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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

# THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



## PART II

GOING TO THE FRONT, BY A PRIVATE (CONTINUED)  
VIRGINIA SCENES IN '61, BY CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON

### THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

THE UNION SIDE, BY GENERAL JAMES B. FRY  
(ON GENERAL McDOWELL'S STAFF AT BULL RUN)

IN WASHINGTON AFTER THE BATTLE, BY WALT WHITMAN  
THE CONFEDERATE SIDE, BY GENERALS BEAUREGARD AND IMBODEN

WILSON'S CREEK AND THE DEATH OF LYON  
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MILL SPRINGS AND THE DEATH OF GENERAL ZOLLIFFER  
BY COLONEL R. M. KELLY

AND THE BEGINNING OF  
RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE AND THE GUN-BOATS  
BY CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS



NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO.



Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

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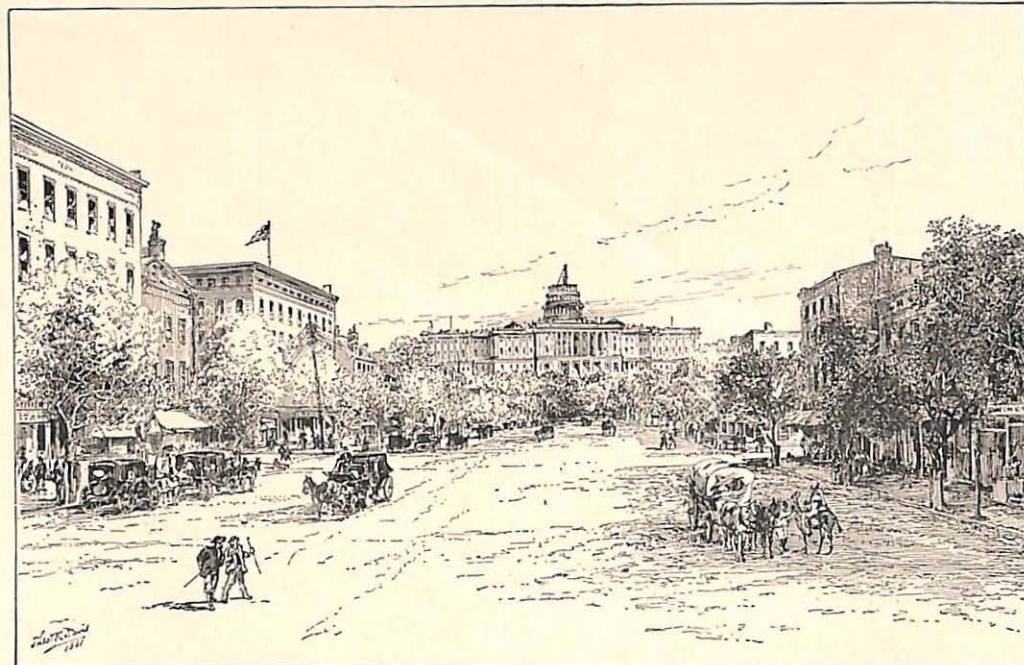




A MOTHER'S PARTING GIFT.

a part of the hotel but little used. We took our meals at the public table, and found fault with the style. Six months later we would have considered ourselves aristocratic to have slept in the hotel stables with the meal-bin for a dining-table. One morning there was great excitement at the report that we were going to be sent to the front. Most of us obtained a limited pass and went to see our friends for the last time, returning the same night. Many of our schoolmates came in tears to say good-by. We took leave of them all with heavy hearts, for, lightly as I may here seem to treat the subject, it was no light thing for a boy of twenty to start out for three years into the unknown dangers of a civil war. Our mothers—God bless them!—had brought us something good to eat—pies, cakes, doughnuts, and jellies. It was one way in which a mother's heart found utterance. The young ladies (sisters, of course) brought an invention, usually made of leather or cloth, containing needles, pins, thread, buttons, and scissors, so that nearly every recruit had an embryo tailor's shop, with the goose outside. One old lady, in the innocence of her heart, brought her son an umbrella. We did not see anything particularly laughable about it at the time, but our old drill-sergeant did. Finally we were ready to move; our tears were wiped away, our buttons were polished, and our muskets were as bright as emery paper could make them.

"Wad" Rider, a member of our company, had come from a neighboring State to enlist with us. He was about eighteen years of age, red-headed, freckled-faced, good-natured, and rough, with a wonderful aptitude for crying or laughing from sympathy. Another comrade, whom I will call



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON.  
From a sketch made in 1861.

Jack, was honored with a call from his mother, a little woman, hardly reaching up to his shoulder, with a sweet, motherly, care-worn face. At the last moment, though she had tried hard to preserve her composure, as is the habit of New England people, she threw her arms around her boy's neck, and with an outburst of sobbing and crying, said: "My dear boy, my dear boy, what will your poor old mother do without you? You are going to fight for your country. Don't forget your mother, Jack; God bless you, God bless you!" We felt as if the mother's tears and blessing were a benediction over us all. There was a touch of nature in her homely sorrow and solicitude over her big boy, which drew tears of sympathy from my eyes as I thought of my own sorrowing mother at home. The sympathetic Wad Rider burst into tears and sobs. His eyes refused, as he expressed it, to "dry up," until, as we were moving off, Jack's mother, rushing toward him with a bundle tied like a wheat-sheaf, called out in a most pathetic voice, "Jack! Jack! you've forgotten to take your pennyroyal." We all laughed, and so did Jack, and I think the laugh helped him more than the cry did. Everybody had said his last word, and the cars were off. Handkerchiefs were waved at us from all the houses we passed; we cheered till we were hoarse, and then settled back and swung our handkerchiefs.

Just here let me name over the contents of my knapsack, as a fair sample of what all the volunteers started with. There were in it a pair of trousers, two pairs of drawers, a pair of thick boots, four pairs of stockings, four flannel shirts, a blouse, a looking-glass, a can of peaches, a bottle of cough-mixture, a button-stick, chalk, razor and strop, the "tailor's shop" spoken of above, a Bible, a small volume of Shakspeare, and writing utensils. To its

top was strapped a double woolen blanket and a rubber one. Many other things were left behind because of lack of room in or about the knapsack.

On our arrival in Boston we were marched through the streets—the first march of any consequence we had taken with our knapsacks and equipments. Our dress consisted of a belt about the body, which held a cartridge-box and bayonet, a cross-belt, also a haversack and tin drinking-cup, a canteen, and, last but not least, the knapsack strapped to the back. The straps ran over, around, and about one, in confusion most perplexing to our unsophisticated shoulders, the knapsack constantly giving the wearer the feeling that he was being pulled over backward. My canteen banged against my bayonet, both tin cup and bayonet badly interfered with the butt of my musket, while my cartridge-box and haversack were constantly flopping up and down—the whole jangling like loose harness and chains on a runaway horse. As we marched into Boston Common, I involuntarily cast my eye about for a bench. But for a former experience in offering advice, I should have proposed to the captain to "chip in" and hire a team to carry our equipments. Such was my first experience in war harness. Afterward, with hardened muscles, rendered athletic by long marches and invigorated by hardships, I could look back upon those days and smile, while carrying a knapsack as lightly as my heart. That morning my heart was as heavy as my knapsack. At last the welcome orders came: "Prepare to open ranks! Rear, open order, march! Right dress! Front! Order arms! Fix bayonets! Stack arms! Unslung knapsacks! In place, rest!"

The tendency of raw soldiers at first is to overload themselves. On the first long march the reaction sets in, and the recruit goes to the opposite extreme, not carrying enough, and thereby becom-



DRILLING A RAW RECRUIT.

ing dependent upon his comrades. Old soldiers preserve a happy medium. I have seen a new regiment start out with a lot of indescribable material, including sheet-iron stoves, and come back after a long march covered with more mud than baggage, stripped of everything except blankets, haversacks, canteens, muskets, and cartridge-boxes.

During that afternoon in Boston, after marching and countermarching, or, as one of our farmer-boy recruits expressed it, after "hawing and geeing" about the streets, we were sent to Fort Independence for the night for safe-keeping. A company of regulars held the fort, and the guards walked their posts with an uprightness that was astonishing. Our first impression of them was that there was a needless amount of "wheel about and turn about, and walk just so," and of saluting and presenting arms. We were all marched to our quarters within the fort, where we unslung our knapsacks. After the first day's struggle with a knapsack, the general verdict was, "got too much of it." At supper-time we were marched to the dining-barracks, where our bill of fare was beef-steak, coffee, wheat bread, and potatoes, but not a sign of milk or butter. It struck me as queer when I heard that the army was never provided with butter and milk.

The next day we started for Washington, by rail. We marched through New York's crowded streets without awakening the enthusiasm we thought our due; for we had read of the exciting scenes attending the departure of the New York 7th for Washington, on the day the 6th Massachusetts was mobbed in Baltimore. . . . We arrived in Baltimore late at night, and we marched through its deserted streets unmolested. . . .



## VIRGINIA SCENES IN '61.

BY CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

Author of "Sweet Bells Out of Tune,"  
"The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc., etc.

THE only association I have with my old home in Virginia that is not one of unmixed happiness relates to the time immediately succeeding the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Our homestead was in Fairfax County, at some distance from the theater of that tragic episode; and, belonging as we did to a family among the first in the State to manumit slaves,—our grandfather having set free those that came to him by inheritance, and the people who served us being hired from their owners and remaining in our employ through years of kindest relations,—there seemed to be no especial reason for us to share in the apprehension of an uprising of the blacks. But there was the fear—unspoken, or pooh-poohed at by the men who were mouth-pieces for our community—dark, boding, oppressive, and altogether hateful. I can remember taking it to bed with me at night, and awaking suddenly oftentimes to confront it through a vigil of nervous terror, of which it never occurred to me to speak to any one. The notes of whip-poor-wills in the sweet-gum swamp near the stable, the mutterings of a distant thunder-storm, even the rustle of the night wind in the oaks that shaded my window, filled me with nameless dread. In the daytime it seemed impossible to associate suspicion with those familiar tawny or sable faces that surrounded us. We had seen them for so many years smiling or saddening with the family joys or sorrows; they were so guileless, so patient, so satisfied. What subtle influence was at work that should transform them into tigers thirsting for our blood? The idea was preposterous. But when evening came again, and with it the hour when the colored people (who in summer and autumn weather kept astir half the night) assembled themselves together for dance or prayer-meeting, the ghost that refused to be laid was again at one's elbow. Rusty bolts were drawn and rusty fire-arms loaded. A

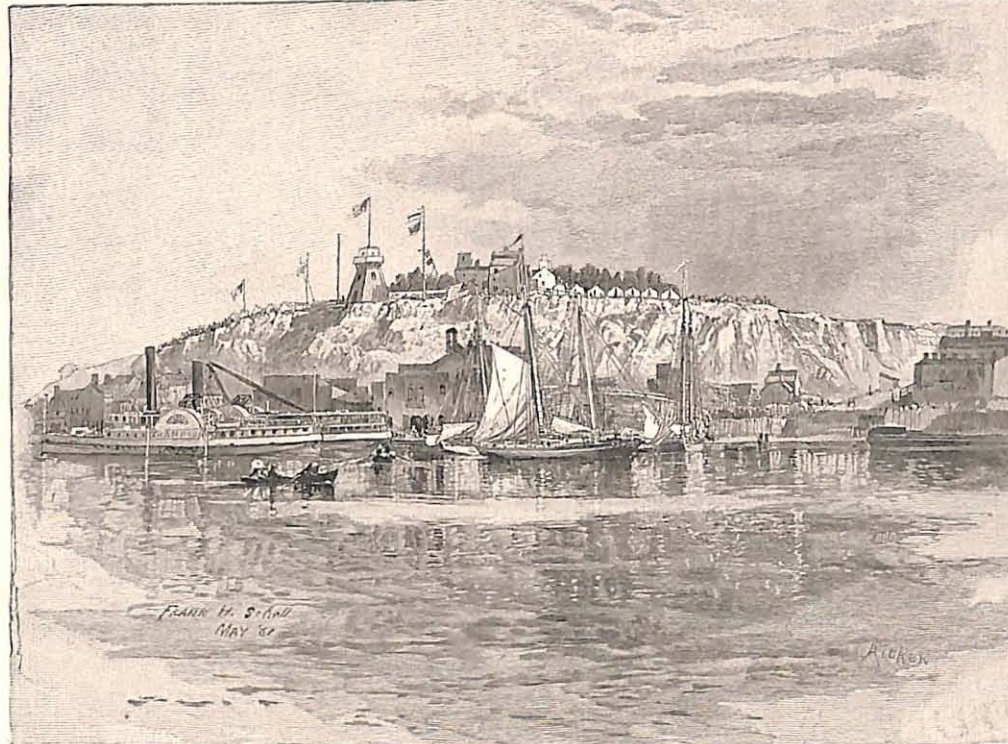
watch was set where never before had eye or ear been lent to such a service. In short, peace had flown from the borders of Virginia.

Although the newspapers were full of secession talk and the matter was eagerly discussed at our tables, I cannot remember that, as late as Christmas-time of the year 1860, coming events had cast any definite shadow on our homes. The people in our neighborhood, of one opinion with their dear and honored friend, Col. Robert



UNIFORM OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS.

The regiment that was mobbed while passing through Baltimore.



FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE.

From a sketch made on the day of the occupation by General Butler.

On the 27th of April, 1861, General B. F. Butler was assigned to the command of the Department of Annapolis, which did not include Baltimore. On the 5th of May, with two regiments and a battery of artillery, he moved from Washington to the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, 7 miles from Baltimore, at the junction of the Washington branch. He fortified this position, and on the 13th entered Baltimore and occupied and fortified Federal Hill, overlooking the harbor and commanding the city. On the 15th he was followed in command of the Department by General George Cadwalader, who was succeeded on the 11th of June by General N. P. Banks, who administered the Department until succeeded by General John A. Dix, July 23, 1861. On the 22d of May General Butler assumed command at Fort Monroe, Va.

E. Lee, of Arlington, were slow to accept the startling suggestion of disruption of the Union. At any rate, we enjoyed the usual holiday gathering of kinsfolk in the usual fashion. The old Vaucluse house, known for many years past as a center of cheerful hospitality in the county, threw wide open its doors to receive all the members who could be gathered there of a large family circle. The woods about were despoiled of holly and spruce, pine and cedar, to deck the walls and wreath the picture-frames. On Christmas Eve we had a grand rally of youths and boys belonging to the "clan," as they loved to call it, to roll in a yule log, which was deposited upon a glowing bed of coals in the big "red-parlor" fire-place, and sit about it afterward, welcoming the Christmas in with goblets of egg-nog and apple-toddy.

"Where shall we be a year hence?" some one asked at a pause in the merry chat; and, in the brief silence that followed, arose a sudden spectral thought of war. All felt its presence; no one cared to speak first of its grim possibilities.

On Christmas Eve the following year the old house lay in ruins, a sacrifice by Union troops to military necessity; the forest giants that kept watch around her walls had been cut down and made to serve as breastworks for a fort erected on the Vaucluse property as part of the defenses of Washington. Of the young men and boys who took

part in that holiday festivity, all were in the active service of the South,—one of them, alas! soon to fall under a rain of shot and shell beside his gun at Fredericksburg; the youngest of the number had left his mother's knee to fight at Manassas, and found himself, before the year was out, a midshipman aboard the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, on her cruise in distant seas!

My first vivid impression of war-days was during a ramble in the neighboring woods one Sunday afternoon in spring, when the young people in a happy band set out in search of wild flowers. Pink honeysuckles, blue lupine, beds of fairy flax, anemones, and ferns in abundance sprang under the canopy of young leaves on the forest boughs, and the air was full of the song of birds and the music of running waters. We knew every mossy path far and near in those woods; every tree had been watched and cherished by those who went before us, and dearer than any other spot on earth was our tranquil, sweet Vaucluse. Suddenly the shrill whistle of a locomotive struck the ear, an unwonted sound on Sunday. "Do you know what that means?" said one of the older cousins who accompanied the party. "It is the special train carrying Alexandria volunteers to Manassas,

and to-morrow I shall follow with my company." Silence fell upon our little band. A cloud seemed to come between us and the sun. It was the beginning of the end too soon to come.

The story of one broken circle is the story of another at the outset of such a war. Before the week was over, the scattering of our household, which no one then believed to be more than temporary, had begun. Living as we did upon ground likely to be in the track of armies gathering to confront each other, it was deemed advisable to send the children and young girls into a place more remote from chances of danger. Some weeks later, the heads of the household, two widowed sisters, whose sons were at Manassas, drove away from their home in their carriage at early morning, having spent the previous night in company with a half-grown lad digging in the cellar hasty graves for the interment of two boxes of old English silver-ware, heir-looms in the family, for which there was no time to provide otherwise. Although the enemy were long encamped immediately above it after the house was burnt the following year, this silver was found there when the war had ended; it was lying loose in the earth, the boxes having rotted away.

The point at which our family reunited within the Confederate lines was Bristoe, the station next beyond Manassas, a cheerless railway inn; a part of the premises was used as a country grocery store; and there quarters were secured for us with a view to being near the army. By this time all our kith and kin of fighting age had joined the volunteers. One cannot picture accommodations more forlorn than these eagerly taken for us and for other families attracted to Bristoe by the same powerful magnet. The summer sun poured its burning rays upon whitewashed walls unshaded by a tree. Our bedrooms were almost uninhabitable by day or night, our fare the plainest. From the windows we beheld only a flat, uncultivated country, crossed by red-clay roads, then ankle-deep in dust. We learned to look for all excitement to the glittering lines of railway track, along which continually thundered trains bound to and from the front. It was impossible to allow such a train to pass without running out upon the platform to salute it, for in this way we greeted many



PORTRAITS OF CONFEDERATE PRIVATES.

From ambrotypes found after the war in the dead-letter office, Richmond. Accompanying letters suggest that the warlike attitude was a favorite pose for pictures intended for sisters and sweethearts.

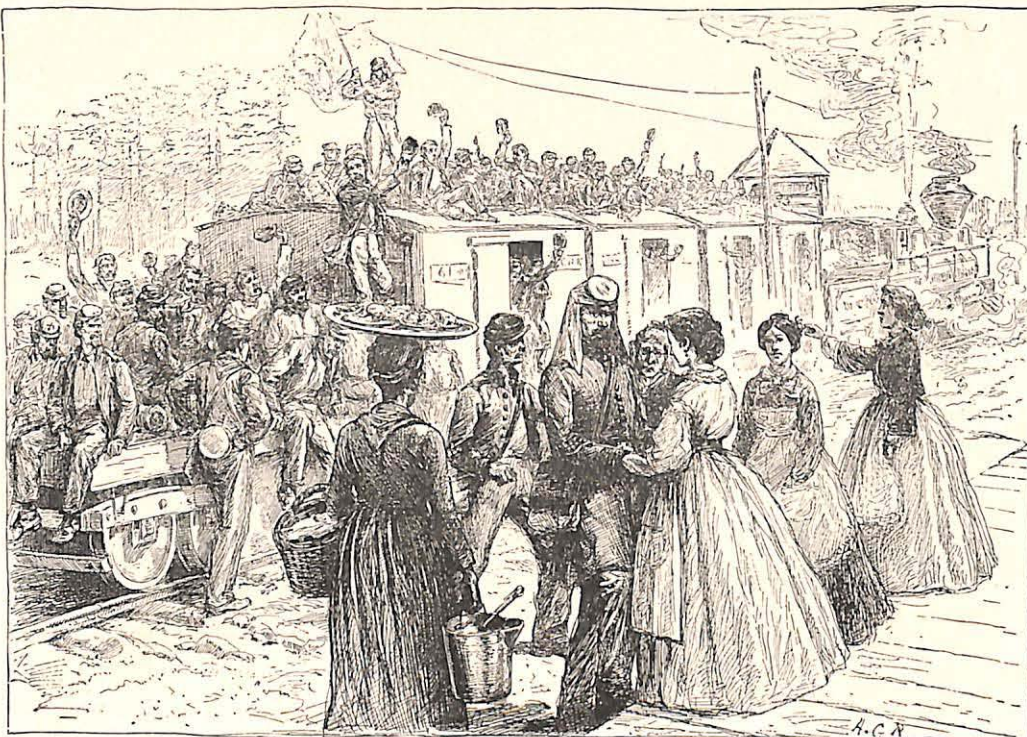


an old friend or relative buttoned up in the smart gray uniform, speeding with high hope to the scene of coming conflict. Such shouts as went up from sturdy throats while we stood waving hands, handkerchiefs, or the rough woolen garments we were at work upon! Then fairly awoke the spirit that made of Southern women the inspiration of Southern men throughout the war. Most of the young fellows we knew and were cheering onward wore the uniform of privates, and for the right to wear it had left homes of ease and luxury. To such we gave our best homage; and from that time forth the youth who was lukewarm in the cause or unambitious of military glory fared uncomfortably in the presence of the average Confederate maiden.

Thanks to our own carriage, we were able during those rallying days of June to drive frequently to visit "the boys" in camp, timing the expeditions to include battalion drill and dress parade, and taking tea afterward in the different tents. Then were the gala days of war, and our proud hosts hastened to produce home dainties despatched from the far-away plantations—tears and blessings interspersed amid the packing, we were sure; though I have seen a pretty girl persist in declining other fare, to make her meal upon raw biscuit and huckleberry-pie compounded by the bright-eyed amateur cook of a well-beloved mess. Feminine heroism could no farther go.

And so the days wore on until the 17th of July, when a rumor from the front sent an electric shock through our circle. The enemy were moving forward! On the morning of the 18th those who had been able to sleep at all awoke early to listen for the first guns of the engagement of Blackburn's Ford. Deserted as the women at Bristoe were by every male creature old enough to gather news, there was, for us, no way of knowing the progress of events during the long, long day of waiting, of watching, of weeping, of praying, of rushing out upon the railway track to walk as far as we dared in the direction whence came that intolerable booming of artillery. The cloud of dun smoke arising over Manassas became heavier in volume as the day progressed. Still, not a word of tidings, till toward afternoon there came limping up a single, very dirty, soldier with his arm in a sling. What a heaven-send he was, if only as an escape-valve for our pent-up sympathies! We seized him, we washed him, we cried over him, we glorified him until the man was fairly bewildered. Our best endeavors could only develop a pin-scratch of a wound on his right hand; but when our hero had laid in a substantial meal of bread and meat, we plied him with trembling questions, each asking news of some staff or regiment or company. It has since occurred to me that he was a humorist in disguise. His invariable reply, as he looked from one to the other of his satellites, was: "The—Virginia, marm? Why, of coase. They war n't no two ways o' thinkin' 'bout that ar' reg'ment. They just kivered thar selves with glory!"

A little later two wagon-loads of slightly wounded claimed our care, and with them came authentic news of the day. Most of us received notes on paper torn from a soldier's pocket-book and grimed with gunpowder, containing assurance of the safety of our own. At nightfall a train carrying more



ON THE WAY TO MANASSAS. A VIRGINIA SCENE IN '61.

wounded to the hospitals at Culpeper made a halt at Bristoe; and, preceded by men holding lanterns, we went in among the stretchers with milk, food, and water to the sufferers. One of the first discoveries I made, bending over in that fitful light, was a young officer whom I knew to be a special object of solicitude with one of my comrades in the search; but he was badly hurt, and neither he nor she knew the other was near until the train had moved on. The next day, and the next, were full of burning excitement over the impending general engagement, which people then said would decide the fate of the young Confederacy. Fresh troops came by with every train, and we lived only to turn from one scene to another of welcome and farewell. On Saturday evening arrived a message from General Beauregard, saying that early on Sunday an engine and car would be put at our disposal, to take us to some point more remote from danger. We looked at one another, and, tacitly agreeing the gallant general had sent not an order but a suggestion, declined his kind proposal.

Another unspeakably long day, full of the straining anguish of suspense. Dawning bright and fair, it closed under a sky darkened by cannon-smoke. The roar of guns seemed never to cease. First, a long sullen boom; then a sharper rattling fire, painfully distinct; then stragglers from the field, with varying rumors: at last, the news of victory; and, as before, the wounded, to force our numbed faculties into service. One of the group, the mother of an only son barely fifteen years of age, heard that her boy, after being in action all the early part of the day, had through sheer fatigue fallen asleep upon the ground, where he was found resting peacefully amidst the roar of the guns.

A few days later we rode over the field. The trampled grass had begun to spring again, and wild flowers were blooming around carelessly made graves. From one of these imperfect mounds of clay I saw a hand extended; and when, years afterward, I visited the tomb of Rousseau beneath the Panthéon in Paris, where a sculptured hand bearing a torch protrudes from the sarcophagus, I thought of that mournful spectacle upon the field of Manassas. Fences were everywhere thrown down; the undergrowth of the woods was riddled with shot; here and there we came upon spiked guns, disabled gun-carriages, cannon-balls, blood stained blankets and dead horses.

We were glad enough to turn away and gallop homeward.

With August heats and lack of water, Bristoe was forsaken for quarters near Culpeper, where my mother went into the soldiers' barracks, sharing soldiers' accommodations, to nurse the wounded. In September quite a party of us, upon invitation, visited the different headquarters. We stopped over-night at Manassas, five ladies, sleeping upon a couch made of rolls of cartridge-flannel, in a tent guarded by a faithful sentry. I remember the comical effect of the five bird-cages (of a kind without which no self-respecting young woman of that day would present herself in public) suspended upon a line running across the upper part of our tent,

after we had reluctantly removed them in order to adjust ourselves for repose. Our progress during that memorable visit was royal; an ambulance with a picked troop of cavalymen had been placed at our service, and the convoy was "personally conducted" by a pleasing variety of distinguished officers. It was at this time, after a supper at the headquarters of the "Maryland line" at Fairfax, that the afterward universal war-song, "My Maryland!" was put afloat upon the tide of army favor. We were sitting outside a tent in the warm starlight of an early autumn night, when music was proposed. At once we struck up Randall's verses to the tune of the old college song, "Lauriger Horatius,"—a young lady of the party, Jennie Cary, of Baltimore, having recently set them to this music before leaving home to share the fortunes of the Confederacy. All joined in the ringing chorus; and, when we finished, a burst of applause came from some soldiers listening in the darkness behind a belt of trees. Next day the melody was hummed far and near through the camps, and in due time it had gained the place of favorite song in the army. Other songs sung that evening, which afterward had a great vogue, were one beginning "By blue Patapsee's billowy dash," and "The years glide slowly by, Lorena."

Another incident of note, during the autumn of '61, was that to my cousins, Hetty and Jennie Cary, and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle-flags of the Confederacy. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue edged with white, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceded States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and, when they were finished, despatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn, then commanding infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all possible enthusiasm; were toasted, fêted, and cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and storm-stained from long and honorable service in the field. . . .

NOTE.—The Confederates called the first battle of the war "Manassas," after Manassas Plains. The Federals gave it the name "Bull Run," after a stream of water.



LISTENING FOR THE FIRST GUN AT MANASSAS.





BRIGADIER-GENERAL IRVIN McDOWELL.  
In command of the Union forces at Bull Run. (From a photograph.)

## THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

### THE STORY OF THE BATTLE FROM THE UNION SIDE.

BY JAMES B. FRY, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.  
At Bull Run, Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General on McDowell's staff.

... After the firing of the first gun upon Sumter, the two sides were equally active in marshaling their forces on a line along the border States from the Atlantic coast of Virginia in the east to Kansas in the west. Many of the earlier collisions along this line were due rather to special causes or local feeling than to general military considerations. The prompt advance of the Union forces under McClellan to West Virginia was to protect that new-born free State. Patterson's movement to Hagerstown and thence to Harper's Ferry was to prevent Maryland from joining or aiding the rebellion, to re-open the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and prevent invasion from the Shenandoah Valley. The Southerners, having left the Union and set up the Confederacy upon the principle of State rights, in violation of that principle invaded the State of Kentucky in opposition to her apparent purpose of armed neutrality. That made Kentucky a field of early hostilities, and helped to anchor her

to the Union. Missouri was rescued from secession through the energy of General F. P. Blair and her other Union men, and by the indomitable will of Captain Lyon of the regular army, whose great work was accomplished under many disadvantages. In illustration of the difficulty with which the new condition of affairs penetrated the case-hardened bureauism of long peace, it may be mentioned that the venerable adjutant-general of the army, when a crisis was at hand in Missouri, came from a consultation with the President and Secretary Cameron, and with a sorry expression of countenance and an ominous shake of the head exclaimed, "It's bad, very bad; we're giving that young man Lyon a great deal too much power in Missouri."

Early in the contest another young Union officer came to the front. Major Irvin McDowell was appointed brigadier-general May 14th. He was forty-three years of age, of unexceptionable habits and great physical powers. His education, begun in



CAPTAIN JAMES B. RICKETTS, AFTERWARD  
MAJOR-GENERAL.



CAPTAIN CHARLES GRIFFIN, AFTERWARD  
MAJOR-GENERAL.

"The batteries of Ricketts and Griffin, by their fine discipline, wonderful daring, and matchless skill, were the prime features in the fight. The battle was not lost till they were lost."—GENERAL JAMES B. FRY.

France, was continued at the United States Military Academy, from which he was graduated in 1838. Always a close student, he was well informed outside as well as inside his profession. Distinguished in the Mexican war, intensely Union in his sentiments, full of energy and patriotism, outspoken in his opinions, highly esteemed by General Scott, on whose staff he had served, he at once secured the confidence of the President and the Secretary of War, under whose observation he was serving in Washington. Without political antecedents or acquaintances, he was chosen for advancement on account of his record, his ability, and his vigor.

Northern forces had hastened to Washington upon the call of President Lincoln, but prior to May 24th they had been held rigidly on the north side of the Potomac. On the night of May 23d-24th, the Confederate pickets being then in sight of the Capitol, three columns were thrown across the river by General J. K. F. Mansfield, then commanding the Department of Washington, and a line from Alexandria below to chain-bridge above Washington was intrenched under guidance of able engineers. On the 27th Brigadier-General Irvin McDowell was placed in command south of the Potomac.

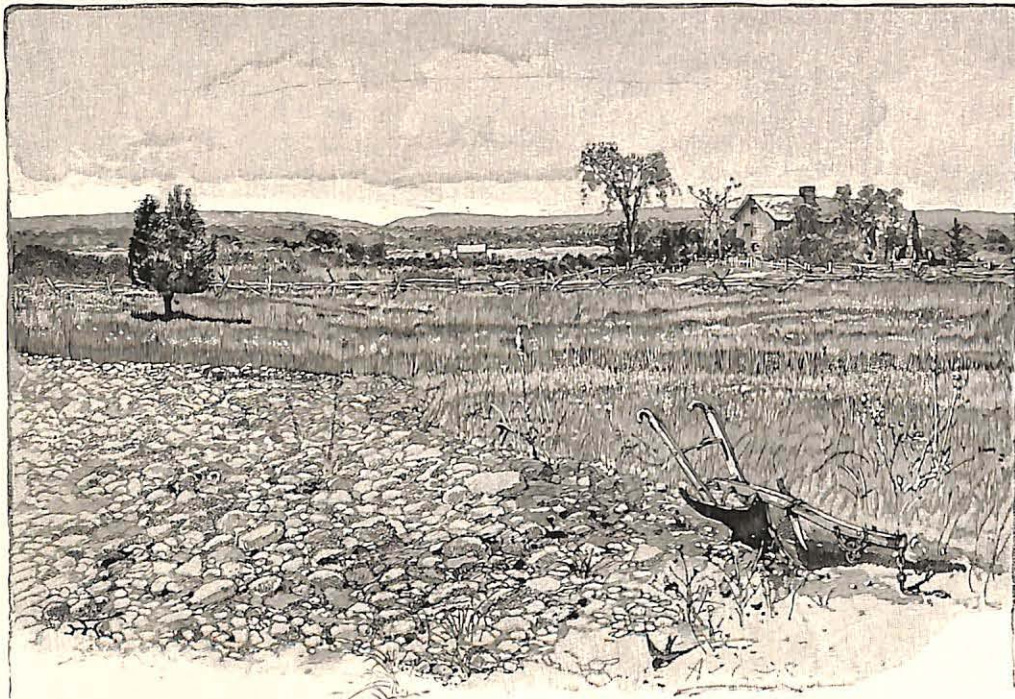
By the 1st of June the Southern Government had been transferred from Montgomery to Richmond, and the capitals of the Union and of the Confederacy stood defiantly confronting each other. General Scott was in chief command of the Union forces, with McDowell south of the Potomac, confronted by his old classmate, Beauregard, hot from the capture of Fort Sumter.

General Patterson, of Pennsylvania, a veteran of the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico, was in command near Harper's Ferry, opposed by General Joseph E. Johnston. The Confederate President, Davis, then in Richmond, with General

R. E. Lee as military adviser, exercised in person general military control of the Southern forces. The enemy to be engaged by McDowell occupied what was called the "Alexandria line," with headquarters at Manassas, the junction of the Orange and Alexandria with the Manassas Gap railroad. The stream known as Bull Run, some three miles in front of Manassas, was the line of defense. On Beauregard's right, 30 miles away, at the mouth of Aquia Creek, there was a Confederate brigade of 3000 men and 6 guns under General Holmes. The approach to Richmond from the Lower Chesapeake, threatened by General B. F. Butler, was guarded by Confederates under Generals Huger and Magruder. On Beauregard's left, sixty miles distant, in the lower Shenandoah Valley and separated from him by the Blue Ridge Mountains, was the Confederate army of the Shenandoah under command of General Johnston. Beauregard's authority did not extend over the forces of Johnston, Huger, Magruder, or Holmes, but Holmes was with him before the battle of Bull Run, and so was Johnston, who, as will appear more fully hereafter, joined at a decisive moment.

Early in June Patterson was pushing his column against Harper's Ferry, and on the 3d of that month McDowell was called upon by General Scott to submit "an estimate of the number and composition of a column to be pushed toward Manassas Junction and perhaps the Gap, say in 4 or 5 days, to favor Patterson's attack upon Harper's Ferry." McDowell had then been in command at Arlington less than a week, his raw regiments south of the Potomac were not yet brigaded, and this was the first intimation he had of offensive operations. He reported June 4th that 12,000 infantry, 2 batteries, 6 or 8 companies of cavalry, and a reserve of 5000 ready to move from Alexandria would be required. Johnston, however, gave up Harper's Ferry to Patterson, and the diversion by McDowell





THE HENRY HOUSE, FROM STONEWALL JACKSON'S POSITION.



THE ROBINSON HOUSE, FROM STONEWALL JACKSON'S POSITION.

#### TWO VIEWS OF THE MAIN BATTLE-GROUND.

was not ordered. But the public demand for an advance became imperative—stimulated perhaps by the successful dash of fifty men of the 2d United States Cavalry, under Lieutenant C. H. Tompkins, through the enemy's outposts at Fairfax Court House on the night of June 1st, and by the unfortunate result of the movement of a regiment under General Schenck toward Vienna, June 9th, as well as by a disaster to some of General Butler's troops on the 10th at Big Bethel, near Fort Monroe. On the 24th of June, in compliance with verbal instructions from General Scott, McDowell submitted a "plan of operations and the composition of the force required to carry it into effect." He estimated the Confederate force at Manassas Junction and its dependencies at 25,000 men, assumed that his movements could not be kept secret and that the enemy would call up additional forces from all quarters, and added: "If General J. E. Johnston's force is kept engaged by Major-General Patterson, and Major-General Butler occupies the force now in his vicinity, I think they will not be able to bring up more than ten thousand men, so we may calculate upon having to do with about 35,000 men." And as it turned out, that was about the number he "had to do with." For the advance, McDowell asked "a force of 30,000 of all arms, with a reserve of 10,000." He knew that Beauregard had batteries in position at several places in front of Bull Run and defensive works behind the Run and at Manassas Junction. The stream being fordable at many places, McDowell proposed in his plan of operations to turn the enemy's position and force him out of it by seizing or threatening his communications. Nevertheless, he said in his report:

"Believing the chances are greatly in favor of the enemy's accepting battle between this and the Junction,

and that the consequences of that battle will be of the greatest importance to the country, as establishing the prestige in this contest, on the one side or the other,—the more so as the two sections will be fairly represented by regiments from almost every State,—I think it of great consequence that, as for the most part our regiments are exceedingly raw and the best of them, with few exceptions, not over steady in line, they be organized into as many small fixed brigades as the number of regular colonels will admit, . . . so that the men may have as fair a chance as the nature of things and the comparative inexperience of most will allow."

This remarkably sound report was approved, and McDowell was directed to carry his plan into effect July 8th. But the government machinery worked slowly and there was jealousy in the way, so that the troops to bring his army up to the strength agreed upon did not reach him until the 16th.

Beauregard's Army of the Potomac at Manassas consisted of the brigades of Holmes, Bonham, Ewell, D. R. Jones, Longstreet, Coker, and Early, and of 3 regiments of infantry, 1 regiment and 3 battalions of cavalry, and 6 batteries of artillery, containing in all 27 guns, making an aggregate available force on the field of Bull Run of about 23,000 men. Johnston's army from the Shenandoah consisted of the brigades of Jackson, Bee, Bartow, and Kirby Smith, 2 regiments of infantry not brigaded, 1 regiment of cavalry (12 companies), and 5 batteries (20 guns), making an aggregate at Bull Run of 8340.

McDowell's army consisted of 5 divisions: Tyler's First Division, containing 4 brigades (Keyes's, Schenck's, W. T. Sherman's, and Richardson's); Hunter's Second Division, containing 2 brigades (Andrew Porter's and Burnside's); Heintzelman's Third Division, containing 3 brigades (Franklin's, Willcox's, and Howard's); Runyon's Fourth Division

(9 regiments not brigades); and Miles's Fifth Division, containing 2 brigades (Blenker's and Davies's)—10 batteries of artillery, besides 2 guns attached to infantry regiments, 49 guns in all, and 7 companies of regular cavalry. Of the foregoing forces, 9 of the batteries and 8 companies of infantry were regulars, and 1 small battalion was marines. The aggregate force was about 35,000 men. Runyon's Fourth Division was 6 or 7 miles in the rear guarding the road to Alexandria, and, though counted in the aggregate, was not embraced in McDowell's order for battle.

There was an ill-suppressed feeling of sympathy with the Confederacy in the Southern element of Washington society; but the halls of Congress resounded with the eloquence of Union speakers. Martial music filled the air, and war was the topic wherever men met. By day and night the tramp of soldiers was heard, and staff-officers and orderlies galloped through the streets between the headquarters of Generals Scott and McDowell. Northern enthusiasm was unbounded. "On to Richmond!" was the war-cry. Public sentiment was irresistible, and in response to it the army advanced. It was a glorious spectacle. The various regiments were brilliantly uniformed according to the esthetic taste of peace, and the silken banners they flung to the breeze were unsoiled and untorn. The bitter realities of war were nearer than we knew.

McDowell marched on the afternoon of July 16th, the men carrying three days' rations in their haversacks; provision wagons were to follow from Alexandria the next day. On the morning of the 18th his forces were concentrated at Centreville, a point about 20 miles west of the Potomac and 6 or 7 miles east of Manassas Junction. Beauregard's outposts fell back without resistance. Bull Run,

flowing south-easterly, is about half-way between Centreville and Manassas Junction, and owing to its abrupt banks, the timber with which it was fringed, and some artificial defenses at the fords, was a formidable obstacle. The stream was fordable, but all the crossings for eight miles, from Union Mills on the south to the Stone Bridge on the north, were defended by Beauregard's forces. The Warrenton Turnpike, passing through Centreville, leads nearly due west, crossing Bull Run at the Stone Bridge. The direct road from Centreville to Manassas crosses Bull Run at Mitchell's Ford, half a mile or so above another crossing known as Blackburn's Ford. Union Mills was covered by Ewell's brigade, supported after the 18th by Holmes's brigade; McLean's Ford, next to the north, was covered by D. R. Jones's brigade; Blackburn's Ford was defended by Longstreet's brigade, supported by Early's brigade; Mitchell's Ford was held by Bonham's brigade, with an outpost of two guns and an infantry support east of Bull Run; the stream between Mitchell's Ford and the Stone Bridge was covered by Coker's brigade; the Stone Bridge on the Confederate left was held by Evans with 1 regiment and Wheat's special battalion of infantry, 1 battery of 4 guns, and two companies of cavalry.

McDowell was compelled to wait at Centreville until his provision wagons arrived and he could issue rations. His orders having carried his leading division under Tyler no farther than Centreville, he wrote that officer at 8:15 A. M. on the 18th, "Observe well the roads to Bull Run and to Warrenton. Do not bring on an engagement, but keep up the impression that we are moving on Manassas." McDowell then went to the extreme left of his line to examine the country with reference to a





SUDLEY SPRINGS FORD, LOOKING NORTH.  
From a sketch made in 1884.

sudden movement of the army to turn the enemy's right flank. The reconnaissance showed him that the country was unfavorable to the movement, and he abandoned it. While he was gone to the left, Tyler, presumably to "keep up the impression that we were moving on Manassas," went forward from Centreville with a squadron of cavalry and two companies of infantry for the purpose of making a reconnaissance of Mitchell's and Blackburn's fords along the direct road to Manassas. The force of the enemy at these fords has just been given. Reaching the crest of the ridge overlooking the valley of Bull Run, and a mile or so from the stream, the enemy was seen on the opposite bank, and Tyler brought up Benjamin's artillery, 2 20-pounder rifled guns, Ayres's field battery of 6 guns, and Richardson's brigade of infantry. The 20-pounders opened from the ridge, and a few shots were exchanged with the enemy's batteries. Desiring more information than the long-range cannonade afforded, Tyler ordered Richardson's brigade and a section of Ayres's battery, supported by a squadron of cavalry, to move from the ridge across the open bottom of Bull Run and take position near the stream and have skirmishers "seour the thick woods" which skirted it. Two regiments of infantry, 2 pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry moved down the slope into the woods and opened fire, driving Bonham's outpost to the cover of intrenchments across the stream. The brigades of Bonham and Longstreet, the latter being reinforced for the occasion by Early's brigade, responded at short range to the fire of the Federal reconnoitering force and drove it back in disorder. Tyler reported that having satisfied

himself "that the enemy was in force," and ascertained "the position of his batteries," he withdrew. This unauthorized reconnaissance, called by the Federals the affair at Blackburn's Ford, was regarded at the time by the Confederates as a serious attack, and was dignified by the name of the "battle of Bull Run," the engagement of the 21st being called by them the battle of Manassas. The Confederates, feeling that they had repulsed a heavy and real attack, were encouraged by the result. The Federal troops, on the other hand, were greatly depressed. The regiment which suffered most was completely demoralized, and McDowell thought that the depression of the repulse was felt throughout his army, and produced its effect upon the Pennsylvania regiment and the New York battery, which insisted (their terms having expired) upon their discharge, and on the 21st, as he expressed it, "marched to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon." Even Tyler himself felt the depressing effect of his repulse, if we may judge by his cautious and feeble action on the 21st when dash was required.

The operations of the 18th confirmed McDowell in his opinion that with his raw troops the Confederate position should be turned instead of attacked in front. Careful examination had satisfied him that the country did not favor a movement to turn the enemy's right. On the night of the 18th the haversacks of his men were empty, and had to be replenished from the provision wagons, which were late in getting up. Nor had he yet determined upon his point or plan of attack. While resting and provisioning his men, he devoted the 19th and 20th to a careful examination by his en-



RUINS OF THE STONE BRIDGE.  
Looking along the Warrenton Turnpike toward the battle-field.

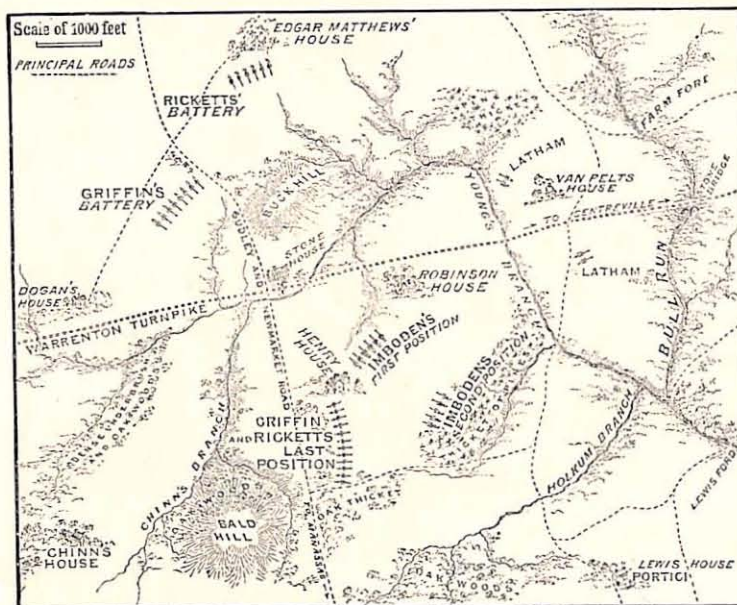
gineers of the enemy's position and the intervening country. His men, not soldiers, but civilians in uniform, unused to marching, hot, weary, and footsore, dropped down as they had halted and bivouacked on the roads about Centreville. Notwithstanding Beauregard's elation over the affair at Blackburn's Ford on the 18th, he permitted the 19th and 20th to pass without a movement to follow up the advantage he had gained. During these two days, McDowell carefully examined the Confederate position, and made his plan to maneuver the enemy out of it. Beauregard ordered no aggressive movement until the 21st, and then, as appears from his own statement, through miscarriage of orders and lack of apprehension on the part of subordinates, the effort was a complete *fiasco*, with the comical result of frightening his own troops, who, late in the afternoon, mistook the return of one of their brigades for an attack by McDowell's left, and the serious result of interfering with the pursuit after he had gained the battle of the 21st.

But Beauregard, though not aggressive on the 19th and 20th, was not idle within his own lines. The Confederate President had authorized Johnston, Beauregard's senior, to use his discretion in moving to the support of Manassas, and Beauregard, urging Johnston to do so, sent railway transportation for the Shenandoah forces. But, as he states, "he at the same time submitted the alternative proposition to Johnston that, having passed the Blue Ridge, he should assemble his forces, press forward by way of Aldie, northwest of Manassas, and fall upon McDowell's right rear," while he, Beauregard, "prepared for the operation at the first sound of the conflict, should strenuously

assume the offensive in front." "The situation and circumstances specially favored the signal success of such an operation," says Beauregard. An attack by two armies moving from opposite points upon an enemy, with the time of attack for one depending upon the sound of the other's cannon, is hazardous even with well-disciplined and well-seasoned troops, and is next to fatal with raw levies. Johnston chose the wiser course of moving by rail to Manassas, thus preserving the benefit of "interior lines," which, Beauregard says, was the "sole military advantage at the moment that the Confederates possessed."

The campaign which General Scott required McDowell to make was undertaken with the understanding that Johnston should be prevented from joining Beauregard. With no lack of confidence in himself, McDowell was dominated by the feeling of subordination and deference to General Scott which at that time pervaded the whole army, and General Scott, who controlled both McDowell and Patterson, assured McDowell that Johnston should not join Beauregard without having "Patterson on his heels." Yet Johnston's army, nearly nine thousand strong, joined Beauregard, Bee's brigade and Johnston in person arriving on the morning of the 20th, the remainder about noon on the 21st. Although the enforced delay at Centreville enabled McDowell to provision his troops and gain information upon which to base an excellent plan of attack, it proved fatal by affording time for a junction of the opposing forces. On the 21st of July General Scott addressed a despatch to McDowell, saying: "It is known that a strong reinforcement left Winchester on the afternoon of the 18th, which





PLAN OF THE BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

you will also have to beat. Four new regiments will leave to-day to be at Fairfax Station to-night. Others shall follow to-morrow—twice the number if necessary." When this despatch was penned, McDowell was fighting the "strong reinforcement" which left Winchester on the 18th. General Scott's report that Beauregard had been reinforced, the information that four regiments had been sent to McDowell, and the promise that twice the number would be sent if necessary, all came too late—and Patterson came not at all.

During the 19th and 20th the bivouacs of McDowell's army at Centreville, almost within cannon-range of the enemy, were thronged by visitors, official and unofficial, who came in carriages from Washington, bringing their own supplies. They were under no military restraint, and passed to and fro among the troops as they pleased, giving the scene the appearance of a monster military picnic. Among others, the venerable Secretary of War, Cameron, called upon McDowell. Whether due to a naturally serious expression, to a sense of responsibility, to a premonition of the fate of his brother who fell upon the field on the 21st, or to other cause, his countenance showed apprehension of evil; but men generally were confident and jovial.

McDowell's plan of battle, promulgated on the 20th, was to turn the enemy's left, force him from his defensive position, and, "if possible, destroy the railroad leading from Manassas to the Valley of Virginia, where the enemy has a large force." He did not know when he issued this order that Johnston had joined Beauregard, though he suspected it. Miles's Fifth Division, with Richardson's brigade of Tyler's division and a strong force of artillery, was to remain in reserve at Centreville, prepare defensive works there, and threaten Blackburn's Ford. Tyler's First Division, which was on the turnpike in advance, was to move at 2:30 A. M., threaten the Stone Bridge, and open fire upon it at

daybreak. This demonstration was to be vigorous, its first purpose being to divert attention from the movements of the turning column. As soon as Tyler's troops cleared the way, Hunter's Second Division, followed by Heintzelman's Third Division, was to move to a point on the Warrenton Turnpike about one or two miles east of Stone Bridge, and there take a country road to the right, cross the Run at Sudley Springs, come down upon the flank and rear of the enemy at the Stone Bridge, and force him to open the way for Tyler's division to cross there and attack, fresh and in full force.

Tyler's start was so late and his advance was so slow as to hold Hunter and Heintzelman 2 or 3 hours on the mile or two of the turnpike between their camps and the point at which they were to turn off for the flank march. This delay, and the fact that the flank march proved difficult and some 12 miles instead of about 6 as was expected, were of serious moment. The flanking column did not cross at Sudley Springs until 9:30 instead of 7, the long march, with its many interruptions, tired out the men, and the delay gave the enemy time to discover the turning movement. Tyler's operations against the Stone Bridge were feeble and ineffective. By 8 o'clock Evans was satisfied that he was in no danger in front, and perceived the movement to turn his position. He was on the left of the Confederate line, guarding the point where the Warrenton Turnpike, the great highway to the field, crossed Bull Run, the Confederate line of defense. He had no instructions to guide him in the emergency that had arisen. But he did not hesitate. Reporting his information and purpose to the adjoining commander, Coker, and leaving 4 companies of infantry to deceive and hold Tyler at the bridge, Evans before 9 o'clock turned his back upon the point he was set to guard, marched a mile away, and, seizing the high ground to the north of Young's Branch of Bull Run, formed line



A CHARGE TO RECAPTURE RICKETTS'S AND GRIFFIN'S BATTERIES.

of battle at right angles to his former line, his left resting near the Sudley Springs road, by which Burnside with the head of the turning column was approaching, thus covering the Warrenton Turnpike and opposing a determined front to the Federal advance upon the Confederate left and rear. In his rear to the south lay the valley of Young's Branch, and rising from that was the higher ridge or plateau on which the Robinson House and the Henry House were situated, and on which the main action took place in the afternoon. Burnside, finding Evans across his path, promptly formed line of battle and attacked about 9:45 A. M. Hunter, the division commander, who was at the head of Burnside's brigade directing the formation of the first skirmish line, was severely wounded and taken to the rear at the opening of the action. Evans not only repulsed but pursued the troops that made the attack upon him. Andrew Porter's brigade of Hunter's division followed Burnside closely and came to his support. In the mean time Bee had formed a Confederate line of battle with his and Bartow's brigades of Johnston's army on the Henry house plateau, a stronger position than the one held by Evans, and desired Evans to fall back to that line; but Evans, probably feeling bound to cover the Warrenton Turnpike and hold it against Tyler as well as against the flanking column, insisted that Bee should move across the valley to his support, which was done.

After Bee joined Evans, the preliminary battle continued to rage upon the ground chosen by the latter. The opposing forces were Burnside's and Porter's brigades, with one regiment of Heintzelman's division on the Federal side, and Evans's, Bee's, and Bartow's brigades on the Confederate side. The Confederates were dislodged and driven back to the Henry house plateau, where Bee had previously formed line and where what Beauregard called "the mingled remnants of Bee's, Bartow's, and Evans's commands" were re-formed

under cover of Stonewall Jackson's brigade of Johnston's army.

The time of this repulse, as proved by so accurate an authority as Stonewall Jackson, was before 11:30 A. M., and this is substantially confirmed by Beauregard's official report made at the time. Sherman and Keyes had nothing to do with it. They did not begin to cross Bull Run until noon. Thus, after nearly two hours' stubborn fighting with the forces of Johnston, which General Scott had promised should be kept away, McDowell won the first advantage; but Johnston had cost him dearly.

During all this time Johnston and Beauregard had been waiting near Mitchell's Ford for the development of the attack they had ordered by their right upon McDowell at Centreville. The gravity of the situation upon their left had not yet dawned upon them. What might the result have been if the Union column had not been detained by Tyler's delay in moving out in the early morning, or if Johnston's army, to which Bee, Bartow, and Jackson belonged, had not arrived?

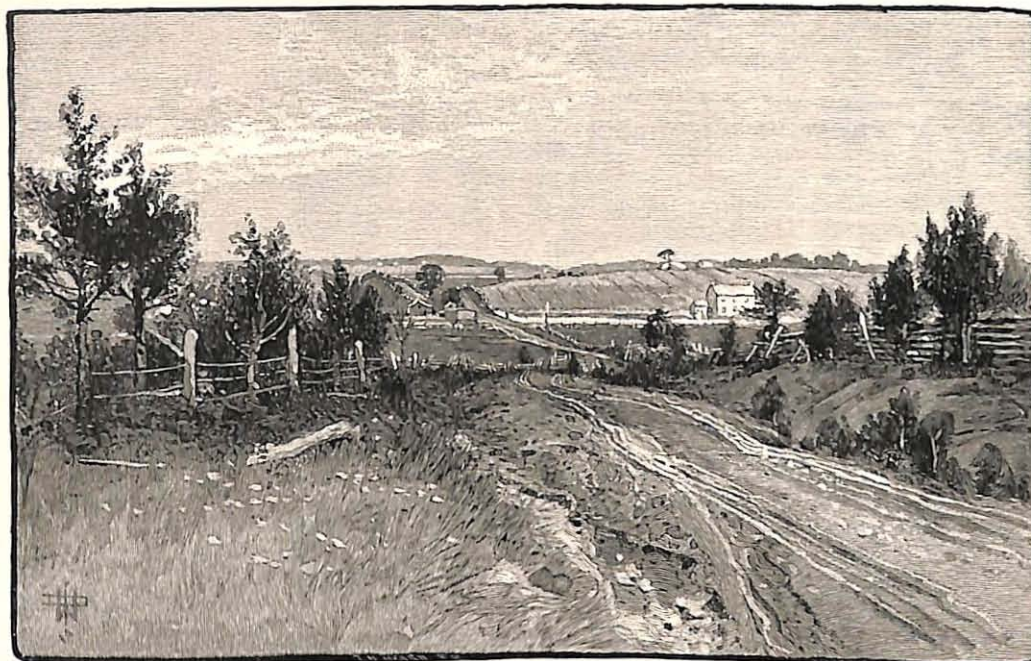
But the heavy firing on the left soon diverted Johnston and Beauregard from all thought of an offensive movement with their right, and decided them, as Beauregard has said, "to hurry up all available reinforcements, including the reserves that were to have moved upon Centreville, to our left, and fight the battle out in that quarter." Thereupon Beauregard ordered "Ewell, Jones, and Longstreet to make a strong demonstration all along their front on the other side of Bull Run, and ordered the reserves, Holmes's brigade with six guns, and Early's brigade, to move swiftly to the left," and he and Johnston set out at full speed for the point of conflict, which they reached while Bee was attempting to rally his men about Jackson's brigade on the Henry house plateau. McDowell had waited in the morning at the point on the Warrenton Turnpike where his flanking column





THE ROBINSON HOUSE.

This is the house shown in the illustrations on pages 25 and 32.  
From a war-time photograph.



THE SUDLEY SPRINGS ROAD.

Looking toward Sudley Springs from the slope of the Henry House hill.

turned to the right, until the troops, except Howard's brigade, which he halted at that point, had passed. He gazed silently and with evident pride upon the gay regiments as they filed briskly but quietly past in the freshness of the early morning, and then, remarking to his staff, "Gentlemen, that is a big force," he mounted and moved forward to the field by way of Sudley Springs. He reached the scene of actual conflict somewhat earlier than Johnston and Beauregard did, and, seeing the enemy driven across the valley of Young's Branch and behind the Warrenton Turnpike, at once sent a swift aide-de-camp to Tyler with orders to "press the attack" at the Stone Bridge. Tyler acknowledged that he received this order by 11 o'clock. It was Tyler's division upon which McDowell relied for the decisive fighting of the day. He knew that the march of the turning column would be fatiguing, and when by a sturdy fight it had cleared the Warrenton Turnpike for the advance of Tyler's division, it had, in fact, done more than its fair proportion of the work. But Tyler did not attempt to force the passage of the Stone Bridge, which, after about 8 o'clock, was defended by only four companies of infantry, though he admitted that by the plan of battle, when Hunter and Heintzelman had attacked the enemy in the vicinity of the Stone Bridge, "he was to force the passage of Bull Run at that point and attack the enemy in flank." Soon after McDowell's arrival at the front, Burnside rode up to him and said that his brigade had borne the brunt of the battle, that it was out of ammunition, and that he wanted permission to withdraw, refit and fill cartridge-boxes. McDowell in the excitement of the occasion gave reluctant consent, and the brigade, which certainly had done nobly, marched to the rear, stacked arms, and took no further part in the fight. Having sent the order to Tyler to press his attack, and orders to

the rear of the turning column to hurry forward, McDowell, like Beauregard, rushed in person into the conflict, and by the force of circumstances became for the time the commander of the turning column and the force actually engaged, rather than the commander of his whole army. With the exception of sending his adjutant-general to find and hurry Tyler forward, his subsequent orders were mainly or wholly to the troops under his own observation. Unlike Beauregard, he had no Johnston in rear with full authority and knowledge of the situation to throw forward reserves and reinforcements. It was not until 12 o'clock that Sherman received orders from Tyler to cross the stream, which he did at a ford above the Stone Bridge, going to the assistance of Hunter. Sherman reported to McDowell on the field and joined in the pursuit of Bee's forces across the valley of Young's Branch. Keyes's brigade, accompanied by Tyler in person, followed across the stream where Sherman forded, but without uniting with the other forces on the field, made a feeble advance upon the slope of the plateau toward the Robinson house, and then about 2 o'clock fled off by flank to its left and, sheltered by the east front of the bluff that forms the plateau, marched down Young's Branch out of sight of the enemy and took no further part in the engagement. McDowell did not know where it was, nor did he then know that Schenck's brigade of Tyler's division did not cross the Run at all.

The line taken up by Stonewall Jackson upon which Bee, Bartow, and Evans rallied on the southern part of the plateau was a very strong one. The ground was high and afforded the cover of a curvilinear wood with the concave side toward the Federal line of attack. According to Beauregard's official report made at the time, he had upon this part of the field, at the beginning, 6500 infantry, 13 pieces of artillery, and 2 companies of cavalry,

and this line was continuously reinforced from Beauregard's own reserves and by the arrival of the troops from the Shenandoah Valley.

To carry this formidable position, McDowell had at hand the brigades of Franklin, Willecox, Sherman, and Porter, Palmer's battalion of regular cavalry, and Ricketts's and Griffin's regular batteries. Porter's brigade had been reduced and shaken by the morning fight. Howard's brigade was in reserve, and only came into action late in the afternoon. The men, unused to field service, and not yet over the hot and dusty march from the Potomac, had been under arms since midnight. The plateau, however, was promptly assaulted, the northern part of it was carried, the batteries of Ricketts and Griffin were planted near the Henry house, and McDowell clambered to the upper story of that structure to get a glance at the whole field. Upon the Henry house plateau, of which the Confederates held the southern and the Federals the northern part, the tide of battle ebbed and flowed as McDowell pushed in Franklin's, Willecox's, Sherman's, Porter's, and at last Howard's brigades, and as Beauregard put into action reserves which Johnston sent from the right and reinforcements which he hurried forward from the Shenandoah Valley as they arrived by cars. On the plateau, Beauregard says, the disadvantage of his "smooth-bore guns was reduced by the shortness of range." The short range was due to the Federal advance, and the several struggles for the plateau were at close quarters and gallant on both sides. The batteries of Ricketts and Griffin, by their fine discipline, wonderful daring, and matchless skill, were the prime features in the fight. The battle was not lost till they were lost. When in their advanced and perilous position, and just after their infantry supports had been driven over the slopes, a fatal mistake occurred. A regiment of infantry came out of the woods on

Griffin's right, and as he was in the act of opening upon it with canister, he was deterred by the assurance of Major Barry, the chief of artillery, that it "was a regiment sent by Colonel Heintzelman to support the battery." A moment more and the doubtful regiment proved its identity by a deadly volley, and, as Griffin states in his official report, "every cannoneer was cut down and a large number of horses killed, leaving the battery (which was without support excepting in name) perfectly helpless." The effect upon Ricketts was equally fatal. He, desperately wounded, and Ramsay, his lieutenant, killed, lay in the wreck of the battery. Beauregard speaks of his last advance on the plateau as "leaving in our final possession the Robinson and Henry houses, with most of Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, the men of which were mostly shot down where they bravely stood by their guns." Having become separated from McDowell, I fell in with Barnard, his chief engineer, and while together we observed the New York Fire Zouaves, who had been supporting Griffin's battery, fleeing to the rear in their gaudy uniforms, in utter confusion. Thereupon I rode back to where I knew Burnside's brigade was at rest, and stated to Burnside the condition of affairs, with the suggestion that he form and move his brigade to the front. Returning, I again met Barnard, and as the battle seemed to him and me to be going against us, and not knowing where McDowell was, with the concurrence of Barnard, as stated in his official report, I immediately sent a note to Miles, telling him to move two brigades of his reserve up to the Stone Bridge and telegraph to Washington to send forward all the troops that could be spared.

After the arrival of Howard's brigade, McDowell for the last time pressed up the slope to the plateau, forced back the Confederate line, and regained possession of the Henry and Robinson houses and





UNIFORM OF THE 2D  
OHIO AT BULL RUN.  
From a photograph.

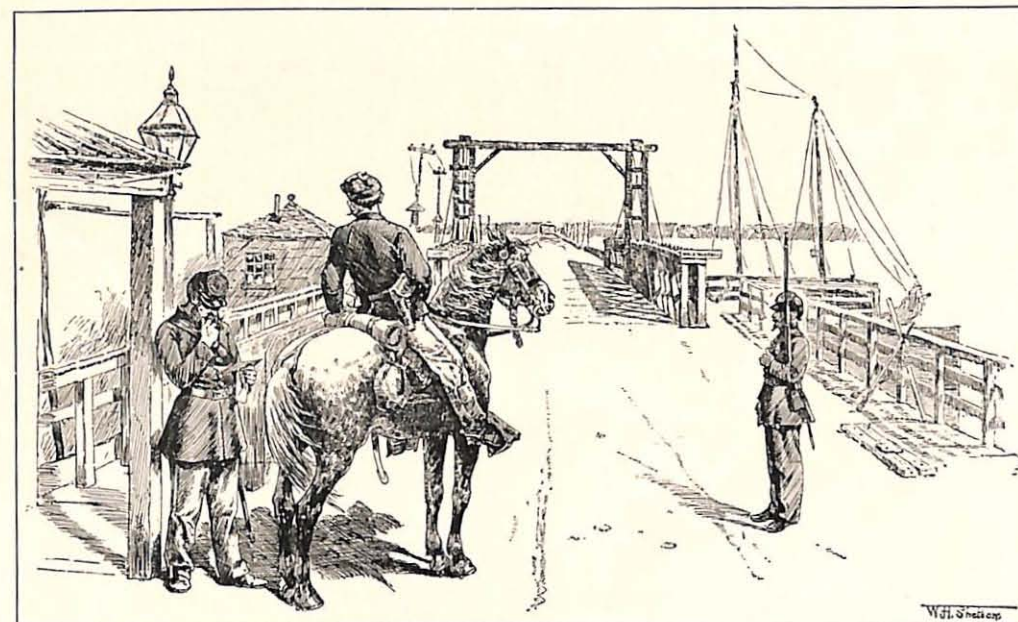
of the lost batteries. But there were no longer cannoneers to man or horses to move these guns that had done so much. By the arrival upon this part of the field of his own reserves and Kirby Smith's brigade of Johnston's army about half-past three, Beauregard extended his left to outflank McDowell's shattered, shortened, and disconnected line, and the Federals left the field about half-past four. Until then they had fought wonderfully well for raw troops. There were no fresh forces on the field to support or encourage them, and the men seemed to be seized simultaneously by the conviction that it was no use to do anything more and they might as well start home. Cohesion was lost, the organizations with some exceptions being disintegrated, and the men quietly walked off. There was no special excitement except that arising from the frantic efforts of officers to stop men who paid little or no attention to anything that was said. On the high ground by the Matthews house, about where Evans had taken position in the morning to check Burnside, McDowell and his staff, aided by other officers, made a desperate but futile effort to arrest the masses and form them into line. There, I went to Arnold's battery as it came by, and advised that he unlimber and make a stand as a rallying-point, which he did, saying he was in fair condition and ready to fight as long as there was any fighting to be done. But all efforts failed. The stragglers moved past the guns, in spite of all that could be done, and, as stated in his report, Arnold at my direction joined Sykes's battalion of infantry of Porter's brigade and Palmer's battalion of cavalry, all of the regular army, to cover the rear, as the men trooped back in great disorder across Bull Run. There were some hours of daylight for the Confederates to gather the fruits of victory, but a few rounds of shell and canister checked all the pursuit that was attempted, and the occasion called for no sacrifices or valorous deeds by the stanch regulars of the rear-guard. There was no panic, in the ordinary meaning of the word, until the retiring soldiers, guns, wagons, congressmen, and carriages were fired upon, on the road east of Bull Run. Then the panic began, and the bridge over Cub Run being rendered impassable for vehicles by a wagon that was upset upon it, utter confusion set in: pleasure-carriages, gun-carriages, and ammunition wagons which could not be put across the Run were abandoned, and blocked the way, and stragglers broke and threw aside their muskets and cut horses from their harness and rode off upon them. In leaving the field the men took the same routes, in a general way, by which they had reached it. Hence when the men of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions got back to Centreville, they had walked about 25 miles. That night they walked back to the Potomac, an additional distance of 20 miles; so that these un-

disciplined and unseasoned men within 36 hours walked fully 45 miles, besides fighting from about 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. on a hot and dusty day in July. McDowell in person reached Centreville before sunset, and found there Miles's division with Richardson's brigade and 3 regiments of Runyon's division, and Hunt's, Tidball's, Ayres's, and Greene's batteries and one or two fragments of batteries, making about 20 guns. It was a formidable force, but there was a lack of food, and the mass of the army was completely demoralized. Beauregard had about an equal force which had not been in the fight, consisting of Ewell's, Jones's, and Longstreet's brigades and some troops of other brigades. McDowell consulted the division and brigade commanders who were at hand upon the question of making a stand or retreating. The verdict was in favor of the latter, but a decision of officers one way or the other was of no moment; the men had already decided for themselves and were streaming away to the rear, in spite of all that could be done. They had no interest or treasure in Centreville, and their hearts were not there. Their tents, provisions, baggage, and letters from home were upon the banks of the Potomac, and no power could have stopped them short of the camps they had left less than a week before. As before stated, most of them were sovereigns in uniform, not soldiers. McDowell accepted the situation, detailed Richardson's and Blenker's brigades to cover the retreat, and the army, a disorganized mass, with some creditable exceptions, drifted as the men pleased away from the scene of action. There was no pursuit, and the march from Centreville was as barren of opportunities for the rear-guard as the withdrawal from the field of battle had been. When McDowell reached Fairfax Court House in the night, he was in communication with Washington and exchanged telegrams with General Scott, in one of which the old hero said, "We are not discouraged"; but that despatch did not lighten the gloom in which it was received. McDowell was so tired that while sitting on the ground writing a despatch he fell asleep, pencil in hand, in the middle of a sentence. His adjutant-general aroused him; the despatch was finished, and the weary ride to the Potomac resumed. When the unfortunate commander dismounted at Arlington next forenoon in a soaking rain, after 32 hours in the saddle, his disastrous campaign of 6 days was closed.

The first martial effervescence of the country was over. The three-months men went home, and the three-months chapter of the war ended—with the South triumphant and confident; the North disappointed but determined.



THE NEW HENRY HOUSE  
Showing the Union monument of the first battle.  
From a photograph taken in 1884.



THE LONG BRIDGE, WASHINGTON.  
The Troops retreating from Bull Run came into the capital over this bridge.

## IN WASHINGTON AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

THE scene in Washington after the battle has been graphically described by Walt Whitman, from whose "Specimen Days and Collect" (Philadelphia: Rees, Welch & Co.) we make these extracts:

"The defeated troops commenced pouring into Washington over the Long Bridge at daylight on Monday, 22d—day drizzling all through with rain. The Saturday and Sunday of the battle (20th, 21st) had been parched and hot to an extreme—the dust, the grime and smoke, in layers, sweated in, follow'd by other layers again sweated in, absorb'd by those excited souls—their clothes all saturated with the clay-powder filling the air—stirr'd up everywhere on the dry roads and trodden fields by the regiments, swarming wagons, artillery, etc.—all the men with this coating of mud and sweat and rain, now recoiling back, pouring over the Long Bridge—a horrible march of twenty miles, returning to Washington baffled, humiliated, panic-struck. Where are the vaunts and the proud boasts with which you went forth? Where are your banners, and your bands of music, and your ropes to bring back your prisoners? Well, there is n't a band playing—and there is n't a flag but clings ashamed and lank to its staff.

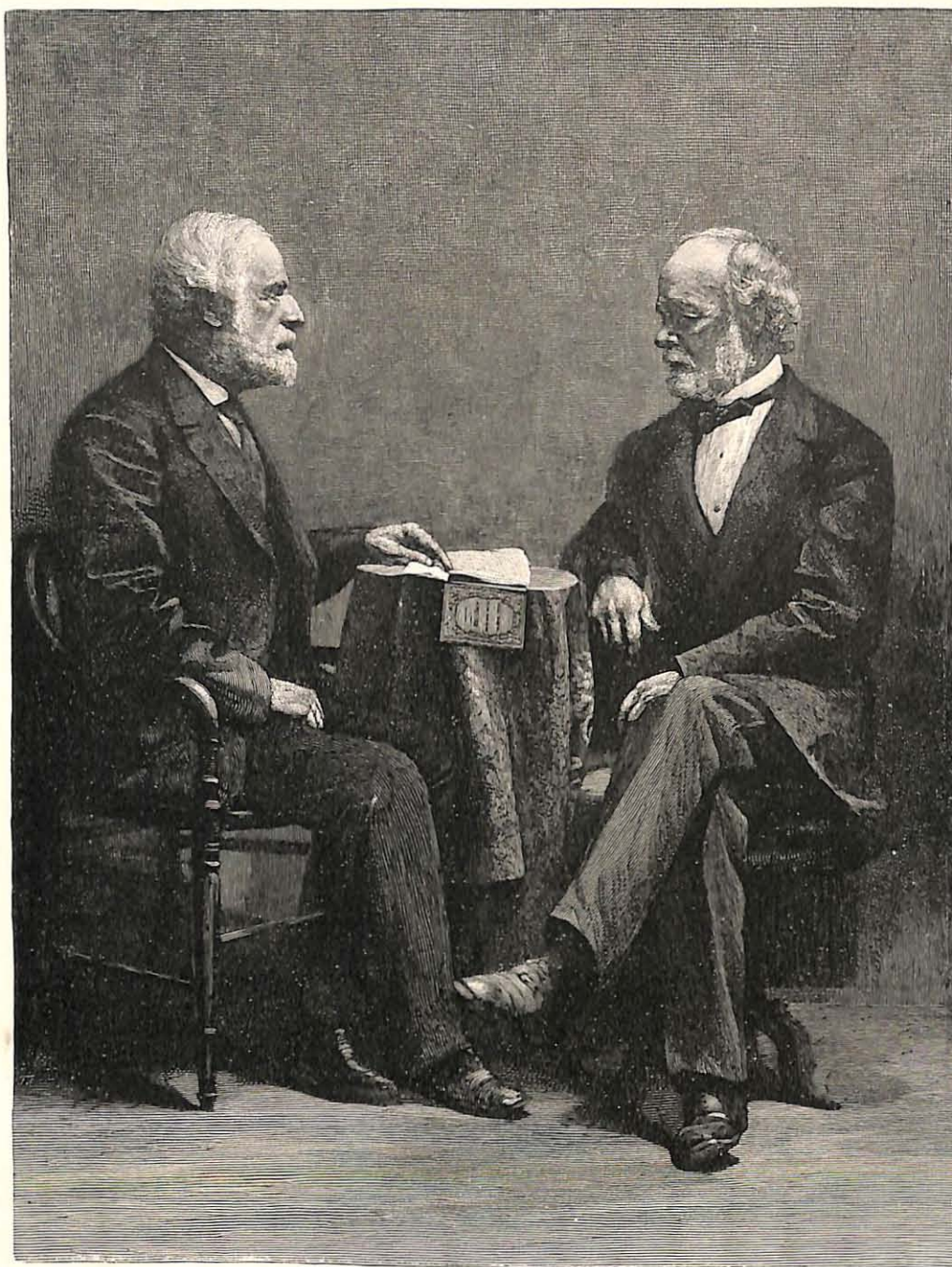
"The sun rises, but shines not. The men appear, at first sparsely and shame-faced enough, then thicker, in the streets of Washington—appear in Pennsylvania Avenue, and on the steps and basement entrances. They come along in disorderly mobs, some in squads, stragglers, companies. Occasionally, a rare regiment, in perfect order, with its officers (some gaps, dead, the true braves), marching in silence, with lowering faces, stern, weary to sinking, all black and dirty, but every man with his musket, and stepping alive; but these are the exceptions. Sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue, Fourteenth street, etc., crowded, jam'd with citizens, dandies, clerks, everybody, lookers-on; women in the windows, curious expressions from faces, as those swarms of dirt-cover'd return'd soldiers there (will they never end?) move by; but nothing said, no comments (half our lookers-on 'seeesh' of the most venomous kind—they say nothing; but the devil snickers in their faces). During the forenoon, Washington gets all over motley with these defeated soldiers—queer-looking objects, strange eyes and faces, drench'd (the steady rain drizzles

on all day) and fearfully worn, hungry, haggard, blister'd in the feet. Good people (but not over-many of them either) hurry up something for their grub. They put wash-kettles on the fire, for soup, for coffee. They set tables on the sidewalks—wagon-loads of bread are purchas'd, swiftly cut in stout chunks. Here are two aged ladies, beautiful, the first in the city for culture and charm; they stand with store of eating and drink at an improv'd table of rough plank, and give food, and have the store replenish'd from their house every half-hour all that day; and there in the rain they stand, active, silent, white-hair'd, and give food, though the tears stream down their cheeks, almost without intermission, the whole time. Amid the deep excitement, crowds and motion, and desperate eagerness, it seems strange to see many, very many, of the soldiers sleeping—in the midst of all, sleeping sound. They drop down anywhere, on the steps of houses, up close by the basements or fences, on the sidewalk, aside on some vacant lot, and deeply sleep. A poor seventeen- or eighteen-year old boy lies there, on the stoop of a grand house; he sleeps so calmly, so profoundly. Some clutch their muskets firmly even in sleep. Some in squads; comrades, brothers, close together—and on them, as they lay, sulkily drips the rain. . . .

"But the hour, the day, the night pass'd, and whatever returns, an hour, a day, a night like that can never again return. The President, recovering himself, begins that very night—sternly, rapidly sets about the task of reorganizing his forces, and placing himself in positions for future and surer work. If there were nothing else of Abraham Lincoln for history to stamp him with, it is enough to send him with his wreath to the memory of all future time, that he endured that hour, that day, bitterer than gall—indeed, a crucifixion day—that it did not conquer him—that he unflinchingly stemm'd it, and resolv'd to lift himself and the Union out of it."

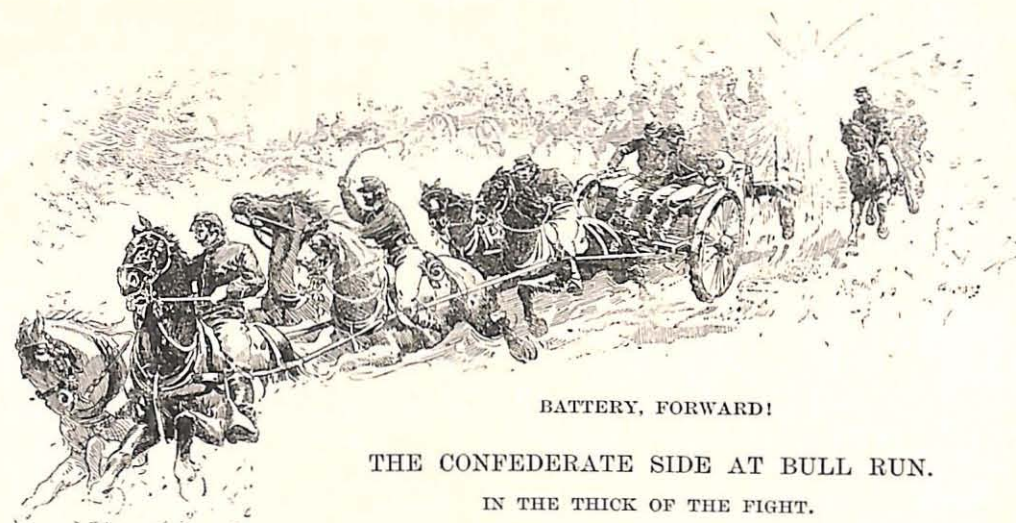
NOTE.—The revised losses at the battle of Bull Run are as follows: Federal, 16 officers and 444 enlisted men killed; 78 officers and 1046 enlisted men wounded; 50 officers and 1262 enlisted men missing; 25 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of small arms. Confederate, 25 officers and 362 enlisted men killed; 63 officers and 1519 enlisted men wounded; 1 officer and 12 enlisted men missing.





From a photograph taken after the war.

*R. E. Lee J. E. Johnston*



BATTERY, FORWARD!

### THE CONFEDERATE SIDE AT BULL RUN.

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

BY JOHN D. IMBODEN, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, C. S. A.  
Commanding a battery of artillery at Bull Run.

... It was at this time that McDowell committed, as I think, the fatal blunder of the day, by ordering both Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries to cease firing and move across the turnpike to the top of the Henry Hill, and take position on the west side of the house. The short time required to effect the change enabled Beauregard to arrange his new line of battle on the highest crest of the hill, southeast of the Henry and Robinson houses, in the edge of the pines. If one of the Federal batteries had been left north of Young's Branch, it could have so swept the hill-top where we were formed, that it would have greatly delayed, if not wholly prevented, us from occupying the position. And if we had been forced back to the next hill, on which stands the Lewis house, Sherman, who had crossed Bull Run not far above the Stone Bridge at a farm ford, would have had a fair swing at our right flank, to say nothing of the effect of the artillery playing upon us from beyond Bull Run.

When my retiring battery met Jackson, and he assumed command of us, I reported that I had remaining only three rounds of ammunition for a single gun, and suggested that the caissons be sent to the rear for a supply. He said, "No, not now—wait till other guns get here, and then you can withdraw your battery, as it has been so torn to pieces, and let your men rest."

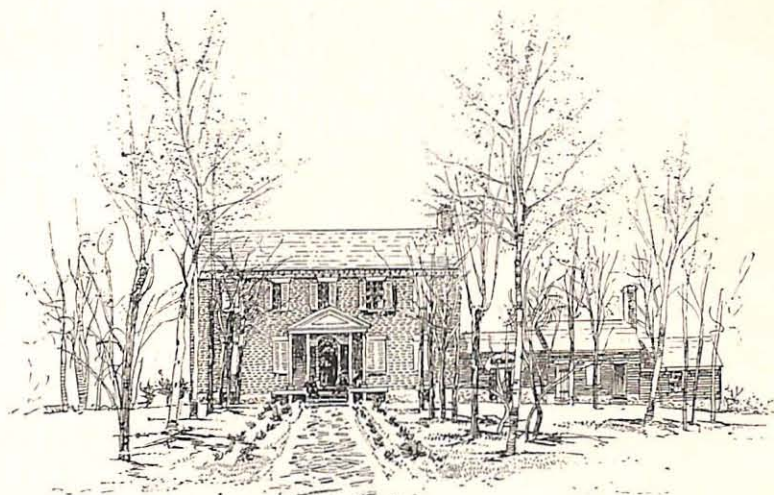
During the lull in front, my men lay about, exhausted from want of water and food, and black with powder, smoke, and dust. Lieutenant Harman and I had amused ourselves training one of the guns on a heavy column of the enemy, who were advancing toward us, in the direction of the Chinn house, but were still 1200 to 1500 yards away. While we were thus engaged, General Jackson rode up and said that three or four batteries were approaching rapidly, and that we might soon retire. I asked permission to fire the three rounds of shrapnel left to us, and he said, "Go ahead." I picked up a charge (the fuse was cut and ready) and rammed it home myself, remarking to Harman, "Tom, put in the primer and pull her off." I forgot to step back far enough from the muzzle,

and, as I wanted to see the shell strike, I squatted to be under the smoke, and gave the word "Fire." Heavens! what a report. Finding myself full twenty feet away, I thought the gun had burst. But it was only the pent-up gas, that, escaping sideways as the shot cleared the muzzle, had struck my side and head with great violence. I recovered in time to see the shell explode in the enemy's ranks. The blood gushed out of my left ear, and from that day to this it has been totally deaf. The men fired the other two rounds, and limbered up and moved away, just as the Rockbridge Artillery, under Lieutenant Brockenbrough, came into position, followed a moment later by the Leesburg Artillery, under Lieutenant Henry Heaton. Pendleton, supposed by me still to be captain of the first, as Rogers was of the second, were not with their batteries when they unlimbered. But Heaton and Brockenbrough were equal to the occasion. Heaton had been under my command with his battery at the Point of Rocks, below Harper's Ferry, the previous May, and was a brave and skilful young officer. Several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, 26 fresh guns ready for them.

The contest that ensued was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm toward the person he was addressing, and as he told me to go, he made this gesture. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw that blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, "General, you are wounded." He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast-pocket, and began to bind it up, "Only a scratch—a mere scratch," and galloped away along his line.

To save my horse, I had hitched him in a little





THE MCLEAN HOUSE.  
General Beauregard's headquarters near Manassas. (From a photograph.)

gully some fifty yards or more in the rear. And to reach him, I had to pass the six hundred infantry of Hampton's Legion, who were lying down in supporting distance of our artillery, then all in full play. While I was untying my horse, a shell exploded in the midst of Hampton's infantry, killing several and stampeding 15 or 20 nearest the spot. I tried to rally them; but one huge fellow, musket in hand, and with bayonet fixed, had started on a run. I threw myself in his front with drawn sword, and threatened to cut him down, whereupon he made a lunge at me. I threw up my left arm to ward off the blow, and the bayonet-point ran under the wristband of my red flannel shirt, and raked the skin of my arm from wrist to shoulder. The blow knocked me sprawling on the ground, and the fellow got away. I tore off the dangling shirt-sleeve, and was bare-armed as to my left, the remainder of the fight.

I overtook my battery on the hill near the Lewis house, which was used as a hospital. In a field in front I saw General Johnston and his staff grouped on their horses, and under fire from numerous shells that reached that hill. I rode up to him, reported our ammunition all gone, and requested to know

where I could find the ordnance wagons and get a fresh supply. Observing the sorry plight of the battery and the condition of the surviving men and horses, he directed me to remove them farther to the rear to a place of perfect safety, and return myself to the field, where I might be of some service.

I took the battery back perhaps a mile, where we found a welcome little stream of water. Being greatly exhausted, I rested for perhaps an hour, and returned to the front with Sergeant Joseph Shumate.

When we regained the crest of the Henry plateau, the enemy had been swept from it, and the retreat had begun all along the line. We gazed upon the scene for a time, and, hearing firing between the Lewis house and the Stone Bridge, we rode back to see what it meant. Captain Lindsay Walker had arrived from Fredericksburg with his six-Parrott-gun battery, and from a high hill was shelling the fugitives beyond Bull Run as they were fleeing in wild disorder to the shelter of the nearest woods. Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, at the head of a body of yelling cavalry with drawn sabers, was sweeping round the base of the hill we were on, to cross the Run and fall upon the enemy. . . .

### THE END OF THE BATTLE.

BY G. T. BEAUREGARD, GENERAL, C. S. A.

A brigadier-general in command of the Confederate Army of the Potomac at Bull Run.  
General Jos. E. Johnston was in supreme command.

. . . It was now between half-past two and three o'clock; a scorching sun increased the oppression of the troops, exhausted from incessant fighting, many of them having been engaged since the morning. Fearing lest the Federal offensive should secure too firm a grip, and knowing the fatal result that might spring from any grave infraction of my line, I determined to make another effort for the recovery of the plateau, and ordered a charge of the entire line of battle, including the reserves, which at this crisis I myself led into action. The

movement was made with such keeping and dash that the whole plateau was swept clear of the enemy, who were driven down the slope and across the turnpike on our right and the valley of Young's Branch on our left, leaving in our final possession the Robinson and Henry houses, with most of Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, the men of which were mostly shot down where they bravely stood by their guns. Fisher's 6th North Carolina, directed to the Lewis house by Colonel Jordan from Manassas, where it had just arrived, and thence to the



CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS ABOUT MANASSAS JUNCTION.  
This view is from a photograph taken in March, 1862. It represents the works substantially as they were at the time of the battle.

field by General Johnston, came up in happy time to join in this charge on the left. Withers's 18th Virginia, which I had ordered up from Cocke's brigade, was also on hand in time to follow and give additional effect to the charge, capturing, by aid of the Hampton Legion, several guns, which were immediately turned and served upon the broken ranks of the enemy by some of our officers. This handsome work, which broke the Federal fortunes of the day, was done, however, at severe cost. The soldierly Bee, and the gallant, impetuous Bartow, whose day of strong deeds was about to close with such credit, fell a few rods back of the Henry house, near the very spot whence in the morning they had first looked forth upon Evans's struggle with the enemy. Colonel Fisher also fell at the very head of his troops. Seeing Captain Ricketts, who was badly wounded in the leg, and having known him in the old army, I paused from my anxious duties to ask him whether I could do anything for him. He answered that he wanted to be sent back to Washington. As some of our prisoners were there held under threats of not being treated as prisoners of war, I replied that that must depend upon how our prisoners were treated, and ordered him to be carried to the rear. I mention this, because the report of the Federal Committee on the Conduct of the War exhibits Captain Ricketts as testifying that I only approached him to say that he would be treated as our prisoners might be treated. I sent my own surgeons to care for him, and allowed his wife to cross the lines and accompany him to Richmond; and my adjutant-general, Colonel Jordan, escorting her to the car that carried them to that city, personally attended to the comfortable placing of the wounded enemy for the journey.

That part of the enemy who occupied the woods

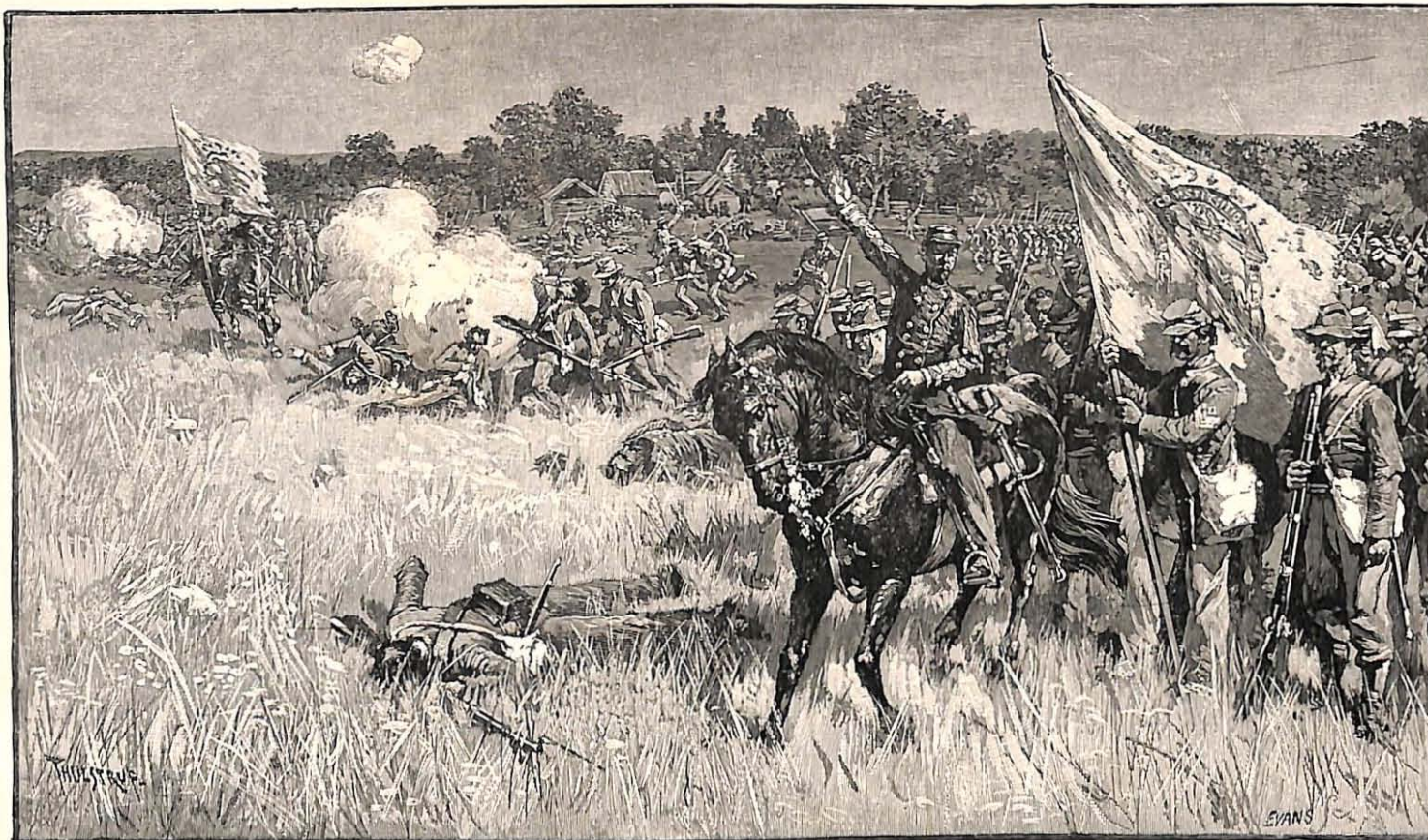
beyond our left and across the Sudley road had not been reached by the headlong charge which had swept their comrades from the plateau; but the now arriving reinforcements (Kershaw's 2d and Cash's 8th South Carolina) were led into that quarter. Kemper's battery also came up, preceded by its commander, who, while alone, fell into the hands of a number of the enemy, who took him prisoner, until a few moments later, when he handed them over to some of our own troops accompanying his battery. A small plateau, within the southwest angle of the Sudley and turnpike cross-roads, was still held by a strong Federal brigade—Howard's troops, together with Sykes's battalion of regulars; and while Kershaw and Cash, after passing through the skirts of the oak wood along the Sudley road, engaged this force, Kemper's battery was sent forward by Kershaw along the same road, into position near where a hostile battery had been captured, and whence it played upon the enemy in the open field.

Quickly following these regiments came Preston's 28th Virginia, which, passing through the woods, encountered and drove back some Michigan troops, capturing Brigadier-General Wilcox. It was now about 3 o'clock, when another important reinforcement came to our aid—Elzey's brigade, 1700 strong, of the Army of the Shenandoah, which, coming from Piedmont by railroad, had arrived at Manassas station, 6 miles in rear of the battle-field, at noon, and had been without delay directed thence toward the field by Colonel Jordan, aided by Major T. G. Rhett, who that morning had passed from General Bonham's to General Johnston's staff. Upon nearing the vicinity of the Lewis house, the brigade was directed by a staff-officer sent by General Johnston toward the left of the field. As it reached the oak wood, just across the Sudley road,



led by General Kirby Smith, the latter fell severely wounded; but the command devolved upon Colonel Elzey, an excellent officer, who was now guided by Captain D. B. Harris of the Engineers, a highly accomplished officer of my staff, still farther to the left and through the woods, so as to form an extension of the line of the preceding reinforcements. Beckham's battery, of the same command, was hurried forward by the Sudley road and around the woods into position near the Chinn house; from a well-selected point of action, in full view of the enemy that filled the open fields west of the Sudley road, it played with deadly and decisive effect upon their ranks, already under the fire of Elzey's brigade. Keyes's Federal brigade, which had made its way across the turnpike in rear of the Stone Bridge, was lurking along under cover of the ridges and a wood in order to turn my line on the right, but was easily repulsed by Latham's battery, already placed in position over that approach by Captain Harris, aided by Alburtis's battery, opportunely sent to Latham's left by General Jackson, and supported by fragments of troops collected by staff-officers. Meanwhile the enemy had formed a line of battle of formidable proportions on the opposite height, and stretching in crescent outline, with flanks advanced, from the Pittsylvania (Carter) mansion on their left across the Sudley road in rear of Dogan's, and reaching toward the Chinn house. They offered a fine spectacle as they threw forward a cloud of skirmishers down the opposite slope, preparatory to a new assault against the line on the plateau. But their right was now severely pressed by the troops that had successively arrived; the forces in the southwest angle of the Sudley and Warrenton cross-roads were driven from their position, and as Early's brigade, which, by direction of General Johnston, had swept around by the rear of the woods through which Elzey had passed, appeared on the field, his line of march bore upon the flank of the enemy, now retiring in that quarter.

This movement by my extreme left was masked by the trend of the woods from many of our forces on the plateau; and bidding those of my staff and escort around me raise a loud cheer, I despatched the information to the several commands, with orders to go forward in a common charge. Before the full advance of the Confederate ranks the enemy's whole line, whose right was already yielding, irretrievably broke, fleeing across Bull Run by every available direction. Major Sykes's regulars, aided by Sherman's brigade, made a steady and



RALLYING THE TROOPS OF BEE, BARTOW, AND EVANS, BEHIND THE ROBINSON HOUSE.

handsome withdrawal, protecting the rear of the routed forces, and enabling many to escape by the Stone Bridge. Having ordered in pursuit all the troops on the field, I went to the Lewis house, and the battle being ended, turned over the command to General Johnston. Mounting a fresh horse,—the fourth on that day,—I started to press the pursuit which was being made by our infantry and cavalry, some of the latter having been sent by General Johnston from Lewis's Ford to intercept the enemy on the turnpike. I was soon overtaken, however, by a courier bearing a message from Major T. G. Rhett, General Johnston's chief-of-staff on duty at Manassas railroad station, informing me of a report that a large Federal force, having pierced our lower line on Bull Run, was moving upon Camp Pickens, my depot of supplies near Manassas. I returned, and communicated this important news to General Johnston. Upon consultation it was deemed best that I should take Ewell's and Holmes's brigades, which were hastening up to the battle-field, but too late for the action, and fall on this force of the enemy, while reinforcements should be sent me from the pursuing forces, who were to be recalled for that purpose. To head off the danger and gain time, I hastily mounted a force of infantry behind the cavalrymen then present, but, on approaching the line of march near McLean's Ford, which the Federals must have taken, I learned that the news was a false alarm, caught from the return of Gen-

eral Jones's forces to this side of the Run, the similarity of the uniforms and the direction of their march having convinced some nervous person that they were a force of the enemy. It was now almost dark, and too late to resume the broken pursuit; on my return I met the coming forces, and, as they were very tired, I ordered them to halt and bivouac for the night where they were.

After giving such attention as I could to the troops, I started for Manassas, where I arrived about 10 o'clock, and found Mr. Davis at my headquarters with General Johnston. Arriving from Richmond late in the afternoon, Mr. Davis had immediately galloped to the field, accompanied by Colonel Jordan. They had met between Manassas and the battle-field the usual number of stragglers to the rear, whose appearance belied the determined array then sweeping the enemy before it, but Mr. Davis had the happiness to arrive in time to witness the last of the Federals disappearing beyond Bull Run. The next morning I received from his hand at our breakfast-table my commission, dated July 21st, as General in the Army of the Confederate States, and after his return to Richmond the kind congratulations of the Secretary of War and of General Lee, then acting as military adviser to the President.

It was a point made at the time at the North that, just as the Confederate troops were about to break and flee, the Federal troops anticipated them by doing so, being struck into this precipitation by

the arrival upon their flank of the Shenandoah forces marching from railroad trains halted *en route* with that aim—errors that have been repeated by a number of writers, and by an ambitious but superficial French author.

There were certain sentiments of a personal character clustering about this first battle, and personal anxiety as to its issue, that gladly accepted this theory. To this may be added the general readiness to accept a sentimental or ultra-dramatic explanation—a sorely wrought by the delay or arrival of some force, or the death or coming of somebody, or any other single magical event—whereby history is easily caught, rather than to seek an understanding of that which is but the gradual result of the operation of many forces, both of opposing design and actual collision, modified more or less by the falls of chance. The personal sentiment, though natural enough at the time, has no place in any military estimate, or place of any kind at this day. The battle of Manassas was,

like any other battle, a progression and development from the deliberate counter-employment of the military resources in hand, affected by accidents, as always, but of a kind very different from those referred to. My line of battle, which twice had not only withstood the enemy's attack, but had taken the offensive and driven him back in disorder, was becoming momentarily stronger from the arrival, at last, of the reinforcements provided for; and if the enemy had remained on the field till the arrival of Ewell and Holmes, they would have been so strongly outflanked that many who escaped would have been destroyed or captured. . . .

As to immediate results and trophies, we captured a great many stands of arms, batteries, equipments, standards, and flags, one of which was sent to me, through General Longstreet, as a personal compliment by the Texan "crack shot," Colonel B. F. Terry, who lowered it from its mast at Fairfax Court House, by cutting the halyards by means of his unerring rifle, as our troops next morning reoccupied that place. We captured also many prisoners, including a number of surgeons, whom (the first time in war) we treated not as prisoners, but as guests. Calling attention to their brave devotion to their wounded, I recommended to the War Department that they be sent home without exchange, together with some other prisoners, who had shown personal kindness to Colonel Jones, of the 4th Alabama, who had been mortally wounded early in the day.





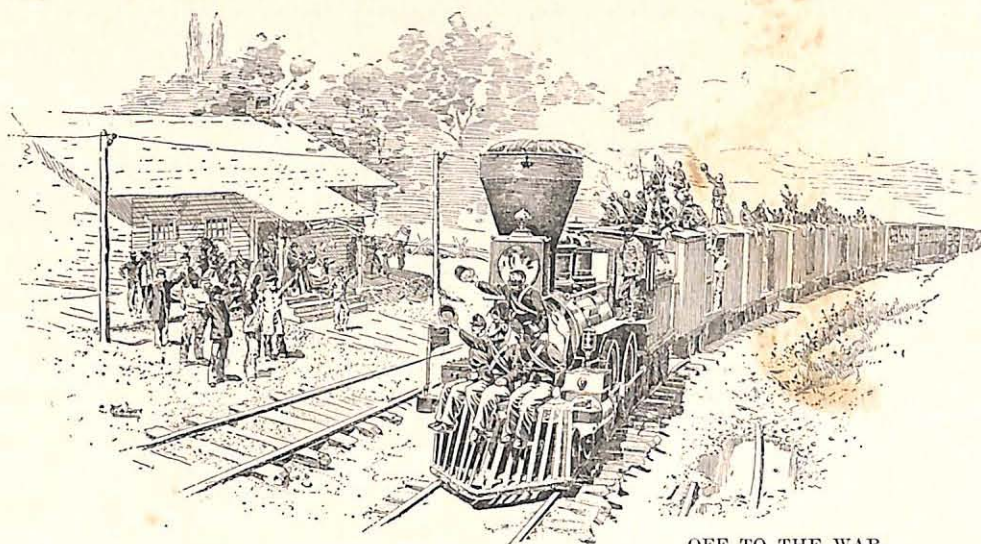
#### NARRATIVE OF EVENTS IN 1861.

**VIRGINIA.**—Major-General George B. McClellan, during the early summer, had defeated the Confederates in West Virginia and thus gained control of the State. Owing to the prestige of his successes here he was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, which was organized immediately after McDowell's defeat at Bull Run.

On the 31st of October General Scott resigned the command of the armies, and McClellan was appointed to succeed him. McClellan performed the duties of General-in-Chief until March, 1862, and in that capacity directed the operations of all the armies east and west.

During the fall General W. S. Rosecrans opposed Robert E. Lee in West Virginia. The affair of Ball's Bluff on the Upper Potomac took place between a detachment of the Army of the Potomac under General C. P. Stone and a Confederate force belonging to Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's army. In the meantime operations were progressing elsewhere.

**MISSOURI.**—On May 10 Captain Nathaniel Lyon dispersed a Confederate camp near St. Louis and saved the Missouri Arsenal. The Missouri Confederates, under Sterling Price and Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, were forced across the border into Arkansas. On the 5th of July Colonel Franz Sigel, who had followed on the heels of the retreating Confederates with a small force, was defeated at Carthage in southwestern Missouri by Gov. Jackson. On the 25th of July General John C. Frémont reached St. Louis as the commander of the Western Military Department, which embraced Missouri. The main Union army in the field in the State at that time was at Lexington. It was commanded by Lyon, who had been promoted to brigadier-general. The Confederates confronting Lyon numbered about 10,000.



OFF TO THE WAR.

### WILSON'S CREEK, AND THE DEATH OF LYON.

BY WILLIAM M. WHERRY, SIXTH U. S. INFANTRY, BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.  
At Wilson's Creek aide-de-camp to General Lyon.

**A**BOUT the middle of July, 1861, the Army of the Union in southwest Missouri, under General Nathaniel Lyon, was encamped in and near the town of Springfield, and numbered approximately 6200 men, of whom about 500 were ill-armed and undisciplined "Home Guards." The organized troops were in all 5868, in four brigades. By the 9th of August these were reduced to an aggregate of about 5300 men, with the 500 Home Guards additional. . . .

On the 8th of August a march in force was planned for the following night, to make an attack on the enemy's front at Wilson's Creek at daylight. From this intention General Lyon was dissuaded, after having called together the principal officers to receive their instructions. Many of the troops were exhausted, and all were tired; moreover, some supplies having arrived from Rolla, it was deemed wise to clothe and shoe the men as far as practicable, and to give them another day for recuperation.

On the 9th it was intended to march that evening with the whole force united, as agreed upon the 8th, and attack the enemy's left at daylight, and Lyon's staff were busied in visiting the troops and seeing that all things were in order. During the morning Colonel Sigel visited Lyon's headquarters, and had a prolonged conference, the result of which was that Colonel Sigel was ordered to detach his brigade, the 3d and 5th Missouri, one six-gun battery, one company of the 1st U. S. Cavalry, under Captain Eugene A. Carr, and one company of the 2d Dragoons, under Lieutenant Charles E. Farrand, for an attack upon the enemy from the south, while Lyon with the remainder of his available force should attack on the north.

The troops were put in march in the evening; those about Springfield immediately under General Lyon moving out to the west on the Little York road until joined by Sturgis's command from their

camp, when they turned to the south across the prairie. The head of the main column reached the point where the enemy's pickets were expected to be found, about 1 A. M., and went into bivouac. Sigel's force, consisting of 1200 men and six pieces of artillery, moved four miles down the Fayetteville road, and then, making a long détour to the left by a by-road, arrived within a mile of the enemy's camp and rear at daylight.

In the vicinity of the Fayetteville road crossing, the creek acquires considerable depth, and in most places has rough, steep, and rather high banks, rendering fording difficult. On the left side the hills assume the proportion of bluffs; on the right or western bank, the ground is a succession of broken ridges, at that time covered for the most part with trees and a stunted growth of scrub oaks with dense foliage, which in places became an almost impenetrable tangle. Rough ravines and deep gullies cut up the surface.

The Confederates were under command of General Ben. McCulloch. On the west side of the stream, "Old Pap" Price, with his sturdy Missourians, men who in many later battles bore themselves with a valor and determination that won the plaudits of their comrades and the admiration of their foes, was holding the point south of Wilson's Creek, selected by Lyon for attack. Price's command consisted of five bodies of Missourians under Slack, Clark, Parsons, McBride, and Rains, the last-named being encamped farther up the stream. On the bluffs on the east side of the creek were Hébert's 3d Louisiana and McIntosh's Arkansas regiment, and, farther south, Pearce's brigade and two batteries, while other troops, under Greer, Churchill, and Major, were in the valley along the Fayetteville road, holding the extreme of the Confederate position.

Lyon put his troops in motion at early dawn on



BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.  
The Hero of the West in 1861. Killed at Wilson's Creek.

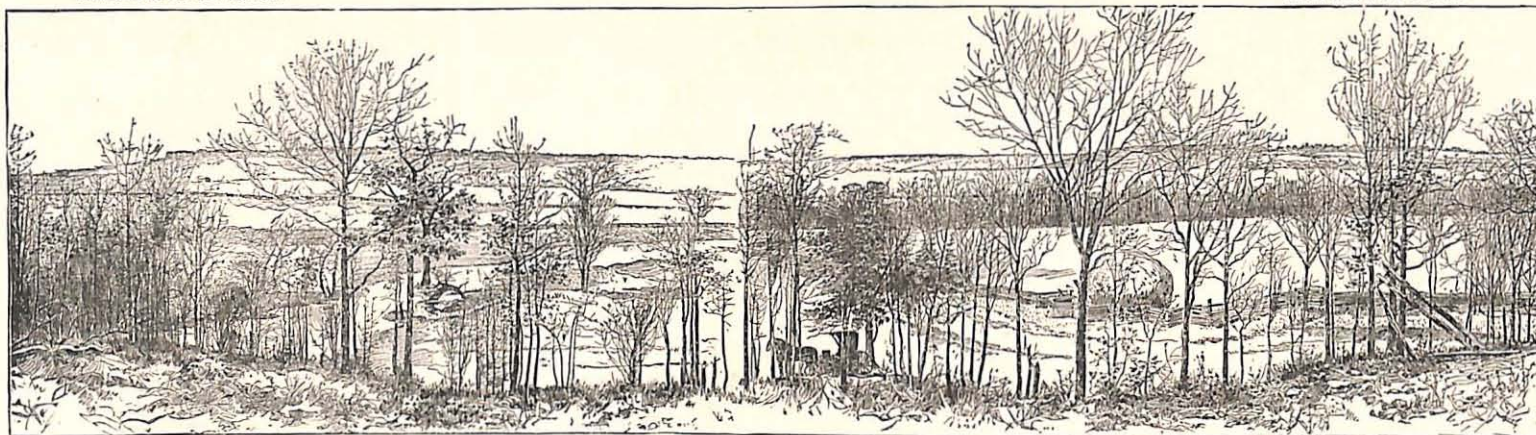
the 10th, and about 4 o'clock struck Rains's most advanced picket, which escaped and gave warning of the attack, of which General Price was informed just as he was about to breakfast. Captain Plummer's battalion of regular infantry was the advance, followed by Osterhaus's two companies of the 2d Missouri Volunteers, and Totten's battery. A body of 200 mounted Home Guards was on Plummer's left. Having reached the enemy's pickets, the infantry was deployed as skirmishers, Plummer to the left and Osterhaus to the right, and Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, with the 1st Missouri Infantry, was brought up in support of the battery. Advancing a mile and a half and crossing a brook tributary to the creek, the Union skirmishers met and pushed the Confederate skirmishers up the slope. This disclosed a considerable force of the enemy, along a ridge perpendicular to the line of march and to the valley of the creek, which was attacked by the 1st Missouri and the 1st Kansas, assisted by Totten's battery, who drove back the Confederates on the right to the foot of the slope beyond.

Plummer on the left early became separated from



SHARP'S HOUSE (SIGEL'S POSITION).

BLOODY HILL, IN THE DISTANCE.



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF WILSON'S CREEK AS SEEN FROM BEHIND PEARCE'S CAMP ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE CREEK. (From photographs.)

the main body by a deep ravine terminating in a swampy piece of ground, beyond which lay a corn-field which he entered, encountering a large force, the main part of which was the Louisiana regiment. These troops fought with determined valor and checked Plummer's progress. DuBois's battery was moved up to a hill on the left, supported by Osterhaus's battalion, the 1st Iowa, and the 2d Kansas, and opened a deadly fire with shells upon the corn-field, with such marked effect as to throw the Confederates into disorder and enable Plummer to draw off his command in good order across the ravine.

A momentary lull occurred at this time, except on our extreme right, where Price's Missourians opposed the 1st Missouri and attempted to turn that flank, but the 2d Kansas by its timely arrival and gallant attack bore back Price's overwhelming numbers and saved the flank. Meanwhile Totten's battery, which had been brought into action by

section and by piece as the conformation of the ground would admit, performed extraordinary service. Steele's regular infantry was added to its support. Price's troops had fought with great bravery and determination, advancing and retiring two or three times before they were compelled to give way on the lower slope of the ridge they had occupied. Many times the firing was one continuous roar.

The lull enabled the enemy to readjust his lines and bring up fresh troops, having accomplished which, Price made a determined advance along nearly the whole of Lyon's front. He charged fiercely in lines of three or four ranks, to within thirty or forty yards, pouring in a galling fire and directing his most determined efforts against Totten's battery, for which Woodruff's, which was pitted against it, was no match at all.

Every available man of Lyon's was now brought into action and the battle raged with redoubled energy on both sides. For more than an hour the balance was about even, one side gaining ground only to give way in its turn to the advance of the other, till at last the Confederates seemed to yield, and a suspension of the fury took place. . . .

About this time great anxiety began to be felt for the fate of Sigel's command. Shortly after Lyon's attack the sound of battle had been heard in the rear of the enemy's line. It continued but a short time, and was renewed shortly afterward for a very brief period only, when it ceased altogether. . . . By 10 o'clock Sigel was out of the fight, and the enemy could turn his whole force upon Lyon.

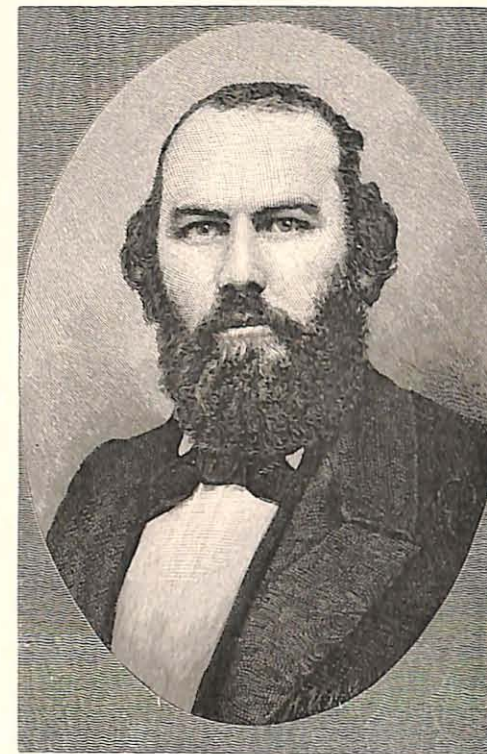
Meantime a body of troops was observed moving down the hill on the east bank of Wilson's Creek toward Lyon's left, and an attack by other troops from that direction was anticipated. Schofield deployed eight companies of the 1st Iowa and led them in person to repel this. They did so most gallantly after a sanguinary contest, effectually assisted by the fire from DuBois's battery, which alone drove back the column on the opposite side of the stream before it began a crossing.

Lyon, accompanied by an aide and his six or eight orderlies, followed closely the right of the Iowa regiment. After proceeding a short distance, his attention was called by the aide to a line of men drawn up on the prolongation of the left of our main line and nearly perpendicular to the 1st Iowa as it

moved to the eastward. A party of horsemen came out in front of this line of the enemy and proceeded to reconnoiter. General Price and Major Emmett Mac Donald (who had sworn that he would not cut his hair till the Confederacy was acknowledged) were easily recognized. General Lyon started as if to confront them, ordering his party to "draw pistols and follow" him, when the aide protested against his exposing himself to the fire of the line, which was partly concealed by the mass of dense underbrush, and asked if he should not bring up some other troops. To this Lyon assented, and directed the aide to order up the 2d Kansas. The general advanced a short distance, joining two companies of the 1st Iowa, left to protect an exposed position.

Colonel Mitchell of the 2d Kansas, near DuBois's battery, sent his lieutenant-colonel, Blair, to Lyon to ask to be put in action, and the two messengers passed each other without meeting. Lyon repeated his order for the regiment to come forward. The regiment moved promptly by the flank, and as it approached Lyon he directed the two companies of Iowa troops to go forward with it, himself leading the column, swinging his hat. A murderous fire was opened from the thick brush, the 2d Kansas deployed rapidly to the front and with the two companies of the 1st Iowa swept over the hill, dislodging the enemy and driving them back into the next ravine; but while he was at the head of the column, and pretty nearly in the first fire, a ball penetrated Lyon's left breast, inflicting a mortal wound. He slowly dismounted, and as he fell into the arms of his faithful orderly, Lehmann, he exclaimed, "Lehmann, I am killed," and almost immediately expired. . . .

The engagement on different parts of the line lasted about half an hour after Lyon's death, when the Confederates gave way, and silence reigned for nearly the same length of time. Many of the senior officers having been disabled, Sturgis assumed command, and the principal officers were summoned for consultation. This council and the suspended hostilities were soon abruptly terminated by the appearance of the Confederates along our entire front, where the troops had been readjusted in more compact form and were now more determined and cooler than ever. A battery planted in the front began to use shrapnel and canister. . . .

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES MCINTOSH, C. S. A.  
Commanding the 2d Arkansas Mounted Rifles at Wilson's Creek. Killed at Pea Ridge. (From a photograph.)

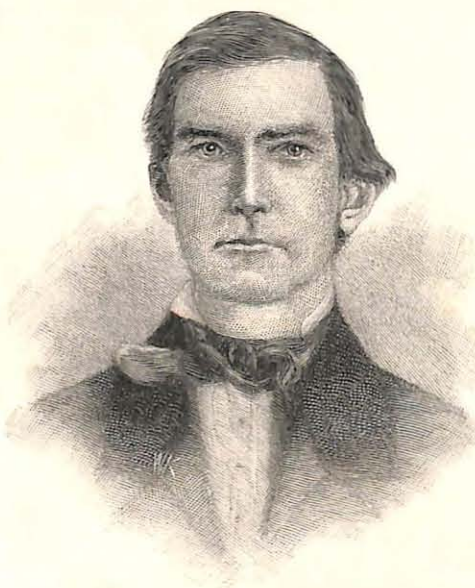
## THE SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

BY COLONEL JAMES A. MULLIGAN, U. S. V.  
Commander of the garrison at Lexington, Mo.

NOTE.—General Price hastened from Wilson's Creek battle-field, northward toward Lexington, and by the middle of September had completely invested the place with 18,000 men. The garrison was composed of Illinois and Missouri troops and numbered about 3500. The commandant, Colonel Mulligan, had received orders to hold Lexington at all hazards, and on the 11th of September began intrenching College Hill, a broad eminence overlooking Lexington and the Missouri River. His narrative describes the chief events of the siege.

. . . We waited until the morning of the 12th, vigilantly and without sleep, when a messenger rushed in, saying, "Colonel, the enemy are pushing across the bridge in overwhelming force." With a glass we could see them as they came, General Price riding up and down the lines, urging his men on. Two companies of the Missouri 13th were ordered out, and, with Company K of the Irish Brigade, quickly checked the enemy, drove him back, and burned the bridge.

The enemy now made a détour, and approached the town once more, by the Independence road. Six companies of the Missouri 13th and the Illinois cavalry were ordered out, and met them in the Lexington Cemetery, just outside the town, where the fight raged furiously over the dead. We succeeded in keeping the enemy in check, and in the meantime the work with the shovel went bravely on until we had thrown up breastworks three or four feet high.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. Y. SLACK, C. S. A.  
In command of a division at Wilson's Creek. Mortally wounded at Pea Ridge. (From a photograph.)





THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MO., AS SEEN FROM GENERAL PARSONS' POSITION.  
After a contemporary drawing.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the enemy were seen approaching. The Confederate force had been increased to 18,000 men with 16 pieces of cannon. They came as one dark moving mass, their guns beaming in the sun, their banners waving, and their drums beating—everywhere, as far as we could see, were men, men, men, approaching grandly. Our earthworks covered an area of about eighteen acres, surrounded by a ditch, and protected in front by what were called "confusion pits" and by mines. Our men stood firm behind the breastworks, none trembled or paled, and a solemn silence prevailed.

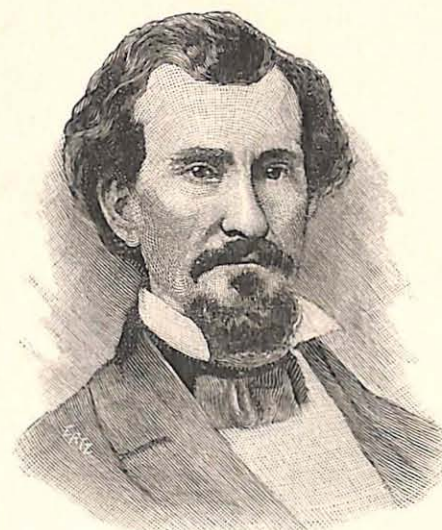
The enemy opened a terrible fire with their cannon on all sides, which we answered with determination and spirit. Our spies had brought intelligence, and had all agreed that it was the intention of the enemy to make a grand rush, overwhelm us, and bury us in the trenches of Lexington.

... On the morning of the 19th the firing was resumed and continued all day. Our officers had told the men that if they could hold out until the 19th we should certainly be reinforced, and all through that day the men watched anxiously for the appearance of the friendly flag under which aid was to reach them, and listened eagerly for the sound of friendly cannon. But they looked and listened in vain, and all day long they fought without water, their parched lips cracking, their tongues swollen.

The morning of the 20th broke, but no reinforcements had come, and still the men fought on. The enemy appeared that day with an artifice which was destined to overreach us and secure to

them the possession of our intrenchments. They had constructed a movable breastwork of hemp bales, rolled them before their lines up the hill, and advanced under this cover. All our efforts could not retard the advance of these bales. Round-shot and bullets were poured against them, but they would only rock a little and then settle back. Heated shot were fired with the hope of setting them on fire, but they had been soaked and would not burn. Thus for hours the fight continued. Our cartridges were now nearly used up, many of our brave fellows had fallen and it was evident that the fight must soon cease, when at 3 o'clock an orderly came, saying that the enemy had sent a flag of truce. With the flag came a note from General Price, asking "why the firing had ceased." I returned it, with the reply written on the back, "General, I hardly know, unless you have surrendered." He at once took pains to assure me that this was not the case. I then discovered that the major of another regiment, in spite of orders, had raised a white flag.

Our ammunition was about gone. We were out of rations, and had been without water for days, and many of the men felt like giving up the post, which it seemed impossible to hold longer. They were ordered back to the breastworks, and told to use up all their powder, then defend themselves as best they could, but to hold their place. Then a council of war was held in the college, and the question of surrender was put to the officers, and a ballot was taken, only two out of six votes being cast in favor of fighting on. Then the flag of truce was sent out with our surrender.



BRIG.-GEN. FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER, C. S. A.  
In command of the First Brigade of the Confederate Army at Mill Springs. Killed in the battle.  
From a photograph.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SPEED S. FRY, U. S. V.  
Colonel of the 4th Kentucky regiment, whose men shot Gen. Zollicoffer. (From a photograph.)

#### NARRATIVE OF EVENTS IN 1861-2—CONTINUED.

TENNESSEE and KENTUCKY.—On September 3 Major-General Leonidas Polk, Confederate commander in West Tennessee, sent a force into Kentucky to occupy Columbus on the Mississippi River. Two days later Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant moved a Union force from Cairo, Illinois, and occupied Paducah, Kentucky. At the same time General Felix K. Zollicoffer marched a brigade of Confederates from East Tennessee through Cumberland Gap to Cumberland Ford, and General Simon B. Buckner moved from Camp Boone, near Clarksville, and occupied Bowling Green, Kentucky. On the Union side, General Robert Anderson, the hero of Sumter, was in command of the Department of Kentucky, with headquarters at Louisville, with W. T. Sherman second in command, while General George H. Thomas, in command of the Union forces at Camp Dick Robinson, bent all his energies in the direction of a successful movement into East Tennessee. On the 15th of November General Don Carlos Buell became commander of the Department of the Ohio, which included Kentucky. He planned the

movement of a heavy column up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers by water to unite with another column moving east of Bowling Green, by land on Nashville, aiming at the same time by strong demonstrations at Columbus and Bowling Green to keep the Confederates who were stationed there fully occupied.

Thus in the beginning of 1862 the Confederate line extended from Columbus on the Mississippi through Forts Henry and Donelson to Bowling Green, Mill Springs, and Cumberland Gap.

General Albert Sidney Johnston commanded the Confederate army of the West, with a base at Nashville. He purposed to defend the northern border of Tennessee.

The first important event on the main line was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson in February, 1862. During the interval Thomas, who had been directed to enter East Tennessee, left Lebanon January 1, and marched toward Cumberland Gap. The middle of January found him with a part of his force, numbering about 2500, in Zollicoffer's front near Mill Springs on the Cumberland.

#### MILL SPRINGS, AND THE DEATH OF GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

BY R. M. KELLY, COLONEL, U. S. V.

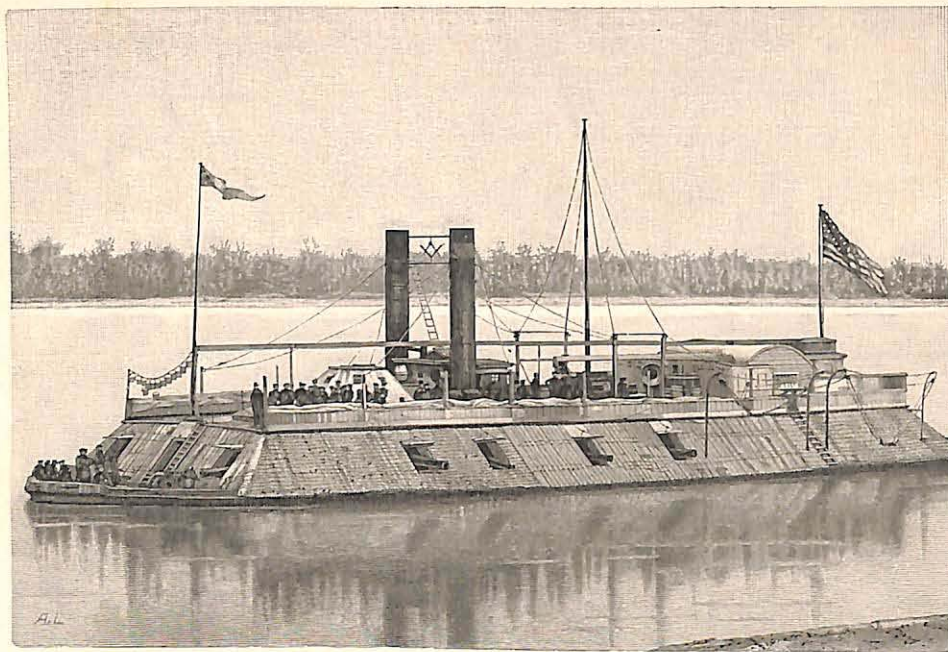
Of Colonel Fry's regiment (the 4th Kentucky), afterward colonel of the regiment.

General George B. Crittenden had shortly before the appearance of Thomas assumed command of the Confederates on the Cumberland. He recognized that the position intrenched by Zollicoffer on the north of the river was untenable, and that the withdrawal of his forces would be attended with great risk.

... The only chance for a satisfactory issue was to attack Thomas before he could concentrate. Thomas's force comprised the 9th Ohio and 2d Minnesota of Colonel Robert L. McCook's brigade, the 10th Indiana and 4th Kentucky of Colonel Mahlon D. Manson's brigade, Kenny's and Wetmore's Ohio batteries, a battalion of Michigan engineers and Colonel Frank Wolford's 1st Kentucky cavalry. Crittenden ordered a movement to begin at midnight on the 18th of January, 1862, in the following order: General Zollicoffer's brigade, consisting of two cavalry companies, a Mississippi regiment, three Tennessee regiments, and a battery in front; next, the brigade of General Carroll, composed of three

Tennessee regiments and a section of artillery. An Alabama regiment and two cavalry regiments, intended as a reserve, closed the column. After a march of nine miles over muddy roads and through the rain, his cavalry about daylight encountered Wolford's pickets, who after firing fell back on the reserve, consisting of two companies of the 10th Indiana, and with them made a determined stand, in which they were promptly supported by Wolford with the rest of his battalion, and soon after by the rest of the 10th Indiana, ordered up by Manson, who had been advised by courier from Wolford of the attack. Colonel Manson proceeded in person to order forward the 4th Kentucky and the battery of his brigade and to report to General





THE "DE KALB," FORMERLY THE "ST. LOUIS."  
Type of the "Carondelet," "Cincinnati," "Louisville," "Mound City," "Cairo," and "Pittsburg."  
From a photograph.

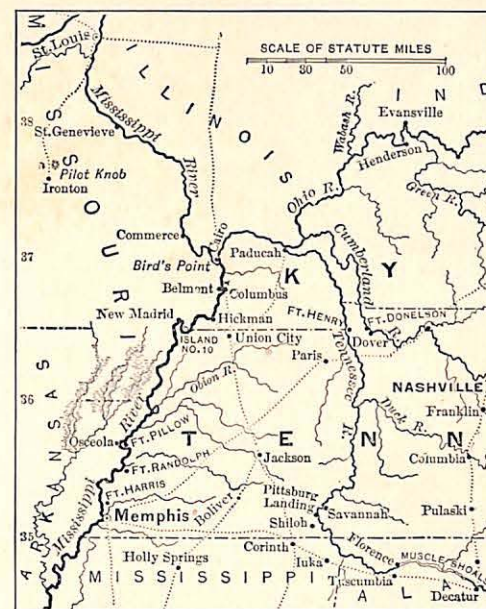
Thomas. On his way he notified Colonel Van Cleve, of the 2d Minnesota. As Manson dashed through the camp of the 4th Kentucky shouting for Colonel Speed S. Fry, and giving warning of the attack, the men, wearied with the muddy march of the day before, were just beginning to crawl out of their tents to roll-call. Forming rapidly, Fry led them at double-quick in the direction of the firing. Having no one to place him, on coming in sight of the enemy, he took position along a fence in the edge of the woods, with his right resting near the Mill Springs road. In front of him was an open field, across which the enemy were advancing from the shelter of woodland on the opposite side. A ravine ran through the open field parallel to Fry's front, heading near the road on his right, with steep sides in his front, but sloping gradually beyond his left. Before Fry's arrival Zollicoffer had deployed his brigade, and had forced Wolford and the 10th Indiana to fall back, almost capturing the horses of Wolford's men, who were fighting on foot. A portion of Wolford's command, under his immediate charge, and Vandersall's company of the 10th Indiana, rallied on the 4th Kentucky when it appeared, the remainder of the 10th falling back to its encampment, where it re-formed its lines. Fry was at once subjected to a severe attack. The enemy in his front crawled up under shelter of the ravine to within a short distance of his lines before delivering their fire, and, Fry, mounting the fence, in stentorian tones denounced them as dastards, and defied them to stand up on their feet and come forward like men.

A little lull in the firing occurring at this juncture, Fry rode a short distance to the right to get a better view of the movement of the enemy in that direction. The morning was a lowering one, and the woods were full of smoke. As Fry turned to

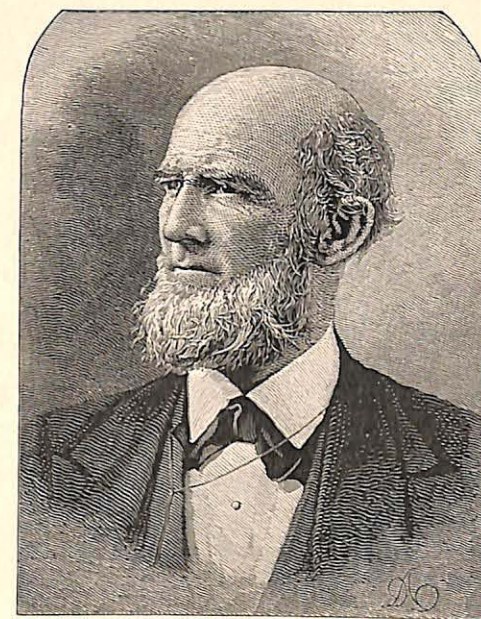
regain his position he encountered a mounted officer whose uniform was covered with a water-proof coat. After approaching till their knees touched, the stranger said to Fry: "We must not fire on our own men"; and nodding his head to his left, he said, "Those are our men." Fry said, "Of course not. I would not do so intentionally"; and he began to move toward his regiment, when turning he saw another mounted man riding from the trees who fired and wounded Fry's horse. Fry at once fired on the man who had accosted him, and several of his men, observing the incident, fired at the same time. The shots were fatal, and the horseman fell dead, pierced by a pistol-shot in his breast and by two musket-balls. It was soon ascertained that it was Zollicoffer himself who had fallen. In the meantime, the enemy were pressing Fry in front and overlapping his right. On his right front only the fence separated the combatants. The left of his regiment not being assailed, he moved two companies from that flank to his right. As he was making this change General Thomas appeared on the field, and at once placed the 10th Indiana in position to cover Fry's exposed flank.

The fall of Zollicoffer and the sharp firing that followed caused two of his regiments to retreat in confusion. Crittenden then brought up Carroll's brigade to the support of the other two, and ordered a general advance. . . .

NOTE.—Thomas defeated Crittenden at Mill Springs, and about the same time (January 10) Colonel James A. Garfield defeated the Confederates on the Big Sandy River, under Humphrey Marshall. With the retreat of Marshall the last Confederate force was, for the time being, driven from Kentucky.



MAP OF THE REGION OF FOOTE'S OPERATIONS.



CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE AND THE GUN-BOATS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS.

NOTE.—Of the services of Captain Eads to the Western flotilla, the Rev. C. B. Boynton says, in his "History of the Navy": "During the month of July, 1861, the Quartermaster-General advertised for proposals to construct a number of iron-clad gun-boats for service on the Mississippi River. The bids were opened on the 5th of August, and Mr. Eads was found to be the best bidder for the whole number, both in regard to the time of completion and price. . . . On the 7th of August, 1861, Mr. Eads signed a contract with Quartermaster-General Meigs to construct these seven vessels ready for their crews and armaments in sixty-five days."

SOON after the surrender of Fort Sumter, while in St. Louis, I received a letter from Attorney-General Bates, dated Washington, April 17th, in which he said: "Be not surprised if you are called here suddenly by telegram. If called, come instantly. In a certain contingency it will be necessary to have the aid of the most thorough knowledge of our Western rivers and the use of steam on them, and in that event I have advised that you should be consulted." The call by telegraph followed close upon the letter. I hurried to Washington, where I was introduced to the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Gideon Welles, and to Captain G. V. Fox, afterward Assistant Secretary. In the August following I was to construct 7 gun-boats, which, according to the contract, were to draw 6 feet of water, carry 13 heavy guns each, be plated with 2½-inch iron, and have a speed of 9 miles an hour. The *De Kalb* (at first called the *St. Louis*) was the type of the other six, named the *Carondelet*, *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburg*. They were 175 feet long, 51½ feet beam; the flat sides sloped at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and the front and rear casemates corresponded with the sides, the stern-wheel being entirely covered by the rear casemate. Each was pierced for three bow guns, eight broadside guns (four on a side), and two stern guns. Before these seven gun-boats were completed, I engaged to convert the snag-boat *Benton* into an armored vessel of still larger dimensions.

After completing the seven and despatching them down the Mississippi to Cairo, I was requested by Foote (who then went by the title of "flag-officer," the title of admiral not being recognized at that time in our navy), as a special favor to him, to accompany the *Benton*, the eighth one of the fleet, in her passage down to Cairo. It was in December, and the water was falling rapidly.

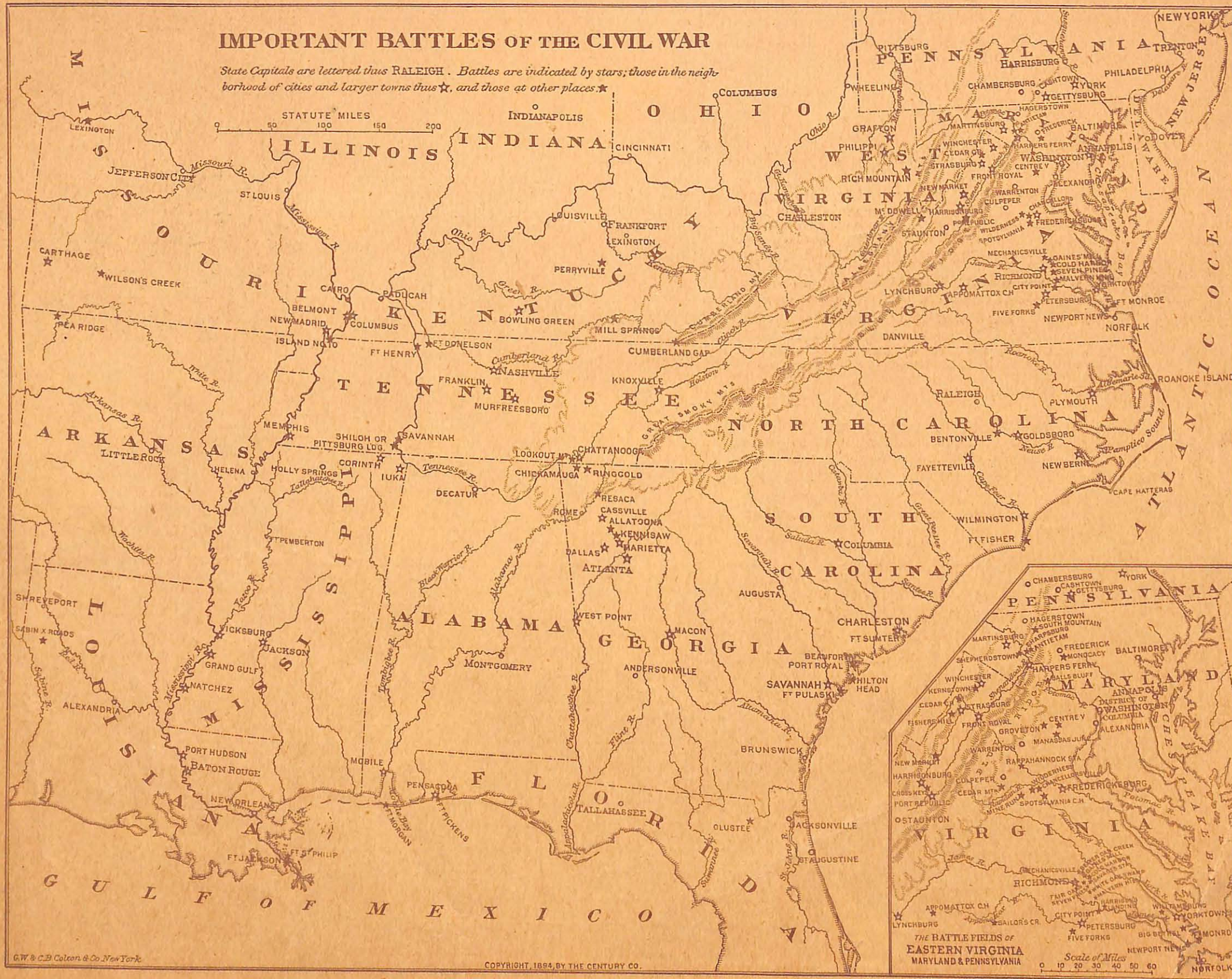
The *Benton* had been converted from the U. S. snag-boat *Benton* into the most powerful iron-clad of the fleet. She was built with two hulls about twenty feet apart, very strongly braced together. She had been purchased by General Frémont while he was in command of the Western Department, and had been sent to my ship-yard for alteration into a gun-boat. I had the space between the two hulls planked, so that a continuous bottom extended from the outer side of one hull to the outer side of the other. The upper side was decked over in the same manner; and by extending the outer sides of the two hulls forward until they joined each other at a new stem, which received them, the twin boats became one wide, strong, and substantial hull. The new bottom did not extend to the stern of the hull, but was brought up to the deck fifty feet forward of the stern, so as to leave a space for a central wheel with which the boat was to be propelled. This wheel was turned by the original engines of the snag-boat, each of the engines having formerly turned an independent wheel on the outside of the twin boat. In this



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