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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

# THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



## PART III

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE AND THE GUN-BOATS (CONTINUED)  
BY CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS

THE GUN-BOATS AT BELMONT AND FORT HENRY  
BY REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY WALKER

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON  
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THE PEA RIDGE CAMPAIGN  
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SHARP FIGHTING AT PEA RIDGE,—FROM THE CONFEDERATE SIDE  
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THE BATTLE OF SHILOH  
THE UNION SIDE, BY GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT  
(TO BE CONTINUED IN PART IV)



NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

# THE CENTURY WAR BOOK.

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION.

The Story of the Great Conflict  
Told by the Leading Generals on Both Sides,

INCLUDING

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ISSUED IN TWENTY PARTS.

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REAR-ADMIRAL ANDREW HULL FOOTE.  
From a photograph.

manner the *Benton* became a war vessel of about seventy-five feet beam, a greater breadth, perhaps, than that of any war vessel then afloat. She was about two hundred feet long. A slanting casemate, covered with iron plates, was placed on her sides and across her bow and stern; and the wheel was protected in a similar manner. The casemate on the sides and bow was covered with iron  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick; the wheel-house and stern with lighter plates, like the first seven boats built by me. She carried 16 guns,—7 32-pounders, 2 9-inch guns, and 7 army 42-pounders.

The wish of Admiral Foote to have me see this boat safely to Cairo was prompted by his knowledge that I had had experience in the management of steamboats upon the river, and his fear that she would be detained by grounding. Ice had just begun to float in the Mississippi when the *Benton* put out from my ship-yard at Carondelet for the South. Some 30 or 40 miles below St. Louis she grounded. Under the direction of Captain Winslow, who commanded the vessel, Lieutenant Bishop, executive officer of the ship, an intelligent and energetic young man, set the crew at work. An anchor was put out for the purpose of hauling her off. My advice was not asked with reference to this first proceeding, and although I had been

requested by Admiral Foote to accompany the vessel, he had not instructed the captain so far as I knew, to be guided by my advice in case of difficulty. After they had been working all night to get the boat afloat, she was harder on than ever; moreover, the water had fallen about six inches. I then volunteered the opinion to Captain Winslow that if he would run hawsers ashore in a certain direction, directly opposite to that in which he had been trying to move the boat, she could be got off. He replied, very promptly, "Mr. Eads, if you will undertake to get her off, I shall be very willing to place the entire crew under your direction." I at once accepted the offer; and Lieutenant Bishop was called up and instructed to obey my directions. Several very large hawsers had been put on board of the boat for the fleet at Cairo. One of the largest was got out and secured to a large tree on the shore, and as heavy a strain was put upon it as the cable would be likely to bear. As the water was still falling, I ordered out a second one, and a third, and a fourth, until five or six eleven-inch hawsers were heavily strained in the effort to drag the broad-bottomed vessel off the bar. There were three steam capstans on the bow of the vessel, and these were used in tightening the strain by luffs upon the hawsers. One of the hawsers was led



THE GUN-BOATS "TYLER" AND "LEXINGTON" ENGAGING THE BATTERIES OF COLUMBUS, KY., DURING THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.  
After a sketch by Rear-Admiral Walke.

through a snatch-block fastened by a large chain to a ring-bolt in the side of the vessel. I was on the upper deck of the vessel near Captain Winslow when the chain which held this lock broke. It was made of iron one and one-eighth inches in diameter, and the link separated into three pieces. The largest, being one-half of the link, was found on the shore at a distance of at least five hundred feet. Half of the remainder struck the iron plating on the bow of the boat, making an indentation half the thickness of one's finger in depth. The third piece struck Captain Winslow on the fleshy part of the arm, cutting through his coat and the muscles of his arm. The wound was a very painful one, but he bore it as might be expected. The iron had probably cut an inch and a half into the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. In the course of the day the *Benton* was floated, and proceeded on her voyage down the river without further delay. Captain Winslow soon after departed for his home on leave of absence. On his recovery he was placed in command of the *Kearsarge*, and to that accident he owed, perhaps, the fame of being the captor of the *Alabama*.

When the *Benton* arrived at Cairo she was visited by all the officers of the army and navy stationed there, and was taken, on that or the following day, on a trial trip a few miles down the river. The *Essex*, in command of Captain William D. Porter, was lying four or five miles below the mouth of the Ohio on the Kentucky shore. As the *Benton* passed up, on her return from this little expedition, Captain Porter offered his congratulations to Foote on the apparent excellence of the boat. "Yes," replied Foote, "but she is almost too slow."

"Plenty fast enough to fight with," was Porter's rejoinder.

Very soon after this (early in the spring of 1862) I was called to Washington, with the request to prepare plans for still lighter iron-clad vessels, the draught of those which I had then completed being only about six feet. The later plans were for vessels that should be capable of going up the Tennessee and the Cumberland. As rapidly as possible I prepared and presented for the inspection of Secretary Welles and his able assistant, Captain Fox, plans of vessels drawing five feet. They were not

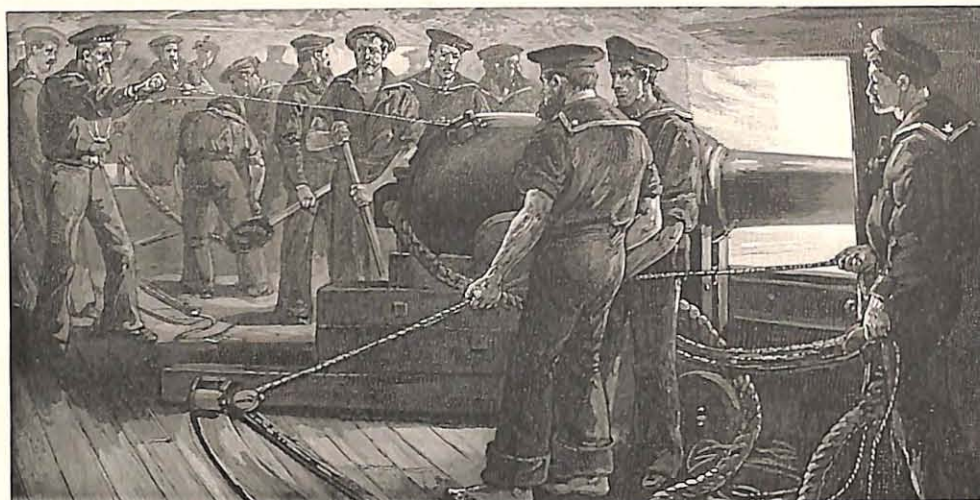
acceptable to Captain Fox, who said: "We want vessels much lighter than that."

"But you want them to carry a certain thickness of iron?" I replied.

"Yes, we want them to be proof against heavy shot,—to be plated and heavily plated,—but they must be of much lighter draught."

After the interview I returned with the plans to my hotel, and commenced a revision of them; and in the course of a few days I presented the plans for the *Osage* and the *Neosho*. . . . Each vessel had a rotating turret, carrying two eleven-inch guns, the turret being six inches thick, but extending only a few feet above the deck of the vessel. I was very anxious to construct these turrets after a plan which I had devised, quite different from the Ericsson or Coles systems, and in which the guns should be operated by steam. But, within a month after the engagement at Fort Donelson, the memorable contest between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* occurred, whereupon the Navy Department insisted on Ericsson turrets being placed upon these two vessels.

At the same time the department was anxious to have four larger vessels for operations on the lower Mississippi River, which should have two turrets each, and it consented that I should place one of my turrets on each of two of these vessels (the *Chickasaw* and the *Milwaukee*) at my own risk, to be replaced with Ericsson's in case of failure. These were the first turrets in which the guns were manipulated by steam, and they were fired every forty-five seconds. . . . While perfecting those plans, I prepared the designs for the larger vessels (the *Chickasaw*, *Milwaukee*, *Winnebago*, and *Kickapoo*), and when these were approved by Captain Fox and the officers of the navy to whom they were submitted at Washington, Mr. Welles expressed the wish that I should confer with Admiral Foote about them before proceeding to build them, inasmuch as the experience which he had had at Forts Henry and Donelson and elsewhere would be of great value, and might enable him to suggest improvements in them. I therefore hastened from Washington to Island Number Ten, a hundred miles below Cairo, on the Mississippi River, where Foote's flotilla was then engaged. . . .



BETWEEN DECKS—SERVING THE GUNS.  
After a drawing by Rear-Admiral Walke.

## THE GUN-BOATS AT BELMONT AND FORT HENRY.

BY HENRY WALKE, REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.

In command of the Union gun-boats at Belmont, and commander of the "Carondelet" at Fort Henry.

... Flag-Officer Foote arrived at Cairo September 12th, and relieved Commander John Rodgers of the command of the station. The first operations of the Western flotilla consisted chiefly of reconnaissances on the Mississippi, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. At this time it was under the control of the War Department, and acting in coöperation with the army under General Grant, whose headquarters were at Cairo.

On the evening of the 6th of November, 1861, I received instructions from General Grant to proceed down the Mississippi with the wooden gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington* on a reconnaissance, and as convoy to some half-dozen transport steamers; but I did not know the character of the service expected of me until I anchored for the night, seven or eight miles below Cairo. Early the next morning, while the troops were being landed near Belmont, Missouri, opposite Columbus, Kentucky, I attacked the Confederate batteries, at the request of General Grant, as a diversion, which was done with some effect. But the superiority of the enemy's batteries on the bluffs at Columbus, both in the number and the quality of his guns, was so great that it would have been too hazardous to have remained long under his fire with such frail vessels as the *Tyler* and *Lexington*, which were only expected to protect the land forces in case of a repulse. Having accomplished the object of the attack, the gun-boats withdrew, but returned twice during the day and renewed the contest. During the last of these engagements a cannon-ball passed obliquely through the side, deck, and scantling of the *Tyler*, killing one man and wounding others. This convinced me of the necessity of withdrawing my vessels, which had been moving in a circle to confuse the enemy's gunners. We fired a few more broadsides, therefore, and, perceiving that the firing had ceased at Belmont, an ominous circumstance, I returned to the landing, to protect the

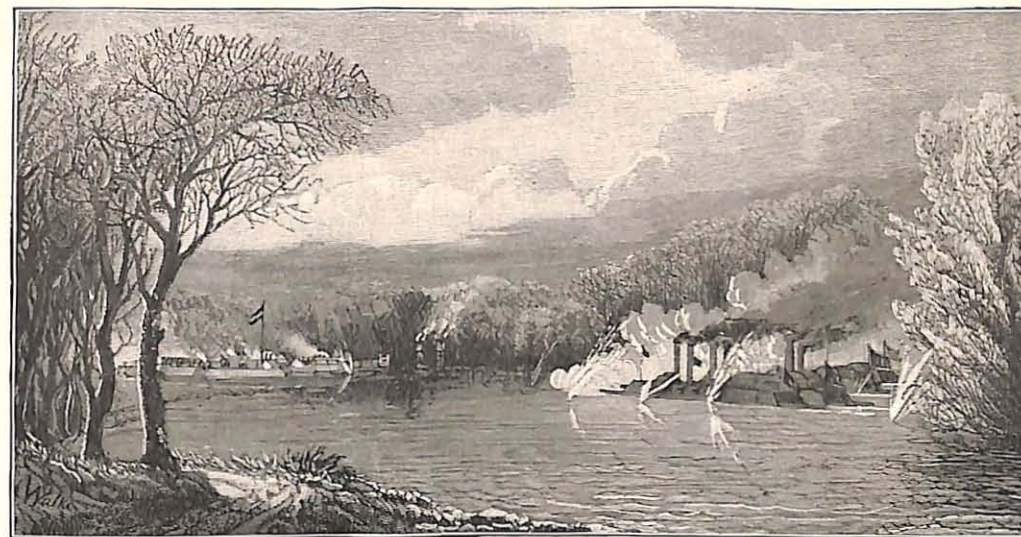
army and transports. In fact, the destruction of the gun-boats would have involved the loss of our army and our depot at Cairo, the most important one in the West.

Soon after we returned to the landing-place our troops began to appear, and the officers of the gun-boats were warned by General McClelland of the approach of the enemy. The Confederates came *en masse* through a cornfield, and opened with musketry and light artillery upon the transports, which were filled, or being filled, with our retreating soldiers. A well-directed fire from the gun-boats made the enemy fly in the greatest confusion.

Flag-Officer Foote was at St. Louis when the battle of Belmont was fought, and made a report to the Secretary of the Navy of the part which the gun-boats took in the action, forwarding my official report to the Navy Department. The officers of the vessels were highly complimented by General Grant for the important aid they rendered in this battle; and in his second official report of the action he made references to my report. It was impossible for me to inform the flag-officer of the general's intentions, which were kept perfectly secret.

During the winter of 1861-62, an expedition was planned by Flag-Officer Foote and Generals Grant and McClelland against Fort Henry, situated on the eastern bank of the Tennessee River, a short distance south of the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. In January the ironclads were brought down to Cairo, great efforts were made to prepare them for immediate service, but only four of the ironclads could be made ready as soon as required.

On the morning of the 2d of February the flag-officer left Cairo with the four armoured vessels above named, and the wooden gun-boats *Tyler*, *Lexington*, and *Conestoga*, and in the evening reached the Tennessee River. On the 4th the fleet anchored six miles below Fort Henry. The next day, while



THE ATTACK UPON FORT HENRY.  
After a drawing by Rear-Admiral Walke.

reconnoitering, the *Essex* received a shot which passed through the pantry and the officers' quarters, and visited the steerage. On the 5th the flag-officer inspected the officers and crew at quarters, addressed them, and offered a prayer. . . .

The 6th dawned mild and cheering, with a light breeze, sufficient to clear away the smoke. At 10:20 the flag-officer made the signal to prepare for battle, and at 10:50 came the order to get under way and steam up to Panther Island, about two miles below Fort Henry. At 11:35, having passed the foot of the island, we formed in line and approached the fort four abreast,—the *Essex* on the right, then the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, and *St. Louis*. For want of room the last two were interlocked, and remained so during the fight.

As we slowly passed up this narrow stream, not a sound could be heard nor a moving object seen in the dense woods which overhung the dark and swollen river. The gun-crews of the *Carondelet* stood silent at their posts, impressed with the serious and important character of the service before them. About noon the fort and the Confederate flag came suddenly into view, the barracks, the new earth-works, and the great guns well manned. The captains of our guns were men-of-war's men, good shots, and had their men well drilled.

The flag-steamer, the *Cincinnati*, fired the first shot as the signal for the others to begin. At once the fort was ablaze with the flame of her eleven heavy guns. The wild whistle of their rifle-shells was heard on every side of us. On the *Carondelet* not a word was spoken more than at ordinary drill, except when Matthew Arthur, captain of the starboard bow-gun, asked permission to fire at one or two of the enemy's retreating vessels, as he could not at that time bring his gun to bear on the fort. He fired one shot, which passed through the upper cabin of a hospital-boat, whose flag was not seen, but injured no one. The *Carondelet* was struck in about thirty places by the enemy's heavy shot and shell. Eight struck within two feet of the bow-ports, leading to the boilers, around which barricades had been built—a precaution which I always took be-

fore going into action, and which on several occasions prevented an explosion. The *Carondelet* fired 107 shell and solid shot; none of her officers or crew was killed or wounded. . . .

After nearly an hour's hard fighting, the captain of the *Essex*, going below, and complimenting the First Division for their splendid execution, asked them if they did not want to rest and give three cheers, which were given with a will. But the feelings of joy on board the *Essex* were suddenly changed by a calamity which is thus described in a letter to me from James Laning, second master of the *Essex*:

A shot from the enemy pierced the casemate just above the port-hole on the port side, then through the middle boiler, killing in its flight Acting Master's Mate S. B. Brittan, Jr., and opening a chasm for the escape of the scalding steam and water. . . .

The *Essex* before the accident had fired seventy shots from her two 9-inch guns. A powder boy, Job Phillips, fourteen years of age, coolly marked down upon the casemate every shot his gun had fired, and his account was confirmed by the gunner in the magazine. Her loss in killed, wounded, and missing was thirty-two.

The *St. Louis* was struck seven times. She fired one hundred and seven shots during the action. No one on board the vessel was killed or wounded.

Flag-Officer Foote during the action was in the pilot-house of the *Cincinnati*, which received thirty-two shots. Her chimneys, after-cabin, and boats, were completely riddled. Two of her guns were disabled. The only fatal shot she received passed through the larboard front, killing one man and wounding several others. I happened to be looking at the flag-steamer when one of the enemy's heavy shot struck her. It had the effect, apparently, of a thunderbolt, ripping her side-timbers and scattering the splinters over the vessel. She did not slacken her speed, but moved on as though nothing unexpected had happened. . . . The Confederate soldiers fought as valiantly and as skillfully as the Union sailors. Only after a most determined resistance, and after all his heavy guns had been silenced, did Gen. Tilghman lower his flag. . . .



MAJOR-GENERAL LEW WALLACE, U. S. V.  
In command of the Third Division of the Union army at Fort Donelson.  
From a war-time photograph.

## THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

BY LEW WALLACE, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.  
In command of the Third Division, under General U. S. Grant.

... On the morning of the 13th of February General Grant, with about twenty thousand men, was before Fort Donelson. We have had a view of the army in the works ready for battle; a like view of that outside and about to go into position of attack and assault is not so easily to be given. At dawn the latter host rose up from the bare ground, and, snatching bread and coffee as best they could, fell into lines that stretched away over hills, down hollows, and through thickets, making it impossible for even colonels to see their regiments from flank to flank.

Pausing to give a thought to the situation, it is proper to remind the reader that he is about to witness an event of more than mere historical interest; he is about to see the men of the North and Northwest and of the South and Southwest enter for the first time into a strife of arms; on one side, the best blood of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, aided materially by fighting representatives from Virginia; on the other, the best blood of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska.

We have now before us a spectacle seldom witnessed in the annals of scientific war—an army behind field-works erected in a chosen position waiting quietly while another army very little superior in numbers proceeds at leisure to place it in a state of siege. Such was the operation General Grant had before him at daybreak of the 13th of February. Let us see how it was accomplished and how it was resisted.

In a clearing about two miles from Dover there was a log-house, at the time occupied by a Mrs. Crisp. As the road to Dover ran close by, it was made the headquarters of the commanding general. All through the night of the 12th the coming and going was incessant. Smith was ordered to find a position in front of the enemy's right wing which would place him face to face with Buckner. McClelland's order was to establish himself on the enemy's left, where he would be opposed to Pillow.

A little before dawn Birge's sharp-shooters were astir. Theirs was a peculiar service. Each was a preferred marksman, and carried a long-range Henry rifle, with sights delicately arranged as for target practice. In action each was perfectly independent. They never manœuvred as a corps. When the time came they were asked, "Can-tees full?" "Biscuits for all day?" Then their only order, "All right; hunt your holes, boys." Thereupon they dispersed, and, like Indians, sought cover to please themselves behind rocks and stumps, or in hollows. Sometimes they dug holes; sometimes they climbed into trees. Once in a good location, they remained there the day.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. McCLELLAND, U. S. V.  
In command of the First Division of the Union army at Fort Donelson.

At night they would crawl out and report in camp. This morning, as I have said, the sharp-shooters dispersed early to find places within easy range of the breastworks.

The movement by Smith and McClelland was begun about the same time. A thick wood fairly screened the former. The latter had to cross an open valley under fire of two batteries, one on Buckner's left, the other on a high point jutting from the line of outworks held by Colonel Heiman of Pillow's command. Graves commanded the first, Maney the second; both were of Tennessee. As always in situations where the advancing party is ignorant of the ground and of the designs of the enemy, resort was had to skirmishers, who are to the main body what antennæ are to insects. Theirs it is to unmask the foe. Unlike sharp-shooters, they act in bodies. Behind the skirmishers, the batteries started out to find positions, and through the brush and woods, down the hollows, up the hills the guns and caissons were hauled. Nowadays it must be a very steep bluff in face of which the good artilleryman will stop or turn back. At Donelson, however, the proceeding was generally slow and toilsome. The officer had to find a vantage ground first; then with axes a road to it was hewn out; after which, in many instances, the men, with the prolongs over their shoulders, helped the horses along. In the gray of the dawn, the sharp-shooters were deep in their deadly game; as the sun came up, one battery after another opened fire, and was instantly and gallantly answered; and all the time behind the hidden sharp-shooters, and behind the skirmishers, who occasionally stopped to take a hand in the fray, the regiments marched, route-step, colors flying, after their colonels.

About 11 o'clock Commander Walke, of the *Carondelet*, engaged the water-batteries. The air was then full of the stunning music of battle, though as yet not a volley of musketry had been heard. Smith, nearest the enemy at starting, was first in place; and there, leaving the fight to his sharp-shooters and skirmishers and to his batteries, he reported to the chief in the log-house, and, like an old soldier, calmly waited orders. McClelland, following a good road, pushed on rapidly to the high grounds on the right. The appearance of his column in the valley covered by the two Confederate batteries provoked a furious shelling from them. On the double-quick his men



MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. SMITH, U. S. V.  
In command of the Second Division of the Union army at Fort Donelson.

passed through it; and when, in the wood beyond, they resumed the route-step and saw that nobody was hurt, they fell to laughing at themselves. The real baptism of fire was yet in store for them.

When McClelland arrived at his appointed place, and extended his brigades, it was discovered that the Confederate outworks offered a front too great for him to envelop. To attempt to rest his right opposite their extreme left would necessitate a dangerous attenuation of his line and leave him without reserves. Over on their left, moreover, ran the road passing from Dover on the south to Charlotte and Nashville, which it was of the highest importance to close hermetically so that there would be no communication left General Floyd except by the river. If the road to Charlotte were left to the enemy, they might march out at their pleasure.

The insufficiency of his force was thus made apparent to General Grant, and whether a discovery of the moment or not, he set about its correction. He knew a reinforcement was coming up the river under convoy of Foote; besides which a brigade, composed of the 8th Missouri and the 11th Indiana infantry and Battery A, Illinois, had been left behind at Forts Henry and Heiman under myself. A courier was despatched to me with an order to bring my command to Donelson. I ferried my troops across the Tennessee in the night, and reported with them at headquarters before noon the next day. The brigade was transferred to General Smith; at the same time an order was put into my hand assigning me to command the Third Division, which was conducted to a position between Smith and McClelland, enabling the latter to extend his line well to the left and cover the road to Charlotte.

Thus on the 14th of February the Confederates were completely invested, except that the river above Dover remained to them. The supineness of General Floyd all this while is to this day incomprehensible. A vigorous attack on the morning of the 13th might have thrown Grant back upon Fort Henry. Such an achievement would have more than offset Foote's conquest. The morale to be gained would have alone justified the attempt. But with McClelland's strong division on the right, my own in the center, and C. F. Smith's on the left, the opportunity was gone. On the side of General Grant, the possession of the river was all that was wanting; with that Grant could force the fighting, or wait the certain approach of the grimmest enemy of the besieged—starvation.

It is now—morning of the 14th—easy to see and understand with something more than approximate exactness the oppositions of the two forces. Smith is on the left of the Union army opposite Buckner. My division, in the center, confronts Colonels Heiman, Drake, and Davidson, each with a brigade. McClelland, now well over on the right, keeps the road to Charlotte and Nashville against the major part of Pillow's left wing. The infantry on both sides are in cover



REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY WALKE, U. S. N.,  
Commander of the "Carondelet," at Fort Donelson.

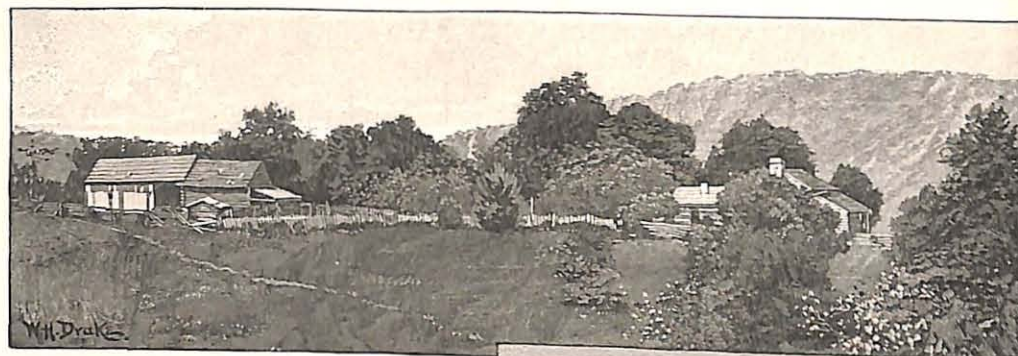
behind the crests of the hills or in thick woods, listening to the ragged fusillade which the sharpshooters and skirmishers maintain against each other almost without intermission. There is little pause in the exchange of shells and round shot. The careful chiefs have required their men to lie down. In brief, it looks as if each party were inviting the other to begin.

These circumstances, the sharp-shooting and cannonading, ugly as they may seem to one who thinks of them under comfortable surroundings, did in fact serve a good purpose the day in question in helping the men to forget their sufferings of the night before. It must be remembered that the weather had changed during the preceding afternoon: from

suggestions of spring it turned to intensified winter. From lending a gentle hand in bringing Foote and his ironclads up the river, the wind whisked suddenly around to the north and struck both armies with a storm of mixed rain, snow, and sleet. All night the tempest blew mercilessly upon the unsheltered, fireless soldier, making sleep impossible. Inside the works, nobody had overcoats; while thousands of those outside had marched from Fort Henry as to a summer fête, leaving coats, blankets, and knapsacks behind them in the camp. More than one stout fellow has since admitted, with a laugh, that nothing was so helpful to him that horrible night as the thought that the wind, which seemed about to turn his blood into icicles, was serving the enemy the same way; they, too, had to stand out and take the blast. Let us now go back to the preceding day, and bring up an incident of McClernand's swing into position.

About the center of the Confederate out-works there was a V-shaped hill, marked sharply by a ravine on its right and another on its left. This Colonel Heiman occupied with his brigade of five regiments—all of Tennessee but one. The front presented was about 2500 feet. In the angle of the V, on the summit of the hill, Captain Maney's battery, also of Tennessee, had been planted. Without protection of any kind, it nevertheless completely swept a large field to the left across which an assaulting force would have to come in order to get at Heiman or at Drake, next on the south.

Maney, on the point of the hill, had been active throughout the preceding afternoon, and had succeeded in drawing the fire of some of McClernand's



THE CRISP FARM—GENERAL GRANT'S  
HEADQUARTERS.

guns. The duel lasted until night. Next morning it was renewed with increased sharpness, Maney being assisted on his right by Graves's battery of Buckner's division, and by some pieces of Drake's on his left.

McClernand's advance was necessarily slow and trying. This was not merely a logical result of unacquaintance with the country and the dispositions of the enemy; he was also under an order from General Grant to avoid everything calculated to bring on a general engagement. In Maney's well-served guns he undoubtedly found serious annoyance, if not a positive obstruction. Concentrating guns of his own upon the industrious Confederate, he at length fancied him silenced and the enemy's infantry on the right thrown into confusion—circumstances from which he hastily deduced a favorable chance to deliver an assault. For that purpose he reinforced his Third Brigade, which was nearest the offending battery, and gave the necessary orders.

Up to this time, it will be observed, there had not been any fighting involving infantry in line. This was now to be changed. Old soldiers, rich with experience, would have regarded the work proposed with gravity; they would have shrewdly cast up an account of the chances of success, not to speak of the chances of coming out alive; they would have measured the distance to be passed, every foot of it under the guns of three batteries. Maney's in the center, Graves's on their left, and Drake's on their right—a direct line of fire doubly crossed. Nor would they have omitted the reception awaiting them from the rifle-pits. They were to descend a hill entangled for two hundred yards with underbrush, climb an opposite ascent partly shorn of timber; make way through an abatis of tree-tops; then, supposing all that successfully accomplished, they would be at last in face of an enemy whom it was possible to reinforce with all the reserves of the garrison—with the whole garrison, if need be. A veteran would have surveyed the three regiments selected for the honorable duty with many misgivings. Not so the men themselves. They were not old soldiers. Recruited but recently from farms and shops, they accepted the assignment heartily and with youthful confidence in their prowess. It may be doubted if a man in the ranks gave a thought to the questions, whether the attack was to be supported while making, or followed up if successful, or whether it was part of a gen-



FRONT VIEW OF MRS. CRISP'S HOUSE.

eral advance. Probably the most they knew was that the immediate objective before them was the capture of the battery on the hill.

The line when formed stood thus from the right: the 49th Illinois, then the 17th, and then the 48th, Colonel Haynie. At the last moment, a question of seniority arose between Colonels Morrison and Haynie. The latter was of opinion that he was the ranking officer. Morrison replied that he would conduct the brigade to the point from which the attack was to be made, after which Haynie might take the command, if he so desired.

Down the hill the three regiments went, crashing and tearing through the undergrowth. Heiman, on the lookout, saw them advancing. Before they cleared the woods, Maney opened with shells. At the foot of the descent, in the valley, Graves joined his fire to Maney's. There Morrison reported to Haynie, who neither accepted nor refused the command. Pointing to the hill, he merely said, "Let us take it together." Morrison turned away, and rejoined his own regiment. Here was confusion in the beginning, or worse, an assault begun without a head. Nevertheless, the whole line went forward. On a part of the hillside the trees were yet standing. The open space fell to Morrison and his 49th, and paying the penalty of the exposure, he outstripped his associates. The men fell rapidly; yet the living battery was the common target. Maney's gunners, in relief against the sky, were shot down in quick succession. His first lieutenant (Burns) was one of the first to suffer. His second lieutenant (Masie) was mortally wounded. Maney himself was hit; still he stayed, and his guns continued their punishment; and still the farmer lads and shop



THE POSITION OF THE GUN-BOATS AND THE WEST BANK.

Fort Donelson is in the farther distance on the extreme left. The upper picture, showing Isaac Williams's house, is a continuation of the right of the lower view. (From a photograph taken in 1884.)

boys of Illinois clung to their purpose. With marvelous audacity they pushed through the abatis and reached a point within forty yards of the rifle-pits. It actually looked as if the prize were theirs. The yell of victory was rising in their throats. Suddenly the long line of yellow breastworks before them, covering Heiman's five regiments, crackled and turned into flame. The forlorn hope stopped—staggered—braced up again—shot blindly through the smoke at the smoke of the new enemy, secure in his shelter. Thus for fifteen minutes the Illinoisans stood fighting. The time is given on the testimony of the opposing leader himself. Morrison was knocked out of his saddle by a musket-ball, and disabled; then the men went down the hill. At its foot they rallied round their flags and renewed the assault. Pushed down again, again they rallied, and a third time climbed to the enemy. This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, sullenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time; and in going their ears and souls were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay.

Considered as a mere exhibition of courage, this assault, long maintained against odds,—twice repulsed, twice renewed,—has been seldom excelled. One hundred and forty-nine men of the 17th and 49th were killed and wounded. Haynie reported 1 killed and 8 wounded.

There are few things connected with the operations against Fort Donelson so relieved of uncertainty as this: that when General Grant at Fort Henry became fixed in the resolution to undertake the movement, his primary object was the capture of the force to which the post was intrusted. To effect their complete environment, he relied upon Flag-Officer Foote and his gun-boats, whose astonishing success at Fort Henry justified the extreme of confidence.

Foote arrived on the 14th, and made haste to enter upon his work. The *Carondelet* (Commander Walke) had been in position since the 12th. Behind a low out-post of the shore, for two days, she maintained a fire from her rifled guns, happily of greater range than the best of those of the enemy.



EXPLOSION OF A GUN ON BOARD THE "CARONDELET" DURING THE ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

See page 46. (After a sketch by Rear-Admiral Walke.)

At 9 o'clock on the 14th, Captain Culbertson, looking from the parapet of the upper battery beheld the river below the first bend full of transports, landing troops under cover of a fresh arrival of gun-boats. The disembarkation concluded, Foote was free. He waited until noon. The captains in the batteries mistook his deliberation for timidity. The impinging of their shot on his iron armor was heard distinctly in the fort a mile and a half away. The captains began to doubt if he would come at all. But at 3 o'clock the boats took position under fire; the *Louisville* on the right, the *St. Louis* next, then the *Pittsburgh*, then the *Carondelet*, all iron-clad.

Five hundred yards from the batteries, and yet Foote was not content! In the Crimean war the allied French and English fleets, of much mightier ships, undertook to engage the Russian shore batteries, but little stronger than those at Donelson. The French on that occasion stood off 1800 yards. Lord Lyons fought his *Agamemnon* at a distance of 800 yards. Foote forged ahead within 400 yards of his enemy, and was still going on. His boat had been hit between wind and water; so with the *Pittsburgh* and *Carondelet*. About the guns the floors were slippery with blood, and both surgeons and carpenters were never so busy. Still the four

boats kept on, and there was great cheering; for not only did the fire from the shore slacken; the lookouts reported the enemy running. It seemed that fortune would smile once more upon the fleet, and cover the honors of Fort Henry afresh at Fort Donelson. Unhappily, when about 350 yards off the hill a solid shot plunged through the pilot-house of the flag-ship, and carried away the wheel. Near the same time the tiller-ropes of the *Louisville* were disabled. Both vessels became unmanageable and began floating down the current. The eddies turned them round like logs. The *Pittsburgh* and *Carondelet* closed in and covered them with their hulls.

Seeing this turn in the fight, the captains of the batteries rallied their men, who cheered in their turn, and renewed the contest with increased will and energy. A ball got lodged in their best rifle. A corporal and some of his men took a log fitting the bore, leaped out on the parapet, and rammed the missile home. "Now, boys," said a gunner in Bidwell's battery, "see me take a chimney!" The flag of the boat and the chimney fell with the shot.

When the vessels were out of range, the victors looked about them. The fine form of their embasuries was gone; heaps of earth had been cast over their platforms. In a space of twenty-four

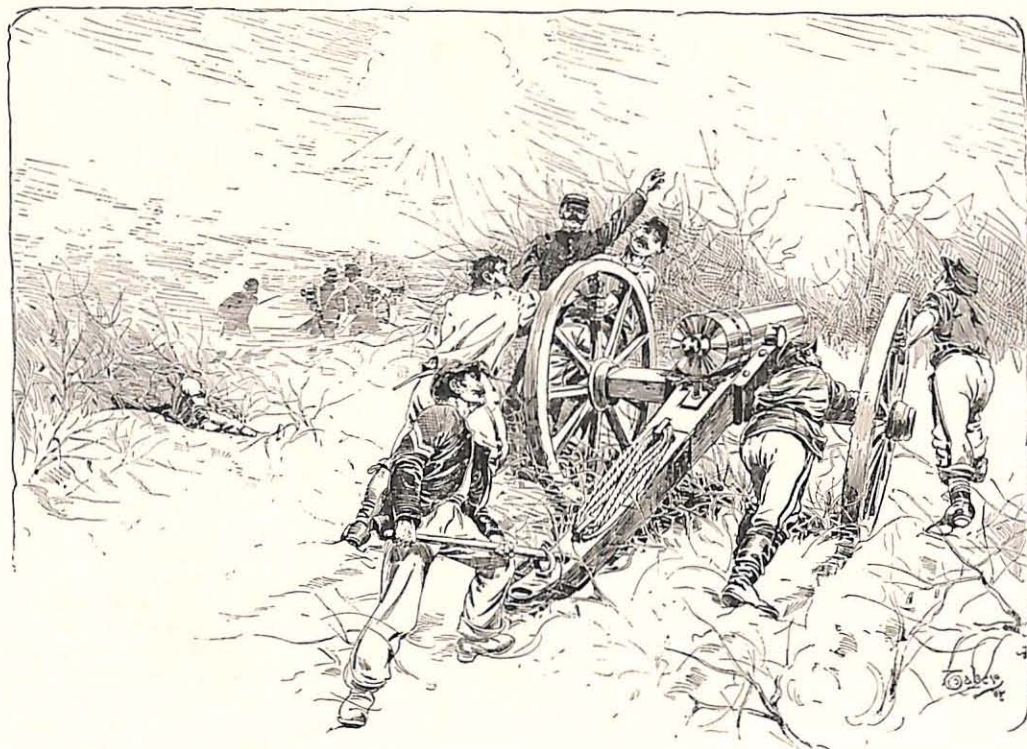
feet they had picked up as many shot and shells. The air had been full of flying missiles. For an hour and a half the brave fellows had been rained upon; yet their losses had been trifling in numbers. Each gunner had selected a ship and followed her faithfully throughout the action, now and then uniting fire on the *Carondelet*. The Confederates had behaved with astonishing valor. Their victory sent a thrill of joy through the army. The assault on the outworks, the day before, had been a failure. With the repulse of the gun-boats the Confederates scored success number two, and the communication by the river remained open to Nashville. The winds that blew sleet and snow over Donelson that night were not so unendurable as they might have been.

The night of the 14th of February fell cold and dark, and under the pitiless sky the armies remained in position so near to each other that neither dared light fires. Overpowered with watching, fatigue, and the lassitude of spirits which always follows a strain upon the faculties of men like that which is the concomitant

of battle, thousands on both sides lay down in the ditches and behind logs and whatever else would in the least shelter them from the cutting wind, and tried to sleep. Very few closed their eyes. Even the horses, after their manner, betrayed the suffering they were enduring.

That morning General Floyd had called a council of his chiefs of brigades and divisions. He expressed the opinion that the post was untenable, except with fifty thousand troops. He called attention to the heavy reinforcements of the Federals, and suggested an immediate attack upon their right wing to reopen land communication with Nashville, by way of Charlotte. The proposal was agreed to unanimously. General Buckner proceeded to make dispositions to cover the retreat, in the event the sortie should be successful. Shortly after noon, when the movement should have begun, the order was countermanded at the instance of Pillow. Then came the battle with the gun-boats.

In the night the council was recalled, with general and regimental officers in attendance. The situation was again debated, and the same conclusion reached. According to the plan resolved upon, Pillow was to move at dawn with his whole division, and attack the right of the besiegers. Gen-



McALLISTER'S BATTERY IN ACTION.

Captain Edward McAllister's Illinois battery did good service on the 13th. In his report he says: "I selected a point, and about noon opened on the four-gun battery through an opening in which I could see the foe. Our fire was promptly returned with such precision that they cut our right wheel on howitzer number three in two. I had no spare wheel,

and had to take one off the limber to continue the fight. I then moved all my howitzers over to the west slope of the ridge and loaded under cover of it, and ran the pieces up by hand until I could get the exact elevation. The recoil would throw the guns back out of sight, and thus we continued the fight until the enemy's battery was silenced."

eral Buckner was to be relieved by troops in the forts, and with his command to support Pillow by assailing the right of the enemy's center. If he succeeded, he was to take post outside the intrenchments on the Wynn's Ferry road to cover the retreat. He was then to act as rear-guard. Thus early, leaders in Donelson were aware of the mistake into which they were plunged. Their resolution was wise and heroic. Let us see how they executed it.

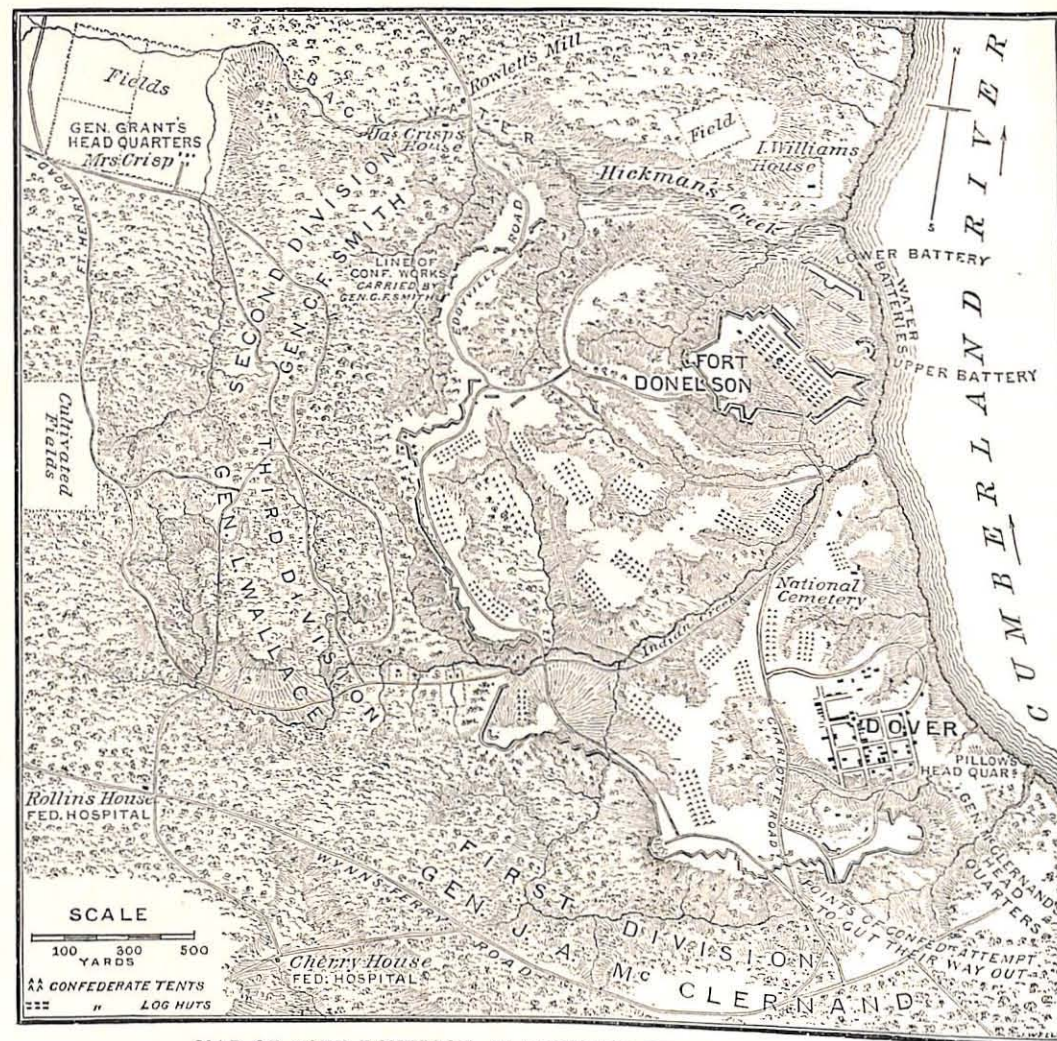
Preparations for the attack occupied the night. The troops for the most part were taken out of the rifle-pits and massed over on the left to the number of ten thousand or more. The ground was covered with ice and snow; yet the greatest silence was observed. It seems incomprehensible that columns mixed of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, could have engaged in simultaneous movement, and not have been heard by some listener outside. One would think the jolting and rumble of the heavy gun-carriages would have told the story. But the character of the night must be remembered. The pickets of the Federals were struggling for life against the blast, and probably did not keep good watch.

Oglesby's brigade held McClernand's extreme right. Here and there the musicians were beginning to make the woods ring with reveille, and the numb soldiers of the line were rising from their icy beds and shaking the snow from their frozen

garments. As yet, however, not a company had "fallen in." Suddenly the pickets fired, and with the alarm on their lips rushed back upon their comrades. The woods on the instant became alive.

The regiments formed, officers mounted and took their places; words of command rose loud and eager. By the time Pillow's advance opened fire on Oglesby's right, the point first struck, the latter was fairly formed to receive it. A rapid exchange of volleys ensued. The distance intervening between the works on one side and the bivouac on the other was so short that the action began before Pillow could effect a deployment. His brigades came up in a kind of echelon, left in front, and passed "by regiments left into line," one by one, however; the regiments quickly took their places, and advanced without halting. Oglesby's Illinoisans were now fully awake. They held their ground, returning in full measure the fire that they received. The Confederate Forrest rode around as if to get in their rear,\* and it was then give and take, infantry against infantry. The semi-echelon movement of the Confederates enabled them, after an interval, to strike W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, on Oglesby's left. Soon Wal-

\* Colonel John McArthur, originally of General C. F. Smith's division, but then operating with McClernand, was there, and though at first discomfited, his men beat the cavalry off, and afterward shared the full shock of the tempest with Oglesby's troops.—L. W.



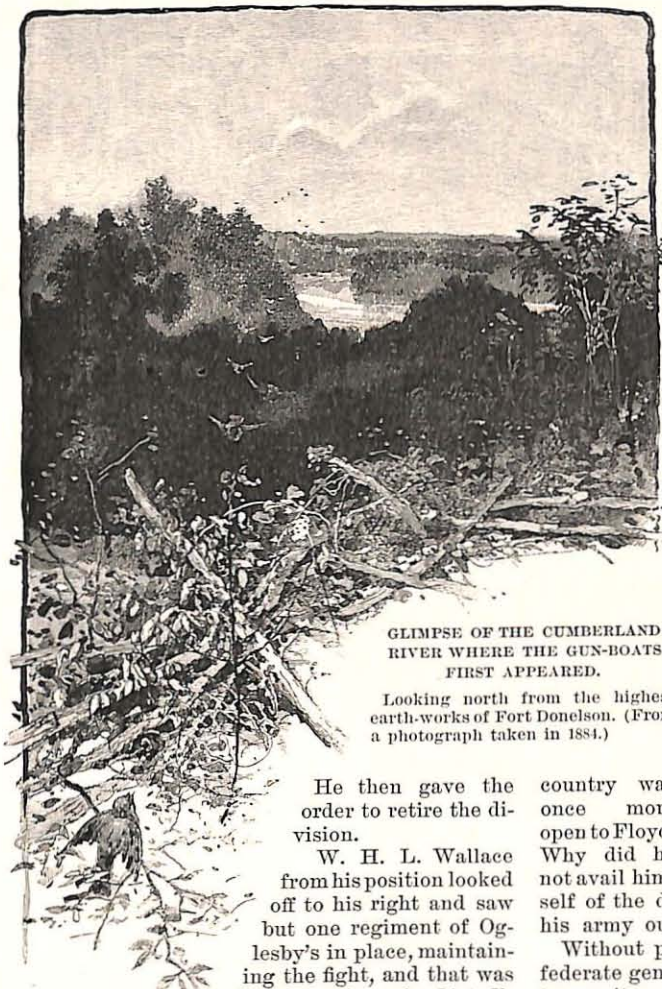
MAP OF FORT DONELSON, AS INVESTED BY GENERAL GRANT.  
Based on the official map by General J. B. McPherson.

lace was engaged along his whole front, now prolonged by the addition to his command of Morrison's regiments. The first charge against him was repulsed; whereupon he advanced to the top of the rising ground behind which he had sheltered his troops in the night. A fresh assault followed, but, aided by a battery across the valley to his left, he repulsed the enemy a second time. His men were steadfast, and clung to the brow of the hill as if it were theirs by holy right. An hour passed, and yet another hour, without cessation of the fire. Meantime the woods rang with a monstrous clangor of musketry, as if a million men were beating empty barrels with iron hammers.

Buckner flung a portion of his division on McClernand's left, and supported the attack with his artillery. The enfilading fell chiefly on W. H. L. Wallace. McClernand, watchful and full of resources, sent batteries to meet Buckner's batteries. To that duty Taylor rushed with his Company B; and McAllister pushed his three 24-pounders into position and exhausted his ammunition in the duel. The roar never slackened. Men fell by the score, reddening the snow with their blood. The smoke,

in pallid white clouds, clung to the under-brush and tree-tops as if to screen the combatants from each other. Close to the ground the flame of musketry and cannon tinted everything a lurid red. Limbs dropped from the trees on the heads below, and the thickets were shorn as by an army of cradlers. The division was under peremptory orders to hold its position to the last extremity, and Colonel Wallace was equal to the emergency.

It was now 10 o'clock, and over on the right Oglesby was beginning to fare badly. The pressure on his front grew stronger. The "rebel yell," told of ground being gained against him. To add to his doubts, officers were riding to him with a sickening story that their commands were getting out of ammunition, and asking where they could go for a supply. All he could say was to take what was in the boxes of the dead and wounded. At last he realized that the end was come. His right companies began to give way, and as they retreated, holding up their empty cartridge-boxes, the enemy were emboldened, and swept more fiercely around his flank, until finally they appeared in his rear.



GLIMPSE OF THE CUMBERLAND RIVER WHERE THE GUN-BOATS FIRST APPEARED.

Looking north from the highest earth-works of Fort Donelson. (From a photograph taken in 1864.)

He then gave the order to retire the division.

W. H. L. Wallace from his position looked off to his right and saw but one regiment of Oglesby's in place, maintaining the fight, and that was John A. Logan's 31st Illinois.

Through the smoke he could see Logan riding in a gallop behind his line; through the roar in his front and the rising yell in his rear, he could hear Logan's voice in fierce entreaty to his "boys." Near the 31st stood W. H. L. Wallace's regiment, the 11th Illinois, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ransom. The gaps in the ranks of the two were closed up always toward the colors. The ground at their feet was strewn with their dead and wounded; at length the common misfortune overtook Logan. To keep men without cartridges under fire sweeping them front and flank would be cruel, if not impossible; and seeing it, he too gave the order to retire, and followed his decimated companies to the rear. The 11th then became the right of the brigade, and had to go in turn. Nevertheless, Ransom changed front to rear coolly, as if on parade, and joined in the general retirement. Forrest charged them and threw them into a brief confusion. The greater portion clung to their colors, and made good their retreat. By 11 o'clock Pillow held the road to Charlotte and the whole of the position occupied at dawn by the First Division, and with it the dead and all the wounded who could not get away.

Pillow's part of the programme, arranged in the council of the night before, was accomplished. The

country was once more open to Floyd. Why did he not avail himself of the dearly bought opportunity, and march his army out?

Without pausing to consider whether the Confederate general could now have escaped with his troops, it must be evident that he should have made the effort. Pillow had discharged his duty well. With the disappearance of W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, it only remained for the victor to deploy his regiments into column and march into the country. The road was his. Buckner was in position to protect Colonel Head's withdrawal from the trenches opposite General Smith on the right; that done, he was also in position to cover the retreat. Buckner had also faithfully performed his task.

On the Union side the situation at this critical time was favorable to the proposed retirement. My division in the center was weakened by the despatch of one of my brigades to the assistance of General McClernand; in addition to which my orders were to hold my position. As a point of still greater importance, General Grant had gone on board the *St. Louis* at the request of Flag-Officer Foote, and he was there in consultation with that officer, presumably uninformed of the disaster which had befallen his right. It would take a certain time for him to return to the field and dispose his forces for pursuit. It may be said with strong assurance, consequently, that Floyd could have put his men fairly *en route* for Charlotte before the Federal commander could have interposed an obstruction to the movement. The real difficulty was in the hero of the morning, who now made haste to blight



DOVER TAVERN—GENERAL BUCKNER'S HEADQUARTERS AND THE SCENE OF THE SURRENDER.

From a photograph taken in 1864.

his laurels. General Pillow's vanity whistled itself into ludicrous exaltation. Imagining General Grant's whole army defeated and fleeing in rout for Fort Henry and the transports on the river, he deported himself accordingly. He began by ignoring Floyd. He rode to Buckner and accused him of shameful conduct. He sent an aide to the nearest telegraph station with a despatch to Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Department, assuring, "on the honor of a soldier," that the day was theirs. Nor did he stop at that. The victory, to be available, required that the enemy should be followed with energy. Such was a habit of Napoleon. Without deigning even to consult his chief, he ordered Buckner to move out and attack the Federals. There was a gorge, up which a road ran toward our central position, or rather what had been our central position. Pointing to the gorge and the road, he told Buckner that was his way and bade him attack in force. There was nothing to do but obey; and when Buckner had begun the movement, the wise programme decided upon the evening before was wiped from the slate.

When Buckner reluctantly took the gorge road marked out for him by Pillow, the whole Confederate army, save the detachments on the works, was virtually in pursuit of McClernand, retiring by the Wynn's Ferry road—falling back, in fact, upon my position. My division was now to feel the weight of Pillow's hand; if they should fail, the fortunes of the day would depend upon the veteran Smith.



CAPTAIN JOHN A. RAWLINS, U. S. V.  
Assistant-Adjutant-General on General Grant's staff.  
From a photograph taken in 1861.

When General McClernand perceived the peril threatening him in the morning, he sent an officer to me with a request for assistance. This request I referred to General Grant, who was at the time in consultation with Foote. Upon the turning of Oglesby's flank, McClernand repeated his request, with such a representation of the situation that, assuming the responsibility, I ordered Colonel Cruft to report with his brigade to McClernand. Cruft set out promptly. Unfortunately a guide misdirected him, so that he became involved in the retreat, and was prevented from accomplishing his object.

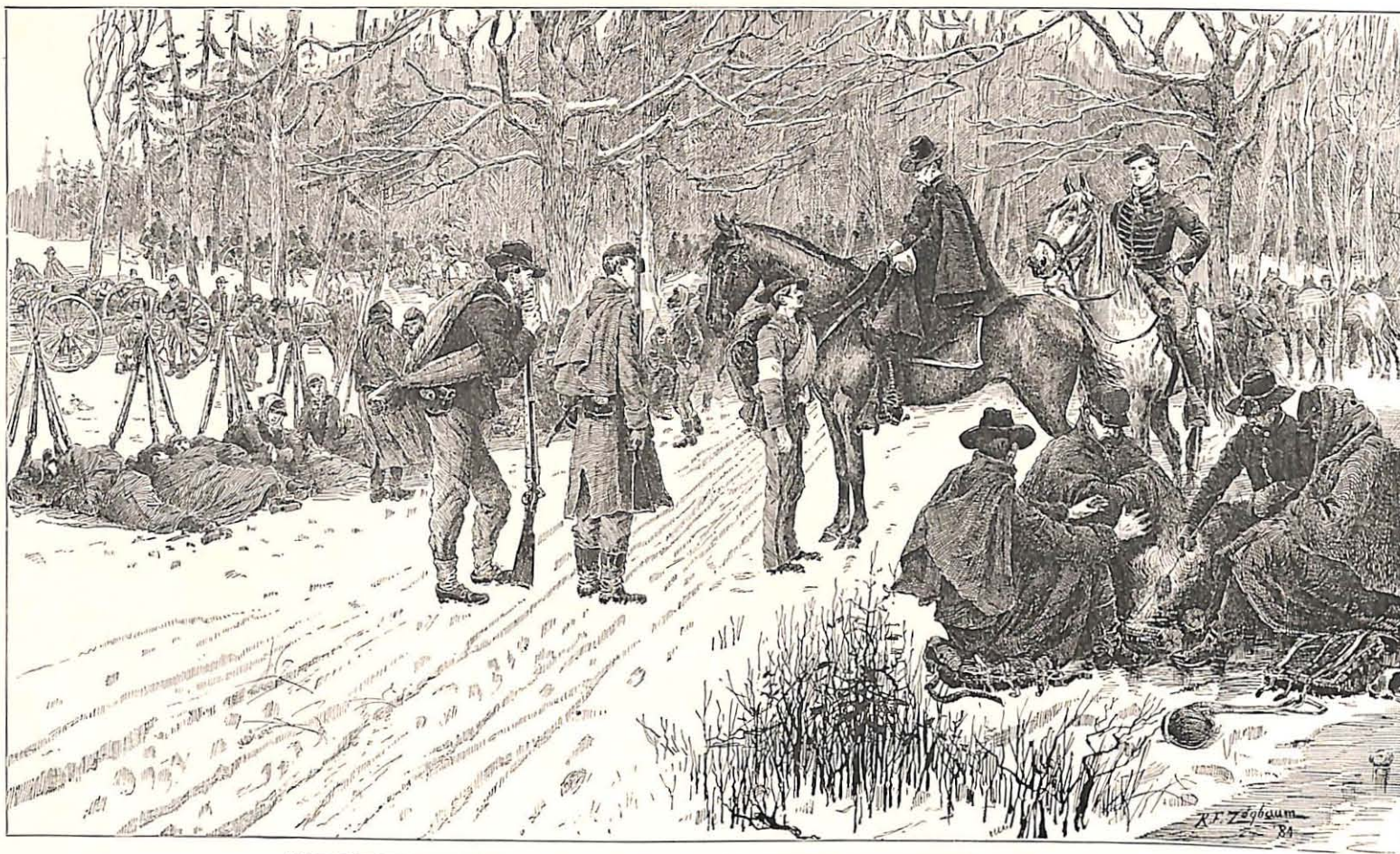
I was in the rear of my single remaining brigade, in conversation with Captain Rawlins, of Grant's staff, when a great shouting was heard behind me on the Wynn's Ferry road, whereupon I sent an orderly to ascertain the cause. The man reported the roads and woods full of soldiers apparently in rout. An officer then rode by at full speed, shouting "All's lost! Save yourselves!" A hurried consultation was had with Rawlins, at the end of which the brigade was put in motion toward the enemy's works, on the very road by which Buckner was pursuing under Pillow's mischievous order. It happened also that Colonel W. H. L. Wallace had dropped into the same road with such of his command as stayed by their colors. He came up riding and at a walk, his leg over the horn of his saddle. He was perfectly cool, and looked like a farmer from a hard day's plowing. "Good morning," I said. "Good morning," was the reply. "Are they

pursuing you?" "Yes."  
 "How far are they behind?" That instant the head of my command appeared on the road. The colonel calculated, then answered: "You will have about time to form line of battle right here."  
 "Thank you. Good day."  
 "Good day."

At that point the road began to dip into the gorge; on the right and left there were woods, and in front a dense thicket. An order was despatched to bring Battery A forward at full speed. Colonel John A. Thayer, commanding the brigade, formed it on the double-quick into line; the 1st Nebraska and the 58th Illinois on the right, and the 58th Ohio, with a detached company, on the left. The battery came up on the run and swung across the road, which had been left open for it. Hardly had it unlimbered before the enemy appeared, and firing began. For ten minutes or thereabouts the scenes of the morning were reenacted. The Confederates struggled hard to perfect their deployments. The woods rang with musketry and artillery. The brush on the slope of the hill was mowed away with bullets. A great cloud arose and shut out the woods and the narrow valley below. Colonel Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry, and the assailants fell back in confusion and returned to the intrenchments. W. H. L. Wallace and Oglesby reformed their commands behind Thayer, supplied them with ammunition, and stood at rest waiting for orders. There was then a lull in the battle. Even the cannonading ceased, and everybody was asking, What next?

Just then General Grant rode up to where General McClelland and I were in conversation. He was almost unattended. In his hand there were some papers, which looked like telegrams. Wholly unexcited, he saluted and received the salutations of his subordinates. Proceeding at once to business, he directed them to retire their commands to the heights out of cannon-range, and throw up works. Reinforcements were *en route*, he said, and it was advisable to await their coming. He was then informed of the mishap to the First Division, and that the road to Charlotte was open to the enemy.

In every great man's career there is a crisis exactly similar to that which now overtook General Grant, and it cannot be better described than as a crucial test of his nature. A mediocre person



THE BIVOUAC IN THE SNOW ON THE LINE OF BATTLE—QUESTIONING A PRISONER.

would have accepted the news as an argument for persistence in his resolution to enter upon a siege. Had General Grant done so, it is very probable his history would have been then and there concluded. His admirers and detractors are alike invited to study him at this precise juncture. It cannot be doubted that he saw with painful distinctness the effect of the disaster to his right wing. His face flushed slightly. With a sudden grip he crushed the papers in his hand. But in an instant these signs of disappointment or hesitation—as the reader pleases—cleared away. In his ordinary quiet voice he said, addressing himself to both officers, "Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken." With that he turned and galloped off.

Seeing in the road a provisional brigade, under Colonel Morgan L. Smith, consisting of the 11th Indiana and the 8th Missouri Infantry, going, by order of General C. F. Smith, to the aid of the First Division, I suggested that if General McClelland would order Colonel Smith to report to me, I would attempt to recover the lost ground; and, the order having been given, I reconnoitered the hill, determined upon a place of assault, and arranged my order of attack. I chose Colonel Smith's regiments to lead, and for that purpose conducted them to the crest of a hill opposite a steep bluff covered by the enemy. The two regiments had been formerly

of my brigade. I knew they had been admirably drilled in the Zouave tactics, and my confidence in Smith and in George F. McGinnis, colonel of the 11th, was implicit. I was sure they would take their men to the top of the bluff. Colonel Cruft was put in line to support them on the right. Colonel Ross, with his regiments, the 17th and 49th, and the 46th, 57th, and 58th Illinois, were put as support on the left. Thayer's brigade was held in reserve. These dispositions filled the time till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when heavy cannonading, mixed with a long roll of musketry, broke out over on the left, whither it will be necessary to transfer the reader.

The veteran in command on the Union left had contented himself with allowing Buckner no rest, keeping up a continual sharp-shooting. Early in the morning of the 14th he made a demonstration of assault with three of his regiments, and though he purposely withdrew them, he kept the menace standing, to the great discomfort of his *vis-à-vis*. With the patience of an old soldier, he waited the pleasure of the general commanding, knowing that when the time came he would be called upon. During the battle of the gun-boats he rode through his command and grimly joked with them. He who never permitted the slightest familiarity from a subordinate could yet indulge in fatherly pleasantries with the ranks when he thought circum-

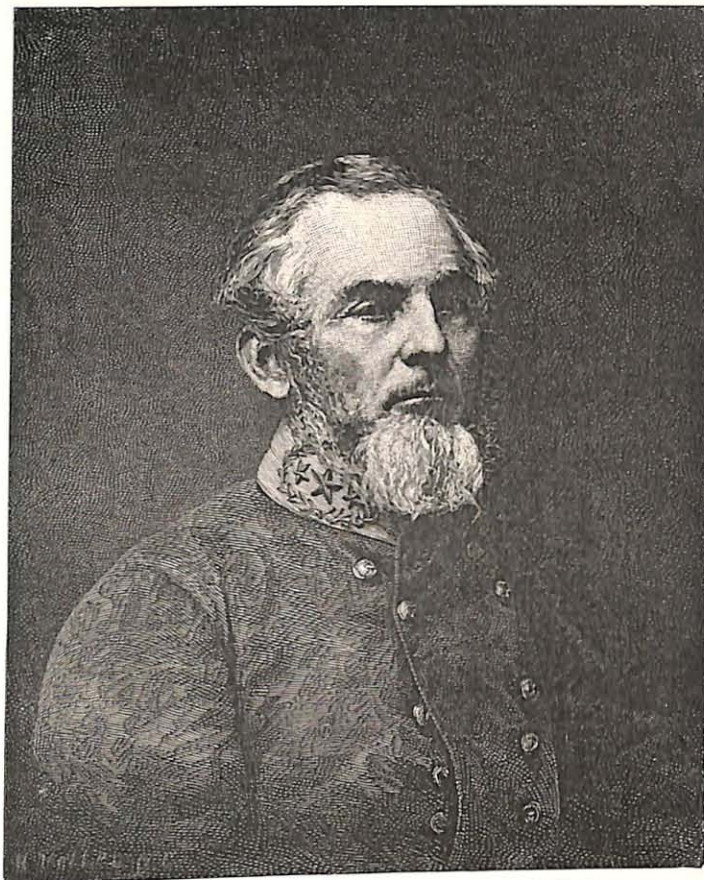
stances justified them. He never for a moment doubted the courage of volunteers; they were not regulars—that was all. If properly led, he believed they would storm the gates of his Satanic Majesty. Their hour of trial was now come.

From his brief and characteristic conference with McClelland and myself, General Grant rode to General C. F. Smith. What took place between them is not known, further than that he ordered an assault upon the outworks as a diversion in aid of the assault about to be delivered on the right. General Smith personally directed his chiefs of brigade to get their regiments ready. Colonel John Cook by his order increased the number of his skirmishers already engaged with the enemy.

Taking Lauman's brigade, General Smith began the advance. They were under fire instantly. The guns in the fort joined in with the infantry who were at the time in the rifle-pits, the great body of the Confederate right wing being

with General Buckner. The defense was greatly favored by the ground, which subjected the assailants to a double fire from the beginning of the abatis. The men have said that "it looked too thick for a rabbit to get through." General Smith, on his horse, took position in the front and center of the line. Occasionally he turned in the saddle to see how the alignment was kept. For the most part, however, he held his face steadily toward the enemy. He was, of course, a conspicuous object for the sharpshooters in the rifle-pits. The air around him twittered with Minié bullets. Ere he was on review, he rode on, timing the gait of his horse with the movement of his colors. A soldier said: "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on."

On to the abatis the regiments moved without hesitation, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind. There the fire seemed to get trebly hot, and there some of the men halted, whereupon, seeing the hesitation, General Smith put his cap on out, "No flinching now, my lads! Here—this is the jagged limbs of the trees, holding his cap all the time in sight; and the effect was magical. The men swarmed in after him, and got through in the best order they could—not all of them, alas! On the other side of the obstruction they took the sem-



MAJOR-GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW, C. S. A.  
Commander of the Confederate army at Donelson at the opening of the siege.

blance of re-formation and charged in after their chief, who found himself then between the two fires. Up the ascent he rode; up they followed. At the last moment the keepers of the rifle-pits clambered out and fled. The four regiments engaged in the feat—the 25th Indiana, and the 2d, 7th, and 14th Iowa—planted their colors on the breastwork. Later in the day, Buckner came back with his division; but all his efforts to dislodge Smith were vain.

We left my division about to attempt the recapture of the hill, which had been the scene of the combat between Pillow and McClernand. If only on account of the results which followed that assault, in connection with the heroic performance of General C. F. Smith, it is necessary to return to it.

Riding to my old regiments,—the 8th Missouri and the 11th Indiana,—I asked them if they were ready. They demanded the word of me. Waiting a moment for Morgan L. Smith to light a cigar, I called out, "Forward it is, then!" They were directly in front of the ascent to be climbed. Without stopping for his supports, Colonel Smith led them down into a broad hollow, and catching sight of the advance, Cruft and Ross also moved forward. As the two regiments began the climb, the 8th Missouri slightly in the lead, a line of fire ran along the brow of the height. The flank companies cheered while deploying as skirmishers. Their Zouave prac-

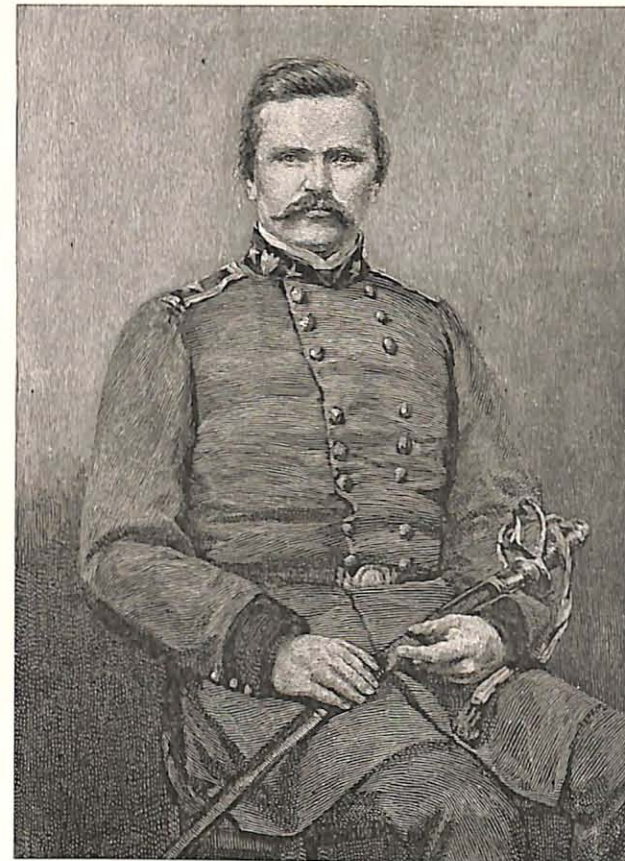
tice proved of excellent service to them. Now on the ground, creeping when the fire was hottest, running when it slackened, they gained ground with astonishing rapidity, and at the same time maintained a fire that was like a sparkling of the earth. For the most part the bullets aimed at them passed over their heads and took effect in the ranks behind them. Colonel Smith's cigar was shot off close to his lips. He took another and called for a match. A soldier ran up and gave him one. "Thank you. Take your place now. We are almost up," he said, and, smoking, spurred his horse forward. A few yards from the crest of the height the regiments began loading and firing as they advanced. The defenders gave way. On the top there was a brief struggle, which was ended by Cruft and Ross with their supports.

The whole line then moved forward simultaneously, and never stopped until the Confederates were within the works. There had been no occasion to call on the reserves. The road to Charlotte was again effectually shut, and the battle-field of the morning, with the dead and wounded lying where they had fallen, was in possession of the Third Division, which stood halted within easy musket-range of the rifle-pits. It was then about half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I was reconnoitering the works of the enemy preliminary to charging them, when Colonel Webster, of General Grant's staff, came to me and repeated the order to



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN B. FLOYD, C. S. A.  
Commander of a division at Donelson and successor to Pillow.

The three Confederate chiefs of brigade intrusted by General Johnston with the defense of Nashville at Donelson, were John B. Floyd, Gideon J. Pillow and Simon B. Buckner. Generals Floyd and Pillow escaped from the fort before surrender, leaving General Buckner in command.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER, C. S. A.  
In command of the Confederate army at Donelson at the time of the surrender.

fall back out of cannon-range and throw up breastworks. "The general does not know that we have the hill," I said. Webster replied: "I give you the order as he gave it to me." "Very well," said I, "give him my compliments, and say that I have received the order." Webster smiled and rode away. The ground was not vacated, though the assault was deferred. In assuming the responsibility, I had no doubt of my ability to satisfy General Grant of the correctness of my course; and it was subsequently approved.

When night fell, the command bivouacked without fire or supper. Fatigue parties were told off to look after the wounded; and in the relief given there was no distinction made between friend and foe. The labor extended through the whole night, and the surgeons never rested. By sunset the conditions of the morning were all restored. The Union commander was free to order a general assault next day or resort to a formal siege.

A great discouragement fell upon the brave men inside the works that night. Besides suffering from wounds and bruises and the dreadful weather, they were aware that though they had done their best they were held in a close grip by a superior enemy. A council of general and field officers was held at headquarters, which resulted in a unanimous resolution that if the position in front of General Pillow had not been reoccupied by the Federals in strength, the army should effect its re-

treat. A reconnoissance was ordered to make the test. Colonel Forrest conducted it. He reported that the ground was not only reoccupied, but that the enemy were extended yet farther around the Confederate left. The council then held a final session.

General Simon B. Buckner, as the junior officer present, gave his opinion first; he thought he could not successfully resist the assault which would be made by daylight by a vastly superior force. But he further remarked, that as he understood the principal object of the defense of Donelson was to cover the movement of General Albert Sidney Johnston's army from Bowling Green to Nashville, if that movement was not completed he was of opinion that the defense should be continued at the risk of the destruction of the entire force. General Floyd replied that General Johnston's army had already reached Nashville, whereupon General Buckner said that "it would be wrong to subject the army to a virtual massacre, when no good could result from the sacrifice, and that the general officers owed it to their men, when further resistance was unavailing, to obtain the best terms of capitulation possible for them."

Both Generals Floyd and Pillow acquiesced in the opinion. Ordinarily the council would have ended at this point, and the commanding general would have addressed himself to the duty of obtaining terms. He would have called for pen, ink,

and paper, and prepared a note for despatch to the commanding general of the opposite force. But there were circumstances outside the mere military situation which at this juncture pressed themselves into consideration. As this was the first surrender of armed men banded together for war upon the general government, what would the Federal authorities do with the prisoners? This question was of application to all the gentlemen in the council. It was lost to view, however, when General Floyd announced his purpose to leave with two steamers which were to be down at daylight, and to take with him as many of his division as the steamers could carry away.

General Pillow then remarked that there were no two persons in the Confederacy whom the Yankees would rather capture than himself and General Floyd (who had been Buchanan's Secretary of War, and was under indictment at Washington). As to the propriety of his accompanying General Floyd, the latter said, coolly, that the question was one for every man to decide for himself. Buckner was of the same view, and added that as for himself he regarded it as his duty to stay with his men and share their fate, whatever it might be. Pillow persisted in leaving. Floyd then directed General Buckner to consider himself in command. Immediately after the council was concluded, General Floyd prepared for his departure. His first move was to have his brigade drawn up. The peculiarity of the step was that, with the exception of one, the 20th Mississippi regiment, his regiments were all Virginians. A short time before daylight the two steamboats arrived. Without loss of time the general hastened to the river, embarked with his Virginians, and at an early hour cast loose from the shore, and in good time, and safely, he reached Nashville. He never satisfactorily explained upon what principle he appropriated all the transportation on hand to the use of his particular command.

Colonel Forrest was present at the council, and when the final resolution was taken, he promptly announced that he neither could nor would surrender his command. The bold trooper had no qualms upon the subject. He assembled his men, all as hardy as himself, and after reporting once more at headquarters, he moved out and plunged into a slough formed by backwater from the river. An icy crust covered its surface, the wind blew

fiercely, and the darkness was unrelieved by a star. There was fearful floundering as the command followed him. At length he struck dry land, and was safe. He was next heard of at Nashville.

General Buckner, who throughout the affair bore himself with dignity, ordered the troops back to their positions and opened communications with General Grant, whose laconic demand of "unconditional surrender," in his reply to General Buckner's overtures, became at once a watchword of the war.

The Third Division was astir very early on the 16th of February. The regiments began to form and close up the intervals between them, the intention being to charge the breastworks south of

Dover about breakfast-time. In the midst of the preparation a bugle was heard and a white flag was seen coming from the town toward the pickets. I sent my adjutant-general to meet the flag half-way and inquire its purpose. Answer was returned that General Buckner had capitulated during the night, and was now sending information of the fact to the commander of the troops in this quarter, that there might be no further bloodshed. The division was ordered to advance and take possession of the works and of all public property and prisoners. Leaving that agreeable duty to the brigade commanders, I joined the officer bearing the flag, and with my staff rode across the trench and into the town, till we came to the door of the old tavern al-

elapsed before I could tell what was the matter. When I found out that I was more scared than hurt, although suffering from the gunpowder which I had inhaled, I looked forward and saw our gun lying on the deck, split in three pieces. Then the cry ran through the boat that we were on fire, and my duty as pump-man called me to the pumps. While I was there, two shots entered our bow-ports and killed four men and wounded several others. They were borne past me, three with their heads off. The sight almost sickened me, and I turned my head away. Our master's mate came soon after and ordered us to our quarters at the gun. I told him the gun had burst, and that we had caught fire on the upper deck from the enemy's shell. He then said: "Never mind the fire; go to your quarters." Then I took a station at the starboard tackle of another rifled bow-gun and remained there until the close of the fight. The carpenter and his men extinguished the flames."

ready described, where I dismounted. The tavern was the headquarters of General Buckner, to whom I sent my name; and, being an acquaintance, I was at once admitted.

I found General Buckner with his staff at breakfast. He met me with politeness and dignity. Turning to the officers at the table, he remarked: "General Wallace, it is not necessary to introduce you to these gentlemen; you are acquainted with them all." They arose, came forward one by one, and gave their hands in salutation. I was then invited to breakfast, which consisted of corn bread and coffee, the best the gallant host had in his kitchen. We sat at the table about an hour and a half, when General Grant arrived and took temporary possession of the tavern as his headquarters. Later in the morning the army marched in and completed the possession.

#### ON BOARD THE GUN-BOAT "CARONDELET."

The following is an extract from Rear-Admiral Walke's account of the naval attack on Fort Donelson: . . . "As we drew nearer, the enemy's fire greatly increased in force and effect. . . . Soon a 128-pounder struck our anchor, smashing it into flying bolts, and bounded over the vessel, taking away a part of our smoke-stack. . . . Another shot took away the remaining boat-davits and the boat with them; and still they came, harder and faster, taking flag-staffs and smoke-stacks, and tearing off the side armor as lightning tears the bark from a tree. Our men fought desperately, but, under the excitement of the occasion, loaded too hastily, and the port rifled gun exploded.

"One of the crew, in his account of the explosion soon after it occurred, said: 'I was serving the gun with shell. When it exploded it knocked us all down, killing none, but wounding over a dozen men and spreading dismay and confusion among us. For about two minutes I was stunned, and at least five minutes

19<sup>th</sup> Div, Army in the Field  
Camp near Shiloh, Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> 1862  
Gen. S. B. Buckner,  
Confed. Army,  
Sir,  
Yours of this date proposing  
Armistice, and appointment of Commissioners  
to settle terms of Capitulation is just received.  
No terms except unconditional and immediate  
surrender can be accepted.  
I propose to move immediately upon  
your works.  
I am Sir, very respectfully  
your obt. Servt.  
M. S. Grant  
Brig. Gen.

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#### FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" DISPATCH.



MAJOR-GENERAL STERLING PRICE, C. S. A.  
Commanding the Missouri State Guard at Pea Ridge. (From a photograph.)

## THE PEA RIDGE CAMPAIGN.

BY FRANZ SIGEL, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.  
General commanding the First and Second Divisions at Pea Ridge.

**T**HE battle of Pea Ridge (or Elkhorn Tavern, as the Confederates named it) was fought on the 7th and 8th of March, 1862, one month before the battle of Shiloh. It was the first clear and decisive victory gained by the North in a pitched battle west of the Mississippi River, and until Price's invasion of 1864, the last effort of the South to carry the war into the State of Missouri, except by abortive raids. . . .

The battle of Pea Ridge was the first respite gained by the almost incessant activity and the unflinching courage of our little army, — the Army of the Southwest. It was not a "great" battle, like that of Gettysburg or Chattanooga; it was not of such preponder-

ating national importance; it did not "break the backbone of the Rebellion," but it virtually cleared the Southwest of the enemy, gave peace to the people of Missouri, at least for the next two years, and made it possible for our veterans to reinforce the armies under Buell, Rosecrans, Grant, and Sherman. It was a battle of all kinds of surprises and accidents, of good fighting and good maneuvering. Van Dorn was evidently "surprised" when he found that his plan to take St. Louis, and to carry the war into Illinois in April, 1862, was anticipated by our unexpected appearance; he was badly "surprised" when on the 6th of March, instead of "gobbling up" my two divisions at McKissick's

farm, as he confidently expected, he only met a rear-guard of 600 men, which he could not gobble up during nearly 6 hours of its march of 6 miles; he was also surprised to find, on his détour around our left flank and rear, that the road was at different places so blocked up, that instead of arriving in our rear, on the road to Springfield, with the divisions of Price at daylight of the 7th, he did not reach that point before 10 o'clock in the morning, by which delay Price's and McCulloch's forces became separated and could not assist each other at the decisive moment, while we gained time to make our preparations for the reception of both. Finally, on the 8th, Van Dorn was greatly "surprised to find himself suddenly confronted by a new, unexpected force," attacked in flank and rear, and compelled to retreat. On the other hand, Curtis was "surprised" by the sudden turn things had taken, and much disappointed because the enemy did not make the attack against our front, a position not only very strong by nature, presenting a chain of high hills, but also strengthened by intrenchments and abatis, the access to it being also protected and impeded by a deep creek running along our line of defense. He would have been much more "surprised" had it not been for the discovery, by our scouting parties, of the enemy's flanking movement.

In a strategical and tactical point of view, the battle of Pea Ridge forms a counterpart to the battle of Wilson's Creek. In the latter battle we were the outflanking party, approaching the camp of McCulloch and Price by a night march, completely surprising and attacking their forces in the morning, but making our attack in front and rear, without being able to communicate with and assist each other. My own brigade of 1118 men, which had gained the enemy's rear, was beaten first, and then the forces of General Lyon, 4282 men, after a heroic resistance were compelled to leave the field. The enemy held the "interior lines," and could throw readily his forces from one point to the other. At Pea Ridge the same advantage was with our army, although the enemy had better facilities of communication between his left and right wing, by the road leading from Bentonville to Elkhorn Tavern, than we had had at Wilson's Creek. There we had had to meet substantially the same troops we encountered at Pea Ridge, with the exception of the Indian Brigade under Pike.

From the result of the battles of Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge, it will be seen that the maneuver of outflanking and "marching into the enemy's rear" is not always successful. It was not so at Wilson's Creek, when we had approached, unobserved, within cannon-shot of the enemy's lines; however, we were only 5400 against about 11,000, while at Pea Ridge the enemy had 16,202 men in action against our 10,500. In a maneuver of that kind, the venture of a smaller army to surprise and "bag" an enemy whose forces are concentrated, and who holds the "interior lines" or "inside track," will always be great, unless the enemy's troops are inferior in quality, or otherwise at a disadvantage.

The movement of Van Dorn during the night of the 6th was bold, well conceived, and would probably have been more successful if it had not been pushed too far out. If Van Dorn had formed his line with the left of Price's forces resting on the heights, west of Elkhorn Tavern, and McCulloch's immediately on its right, he would have gained three or four hours' time, and could have swept down upon us before 8 o'clock in the morning, when no preparations had been made to receive him; his two wings (Price's and McCulloch's) would not have been separated from each other by an interval of several miles, and his communications between Bentonville and his position would have been protected. Instead of following this



MAJOR-GENERAL EARL VAN DORN, C. S. A.  
In chief command of the Confederate forces at Pea Ridge. (From a photograph.)

course of action demanded by the unforeseen impediment on the road, he passed several miles farther to the northeast, and after gaining the Springfield road, he shifted the whole of Price's forces around to the southeast (toward the Huntsville road), consuming again much valuable time. In fact, instead of commencing his attack by the left at daylight on the 7th, as he expected to do, he did not commence it earnestly before 2 P. M., and instead of gaining the desirable position on the heights and fields which my divisions occupied the next day, he made his attack in Cross Timber Hollow, where our inferior forces had the advantage of defense and of concealing their weakness in the woods, ravines, and gullies of that wilderness. Price's troops fought very bravely, but so did ours. . . . Price's 6500 men with 38 guns could not overwhelm about 4500 with 23 guns (including the reinforcements from the First and Second Divisions). . . .

The death of McCulloch was not only fatal to his troops, but also a most serious blow to Van Dorn. Until 2 o'clock on the 7th, the latter had confidently expected to hear of successful action against our left wing; but he received no answer to the despatch he had sent, and began to push forward his own wing. He succeeded, and when night fell made his headquarters at Elkhorn Tavern, where Carr and Major Weston of our army had been in the morning. But here he stopped. He says that by some misunderstanding the troops in the advance were called back (as they were at Shiloh); the true reason for their withdrawal, however, seems to have been their satisfaction with what they had done, and the assurance of completing the work in the morning.



MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL R. CURTIS, U. S. V.  
Commanding the Union Army at Pea Ridge.



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL, U. S. V.  
Commanding First and Second Divisions at Pea Ridge.

### SHARP FIGHTING AT PEA RIDGE, — FROM THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

Mr. Hunt P. Wilson, who was a member of Guibor's Confederate battery, has given the "St. Louis Republican" a spirited description of the contest on the Confederate right in the first day's fight. He thus describes the Confederate advance:

"The column entered by what is called Cross Timber Hollow. Some of the ridges are 150 feet high. In the valley of this defile is located what is known as the tan-yard, three-quarters of a mile from Elkhorn Tavern. From the tan-yard there is a gradual ascent. . . .

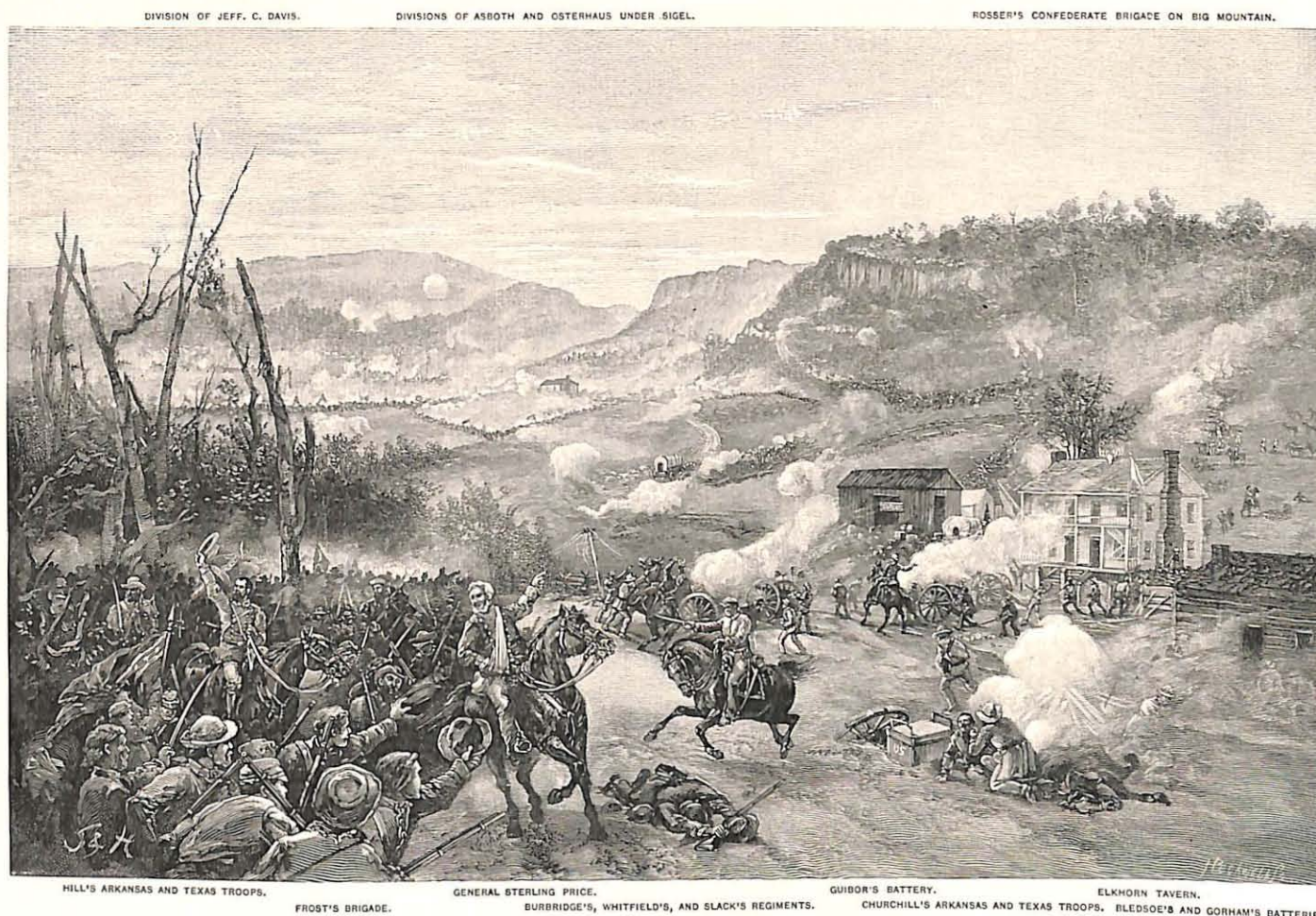
"The fire in front began to lull, and Slack's brigade

with Rives's and Burbridge's regiments came up on a left-wheel, with Rains on their left, across to the hollow, and the whole line charged up with a wild cheer. Captain Guibor, who well understood how to fight artillery in the brush, took all the canister he could lay his hands on, and with two guns went up in the charge with the infantry. General Rains's brigade on the left, led by Colonel Walter Scott O'Kane, and Major Rainwater made a brilliant dash at the redoubt and battery which had been throwing on them for an hour or more from its position in an old field. Eight guns were captured along the line. The Federal troops, being dislodged from the woods, began forming in the fields and planted some new batteries back of the knobs in the rear. And now the fight grew furious. Gorham's battery could not hold its position, and fell back to its old place. Guibor planted his two guns directly in front of the tavern and opened at close quarters with grape and canister on the Federal line, in which great confusion was evident, as officers could be seen trying to rally and re-form their men.

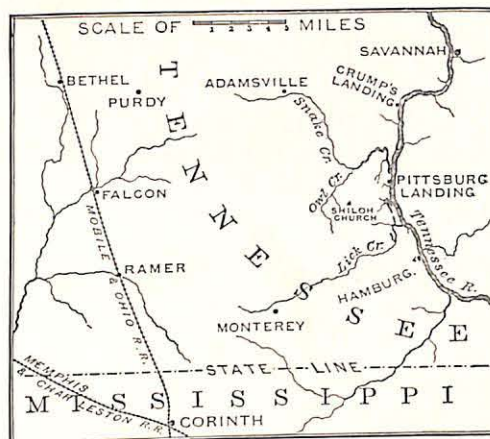
"The entire Confederate line was charging up to the Elkhorn Tavern; Colonel Carr, the Federal cavalry commander, had withdrawn his command from the bench of the mountain on the Confederate right. The Illinois Battery, at first planted in the horse-lot west of the tavern, had limbered to the rear and taken a new position in the fields. The Federal Mountain Howitzer Battery had also moved away. The 8th Iowa Battery, which had poured such a hot fire down the road upon Guibor and Gorham, had by this time lost the use of two of its guns, dismounted by the fire of Guibor's battery, but

continued to fight its two remaining guns until the Confederate regiment of Colonel Clint Burbridge was upon them; when, their horses being killed, that regiment took them in, and at nightfall brought them down the road. To the left on the Van Winkle road the [Confederate] batteries of McDonald, Bledsoe, and Wade had been engaged in a severe artillery duel in which the Federal batteries held their own until the Confederate infantry got within range, when they were forced back, leaving two guns captured by Rains's men led by the gallant O'Kane. The cavalry on the extreme left, under General John B. Clark and Colonel Robert McCulloch, had turned the Federal right wing, and the latter's entire line was falling back to meet reinforcements hurrying to their assistance from Sugar Creek on their left rear. The Federals placed 18 or 20 guns to command the tavern. Guibor moved up with the Confederate line, or a little in advance, and formed in battery in the narrow road in front of the tavern, losing several horses in the movement. And now commenced a hot fight. The rapid fire of the twenty pieces of Federal artillery . . . commenced waving and blazing in his front, while the two guns were replying with grape and canister. Now came the crisis. A regiment of United States infantry moved out of the timber on the left front of the guns about one hundred yards distant, with a small field intervening, the fences around it leveled to the ground. On Guibor's right was the tavern, on his left a blacksmith's shop, and in the lot some corn-cribs. Behind these buildings 'Rock' Champion had placed his company of cavalry to protect their horses from thickly flying bullets. Rock's

quick eye saw the bright bayonets as they were pushing through the brush, and, riding up, he yelled in his rough-and-ready style, 'Guibor, they're flankin' you!' 'I know it, but I can't spare a gun to turn on them,' was the reply. There was no supporting infantry on his left. Said Rock, 'I'll charge them!' This meant to attack a full regiment of infantry advancing in line, 700 or 800 strong, with 22 men. . . . Galloping back a few paces to his little band, his clear, ringing voice could be heard by friend and enemy. 'Battalion, forward, trot, march, gallop, march, charge!' and with a wild yell in they went, their gallant chief in the lead, closely followed by 'Sabre Jack' Murphy, an old regular dragoon; Fitzsimmons, Coggins, O'Flaherty, Pomeroy, and the others. The last named were old British dragoons; three of them had ridden with the heavy squadrons at Balaklava, and all well knew what was in front of them. . . . Within thirty seconds they were right in the midst of the surprised Federal infantry, shouting, slashing, shooting. Corporal Casey charged on foot. Guibor's two guns were at the same time turned left oblique and deluged the Federal left with canister. The result was precisely what Champion had foreseen, and proved his reckless courage was directed by good judgment. The attack was a clear surprise, the result a stampede; the infantry fired an aimless, scattering volley—then, expecting a legion of horsemen to fall on them, fled in confusion. Champion did not follow. Knowing when to stop as well as to commence, he secured their flag and quickly returned to the battery which he had saved, with a loss of only three of his gallant rough-riders."



LAST HOUR OF THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, MARCH 8, 1862.  
Advance of the Union forces to retake the position at Elkhorn Tavern. From a painting by Hunt P. Wilson, in possession of the Southern Historical Society, St. Louis.



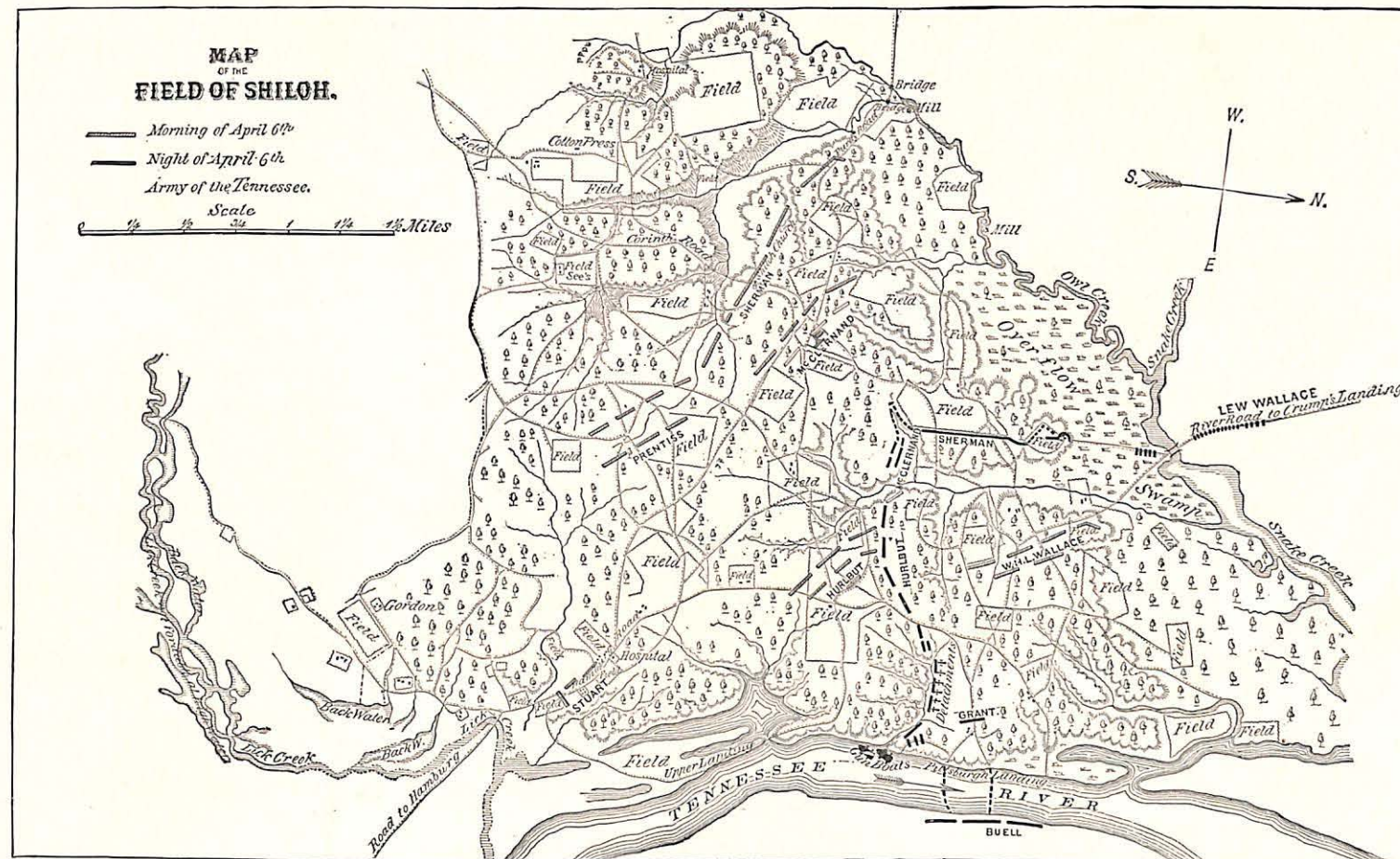
OUTLINE MAP OF THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE, U. S. V.  
Killed at Shiloh.

#### DONELSON TO SHILOH.

The Union victory at Pea Ridge set free the Northern troops in Missouri to unite with the armies east of the Mississippi. On the Confederate side Van Dorn and Price marched their troops eastward to unite them with the armies under Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard, which had fallen back from the Tennessee line after the capture of Fort Donelson by Grant, and were concentrating at Corinth, Miss., to protect the Memphis and Charleston railway. The victorious army at Donelson, and the Army of the Ohio under Buell, were directed by General Halleck to move up the Tennessee River—that is, south—and cut the Memphis and Charleston road east of Corinth. Grant's army reached Pittsburg Landing early in April. While lying in camp awaiting the arrival of Buell it was attacked early on the morning of the 6th. Buell arrived that afternoon and evening, and on the 7th the united Union forces drove the Confederates back to Corinth. None of the troops from Pea Ridge reached the field in time to participate, and the contest lay between the forces which had confronted each other on the Tennessee line all winter. Johnston was killed at Shiloh, and a few weeks later Beauregard evacuated Corinth, thus yielding up to the North all that had been fought for at Shiloh.



MAP OF THE FIELD OF SHILOH AS REVISED BY GENERAL GRANT.  
From General Grant's "Memoirs," by permission of Charles L. Webster & Co.

## THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

### THE UNION SIDE.

[BY ULYSSES S. GRANT, GENERAL, U. S. A.  
Brigadier-General commanding the Union Army of the Tennessee at Shiloh.

THE battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, has been perhaps less understood, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and Confederate troops during the entire rebellion. Correct reports of the battle have been published, notably by Sherman, Badeau, and, in a speech before a meeting of veterans, by General Prentiss; but all of these appeared long subsequent to the close of the rebellion, and after public opinion had been most erroneously formed.

Events had occurred before the battle, and others subsequent to it, which determined me to make no report to my then chief, General Halleck, further than was contained in a letter, written immediately after the battle, informing him that an engagement had been fought, and announcing the result. The occurrences alluded to are these: After the capture of Fort Donelson, with over fifteen thousand effec-

tive men and all their munitions of war, I believed much more could be accomplished without further sacrifice of life.

Clarksville, a town between Donelson and Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, and on the east bank of the Cumberland, was garrisoned by the enemy. Nashville was also garrisoned, and was probably the best-provisioned depot at the time in the Confederacy. Albert Sidney Johnston occupied Bowling Green, Ky., with a large force. I believed, and my information justified the belief, that these places would fall into our hands without a battle, if threatened promptly. I determined not to miss this chance. But being only a district commander, and under the immediate orders of the department commander, General Halleck, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, it was my duty to communicate to him all I proposed to do, and to get his approval, if possible. I did so communicate, and, receiving no reply, acted upon my own judgment. The result proved that my information

was correct, and sustained my judgment. What, then, was my surprise, after so much had been accomplished by the troops under my immediate command between the time of leaving Cairo, early in February, and the 4th of March, to receive from my chief a despatch of the latter date, saying: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?" I was left virtually in arrest on board a steamer, without even a guard, for about a week, when I was released and ordered to resume my command.

Again: Shortly after the battle of Shiloh had been fought, General Halleck moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing, and assumed command of the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank, and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction; and although I was in command of all the troops engaged at Shiloh, I was not permitted to see one of the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle, until they were published by the War Department, long after the event. In consequence, I never myself made a full report of this engagement.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

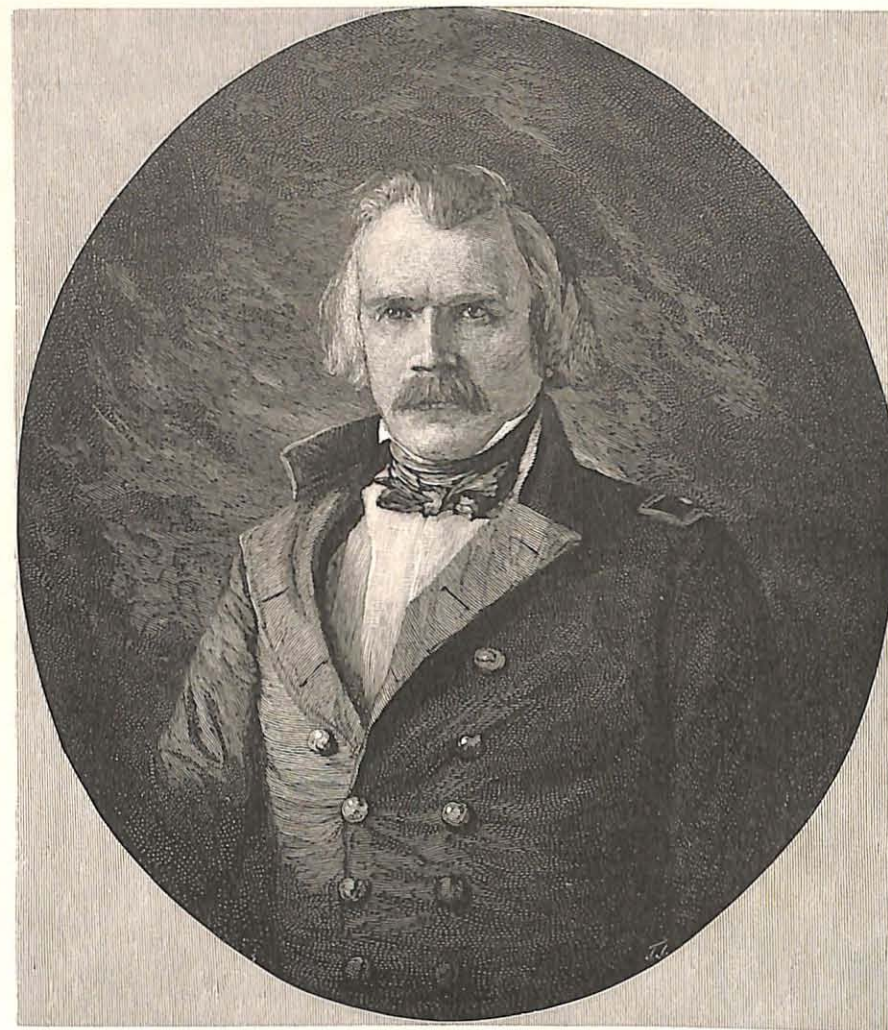
In command of the Union forces at the battle of Shiloh. (From a photograph taken, probably, in 1863.)

When I was restored to my command, on the 13th of March, I found it on the Tennessee River, part at Savannah and part at Pittsburg Landing, nine miles above, and on the opposite or western bank. I generally spent the day at Pittsburg, and returned by boat to Savannah in the evening. I was intending to remove my headquarters to Pittsburg, where I had sent all the troops immediately upon my reassuming command, but Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, had been ordered to reinforce me from Columbia, Tenn. He was expected daily, and would come in at Savannah. I remained, therefore, a few days longer than I otherwise should have done, for the purpose of meeting him on his arrival.

General Lew Wallace, with a division, had been placed by General Smith at Crump's Landing, about five miles farther down the river than Pittsburg, and also on the west bank. His position I regarded as so well chosen that he was not moved from it until the Confederate attack in force at Shiloh.

The skirmishing in our front had been so con-

tinuous from about the 3d of April up to the determined attack, that I remained on the field each night until an hour when I felt there would be no further danger before morning. In fact, on Friday, the 4th, I was very much injured by my horse falling with me and on me while I was trying to get to the front, where firing had been heard. The night was one of impenetrable darkness, with rain pouring down in torrents; nothing was visible to the eye except as revealed by the frequent flashes of lightning. Under these circumstances I had to trust to the horse, without guidance, to keep the road. I had not gone far, however, when I met General W. H. L. Wallace and General (then Colonel) McPherson coming from the direction of the front. They said all was quiet so far as the enemy was concerned. On the way back to the boat my horse's feet slipped from under him, and he fell with my leg under his body. The extreme softness of the ground, from the excessive rains of the few preceding days, no doubt saved me from a severe injury and protracted lameness. As it was, my ankle was very much injured; so much so,



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

In command of the Confederate forces at the battle of Shiloh. (From a photograph taken in Salt Lake City in 1860, at the age of fifty-seven.)

that my boot had to be cut off. During the battle, and for two or three days after, I was unable to walk except with crutches.

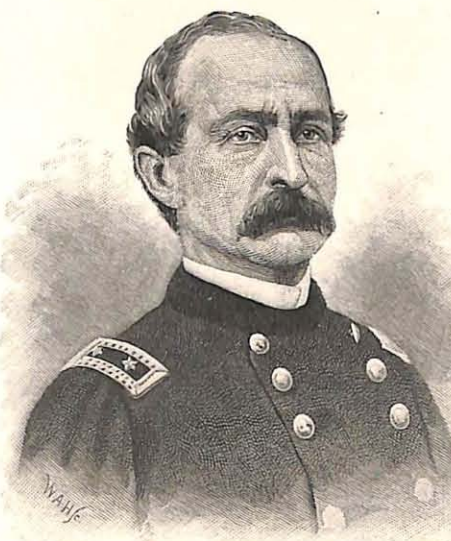
On the 5th General Nelson, with a division of Buell's army, arrived at Savannah, and I ordered him to move up the east bank of the river, to be in a position where he could be ferried over to Crump's Landing or Pittsburg Landing, as occasion required. I had learned that General Buell himself would be at Savannah the next day, and desired to meet me on his arrival. Affairs at Pittsburg Landing had been such for several days that I did not want to be away during the day. I determined, therefore, to take a very early breakfast and ride out to meet Buell, and thus save time. He had arrived on the evening of the 5th, but had not advised me of the fact, and I was not aware of it until some time after. While I was at breakfast, however, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, and I hastened there, sending a hurried note to Buell, informing him of the reason why I could not meet him at Savannah. On the way up the river I directed the despatch-boat to run in close to Crump's Land-

ing, so that I could communicate with General Lew Wallace. I found him waiting on a boat, apparently expecting to see me, and I directed him to get his troops in line ready to execute any orders he might receive. He replied that his troops were already under arms and prepared to move.

Up to that time I had felt by no means certain that Crump's Landing might not be the point of attack. On reaching the front, however, about 8 A. M., I found that the attack on Shiloh was unmistakable, and that nothing more than a small guard, to protect our transports and stores, was needed at Crump's. Captain A. S. Baxter, a quartermaster on my staff, was accordingly directed to go back and order General Wallace to march immediately to Pittsburg, by the road nearest the river. Captain Baxter made a memorandum of his order. About 1 P. M., not hearing from Wallace, and being much in need of reinforcements, I sent two more of my staff, Colonel James B. McPherson and Captain W. R. Rowley, to bring him up with his division. They reported finding him marching toward Purdy, Bethel, or some point west from the river,

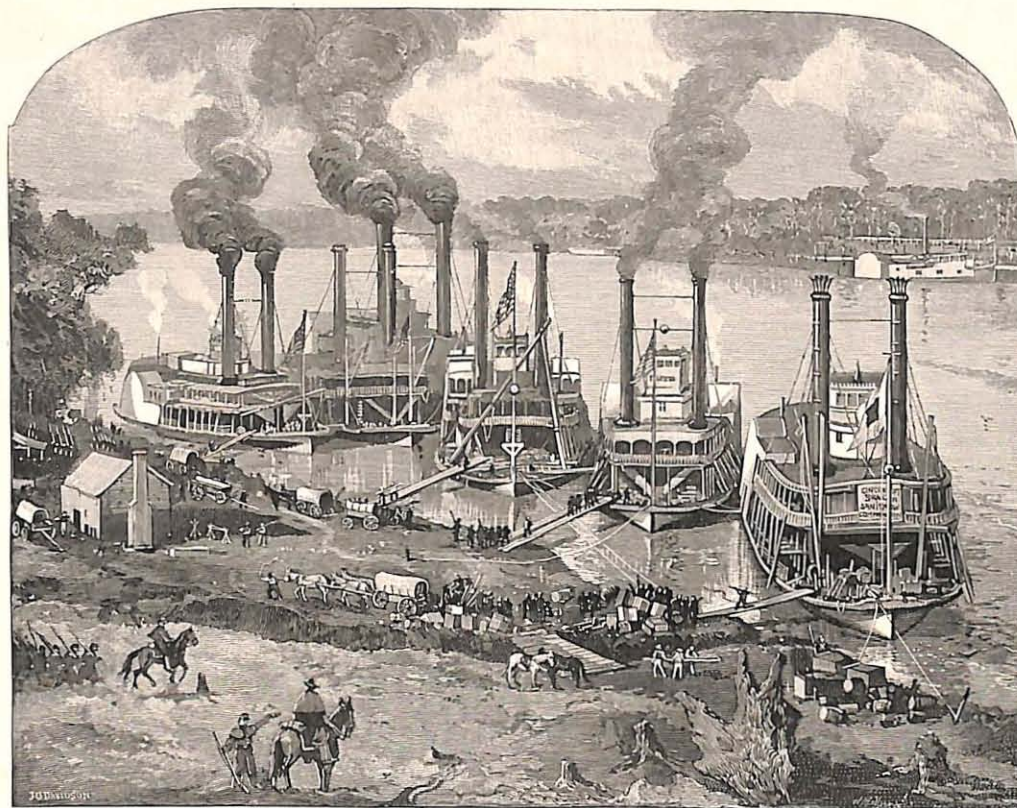


MAJOR-GEN. THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN, U. S. V.



MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS J. WOOD, U. S. V.

and farther from Pittsburg by several miles than when he started. The road from his first position was direct, and near the river. Between the two points a bridge had been built across Snake Creek by our troops, at which Wallace's command had assisted, expressly to enable the troops at the two places to support each other in case of need. Wallace did not arrive in time to take part in the first day's fight. General Wallace has since claimed that the order delivered to him by Captain Baxter was simply to join the right of the army, and that the road over which he marched would have taken him to the road from Pittsburg to Purdy, where it crosses Owl Creek, on the right of Sherman; but this is not where I had ordered him nor where I wanted him to go. I never could see, and do not now see, why any order was necessary further than to direct him to come to Pittsburg Landing, without specifying



PITTSBURG LANDING.

ing by what route. His was one of three veteran divisions that had been in battle, and its absence was severely felt. Later in the war, General Wallace would never have made the mistake that he

\* Since the publication in "The Century" of my article on "The Battle of Shiloh" I have received from Mrs. W. H. L. Wallace, widow of the gallant general who was killed in the first day's fight of that battle, a letter from General Lew Wallace to him, dated the morning of the 5th. At the date of this letter it was well known that the Confederates had troops out along the Mobile and Ohio railroad west of Crump's Landing and Pittsburg Landing, and were also collecting near Shiloh. This letter shows that at that time General Lew Wallace was making preparations for the emergency that might happen for the passing of reinforcements between Shiloh and his position, extending from Crump's Landing westward; and he sends the letter over the road running from Adamsville to the Pittsburg Landing and Purdy road. These two roads intersect nearly a mile west of the crossing of the latter over Owl Creek, where our right rested. In this letter General Lew Wallace advises General W. H. L. Wallace that he will send "to-morrow" (and his letter also says "April 5th," which is the same day the letter was dated and which, therefore, must have been written on the 4th) some cavalry to report to him at his headquarters, and suggesting the propriety of General W. H. L. Wallace's sending a company back with them for the purpose of having the cavalry at the two landings familiarize themselves with the road, so that they could "act promptly in case of emergency as guides to and from the different camps."

This modifies very materially what I have said, and what has been said by others, of the conduct of General Lew Wallace at the battle of Shiloh. It shows that he naturally, with no more experience than he had at the time in the profession of arms, would take the particular road that he did start upon in the absence of orders to move by a different road.

committed on the 6th of April, 1862.\* I presume his idea was that by taking the route he did, he would be able to come around on the flank or rear of the enemy, and thus perform an act of heroism

The mistake he made, and which probably caused his apparent dilatoriness, was that of advancing some distance after he found that the firing, which would be at first directly to his front and then off to the left, had fallen back until it had got very much in rear of the position of his advance. This falling back had taken place before I sent General Wallace orders to move up to Pittsburg Landing, and, naturally, my order was to follow the road nearest the river. But my order was verbal, and to a staff-officer who was to deliver it to General Wallace, so that I am not competent to say just what order the general actually received.

General Wallace's division was stationed, the First Brigade at Crump's Landing, the Second out two miles, and the Third two and a half miles out. Hearing the sounds of battle, General Wallace early ordered his First and Third brigades to concentrate on the Second. If the position of our front had not changed, the road which Wallace took would have been somewhat shorter to our right than the River road.

U. S. GRANT.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., June 21, 1885.

In a letter to General Grant, written Sept. 16, 1884, General Wallace said, in part: "The fact is, I was the victim of a mistake. Captain Baxter's omission from the order you gave him for transmission to me—the omission of the road you wanted me to take in coming up, viz., the lower or River Road to Pittsburg Landing—was the cause of my movement at noon. It is also the key of explanation of all that followed. That I took the directest and shortest road to effect a junction with the right of the army, and marched promptly upon receipt of the order, are the best evidence I could have furnished of an actual desire to do my duty, and share the fortunes of the day with you, whether they were good or bad."



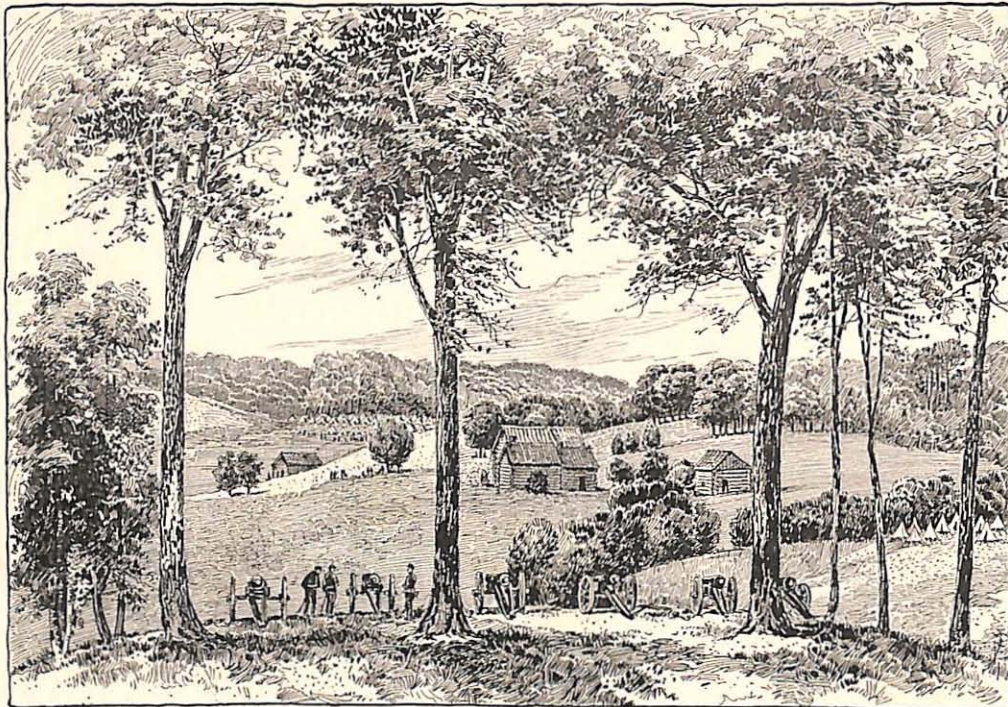
MAJOR-GEN. ALEXANDER McD. MCCOOK, U. S. V.



MAJOR-GENERAL B. M. PRENTISS, U. S. V.

that would redound to the credit of his command, as well as to the benefit of his country.

Shiloh was a log meeting-house, some two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing, and on the ridge which divides the waters of Snake and Lick creeks, the former entering into the Tennessee just north of Pittsburg Landing, and the latter south. Shiloh was the key to our position, and was held by Sherman. His division was at that time wholly raw, no part of it ever having been in an engagement, but I thought this deficiency was more than made up by the superiority of the commander. McClelland was on Sherman's left, with troops that had been engaged at Fort Donelson, and were therefore veterans so far as Western troops had become such at that stage of the war. Next to McClelland came Prentiss, with a raw division, and on the extreme left, Stuart, with one brigade of Sherman's division. Hurlbut was in rear of Prentiss, massed, and in reserve at the time of the onset. The division of General C. F. Smith was



FIRST POSITION OF WATERHOUSE'S BATTERY.  
From a sketch made shortly after the battle.

on the right, also in reserve. General Smith was sick in bed at Savannah, some nine miles below, but in hearing of our guns. His services on those two eventful days would no doubt have been of inestimable value had his health permitted his presence. The command of his division devolved upon Brigadier-General W. H. L. Wallace, a most estimable and able officer,—a veteran, too, for he had served a year in the Mexican war, and had been with his command at Henry and Donelson. Wallace was mortally wounded in the first day's engagement, and with the change of commanders thus necessarily effected in the heat of battle, the efficiency of his division was much weakened.

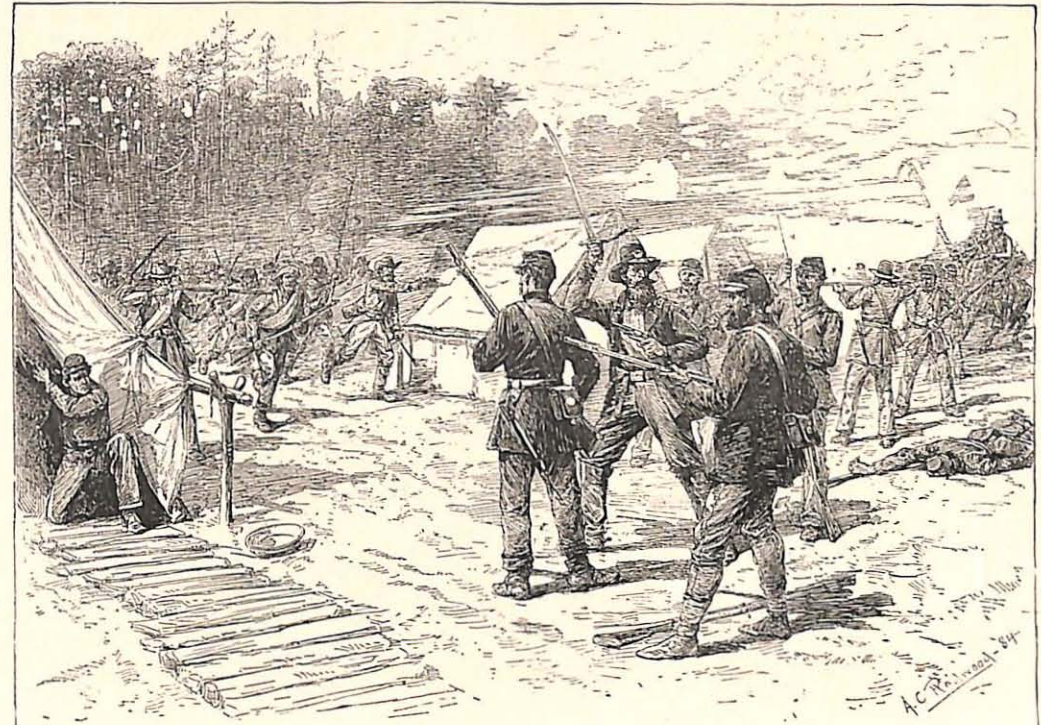
The position of our troops made a continuous line from Lick Creek, on the left, to Owl Creek, a branch of Snake Creek, on the right, facing nearly south, and possibly a little west. The water in all these streams was very high at the time, and contributed to protect our flanks. The enemy was compelled, therefore, to attack directly in front. This he did with great vigor, inflicting heavy losses on the National side, but suffering much heavier on his own.

The Confederate assaults were made with such disregard of losses on their own side, that our line of tents soon fell into their hands. The ground on which the battle was fought was undulating, heavily timbered, with scattered clearings, the woods giving some protection to the troops on both sides. There was also considerable underbrush. A number of attempts were made by the enemy to turn our right flank, where Sherman was posted, but every effort was repulsed with heavy loss. But the front attack was kept up so vigorously that, to prevent the success of these attempts to get on our

flanks, the National troops were compelled several times to take positions to the rear, nearer Pittsburg Landing. When the firing ceased at night, the National line was all of a mile in rear of the position it had occupied in the morning.

In one of the backward moves, on the 6th, the division commanded by General Prentiss did not fall back with the others. This left his flanks exposed, and enabled the enemy to capture him, with about 2200 of his officers and men. General Badeau gives 4 o'clock of the 6th as about the time this capture took place. He may be right as to the time, but my recollection is that the hour was later. General Prentiss himself gave the hour as half-past five. I was with him, as I was with each of the division commanders that day, several times, and my recollection is that the last time I was with him was about half-past four, when his division was standing up firmly, and the general was as cool as if expecting victory. But no matter whether it was four or later, the story that he and his command were surprised and captured in their camps is without any foundation whatever. If it had been true, as currently reported at the time, and yet believed by thousands of people, that Prentiss and his division had been captured in their beds, there would not have been an all-day struggle with the loss of thousands killed and wounded on the Confederate side.

With the single exception of a few minutes after the capture of Prentiss, a continuous and unbroken line was maintained all day from Snake Creek or its tributaries on the right to Lick Creek or the Tennessee on the left, above Pittsburg. There was no hour during the day when there was not heavy firing and generally hard fighting at some point on



CONFEDERATE CHARGE UPON PRENTISS'S CAMP ON SUNDAY MORNING.

the line, but seldom at all points at the same time. It was a case of Southern dash against Northern pluck and endurance.

Three of the five divisions engaged on Sunday were entirely raw, and many of the men had only received their arms on the way from their States to the field. Many of them had arrived but a day or two before, and were hardly able to load their muskets according to the manual. Their officers were equally ignorant of their duties. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that many of the regiments broke at the first fire. In two cases, as I now remember, colonels led their regiments from the field on first hearing the whistle of the enemy's bullets. In these cases the colonels were constitutional cowards, unfit for any military position. But not so the officers and men led out of danger by them. Better troops never went upon a battle-field than many of these officers and men afterward proved themselves to be who fled panic-stricken at the first whistle of bullets and shell at Shiloh.

During the whole of Sunday I was continuously engaged in passing from one part of the field to another, giving directions to division commanders. In thus moving along the line, however, I never deemed it important to stay long with Sherman. Although his troops were then under fire for the first time, their commander, by his constant presence with them, inspired a confidence in officers and men that enabled them to render services on that bloody battle-field worthy of the best of veterans. McClelland was next to Sherman, and the hardest fighting was in front of these two divisions. McClelland told me on that day, the 6th, that he profited much by having so able a commander sup-

porting him. A casualty to Sherman that would have taken him from the field that day would have been a sad one for the troops engaged at Shiloh. And how near we came to this! On the 6th Sherman was shot twice, once in the hand, once in the shoulder, the ball cutting his coat and making a slight wound, and a third ball passed through his hat. In addition to this he had several horses shot during the day.

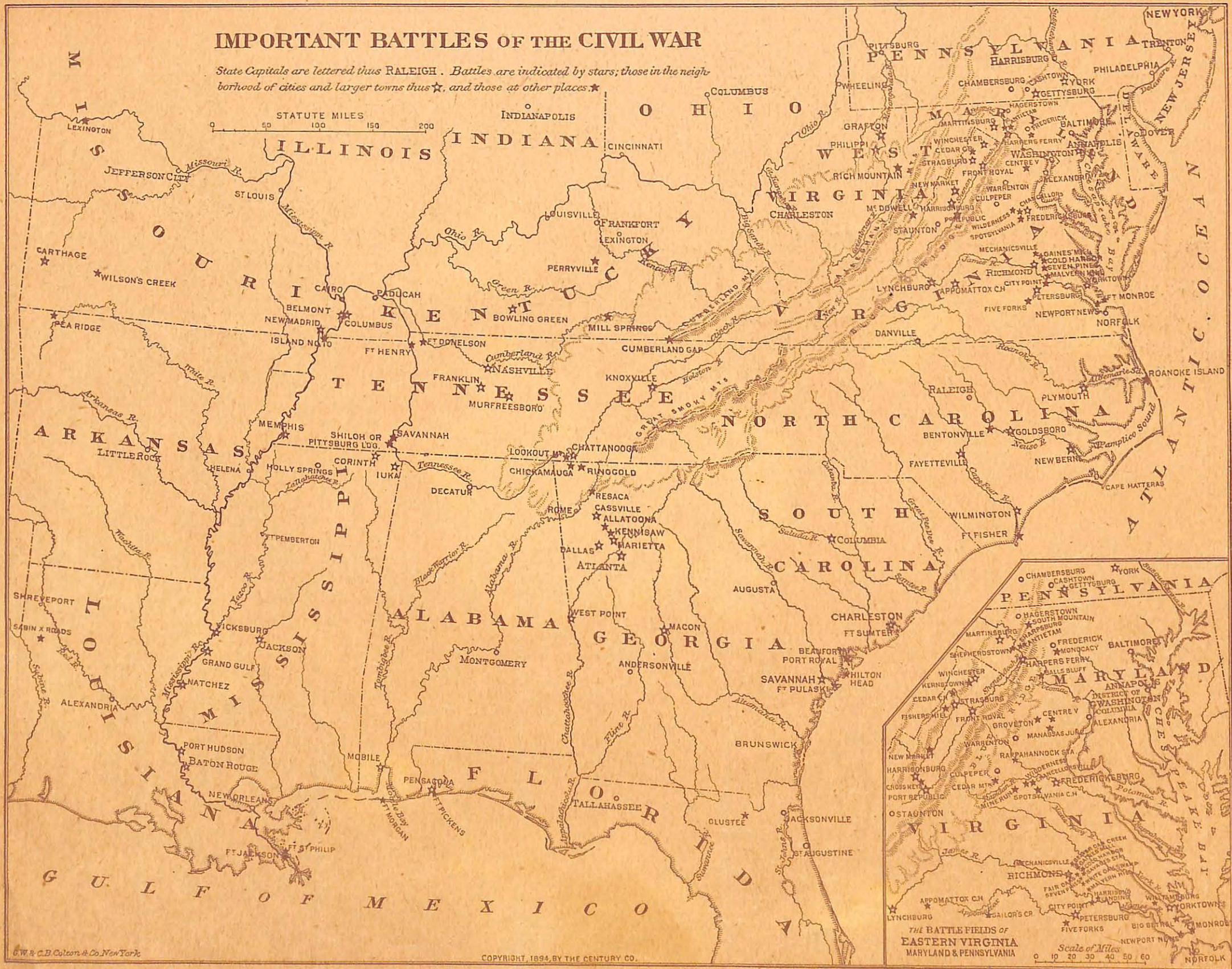
The nature of this battle was such that cavalry could not be used in front; I therefore formed ours into line, in rear, to stop stragglers, of whom there were many. When there would be enough of them to make a show, and after they had recovered from their fright, they would be sent to reinforce some part of the line which needed support, without regard to their companies, regiments, or brigades.

On one occasion during the day, I rode back as far as the river and met General Buell, who had just arrived; I do not remember the hour, but at that time there probably were as many as four or five thousand stragglers lying under cover of the river-bluff, panic-stricken, most of whom would have been shot where they lay, without resistance, before they would have taken muskets and marched to the front to protect themselves. This meeting between General Buell and myself was on the despatch-boat used to run between the landing and Savannah. It was brief, and related specially to his getting his troops over the river. As we left the boat together, Buell's attention was attracted by the men lying under cover of the bank. I saw him berating them and trying to shame them into joining their regiments. He even threatened them with shells from the gun-boats near by. But it was all to no effect. Most of these men afterward proved them-

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