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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION

PART X

LEE'S INVASION OF MARYLAND AND
THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, CONTINUED
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THE UNION LEFT AT STONE'S RIVER
BY GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN, U. S. V.

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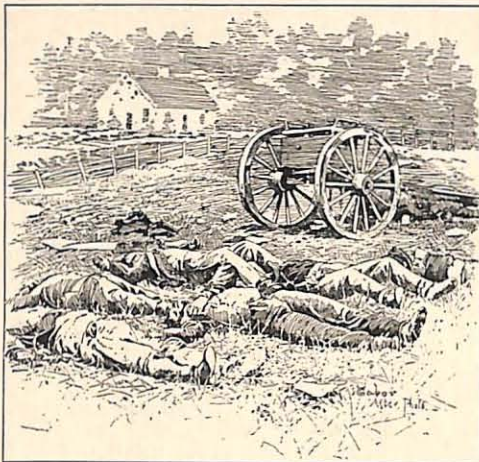
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AFTER THE BATTLE—POSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES IN FRONT OF DUNKER CHURCH.

During the progress of the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee and I were riding along my line and D. H. Hill's, when we received a report of movements of the enemy and started up the ridge to make a reconnoissance. General Lee and I dismounted, but Hill declined to do so. I said to Hill, "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us a little interval so that we may not be in the line of the fire when they open upon you." General Lee and I stood on the top of the crest with our glasses, looking at the movements of the Federals on the rear left. After a moment I turned my glass to the right—the Federal left. As I did so, I noticed a puff of white smoke from the mouth of a cannon. "There is a shot for you," I said to General Hill. The gunner was a mile away, and the cannon-shot came whisking through the air for three or four seconds and took off the front legs of the horse that Hill sat on and let the animal down upon his stumps. The horse's head was so low and his croup so high that Hill was in a most ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Finally we prevailed upon him to try the other end of the horse, and he got down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. That shot at Hill was the second best shot I ever saw. The best was at Yorktown. There a Federal officer came out in front of our line, and sitting down to his little plating-table began to make a map. One of our officers carefully sighted a gun, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the hands of the man at the little table.

When the battle was over and night was gathering, I started to Lee's headquarters to make my report. In going through the town, I passed a house that had been set afire and was still burning. The family was in great distress, and I stopped to do what I could for them. By that I was detained until after the other officers had reached headquarters and made their reports. My delay caused some apprehension on the part of General Lee that I had been hurt; in fact, such a report had been sent him. When I rode up and dismounted he seemed much relieved, and, coming to me very

NOTE TO MAP.

On the afternoon of September 16th, Hooker's corps crossed at the two fords and the bridge north of McClellan's headquarters.

A.—From near sunset till dark Hooker engaged Hood's division (of Longstreet's corps) about the "East Wood," marked A on the map. Hood was relieved by two brigades of Jackson's corps, which was in and behind the Dunker Church wood (or West Wood), C.

B.—At dawn on the 17th, Hooker and Jackson began a terrible contest which raged in and about the famous corn-field, B, and in the woods, A and C. Jackson's reserves regained the corn-field. Hartsuff's brigade, of Hooker's corps, and Mansfield's corps charged through the corn-field into the Dunker Church wood, General Mansfield being mortally wounded in front of the East Wood.

Jackson, with the aid of Hood, and a part of D. H. Hill's division, again cleared the Dunker Church wood. J. G. Walker's division, taken from the extreme right of the Confederate line, charged in support of Jackson and Hood.

C.—Sumner's corps formed line of battle in the center, Sedgwick's division facing the East Wood, through which it charged over the corn-field again, and through Dunker Church wood to the edge of the fields beyond. McLaws's division (of Longstreet's corps), just arrived from Harper's Ferry, assisted in driving out Sedgwick, who was forced to retreat northward by the Hagers-town pike.

D.—About the time that Sedgwick charged, French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, dislodged D. H. Hill's line from Roulette's house.

E.—Hill re-formed in the sunken road, since known as the "Bloody Lane," where his position was carried by French and Richardson, the latter being mortally wounded in the corn-field, E.

F.—Irwin and Brooks, of Franklin's corps, moved to the support of French and Richardson. At the point F, Irwin's brigade was repelled.

G.—D. H. Hill, reinforced by R. H. Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, fought for the ground about Piper's house.

H.—Stuart attempted a flank movement north of the Dunker Church wood, but was driven back by the three guns under Donbliney.

J.—Pleasanton, with a part of his cavalry and several batteries, crossed the Boonsboro' bridge as a flank support to Richardson, and to Burnside on the south. Several battalions of regulars from Porter's corps came to his assistance, and made their way well up to the hill which is now the National Cemetery.

K.—Toombs (of Longstreet) had defended the lower bridge until Burnside moved Rodman and Scammon to the fords below.

L.—Then Toombs hurried south to protect the Confederate flank. Sturgis and Crook charged across the Burnside bridge and gained the heights. Toombs was driven away from the fords.

M.—After 3 o'clock, Burnside's lines, being re-formed, completed the defeat of D. R. Jones's division (of Longstreet), and on the right gained the outskirts of Sharpsburg. Toombs, and the arriving brigades of A. P. Hill, of Jackson's corps, saved the village and regained a part of the lost ground.

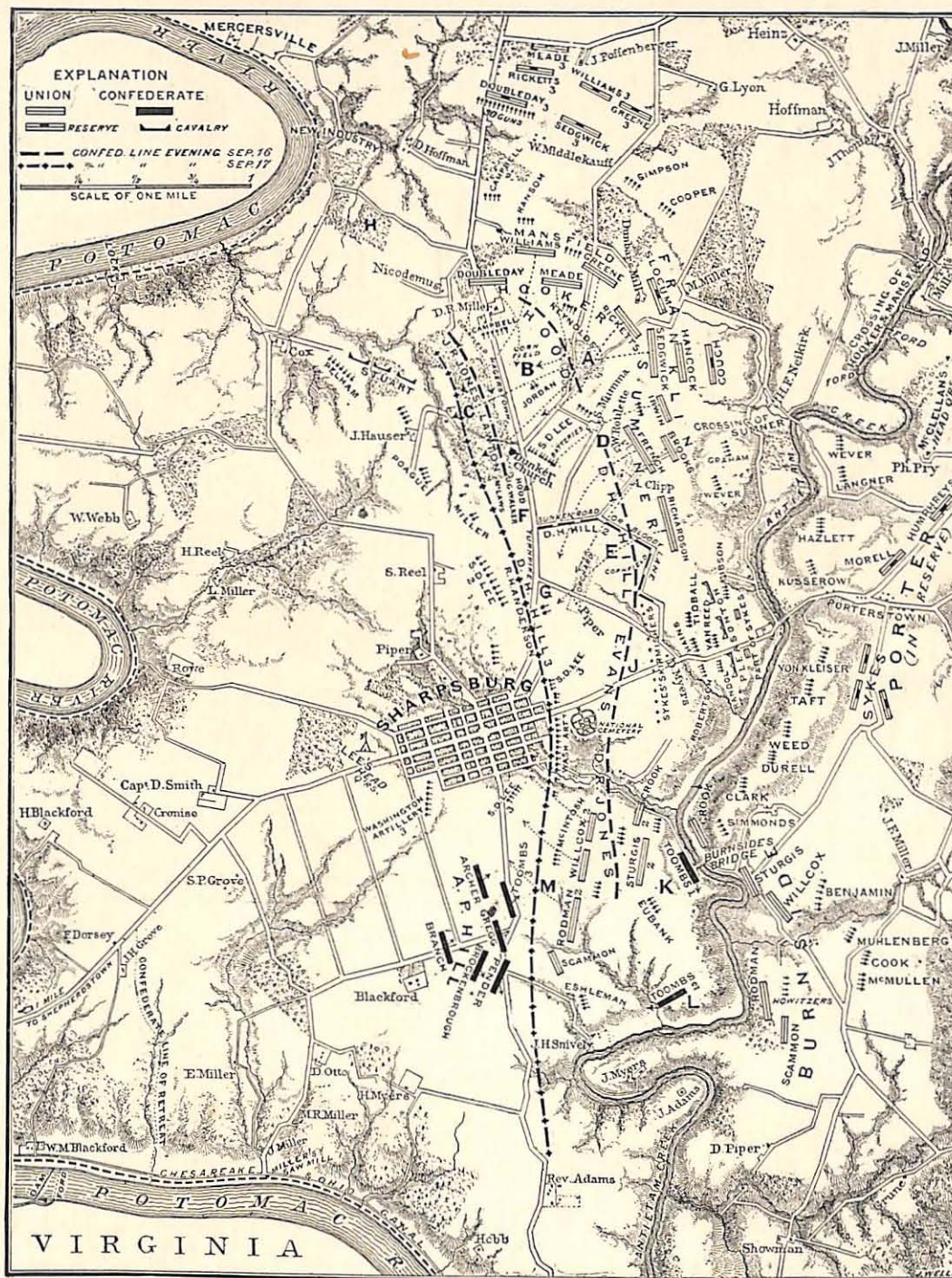
hurriedly for one of his dignified manner, threw his arms upon my shoulders and said:

"Here is my old war-horse at last."

When all the reports were in, General Lee decided that he would not be prepared the next day for offensive battle, and would prepare only for defense, as we had been doing.

The next day [the 18th] the Federals failed to advance, and both armies remained in position. During the day some of the Federals came over under a flag of truce to look after their dead and wounded. The following night we withdrew, passing the Potomac with our entire army. . . .

General Lee was not satisfied with the result of the Maryland campaign, and seemed inclined to at-



THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

tribute the failure to the Lost Despatch; though I believe he was more inclined to attribute the loss of the despatch to the fault of a courier or to other negligence than that of the officer to whom it was directed.

Our men came in so rapidly after the battle that renewed hope of gathering his army in great strength soon caused Lee to look for other and new prospects, and to lose sight of the lost campaign.

But at Sharpsburg was sprung the keystone of the arch upon which the Confederate cause rested. Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the hero of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, whose service was the severer and more important. Lee lost nearly 20,000 by straggling in this campaign—almost twice as many as were captured at Harper's Ferry. . . .



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE AT ANTIETAM—I.

This picture, after a photograph taken in 1885, is a view of the Confederate position from the slope of the hill occupied by the Union batteries before a crossing was effected. At the time of the battle the buildings had not been erected, and the Confederate hill-side was covered with trees. A

Confederate battery on the left enfiladed the crossing. Union sharpshooters took advantage of the stone wall on the right of the approach to the bridge. The continuation of the road to Sharpsburg is seen on the right across the bridge. [See notes under cuts on page 151, and map and note on page 149.]

THE UNION SIDE.

IN THE RANKS WITH HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM.

BY DAVID L. THOMPSON, CO. G, 9TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

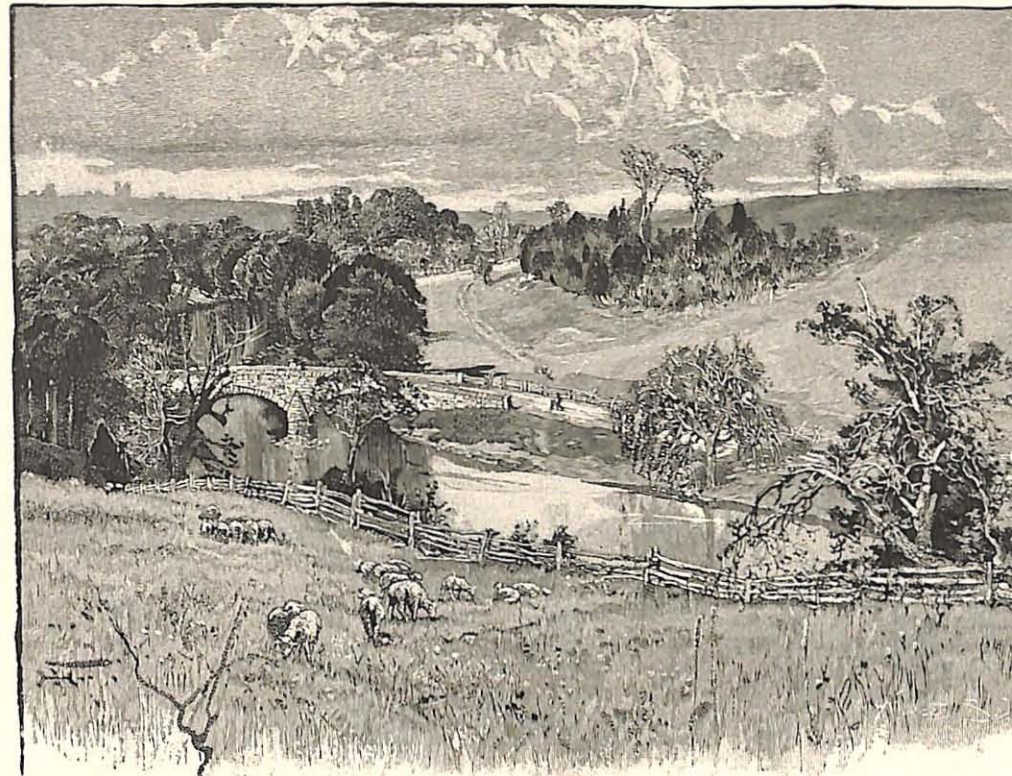


UNIFORM OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES.

ON the 5th of September, 1862, Hawkins's Zouaves, as a part of Burnside's corps from Fredericksburg, landed at Washington to assist in the defense of the capital, then threatened by Lee's first invasion of Maryland, and, as events proved, to join in the pursuit of the invaders. Here, in pursuance of a measure for shortening the baggage-train which had lately been decided on, we were deprived of our Sibley tents—those cumbersome, conical caravansaries, in which eighteen men lie upon the ground with their feet toward the center. . . .

We marched at last, and on the 12th of September entered Frederick, wondering all the way what the enemy meant. We of the ranks little suspected what sheaves he was gathering in at Harper's Ferry, behind the curtain of his main body. We guessed, however, as usual, and toward evening began to get our answer. He was right ahead, his rear-guard skirmishing with our advance. We came up at the close of the fight at Frederick, and, forming line of battle, went at double-quick through corn-fields, potato patches, gardens, and backyards—the German washerwomen of the 103d New York regiment going in with us on the run. It was only a measure of precaution, however, the cavalry having done what little there was to do in the way of driving out of the city a Confederate rear-guard not much inclined to stay. . . .

The 14th of September we crossed the Catoctin range of mountains, reaching the summit about noon, and descended its western slope into the beautiful valley of Middletown. Half-way up the valley's western side we halted for a rest, and turned to look back on the moving host. It was a scene to linger in the memory. The valley in which Middletown lies is four or five miles wide, as I remember it, and runs almost due north and south between the parallel ranges of Catoctin and South Mountains. From where we stood the landscape lay below us, the eye commanding the oppo-



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE—II.

This picture, after a photograph taken in 1885, is a view of the Union position from the hill where Confederate artillery was planted to enfilade the bridge. From a point below, the 2d Maryland and the 6th New Hampshire charged up the road, but they were swept by such a murderous fire that

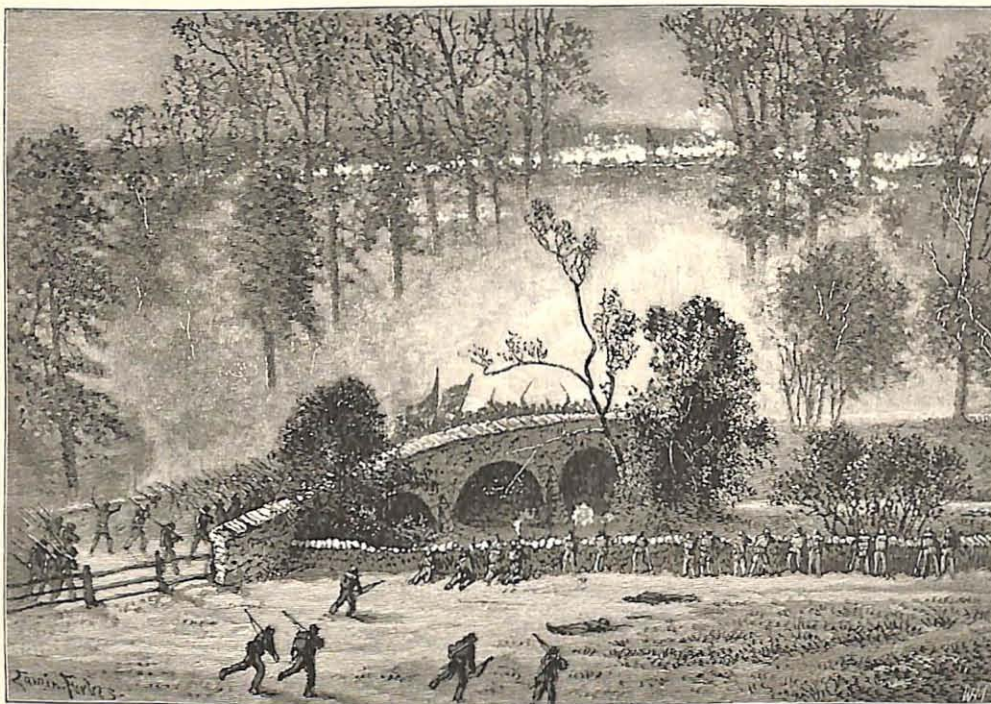
only a few reached the bridge and sought shelter behind the stone wall above. Subsequently, the bridge was carried by the 51st Pennsylvania, Colonel Robert B. Potter, and the 51st New York, Colonel John F. Hartrauff, charging from the pines on the hill-side.

site slope of the valley almost at point-blank. An hour before, from the same spot, it had been merely a scene of quiet pastoral beauty. All at once, along its eastern edge the heads of the columns began to appear, and grew and grew, pouring over the ridge and descending by every road, filling them completely and searing the surface of the gentle landscape with the angry welts of war. By the farthest northern road—the farthest we could see—moved the baggage wagons, the line stretching from the bottom of the valley back to the top of the ridge, and beyond, only the canvas covers of the wagons revealing their character. We knew that each dot was a heavily loaded army wagon, drawn by six mules and occupying forty feet of road at least. Now they looked like white beads on a string. So far away were they that no motion was perceptible. The constant swelling of the end of the line down in the valley, where the teams turned into the fields to park, gave evidence that in this way it was being slowly reeled along the way. The troops were marching by two roads farther south. The Confederates fighting on the western summit must have seen them plainly. Half a mile beyond us the column broke abruptly, filing off into line of battle, right and left, across the fields. From that point backward and downward, across the valley and up the farther slope, it stretched with scarcely a gap, every curve and zigzag of the way defined more sharply by its som-

ber presence. Here, too, on all the distant portions of the line, motion was imperceptible, but could be inferred from the casual glint of sunlight on a musket-barrel miles away. It was 3 o'clock when we resumed our march, turning our backs upon the beautiful, impressive picture—each column a monstrous, crawling, blue-black snake, miles long, quilled with the silver slant of muskets at a "shoulder," its sluggish tail writhing slowly up over the distant eastern ridge, its bruised head weltering in the roar and smoke upon the crest above, where was being fought the battle of South Mountain.

We were now getting nearer to the danger line, the rattle of musketry going on incessantly in the edges of the woods, and behind the low stone fences that seamed the mountain-side. Then we came upon the fringes of the contest—slightly wounded men scattered along the winding road on their way to the hospital, and now and then a squad of prisoners, wounded and unwounded together, going under guard to the rear.

The brigade was ordered to the left of the road to support a regular battery posted at the top of a steep slope, with a corn-field on the left, and twenty yards or so in front, a thin wood. We formed behind the battery and a little down the slope—the 89th on the left, the 9th next, then the 103d. We had been in position but a few minutes when a stir in front advised us of something unusual



THE CHARGE ACROSS THE BURNSIDE BRIDGE.

In his report General Sturgis describes as follows the charge across the bridge: "Orders arrived from General Burnside to carry the bridge at all hazards. I then selected the Fifty-first New York and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania from the Second Brigade, and directed them to charge with the bayonet. They started on their mission of death full of enthusiasm, and, taking a route less exposed than the regiments [Second Mary-

land and Sixth New Hampshire] which had made the effort before them, rushed at a double-quick over the slope leading to the bridge and over the bridge itself, with an impetuosity which the enemy could not resist; and the Stars and Stripes were planted on the opposite bank at 1 o'clock P. M., amid the most enthusiastic cheering from every part of the field from where they could be seen."

afloat, and the next moment the Confederates burst out of the woods, and made a dash at the battery. We had just obeyed a hastily given order to lie down, when the bullets whistled over our heads, and fell far down the slope behind us. Then the guns opened at short range, full-shot with grape and canister. The force of the charge was easily broken, for though it was vigorously made it was not sustained—perhaps was not intended to be, as the whole day's battle had been merely an effort of the enemy to check our advance till he could concentrate for a general engagement. As the Confederates came out of the woods their line touched ours on the extreme left only, and there at an acute angle, their men nearly treading on those of the 89th, who were on their faces in the cornfield, before they discovered them. At that instant the situation just there was ideally, cruelly advantageous to us. The Confederates stood before us not twenty feet away, the full intention of destruction on their faces—but helpless, with empty muskets. The 89th simply rose up and shot them down.

It was in this charge that I first heard the "rebel yell"; not the deep-breasted Northern cheer, given in unison and after a struggle, to signify an advantage gained, but a high shrill yelp, uttered without concert, and kept up continually when the fighting was approaching a climax, as an incentive to further effort. This charge ended the contest for the day on that part of the line. Pickets were set well forward in the woods, and we remained some time

in position, waiting. How a trivial thing will often thrust itself upon the attention in a supreme moment was well exemplified here. All about us grew pennyroyal, bruised by the tramping of a hundred feet, and the smell of it has always been associated in my memory with that battle.

Before the sunlight faded, I walked over the narrow field. All around lay the Confederate dead—undersized men mostly, from the coast district of North Carolina, with sallow, hatchet faces, and clad in "butternut"—a color running all the way from a deep coffee-brown up to the whitish-brown of ordinary dust. As I looked down on the poor, pinched faces, worn with marching and scant fare, all enmity died out. There was no "secession" in those rigid forms, nor in those fixed eyes staring blankly at the sky. Clearly it was not "their war." Some of our men primed their muskets afresh with the finer powder from the cartridge-boxes of the dead. With this exception, each remained untouched as he had fallen. Darkness came on rapidly, and it grew very chilly. As little could be done at that hour in the way of burial, we unrolled the blankets of the dead, spread them over the bodies, and then sat down in line, munching a little on our cooked rations in lieu of supper, and listening to the firing, which was kept up on the right, persistently. By 9 o'clock this ceased entirely. Drawing our blankets over us, we went to sleep, lying upon our arms in line as we had stood, living Yankee and dead Confederate side by side, and indistinguishable. This was Sunday.



BURNSIDE'S ATTACK UPON SHARPSBURG.

In this attack Willcox's division (the right of the line) charged into the village. Colonel Fairchild, commanding a brigade in Rodman's division, on the left of the line (which included Hawkins's Zouaves, seen at the stone wall in the picture), describes as follows in his report the advance upon Sharpsburg after the hill above the bridge had been gained: "We continued to advance to the opposite hill under a tremendous fire from the enemy's batteries, up steep embankments. Arriving near a stone fence, the enemy—a brigade composed of South Carolina and Georgia regiments—opened on us with musketry. After returning their fire I immediately ordered a charge, which the whole brigade gallantly responded to, moving with alacrity and steadiness. Arriving at the fence, behind which the enemy were awaiting

The next morning, receiving no orders to march, we set to work collecting the arms and equipments scattered about the field, and burying the dead. The weather being fine, bowers were built in the woods—generally in fence corners—for such of the wounded as could not be moved with safety; others, after stimulants had been given, were helped down the mountain to the rude hospitals. Before we left the spot, some of the country people living thereabout, who had been scared away by the firing, ventured back, making big eyes at all they saw, and asking most ridiculous questions. One was, whether we were from Mexico! Those belated echoes, it seemed, were still sounding in the woods of Maryland.

At Antietam our corps—the Ninth, under Burnside—was on the extreme left, opposite the stone bridge. Our brigade stole into position about half-past 10 o'clock on the night of the 16th. No lights were permitted, and all conversation was carried on in whispers. As the regiment was moving past the 103d New York to get to its place, there occurred, on a small scale and without serious results, one of those unaccountable panics often noticed in crowds, by which each man, however brave individually, merges his individuality for the moment, and surrenders to an utterly causeless fear. When

us, receiving their fire, losing large numbers of our men, we charged over the fence, dislodging them and driving them from their positions down the hill toward the village, a stand of regimental colors belonging to a South Carolina regiment being taken by Private Thomas Hare, Company D, 89th New York Volunteers, who was afterward killed. We continued to pursue the enemy down the hill. Discovering that they were massing fresh troops on our left, I went back and requested General Rodman to bring up rapidly the Second Brigade to our support, which he did, they engaging the enemy, he soon afterward falling badly wounded. . . . The large force advancing on our left flank compelled us to retire from the position, which we could have held had we been properly supported."

everything was at its darkest and stealthiest one of the 103d stumbled over the regimental dog, and in trying to avoid treading on it, staggered against a stack of muskets and knocked them over. The giving way of the two or three men upon whom they fell was communicated to others in a sort of wave movement of constantly increasing magnitude, reinforced by the ever-present apprehension of attack, till two regiments were in confusion. In a few seconds order was restored, and we went on to our place in the line—a field of thin corn sloping toward the creek, where we sat down on the plowed ground and watched for a while the dull glare on the sky of the Confederate campfires behind the hills. We were hungry, of course, but, as no fires were allowed, we could only mix our ground coffee and sugar in our hands and eat them dry. I think we were the more easily inclined to this crude disposal of our rations from a feeling that for many of us the need of drawing them would cease forever with the following day.

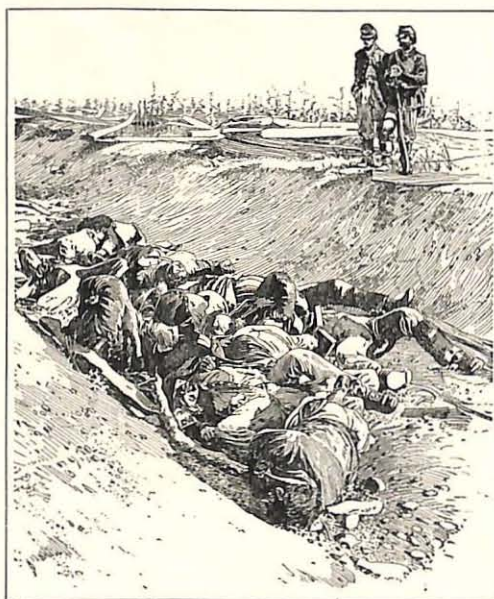
All through the evening the shifting and placing had gone on, the moving masses being dimly described in the strange half lights of earth and sky. There was something weirdly impressive yet unreal in the gradual drawing together of those whispering armies under cover of the night—something of



NORTH OF THE DUNKER CHURCH—A UNION CHARGE THROUGH THE CORN-FIELD.

awe and dread, as always in the secret preparation for momentous deeds. By 11 o'clock the whole line, four miles or more in length, was sleeping, each corps apprised of its appointed task, each battery in place.

It is astonishing how soon, and by what slight causes, regularity of formation and movement are lost in actual battle. Disintegration begins with the first shot. To the book-soldier all order seems destroyed, months of drill apparently going for nothing in a few minutes. Next after the most powerful factor in this derangement—the enemy—come natural obstacles and the inequalities of the ground. One of the commonest is a patch of trees. An advancing line lags there inevitably,



CONFEDERATE DEAD (OF D. H. HILL'S DIVISION) IN THE SUNKEN ROAD.

the rest of the line swinging around insensibly, with the view of keeping the alignment, and so losing direction. The struggle for the possession of such a point is sure to be persistent. Wounded men crawl to a wood for shelter, broken troops re-form behind it, a battery planted in its edge will stick there after other parts of the line have given way. Often a slight rise of ground in an open field, not noticeable a thousand yards away, becomes, in the keep of a stubborn regiment, a powerful head-land against which the waves of battle roll and break, requiring new dispositions and much time to clear it. A stronger fortress than a casual railroad embankment often proves, it would be difficult to find; and as for a sunken road, what possibilities of victory or disaster lie in that obstruction let Waterloo and Fredericksburg bear witness.

At Antietam it was a low, rocky ledge, prefaced by a corn-field. There were woods, too, and knolls, and there were other corn-fields; but the student of that battle knows one corn-field only—the corn-field, now historic, lying a quarter of a mile north of Dunker Church, and east of and bordering the Hagerstown road. About it and across it, to and fro, the waves of battle swung almost from the first, till by 10 o'clock in the morning, when the struggle was over, hundreds of men lay dead among its peaceful blades.

While these things were happening on the right, the left was not without its excitement. A Confederate battery discovered our position in our corn-field, as soon as it was light enough to see, and began to shell us. As the range became better we were moved back and ordered to boil coffee in the protection of a hollow. The general plan of battle appears to have been to break through the Confederate left, following up the advantage with a constantly increasing force, sweep him away from the fords, and so crowd his whole army down into the narrow peninsula formed by the Potomac and Antietam Creek. Even the non-military eye, however, can see that the tendency of such a plan



UNION BURIAL PARTY AT ANTIETAM.
From a photograph.

would be to bring the two armies upon concentric arcs, the inner and shorter of which must be held by the enemy, affording him the opportunity for reinforcement by interior lines—an immense advantage only to be counteracted by the utmost activity on our part, who must attack vigorously where attacking at all, and where not, imminently threaten. Certainly there was no imminence in the threat of our center or left—none whatever of the left, only a vague consciousness of whose existence even seems to have been in the enemy's mind, for he flouted us all the morning with hardly more than a meager skirmish line, while his coming troops, as fast as they arrived upon the ground, were sent off to the Dunker Church.

So the morning wore away, and the fighting on the right ceased entirely. That was fresh anxiety—the scales were turning perhaps, but which way? About noon the battle began afresh. This must have been Franklin's men of the Sixth Corps, for the firing was nearer, and they came up behind the center. Suddenly a stir beginning far up on the right, and running like a wave along the line, brought the regiment to its feet. A silence fell on every one at once, for each felt that the momentous "now" had come. Just as we started I saw, with a little shock, a line-officer take out his watch to note the hour, as though the affair beyond the creek were a business appointment which he was going to keep.

When we reached the brow of the hill the fringe of trees along the creek screened the fighting entirely, and we were deployed as skirmishers under their cover. We sat there two hours. All that time the rest of the corps had been moving over the stone bridge and going into position on the other side of the creek. Then we were ordered over at a ford which had been found below the bridge, where the water was waist-deep. One man was shot in mid-stream. At the foot of the slope on the opposite side the line was formed and we moved up through the thin woods. Reaching the level we lay down behind a battery which seemed to have been disabled. There, if anywhere, I should have

remembered that I was soaking wet from my waist down. So great was the excitement, however, that I have never been able to recall it. Here some of the men, going to the rear for water, discovered in the ashes of some hay-ricks which had been fired by our shells the charred remains of several Confederates. After long waiting it became noised along the line that we were to take a battery that was at work several hundred yards ahead on the top of a hill. This narrowed the field, and brought us to consider the work before us more attentively.

Right across our front, two hundred feet or so away, ran a country road bordered on each side by a snake fence. Beyond this road stretched a plowed field several hundred feet in length, sloping up to the battery, which was hidden in a corn-field. A stone fence, breast-high, inclosed the field on the left, and behind it lay a regiment of Confederates, who would be directly on our flank if we should attempt the slope. The prospect was far from encouraging, but the order came to get ready for the attempt.

Our knapsacks were left on the ground behind us. At the word a rush was made for the fences. The line was so disordered by the time the second fence was passed that we hurried forward to a shallow undulation a few feet ahead, and lay down among the furrows to re-form, doing so by crawling up into line. A hundred feet or so ahead was a similar undulation to which we ran for a second shelter. The battery, which at first had not seemed to notice us, now, apprised of its danger, opened fire upon us. We were getting ready now for the charge proper, but were still lying on our faces. Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball was ramping up and down the line. The discreet regiment behind the fence was silent. Now and then a bullet from them cut the air over our heads, but generally they were reserving their fire for that better shot which they knew they would get in a few minutes. The battery, however, whose shots at first went over our heads, had depressed its guns so as to shave the surface of the ground. Its fire was beginning to tell. I remember looking behind and seeing an



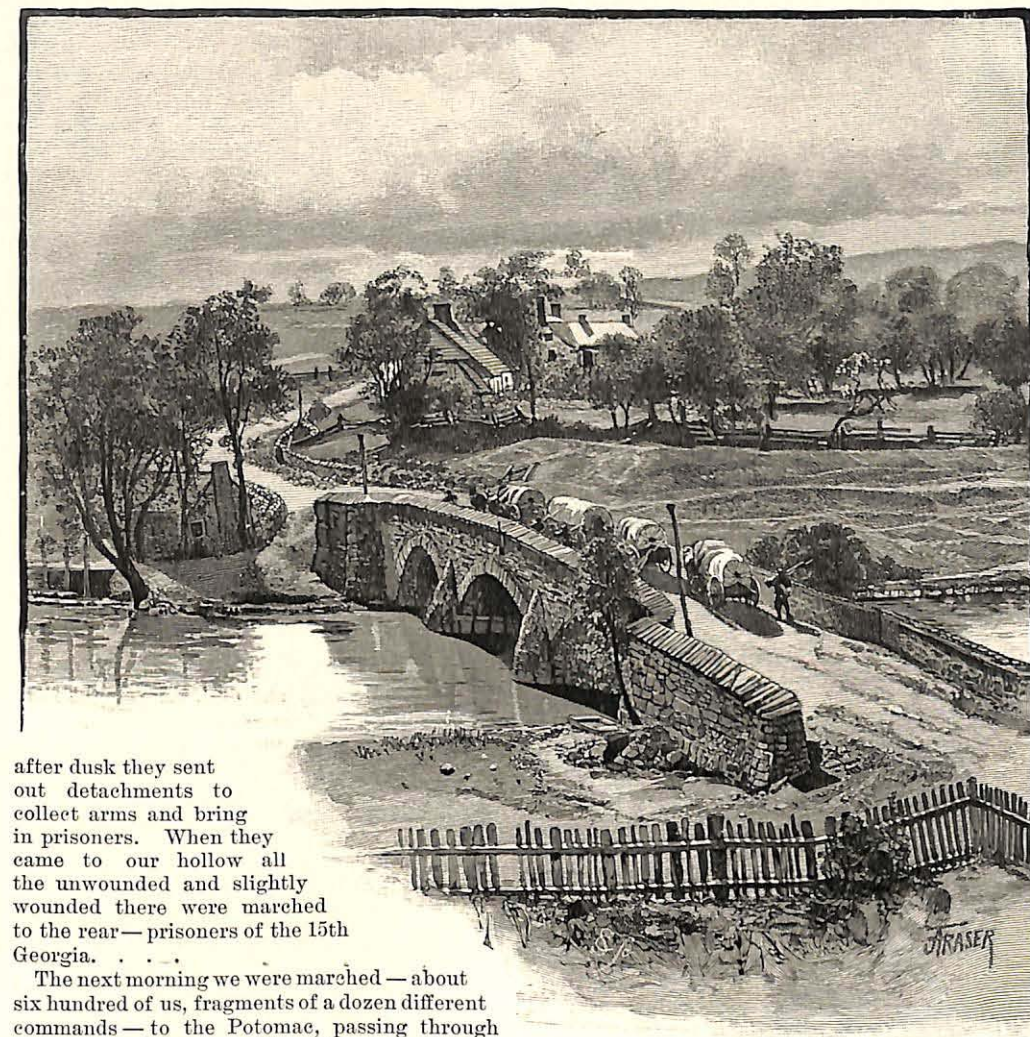
SCENE AT THE RUINS OF MUMMA'S HOUSE AND BARN.

officer riding diagonally across the field—a most inviting target—instinctively bending his head down over his horse's neck, as though he were riding through driving rain. While my eye was on him I saw, between me and him, a rolled overcoat with its straps on bound into the air and fall among the furrows. One of the enemy's grape-shot had plowed a groove in the skull of a young fellow and had cut his overcoat from his shoulders. He never stirred from his position, but lay there face downward—a dreadful spectacle. A moment after, I heard a man cursing a comrade for lying on him heavily. He was cursing a dying man. As the range grew better, the firing became more rapid, the situation desperate and exasperating to the last degree. Human nature was on the rack, and there burst forth from it the most vehement, terrible swearing I have ever heard. Certainly the joy of conflict was not ours that day. The suspense was only for a moment, however, for the order to charge came just after. Whether the regiment was thrown into disorder or not, I never knew. I only remember that as we rose and started all the fire that had been held back so long was loosed. In a second the air was full of the hiss of bullets and the hurtle of grape-shot. The mental strain was so great that I saw at that moment the singular effect mentioned, I think, in the life of Goethe on a similar occasion—the whole landscape for an instant turned slightly red. I see again, as I saw it then in a flash, a man just in front of me drop his musket and throw up his hands, stung into vigorous swearing by a bullet behind the ear. Many men fell going up the hill, but it seemed to be all over in a moment, and I found myself passing a hollow where a dozen wounded men lay—among them our sergeant-major, who was calling me to come down. He had caught sight of the blanket rolled across my back,

and called me to unroll it and help to carry from the field one of our wounded lieutenants.

When I returned from obeying this summons the regiment (?) was not to be seen. It had gone in on the run,—what there was left of it,—and had disappeared in the corn-field about the battery. There was nothing to do but lie there and await developments. Nearly all the men in the hollow were wounded, one man—a recruit named Devlin, I think—frightfully so, his arm being cut short off. He lived a few minutes only. All were calling for water, of course, but none was to be had. We lay there till dusk—perhaps an hour, when the fighting ceased. During that hour, while the bullets snipped the leaves from a young locust-tree growing at the edge of the hollow and powdered us with the fragments, we had time to speculate on many things—among others, on the impatience with which men clamor, in dull times, to be led into a fight. We heard all through the war that the army “was eager to be led against the enemy.” It must have been so, for truthful correspondents said so, and editors confirmed it. But when you came to hunt for this particular itch, it was always the next regiment that had it. The truth is, when bullets are whacking against tree-trunks, and solid shot are cracking skulls like egg-shells, the consuming passion in the breast of the average man is to get out of the way. Between the physical fear of going forward and the moral fear of turning back, there is a predicament of exceptional awkwardness from which a hidden hole in the ground would be a wonderfully welcome outlet.

Night fell, preventing further struggle. Of 600 men of the regiment who crossed the creek, at 3 o'clock that afternoon, 45 were killed and 176 wounded. The Confederates had possession of that part of the field over which we had moved, and just



SHARPSBURG BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM.

after dusk they sent out detachments to collect arms and bring in prisoners. When they came to our hollow all the unwounded and slightly wounded there were marched to the rear—prisoners of the 15th Georgia. . . .

The next morning we were marched—about six hundred of us, fragments of a dozen different commands—to the Potomac, passing through Sharpsburg. We crossed the Potomac by the Shepherdstown ford, and bivouacked in the yard of a house near the river, remaining there all day. The next morning (the 19th) shells began to come from over the river, and we were started on the road to Richmond with a mixed guard of cavalry and infantry. When we reached Winchester we were quartered for a night in the court-house yard, where we were beset by a motley crew who were eager to exchange the produce of the region for greenbacks. . . .

From Winchester we were marched to Staunton, where we were put on board cattle-cars and forwarded at night, by way of Gordonsville, to Richmond, where we entered Libby Prison. We were not treated with special severity, for Libby was not at that time the hissing it afterward became. . . .

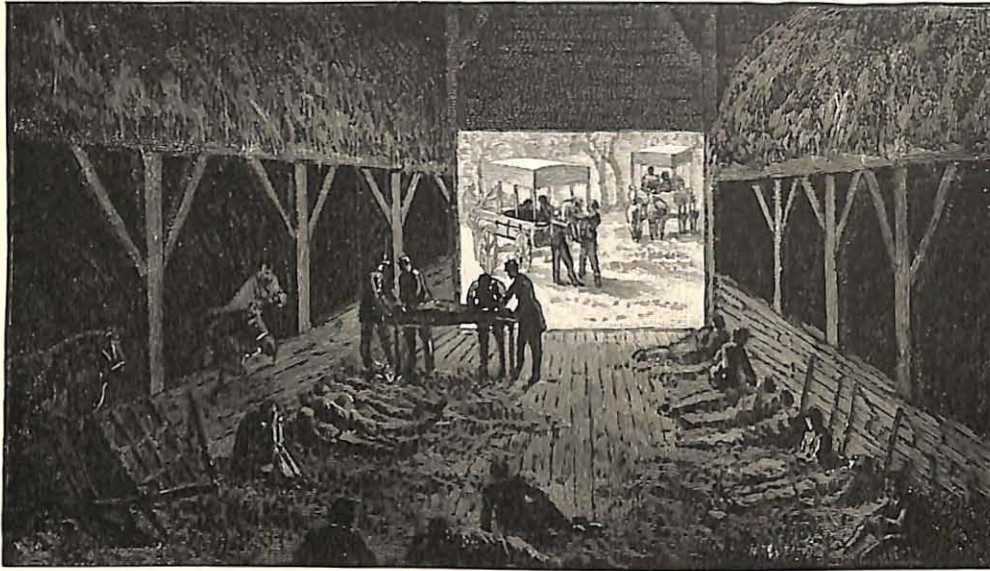
HOOKER'S BATTLE AT THE CORN-FIELD.

Of the early morning fight for the control of the corn-field, General Hooker says in his report:

“We had not proceeded far before I discovered that a heavy force of the enemy had taken possession of a corn-field (I have since learned about a thirty-acre field) in

my immediate front, and, from the sun's rays falling on their bayonets projecting above the corn, could see that the field was filled with the enemy, with arms in their hands, standing apparently at ‘support arms.’ Instructions were immediately given for the assemblage of all of my spare batteries near at hand, of which I think there were five or six, to spring into battery on the right of this field, and to open with canister at once. In the time I am writing every stalk of corn in the northern and greater part of the field was cut as closely as could have been done with a knife, and the slain lay in rows precisely as they had stood in their ranks a few moments before.

“It was never my fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battle-field. Those that escaped fled in the opposite direction from our advance, and sought refuge behind the trees, fences, and stone ledges nearly on a line with the Dunker Church, etc., as there was no resisting this torrent of death-dealing missives. . . . The whole morning had been one of unusual animation to me, and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of my troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain near me. My command followed the fugitives closely until we had passed the corn-field a quarter of a mile or more, when I was removed from my saddle in the act of falling out of it from loss of blood, having previously been struck without my knowledge.”



UNION HOSPITAL IN A BARN NEAR ANTIETAM CREEK.
After a sketch made at the time.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTIETAM.

BY MARY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

... On the 17th of September cloudy skies looked down upon the two armies facing each other on the fields of Maryland. It seems to me now that the roar of that day began with the light, and all through its long and dragging hours its thunder formed a background to our pain and terror. If we had been in doubt as to our friends' whereabouts on Sunday, there was no room for doubt now. There was no sitting at the windows now and counting discharges of guns, or watching the curling smoke. We went about our work with pale faces and trembling hands, yet trying to appear composed for the sake of our patients, who were much excited. We could hear the incessant explosions of artillery, the shrieking whistles of the shells, and the sharper, deadlier, more thrilling roll of musketry; while every now and then the echo of some charging cheer would come, borne by the wind, and as the human voice pierced that demoniacal clangor we would catch our breath and listen, and try not to sob, and turn back to the forlorn hospitals, to the suffering at our feet and before our eyes, while imagination fainted at thought of those other scenes hidden from us beyond the Potomac.

On our side of the river there were noise, confusion, dust; throngs of stragglers; horsemen galloping about; wagons blocking each other, and teamsters wrangling; and a continued din of shouting, swearing, and rumbling, in the midst of which men were dying, fresh wounded arriving, surgeons amputating limbs and dressing wounds, women going in and out with bandages, lint, medicines, food. An ever-present sense of anguish, dread, pity, and I fear, hatred—these are my recollections of Antietam.

When night came we could still hear the sullen guns and hoarse, indefinite murmurs that succeeded

the day's turmoil. That night was dark and lowering and the air heavy and dull. Across the river innumerable camp-fires were blazing, and we could but too well imagine the scenes that they were lighting. We sat in silence, looking into each other's tired faces. There were no impatient words, few tears; only silence, and a drawing close together, as if for comfort. We were almost hopeless, yet clung with desperation to the thought that we were hoping. But in our hearts we could not believe that anything human could have escaped from that appalling fire. On Thursday the two armies lay idly facing each other, but we could not be idle. The wounded continued to arrive until the town was quite unable to hold all the disabled and suffering. They filled every building and overflowed into the country round, into farm-houses, barns, corn-cribs, cabins—wherever four walls and a roof were found together. Those able to travel were sent on to Winchester and other towns back from the river, but their departure seemed to make no appreciable difference. There were six churches, and they were all full; the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Freemasons', the little Town Council room, the barn-like place known as the Drill Room, all the private houses after their capacity, the shops and empty buildings, the school-houses—every inch of space, and yet the cry was for room.

The unfinished Town Hall had stood in naked ugliness for many a long day. Somebody threw a few rough boards across the beams, placed piles of straw over them, laid down single planks to walk upon, and lo, it was a hospital at once. The stone warehouses down in the ravine and by the river had been passed by, because low and damp and undesirable as sanitariums, but now their doors and windows were thrown wide, and, with barely time allowed to sweep them, they were all occupied, even the "old blue factory," an antiquated, crazy, dismal building of blue stucco that peeled off in great blotches, which had been shut up for years, and was in the last stages of dilapidation.



SOUTH-EASTERN STRETCH OF THE SUNKEN ROAD, OR "BLOODY LANE."
From a photograph taken in 1885.

On Thursday night we heard more than usual sounds of disturbance and movement, and in the morning we found the Confederate army in full retreat. General Lee crossed the Potomac under cover of the darkness, and when the day broke the greater part of his force—or the more orderly portion of it—had gone on toward Kearneysville and Leetown. General McClellan followed to the river, and without crossing got a battery in position on Douglas's Hill, and began to shell the retreating army, and, in consequence, the town. What before was confusion grew worse; the retreat became a stampede. The battery may not have done a very great deal of execution, but it made a fearful noise. It is curious how much louder guns sound when they are pointed at you than when turned the other way! And the shell, with its long-drawn screeching, though no doubt less terrifying than the singing Minié ball, has a way of making one's hair stand on end. Then, too, every one who has had any experience in such things, knows how infectious fear is, how it grows when yielded to, and how, when you once begin to run, it soon seems impossible to run fast enough; whereas, if you can manage to stand your ground, the alarm lessens and sometimes disappears.

Some one suggested that yellow was the hospital color, and immediately everybody who could lay hands upon a yellow rag hoisted it over the house. The whole town was a hospital; there was scarcely a building that could not with truth seek protection under that plea, and the fantastic little strips were soon flaunting their ineffectual remonstrance from every roof-tree and chimney. When this specific failed the excitement became wild and ungovernable. It would have been ludicrous had it not produced so much suffering. The danger was less than it seemed, for McClellan, after all, was not bombarding the town, but the army, and most of the shells flew over us and exploded in the fields; but aim cannot always be sure, and enough shells fell short to convince the terrified citizens that

their homes were about to be battered down over their ears. The better people kept some outward coolness, with perhaps a feeling of "*noblesse oblige*"; but the poorer classes acted as if the town were already in a blaze, and rushed from their houses with their families and household goods to make their way into the country. The road was thronged, the streets blocked; men were vociferating, women crying, children screaming; wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, horsemen, footmen, all mingled—nay, even wedged and jammed together—in one struggling, shouting mass. The negroes were the worst, and with faces of a ghastly ash-color, and staring eyes, they swarmed into the fields, carrying their babies, their clothes, their pots and kettles, fleeing from the wrath behind them. The comparison to a hornets' nest attacked by boys is not a good one, for there was no "fight" shown; but a disturbed ant-hill is altogether inadequate. They fled widely and camped out of range, nor would they venture back for days.

Had this been all, we could afford to laugh now, but there was another side to the picture that lent it an intensely painful aspect. It was the hurrying crowds of wounded. Ah me! those maimed and bleeding fugitives! When the firing commenced the hospitals began to empty. All who were able to pull one foot after another, or could bribe or beg comrades to carry them, left in haste. In vain we implored them to stay; in vain we showed them the folly, the suicide, of the attempt; in vain we argued, cajoled, threatened, ridiculed; pointed out that we were remaining and that there was less danger here than on the road. There is no sense or reason in a panic. The cannon were bellowing upon Douglas's Hill, the shells whistling and shrieking, the air full of shouts and cries; we had to scream to make ourselves heard. The men replied that the "Yankees" were crossing; that the town was to be burned; that we could not be made prisoners, but they could; that, anyhow, they were going as far as they could walk, or be carried. . . .

ANTIETAM SCENES.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

(Army Correspondent.)

THE cannon were thundering when at early morn, September 17th, 1862, I mounted my horse at Hagerstown, where I had arrived the preceding day, as an army correspondent, upon its evacuation by the Confederates. The people of the town, aroused by the cannonade, were at the windows of the houses or in the streets, standing in groups, listening to the reverberations rolling along the valley. The wind was south-west, the clouds hanging low and sweeping the tree-tops on South Mountain.

The cannonade, reverberating from cloud to mountain and from mountain to cloud, became a continuous roar, like the unbroken rolling of a thunder-storm. The breeze, being in our direction, made the battle seem much nearer than it was. I was fully seven miles from Hooker's battle-field.

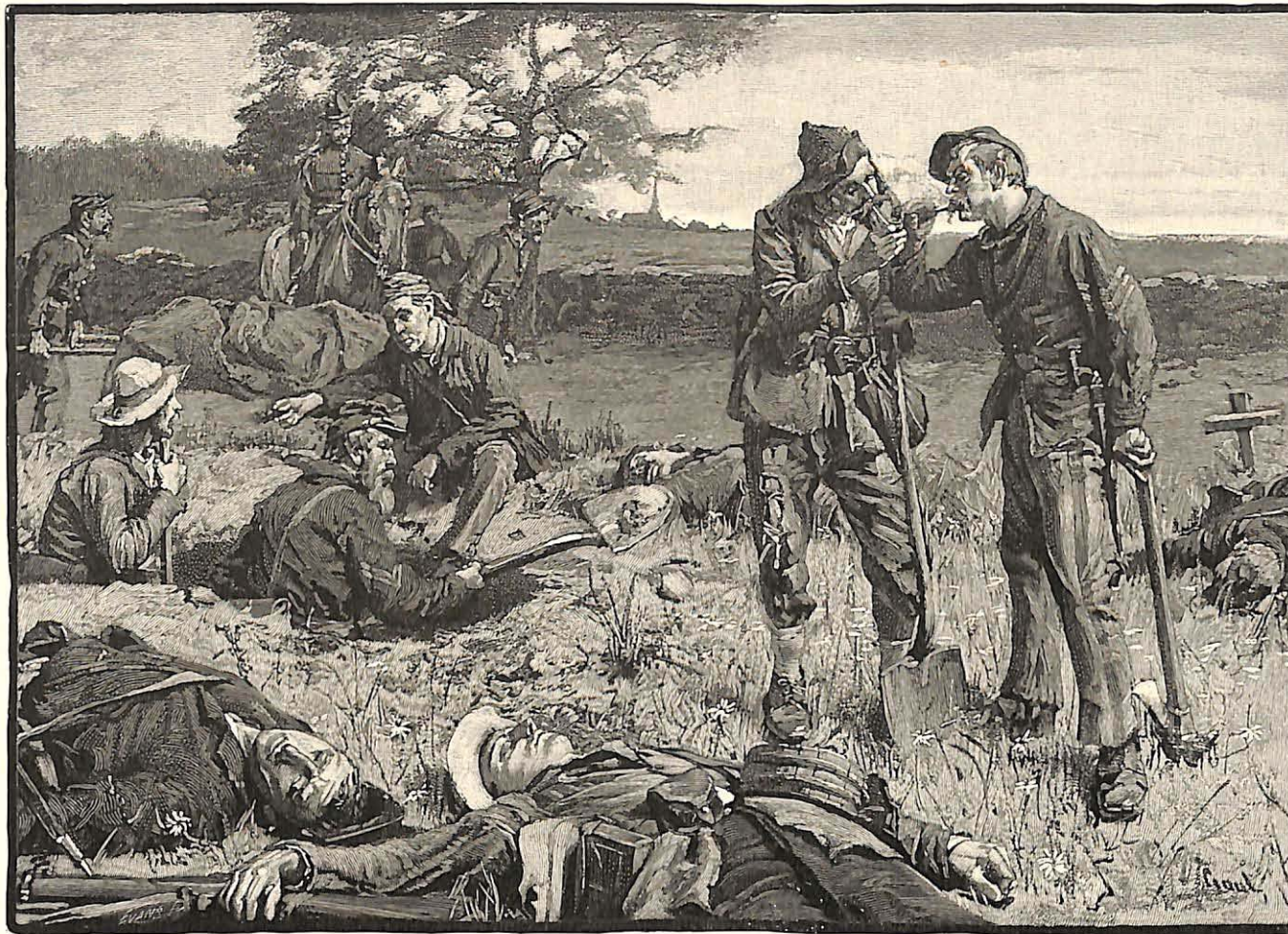
I turned down the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg turnpike at a brisk gallop, although I knew that Lee's army was in possession of the thoroughfare by the toll-gate which then stood about two miles north of Sharpsburg. A citizen who had left his home, to be beyond harm during the battle, had given me the information. The thought uppermost in my mind was to gain the left flank of the Confederate army, mingle with the citizens, and so witness the battle from the Confederate side. It would be a grand accomplishment if successful. It would give me a splendid opportunity to see the make-up of the Confederate army. It would be like going behind the scenes of a theater. I was in citizens' dress, splashed with mud, and wore a dilapidated hat.

While wondering what would be the outcome of the venture, I came upon a group of farmers, who were listening with dazed countenances to the uproar momentarily increasing in volume. It was no longer alone the boom of the batteries, but a rattle of musketry—at first like pattering drops upon a roof; then a roll, crash, roar, and rush, like a mighty ocean billow upon the shore chafing the pebbles, wave on wave,—with deep and heavy explosions of the batteries, like the crashing of thunderbolts. I think the currents of air must have had something to do with the effect of sound. The farmers were walking about nervously undecided, evidently, whether to flee or to remain.

"I would n't go down the pike if I were you," said one, addressing me. "You will ride right into the Rebs."

"That is just where I would like to go."

"You can't pass yourself off for a Reb; they'll see, the instant they set eyes on you, that you are a Yank. They'll gobble you up and take you to



BETWEEN THE LINES DURING A TRUCE.

Richmond," said the second. No doubt I acted wisely in leaving the turnpike and riding to gain the right flank of the Union line. . . . Ammunition trains were winding up the hill from the road leading to Keedysville.

Striking across the fields, I soon came upon the grounds on Hoffman's farm selected for the field-hospitals. Even at that hour of the morning it was an appalling sight. The wounded were lying in rows awaiting their turn at the surgeon's tables. The hospital stewards had a corps of men distributing straw over the field for their comfort.

Turning from the scenes of the hospital, I ascended the hill and came upon the men who had been the first to sweep across the Hagerstown pike, past the toll-gate, and into the Dunker Church woods, only to be hurled back by Jackson, who had established his line in a strong position behind outcropping limestone ledges.

"There are not many of us left," was the mournful remark of an officer.

I learned the story of the morning's engagement, and then rode to the line of batteries on the ridge by the house of J. Poffenberger; if my memory serves me there were thirty guns in position there, pointing south-west. There was a lull in the

strife. All was quiet in the woods along the turnpike, and in the corn-field beyond D. R. Miller's house,—so quiet that I thought I would ride on to the front line, not knowing that the brigade lying upon the ground near the cannon was the advanced line of the army. I rode through Poffenberger's door-yard, and noticed that a Confederate cannon-shot had ripped through the building; another had upset a hive of bees, and the angry insects had taken their revenge on the soldiers. I walked my horse down the pike past the toll-gate.

"Hold on!" It was the peremptory hail of a Union soldier crouching under the fence by the roadside. "Where are you going?"

"I thought I would go out to the front!"

"The front! you have passed it. This is the picket line. If you know what is good for yourself, you'll skedaddle mighty quick. The Rebs are in the corn right out there."

I acted upon the timely advice and retreated to a more respectful distance; and none too soon, for a moment later the uproar began again—solid shot tearing through the woods and crashing among the trees, and shells exploding in unexpected places. I recall a round shot that came ricocheting over the ground, cutting little furrows, tossing the earth into the air, as the plow of the locomotive

turns its white furrow after a snow-storm. Its speed gradually diminished, and a soldier was about to catch it, as if he were at a game of baseball, but a united yell of "Look out!" "Don't!" "Take care!" "Hold on!" caused him to desist. Had he attempted it, he would have been knocked over instantly.

Turning from the conflict on the right, I rode down the line, toward the center, forded the Antietam and ascended the hill east of it to the large square mansion of Mr. Pry, where General McClellan had established his headquarters. The general was sitting in an arm-chair in front of the house. His staff were about him; their horses, saddled and bridled, were hitched to the trees and fences. Stakes had been driven in the earth in front of the house, to which were strapped the headquarters telescopes, through which a view of the operations and movements of the two armies could be obtained. . . .

The Fifth Corps, under Fitz-John Porter, was behind the ridge extending south toward the bridge, where the artillery of the Ninth Corps was thundering. Porter, I remember, was with McClellan, watching the movements of the troops across the Antietam—French's and Richardson's divisions, which were forming in the fields east of Roulette's and Mumma's houses. What a splendid sight it was! How beautifully the lines deployed! The clouds which had hung low all the morning had lifted, and the sun was shining through the rifts, its bright beams falling on the flags and glinting from gun-barrel and bayonet. Upon the crest of the hill south of the Dunker Church, I could see Confederates on horseback, galloping, evidently with orders; for, a few moments later, there was another gleam in the sunshine from the bayonets of their troops, who were apparently getting into position to resist the threatened movement of French and Richardson.

Memory recalls the advance of the line of men in blue across the meadow east of Roulette's. They reach the spacious barn, which divides the line of men as a rock parts the current of a river, flowing around it, but uniting beyond. The orchard around the house screens the movement in part. I see the blue uniforms beneath the apple-trees. The line halts for alignment. The skirmishers are in advance. There are isolated puffs of smoke, and then the Confederate skirmishers scamper up the hill and disappear. Up the slope moves the line to the top of a knoll. Ah! what a crash! A white cloud, gleams of lightning, a yell, a hurrah, and then up in the corn-field a great commotion, men firing into each other's faces, the Confederate line breaking, the ground strewn with prostrate forms. The Confederate line in "Bloody Lane" has been annihilated, the center pierced. . . .



Gen. W.S. Rosecrans

FROM CORINTH TO MURFREESBORO' (STONE'S RIVER).

BRAGG'S INVASION OF KENTUCKY AND THE PERRYVILLE CAMPAIGN.

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.

During the summer of 1862, while the Confederate armies under Generals J. E. Johnston and R. E. Lee, and the Union armies under Generals McClellan and Pope, contended in the East, the military situation in the West was comparatively uneventful. The first important collision after Shiloh involving the antagonists of that decisive field, took place at Iuka, Miss., September 19, two days after Antietam.

The battle of Shiloh (April 5 and 6) resulted in the retreat of the Confederates, led by Beauregard, to Corinth. General Halleck, assuming personal command of the Union forces opposed to Beauregard, immediately besieged Corinth, where all of the Confederate troops in the southwest were assembled. Halleck's army comprised the armies under Grant, Buell, and Pope. Beauregard evacuated Corinth, May 30, and fell back southward, halting at Tupelo. Halleck occupied Corinth, repaired the Memphis and Charleston R.R. and sent Buell along that line eastward to threaten Chattanooga. On June 27, General Braxton Bragg succeeded Beauregard in command of the Confederate forces in Mississippi. About that time Halleck and Pope were transferred from the Corinth army to another field, and Grant succeeded to the chief command in Mississippi. Late in July Bragg set out to invade the North, and proceeded with 35,000 men from Tupelo to Chattanooga, Tennessee. [See Colonel Urquhart's article, "Bragg's Advance and Retreat," page 159.] The Confederates remaining in Mississippi after Bragg's departure were left under the command of Generals Van Dorn and Price, who had crossed to the east of the Mississippi after the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas (March 8).

Buell was placed on the defensive by Bragg's northward movement, and gradually fell back from the Alabama and Tennessee borders toward his base at

Nashville, and received reinforcements from the Union armies around Corinth. Under instructions from Bragg to prevent Grant from reinforcing Buell, Price attempted to march into western Tennessee, and in September reached Iuka, in Northern Mississippi. With a small column of Grant's army, Rosecrans defeated Price at Iuka, September 19, and drove him southward again. Price then joined his forces to Van Dorn's, and their united armies attacked Rosecrans at Corinth, October 3 and 4, and were repulsed.

Meanwhile Bragg, preceded by Forrest's and Morgan's mounted raiders crossed through eastern Tennessee into Kentucky. He reached Glasgow September 12, and issued a proclamation to Kentuckians. On the 16th, he captured the Union post at Munfordsville, with 4000 prisoners. A subordinate column, under General E. Kirby Smith, marched from Knoxville, Tennessee, in August, defeated the Union force under General William Nelson at Richmond, Kentucky, on the 30th, and turned the strong Union position at Cumberland Gap, which was evacuated September 17. At the same time a column of Confederate infantry, and the cavalry brigades of Colonels Morgan and Duke, marched to the west bank of the Ohio River and threatened Cincinnati. Buell concentrated his army at Louisville, and marching from there to cope with Bragg, encountered him at Perryville, October 8.

Perryville was indecisive, but Bragg retreated to Knoxville, and the Union army, led by Rosecrans, who succeeded Buell October 29, advanced to Nashville. In December, Bragg occupied Murfreesboro' threatening Nashville, and Rosecrans marched from Nashville on the 26th to attack him. The decisive battle of Murfreesboro' (Union, "Stone's River") followed. [See Colonel G. C. Kniffin's article, p. 161, and General Crittenden's, p. 163.]

THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

BY C. S. HAMILTON, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Commander of a division at Iuka.

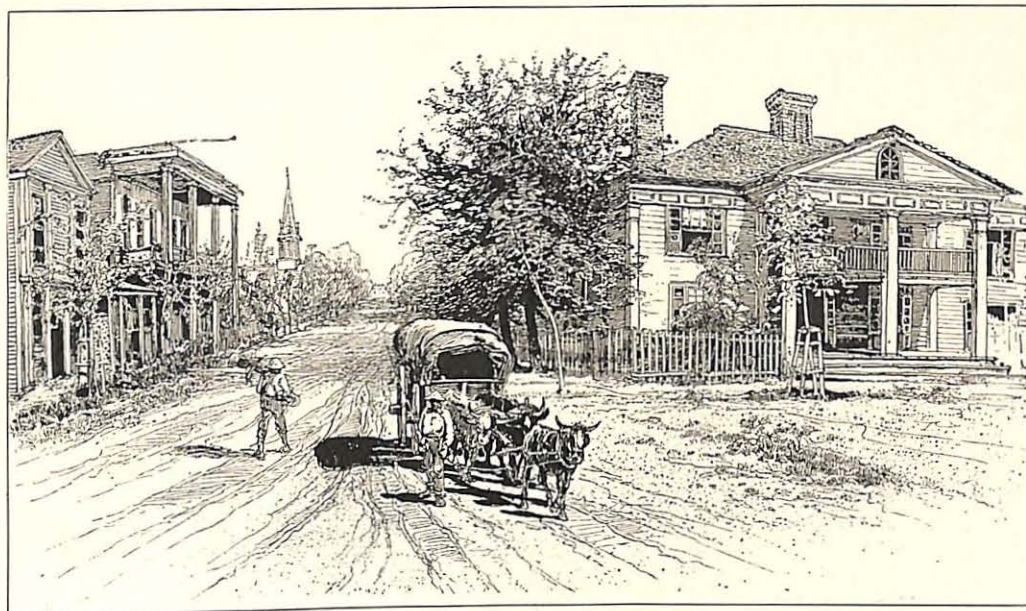
IUKA is a little village on the Memphis and Charleston railway, in northern Mississippi, about thirty miles east of Corinth. In September, 1862, the Confederate authorities, to prevent reinforcements being sent by the Federal commander in Mississippi to Buell in Kentucky, sent General Sterling Price with his army corps to Iuka. A regiment of Union troops stationed at Iuka evacuated the place, leaving a considerable quantity of army stores, as also quite an amount of cotton. The latter was destroyed, the former made use of, and Price settled down, apparently at his leisure, under the nose of Grant's force, whose headquarters were at Corinth. As soon as definite information was had of this position of Price, Grant took immediate steps to beat him up. A combined attack was planned, by which Rosecrans with his two divisions (Hamilton's and Stanley's) was to move on Iuka from the south, while Ord, with a similar column, was to approach Iuka from the west. This he did, taking position within about six miles of the village, where he was to await Rosecrans's attack. . . .

[General Hamilton personally led the troops which opened the fight and was an eye-witness of all that he here describes.]

On the halting of my troops, the battalion of skirmishers was pushed rapidly forward in the direction of Iuka. An advance of four hundred yards brought them in the immediate presence

of the enemy. I was immediately in rear of the skirmishers, and, taking in the situation at a glance, dashed back to the head of the column. If this should become enveloped by the enemy, a rout was inevitable, and our force would be doubled back on itself. I threw the leading regiment, the 5th Iowa, across the road, moving it a short distance to the right, and ordered up the nearest battery, which was placed in position on the road, and to the left of the first regiment in position. Colonel Sanborn was active in bringing up other regiments, and getting them into line. Just as the first regiment was placed, the enemy opened one of his batteries with canister. The charge passed over our heads, doing no damage beyond bringing down a shower of twigs and leaves. The Confederates were in line ready for action. Why they did not move forward and attack us at once is not understood. Their delay, which enabled us to form the nearest three regiments in line of battle before the attack began, was our salvation. An earlier attack would have enveloped the head of the column, and brought a disastrous rout.

Meantime not a moment was lost. A second regiment, and a third, with all the rapidity that men could exercise, were added to our little line; and while the Confederates were moving to the front, we had managed to get a battle-line of three regiments into position. It was then the storm of battle opened. The opposing infantry lines were within close musketry shot. Our battery was handled with energy, and dealt death to the enemy. The Confederate batteries had ceased firing, their line of fire having been covered by the



FILLMORE STREET, CORINTH.

advance of their infantry. Our own infantry held their ground nobly against the overwhelming force moving against them, and we were enabled to add another regiment to the line of battle. At the first musketry fire of the enemy, most of the horses of our battery were killed, and the pieces could not be removed from the field. The fight became an infantry duel. I never saw a hotter or more destructive engagement. General Price says in his official report, "The fight began, and was waged with a severity I have never seen surpassed." . . .

September 21st our troops were back in their old encampments at Jacinto. Just two weeks later, the same divisions and brigades were measured against each other on the field of Corinth.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

BY WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS, MAJOR-GENERAL,
U. S. V., BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.
Commander of the Union army at the battle of Corinth.

NOTE.—The battle of Corinth, Miss., was fought on the 3d and 4th of October 1862, between the combined forces of Generals Earl Van Dorn and Sterling Price of the Confederacy, and the Union divisions of Generals David S. Stanley, Charles S. Hamilton, Thomas A. Davies, and Thomas J. McKean, under General W. S. Rosecrans, commander of the Third Division of the District of West Tennessee.

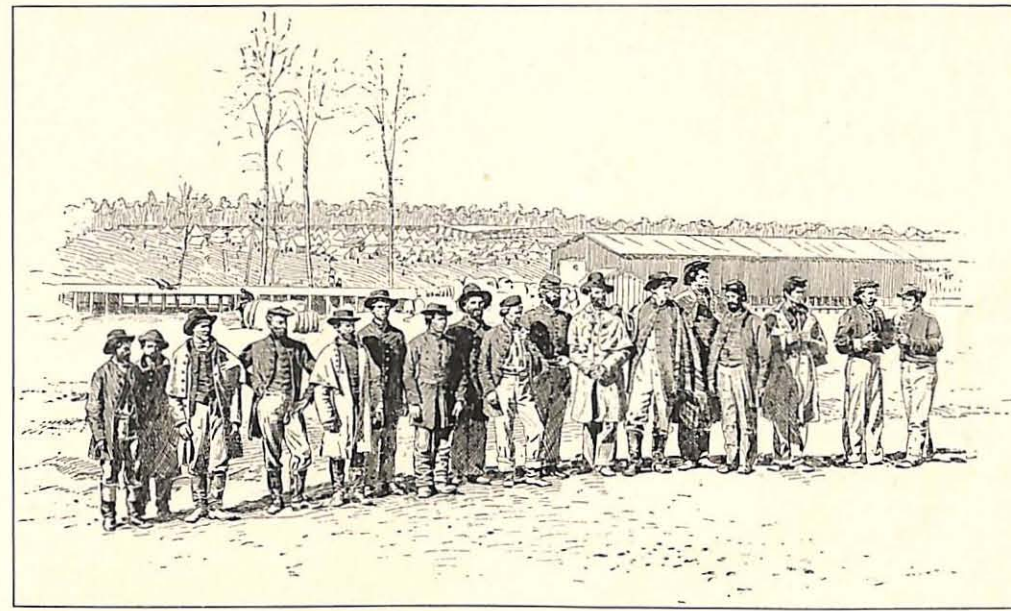
The conflict on the 3d resulted in the Union forces retreating and the Confederates advancing. General Rosecrans describes the struggle of the second day over the intrenchments around the town, as follows:

. . . As the troops had been on the move since the night of October 2d, and had fought all day of the 3d (which was so excessively hot that we were obliged to send water around in wagons), it became my duty to visit their lines and see that the weary troops were surely in position. I returned to my tent at three o'clock in the morning of October 5th, after having seen everything accomplished and the new line in order. It was about a mile in extent and close to the edge of the north side

of the town. About 4 o'clock I lay down. At half-past 4 the enemy opened with a six-gun battery. Our batteries, replying, soon silenced it, but I had no time for breakfast. The troops got very little. They had not been allowed to build fires during the night, and were too tired to intrench.

The morning opened clear, and soon grew to be hot. It must have been ninety-four degrees in the shade. The enemy began to extend his infantry line across the north of the town. I visited the lines and gave orders to our skirmishers to fall back the moment it was seen that the enemy was developing a line of battle. About 8 o'clock his left, having crossed the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, got into position behind a spur of table-land, to reach which they had moved by the flank for about half a mile. When they began to advance in line of battle they were not over three hundred yards distant.

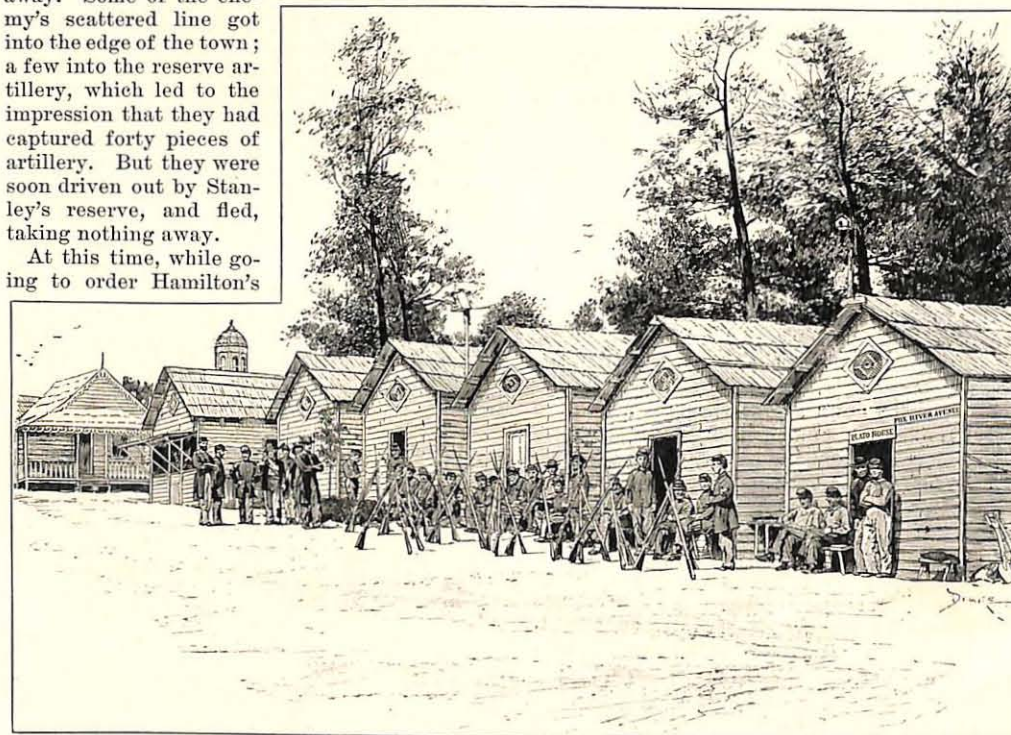
I told McKean on the left to be very watchful of his front lest the enemy should turn his left, and directed General Stanley to hold the reserve of his command ready either to help north of the town or to aid McKean if required. I visited Battery Robinett and directed the chief of artillery, Colonel Lothrop, to see to the reserve artillery, some batteries of which were parked in the public square of the town; then the line of Davies's division, which was in nearly open ground, with a few logs, here and there, for breastworks, and then on his extreme right Sweeney's brigade, which had no cover save a slight ridge, on the southwest slope of which, near the crest, the men were lying down. Riding along this line, I observed the Confederate forces emerging from the woods west of the railroad and crossing the open ground toward the Purdy road. Our troops lying on the ground could see the flags of the enemy and the glint of the sunlight on their bayonets. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning. The air was still and fiercely hot. . . .



GROUP OF UNION SOLDIERS AT CORINTH.

The Confederates, from behind a spur of the Purdy ridge, advanced splendidly to the attack. The unfavorable line occupied by Davies's division made the resistance on that front inadequate. The troops gave way; the enemy pursued; but the cross-fire from the Union batteries on our right soon thinned their ranks. Their front line was broken, and the heads of their columns melted away. Some of the enemy's scattered line got into the edge of the town; a few into the reserve artillery, which led to the impression that they had captured forty pieces of artillery. But they were soon driven out by Stanley's reserve, and fled, taking nothing away.

At this time, while going to order Hamilton's



QUARTERS AT CORINTH OCCUPIED BY THE 52D ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS DURING THE WINTER OF 1862-3.



43D OHIO.

THE DEFENSE OF BATTERY ROBINETT.

From a war-time sketch.

ground a little to the left of Battery Powell. Before its splendid advance the scattered enemy, who were endeavoring to form a line of battle, about 1 P. M. gave way and went back into the woods, from which they never again advanced.

Meanwhile there had been terrific fighting at Battery Robinett. The roar of artillery and musketry for two or three hours was incessant. Clouds of smoke filled the air and obscured the sun. I witnessed the first charge of the enemy on this part of the line before I went over to Hamilton. The first repulse I did not see because the contestants were clouded in smoke. It was an assault in column. There were three or four assaulting columns of regiments, probably a hundred yards apart. The enemy's left-hand column had tried to make its way down into the low ground to the right of Robinett, but did not make much progress. The other two assaulting columns fared better, because they were on the ridge, where the fallen timber was scarcer. I ordered the 27th Ohio and 11th Missouri to kneel in rear of the right of Robinett, so as to get out of range of the enemy's fire, and the moment he had exhausted himself to charge with the bayonet. The third assault was made just as I was seeing Sullivan into the fight. I saw the enemy come upon the ridge while Battery Robinett was belching its fire at them. After the charge had failed I saw the 27th Ohio and the 11th Missouri chasing them with bayonets.

The head of the enemy's main column reached within a few feet of Battery Robinett, and Colonel Rogers, who was leading it, colors in hand, dis-

mounted, planted a flag-staff on the bank of the ditch, and fell there, shot by one of our drummer-boys, who, with a pistol, was helping to defend Robinett. I was told that Colonel Rogers was the fifth standard-bearer who had fallen in that last desperate charge. It was about as good fighting on the part of the Confederates as I ever saw. The columns were plowed through and through by



THE GROUND IN FRONT OF BATTERY ROBINETT.

From a photograph taken after the battle.



GRAVE OF COLONEL WILLIAM P. ROGERS.

Looking toward Corinth from the embankment of Fort Robinett. (From a photograph taken in 1884).

our shot, but they steadily closed up and moved forward until they were forced back.

Just after this last assault I heard for the first time the word "ranch." Passing over the field on our left, among the dead and dying, I saw leaning against the root of a tree a wounded lieutenant of an Arkansas regiment who had been shot through the foot. As I offered him some water, he said, "Thank you, General; one of your men just gave me some." I said, "Whose troops are you?" He replied, "Cabell's." I said, "It was pretty hot fighting here." He answered, "Yes, General, you licked us good, but we gave you the best we had in the ranch."

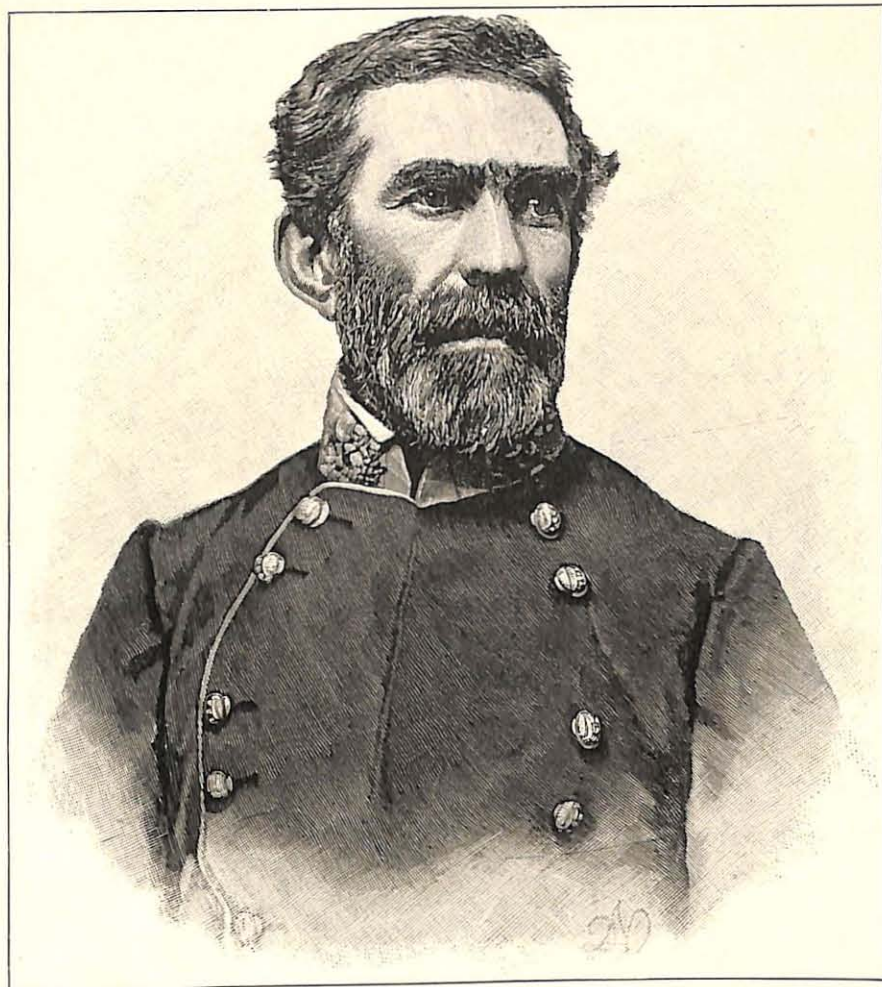
Before the enemy's first assault on Robinett, I inspected the woods toward our left where I knew Lovell's division to be. I said to Colonel Joseph A. Mower, afterward commander of the Sev-

enteenth Army Corps, and familiarly known as "Fighting Joe Mower," "Colonel, take the men now on the skirmish line, and find out what Lovell is doing." He replied, "Very well, General." As he was turning away I added, "Feel them, but don't get into their fingers." He answered significantly: "I'll feel them!" Before I left my position Mower had entered the woods, and soon I heard a tremendous crash of musketry in that direction. His skirmishers fell back into the fallen timber, and the adjutant reported to me: "General, I think the enemy have captured Colonel Mower; I think he is killed." Five hours later when we captured the enemy's field-hospitals, we found that Colonel Mower had been shot in the back of the neck and taken prisoner. Expressing my joy at his safety, he showed that he knew he had been unjustly reported to me the day before as intoxicated, by saying: "Yes, General, but if they had reported me for being 'shot in the neck' to-day instead of yesterday, it would have been correct."

About 2 o'clock we found that the enemy did not intend to make another attack. Faint from exhaustion I sought the shade of a tree, from which point I saw three bursts of smoke and said to my staff, "They have blown up some ammunition-wagons, and are going to retreat. We must push them." I was all the more certain of this, because, having failed, a good commander like Van Dorn would use the utmost despatch in putting the forests between him and his pursuing foe. . . .

I rode along the lines of the commands, told them that, having been moving and fighting for three days and two nights, I knew they required rest, but that they could not rest longer than was absolutely necessary. I directed them to proceed to their new camps, provide five days' rations, take some needed rest, and be ready early next morning for the pursuit.

General McPherson, sent from Jackson with five good regiments to help us, arrived and bivouacked in the public square a little before sunset. Our pursuit of the enemy was immediate and vigorous.



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, C. S. A.

BRAGG'S ADVANCE AND RETREAT. INCLUDING PERRYVILLE AND MURFREESBORO' —THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

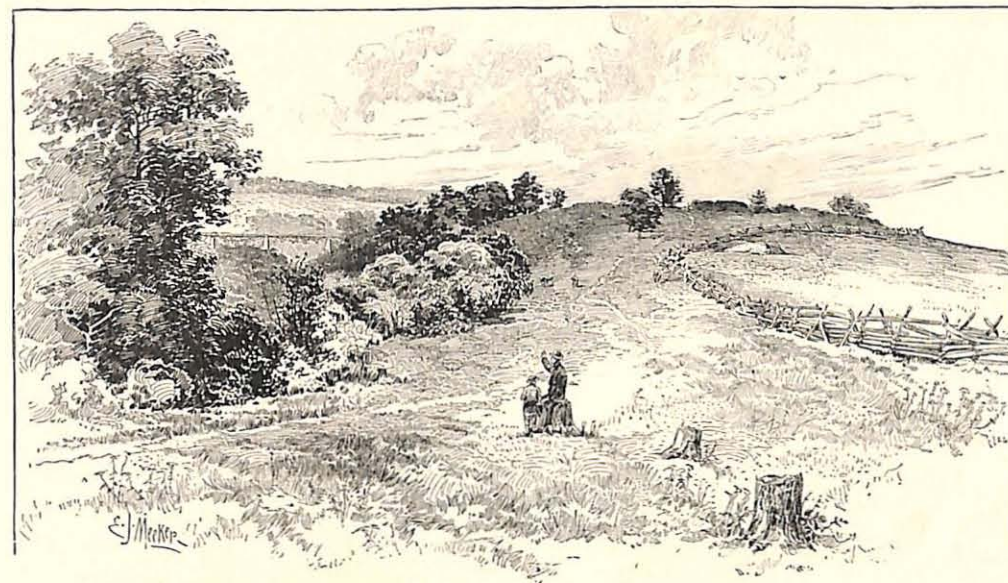
BY DAVID URQUHART, COLONEL C. S. A.
A member of Gen. Bragg's staff.

GENERAL BRAGG'S Kentucky campaign has drawn on him more criticism than any other part of his career as a military commander. During that memorable march I rode at his side from day to day, and it was his habit to confide to me his hopes and fears.

About the end of June, 1862, General Bragg was visited by many prominent citizens of Kentucky, who had abandoned their homes, and who assured him that Kentuckians were thoroughly loyal to the South, and that as soon as they were given an opportunity it would be proved. Fired with this idea, he planned his offensive campaign. On the 21st of July, 1862, the movement of the Army of Mississippi from Tupelo was ordered. The infantry moved by rail, the artillery and cavalry across the country. Headquarters were established at Chattanooga on the 29th. On the 30th Major-General Kirby Smith visited General Bragg at that point,

and it was arranged that Smith should move at once against the Federal forces under General George W. Morgan in Cumberland Gap. In this interview General Bragg was very certain that he would begin his forward move in ten or fifteen days at latest, and if Kirby Smith was successful in his operation against Morgan he would be on his offensive against Buell. Kirby Smith took the field on the 13th of August, 1862. On the 28th, after some inevitable delays, Bragg crossed the Tennessee, his right wing, under Polk, 13,537 strong; the left wing, under Hardee, 13,763 strong,—total effective, 27,320 rank and file.

General Bragg by this time was deeply impressed with the magnitude of his undertaking. He had lost faith somewhat in the stories that had been told him of Kentucky's desire to join the South, but he proposed to give the people a chance of so doing by the presence of Southern troops. At the same time he was resolved to do nothing to imperil the safety of his army, whose loss, he felt, would be a crushing blow to the Confederacy. He reached Carthage on the 9th of September. On the 12th he was at Glasgow, Kentucky, where he issued a proclamation to Kentuckians. About that time also the corps of Polk and Hardee were or-



UNION FORT AT MUNFORDVILLE, CAPTURED BY BRAGG, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

dered to unite. Buell was now moving on Bowling Green from the South. On the 16th our army surrounded and invested Munfordville, and General Wilder, with its garrison of four thousand men, was forced to capitulate. General Kirby Smith, having found Morgan's position impregnable, detached a part of his forces to invest it, and, advancing on Lexington, defeated the Federal forces encountered at Richmond, Ky. He was relying on an early junction with General Bragg.

On the 17th of September Generals Polk and Hardee were called to a council at Munfordville. With the map and the cavalry despatches outspread before him, General Bragg placed General Buell and his army in our rear, with Munfordville on the direct line of his march to Louisville, the assumed objective point of his movement, General Bragg then explaining his plan, which was discussed and approved by his lieutenants. Our advance was then resumed, leaving General Buell to pursue his march unmolested. This action was subsequently severely criticized by military men, and at the time it was greatly deplored by many officers of his command. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of September, indeed, Bragg was on the point of rescinding the order to continue the march, and of directing instead an immediate offensive movement against Buell. The importance of recovering Nashville induced the proposed change of operation. But, upon further consideration, he reverted to his previous plans, saying to me with emphasis, "This campaign must be won by marching, not by fighting." He used similar language at subsequent stages of the campaign before the battle of Perryville. At the moment he evinced no regret at having allowed Buell to pass on our left flank.

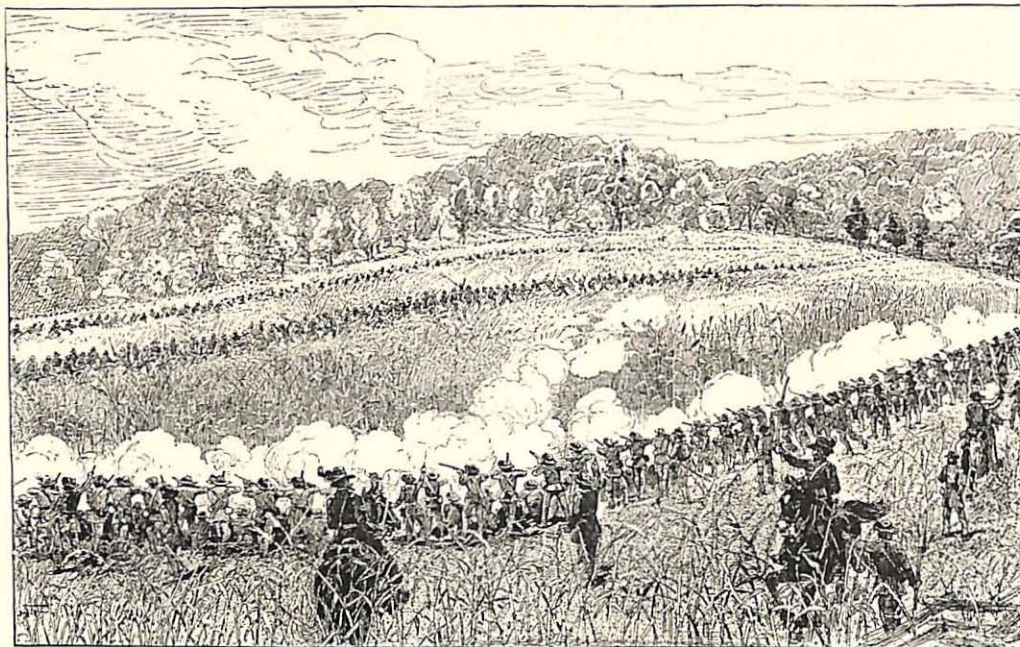
The success of the column under Kirby Smith in its combat at Richmond, Ky., elated him. He was worried by the delays that retarded his junction with that officer, and was greatly relieved when all the Confederate forces in Kentucky were united at Lexington. . . .

It was now the eve of the battle of Perryville,

and Kirby Smith, at Salvisa, twenty miles to the northeast, was calling for reinforcements, as he was confident that the feint was against Perryville, and that the main attack would surely fall on him. Thus urged, General Bragg, against his own judgment, yielded, and detached two of his best divisions (Withers's and Cheatham's) to Smith's aid. The former division could not be recalled in time, and the latter arrived the morning of the battle. Having placed General Polk in command of the troops, Bragg had gone to Frankfort, the capital of the State of Kentucky, to witness the inauguration of the secessionist governor, Hawes. The inaugural was being read when the booming of cannon, shortly followed by despatches from our cavalry outposts, announced the near presence of the enemy. As the hall was chiefly filled by the military, who hurried away to their respective commands, the governor was obliged to cut short his inaugural address.

The field of Perryville was an open and beautiful rolling country, and the battle presented a grand panorama. There was desperate fighting on both sides. I saw a Federal battery, with the Union flag planted near its guns, repulse six successive Confederate charges before retiring, saving all but one gun, and eliciting praise for their bravery from their desperate foes.

About dark, Polk, convinced that some Confederate troops were firing into each other, cantered up to the colonel of the regiment that was firing, and asked him angrily what he meant by shooting his own friends. The colonel, in a tone of surprise, said: "I don't think there can be any mistake about it. I am sure they are the enemy." "Enemy! Why, I have just left them myself. Cease firing, sir. What is your name?" rejoined the Confederate general. "I am Colonel — of the — Indiana. And pray, sir, who are you?" Thus made aware that he was with a Federal regiment, and that his only escape was to brazen it out, his dark blouse and the increasing obscurity happily befriending him, the Confederate general shook



ENGAGEMENT OF STARKWEATHER'S BRIGADE ON THE EXTREME UNION LEFT.

General J. C. Starkweather, in his official report, says that the brigade, consisting at the time of the 24th Illinois, 1st and 21st Wisconsin, and 79th Pennsylvania, "arrived on the field of battle at about 1:30 P. M., having marched twelve miles. . . Finding the troops already engaged well on the right, center, and left, and thinking the extreme left position most accessible, and, from appearances, one that should be held at

all hazards, I placed my command at once in position facing the enemy's right." General McCook, in his report on the part taken by Starkweather's brigade, says that the 21st Wisconsin was stationed "in a corn-field, lying down, awaiting the approach of the enemy, and when he approached with his overwhelming force this new regiment poured into his ranks a most withering fire."

his fist in the Federal colonel's face, and promptly said: "I will show you who I am, sir. Cease firing at once!" Then, cantering down the line again, he shouted authoritatively to the men, "Cease firing!" Then, reaching the cover of a small copse, he spurred his horse and was soon back with his own corps, which he immediately ordered to open fire.

The battle of Perryville, a hard-fought fight against many odds, was merely a favorable incident which decided nothing. Our army, however, was elated and did not dream of a retreat, as we had held the field and bivouacked on it. But the commanding general, full of care, summoned his lieutenant-generals to a council in which both advised retreat.

The next day General Smith's army was called to Harrodsburg, where a junction of the two forces was effected, and where a position was selected to receive Buell's attack. This, however, not being made, Bragg was enabled to take measures for an immediate retrograde. Forrest was at once despatched by forced marches to take position at Murfreesboro', and prepare it for occupancy by the retreating Confederates.

The conduct of the retreat was intrusted to Polk. Our army fell back first to Camp Dick Robinson, whence the retreat began in earnest, a brigade of cavalry leading.

About the 31st of October, 1862, General Bragg, having made a short visit to Richmond, there obtained the sanction of the Confederate Government for a movement into middle Tennessee. Returning to Knoxville, General Bragg made prep-

arations with the utmost rapidity for the advance to Murfreesboro', where General Breckinridge was already posted, and General Forrest was operating with a strong, active cavalry force. Our headquarters were advanced to Tullahoma on the 14th of November, and on the 26th to Murfreesboro'. Notwithstanding long marches and fighting, the condition of the troops was very good; and had they been well clad, the Confederate army would have presented a fine appearance.

On November 24th, 1862, the commands of Lieutenant-General Pemberton at Vicksburg, and that of General Bragg in Tennessee, were placed under General Joseph E. Johnston, and his official headquarters were established at Chattanooga. Immediately thereafter General Johnston visited Murfreesboro', where he passed some days devoted to a thorough inspection of the army. Our forces numbered somewhat over 40,000 men. General Johnston's visit was followed during the second week in December by that of President Davis and his aide, General Custis Lee. The President asked Bragg if he did not think he could spare a division of his army to reinforce Pemberton. Bragg assented and despatched a division of 8000 men under Stevenson. This step was contrary to the decided opinion previously expressed to Mr. Davis by General Johnston.

So well satisfied was General Bragg at having extricated his army from its perilous position in Kentucky, that he was not affected by the attacks upon him by the press for the failure of the campaign. He was cheerful, and would frequently join the staff about the camp-fire, and relate with



POSITION OF LOOMIS'S BATTERY ON ROUSSEAU'S LINE, LOOKING ACROSS DOCTOR'S CREEK.

Loomis's battery occupied the highest part of the ridge above H. P. Bottom's house, at about the center of Rousseau's line. Lytle's brigade extended from the battery across the old Mackville pike to the "burnt barn." Lytle's brigade was assailed from the direction of Bottom's house, and from the

right flank. The attack upon the position held by Loomis's battery was made chiefly from the ridge in the middle distance of the picture on page 54. The Confederates gained the northeast side of that ridge by following down the dry bed of Doctor's Creek under the shelter of its west bank.

zest incidents of his services under General Taylor in Mexico. On the 26th General Wheeler, commanding the cavalry outposts, sent despatches in quick succession to headquarters reporting a general advance of Rosecrans's army. Soon all was bustle and activity. General Hardee's corps at Triune was ordered to Murfreesboro'. Camps were at once broken up, and everything was made ready for active service. On the 27th of December our army was moving.

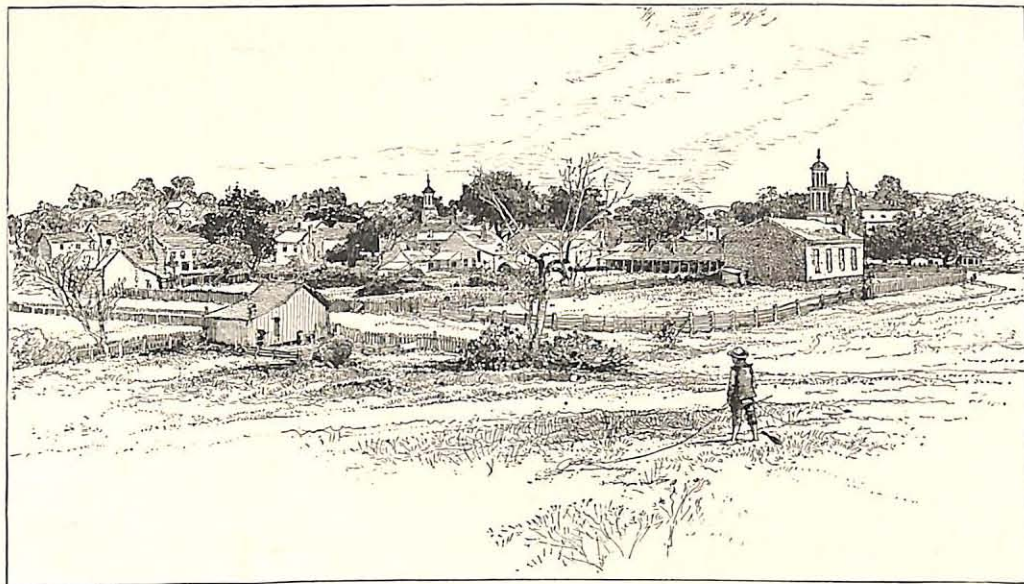
On Sunday, December 28th, Polk and Hardee met at General Bragg's headquarters to learn the situation and his plans. Rosecrans was advancing from Nashville with his whole army. Wheeler with his cavalry was so disposed at the moment as to protect the flanks, and, when pressed, to fall back toward the main army. Hardee's corps, consisting of the divisions of Breckinridge and Cleburne, with Jackson's brigade as a reserve, constituted our right wing, with its right resting on the Lebanon Pike and its left on the Nashville road. Polk's corps, composed of Withers's and Cheatham's divisions, was to take post with its right touching Hardee on the Nashville road, and its left resting on the Salem Pike; McCown's division was to form the reserve and to occupy our center. Such was the position of the Confederate army on the 29th of December.

On Tuesday, December 30th, Rosecrans was in our front, a mile and a half away. At 12 o'clock artillery on both sides was engaged. At 3 o'clock the Federal infantry advanced and attacked our lines, but were repulsed by the Louisiana and Alabama brigade, under Colonel Gibson, commanding in the absence of General Daniel Adams. But night

soon interposed, quiet prevailed, and the two armies bivouacked opposite to each other. General Bragg was on the field the entire day, but returned to his headquarters that evening at Murfreesboro'. He called his corps commanders together and informed them that his advice convinced him that Rosecrans, under cover of the day's attack, had been massing his troops for a move on our left flank. It was then agreed that Hardee should at once move to the extreme left Cleburne's division of his corps and the reserve (McCown), and that, next morning, Hardee should take command in that quarter and begin the fight.

At daylight on the 31st (Wednesday), Hardee, with Cleburne's and McCown's divisions, attacked McCook's corps of the Federal army. For a while the enemy were disorganized, many of the men being still engaged in cooking their breakfasts, but they very soon got under arms and in position, and resisted the attack with desperation. At this juncture Polk advanced with Withers's and Cheatham's divisions, and after hard fighting McCook's corps was driven back between three and four miles. Our attack had pivoted the Federals on their center, bending back their line, as one half-shuts a knife-blade. At 12 o'clock we had a large part of the field, with many prisoners, cannon, guns, ammunition, wagons, and the dead and wounded of both armies.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock, however, Rosecrans massed artillery on the favorable rising ground to which his line had been forced back. On this ground cedar-trees were so thick that his movements had not been perceived. Our line again advanced. Stewart's, Chalmers's, Donelson's, and



PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM THE MACKVILLE PIKE.

Maney's brigades, supported by Slocumb's, Cobb's, and Byrne's batteries, were hurled against the Federal line, but could not carry it. Reinforced by Gibson's and Jackson's brigades, another charge was ordered, but the position was not carried, and many were killed and wounded on our side.

A bitter cold night was now on us. We were masters of the field. The sheen of a bright moon revealed the sad carnage of the day, and the horrors of war became vividly distinct. That night General Bragg again made his headquarters at Murfreesboro', whence he gave orders for the care of the wounded. All the churches and public buildings were turned into hospitals. He announced to Richmond by telegraph: "God has granted us a happy New Year."

We had indeed routed the Federal right wing, but the bloody work was not over. During January 1st Rosecrans's army was intrenching itself, but General Bragg was of the opinion that their quiet meant a retreat.

During the morning of the 2d (Friday) quiet prevailed, except some shelling on our right. At about noon General Bragg determined to dislodge the force on his right. Orders were given to that end, and our best troops were carefully selected. Hanson's, Preston's, Gibson's, and Hunt's brigades, with Cobb's and Wright's batteries, were placed under Major-General Breckinridge. A gun fired by one of our batteries at 4 o'clock was the signal for the attack. After a fierce fight we carried the hill. The orders were to take its crest, and there remain intrenched. General Breckinridge endeavored to execute this order, but the commanders of the brigades engaged could not restrain the ardor of their men, who pushed on beyond support. The Federal batteries that had been massed on the other side of the stream now opened on them, and drove the Confederates back with terrible slaughter, fully 2000 of our men being killed and wounded in this attack. At 10 o'clock P. M. the news of this disastrous charge, led by the élite of the Confederate army, cast a gloom over all.

Saturday, January 3d, the two armies faced each other, with little fighting on either side.

The miscarriage of the 2d determined General Bragg to begin to fall back on Tullahoma; but all day of the 3d our forces maintained their line of battle taken up early that morning. That night the evacuation of Murfreesboro' was effected.

General Rosecrans entered Murfreesboro' on Sunday, the 4th of January, 1863. Meantime his adversary was in full retreat on Tullahoma, thirty-six miles distant. By this time General Bragg's corps commanders, as well as their subordinates down to the regimental rank and file, scarcely concealed their want of confidence in him as the commander of the army. On the 11th of January he invited from his corps, division, and brigade commanders an expression of their opinion on that point, and their replies, while affirming their admiration for his personal courage, devotion to duty, and ability as an organizer, frankly confessed that his army had lost confidence to such an extent in his capacity for chief command as wholly to



SPRING NEAR PERRYVILLE, WHICH HELPED TO RELIEVE BRAGG'S PARCHED ARMY.

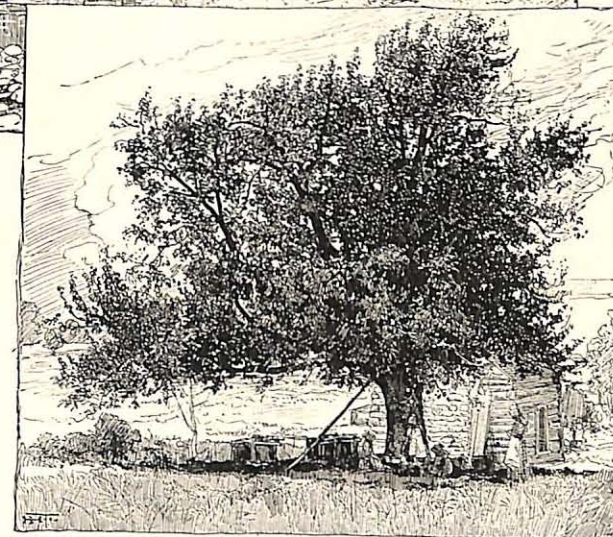
impair his further usefulness. On the 4th of February General Polk went so far indeed as to write direct to President Davis with regard to the dissatisfaction felt, and the necessity for the immediate substitution of another commander. . . .

THE BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER (MURFREESBORO')—THE UNION SIDE.

BY G. C. KNIFFIN, LIEUT.-COLONEL, U. S. V.

A member of General Crittenden's staff.

ON the 26th of December, 1862, General W. S. Rosecrans, who on the 20th of October had succeeded General Buell in the command of the Army of the Cumberland, set out from Nashville with that army with the purpose of attacking the Confederate forces under General Braxton Bragg, then concentrated in the neighborhood of Murfreesboro', on Stone's River, Tenn.

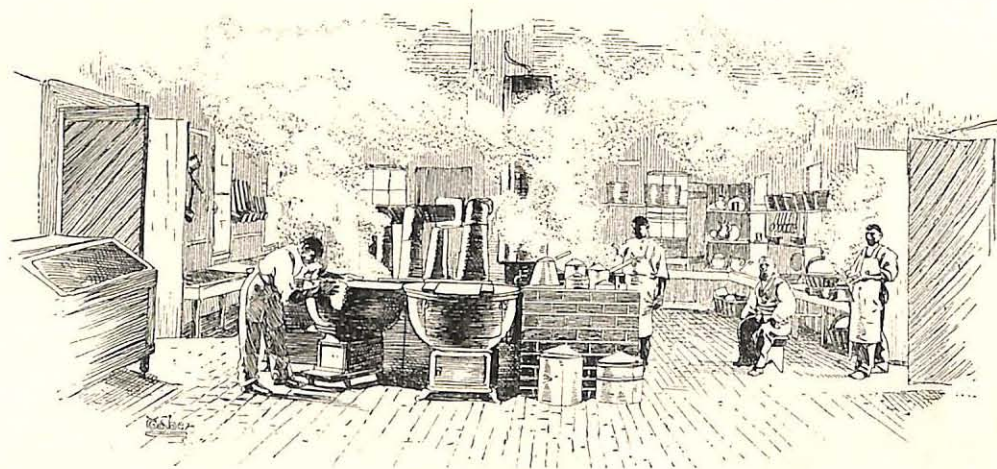


PEAR-TREE, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, AT THE LEFT OF ROUSSEAU'S POSITION, PERRYVILLE.

The three corps into which the army was organized moved by the following routes: General Crittenden by the Murfreesboro' turnpike, arriving within two miles of Murfreesboro' on the night of the 29th; General Thomas's corps by the Franklin and Wilkinson turnpikes, thence by cross-roads to the Murfreesboro' pike, arriving a few hours later; and General McCook's corps, marching by the Nolensville pike to Triune, and bivouacking at Overall's Creek on the same night. . . .

Rosecrans reported his force actually engaged, December 31st, at 43,400, while Bragg placed his own force at 37,712. . . .

The plan of battle was as follows: General McCook was to occupy the most advantageous position, refusing his right as much as was practicable and necessary to secure it; to receive the attack of the enemy, or, if that did not come, to attack sufficiently to hold all the forces in his front. General Thomas and General Palmer were to open with skirmishing and engage the enemy's center and left as far as the river. Crittenden was to cross Van Cleve's division at the lower ford (covered and supported by Morton's Pioneers, 1700 strong), and to advance on Breckinridge. Wood's division was to cross by brigades at the upper ford, and, moving on Van Cleve's right, was to carry everything before it to Murfreesboro'. This move was



HOSPITAL KITCHEN.



GENERAL SAMUEL BEATTY'S BRIGADE (VAN CLEVE'S DIVISION) ADVANCING TO SUSTAIN THE UNION RIGHT NEAR THE NASHVILLE PIKE.

intended to dislodge Breckinridge, and to gain the high ground east of Stone's River, so that Wood's batteries could enfilade the heavy body of troops massed in front of Negley and Palmer. The center and left, using Negley's right as a pivot, were to swing round through Murfreesboro' and take the force confronting McCook in rear, driving it into the country toward Salem. The successful execution of General Rosecrans's design depended not more upon the spirit and gallantry of the assaulting column than upon the courage and obstinacy with which the position held by the right wing should be maintained. Having explained this fact to General McCook, the commanding general asked him if, with a full knowledge of the ground, he could if attacked, hold his position three hours, — again alluding to his dissatisfaction with the direction which his line had assumed, but, as before, leaving that to the corps commander, — to which McCook replied, "I think I can."

Swift witnesses had borne to the ears of General Bragg the movements of General Rosecrans. He had in his army about the same proportion of raw troops to veterans as General Rosecrans, and the armies were equally well armed. By a singular coincidence Bragg had formed a plan identical with that of his antagonist. If both could have been carried out simultaneously the spectacle would have been presented of two large armies turning upon an axis from left to right. Lieutenant-General Hardee was put in command of the Confederate left wing, consisting of McCown's and Cleburne's divisions, and received orders to attack at daylight. Hardee's attack was to be taken up by Polk with the divisions of Cheatham and With-

ers, in succession to the right flank, the move to be made by a constant wheel to the right, on Polk's right flank as a pivot. The object of General Bragg was by an early and impetuous attack to force the Union army back upon Stone's River, and, if practicable, by the aid of the cavalry, cut it off from its base of operations and supplies by the Nashville pike.

As has been shown, the Union and Confederate lines were much nearer together on the Union right than on the left. In point of fact the distance to be marched by Van Cleve to strike Breckinridge on Bragg's right, crossing Stone's River by the lower ford, was a mile and a half. To carry out the order of General Bragg to charge upon Rosecrans's right, the Confederate left wing, doubled, with McCown in the first line and Cleburne in support, had only to follow at double-quick the advance of the skirmish line a few hundred paces, to find themselves in close conflict with McCook.

The Confederate movement began at daybreak. General Hardee moved his two divisions with the precision that characterized that able commander. McCown, deflecting to the west, as he advanced to the attack, left an opening between his right and Withers's left, into which Cleburne's division fell, and together the two divisions charged upon R. W. Johnson and Davis, while yet the men of those divisions were preparing breakfast. There was no surprise. The first movement in their front was observed by the Union skirmish line, but that first movement was a rush as of a tornado. The skirmishers fell back steadily, fighting, upon the main line, but the main line was overborne by the fury



POSITION OF MENDENHALL'S FIFTY-EIGHT GUNS (AS SEEN FROM THE EAST BANK ABOVE THE FORD) WHICH REPELLED THE CHARGE OF BRECKINRIDGE, JANUARY 2, 1863.

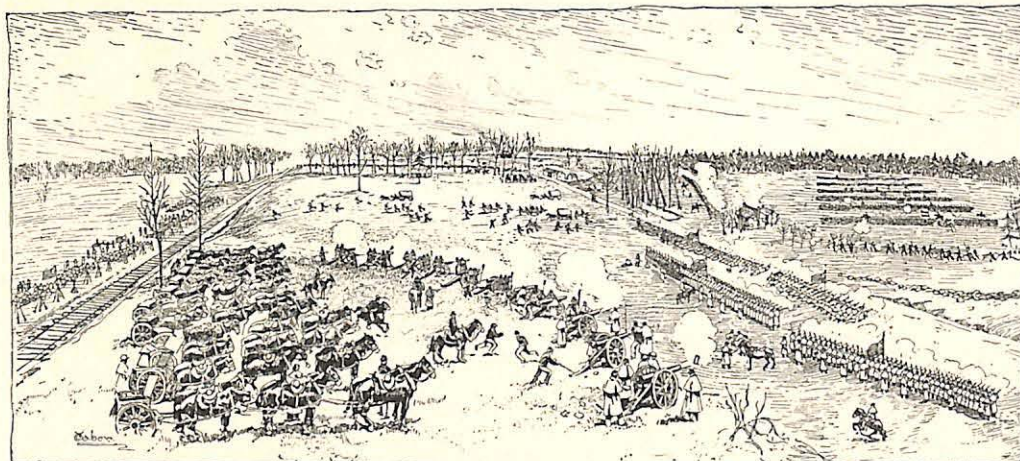
of the assault. Far to the right, overlapping R. W. Johnson, the Confederate line came sweeping on like the resistless tide, driving artillerists from their guns and infantry from their encampments. Slowly the extreme right fell back, at first contesting every inch of ground. In Kirk's brigade 500 men were killed or wounded in a few minutes. Willich lost nearly as many. Goodspeed's battery, on Willich's right, lost three guns. The swing of Bragg's left flank toward the right brought McCown's brigades upon the right of Davis's division. Leaving the detachments in R. W. Johnson's division to the attention of two of his brigades and Wheeler's cavalry, McCown turned McNair to the right, where Cleburne was already heavily engaged. Driving Davis's skirmishers before him, Cleburne advanced with difficulty in line of battle, bearing to the right over rough ground cut up with numerous fences and thickets, and came upon the main line at a distance of three-fourths of a mile from his place of bivouac. It was not yet daylight when he began his march, and he struck the Union line at six o'clock. General Davis now changed the front of Colonel Post's brigade nearly perpendicular to the rear. . . .

In front of Post, the Confederates under McCown, in command of McNair's brigade of his own division, and Liddell of Cleburne's division, received a decided repulse; and Cleburne was for a time equally unsuccessful in pushing back the main Union line.

Three successive assaults were made upon this position. In the second, Vaughan's and Maney's brigades of Cheatham's division relieved Loomis's and Manigault's. In the third attack Post's bri-

gade was enveloped by Hardee's left, which, sweeping toward his rear, made withdrawal a necessity. Sill had been killed in the first assault. Schaefer's Union brigade was brought forward to the support of the front line. The dying order from General Sill to charge was gallantly obeyed, and Loomis was driven back to his first position. Manigault advanced at about 8 o'clock, and attacked directly in his front, but, meeting with the same reception, was compelled to retire. A second attack resulted like the first. . . .

Rosecrans, having arranged his plan of battle, had risen early to superintend its execution. Crittenden, whose headquarters were a few paces distant, mounted at 6 A. M., and with his staff rode to an eminence, where Rosecrans, surrounded by his staff-officers, was listening to the opening guns on the right. The plan of Bragg was instantly divined, but no apprehension of danger was felt. Suddenly the woods on the right in the rear of Negley appeared to be alive with men wandering aimlessly in the direction of the rear. The roar of artillery grew more distinct, mingled with the continuous volleys of musketry. The rear of a line of battle always presents the pitiable spectacle of a horde of skulkers, men who, when tried in the fierce flame of battle, find, often to their own disgust, that they are lacking in the element of courage. But the spectacle of whole regiments of soldiers flying in panic to the rear was a sight never seen by the Army of the Cumberland except on that occasion. Captain Otis, from his position on the extreme right, despatched a messenger, who arrived breathless, to inform General Rosecrans that the right wing was in rapid retreat. The as-



SCENE OF THE FIGHTING OF PALMER'S AND ROUSSEAU'S DIVISIONS.

In the distance between the railroad on the left and the pike in the center was the first position of Hazen's brigade of Palmer's division on Dec. 31. In the cedars on the right Neg-

ley's division and the regulars of Rousseau's division were roughly handled. In the foreground are seen the batteries of Loomis and Guenther.

tounding intelligence was confirmed a moment later by a staff-officer from McCook, calling for reinforcements. "Tell General McCook," said Rosecrans, "to contest every inch of ground. If he holds them we will swing into Murfreesboro' and cut them off." Then Rousseau, with his reserves, was sent into the fight, and Van Cleve, who, in the execution of the initial movement on the left, had crossed Stone's River at 6 A. M. at the lower ford, and was marching in close column up the hill beyond the river (preparatory to forming a line of battle for a movement to the right, where Wood was to join him in an assault upon Breckinridge), was arrested by an order to return and take position on the turnpike facing toward the woods on the right. A few moments later this gallant division came dashing across the fields, with water dripping from their clothing, to take a hand in the fray. Harker's brigade was withdrawn from the left and sent in on Rousseau's right, and Morton's Pioneers, relieved at the ford by Price's brigade, were posted on Harker's right. The remaining brigades of Van Cleve's division (Beatty's and Fyffe's) formed on the extreme right, and thus an improvised line half a mile in extent presented a new and unexpected front to the approaching enemy. It was a trying position to these men to stand in line while the panic-stricken soldiers of McCook's beaten regiments, flying in terror through the woods, rushed past them. The Union lines could not fire, for their comrades were between them and the enemy. Rosecrans seemed ubiquitous. All these dispositions had been made under his personal supervision. While riding rapidly to the front, Colonel Garesché, his chief-of-staff, was killed at his side by a cannon-ball. Finding Sheridan coming out of the cedars into which Rousseau had just entered, Rosecrans directed Sheridan to the ammunition train, with orders to fill his cartridge-boxes and march to the support of Hazen's brigade, now hotly engaged on the edge of the Round Forest. The left was now exposed to attack by Breckinridge, and riding rapidly to the ford, Rosecrans inquired who commanded the brigade. "I do, sir," said Colonel Price. "Will you hold this

ford?" "I will try, sir." "Will you hold this ford?" "I will die right here." "Will you hold this ford?" for the third time thundered the general. "Yes, sir," said the colonel. "That will do"; and away galloped Rosecrans to Palmer, who was contending against long odds for the possession of Round Forest. . . .

[The Confederate attack of December 31 was finally repulsed at the last position taken by the Union forces south and west of the cemetery. The decisive combat took place January 2 on the east bank of the river.]

General Bragg confidently expected to find the Union troops gone from his front on the morning of the 2d. His cavalry had reported the turnpike full of troops and wagons moving toward Nashville, but the force east of Stone's River soon attracted his attention. Reconnaissance by staff-officers revealed Beatty's line, enfiling Polk in his new position. It was evident that Polk must be withdrawn or Beatty dislodged. Bragg chose the latter alternative, and Breckinridge, against his earnest protest, was directed to concentrate his division and assault Beatty. Ten Napoleon guns were added to his command, and the cavalry was ordered to cover his right. The line was formed by placing Hanson's brigade of Kentuckians, who had thus far borne no part in the engagement, on the extreme left, supported by Adams's brigade, now commanded by Colonel Gibson. The Confederate Palmer's brigade, commanded by General Pillow, took the right of the line, with Preston in reserve. The artillery was ordered to follow the attack and go into position on the summit of the slope when Beatty should be driven from it. The total strength of the assaulting column was estimated by Bragg at six thousand men. His cavalry took no part in the action.

In the assault that followed a brief cannonade Hanson's left was thrown forward close to the river bank, with orders to fire once, then charge with the bayonet. On the right of Beatty was Colonel S. W. Price's brigade, and the charge made by Hanson's 6th Kentucky was met by Price's 8th Kentucky regiment, followed by Hanson and Pillow in



ADVANCE OF COLONEL M. B. WALKER'S UNION BRIGADE, AT STONE'S RIVER, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 2, 1863.

Walker's position is in the cedars near the right of Rousseau's line. In the right of the picture is seen the 4th Michigan Battery. The front line was composed of the 31st and 17th Ohio, and the second line of the 82d Indiana and 38th Ohio.

successive strokes from right to left of Beatty's line. Overborne by numerical strength, the Union brigades of Price and Fyffe were forced back upon Grider, in reserve, the right of whose brigade was rapidly being turned by Hanson, threatening to cut the division off from the river. Beatty ordered retreat, and assailants and assailed moved in a mass toward the river. The space between the river bank and the ridge occupied by Grose now presented a scene of the wildest confusion. The pursuit led the Confederate column to the right of Grose, and Lieutenant Livingston opened upon it with his artillery, but he was quickly ordered across the river. Crittenden, turning to his chief-of-artillery, said, "Mendenhall, you must cover my men with your guns." Never was there a more effective response to such a request; the batteries of Swallow, Parsons, Estep, Stokes, Stevens, Standart, Bradley, and Livingston dashed forward, wheeled into position, and opened fire. In all, fifty-eight pieces of artillery played upon the enemy. Not less than one hundred shots per minute were fired. As the mass of men swarmed down the slope they were mowed down by the score. Confederates were pinioned to the earth by falling branches. For a few minutes the brave fellows held their ground, hoping to advance, but the west bank bristled with bayonets.

Hanson was mortally wounded, and his brigade lost over 400 men; the loss in the division was 1410. There was no thought now of attacking Grose, but one general impulse to get out of the jaws of death. The Union infantry was soon ordered to charge. Colonel John F. Miller with his brigade and two regiments of Stanley's was the first to cross the river, on the extreme left. He was quickly followed on the right by Davis and Morton, and by Hazen in the center. Beatty quickly re-formed his division and recrossed the river and joined in the pursuit. The artillery ceased firing,

and the Union line with loud cheers dashed forward, firing volley after volley upon the fugitives, who rallied behind Robertson's battery and Anderson's brigade in the narrow skirt of timber from which they had emerged to the assault. The Union line advanced and took possession of the ground from which Beatty had been driven an hour before, and both armies bivouacked upon the battlefield. . . .

THE UNION LEFT AT STONE'S RIVER.

BY THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN, MAJOR-GEN., U. S. V.
Commanding the left wing at Stone's River.

THE battle of Stone's River, Tennessee, on the 31st of December, 1862, and the 2d of January, 1863, was one of the most fiercely contested and bloody conflicts of the war. The two armies that met in this conflict were made up of soldiers who, for the most part, had been disciplined by capable instructors and hardened by service in the field, both having made many long marches, and neither having been strangers to the perils of the battle-field. Moreover, these armies were ably commanded by graduates of the Military Academy at West Point—a military school, I think, not surpassed, if equaled, anywhere else. The duration of the battle, and the long list of the killed and wounded, show the stuff of which the two armies were composed. I do not think that two better armies, as numerous and so nearly matched in strength, ever met in battle.

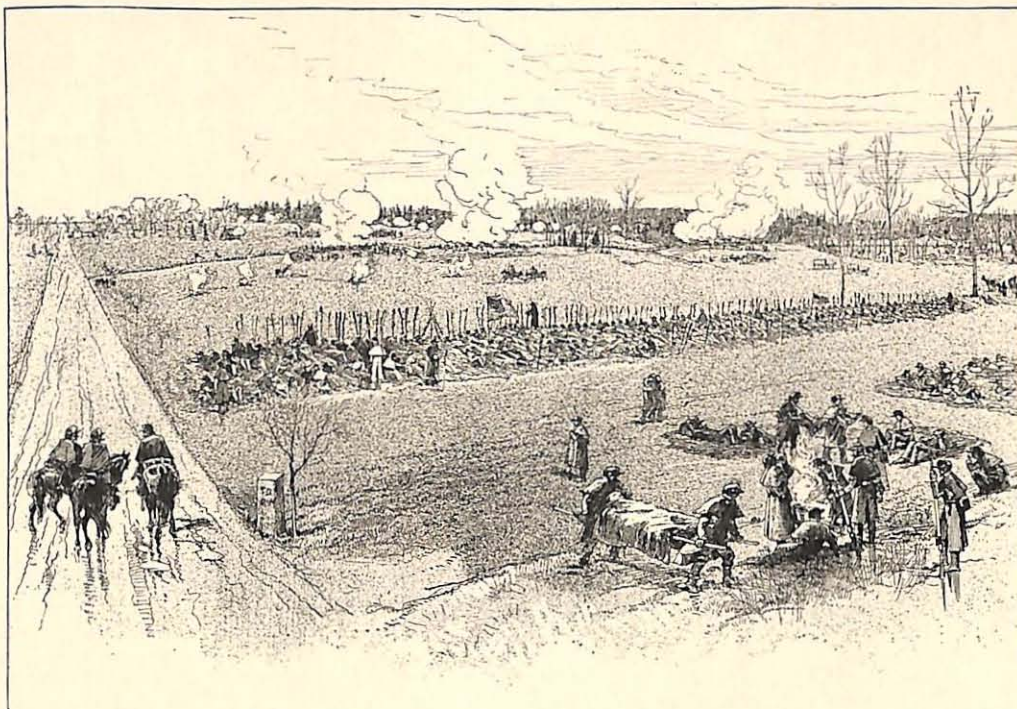
I had the good fortune to command the left wing of our army, and, thanks to the skill and bravery of the officers and men of my command, the enemy were not able to drive them from our first line of battle. On the 31st of December my extreme left was strongly posted, but my right was in an open field back from the stream. Still it was a fairly strong position by reason of the railroad and the



MAJOR-GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM, C. S. A.

railroad cut and the woods. Thomas's position in the center was not so strong as mine; of McCook's, on our right, I knew nothing; that it was less strong than ours, I presume from the fact that in spite of the most stubborn resistance McCook was driven back two miles or more, the whole right of the army hinging on its center, while the left held its ground. Thomas, with Rousseau's division, including a brigade of regulars (Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Shepherd's), undertook to support McCook, but they were all driven along. Every time the right was driven in I thought (and I now think) that nothing but a most extraordinary blunder on the part of a soldier of the experience of Bragg hindered him from breaking Rosecrans's army in two and leaving me standing with my troops looking at Murfreesboro'. It is a pretty well-established maxim in military tactics that you should always press your advantage. Bragg had the advantage; all that he had to do (it seems to me) was to pursue it and leave me alone with my success. Instead of that, he attempted to drive the left; but he could not drive us; and meanwhile our right was reorganized. I did not know on the 31st when they would come right upon our rear. I was facing Murfreesboro'. My right division under Palmer changed its place somewhat, to conform to our movements on the right, but that line was maintained by stubborn fighting. Thomas was then not far back, and that helped me more. (McCook was too far away for any protection to my flank.) Rousseau's men were driven out of the woods, a regular dense thicket, and Shepherd's regulars suffered fearfully in there. They moved in by the head of column. There was no fighting of consequence on the 1st of January.

The last attack made by the enemy was upon my extreme left, on the 2d of January, and it was disastrous to them. Van Cleve's division, under Colonel Samuel Beatty, had crossed the river on the 1st, and Grose and Hazen had followed with their brigades on the 2d. The fight opened on Colonel Beatty's line and lasted about twenty minutes. Before this battle I had been inclined to underrate the importance of artillery in our war, but I never



POSITION OF STARKWEATHER'S AND SCRIBNER'S BRIGADES ON JANUARY 1, 2, AND 3.

knew that arm to render such important service as at this point. The sound judgment, bravery, and skill of Major John Mendenhall, who was my chief-of-artillery, enabled me to open 58 guns almost simultaneously on Breckinridge's men, and to turn a dashing charge into a sudden retreat and rout, in which the enemy lost 1700 or 1800 men in a few moments. I witnessed the effect of this cannonade upon the Confederate advance. Mendenhall's guns were about 100 yards back from the river. Van Cleve's division of my command was retiring down the opposite slope, before overwhelming numbers of the enemy, when the guns, the fire of which had been held till our men should no longer be exposed to it, opened upon the swarming enemy. The very forest seemed to fall before our fire, and not a Confederate reached the river. Mendenhall did not receive adequate recognition in the report of General Rosecrans.

As to our general's plan of battle, I don't remember that I was ever advised of it. The battle was fought according to the plan of General Bragg. Indeed, our uniform experience was—at Perryville, at Stone's River, at Chickamauga—that whenever we went to attack Bragg we were attacked by him, and so our plan had to be extemporized. I knew Bragg. His reputation was that of a martinet. He was a severe disciplinarian, a good soldier, and a hard fighter.

During the fight I had the experience of eating a horse-steak, the only one I ever tasted; it was simply because although we had supplies there we could not get at them. I had to go to sleep without my wagon, and as I said something about being hungry, one of the men said: "General, I will get you a first-rate beefsteak." Next morning I found that the steak had been cut from a horse that

had been killed. I did not know this at the time I ate it.

On the night of the 31st a wagon-train arrived from Nashville escorted by a thousand men, and these men, I learned, were sent back. I won't say whom they were under, but I know I felt and thought it was unwise that a thousand men who had not been in the fight at all should be sent away. All the wagons in the world would not have made me send back a thousand fresh men. They could have stayed there and eaten horse for a while until they had won the fight.

I regard Rosecrans as of the first order of military mind. He was both brave and generous, impulsively so; in fact, in his impulsiveness lay a military defect, which was to issue too many orders while his men were fighting. When I met him on the field on the 31st I saw the stains of blood on his breast, and exclaimed: "Are you wounded, General?" "Oh, no," said he, "that is the blood of poor Garesché, who has just been killed."

After the fight on the night of the 31st a number of general officers were assembled by Rosecrans's order, including McCook, Thomas, Stanley, and myself. There was some talk of falling back. I do not remember who started the subject, but I do remember that I expressed the opinion that my men would be very much discouraged to have to abandon the field after their good fight of the day, during which they had uniformly held their position. I spoke of the proposition as resembling the suggestion of General Wool to General Taylor at Buena Vista, when Taylor responded: "My wounded are behind me, and I will never pass them alive." Rosecrans called McCook to accompany him on a ride, directing us to remain until their return. McCook has since told me that the



E. KIRBY SMITH,
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.

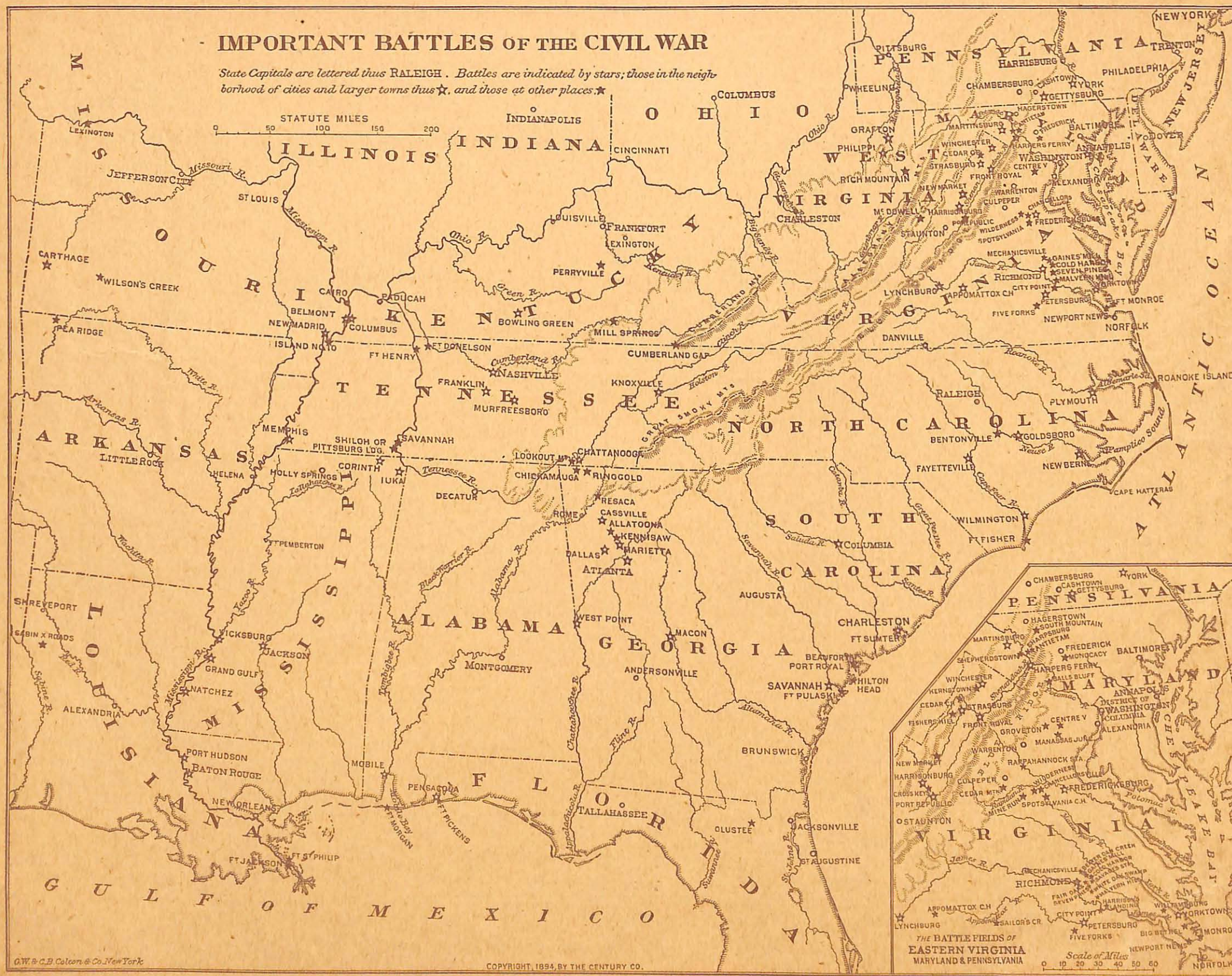
purpose of this ride was to find a position beyond Overall's Creek to which the army might retire. Upon approaching the creek Rosecrans, perceiving mounted men moving up and down with torches, said to McCook: "They have got entirely in our rear and are forming a line of battle by torchlight." They returned then to where we were, and Rosecrans told us to go to our commands and prepare to fight or die. The explanation of the torches is that the men were making fires, and the torches were firing-brands being carried from one point to another by cavalrymen. I had received an order from General Rosecrans not to allow the men to make fires; but upon looking out of my quarters I discovered that the fires were already made from one end of my line to the other. I sent Rosecrans word that as the men were cold and were not being disturbed by the enemy, and as it would take all night to put out the fires, we had better leave them. The men would have suffered very much if they had stayed there all night without fire.

The battle was fought for the possession of middle Tennessee. We went down to drive the Confederates out of Murfreesboro', and we drove them out. They went off a few miles and camped again. And we, although we were the victors, virtually went into hospital for six months before we could march after them again. Whether we would take Murfreesboro' or go back to Nashville was doubtful until the last moment. As in most of our battles, very meager fruits resulted to either side from such partial victories as were for the most part won. Yet it was a triumph. It showed that in the long run the big purse and the big battalions—both on our side—must win; and it proved that there were no better soldiers than ours.

The results of the battle were not what we had hoped, and yet there was a general feeling of elation. One day, after we had gone into Murfreesboro', I accompanied General Rosecrans in a ride about our camp. We had come across some regiment or brigade that was being drilled, and they raised a shout, and as he rode along he took off his cap and said: "All right, boys, all right; Bragg's a good dog, but Hold Fast's a better." This well expressed my feeling as to the kind of victory we had won.

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 ★.



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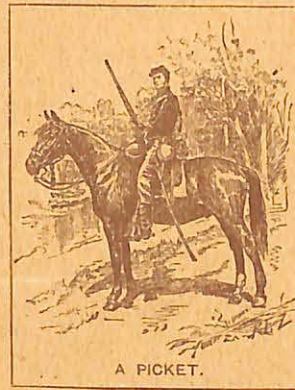
Commanding the Second Corps

General John W. Ames

Captain 11th U. S. Infantry

Captain H. G. O. Weymouth

Of the 19th Massachusetts Regiment



(CONFEDERATE)

General Lafayette McLaws

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Adjutant William M. Owen

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