visit to him I found his servant bathing and continuously rubbing the arm. As I understood the general's ruling, I would command next to him, because I had from the President an assignment to an army and a department. I was therefore especially anxious to know fully his plans, and plainly told him so. While the rubbing went on he explained in detail what he proposed and pointed significantly to Goldsboro', North Carolina, on his map, saying, "I hope to get there." On November 15th we set forth in good earnest. Slocum, Sherman accompanying him, went by the Augusta Railroad, and passed on through Milledgeville. I followed the Macon Railroad, and for the first seven days had Kilpatrick with me.

Notwithstanding our reduction of the impedimenta, our wagon trains were still long, and always a source of anxiety. Pushing toward Macon, I found some resistance from General G. W. Smith's new levies. The crossing of the Ocmulgee, with its steep and muddy banks, was hard enough for the trains. I protected them by a second demonstration from the left bank against Macon.



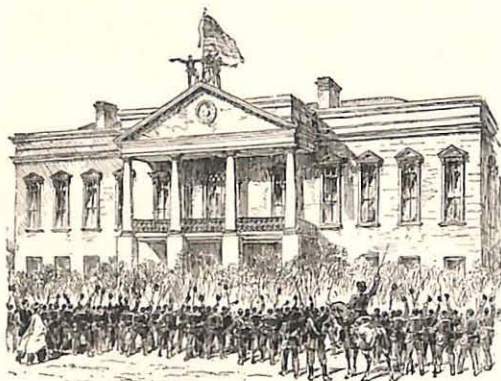
RAILWAY DESTRUCTION AS A MILITARY ART.

Smith crossed the river and gave us battle at Griswoldville. It was an affair of one division,—that of Charles R. Woods,—using mainly Walcutt's brigade. Smith was badly defeated, and during the mêlée our trains were hurried off to Gordon and parked there in safety. Here, at Gordon, Sherman, from Milledgeville, came across to me. Slocum had enjoyed a fine march, having had but little resistance. The stories of the mock Legislature at the State capital, of the luxurious supplies enjoyed all along, and of the constant fun and pranks of "Sherman's Bummers," rather belonged to that route than ours. Possibly we had more of the throngs of escaping slaves, from the baby in arms to the old negro hobbling painfully along the line of march—negroes of all sizes, in all sorts of patched costumes, with carts and broken-down horses and mules to match.

We brought along our wounded (over 200, I believe) in ambulances, and though they were jolted over corduroy roads and were much exposed to hardship, and participated in the excitements of the march, they all reached Savannah without the loss of a life. Our system of foraging was sufficiently good for the army, but the few citizens, women and children, who remained at home, suffered greatly. We marched our divisions on parallel roads when we could find them; but sometimes, using rails or newly cut poles, made our roads through swamps and soft ground, employing thousands of men. Arriving at the Oconee, Osterhaus found a wooded valley, with lagoon bridges and a narrow causeway, on his road. A division of Hardee's, who himself had left Hood and gone to Savannah to command what Confederates he could hastily gather, had marched out to meet us and was intrenched on the east bank. Artillery and infantry fire swept our road. Osterhaus, excited by the shots, came to me shaking his head and asking how we could get any further. "Deploy your skirmishers more and more till there is no reply," I said. He did so. A half mile above he was able to send over among the cypresses a brigade in boats. The Confederate division gave

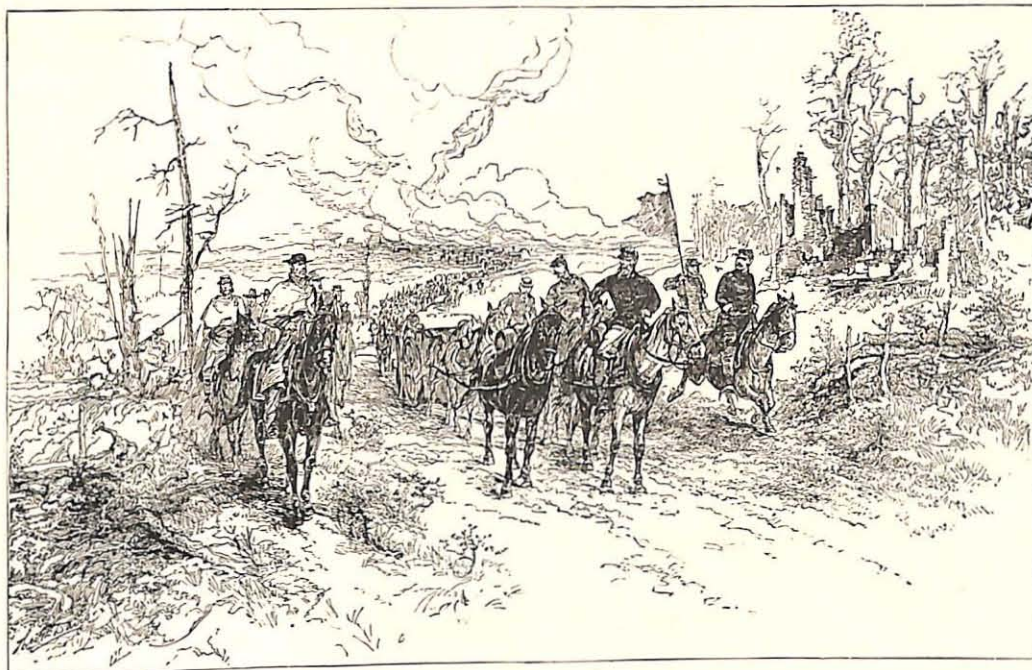
way and fled. Then shortly our bridge was laid on the main road and we marched on. Blair, who had returned from his furlough before we left Atlanta, crossed and kept the left bank of the Ogeechee, and Sherman usually accompanied him. Blair's knowledge and hospitality attracted him. So the armies went on meeting an increased resistance, but were not much delayed till we got to the Savannah Canal. Captain Duncan from my cavalry escort had carried Sherman's messages down the Ogeechee in a boat past Confederate guards and torpedoes, and gone out to sea. He was picked up by a United States vessel and his message taken to the admiral. Hence navy and provision ships were waiting off the headlands, uncertain just where Sherman would secure a harbor.

Owing to swamps and obstructed roads and Hardee's force behind them, we could not enter Savannah. Our food was getting low. True, Sherman had sent Kilpatrick to try and take Fort McAllister, a strong fort which held the mouth of the Ogeechee. But as its capture was too much for the cavalry, I asked Sherman to allow me to take that fort with infantry. Hazen's division was selected. My chief engineer, Reese, with engineers and pioneers and plenty of men to help him, in three days repaired the burnt bridge, over 1000 feet long, near King's house. Hazen, ready at the bridge, then marched over and took Fort McAllister by assault, which Sherman and I witnessed from the rice mill, some miles away on the other bank of the Ogeechee. Now we connected with the navy, and our supplies flowed in abundantly. Slocum soon put a force beyond the Savannah. Hardee, fearing to be penned up, abandoned his works and fled during the night before Slocum had seized his last road to the east. On December 21st the campaign culminated as Sherman entered Savannah. He sent the following despatch to President Lincoln, which he received Christmas Eve: "I beg to present to you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."



RAISING THE UNION FLAG OVER THE OLD STATE-HOUSE, COLUMBIA.





SHERMAN'S ARMY LEAVING ATLANTA.  
From a sketch made at the time.

## FROM SAVANNAH TO FAYETTEVILLE.

BY HENRY W. SLOCUM, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.  
Commanding the left wing of Sherman's army.

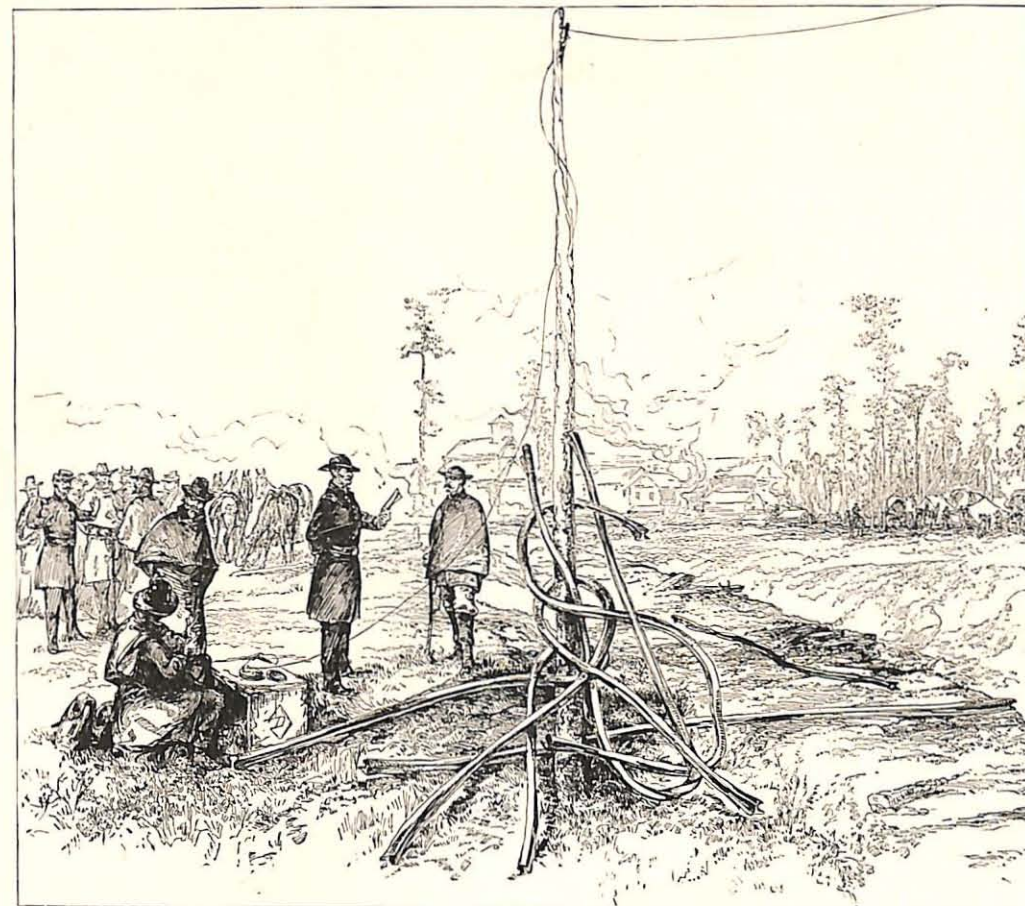
... About one month was spent in Savannah in clothing the men and filling the trains with ammunition and rations. Then commenced the movement which was to make South Carolina feel the severities of war. . . . On leaving Savannah our right wing threatened Charleston and the left again threatened Augusta, the two wings being again united in the interior of South Carolina, leaving the Confederate troops at Augusta with almost a certainty that Charleston must fall without a blow from Sherman. On the arrival of the left wing at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah, instead of finding, as was anticipated, a river a few yards in width which could be easily crossed, they found a broad expanse of water which was utterly impassable. The continuous rain-fall had caused the river to overflow, so that the lowland on the South Carolina side was covered with water, extending nearly half a mile from the river. We were delayed several days in vain efforts to effect a crossing, and were finally compelled to await the falling of the waters. Our pontoon-bridge was finally constructed and the crossing commenced. Each regiment as it entered South Carolina gave three cheers. The men seemed to realize that at last they had set foot on the State which had done more than all others to bring upon the country the horrors of civil war. In the narrow road leading from the ferry on the South Carolina side torpedoes had been planted, so that several of our men were killed or wounded by treading upon them. This was unfortunate for that section of the State. Planting torpedoes for the defense of a position is legitimate warfare, but our soldiers regarded the act of placing them in a

highway where no contest was anticipated as something akin to poisoning a stream of water; it is not recognized as fair or legitimate warfare. If that section of South Carolina suffered more severely than any other it was due in part to the blundering of people who were more zealous than wise.

About February 19th the two wings of the army were reunited in the vicinity of Branchville, a small village on the South Carolina Railroad at the point where the railroad from Charleston to Columbia branches off to Augusta. Here we resumed the work which had occupied so much of our time in Georgia, viz., the destruction of railroads.\*

Having effectually destroyed over sixty miles of railroads in this section, the army started for Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, each corps taking a separate road. . . . During the night of February 17th the greater portion of the city of Columbia was burned. The lurid flames could easily be seen from my camp, many miles distant. Nearly all the public buildings, several churches,

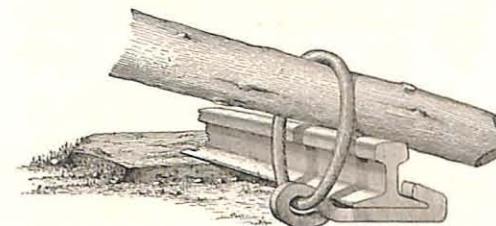
\*A knowledge of the art of building railroads is certainly of more value to a country than that of the best means of destroying them; but at this particular time the destruction seemed necessary, and the time may again come when such work will have to be done. Lest the most effectual and expeditious method of destroying railroad tracks should become one of the lost arts, I will here give a few rules for the guidance of officers who may in future be charged with this important duty. It should be remembered that these rules are the result of long experience and close observation. A detail of men to do the work should be made on the evening before operations are to commence. The number to be detailed being, of course, dependent upon the amount of work to be done. I estimate that one thousand men can easily destroy about five miles of track per day, and do it thoroughly. Before going out in the morning the men should be supplied with a good breakfast, for it has been discovered that soldiers are more efficient at this work, as well as on the battle-field, when their stomachs are



GENERAL SHERMAN SENDING HIS LAST TELEGRAM BEFORE CUTTING THE WIRES AND  
ABANDONING ALL COMMUNICATION WITH THE NORTH.  
From a sketch made at the time.

full than when they are empty. The question as to the food to be given the men for breakfast is not important, but I suggest roast turkeys, chickens, fresh eggs, and coffee, for the reason that in an enemy's country such a breakfast will cause no unpleasantness between the commissary and the soldiers, inasmuch as the commissary will only be required to provide the coffee. In fact it has been discovered that an army moving through a hostile but fertile country, having an efficient corps of foragers (vulgarly known in our army as "bummers"), requires but few articles of food, such as hard-tack, coffee, salt, pepper, and sugar. Your detail should be divided into three sections of about equal numbers. I will suppose the detail to consist of three thousand men. The first thing to be done is to reverse the relative positions of the ties and iron rails, placing the ties up and the rails under them. To do this, Section No. 1, consisting of one thousand men, is distributed along one side of the track, one man at the end of each tie. At a given signal each man seizes a tie, lifts it gently till it assumes a vertical position, and then at another signal pushes it forward so that when it falls the ties will be over the rails. Then each man loosens his tie from the rail. This done, Section No. 1 moves forward to another portion of the road, and Section No. 2 advances and is distributed along the portion of the road recently occupied by Section No. 1. The duty of the second section is to collect the ties, place them in piles of about thirty ties each—place the rails on the top of these piles, the center of each rail being over the center of the pile, and then set fire to the ties. Section No. 2 then follows No. 1. As soon as the rails are sufficiently heated Section No. 3 takes the place of No. 2; and upon this devolves the

most important duty, viz., the effectual destruction of the rail. This section should be in command of an efficient officer who will see that the work is not slighted. Unless closely watched, soldiers will content themselves with simply bending the rails around trees. This should never be permitted. A rail which is simply bent can easily be restored to its original shape. No rail should be regarded as properly treated till it has assumed the shape of a doughnut; it must not only be bent, but twisted. To do the twisting, Poe's railroad hooks are necessary, for it has been found that the soldiers will not seize the hot iron bare-handed. This, however, is the only thing looking toward the destruction of property which I ever knew a man in Sherman's army to decline doing. With Poe's hooks a double twist can be given to a rail, which precludes all hope of restoring it to its former shape except by re-rolling.—H. W. S.



HOOK USED BY GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY  
FOR TWISTING AND DESTROYING  
RAILROAD IRON.



an orphan asylum, and many of the residences were destroyed. The city was filled with helpless women and children and invalids, many of whom were rendered houseless and homeless in a single night. No sadder scene was presented during the war. The suffering of so many helpless and innocent persons could not but move the hardest heart. The question as to who was immediately responsible for this disaster has given rise to some controversy. I do not believe that General Sherman countenanced or was in any degree responsible for it. I believe the immediate cause of the disaster was a free use of whisky (which was supplied to the soldiers by citizens with great liberality). A drunken soldier with a musket in one hand and a match in the other is not a pleasant visitor to have about the house on a dark, windy night, particularly when for a series of years you have urged him to come, so that you might have an opportunity of performing a surgical operation on him.

From Columbia the army moved toward Fayetteville—the left wing crossing the Catawba River at Rocky Mount. While the rear of the Twentieth Corps was crossing, our pontoon-bridge was swept away by flood-wood brought down the river, leaving the Fourteenth Corps on the south side. This caused a delay of three days, and gave rise to some emphatic instructions from Sherman to the commander of the left wing—which instructions resulted in our damming the flood-wood to some extent, but not in materially expediting the march.

On the 3d of March we arrived at Cheraw, where we found a large supply of stores sent from Charleston for safe-keeping. . . . The march through South Carolina had been greatly delayed by the almost incessant rains and the swampy nature of the country. More than half the way we were compelled to corduroy the roads before our trains could be moved. To accomplish this work we had been supplied with axes, and the country was covered with saplings well suited to the purpose.

Three or four days prior to our arrival at Fayetteville General Sherman had received information that Wilmington was in possession of General Terry, and had sent two messengers with letters

informing Terry when he would probably be at Fayetteville. Both messengers arrived safely at Wilmington, and on Sunday, the day after our arrival at Fayetteville, the shrill whistle of a steamboat floating the Stars and Stripes announced that we were once more in communication with our own friends. As she came up, the banks of the river were lined by our soldiers, who made the welkin ring with their cheers. The opening of communication with Wilmington not only brought us our mails and a supply of clothing, but enabled us to send to a place of safety thousands of refugees and contrabands who were following the army and seriously embarrassing it. We were dependent upon the country for our supplies of food and forage, and every one not connected with the army was a source of weakness to us. On several occasions on the march from Atlanta we had been compelled to drive thousands of colored people back, not from lack of sympathy with them, but simply as a matter of safety to the army. The refugee-train following in the rear of the army was one of the most singular features of the march. Long before the war, the slaves of the South had a system of communication by which important

information was transmitted from one section of the country to another. The advance of Sherman's army through a section never before visited by a Union soldier was known far and wide many miles in advance of us. It was natural that these poor creatures, seeking a place of safety, should flee to the army, and endeavor to keep in sight of it. Every day as we marched on we could see, on each side of our line of march, crowds of these people coming to us through roads and across the fields, bringing with them all their earthly goods, and many goods which were not theirs. Horses, mules, cows, dogs, old family carriages, carts, and whatever they thought might be of use to them was seized upon and brought to us. They were allowed to follow in rear of our column, and at times they were almost equal in numbers to the army they were following. As singular, comical, and pitiable a spectacle was never before presented. One day a large family of slaves came through the fields to join us. The head of the family, a venerable negro, was mounted on a mule, and safely stowed away behind him in pockets or bags attached to the blanket which covered the mule were two little pickaninnies, one on each

but a short time for the use of the refugees. A scramble for precedence in crossing the bridge always occurred. The firing of a musket or pistol in rear would bring to the refugees visions of guerrillas, and then came a panic. As our bridges were not supplied with guard-rails, occasionally a mule would be crowded off, and with its precious load would float down the river.

Having thoroughly destroyed the arsenal buildings, machine-shops, and foundries at Fayetteville, we crossed the Cape Fear River on the 13th and 14th and resumed our march. We were now entering upon the last stage of the great march which was to unite the Army of the West with that of the East in front of Richmond. If this march could be successfully accomplished the Confederacy was doomed. General Sherman did not hope or expect to accomplish it without a struggle. He anticipated an attack and made provision for it. He ordered me to send my baggage-trains under a strong escort by an interior road on my right, and to keep at least four divisions with their artillery on my left, ready for an attack. . . . Our march to this point had been toward Raleigh. We now took the road leading to Goldsboro'.



GENERAL WM. B. HAZEN. GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN. GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM.  
GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN. GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS. GENERAL J. A. MOWER.

From a photograph.

side. This gave rise to a most important invention, *i. e.*, "the best way of transporting pickaninnies." On the next day a mule appeared in column, covered by a blanket with two pockets on each side, each containing a little negro. Very soon old tent-flies or strong canvas was used instead of the blanket, and often ten or fifteen pockets were attached to each side, so that nothing of the mule was visible except the head, tail, and feet, all else being covered by the black woolly heads and bright shining eyes of the little darkies. Occasionally a cow was made to take the place of the mule; this was a decided improvement, as the cow furnished rations as well as transportation for the babies. Old stages, family carriages, carts and lumber wagons filled with bedding, cooking utensils and "traps" of all kinds, with men, women, and children loaded with bundles, made up the balance of the refugee-train which followed in our rear. As all the bridges were burned in front of us, our pontoon-trains were in constant use, and the bridges could be left



## MARCHING WITH SHERMAN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

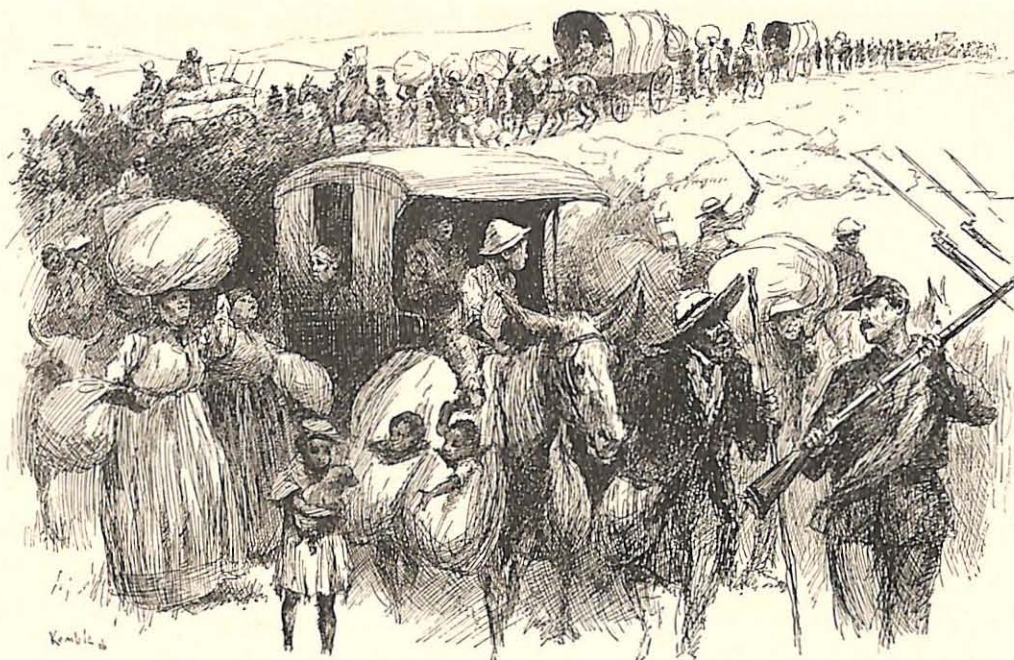
BY DANIEL OAKLEY, CAPTAIN 2D MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

... We were proud of our foragers. They constituted a picked force from each regiment, under an officer selected for the command, and were remarkable for intelligence, spirit, and daring. Before daylight, mounted on horses captured on the plantations, they were in the saddle and away, covering the country sometimes seven miles in advance. Although I have said "in the saddle," many a forager had nothing better than a bit of carpet and a rope halter; yet this simplicity of equipment did not abate his power of carrying off hams and sweet-potatoes in the face of the enemy. The foragers were also important as a sort of advance guard, for they formed virtually a curtain of mounted infantry screening us from the inquisitive eyes of parties of Wheeler's cavalry, with whom they did not hesitate to engage when it was a question of a rich plantation.

When compelled to retire, they resorted to all the tricks of infantry skirmishers, and summoned reinforcements of foragers from other regiments to help drive the "Johnnies" out. When success crowned their efforts, the plantation was promptly stripped of live stock and eatables. The natives were accustomed to bury provisions, for they feared their own soldiers quite as much as they feared ours. These subterranean stores were readily discovered by the practised "Yankee" eye. The appearance of the ground and a little probing with a ramrod or a bayonet soon decided whether to dig. Teams were improvised; carts and vehicles of all sorts were pressed into the service and loaded with provisions. If any antiquated militia uniforms were discovered, they were promptly donned, and a comical procession escorted the valuable train of booty to the point where the brigade was expected to bivouac for the night. The regimentals of the past, even to those of revolutionary times, were often conspicuous.

On an occasion when our brigade had the advance, several parties of foragers, consolidating themselves, captured a town from the enemy's cavalry, and occupied the neighboring plantations. Before the arrival of the main column hostilities had ceased; order had been restored, and mock arrangements were made to receive the army. Our regiment in the advance was confronted by a picket dressed in continental uniform, who waved his plumed hat in response to the gibes of the men, and galloped away on his bareback mule to apprise his comrades of our approach. We marched into the town and rested on each side of the main street. Presently a forager, in ancient militia uniform indicating high rank, debouched from a side street to do the honors of the occasion. He was mounted on a raw-boned horse with a bit of carpet for a saddle. His old plumed chapeau in hand, he rode with gracious dignity through the street, as if reviewing the brigade. After him came a family carriage laden with hams, sweet-potatoes, and other provisions, and drawn by two horses, a mule, and a cow, the two latter ridden by postilions.

The march through Georgia has been called a grand military promenade, all novelty and excitement. But its moral effect on friend and foe was



CONTRABANDS IN THE WAKE OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

immense. It proved our ability to lay open the heart of the Confederacy, and left the question of what we might do next a matter of doubt and terror. It served also as a preliminary training for the arduous campaign to come. Our work was incomplete while the Carolinas, except at a few points on the sea-coast, had not felt the rough contact of war. But their swamps and rivers, swollen and spread into lakes by winter floods, presented obstructions almost impracticable to an invading army, if opposed by even a very inferior force.

The beginning of our march in South Carolina was pleasant, the weather favorable, and the country productive. Sometimes at the midday halt a stray pig that had cunningly evaded the foragers would venture forth in the belief of having escaped "the cruel war," and would find his error, alas! too late, by encountering our column. Instantly an armed mob would set upon him, and his piercing shrieks would melt away in the scramble for fresh pork. But the midday sport of the main column and the happy life of the forager were sadly interrupted. The sun grew dim, and the rain came and continued. A few of our excellent foragers were reported captured by Wheeler's cavalry, while we sank deeper and deeper in the mud as we approached the Salkehatchie Swamp, which lay between us and the Charleston and Augusta railroad. As the heads of column came up, each command knew what it had to do. General Mower and G. A. Smith got their divisions across by swimming, wading, and floating, and effected lodgments in spite of the enemy's fire. An overwhelming mass of drenched and muddy veterans swept away the enemy, while the rest of our force got the trains and artillery over by corduroying, pontooning, and bridging. It seemed a grand day's work to have accomplished, as we sank down that night in our miry bivouac. The gallant General Wager Swayne lost his leg in this Salkehatchie en-

counter. Luckily for him and others we were not yet too far from our friends to send the wounded back, with a strong escort, to Pocotaligo.

We destroyed about forty miles of the Charleston and Augusta railroad, and, by threatening points beyond the route we intended to take, we deluded the enemy into concentrating at Augusta and other places, while we marched rapidly away, leaving him well behind, and nothing but Wade Hampton's cavalry, and the more formidable obstacle of the Saluda River and its swamps, between us and Columbia, our next objective. As the route of our column lay west of Columbia, I saw nothing of the oft-described and much-discussed burning of that city.

During the hasty removal of the Union prisoners from Columbia two Massachusetts officers managed to make their escape. Exhausted and almost naked, they found their way to my command. My mess begged for the privilege of caring for one of them. We gave him a mule to ride with a comfortable saddle, and scraped together an outfit for him, although our clothes were in the last stages. Our guest found the mess luxurious, as he sat down upon the ground for a table-cloth, and set with tin cups and platters. Stewed fighting-cock and bits of fried turkey were followed by fried corn-meal and sorghum. Then came our coffee and pipes, and we lay down by a roaring fire of pine-knots, to hear our guest's story of life in a rebel prison. Before daybreak the tramp of horses reminded us that our foragers were sallying forth. The red light from the countless camp-fires melted away as the dawn stole over the horizon, casting its wonderful gradations of light and color over the masses of sleeping soldiers, while the smoke from burning pine-knots befogged the chilly morning air. Then the bugles broke the impressive stillness, and the roll of drums was heard on all sides. Soon the scene was alive with blue coats and the hubbub of roll-

calling, cooking, and running for water to the nearest spring or stream. The surgeons looked to the sick and footsore, and weeded from the ambulances those who no longer needed to ride.

It was not uncommon to hear shots at the head of the column. The foragers would come tumbling back, and ride alongside the regiment, adding to the noisy talk their account of what they had seen, and dividing among their comrades such things as they had managed to bring away in their narrow escape from capture. A staff-officer would gallop down the roadside like a man who had forgotten something which must be recovered in a hurry. At the sound of the colonel's ringing voice, silence was instant and absolute. Sabers flashed from their scabbards, the men brought their guns to the "carry," and the battalion swung into line at the roadside; cats, fighting-cocks, and frying-pans passed to the rear rank; officers and sergeants buzzed around their companies to see that the guns were loaded and the men ready for action. The color-sergeant loosened the water-proof cover of the battle-flag, a battery of artillery flew past on its way to the front, following the returning staff-officer, and we soon heard the familiar bang of shells. Perhaps it did not amount to much after all, and we were soon swinging into "route step" again.

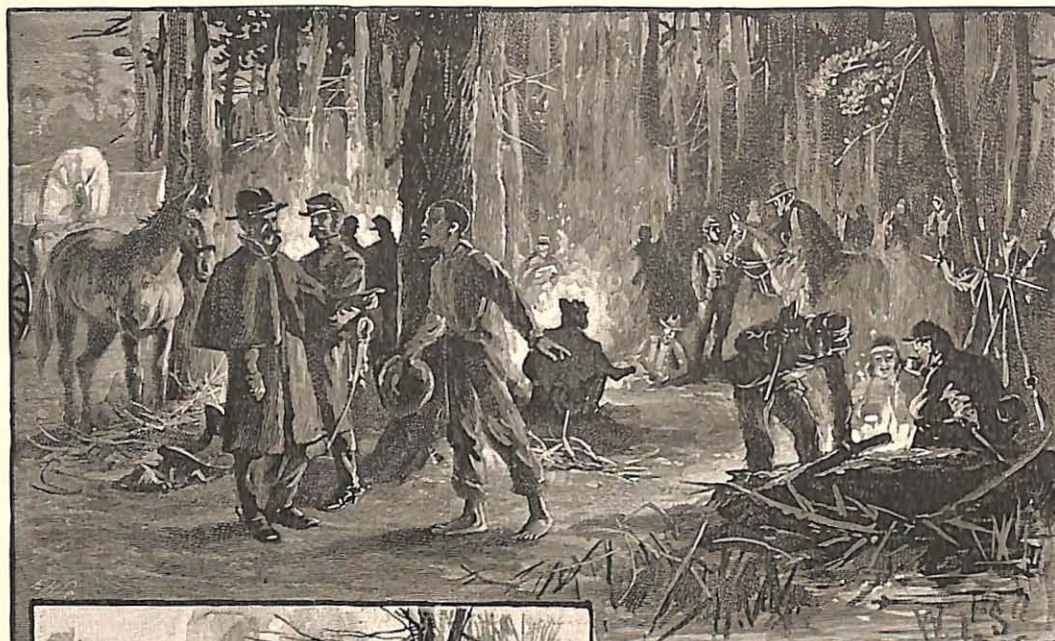
At times when suffering from thirst it was hard to resist the temptation of crystal swamp water, as it rippled along the side of a causeway, a tempting sight for the weary and unwary. In spite of oft-repeated cautions, some contrived to drink it, but these were on their backs with malarial disease at the end of the campaign, if not sooner.

After passing Columbia there was a brief season of famine. The foragers worked hard, but found nothing. They made amends, however, in a day or two, bringing in the familiar corn-meal, sweet-potatoes, and bacon.

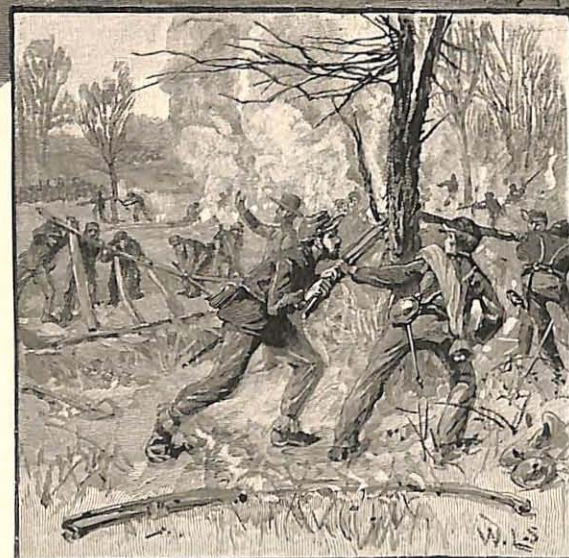
We marched into Cheraw with music and with colors flying. Stacking arms in the main street, we proceeded to supper, while the engineers laid the pontoons across the Pedee River. The railing of the town pump, and the remains of a buggy, said to belong to Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law, Dr. Todd, were quickly reduced to kindling-wood to boil the coffee. The necessary destruction of property was quickly accomplished, and on we went. A mile from the Lumber River the country, already flooded ankle-deep, was rendered still more inhospitable by a steady down-pour of rain. The bridges had been partly destroyed by the enemy, and partly swept away by the flood. An attempt to carry heavy army wagons and artillery across this dreary lake might have seemed rather foolhardy, but we went to work without loss of time. The engineers were promptly floated out to the river, to direct the rebuilding of bridges, and the woods all along the line of each column soon rang with the noise of axes. Trees quickly became logs, and were brought to the submerged roadway. No matter if logs disappeared in the floating mud; thousands more were coming from all sides. So, layer upon layer, the work went bravely on. Soon the artillery and wagons were jolting over our wooden causeway.

As my regiment was the rear-guard for the day, we had various offices to perform for the train, and it was midnight before we saw the last wagon over





A BIVOUAC AMONG THE GEORGIA PINES.



DESTROYING A RAILROAD.

the bridge by the light of our pine torches. It seemed as if that last wagon was never to be got over. It came bouncing and bumping along, its six mules smoking and blowing in the black, misty air. The teamster, mounted on one of the wheelers, guided his team with a single rein and addressed each mule by name, reminding the animal of his faults, and accusing him of having among other peculiarities, "a black military heart." Every sentence of his oath-adorned rhetoric was punctuated with a dexterous whip-lash. At last, drenched to the skin and covered with mud, I took my position on the bridge, seated in a chair which one of my men had presented to me, and waited for the command to "close up."

As we passed the wagon camp, there was the deafening, indescribable chorus of mules and teamsters, besides the hoarse shouting of quartermasters and wagon-masters plunging about on horse-

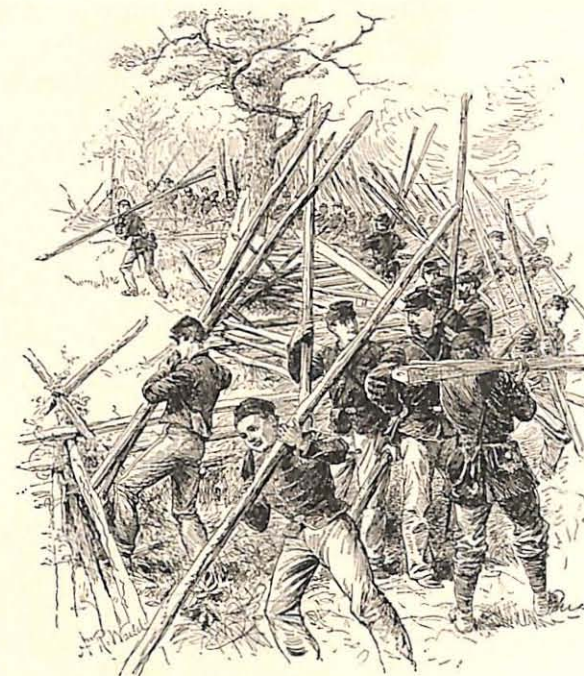
back through the mud, to direct the arriving teams into their places. But it all died away in the distance as we marched on to find the oozy resting-place of the brigade. The army had been in bivouac some hours, and countless camp-fires formed a vast belt of fire that spread out into the black night. As we advanced into the wild pine regions of North Carolina, the natives seemed wonderfully impressed at seeing every road filled with marching troops, artillery and wagon-trains. They looked destitute enough as they stood in blank amazement gazing upon the "Yanks" marching by. The scene before us was very striking; the resin pits were on fire, and great columns of black smoke rose high into the air, spreading and mingling together in gray clouds, and suggesting the roofs and pillars of a vast temple. All traces of habitation were left behind, as we marched into that grand forest with its beautiful carpet of pine-needles. The straight trunks of the pine-tree shot up to a great height and then spread out into a green roof, which kept us in perpetual shade. As night came on, we found that the resinous sap in the cavities cut in the trees to receive it, had been lighted by "bummers" in our advance. The effect of these peculiar watch-fires on every side, several feet above the ground, with flames licking their way up the tall trunks, was peculiarly striking and beautiful. But it was sad to see this wanton destruction of property, which, like the firing of the resin pits, was the work of "bummers," who were marauding through the country committing every sort of outrage. There was no restraint except with the column or the regular foraging-parties. We had no communications,

and could have no safeguards. The country was necessarily left to take care of itself, and became a "howling waste." The "coffee-coolers" of the Army of the Potomac were archangels compared to our "bummers," who often fell to the tender mercies of Wheeler's cavalry, and were never heard of again, earning a fate richly deserved.

On arriving within easy distance of the Cape Fear River, where we expected to communicate with the navy, detachments were sent in rapid advance to secure Fayetteville. Our division, after a hard day of corduroying in various spots over a distance of twelve miles, went into camp for supper, and then, taking the plank-road for Fayetteville, made a moonlight march of nine miles in three hours, but our friends from the right wing arrived there before us.

Hardee retired to a good position at Averysboro', where Kilpatrick found him intrenched and too strong for the cavalry to handle unassisted. It was the turn of our brigade to do special duty, so at about 8 o'clock in the evening we were ordered to join the cavalry. We were not quite sure it rained, but everything was dripping. The men furnished themselves with pine-knots, and our weapons glistened in the torch-light, a cloud of black smoke from the torches floating back over our heads. The regimental wits were as ready as ever, and amid a flow of lively badinage we toiled on through the mud.

When the column was halted for a few minutes to give us an opportunity of drawing breath, I found Sergeant Johnson with one arm in the mud up to the elbow. He explained that he was trying



INCIDENT OF SHERMAN'S MARCH—THE FATE OF THE RAIL FENCE.

to find his shoe. We floundered on for five miles, and relieved a brigade of Kilpatrick's men whom we found in some damp woods. There was a comfort in clustering round their camp-fires, while they retired into outer darkness to prepare for the morning attack. But the cavalry fire-side was only a temporary refuge from the storm, for we also had to depart into the impenetrable darkness beyond, to await in wet line of battle the unforeseen. Those who were exhausted sank down in the mud to sleep, while others speculated on the future.



ADVANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.





THE STORMING OF THE LITTLE SALKEHATCHIE RIVER BY WEVER'S BRIGADE OF THE FIFTEENTH CORPS.

From a war-time sketch.

The clear wintry dawn disclosed a long line of blue-coats spread over the ground in motionless groups. This was the roaring torch-light brigade of the night before. The orders "Fall in!" "Forward!" in gruff tones broke upon the chilly air, and brought us shivering to our feet. We moved to the edge of the woods with the cavalry. The skirmish-line, under Captain J. I. Grafton, had already disappeared into the opposite belt of woods, and evidently were losing no time in developing the enemy and ascertaining his force. They were drawing his fire from all points, indicating a force more than double that of our brigade. Dismounted cavalry were now sent forward to prolong the skirmish-line. Captain Grafton was reported badly wounded in the leg, but still commanding with his usual coolness. Suddenly he appeared staggering out of the wood into the open space in our front, bareheaded, his face buried in his hands, his saber hanging by the sword-knot from his wrist, one leg bound up with a handkerchief, his uniform covered with blood; in a moment he fell toward the colors. Officers clustered about him in silence, and a gloom spread through the brigade as word passed that Grafton was dead.

The main column was now arriving, and as the troops filed off to the right and left of the road, and the field-guns galloped into battery, we moved forward to the attack. The enemy gave us a hot reception, which we returned with a storm of lead. It was a wretched place for a fight. At some points we had to support our wounded until they could be carried off, to prevent their falling into the swamp water, in which we stood ankle-deep. Here and there a clump of thick growth in the black mud

broke the line as we advanced. No ordinary troops were in our front. They would not give way until a division of Davis's corps was thrown upon their right, while we pressed them closely. As we passed over their dead and wounded, I came upon the body of a very young officer, whose handsome, refined face attracted my attention. While the line of battle swept past me I knelt at his side for a moment. His buttons bore the arms of South Carolina. Evidently we were fighting the Charleston chivalry. Sunset found us in bivouac on the Goldsboro' road, and Hardee in retreat.

As we trudged on toward Bentonville, distant sounds told plainly that the head of the column was engaged. We hurried to the front and went into action, connecting with Davis's corps. Little opposition having been expected, the distance be-



THE ROAD FROM McPHERSONVILLE. SHERMAN AND HIS STAFF PASSING THROUGH WATER AND MIRE.

From a sketch made at the time.

tween our wing and the right wing had been allowed to increase beyond supporting distance in the endeavor to find easier roads for marching as well as for transporting the wounded. The scope of this paper precludes a description of the battle of Bentonville, which was a combination of mistakes, miscarriages, and hard fighting on both sides. It ended in Johnston's retreat, leaving open the road to Goldsboro', where we arrived ragged and almost barefoot. While we were receiving letters from home, getting new clothes, and taking our regular doses of quinine, Lee and Johnston surrendered, and the great conflict came to an end.

#### CONCLUDING NOTE.

On leaving Fayetteville, Sherman directed his march toward Goldsboro', his army proceeding in two columns on roads several miles apart. Howard commanded the right wing, Slocum the left. Hardee's Confederates

from Savannah, reinforced by the garrison from Charleston, slowly retreated in face of the Union advance.

On the 19th of March, Slocum's column was checked near Bentonville by the stubborn resistance of a long line of the enemy, strongly intrenched. A Confederate deserter informed General Slocum that General Joseph E. Johnston was on his front at the head of a large army, and preparing to crush Sherman's columns in detail. Johnston, who was assigned to the command of the Department of the Carolinas on the 23d of February previous, had united with Hardee's force, three strong detachments from Hood's Army of the Tennessee, under Beauregard, Cheatham and Wheeler, Hampton's cavalry and Hoke's division of infantry from Virginia and Bragg's Army of North Carolina,\* and was able to muster 25,000 to 30,000 men for battle. Slocum threw up slight intrenchments, covering the Fayetteville and Goldsboro' road near the intersection of that road with the one leading from Bentonville southward to Clinton, and received the Confederate assaults. These were repeated several times with great gallantry. During the night of the 19th and on the 20th Howard's advance brigades reached the field, having marched at the sound of the firing to Slocum's aid. On the 21st Sherman's united army enveloped Johnston's line on three sides, and during the night the latter retreated toward Raleigh.

From Bentonville Sherman continued his march to Goldsboro', which was already occupied by the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, and the Tenth Corps, Army of the James, under General A. H. Terry. Schofield and Terry had occupied Wilmington after its evacuation by Bragg, February 22d, and opened the road to Goldsboro', encountering Bragg on the south bank of the Neuse and at Kingston, March 8th and 10th.

Sherman's army reached Goldsboro' about the 25th, and went into camp. On the 5th of April the general announced in a confidential order to his chief subordinates that the next objective would be the union of his armies at some point north of the Roanoke with those then operating under Grant against Lee. The 11th was the

\* After the battle of Chattanooga General Bragg acted as confidential military adviser to President Davis, and in November, 1864, assumed command of the Department of North Carolina.



BENTONVILLE THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.—THE SMOKE IS FROM RESIN THAT WAS FIRED BY THE CONFEDERATES.

From a sketch made at the time.



date fixed for the movement to the new position, but on the morning of the 6th news of the fall of Richmond and the retreat of Lee toward North Carolina was received at Sherman's headquarters. Instead of marching to the Roanoke, Sherman moved toward Johnston's bivouac at Smithfield, a point midway between Goldsboro' and Raleigh. Reaching Smithfield on the 12th, Sherman found Johnston in retreat toward Raleigh. The next day a courier rode through Sherman's camps shouting "Grant has captured Lee's army!"

Sherman at once ordered his troops in motion to cut off Johnston's retreat southward, but before the movement commenced Johnston asked for a cessation of hostilities with a view of surrender. While on the way to meet Johnston, Sherman received a despatch announcing the assassination of the President. A conditional treaty was signed by Sherman and Johnston on the 18th, but was disapproved by the new executive, Vice-President Johnson, and on the 21st Grant ordered hostilities resumed against Johnston's command. Further negotiations under a flag of truce resulted in the surrender of Johnston's army on the 26th, upon the same terms Lee received from Grant (see p. 315). After the surrender Sherman's army marched to Washington by way of Richmond, Spotsylvania, Fredericksburg, and Manassas.



SHERIDAN AND HIS GENERALS RECONNOITERING AT FIVE FORKS.

## FIVE FORKS AND THE FALL OF PETERSBURG.

BY HORACE PORTER, BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. A.  
A member of General Grant's staff.

IT was 9 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of March, 1865. General Grant and the officers of his staff had bidden good-by to President Lincoln and mounted the passenger car of the special train that was to carry them from City Point to the front, and the signal was given to start; the train moved off—Grant's last campaign had begun. Since 3 o'clock that morning the columns had been in motion and the Union army and the Army of Northern Virginia were soon locked in a death-grapple. The President remained at City Point, where he could be promptly informed of the progress of the movement. . . . The general sat down near the end of the car, drew from his pocket the flint and slow-match that he always carried, which, unlike a match, never missed fire in a gale of wind, and was soon wreathed in the smoke of the inevitable cigar. I took a seat near him with several other officers of the staff, and he at once began to talk over his plans in detail. They had been discussed in general terms before starting out from City Point. It was his custom, when commencing a movement in the field, to have his staff-officers understand fully the

objects he wished to accomplish, and what each corps of the army was expected to do in different emergencies, so that these officers, when sent to distant points of the line, might have a full comprehension of the general's intentions, and so that, when communication with him was impossible or difficult, they might be able to instruct the subordinate commanders intelligently as to the intentions of the general-in-chief.

For a month or more General Grant's chief apprehension had been that the enemy might suddenly pull out from his intrenchments and fall back into the interior, where he might unite with General Joe Johnston against Sherman and force our army to follow Lee to a great distance from its base. General Grant had been sleeping with one eye open and one foot out of bed for many weeks, in the fear that Lee would thus give him the slip. . . . Referring to Mr. Lincoln, he said: "The President is one of the few visitors I have had who has not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my plans. He not only never asked them, but says it is better he should not know them, and then

he can be certain to keep the secret. He will be the most anxious man in the country to hear the news from us, his heart is so wrapped up in our success, but I think we can send him some good news in a day or two." I never knew the general to be more sanguine of victory than in starting out on this campaign.

When we reached the end of the railroad we mounted our horses, which had been carried on the same train, started down the Vaughan road, and went into camp for the night in a field just south of that road, close to Gravelly Run. . . .

While standing in front of the general's tent on the morning of the 30th, discussing the situation with several others on the staff, I saw General Sheridan turning in from the Vaughan road with a staff-officer and an escort of about a dozen cavalymen, and coming toward our headquarters camp. He was riding his white pacer, a horse which had been captured from General Breckinridge's adjutant-general at Missionary Ridge. But, instead of striking a pacing gait now, it was at every step driving its legs knee-deep into the quicksand with the regularity of a pile-driver. As soon as Sheridan dismounted, he was asked with much eagerness about the situation on the extreme left. He took a decidedly cheerful view of matters, and entered

upon a very animated discussion of the coming movements. . . .

After his twenty-minutes' talk with Grant, Sheridan mounted his horse, and, waving us a good-by with his hand, rode off to Dinwiddie. The next morning, the 31st, he reported that the enemy had been hard at work intrenching at Five Forks and to a point about a mile west of there. Lee had been as prompt as Grant to recognize that Five Forks was a strategic point of great importance, and, to protect his right, had sent Pickett there with a large force of infantry and nearly all the cavalry. The rain continued during the night of the 30th, and on the morning of the 31st the weather was cloudy and dismal.

General Grant had expected that Warren would be attacked that morning, and had warned him to be on the alert. Warren advanced his corps to ascertain with what force the enemy held the White Oak road and to try to drive him from it; but before he had gone far he met with a vigorous assault. When news came of the attack General Grant directed

me to go to the spot and look to the situation of affairs there. I found Ayres's division had been driven in, and both he and Crawford were falling back upon Griffin. Miles, of Humphreys's corps, was sent to reinforce Warren, and by noon the enemy was checked. As soon as General Grant was advised of the situation, he directed General Meade to take the offensive vigorously. . . .

I found Sheridan a little north of Dinwiddie Court House, and gave him an account of matters on the left of the Army of the Potomac. He said he had had one of the liveliest days in his experience, fighting infantry and cavalry with cavalry only, but that he was concentrating his command on the high ground just north of Dinwiddie, and would hold that position at all hazards. . . .

This proved to be one of the busiest nights of the whole campaign. Generals were writing despatches and telegraphing from dark till daylight. Staff-officers were rushing from one headquarters to another, wading through swamps, penetrating forests, and galloping over corduroy roads engaged in carrying instructions, getting information, and making extraordinary efforts to hurry up the movement of the troops.

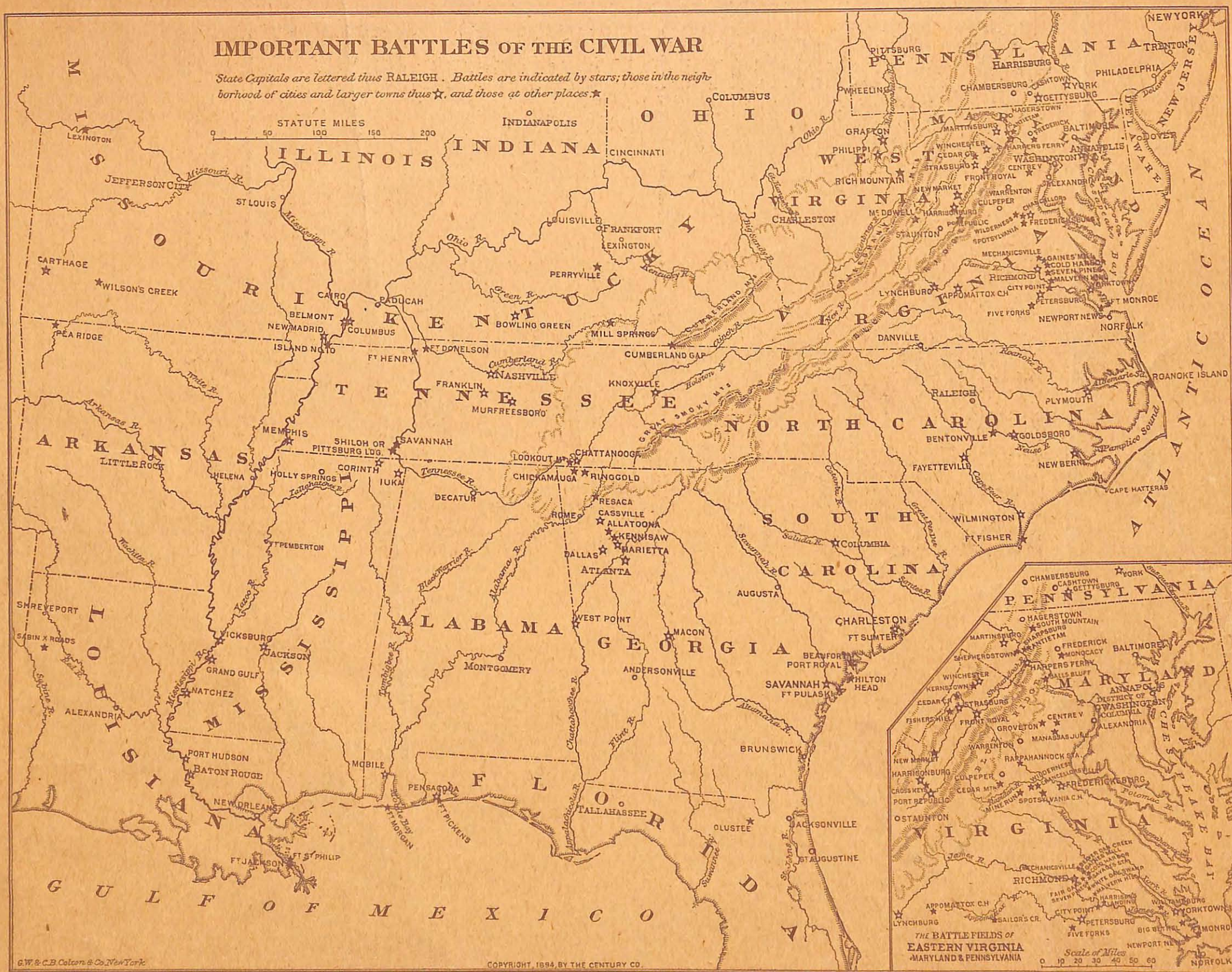
The next morning, April 1st, General Grant said to me: "I wish you would spend the day



# 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 ★

STATUTE MILES  
0 50 100 150 200





THE TWENTIETH AND CONCLUDING PART WILL CONT.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF

# The Surrender at Appomattox

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Aide to General Grant at the time of the Surrender



THE SURRENDER.

## The Fall of Richmond.

1. The Evacuation, by a Confederate Officer
2. The Occupation, by a Union Officer

GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

Last Days of the Confederacy, by General Basil W. Duke, C. S. A.

THE GRAND REVIEW, by General Henry W. Slocum, U. S. V.

Notes on the Union and Confederate Armies, Indexes, etc.

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