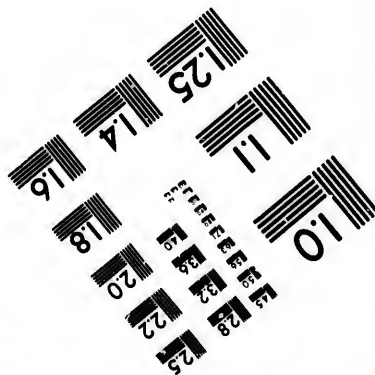
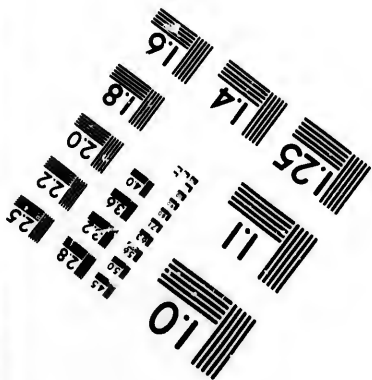
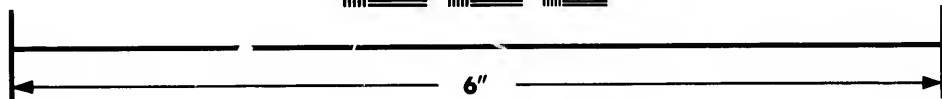
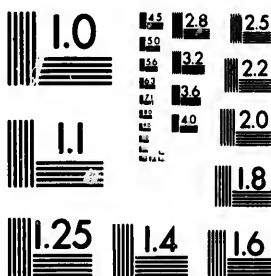


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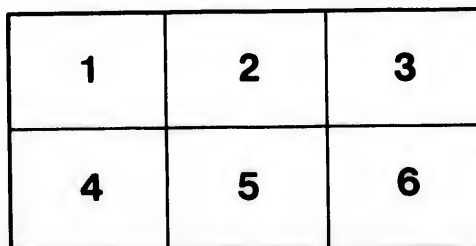
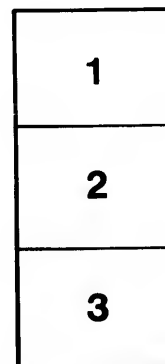
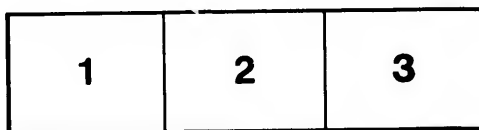
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AT THE AGE OF 44—AS HE APPEARED AFTER THE WAR.



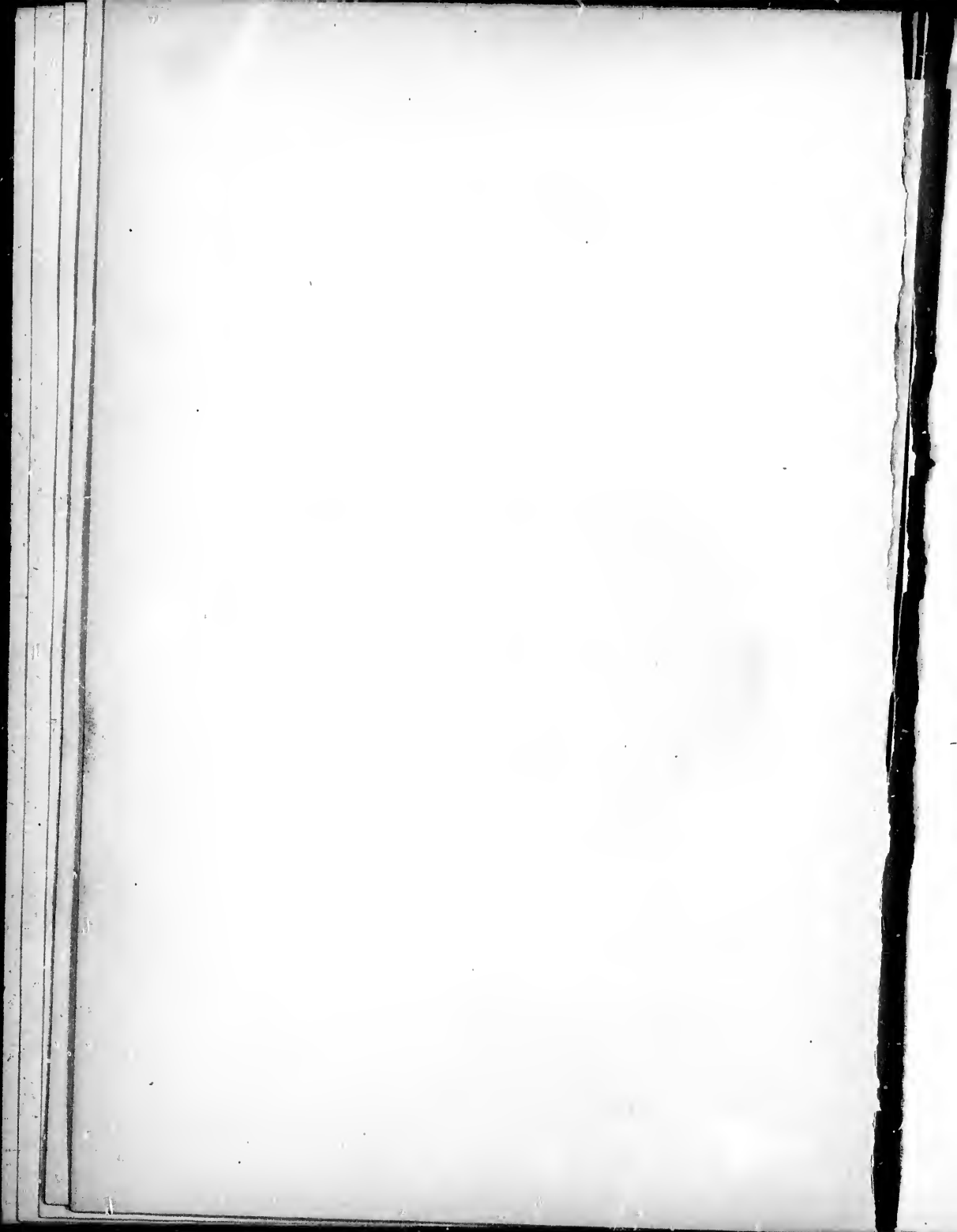
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## PREFACE.

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THERE are many obstacles in the way of the writing of a just history of General Grant. There are questions which are still unsettled; disputes of time and circumstance which can still be created. Many of the actors in the great melodrama of the Republic are yet alive, and their recollections do not always harmonize. As nearly as is possible, at this time, the Author has tried to anticipate the final judgment of history.

In this book each side to the conflict has freely honored his drafts for information. The blue and the grey tell their parallel stories in its pages. In this respect it will be unique in war history. In this respect, too, it will be a curious illustration of the comity now existing between those so lately and so bitterly in arms against each other—a comity which the funeral scenes at the grave of the great commander emphasized.

History is impartial. There is more than one side to the shield. The Author has recognized this, and he has called the Confederate as well as the Federal in evidence. The record so made up shows that the Americans who fought against Union had much of gallantry and earnestness. That they laid down much upon the altar of an error which had become rather a habit than a conviction, does not detract from the splendid ability and courage which they displayed. The cause which was lost left many graves, but that of a great tradition was among

## PREFACE.

them. It was better that it should be buried. It had been an ugly spirit making strife between the sections.

The method of the work furnishes a suggestion as to how the history of the Civil War should be written. It seems to the Author that, from the broader view, the great conflict which resulted in the birth of our new nationality can be generously treated because it furnishes a tribute to the gallantry of the soldiery of both sides—each side American. Neither has any reason to be ashamed of the test of manhood involved.

Better than this, the career of General Grant contains its lesson to the re-united country. It is as potent South as North. Independent of all the angry details of the strife, it tells its own story of the possibilities of our citizenship. It is a great object lesson to American youth. It is a life which proves the strength and ensures the perpetuity of our institutions. It is a vindication of all that has been claimed for the possibilities of manhood in the republic.

There has been an effort in this work to present unprejudiced testimony and tell the story of a remarkable career and a great war simply and impartially. Old friends, and old foes, who are so no longer, have joined in the work. In no other country could such a conjunction have been possible.

F. A. BURR.

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## INTRODUCTION.

By REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D.

THE published life of General Grant will occupy a large place in American literature. His forty years of obscurity, his four years of wonderful military achievements, and as many more as general of the army in times of peace, his eight years of civil administration, his two years of travel in many lands, his six years of retirement from public duties, his beautiful domestic life, his unique and glorious character, his financial misfortunes, his terrible sufferings during months of sickness, his peaceful death, his imposing funeral, and his world-wide and enduring fame, will never fail to attract the attention and excite the interest of his fellow-men. There is a touch of romance in his sudden and rapid emergence from his obscure life in Galena, to his eminence of power and fame as commander of the largest army of modern times. Fort Sumter fell April 13, 1861. President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops on the 15th. Grant organized a company of volunteers in Galena, on the 19th. He offered his services to Governor Yates, of Illinois, on the 21st, and within thirty days thereafter he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry. On the 31st of July he was in command at Mexico, Mo. On the 7th of August he was made a brigadier-general. On the 16th of February, 1862, he was appointed a major-general of volunteers, and on March 2d, 1864, he was commissioned Lieutenant-General of the Army of the

United States. In vain he had written to the War Department for permission to fight for his country in a position justified by the military education he had received at the nation's expense. In vain he went to Cincinnati to find a place on McClellan's staff. In vain he sought the favor of Fremont and the confidence of Halleck, yet like some majestic river, impeded in its course, that calls upon all its tributaries until it flows unvexed to the sea, so he gathered strength to face all obstacles and compel adversity to do his bidding. In all those four years he sought no position of power, he aspired to no rank of glory, he was not the willing rival of any man, yet promotion, success, pre-eminence came to him as to no other in American annals. And then, as by acclamation, he became the successor of the illustrious Washington in military rank and civil position, and thenceforth was esteemed the pride of the army, the joy of his country and the glory of this remarkable age.

The story of such a life will throw its charm over the on-coming ages, and future generations will read it with wonder and admiration. And as they read of his mighty battles, his wonderful victories, his power over men, the enthusiasm his presence kindled, the ovations he received, the honor which came to him from all nations, they will search with patient delight for the secret of his wonderful career. And those who aid them in this search, whether by voice or pen, by poem, oration, or biography, will be called benefactors. And in this happy light the author of the "Life and Deeds of General U. S. Grant" will be regarded by the present and succeeding generations. His task is difficult, sublime and patriotic. He unfolds the wondrous life of the most wonderful man of this century, and records the deeds of a soldier and

statesman, whose image on the thought and love of the world will reappear in the ages till the end of time. History will sustain him in this estimate of the great hero, and thousands will read his pages with untold delight. His vigorous and elegant pen will give to the public what the modesty of the departed General would not permit him to write in his "Personal Memoirs," and will increase the public interest therein and thus add to the wealth of that legacy bequeathed by the noblest of husbands to the truest of wives. He has written of the illustrious man, whose life and deeds are worthy of all praise, with a devotion, admiration and enthusiasm, which the future will verify, for the immortality of Grant's fame is well assured. He is sublime in his isolation. He is so truly great that it is not necessary to cast others down from the pedestals of their well-deserved renown to find for him a pedestal of exaltation.

Mankind will cherish his name while they continue to love liberty, revere wisdom, esteem purity, admire self-abnegation, honor and patriotism. He suffers in nothing by way of contrast or comparison with those whom the nation is bound to hold in grateful remembrance. No one can take the place of Washington in the affections of the American people. His high mission was to resist the tyranny of a foreign power, to fight the battle of human rights, to achieve American independence, to create a new nation and protect its life by a constitution which, to-day, is the guide of all people who assert their liberty. Grant's high mission was to resist armed rebellion against constitutional authority, to rescue the Union from dissolution, to re-instate the Federal authority over all the square miles of the national domain, to vindicate the suffrages of a free people in their choice of President, to overthrow a con-



federacy founded on slavery, to elevate labor, spread education, defend religion, promote charity and make the American Republic a pride and joy in all coming time. Their relative positions cannot be reversed, or the armies they commanded, or the work they had to accomplish. Washington's place was at the beginning of the century; Grant's place was at the end of the century. As creator and saviour they clasped hands over the stretch of a hundred years.

It is equally unnecessary and unjust to depreciate Lincoln to exalt Grant. They supplemented each other. One held the pen of authority, the other the sword of execution. Both were leaders of men. Both did indispensable work, which the other was in no condition to perform. Both rose to the supremacy ordained by Providence. Both resolved that the Union should survive and slavery die. Both shall live forever in the heart of the American people.

If constrained to measure the true greatness of Grant by way of parallels, we should judge him by those heroes of the past whom the world has been taught to esteem great. But Grant's counterpart is more closely found in Wellington than in any other man of renown, in ancient or modern times. Both had quickness of perception, keenness of sagacity, marvelous self-control, and prudence, promptitude and enterprise. They were men of the sternest honesty, the strictest truthfulness and the highest moral heroism. Neither would misrepresent to serve his own fame. Neither would permit his troops to plunder a captured city or an enemy's country when conquered. Both conciliated the vanquished. Both were governed by the highest motives. Both were firm, tranquil and stubborn in resisting an assault, and bold, obstinate and vehement in an attack upon the foe. They reminded us of a batter-

ing-ram that strikes straight and hard till the walls fall before their resistless blows. Both rose from the lowest to the highest,—Wellington from a commissioned ensign; Grant from a brevet-lieutenant. Both were suspended after a signal victory. Yet both rose to supreme command. Wellington was aided by a fortunate concurrence of accidents. Rain and a ravine gave him Waterloo. But there was little or no luck in Grant's life. He conquered by pure intellect; by a sublime faith, by a personal prowess that made him equal to the supreme moment. His was not brute force. He was not a man of happy accidents. He forced his way up through untold odds. Too many have wrongfully regarded him as a tenacious, persistent, plodding soldier, without the high intellectual qualities of a great general. His intellect has been under-rated, and largely so from his simple manners, his plainness of speech and the directness of his actions. Only a few are capable to discern a great mind under appearances so plain. But in calmness of judgment, in quickness and accuracy of his imagination, in vastness and tenaciousness of memory he was superior. Reason was his dominant faculty. He was a natural logician. He moved from premise to conclusion, from proposition to demonstration with the celerity of lightning. He descended to the smallest detail; he rose to the highest generalization. His understanding was like the tent in story—fold it and it was a toy in the hand of a lady; spread it, and the mighty armies of the Republic might repose beneath its shade. He could comprehend a continent with greater ease than others could master an island. Under his vast and comprehensive plans a continent shook beneath the tramp of advancing armies. As out of some immense mental reservoir there flowed a futility of resources displayed in

an hundred battles, in the greatest emergencies, and in a three-fold campaign, carried forward at the same time without confusion and each the part of one stupendous whole.

His fund of knowledge was immense. Converse with him on any subject and he would surprise you by an incisive remark that let in a flood of light. He could converse with warriors on their battles, with statesmen on their measures, with artists on their creations, with artisans on their inventions, with travelers on their discoveries, with philosophers on their theories, with theologians on their dogmas and with Christians on their hopes.

He was fully conversant with his own country, its geography, its rivers, lakes and seas, its mineral and agricultural wealth, its domestic and foreign trade, the habits of its cosmopolitan population, its systems of education, charity and religion. Who was better posted than he on the intricacies and complications of the tariff, on dutiable articles of import and export? With what accuracy he recalled names, dates, figures, persons and facts. After he had returned from his circuit of the globe he was a most intelligent, and at times, brilliant conversationalist on the governments, the rulers and statesmen, the resources, the military systems, the home and foreign policies, the literature, the social and religious conditions of Europe, Asia and Africa. It was this superiority of intellect, this quickness of mind, this vast information that caused our ablest citizens to defer to his judgment and feel embarrassed in his presence.

The greatness of his intellect should be judged by the obstacles he surmounted, by the vastness of the military problems he mastered, and by the magnitude of the results he achieved. Four months after the first gun

was fired the Confederacy was a nation as if it had had the growth of a century. Its territory was half the size of ancient Rome, and inhabited by millions of wealthy, intelligent, warlike people. The Confederates were of the conquering race, and commanded by the greatest of generals. They were supplied with all the munitions of war, supported by obedient slaves, and cheered by the sympathy of all Europe; yet within four years, from Paducah to Richmond, that colossal power vanished from the vision of the world, before the genius of Grant. He mastered the deep philosophy of the relation of means to end.

Napoleon did not comprehend his Russian and Waterloo campaigns, as Grant did his threefold campaign, which he outlined to Sherman, and which was justified by the magnitude of the results. And how did he leave the North in the final victory? Impoverished, divided, hopeless? No! Frederick left Prussia torn and poor and all for a small strip of country. Napoleon left an army in Egypt, wrecked an army in Russia, surrendered Paris, left France a charnel-house and Europe a desolation. But Grant left the North rich, harmonious and powerful, with a nation redeemed. By the terms he granted Lee he sowed the seeds of peace at Appomattox and reaped the harvest of national union at Riverside.

When he rose to supreme command, the nation demanded one dominant spirit, mighty to grasp, strong to execute, powerful to inspire. The country was one, the Rebellion was one and the armies of the Union should be one; and the general who could mold, control, inspire an army a million strong, and make them think, feel and fight as one man, was the desire of the Republic. To be everywhere present at once by his spirit and orders was in him a realized fact. His laconic order was: "All

strike together." He imparted to all his own spirit, and all things became possible to his faith. The nation felt the mighty change, and the Rebellion went down beneath the power of one master mind. He was the logician of the war. He conquered by logic. He reasoned out his victories. In all the annals of war there is no such splendid reasoning on the certainty of results. Others have conquered by the superiority of material force, but he by the superiority of mind over mind.

But he should not be degraded to the level of those famous heroes who fought for empire and for glory. Lift him up to a higher pedestal, around which shall forever stand Justice, and Liberty, and Peace, and Law, and Order, and Civilization, and Religion, with chaplets in their hands wherewith to crown him. He fought for the right; to end the war; he conquered a peace. He hated war. He looked upon it as a ghastly monster whose march is to the music of the widow's sigh and the orphan's cry. He loved peace and pursued it. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," was his beatitude. In his London speech in 1877, he said: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace." This was the energy of his courage.

He would not waste life and treasure to gain advantages while the means were left to the enemy to regain them. He understood the necessity of sacrifice to achieve a greater advantage. He surrendered the lesser to obtain the greater. He was not indifferent to the preciousness of human life. Did he expose his troops? He protected them by shortening the time of the war and by the greater vigor of his attacks. His was the arithmetic of blood. Some Quintus Fabius Maximus would

have sacrificed a hundred thousand more men and \$350,000,000 more treasure by the slowness of his movements and the feebleness of his efforts. "How can I save my country and prevent the greater effusion of blood?" was his supreme question; and his supreme answer was: "By an energy that knows no defeat."

Such is the character of the true conqueror. Only such live in the happy recollections of mankind. Away with heroes without humanity! They may force our respect and seduce our admiration, but they can never win our love. God planted goodness in man as the image of himself. Greatness should spring from goodness. This is the price of hearts. Away with your Alexanders and Cæsars and Tamerlanes! Let them be to our Christian civilization what the gigantic monsters of a departed period are in zoological history—types of an inferior age. In the oncoming centuries mankind will honor only those who drew the sword in defense of human rights and in support of the constitutional authority. Then, All hail, Mount Vernon! All hail, Mount M'Gregor!

From this better nature and higher mission as a warrior sprang his conduct toward the vanquished. He had no hatred in his heart. His heart was as tender as a woman's. He was not vindictive. His holy evangel to the nation was, "Let us have peace." Hence, toward the close of the war, those who had fought against him saw that there was no safety but in the arms of their conqueror. In his dying chamber he grasped the hand of him whose sword was the first he had won, and said: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." On holy Easter he sent forth this tender message: "I desire the good-will of all, whether hitherto my friends or not." His was the song of the angels:

"On earth peace, good will toward men."

This has been the softening ministry of his sufferings to his countrymen. God permitted him to see this glorious consummation. Our sorrow is National in the broadest sense. And to-day, where the magnolia blooms and the palmetto grows, the "men in grey" weep as over the death of their best friend. And had he lived to see a foreign foe invade our shores, North and South would have chosen him to lead us to defend our liberty.

Doubtless, he will be best known in coming ages as the foremost soldier of the Republic. Unknown generations will read his battles with wonder and admiration. In every hamlet, in every metropolis, his martial form will be cast in bronze and sculptured in marble. Historians will vie with each other in paying homage to his genius; but the time will come when men everywhere will recognize the greatness and beneficence of his administration as President of the United States. It were a crime against history and an injustice to his memory were we to lose sight of the statesman amid the glory of the warrior. Such was the magnitude of those great measures of State, of domestic and foreign policy; so far-reaching their influence, so comprehensive their mission, that generations may pass from the vision of the world ere the true and full estimate of his political worth shall be determined. Then his Administration of eight years will receive the calm consideration and just approval of his countrymen. When the memories of party strife shall have been forgotten; when the disappointed aspirations for office shall have ceased to fester; when the rivals for place and power are no more; then, as comes the sun from the mist of the morning, so shall his Administration appear in greatest splendor. Then the

historian of that calmer age will wonder how a soldier by endowment and education, accustomed only to camp and field, unlearned in statecraft, unfamiliar with political science, unacquainted with the methods of civil administration, could have displayed such breadth of statesmanship in the measures which he originated and approved.

Great and beneficent as were his measures of reconstruction, of amendments to the constitution, of finance, of the improvement of the laboring classes, of the just treatment of the Indians, of the elevation of the freedmen, of the promotion of education, and of the concessions he compelled foreign powers to make, yet, in the interests of universal peace, in the ultimate recognition of the brotherhood of nations, in the advancement of Christian civilization in all the earth, the treaty of Washington will be esteemed of immeasurable grandeur and beneficence, not to be estimated by millions of dollars, but by the possibility and prophecy that all international disputes may be adjusted by peaceful arbitration, when "nations shall learn war no more." Such was his dream of the future, expressed to the International Arbitration Union in Birmingham, England, when he said: "Nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that at some future day the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress which shall take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decision, will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court is binding upon us."

His was the genius of common sense, enabling him to contemplate all things in their true relations, judging what is true, useful, proper, expedient, and to adopt the best means to accomplish the largest ends. From this came his seriousness, thoughtfulness, penetration, discernment, firmness, enthusiasm, triumph. Wherein others



dreamed of success he foresaw defeat; when others expected despair he discovered ground of hope. What were contrasts to others were comparisons to him. He often stood alone in his judgment and plans; and it is the enduring compliment to his practical sense that the blunders committed by others on military and political questions were the result of plans which never had his approval. In war and in peace he was the wisest and safest guide this nation has had since "the Father of his Country" ascended to his reward.

To his clear and certain imagination the future loomed before him clothed with the actuality of the present. Read his military orders, and they prophesy the history of the battles he fought. He foresaw the enemy's plans as though he had assisted at their councils of war. He was one of those extraordinary men who, by the supremacy of their wills, force all obstacles to do their bidding. By the promptitude of his action he left no time for its contravention. Times, places and persons he comprehended with mathematical accuracy. Nothing escaped his penetration. Such was the perpetual calmness of his intellect that he could transact the most important affairs when the storm of battle was raging at its height.

His soul was the home of hope, sustained and cheered by the certainties of his mind and the power of his faith. His was the mathematical genius of a great general rather than of a great soldier. By this endowment he proved himself equal to the unexpected, and that with the precision of a seer. "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," because the unexpected happens to every man. The grandest campaigns are often defeats, the most brilliant plans are unconsummated, the most wished-for opportunities are unrealized, because baffled by the unexpected at the very moment of ex-

pected fulfillment. But he appeared greatest in the presence of the unforeseen. Then came an inspiration resistless as the march of a whirlwind, as when on the second night of the battle of the Wilderness, when he changed the entire front of the line of battle, and quietly said, in response to a messenger, "If Lee is in my rear, I am in his."

In the history of a great general there come supreme moments, when long-maturing plans are to be consummated and long-deferred hopes are to be realized. Some men can work up to that point and excite the admiration of mankind by the care and push wherewith they move toward the objective, but fail in the crucial moment. The preparations of this wonderful man rarely excited the applause of the people, because the workings of his masterful mind were hidden beneath the silence of his lips; but when the supreme moment came, there came also an intellectual elevation, an uplifting of the whole being, a transformation of the silent, thoughtful general, which surprised his foes and astonished his friends. He culminated at the crisis. He was at his best when most needed. He responded in an emergency.

He is one of the few men in history who did more than was expected. Some men excite great expectation by the brilliancy of their preparations; but this quiet, meditative, undemonstrative man exceeded all expectations by doing more than he had promised, and by doing what all others had failed to do. Others had done their best with a conscientiousness worthy of all praise; they had worked up to their maximum strength, and accomplished much; they had contributed largely to the final victory, and shall receive well of their country. It was no fault of theirs if nature had not endowed them for the ultimate achievement. But this man, pre-eminent by the

happy combination of both nature and Providence, rose superior to the supreme moment, forced all things to do his bidding, and, like another Joshua, could have commanded sun and moon to stand still to illuminate his final path to victory. His latent resources seemed inexhaustible. Was Fort Donelson esteemed impregnable? It yielded to his demand for an immediate and "unconditional surrender." Did Vicksburg defy his sixth plan of capture? His seventh plan was a success. Did Richmond hurl defiance at all previous attempts? His final effort was a triumph, and over the doomed capital of the Confederacy triumphantly floated the flag of the Union.

Such were his untold, hidden resources of adaptation, ever unfolding to meet the demand of new situations, that he would have proved himself equal to any position of trust and to any emergency that might arise.

And whether in camp or Cabinet, in private or public, at home or abroad, how pure and commendable his moral character! Life in the camp has proved ruinous to the morals of the greatest warriors. The excitement of a life devoted to arms, the scenes of excess and plunder to which a soldier is exposed, the absence of the restraints of home and church, tend to the worst of passions and to the corruption of the best morals. After five years in camp and field he returned to his home without a stain upon his character. Among the ancient or modern warriors where shall we find his superior in moral elevation? Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others. He who could speak to every one according to his station, and who could be the delightful companion of kings and queens, of courtiers and chosen friends, never took the name of his Creator in vain, and an impure story never polluted his lips. He assured me, as his

pastor, that were he disposed to swear he would be compelled to pause to phrase the sentence. Such was the purity of his thought-life that he has been seen to blush and withdraw from the companionship of those who had presumed to relate a salacious story in his presence.

Gentle, true, and kind, gratitude was one of the noblest emotions of his soul. His words were few, but pregnant with grateful recognition. To one who had been a friend in need he declared: "I am glad to say that while there is much unblushing wickedness in the world, yet there is a compensating grandeur of soul. In my case I have not found that republics are ungrateful, nor are the people." And so he had expressed himself in his speech in New York in 1880: "I am not one of those who cry out against the Republic and charge it with being ungrateful. I am sure that, as regards the American people as a nation, and as individuals, I have every reason under the sun, if any person really has, to be satisfied with their treatment of me." When restored to the Army as General and retired on full pay, he was deeply touched; and taking the wife of his youth by the hand he read the telegram which announced the fact, while, more eloquent than words, tears of gratitude to the nation moistened those cheeks never blanched with fear.

He followed the divine maxim: "Before honor is humility." It is difficult to be victorious and not be proud. Military success leaves in the mind an exquisite pleasure, which fills and absorbs the thoughts. The conqueror ascribes to himself superiority of capacity and force. He crowns himself with his own hands; he decrees to himself a secret triumph; he regards as his own the laurels others helped to gather; and when he renders to God public thanks he mingles his vanity with his devotions. But read his orders; read the reports of his vic-

tories; read the memoirs of his life; how he praises his great subordinates and the Army and Navy that did the fighting. Behold the contrast in the general orders and reports of battles by the first Napoleon and those by this unpretentious conqueror. What pride and boldness in the one; what humility and modesty in the other. And who, in all these four *lustra* since the strife was over; in the decade since he retired from the chair of State, with a name great in both hemispheres, has ever heard him speak of his deeds of valor or the success of his administration? "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips."

"In honor preferring one another," was the inspired maxim of his life. How evident his delight in announcing the triumphs of those great generals who fought under him! And here, let us recall the tender and constant friendship of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan. They were as one man. They acted without anxiety. There was in them a concurrence of thought, motive, and aim, born of mutual confidence. They were at once the supplement and converse of each other. He was profound in reflection; they acted by sudden illumination. He was cool without languor; they ardent without precipitation. He was more ready to act than to speak, and most resolute and determined when most silent; they most eloquent in words and deeds when executing the plans of their chief. He created in them the expectation of something extraordinary; they sought to reach those prodigies which crowned his life as the most consummate General. He, by his rapid and constant efforts, won the admiration of the world; they rejoiced to shine in the association of his glory. He, by the depth of his genius and his incredible resources, rose superior to the greatest dangers; they, by an admirable instinct, seemed born to

draw fortune into their plans and force destiny itself. What a privilege to study these men and learn from each the esteem the other merited. But, Alas! the trinity is broken. Grant is dead!

Yet he was not a stoic, insensible alike to pain and pleasure; indifferent to public opinion or careless about his honor or rights. He loved the praise of men when the reward of honorable action. He was a sensitive, high-spirited, manly man, who had the will and the courage to contend to the last for what was his due. If he reviled not when reviled, he accepted the divine philosophy that a "soft answer turneth away wrath." If he was patient under misrepresentation, he trusted Him who said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Was he silent under reproach? He preferred the greater satisfaction of the reversion of public opinion. Only those permitted to hear the whispers of his sensitive heart knew the grief and anguish he experienced when maligned by ignorance, prejudice, and disappointed aspirants. He had meekness, but it was not a base surrender of self-respect. His indignation could burn like a mountain on fire, but he never permitted himself to be consumed by its volcanic eruptions. He knew his enemies, and treated them with a withering silence that has passed into a proverb. He knew his friends, and, true to his knightly soul, supported them in "good report and evil." But he never was the companion of bad men, and when he discovered in a pretended friend deception or dishonesty or immorality, he shook him off as Christ rejected Judas. His was the language of the Psalmist: "In whose eyes a vile person is contemned." His private friendships were refined, and he found his chief delight in the society of the true, the pure, and the elevated. He discerned character with the precision of a

prophet. His great subordinates are in proof. His chief associates in the affairs of State are illustrations. And the marvel of the ages will be that through a long and responsible public career he was so seldom deceived when on the highest authority it is said: "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light" to deceive the very elect. It has been the ill-fortune of the best and wisest of men, from Moses to David, from David to Paul, from Paul to Luther, to be deceived by pretended friends. Cæsar had his Brutus. Washington had his Arnold. Christ had his Judas.

And the world mistakes the character of our illustrious countryman in supposing that he was without self-appreciation. He knew his power and realized his strength. His humility was not born of self-ignorance; his self-abnegation was not inspired by contempt for the reward of noble deeds. He was not indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-men, nor was his ear deaf to the voice of praise. He loved fame, but he did not seek it. He loved power, but he did not aspire to it. He loved wealth, but he did not covet it. He was a man with all the passions and appetites of human nature; and to make him other than a well-poised, self-mastered man would be an injustice to his memory. But he was wiser than his celebrated contemporaries, in that he would not suffer himself to be unmanned by popular applause, or the exercise of power, or the possession of wealth, or crushed by misfortune, or disheartened by suffering. In this he was greater than the great of his own age.

He loved life and enjoyed it; he loved children and caressed them; he loved his family and found therein his chief delight. He had not a taste for music, but he had melody in his heart. He despised pretense and show, but admired the real and beautiful. He was not

fond of books, yet by carefulness of observation, by thoroughness of reflection, by attentiveness to the conversation of the well informed, by extensive travels in many lands, by the daily study of current events, he was the most intelligent citizen in our Republic. He was a living encyclopædia of facts, figures and men, and his forthcoming memoirs will astonish the reader with his accurate estimate of persons, the keenness of his observations and the vastness of his information.

Out of his great character came the purest motives, as effect follows cause. He abandoned himself to his life mission with the hope of no other reward than the consciousness of duty done. Duty to his conscience, his country and his God was his standard of successful manhood. With him true greatness was that in great actions our only care should be to perform well our part and let glory follow virtue. He placed his fame in the service of the State. He was never tempted by false glory. He never acted for effect. He acted because he could not help it. His action was spontaneous. Ambition could not corrupt his patriotism; calumnies could not lessen it; discouragements could not subdue it. It was not a sudden outburst of the imagination, but an intelligent conviction. He committed all to the great struggle to save his country. There was a time when he preferred that his military genius should suffer momentary depreciation rather than hazard the cause of the Union by revealing the vastness of his plans, which required time to unfold. Who does not recall the time when an ardent, patriotic people became impatient, exacting, clamorous for immediate results. But he had the energy of silence. His self-control was equal to the impatience of the nation. How calm and unruffled was he! He knew that time was an essential element in a war so

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vast and complicated. He could wait. He did wait. And a grateful people bless his memory. And with a nation redeemed, peaceful and prosperous, who does not regret the cloud cast over him at Pittsburgh Landing, at Vicksburgh and in the Wilderness? He made no reply. He spoke no word of complaint. He offered no self-vindication. He knew his plans, and felt assured of success. O! great soul, forgive our impatience; forget our lack of confidence; blot from thy memory our cruel censures. Thou wert wiser and kindlier and better than we. We did it in the ardor of our patriotism and in our love of liberty. And from the serene heavens into which thou hast gone, join our song as we praise that God who gave thee the victory and us a redeemed nation.

The martyrs of one age are the prophets of the next. Fame succeeds defamation. Time changes all things. Washington endured a like ordeal. His neutrality proclamation touching the war between France and England, and his treaty with England, gave mortal offense. His action was denounced in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. His mock funeral was enacted in Philadelphia. The treaty was burned in public squares. His character was aspersed. He was declared destitute of merit as a statesman. He was charged with having violated the Constitution; with having drawn from the public treasury for his private use, and his impeachment was publicly suggested. Time has changed the verdict of the people. He is now enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen; and so shall his illustrious successor forever dwell in the grateful affections of the American people.

If now we lay upon the altar of his memory, as our votive offerings, our liberty, our wealth and our homes, let us learn to be cautious in our decisions on the acts

of our public servants, and slow in our censures upon those whom time may prove our greatest benefactors.

And where, in all the annals of our national life, shall we find another, save the sage of Mount Vernon, who was so truly a typical American? Is it true that his personal qualities were not brilliant; that his salient points were not conspicuous; that in running parallels between him and other men of fame, a feeling of disappointment is experienced because there is not on the surface some prodigious element of power and greatness? Yet he had this double advantage over all the world's heroes—he possessed the solid virtues of true greatness in a larger degree than other men of renown, and possessed them in greater harmony of proportions. Some heroes have been men of singular virtue in particular lines of conduct. Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, was distinguished for his moderation and courage. Aristides the Just scorned the bribes offered by Mardonius. The patriotism of Leonidas was proof against the temptation of uncounted gold. Regulus was the soul of Roman honor, and accepted exile and death in preference to infamy. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus gave his royal fortune to relieve the poor of his empire. Peter the Great was illustrious for his pride of country, and laid the foundations of Russia's present greatness. Frederick of Prussia was a soldier prince, the most renowned of whom history has preserved a memorial. But this foremost American possessed all these and other virtues in happy combination, not like single gems, brilliant by isolation, but like jewels in a crown of glory, united by the golden band of a completer character. What humility amid such admiration! what meekness amid such provocation! what fidelity amid such temptations! what contentment amid such adversity! what sincerity amid such deception! what "faith,

hope and charity" amid such suffering! Temperate without austerity, cautious without fear, brave without rashness, serious without melancholy, he was cheerful without frivolity. His constancy was not obstinacy; his adaptation was not fickleness. His hopefulness was not Utopian. His love of justice was equaled only by his delight in compassion, and neither was sacrificed to the other. His self-advancement was subordinated to the public good. His integrity was never questioned; his honesty was above suspicion; his private life and public career were at once reputable to himself and honorable to his country.

Are these plain, homely, solid virtues? Yet they are the essential elements in public usefulness and permanent renown. Is it true that mankind are attracted by shining qualities and are led captive by brilliancy rather than by solidity? Are the masses charmed by the tears of the Macedonian; by the Roman crossing the Rubicon; by the Frenchman dispersing the National Directory? But he was too great to be brilliant as men count brilliancy. The sword of Orion, the clustered glories of the Pleiades, the uplifted falchion of Perseus, are more attractive than the Polar Star; but of all the stellar hosts, which is more important than that calm and steady planet to gladden the mariner on the trackless deep? Dewdrops sparkle in the morning sun, and the summer cloud emits its fructifying shower, and in turn is decked with the celestial bow; but what are these compared with the wealth and highway of the ocean? In sheets of light and in bars of fire the lightning dazzles the eye and terrifies the mind of the beholder; but what is the glow of the one or the sheen, of the other to the daily sun spreading warmth and plenty and beauty over the habitations of man? He was the sun of our plenty, the ocean of our wealth, and the Polar

Star, shining calmly and steadily in the heavens of our Republic.

Such a solid, sturdy character becomes our geography, our institutions and our destiny. Self-government calls upon the judgment to control the imagination; to ambition to submit to queenly modesty; to adventure to bow to prudence; to justice to hold in subjection political wrong; to virtue to dominate every vice. It seems to be with us a national tradition that only men of solid virtues shall be raised to supreme positions in our Republic.

Our greatest yet with least pretense,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.

As he was the typical American, so his was the typical American home. May we lift the curtain, and look upon the holy privacy of that once unbroken household? O! the mutual and reciprocal love of wedded life within those sacred precincts. Husband and wife the happy supplement of each other, their characters blending in sweetest harmony like the blended colors in the bow of promise. He, strength, dignity, and courage; she, gentleness, grace and purity. He, the Doric column to sustain; she, the Corinthian column to beautify. He, the oak to support; she, the ivy to entwine. In their life of deathless love, their happiness lay like an ocean of pearls and diamonds in the embrace of the future. He, unhappy without her presence; she, desolate without his society. She, pure, high-minded, discriminating, ardent, loving, intelligent, he confided to her his innermost soul and blessed her with his best and unfailing love. She shared his trials and his triumphs; his sorrows and his joys; his toils and his rewards. How tender was that scene, in the

early dawn of that April day, when all thought the long-expected end had come, when he gave her his watch and tenderly caressed her hand. It was all the great soldier had to give the wife of his youth. And the dying hero whispered: "I did not have you wait upon me, because I knew it would distress you; but now the end draws nigh." And out from the "swellings of Jordan" he rushed back to the shore of life to write this tender message to his son: "Wherever I am buried, promise me that your mother shall be buried by my side." It is all a wife could ask; it is all a husband could wish.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they shall not be divided." Side by side they shall sleep in the same tomb and she shall share with him whatever homage future ages shall pay at his national shrine.

It was his love for her that lifted his intellect above the ceaseless tortures of a malignant disease and threw oblivion over the sense of excruciating pain, that he might write his personal memoirs, that she should not want when he was gone.

And how tender was his care. He thought not of himself, but of her. To his son he said: "I hope mother will bear up bravely." To quiet her anxiety he wrote: "Do as I do; take it quietly. I give myself not the least concern. If I knew the end was to be to-morrow, I would try just as hard to get rest in the meantime." Would she keep holy vigils through the livelong night? He wrote her: "Go to sleep and feel happy; that is what I want to do, and am going to try for. I am happy when out of pain. Consider how happy you ought to be. Good night!"

Did she seek to divert his mind from his sufferings by recalling the victories of the past? He replied: "This is the anniversary of the battle of Vicksburg—that is a

fact. I had not thought of it before. It has been an important anniversary to us on two other occasions—one when our only daughter was born, and subsequent to Vicksburg, when we had a grandson born on that day.”

Was hers a laudable desire that the forthcoming memoirs should be inscribed to her? Yet she surrendered her claim to the magnanimity that inspired him to write: “It is a great deal better that it should be dedicated as it is. I made what reputation I have as a soldier. The troops on both sides are yet living. As it is, the dedication is to those we fought against as well as to those we fought with. It may serve a purpose in restoring harmony. If it does, it is of more importance than to gratify a little vanity. You will die; it is hoped the book will live. After you and the soldiers who fought are all gone, the dedication will have more value than now.”

And such was the tenderness of his love and solicitude for her and hers, he surprised her by a letter found after his death. It came as a message to her from him after he had gone. When his spirit had returned to the God who gave it there was found secreted in his robe his last letter to her, enveloped, sealed, and addressed. He had written it betimes; written it secretly, and carried the sacred missive day after day during fourteen days, knowing that she would find it at last. In it he poured forth his soul in love for her and solicitude for their children:

“Look after our dear children and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them could depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given us any cause for alarm on their account, and I earnestly pray they never will. With these few injunctions and the

knowledge I have of your love and affection, and of the dutiful affection of all our children, I bid you a final farewell, until we meet in another and I trust, a better world. You will find this on my person after my demise."

And who should marvel that, in a home of such parentage, that parental love and filial affection should reign supreme. "Honor thy father and thy mother," was in perpetual obedience there. O! what reverence for that honored father by those devoted sons and that precious daughter. O! what blissful love they manifested for that dear mother, to-day a widow. What pure delight in each other's company; what mutual pride in each other's future welfare. And while all honor is due to each child of the departed for love, devotion and anxiety, and now for grief; yet the American people will never forget the sleepless nights, the ceaseless vigils by day, the profound deference, the tender caresses, the deathless love, of his first-born son, whose manly heart was crushed when his father died. Such a home is worthy to be called an American home. Give us such homes of purity, love, and joy, and our Republic shall live forever.

If such was his character, such his life, such his home, what were the consolations which sustained him in sickness and cheered him in death? Was life to him a "walking shadow" and death an endless dream? Was his calmness in suffering born of stoical philosophy, or inspired by Christian fortitude? Were his love and hope limited by time, or destined to live forever? Reared in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and baptized in his last illness by one of her ministers, his religious nature was sincere, calm, and steadfast. The principles of Christianity were deeply engrafted upon his spirit. Firm, but never demonstrative, he was not a man of religious pretense. His life was his profession. He knew that

Christianity had nothing to gain from him beyond the influence of a "well-ordered life and a godly conversation," but that he had everything to gain from the power and promises of our Lord. More than all things else, he was taciturn touching his religious faith and experience—not, however, from doubt and fear, but from mental characteristics. The keenest, closest, broadest of all observers, he was the most silent of men. He lived within himself. His thought-life was most intense; his memory and imagination were picture-galleries of the world and libraries of treasured thought. He was a world to himself. His most intimate friends knew him only in part; he was fully and best known to the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins. To them the man of iron will and nerve of steel was gentle, tender and confiding, and to them he unfolded his beautiful religious life.

On the 18th of April he said to me: "I believe in the Holy Scriptures; whoso lives by them will be benefited thereby; men may differ as to the interpretation, which is human; but the Scriptures are man's best guide." He revered their source, recognized their influence, responded to their requisitions, trusted in their promises, and found consolation in their hopes. His faith in God as the Sovereign Ruler and Father Almighty was simple as a child's and mighty as a prophet's. There is an eloquence of pathos in the opening sentence of the preface to his *Memoirs*. He had proposed for himself other plans of usefulness to occupy his declining years. He would have mingled in the busy scenes of life in places where men "most do congregate." He would have been identified with the great enterprises of his day, to increase a nation's wealth and power, and the glory of that city in whose enchanting park he shall repose beneath the



noblest monument. He would have enjoyed in domestic and social life wealth and well-earned renown. But Heaven decreed otherwise. "Man proposes and God disposes." There are but few important events in the affairs of men brought about by men of their own choice. Such was his faith in Providence, which imparted to him absolute power in his great mission; and when burdened with the gravest responsibilities, when conscious that a nation's life had been confided to his care, when the darkness of adversity overshadowed him, he trusted in the Lord who is mightier than the mighty.

Doing nothing for show, yet he made public recognition of God by his faithful and conscientious attendance upon Divine worship. No public man heard more sermons than he, and he was the best of hearers. Whether in the obscurity of Galena, or in the conspicuousness of Washington, or in the private walks of life in New York, he was in his pew on the Lord's Day. And his pastor was always sure of his presence on a stormy Sabbath. His faithful attendance at church was largely inspired by his respect for the Sabbath day. On Monday, April 20, he said to me: "I did not go riding yesterday, although invited and permitted by my physicians, because it was the Lord's Day, and because I felt that if a relapse should set in the people who are praying for me would feel that I was not helping their faith by riding out on Sunday." And on a Saturday night, to divert his attention from pain and uneasiness, his eldest son suggested some innocent diversion, but when informed that it was near midnight, the honored father replied: "It is too near the Sabbath to begin any diversion."

He was a man of prayer. It was on Sabbath evening, March 22, when alone with Mrs. Grant, that his pastor

entered, and the General, with tenderest appreciation and gratitude, referred to the many prayers offered for him, and mentioned societies and little children who had promised to pray for him daily; and then, in answer to his minister's suggestion, that we should join that universal prayer, he replied with emphasis, "Yes;" and at the conclusion of our supplication the illustrious invalid responded, "Amen!" That Amen, by that silent man, was more significant than volumes by others. But it was his custom and habit to call to prayers. On March 27, late in the evening, he requested all to enter his room for devotions, and made a special request for the presence of his "beloved physician," and his friend Romero. And he said, to an honored priest of another Church: "I know and feel very grateful to the Christian people of the land for their prayers on my behalf. There is no sect or religion as shown in the Old or New Testaments to which this does not apply. Catholics, Protestants and Jews, and all the good people of all nations, of all politics as well as religions, and all nationalities, seemed to have united in wishing or praying for my improvement. I am a great sufferer all the time, but the facts you have related are compensation for much of it. All that I can do is to pray that the prayers of all these good people may be answered so far as to have us meet in another and a better world."

He was not a bigot. Bigotry was no part of his noble and generous nature. While he demanded religion as the safeguard of a free people, he accorded to all the largest freedom of faith and worship. He was without prejudice; he claimed that public education should be non-sectarian, but not non-religious. His Des Moines speech on education was not against the Roman Catholic Church, but against ignorance and superstition. The

order issued during the war, excluding certain Jewish traders from a given military district, did not originate with him, but came from higher authority, and was not against the religion of the Jews.

His was the beatitude: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Strangers might regard him indifferent to the needy, yet the poor will rise up and call him blessed. Many were the pensioners of his kindly bounty. He gave "his goods to feed the poor." While President he heard his pastor on "Active Christianity," and in the sermon mention was made of a soldier's widow sick and poor, and of a blind man in pressing want. He had just reached the White House, when he sent me back this card with the money: "Please give \$10 to the blind man and \$10 to the soldier's widow." On a Christmas Eve he wrote me thus:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, DEC. 24, 1869.

"*Dear Doctor*: Please find enclosed my check for \$100, for distribution among the poor, and don't forget 'The Ragged Schools' on the Island. Yours truly,  
"U. S. Grant."

In his private, unseen life, he bore many of the fruits of the Spirit. He loved his enemies, not as he loved his friends, but he loved them as enemies by doing them good as he had opportunity. He caught the spirit of the Saviour's prayer: "Father forgive them; they know not what they do." There is one high in official position in our Nation who had traduced him at the point of honor whereat a great soldier is most sensitive, and the wrong done was made public to the mortification of all. Grieved at what he had done, and confined to his sick room, he who had offended was nigh unto death. But, himself a man of proud and sensitive spirit, he sighed for reconciliation. "Would the President forgive the offense and call on the sick?" anxiously asked interested friends,

A suggestion from me that it would be a Christian act to call was sufficient. The call was made; the sick man revived; and old friendship was restored. And, rising to a magnanimity worthy a saint, he would not withhold an honor due, even from those who had done him a wrong. Who does not regret the death of such a man? Heaven may be richer, but earth is poorer. On one of those delusive April days, when hope revived in all our hearts, I said to him: "You are a man of Providence. God made you the instrument to save our nation, and he may have a great spiritual mission to accomplish by you, and may raise you up." In the most solemn and impressive manner, with a mind clear and a voice distinct, he replied: "I do not wish to proclaim it; but should He spare my life it is my intention and resolve to throw all my influence by example in that direction."

He is gone, but shall death defeat a purpose so beneficent? Is he not mightier in his death than in his life? What home has not felt the sympathetic chord touched by the invisible hand of his terrible but patient suffering? How the embers of sectional strife have died out on the hearthstone of the nation! How political animosities have skulked away in shame from the peaceful spirit of his last moments! How sectarian prejudice shrank into oblivion when around his couch all bowed in prayer before a universal Saviour! How the young men of the Republic realized that life is worth living when they felt the touch of his great soul! How the little children of the nation united his name with that of father and mother in their purer prayers, and opened the tablets of their young memories to receive the image of his life and character! And wherever he had touched the circuit of the earth, there came from Japan, China and India, from the temples of Jerusalem and the Pyramids

of Egypt, from Attic Plains and ancient Troy, from the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, from the Danube and Rhine, from the Seine and the Thames, and from out the venerable walls of Westminster Abbey, the voice of lamenting love.

When near his end he sought to cheer that precious woman who loved him as her life: "You ought to feel happy under any circumstances. My expected death called forth expressions of sincerest kindness from all people of all sections of the country. The Confederate soldier vied with the Union soldier in sounding my praise. The Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jew appointed days for universal prayer in my behalf. All societies passed resolutions of sympathy for me and petitions that I might recover. It looked as if my sickness had had something to do to bring about harmony between the sections. The attention of the public has been called to your child and they have been found to pass muster. Apparently I have accomplished more while apparently dying than it falls to the lot of most men to be able to do!" O, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

And where in all the annals of the Church shall we find a dying hour so full of divine repose? His calm faith in a future state was undisturbed by anxious doubt. His suffering and wasted body was but the casket for the resplendent jewel of his soul, and when death ruthlessly broke that precious casket an angel carried the jewel to the skies to lay it at the Saviour's feet. In the early light of April 1st, when all thought the end was come, the sufferer said to me: "Doctor, I am going."

"I hope the prospect of the future is clear and bright" was my response; and the answer came: "Yes, O, yes!" Then followed a scene of infinite tenderness. The honored

wife, the precious daughter, the devoted sons and their wives, each in turn approached and he tenderly kissed them. "Do you know me, darling?" was the loving wife's inquiry, and he whispered back: "Certainly I do, and bless you all in my heart." Such love melted the marble heart of death, and the "King of Terrors" fled affrighted. The sufferer revived. Heaven added months to a life so dear to us all. When he had recovered sufficiently, I asked him: "What was the supreme thought on your mind when eternity seemed so near?"

"The comfort of the consciousness that I had tried to live a good and honorable life," was the response which revealed the hidden life of his soul. Again the angel of death cast his shadow over the one a nation loved. Amid the gathering gloom I said: "You have many awaiting you on the other side."

"I wish they would come, and not linger long," was the answer of his Christian faith and hope. They came at last. They came to greet him with the kiss of immortality. They came to escort the conqueror over the "last enemy" to a coronation never seen on thrones of earthly power and glory. Who came? His martyred friend, Lincoln? His companion in arms, McPherson? His faithful Chief of Staff, Rawlins? His great predecessor in camp and Cabinet, Washington? And did not all who had died for Liberty come? O! calm, brave, heroic soul, sing thou the song of Christian triumph: "O, death, where is thy sting, O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

C

THE  
LIFE AND DEEDS  
OF  
GEN'L U. S. GRANT.

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CHAPTER I.

IN SUPREME COMMAND.

Grant in command of all the armies—Crossing the Rapidan—The wrestle in the Wilderness—Description of that wild and rugged region—Hancock on Hooker's old battle-field—Warren's assault—Grant's famous ride to the front—An old officer's tribute.

“If any opportunity presents itself for pitching into a part of Lee's army, do so without giving time for dispositions.” This order to General George G. Meade was one of the first commands issued in a military movement of vital moment to the nation. It was penned one May morning in 1864, at half past eight o'clock, just as the Army of the Potomac was crossing the Rapidan river to begin a spring campaign, with one man in command of all the armies of the Union. New plans had been made and fresh forces were taking the first step toward their execution. The fate of the nation hung upon their success.

Thrice before, under as many different commanders, had this same army pushed across this same stream during the three years just past, only to return disappointed with defeat or retreat. History does not furnish brighter examples of heroism than it had displayed upon many occasions; yet, from one cause or another, its work had not brought decisive results.



At the moment when this message was sent to Meade it was entering upon a new experience, under the control of a mind and will noted for its unyielding quality. The man whose orders it was now to obey had been promoted to the highest rank known to the law. Before he wrote the above order to Meade he had by wire moved the army of Butler from Fort Fisher toward Richmond, Sherman southward toward Georgia, and Crook to the valley of Virginia. Thus, four strong armies, numbering more than a quarter of a million



GRANT WRITING DESPATCH BEFORE CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

of efficient troops, were at this moment marching from widely distant points toward a common centre in a new scheme of co-operation and support that promised great things to a nation impatient for a victory.

Never before in the history of war had one man directed warlike operations over a broader expanse of territory or held a more exalted military command. But this one had earned the right to this unlimited power in the fierce furnace of fight.

From Belmont, all the way southward to Chattanooga, U. S. Grant had fought great battles and won important victories. While doing these things, he also fashioned from new levies an army of matchless soldiers. They came, officers as well as men, from the industrious citizens of the West, raw volunteers, who, at the first call, shouldered muskets they knew not how to use. These troops, in learning the cruel lessons of the sword, had followed him from Cairo to Missionary Ridge, and well understood his relentless methods of war. The fact had also forced itself upon the country that he did not split hairs over questions of military etiquette or waste time in defining the intricate theories of an armed conflict in the place of producing evidences of his presence near the foe. His work had furnished the testimony that when his soldiers met the enemy the business on hand was a fight. To reach the best of it by the easiest and most direct means had always been his aim, and he had given the nation results instead of excuses. This fact had attracted the attention and purchased for him the acclaim of the whole country. It had also bred the belief that tenacity was his chief talent. His record does not prove it. The campaign which began at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and ended in the fall of Vicksburg, especially the later features of it, were certainly strategic and bold enough to please the most critical military scientist. Yet it is by no means the only example of General Grant's skill in the conception of great military movements as well as in the stroke of the conflict; but it is enough to prove his high quality as a warrior. His pathway up to a full acknowledgment of his abilities had been full of stones. Against big odds General Grant had practically hammered himself into the hazards of supreme command at the moment

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the reader is asked to begin the story of a life as full of interest as it is of useful teachings.

The Army of the Potomac was unused to his aggressive and stubborn ideas of armed strife. Whether from political complications surrounding the situation near Washington, or some other cause, its battles had been a test of the courage of the troops, but never of the enduring quality of man.



VIEW ON THE RAPIDAN RIVER.

A great general once said, "The hope and courage of assailants are always greater than that of the assailed." Grant, seemingly impressed with this idea, always sought to attack rather than be attacked. When possible, the dawn of the morning was the signal for a forward movement. In other words, he was able to, and did, test to the fullest the endurance as well as the courage of his troops. The order to Meade started the splendid

soldiers of the Army of the Potomac to their first lesson in General Grant's resolute ways of conducting a campaign.

The new commander had just been informed that Warren with the Fifth Corps had struck a part of Lee's army. Naturally, this was notice to him that the Confederate chieftain was prepared for his forward movement. Lee had pushed his forces out of the half-circle in which they lay near the south bank of the Rapidan, from Locust Grove, above Orange Court-House, to the mouth of Mountain Run, near Ely's Ford. He intended to whip the advancing army before it could be united and put into position.

General Meade was with the leading column, while Grant was still near the banks of the Rapidan river, waiting for Burnside. His interest about the situation in front pressed upon him, and, leaving word for Burnside to hurry up, he rode forward to join Meade at his head-quarters at the old tavern just behind where Warren was making his dispositions. It was an hour after he reached there before two divisions of the Fifth Corps were ready to make the attack which Meade had ordered as soon as he received Grant's notice to begin the battle. His forces were yet scattered, and reports from the enemy were meagre and unsatisfactory. Little more was known of their movements than that they had been discovered in front in strong force.

The lay of the land where the Lieutenant-General was to fight his first battle with strange troops, commanded by officers almost unknown to him, fastened upon the leader a perplexing responsibility and a new danger. The Confederates were operating in a region with which they were more or less familiar, while the Union forces were entire strangers to its intricacies, and must hunt

the enemy where cavalry and artillery were useless and reliance could be had on the musket only. The country, for miles about, was wild and forbidding. The ground was rugged and uneven. The slopes were covered with a thick growth of scrub oaks and other varieties of stunted trees. Hazel and other small underbrush were woven into a bewildering network by creeping vines and evergreens. This extensive reach of singular forest



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

was penetrated by only two wagon roads, and there was hardly a bridle-path in the whole region. Only now and then did a brook or a ravine break through the tangled undergrowth and part the shadows of the forest enough to let the sunlight in.

The movement of troops in this almost impenetrable thicket was very difficult. Alignments could not be preserved, and it was next to impossible to maintain the formations. Fighting in this closely-twisted fastness had to be man to man, and most of the time against an unseen enemy. Each soldier must be guided by his natural sagacity, for the officers were powerless so far

as systematic direction was concerned. The region was well named "The Wilderness," and the desperate fight which began there on the 5th of May and lasted for two days may well be called a grapple in the brush or a scramble in the undergrowth.

To keep a footing upon the important roads in this wild region was of vital importance. Lee intended to crowd Grant down the river before Hancock could come up from the old Chancellorsville field, where he had camped the night before. This purpose, on the part of his antagonist, compelled Grant to force the issue here. To meet the requirements of the situation, Warren, as soon as possible, sent Griffin's and Wadsworth's divisions with such energy against the enemy, that Ewell, who was before him, was driven from the field in utter confusion. But the nature of the ground was such that supports failed to come up, and the foe, renewing the attack in the afternoon, pushed Warren back before nightfall to the position from which he made the attack of the morning. Warren's assault had been brilliantly and resolutely made, and, but for the remarkable character of the field, would have been so successful that the subsequent battles of that campaign would have been fought upon a different line.

The news of the day's disaster fell upon Grant's ear without in the least disturbing his equanimity. That supreme confidence in final success that had always characterized the Lieutenant-General was not shaken in this crisis, and he set about preparing for another assault, with as much composure as though the most ordinary work of life was being directed by him. The day's disaster told him that Lee's whole force was now before him. Sedgwick was still behind. Hancock had not yet come from Todd's Tavern, where he had been

halted, so that he could go to the support of Getty on the Brock road or be marched to Warren's assistance, as the exigencies of the battle might require.

Warren in person reported to General Grant the final result of the day's fight and the general situation on the line of battle. He simply asked a few questions, and then ordered his horse, impelled by the gravity of the situation to go to the front and make his own observations. By way of preparation, he arose and buckled on a sword, which was notice to all who knew the habits of the man that he regarded this as a moment of supreme importance and one of unusual dignity. Rarely, since he had been a general officer, had he worn side-arms, and their presence upon this occasion was regarded as an unerring indication of the character of his thoughts. The act by him was more significant than words from most men. The sword was the mute messenger of his power and determined purpose.

It took but a moment to prepare for the ride, when Grant and Warren gave rein to their horses and passed out to decide what should be done in this emergency. Only a rough country road led out to Warren's position, and along it the two generals travelled while the daylight was waning. The troops were scattered at hap-hazard through the woods, and, although the rude works of the two forces, thrown up at odd times during the fight, were very near to each other, they were not visible to the contending men, and about all the new commander could do in the way of taking observations was to make himself familiar with the unfortunate lay of the land and the necessity of holding Warren's position.

Bent upon this, he returned to head-quarters to give directions for Burnside to hurry up from the river and Hancock to make all possible speed to the support of



Getty's division, which held the key to all the by-ways in that wooded region. Getty had been instructed to maintain his position against all odds, and to do so he was finally obliged to move out and make a fight while Hancock was hurrying to his relief. But the Second Corps arrived late in the afternoon, just in the nick of time to support Getty in his assault on Hill.

While all these movements were going on, vexatious delays were embarrassing the leader whose fate, as well as that of his army, hung in such delicate balances that a hair might have turned the scale for or against him. Yet perfect confidence in the final triumph of his plans did not desert him, and now, after all these years, he says: "While those were serious hours, I never once lost faith in the troops or had a doubt of final success." But who will measure the peril of the situation while Grant waited for a message from the front that day. It was late in the afternoon of the 5th of May before that incessant, awful roar of musketry came with a sullen voice to his ear, which told that a fierce battle was on. It is unnecessary here to follow the incidents of that terrific wrestle in the Wilderness. It began on the 5th and ended on the 7th of May, but the first thirty-six hours of fight traced in blood a never-dying tribute to the valor of the American volunteer. Those who wore the blue were as if blindfolded with brush during all the conflict. Those who wore the gray, with advantages of ground and information, proved themselves foes of the first quality. The story of their clinch and struggle in the thicket can never be pictured with words. Most of it was hidden from the eye of any one except individual antagonists. They simply fought until both were worn out or dead, and when the shattered battalions of the Army of the Potomac were drawn out



of the woods to renew the battle at Spottsylvania the first step toward ultimate triumph had been taken. To be sure, Grant's first engagement below the Rapidan was without decisive results. Yet the battle of the Wilderness was an important victory. He had sounded Lee's position and out-generalled him in the preliminary manœuvres of a great campaign. He had established himself firmly on the south side of the river, which was a substantial reward for his first movement. The army which had given him such brilliant evidences of its fighting capacity had been in the habit of retreating after a single engagement. One of the old officers of the Sixth Corps, twenty years later, tells this story of the value of the Wilderness to the troops and the impression Grant made upon them.

"We were thrown across the Rapidan again in the spring of 1864, and scarcely had our column straightened out in the road to Richmond, when Lee attacked. We had to face to the right and meet him in the dense thickets known as the 'Wilderness.' The fighting was desperate and deadly. There was no great advantage for either army until Lee got on our right flank and rear.

"This attack was made on the Sixth Corps late in the afternoon of the 6th, and for a time there was great confusion, and stubborn fighting. Sedgwick 'changed front' in the face of the most determined assaults. The old General was as cool and gave his orders as quietly and clearly as if he had been sitting in his tent. The movement was successfully accomplished, yet every man of us knew that we had been cut off from the base of supplies at Brandy Station and expected nothing but that, in the early morning we would be fighting only for a chance to fall back again beyond

the Rapidan. We had got used to it and would have retreated with no more than the usual feeling of regret. It was then, in the gathering darkness, that I saw General Grant, wholly undisturbed by the seeming failure of his plans, and giving his orders without appearance of annoyance. I set him down right there as a great General. But, when about midnight orders came and we moved to the left, in the direction of Richmond, there was a scene. It flashed upon us, like lightning, that there was to be no more 'falling back,' and the troops broke into the wildest enthusiasm. I had been through it all, from McClellan to Meade, and the feeling of the army that night when they found there was to be no more retreating, found relief in such cheers as I had never listened to."

This veteran officer thus describes the victory. It came in the confidence Grant gave his soldiers and in the faith they gave him.

Touching thus the needle of the indicator which points to the high degree of this great warrior's power, just as it is within one notch of the top, it is well to stop and look at the elements of mind and character that have combined to make him a great Captain and an illustrious citizen.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE GRANT FAMILY.

Grant's ancestry—He comes of fighting stock—Tracing his family back 800 years—They are from the sturdy yeomanry of Scotland—Matthew Grant's arrival in this country—Early settlement in New England—Noah Grant the great-grandfather and Noah Grant the grandfather—His life in Pennsylvania—Birth and early life of Jesse Grant—His marriage to Hannah Simpson—Characteristics of his parents.

Few men are fitted for the highest duties of command. From out of the crucible of fight only one officer, from among the many, comes who possesses the forceful attributes necessary to the successful conduct of war. Perfect self-poise, self-reliance and power of decision, where human life is at stake, are rare yet indispensable qualities in a commander. There are many men grand in the assault who are lost in the plan of a campaign, or beaten by dallying with their judgment.

There is a vast deal of difference between a great soldier and a great commander. Several Generals on the Union side were doubtless General Grant's superiors in what may be termed "the learning of war;" but in the vital resources that were always proof against defeat or demoralization, Grant was the chosen chief among them all. It was his tireless energy, tenacity, entire willingness to accept grave responsibilities, and a sublime faith in his ability to win even against adverse chances, that made him the leader of great leaders. He inherited these strong qualities from a long line of not aristocratic but substantial and useful ancestry, whose mottoes were, "Steadfast," "Wise and

Harmless." His own character, too, as read by his acts and what he has said, is a curious commingling of tenderness and firmness.

For eight hundred years there has been no war, either in our own or the mother country, in which General Grant's ancestors have not borne a creditable part. Playfair's "British Antiquity" says that originally the Grants were Normans, and came into Scotland with William the Conqueror as early as 1016. In the early days of the Scotch monarchy they were rich and powerful, and Gregory Grant was a Sheriff of Inverness as early as the 13th century. It is singular how the stolid quality of the good law officer has been handed down from generation to generation, to find its sternest and yet kindest representative in the hero of Appomattox.

The same authority as above quoted states that at Halidoun Hill, in 1333, John Grant commanded the right wing of the Scottish army. There is also a monument in Hampshire, England, to Lieutenant-General Francis Grant, who was buried in 1781. It bears the crest of a burning mount with the motto, "Steadfast," the word selected by his ancestors, many hundred years before, to depict the character of the Grants. "Crests of the Families of Great Britain and Ireland," by Fairbairn, contains twenty-one different crests of the clan Grant. One of them represents a burning hill with four peaks, each surmounted by a flame, with the motto, "Stand Sure, Stand Fast, Craig Ellachie." Another Grant had as a crest an oak sprouting, the sun shining and the motto, "Wise and Harmless."

A regiment of Highlanders in the Sepoy rebellion in India was composed almost entirely of Grants, and their colors bore the motto, "Stand Fast, Craig Ellachie." The original home of these strong people lies in the

northeast of Scotland, on the beautiful and picturesque land that follows the course of the river Spey. The Shires of Inverness, Moray and Banff were theirs; a country noted for the beauty of its scenery and its magnificent forests of fir-trees. It is recorded that about the 14th century the clan became divided, and that is doubtless the reason why to-day there are two clans in Scotland who claim ancestry with our great Captain.

The Duffs, Gordons and Stewart-Murrays, highlanders, assert that he is their kinsman with as much earnestness as the more aristocratic of the clan Grant with Lord Seafield as their chief. Each drinks his health upon festal occasions and both do him honor with proud respect for the manner in which he has preserved to this generation the quality of steadfastness with which his ancestors and theirs made the name famous in the days when they lighted their beacon fires upon the hill-tops to rouse the Grants for war, pressing them by this sign that in the conflict they were to be as immovable as the rock. There is no doubt that the remarkable energy, the determined resolution, the perfect self-confidence and the solid good sense of Grant came with his Caledonian descent, all the traits of his solid ancestry uniting in him to produce a great commander of men. There are authorities which deny this lineage, and insist that he is of English Puritan origin. But General Grant's peculiar characteristics of mind and body seem to emphatically deny any such assumption.

His kinsfolk in the Highlands of Scotland were not more steadfast in war and peace than those who came to this country and planted the seed of the family in this new land. Among the earlier settlers who found their way from the old world to the new, ten years after the

landing of the Pilgrims, were Matthew Grant and his wife. As early as 1630 this sprig from the ancient family was planted in what are now the suburbs of Boston. The loss of his wife and the hankering after new lands, five years afterwards, took Matthew Grant into what was then the wilderness of the beautiful Connecticut valley. His settlement was made at Windsor, between Springfield and Hartford, and the records of the old town attest the fact that he was a leader in the little community. He was surveyor, town clerk and a sort of arbitrator to settle the disputes among his townsmen.

Noah and Solomon Grant, two of his sturdy descendants, the first a captain and the second a lieutenant, were killed near Oswego, N. Y., in 1756, in the French and Indian war. From the loins of this Captain Grant sprang another Noah Grant, the grandfather of U. S. Grant. He fought gallantly in the Revolutionary war as lieutenant at the battle of Lexington, and afterwards as a captain of the line.

When the conflict ended that insured our independence, the Connecticut valley had become quite a settlement, and Noah, restless under the gentle yoke of peace, took the Western fever and removed to Westmoreland county, Pa. On the banks of the Monongahela, not far from Greensburg, he began anew, at a time when the mineral wealth that has since made the region famous was unknown and the business of that now magnificent section was conducted without money by swapping the commodities of life. Here he married Rachael Kelly, who bore him Jesse Root Grant, father of the subject of this memoir, and six other children. The name of Jesse Root was given to his favorite child by Noah Grant, in honor of one of the

earlier justices of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, whom he had known in his New England home.

Army life and the habits of the pioneer had made Noah Grant restless, and, after living nine years in the Pennsylvania wilderness, he embarked with his small holdings of household goods, his wife and family, and floated in a flat boat down the Monongahela into the Ohio river, and landed about forty miles below Pittsburg, at Liverpool, Ohio, where he raised his cabin and started again. The opening of the Western reserve for settlement, and the New England emigration that poured in, beckoned General Grant's grandfather thither, and he took up his home at Deerfield, in Portage county, when Jesse Grant was ten years old. Noah Grant is described as a brilliant talker, a clear-headed, well-educated citizen, who was more interesting than provident, and fonder of the sports of the field than the drudgery of the plow. His wife died, a year after he had reached the reserve, and his home was broken up, when his son Jesse was eleven years of age. He was then thrown upon his own resources, while the father aided his younger children by shoemaking, and finally died at Maysville, Ky., with his youngest son.

After drifting about for a time, Jesse found a place with George Todd, of Youngstown, and by him was given a comfortable home and a fair English education for those early days. David Todd, who was Governor of Ohio while General Grant was fighting some of his severest battles, was his father's playmate as early as 1808. At sixteen Jesse went back to Deerfield and began learning to be a tanner, a trade which he finished at Maysville, Ky., during the war of 1812.

When Jesse Grant was twenty-one years of age, he

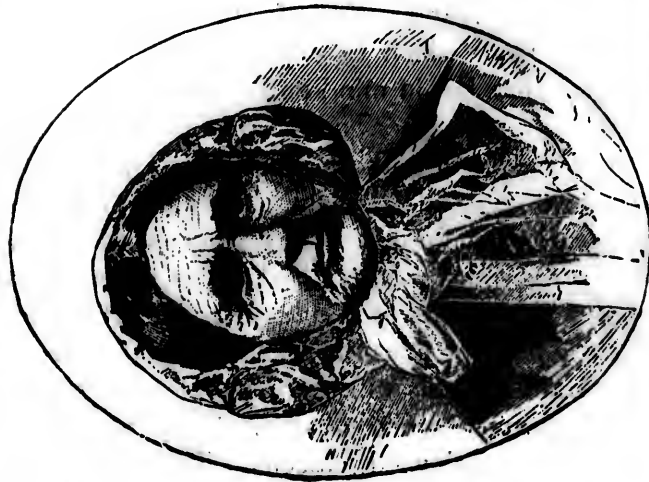
returned to Deerfield and went into the tanning business for himself, and two years later moved his business to Ravenna, where, when he was twenty-five, he was possessed of two thousand dollars and was the wealthiest citizen of that town. He then went in search of a helpmate, and found her in the person of Hannah Simpson, a Pennsylvania girl of good Scotch ancestry, whose father had moved to Ohio two years before. They were married, and General Grant was the fruit of this union. His father and mother were noted for their good practical sense and their devotion to their family. The father was regarded as a strong, upright man, with an excellent capacity for business, and the mother as a kind, generous, warm-hearted woman, possessing good health and a large stock of common sense.

Thus the line of American ancestry is completed by eight generations of sterling people, reaching from the Puritans of New England to the famous Scotch-Irish blood of Pennsylvania. All of it American, and all good stock from which to expect powerful men, not only in physique, but in mind and character.

Although strong men and women do not always hand to their offspring their own quality, yet it would have been strange indeed, if the plain, solid Grants, who began so early to help make the history of this country, had not produced a man truthful, courageous and well equipped with the gifts of mind and body that would develop into something great under the pressure of a crisis.

Jesse Grant and his wife were people well equipped with the effectual forces of life. They were frugal, industrious, well-balanced citizens. They accumulated and saved. They raised their children well, and did not neglect in the money-making quality a good education. In other words, they preserved in their own proper





GENERAL GRANT'S FATHER AND MOTHER, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1865.

persons the sterling elements of their Scotch-American lineage, and handed it to their children. Such offspring is seldom brilliant, in the sense in which that word is used, but generally useful and reliable men and women. It was the boast of the earliest Grants that they were "steadfast," and they set up their monuments for those that were to come after them, keeping steadily to the fore the burning injunction that a Grant should be "steadfast, wise and harmless." People studying the history of the man who sprang from such an ancestry, and who has made the name more illustrious than any other of the long line, will observe how all these qualities have united in his composition. He seems not only to have caught the best in the parents, but to have revived most of the striking and forceful characteristics of his early ancestors. But ancestry and the parentage of famous men are not of so much importance. Most of them feel like being judged by their own acts, and to have their history begin under the shadow of grave responsibilities. Napoleon said: "My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte." General Grant may also say that his title to the highest commendation of his countrymen began with his success in war. From this pinnacle he will be viewed not only by this but by all succeeding generations.

## CHAPTER III.

### BIRTH AND BOYHOOD DAYS.

Grant's birthplace in Ohio—His early life and education—A plain, unassuming boy—Not much of a student and less of a soldier when a lad—A manly, courageous, industrious boy, fond of horses—School days—His appointment to West Point—Difference between Grant and other great commanders.

JUST beyond one of the sloping bends of the Ohio the little town of Point Pleasant straggles along the river bank. Like most villages along the Western streams, it is not a very inviting place. Cincinnati is twenty-five miles away, and the surrounding country is fairly pleasant and fertile. Sixty-three years ago all this region was little more than a wilderness. Ohio was just being settled by Eastern people, and the primitive conditions of that time made life in the woods anything but easy. On April 27th, 1822, amidst these rude surroundings, Hannah Simpson Grant gave birth to a boy child, whose name and fame was destined to fill the world. Neither then, nor as the boy grew up, did this good woman and faithful and devoted mother have any thought of what was in store for the boy baby of that April morning, and it was a rich inheritance for both her and the father to live to see and enjoy the pleasures and honors of their son's greatness.

There was trouble in the Grant family over naming this son. The mother, true to her Pennsylvania birth, was anxious that he should be named after Albert Gallatin, who was the foremost man of his time and lived up in that wild section of the country where Jesse Root Grant was born. Theodore was also proposed, as was

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POINT PLEASANT, OHIO, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT.

Hiram, while the grandmother, who was a thoughtful student of history, insisted on Ulysses. So, after a great deal of discussion and deliberation, this boy was baptized Hiram Ulysses Grant. Contrary to the usual custom in the country, he was rarely ever called Hiram or Hi Grant, as might have been expected, but was commonly known as Ulysses. His boyhood days were not more eventful than those of other lads similarly situated in a new country. While his father was comparatively well-to-do, the comforts of a home in the West in those days were not many, and the hardships were numerous.

The life young Grant led was calculated to bring out the really manly qualities of the boy. He had much of his mother's disposition, and was quiet and reserved, without being diffident. He was really older than his years after he began to take any part in the affairs of life. It is said of his mother that she was more of a woman at seven than most girls at twenty. So is it true of her son that he was more of a man at twelve than most boys at twenty. He was always fond of outdoor sports, and was industrious beyond his strength. He learned to read before he was seven, and to ride on horseback before he could read. He early evinced a willingness to study, and could learn easily almost anything he put his mind to. He showed more of a disposition for arithmetic than any other branch of study, and was quite an adept at figures. But he was never a hard student.

There are a number of people still living who were his early playmates. In and about Georgetown, the village where he spent his boyhood days, there are several men and women still following the currents of everyday country life who knew of his comings and

goings in youth and were a part of them. Others have gone out into the world to make name and fame. Whether one speaks of him to the folks who still live about the countryside, or asks of those who have grown into our national life, the story of quiet, well-doing, it is the same. Admiral Daniel Ammen, now full of years and honors, who was one of the boys with him for some time, says: "Grant was one of the most remarkable lads I ever knew. We grew up side by side until I went to sea in 1836. We went riding, fishing, swimming and playing together. His mother was one of the most interesting and charming women I ever knew. She was exceedingly kind, ladylike and mild-mannered. I suspect that Grant inherited his kindly disposition from her, for I think his father was rather aggressive.

"As a boy, Grant was kindness itself. I never saw him have a show of resentment, and I do not believe that he ever felt a tinge of it. He was never rude, oppressive or disagreeable to other children. He had perfect respect for everybody's feelings and a forbearance that was almost beyond Christianity.

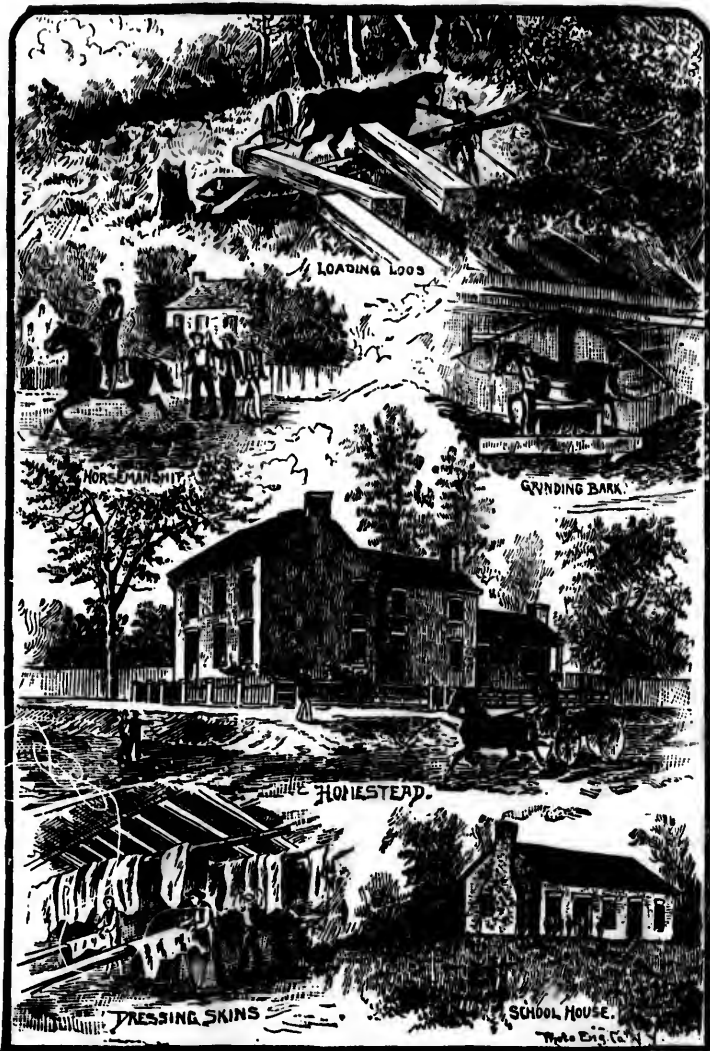
"His family say that I once saved his life. He was then about nine years old, and I some two years his senior. We went fishing, one day, in a swollen stream near our homes. While indulging in the sport he stepped on a poplar log, which was very slippery, and fell in. He was rather a sturdy lad, and made a vigorous attempt to get out, but the rushing tide bore him down stream. I ran along after him until I reached a foothold among some willows. As he came by I reached out, caught him by the clothing and pulled him ashore. I don't suppose I should ever have remembered the incident but that he had on a red-striped

Marseilles waist, which was my envy and which I thought would be totally ruined by the ducking he had received.

"The friendship which sprang up between us then has never dimmed. While he was growing up there was never any evidence of the great ability that has been drawn upon for the good of the country during the crisis through which we have safely passed. But in those characteristics of kindness, self-confidence and perfect self-possession, which I remember so well, Grant the man is but the higher development of Grant as I remember him in childhood."

His crowning trait as a boy was his fondness for and mastery of horses. He drove a team and harnessed his own animals while he was so small that he had to clamber into the manger to put the collars and bridles on, and he could ride any horse brought to him. His fame as a horseman was throughout the whole neighborhood before he was twelve years of age, and every fractious animal was brought to him to be broken. He never pursued his penchant for gain, and an offer to pay was always followed by a refusal to handle the colt. Even in those early days he hated subterfuge of any character. He was straightforward, open-hearted, open-handed and fearless, without bravado. He had a most equitable disposition, but would never allow himself to be imposed upon, and was often the champion of the rights of his young companions when they were infringed upon by the older school-boys. It is related of him that even in his boyhood days he hated anything like deception. There is a story told of him that a neighbor who once sent him on a sham errand so that he might teach his young horse to pace, incurred his lasting displeasure. He taught the animal,





GRANT'S BOY-HOOD DAYS IN OHIO.



but finding out that he had been the butt of a trick, he forever afterwards refused to teach a horse to pace, although he was regarded as an expert at it. He could ride a running horse standing upright on his back and other equally difficult feats while yet very young.

Most of his younger days were spent in the work of the farm, and he was a most valuable hand. He attended the district school, and up to the time that he was seventeen years of age got all the education he had, except a term at the Maysville, Kentucky, Academy, from the common country school-master. Mr. W. W. Richeson, the teacher at the head of the Maysville school when young Grant entered in the winter of 1836-37, is still living, and after all these years bears this good testimony to his character as a pupil: "In his classes he sustained himself with credit, and his conduct and general bearing was the lifelike miniature of General U. S. Grant, the great soldier and statesman of the present era. During his school days at Maysville Seminary he ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good. The importance of order, decision and consistency seemed to have impressed him at an early age."

Before he was twelve years of age he was so well grounded in knowledge of the material things of this world and so well equipped with a fair education that he was sent to Louisville to transact business of importance, and while yet so young he used to haul his father's leather or wood to Cincinnati, and bring passengers back to Georgetown, to which place the family had moved from Point Pleasant while he was yet a baby.

Stories of him when he was a lad are not numerous, but such as there are show him to have been a self-reliant boy, calm and inflexible under the most trying

circumstances. It is related of him that while crossing the Ohio river once, when twelve years of age, with two young ladies, the water had risen so high that his horses were soon swimming and the wagon-body full of water. The ladies were frightened and began screaming for help, whereupon Ulysses, with perfect composure, guided his horses coolly towards the opposite shore, and turning to the women he said, "Keep quiet, please. I'll take you through safe," and he was as good as his word.

Much has been said and written about his life as a tanner boy. His father relates the story that he was never at home in the tannery, and before he was fifteen years old he gave him warning that he would never work at the business after he became of age. He was fond of driving the team and doing the outside work of the leather business, and this was about all. He never amounted to much as an inside hand. His most earnest desire, often expressed, was to have a thorough education and then become a planter in the Southern States. His father, who was warmly attached to the manly boy, and fearing that his self-reliant quality and independent spirit would take him away from home at an early age, interested him in the idea of going to West Point. This young Ulysses finally agreed to do. His father at this time was naturally a man of position and considerable influence, for he commanded the services of Senator Morris, and the last official act of Thomas L. Hamer, as the Congressman of the district, was to nominate Ulysses S. Grant to the Secretary of War for the military academy, to take the place of a lad who had failed to pass his examination.

Young Grant's life was thus changed, at the age of

seventeen, when his training and general disposition made him the superior of most boys at twenty-five. Not that he had shown any quality of leadership over the lads of his own age, for he was never obtrusive or arrogant, and such forces as he had were exercised in so kindly a way that no one looked upon him as a hero, even in the boyish sports.

Indeed he was so unassuming as to be called "commonplace," and the lawyers, and doctors, and store-keepers of the neighborhood wondered that some brighter lad had not been selected to represent the community at the national school on the Hudson. His mother's teachings, the necessities of his hard country life and his father's example all combined to make him remarkably undramatic, unimaginative and genuine. In dress, manners and aspirations he was wholly unlike most boys with his opportunities. He was a favorite rather than a superior among his early associates. He evinced anything but a military spirit or inclination and there was nought of the soldier about him.

In all this he differed very widely from any other lad who in after years grew to be a great commander of men. Washington, at eleven, had his miniature camp around his Virginia home, and fought sham battles with his playfellows. Being educated with great care, tenderness and with a good deal of the aristocratic tendency, he asserted himself the superior of his playmates and forced an acknowledgment of his superiority.

Napoleon began to study war as soon as he could read, and his mother's garden was filled with fortifications and small cannon, which he fired each day as if he were conducting a siege or fighting a battle.

Napoleon was an arrogant, restless, studious, seclusive boy, who simply forced his superiority upon all who came

within his reach. The same warlike and arbitrary characteristics were to be found in Wellington, Marlborough, and nearly every other eminent soldier of whom the world has knowledge. It may be that the manner in which Grant was raised, the primitive conditions with which he was surrounded, or the peculiar character of our institutions which he was taught to revere as soon as he was taught anything, may have contributed to make him resolute, yet of simple tastes and wholly unmindful of his own exceptional powers. Whether this or other causes moulded him upon a very different pattern than the others, true it is that, from among all the great captains who have startled the world with their deeds, none other save Grant in boyhood, or manhood for that part, has ever shown any such quiet, even, magnanimous and guileless disposition. At no time in his life was he like other great warriors. Plain and unobtrusive, yet full of determination and manly self-assertion in every emergency while yet a boy, he simply carried those qualities to the fore through all his life. Even after he grew to be the first soldier of the world it was often said of him that in his intercourse with his lieutenants his manners were so easy and his acts so undemonstrative that his orders seemed more like requests than commands.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WEST POINT.

Starting for West Point—Stops in Philadelphia—His associates at the Academy—His feats of horsemanship—General Quinby's recollections of his school-days—General Rufus Ingalls tells of "Sam Grant"—How his classmates generally regarded him.

FROM the homely mode of living in a western village to the pomp and show of West Point must have been a mighty change for a country lad. Yet young Grant accepted the new life so suddenly thrust upon him, and made the best of it. No one could fathom in the round, composed face of this boy the impressions that his entrance into the military academy made upon his mind. He had been appointed to the place by accident, and practically against his wishes. The misgivings as to his success were many. Not that he was unpopular at home, but because his quiet manners and unassuming ways were taken for a lack of ability by the more pretentious folks found along every countryside. The preparations made for his journey east were the talk of the village, for all of twenty-five dollars was spent upon his outfit.

Neither the excitement of getting ready nor the departure disturbed the lad, who had, in the rough and arduous life of a farm hand and helper about the tannery, laid in a full stock of good health and rather crude elements of power that made him accept without fear whatever came to his lot.

A journey from Ohio to New York in those early times and by the slow vehicles then in use was a different matter from a railroad ride at the present day. The

trip opened up to young Grant a new vision of life and gave him his first real impressions of the country he was in years to come to save from dissolution, and to rule until the fruits of the peace he had made possible were about gathered.

It was in the latter part of May, 1839, that he parted from his family and took the first step toward his military education. On the road to the academy he stopped in Philadelphia for a time. It had been one of the dreams of his childhood to see this place. Near the Quaker settlement his mother was born, and as her children grew up she had told them interesting stories of the beautiful land of Penn where her relatives dwelt and still dwell, upon that rich and charming stretch of country of which Doylestown is the centre. Here William Penn's acres and the revolutionary record of the settlement had made a historic spot. Young Grant, therefore, looked upon the Quaker City and its surroundings with feelings of mingled pride and wonder. His mother had taught him that it was her ideal place, dear to her for its early associations, and as the home of her kinsfolk. He wandered about its curious old streets, and in writing his impressions of it after his first visit said, it was kept so neat and clean that it looked as though it were always fixed up for Sunday.

His relatives, two very old ladies who are now living, tell of his first visit with great delight. They describe him as a rather awkward country lad, wearing plain, ill-fitting clothes, and large, coarse shoes as broad at the toes as at the widest part of the soles. He strolled about the streets and along the Delaware, and made their brother's hat store on Chestnut street his headquarters. During his years at school he always visited them during vacation, and after his first term told them

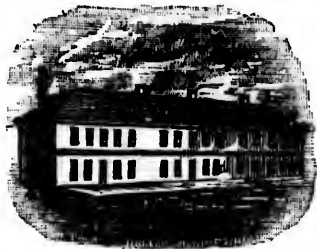
that if he had known how strict the discipline was he did not believe he would have ever gone to the military school. But," he added, "as I have started, I am bound to go through."

His arrival at West Point was an incident of powerful import to him, while it was of slight consequence to the every day life of that institution. In those times the southern element predominated, at least in the control of the social life among the cadets. The lads sent there from the South were the sons of rich and influential people, whose money was obtained easily and spent lavishly upon the education of their children. The opposite was the truth in relation to the cadets from the North. Most of them were plain, unassuming, country lads, springing from the ordinary walks of life, generally poor in purse and without pretensions of any sort. With this latter class young Grant soon began his affiliations. Rufus Ingalls was then a country boy from Maine, J. F. Quimby from the sand-hills of New Jersey, and George Deshon from Connecticut, and with these and other boys of like character, young Grant soon became fast friends. He passed the first examination, which was quite simple then, without difficulty, and was admitted.

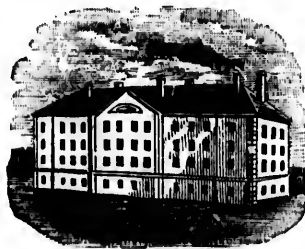
The Congressman who gave him the opportunity to acquire a military education changed his name. He made Hiram Ulysses into Ulysses S. on the appointment, and to make the record straight the boy so recorded his signature when he entered the academy. An officer who evidently knows the facts tells the following story :

"When young Grant reported at West Point as a 'plebe,' it was necessary for him to report to the adjutant, who is furnished with a list of all the appointments made. He was asked to sign his name in the





MESS HALL.



NORTH BARRACKS.

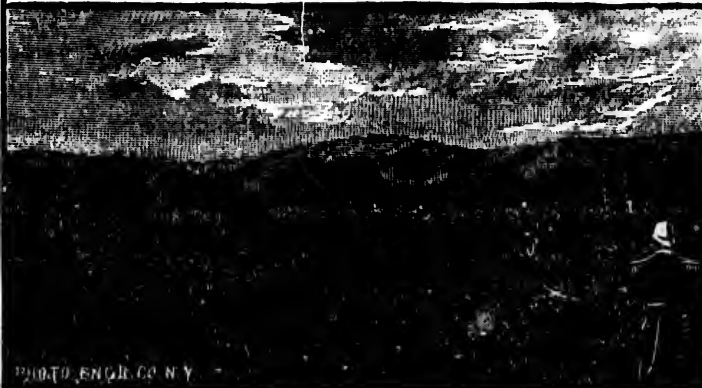
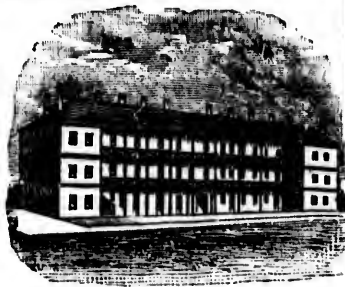


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BARRACKS.

BUILDINGS AND PARADE GROUND AT WEST POINT.



academic register, which he did as 'Ulysses I. Grant.' The adjutant, upon looking over his list, found that there was no appointment for him, and informed him so, but added that there was one for Ulysses S. Grant. It is quite evident that up to this point young Grant had not noticed the clerical error. 'The change of an initial makes no particular difference to me; my object is to enter the academy as a cadet,' was the quick and characteristic reply of young Grant."

An effort made at the War Department to have the initials changed to the baptismal name failed; so the mistake made by the Representative in Congress stood. It is just as well, and the events of after years have justified the foresight of the boys who soon called him "Uncle Sam." All through his cadetship, and until he grew well into man's estate, except when he was called Sam Grant, he was thus known. After his career in war began to attract attention, his earlier nickname was changed to United States Grant.

At school, as at home, he took rather to the manly sports than to those duties which required hard mental work. He had no taste for society and no particular care about his dress. If he looked respectable that was sufficient, and in all the capers among the students in which strength of character and muscle were required, Grant was always even with the best of the boys; but he showed little disposition to study harder than would keep him up with the general average of his class.

At West Point, there is a straining among the professors for style and show among the students. Neatness in dress, extra care of accoutrements and adeptness in handling arms, etc., were in those days, as they are now, at a premium, and the boys who dressed best, made the best show upon the parade and

took the most care in the details of a soldier's life got as a reward a release from post duty at night, and were given the extra position of color guard. Grant never was on the color guard, but he was the most daring and successful horseman of his class. When visitors were to be entertained with the movements of the cadets, where strength and courage had its inning, Grant was at home.

His rude country life and his early love for horses cropped out constantly at West Point, where he was chief of the riding-school and always selected the fleetest and most vicious horse as his mount. "Old York," a famous animal which no other cadet except one dare ride, was his favorite steed. Many of his classmates, now aged and gray, and most of them full of honors, recollect the boy as he went speeding over the riding lot at a breakneck gait, able at any time to take the fifth bar, which was in those days, as it is yet, deemed a marvellous performance. No rider has as yet excelled Grant's jump on "Old York" of five feet, six and a half inches high. But for these feats of horsemanship and a few other exploits of rather rugged self-assertiveness which Grant left upon the annals of West Point, little could be written about his school life there. It was a good thing for him and for the academy that the horsemanship exercise was added to the cadet's discipline just as Grant came there, for it helped to develop the manly qualities of the lad and gave him a relief from the discipline of the school, which was more or less irksome to him.

The class in which he graduated at about the centre was in many respects a remarkable one. It produced several famous officers, but none with less prominence in the class than young Grant.

Interesting stories of his cadet days are few and far

between. He had for his room-mate a greater portion of the time while he was on the Hudson his Connecticut friend, George Deshon, a lively lad from the Nutmeg State, who long since gave up army life to become a Catholic priest. Deshon, as well as Generals Rosecranz, John Newton, and quite a number of other boys were converted to the Catholic faith by a High Church Episcopalian named Parks. He was post chaplain and delivered a series of sermons to the cadets during Grant's term, which savored very strongly of Catholicity. Parks afterward changed his views, but the seed he had sown bore its fruit in the conversion of several of the lads. Grant and Deshon roomed together in the cockloft of the sleeping hall, and in the unauthorized forages upon the neighbors' orchards and melon patches always secured their share of the good things.

The future General of the armies also made the usual trips to Benny Havens; but, unlike very many of the boys, he never set the rules of the school at open defiance. He was very tractable, good-natured and by no means as restless under restraint as most of the students.

Professor Quimby, of the Rochester University, was one of Grant's classmates and most intimate friends. Grant made him a general officer in 1862, and gave other evidences of his friendship for him while in the army. When he was elected President he appointed him United States Marshal for the Northern District of New York. His lifetime friend bears this testimony to his school character:

"We met at West Point as boys. Both of us were lads from the country, and we drifted together from a sort of fellow feeling. My relations with him whenever and wherever we have met in after life have been very intimate, but I can read his character best from our association in

boyhood. He was one of the purest-minded, most even-tempered and courageous lads I ever knew. To his friends he was perfectly transparent and to every one wholly without guile. I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word in my life. He was always a boy of a good deal of native ability, although by no means a hard student. While he stood about the middle of his class, he could have graduated much higher if he had desired. If he happened to go into the recitation room without studying his lessons and was called upon to go to the blackboard to digest an example, he would always do something with it. To some extent he would show himself master of the subject, and would have a good opinion about the details of whatever he undertook, even though he had given it no previous study. This native ability was always impressed upon me, as was the strength of his character. Although we had not met for years and I had known very little of him since the Mexican war, when we parted, I to resume my duties as professor at Rochester and he to go west with his command, I never forgot the impressions his school life made upon me.

"I recollect a conversation I had with the two leading professors of our institution immediately after the war began which illustrates it. Dr. Anderson said to me:

"'Quinby, who is the rising man? Is it Halleck, McClellan, Rosecranz?' and he mentioned several other names.

"To each one I said: 'I don't think so!'

"'Well, who is it?' he said.

"'There is a little fellow at Cairo, Illinois,' said I, 'who I think is going to take the lead and be the man of all others capable of saving this Union. He is an old classmate of mine, and I have known him from boyhood, since he was seventeen and I was eighteen years old. He has

the characteristics that are going to make him a very prominent man and the leading general, I believe, in this war. He has got the daring, the determination and the ability combined.' I then spoke of McClellan and other officers who were of great prominence and said: 'They are engineers by education, and military engineering is a science of defence rather than attack. They are too cautious. Grant will conceive a plan and push forward to its execution regardless of consequences. He is going to fight to the end when he sees a possibility of accomplishing something.' Fort Donelson soon fell and Grant's career was begun.

"It is my belief that not only the class, but most of the professors at West Point during his school-days had much the same estimate of him as myself."

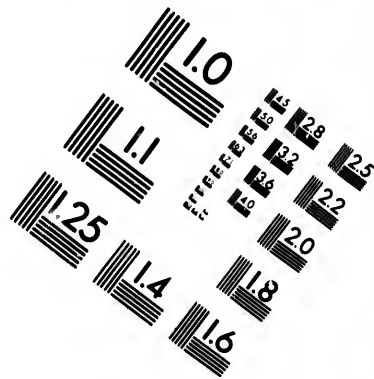
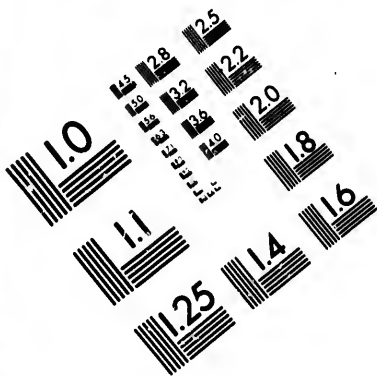
General Rufus Ingalls, who was with Grant during his school-days, speaks of their early life with much feeling:

"We went there," said he, "in June, 1839, I from the State of Maine, he from Ohio. We arrived there the same day. We went through the academy together. Most of the time we were in the same section. In our studies we kept comparatively near each other. We graduated in the same class. Most cadets do not care much about the higher courses of engineering and mathematics. They are more numerous than those who do. To graduate respectably is the general aim. In my whole service of forty years in the army I have never had any occasion to use the greater part of the education I acquired at West Point. My relations with Grant have always been familiar and cordial.

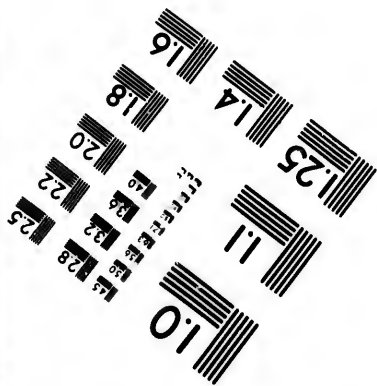
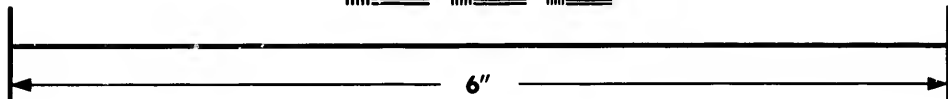
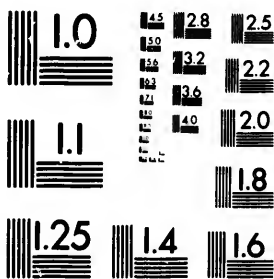
"I remember his qualities very well and the distinguishing features of his boyhood. He was manly, straightforward, upright and disposed to be quiet without diffidence. He was talkative enough with his friends,

but his general characteristic was one of quietness. He never pretended to any style and never had any. He was quite the same when a boy as a man. Everybody had the utmost confidence in him as a young person of integrity, modesty, self-reliance and courage. We followed each other through the school at West Point. He was a very moral boy. I never heard him use a profane or ugly word in my life. I do not believe he ever made a remark that might not have been repeated in the presence of ladies, yet he enjoys the humorous part of a story immensely, and he can always repeat it with good effect without using offensive language. Comparatively, he was as good a talker when a lad as he is now among those who gain his confidence, but he never gave evidences of superior judgment or high attributes until his later years. That was a reserve force. Grant and I parted at West Point to take different paths in life. I went into the Rifle Regiment, afterwards the Second Dragoons, and he to the Fourth Regiment of Infantry. When our school-days were over, if the average opinion of the members of his class had been taken, every one would have said: 'There is Sam. Grant. He is a splendid fellow, a good honest man, against whom nothing can be said and from whom everything may be expected.'





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## CHAPTER V.

### FROM WEST POINT TO MEXICO.

Graduation and assignment to the Fourth Infantry—Is sent to St. Louis and meets Miss Julia Dent—Fined several bottles of wine by Captain Buchanan—Army life in Louisiana—Visits the Rifle Regiment—Is a good hand at gander pulling—A characteristic letter—Goes to Mexico—An honorable record in his first war.

THE qualities of mind and character which Grant's classmates and associates say he evinced at the military academy followed him into his army life and out of it again. In talking with his companions his ambition was clearly for the cavalry, but as his standing in his class was not high enough to give him a choice, he was assigned to the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, a splendid organization, in which there were some of the most famous officers of that day. To be a captain in the regular army was then a great honor. It took many years to reach that position, and the commander of a company was looked up to by the subaltern officers as a person to be both feared and respected. The army then numbered only about 7,000 men and one of its commissions was a passport into the best society of the land.

With the lowest rank these parchments conferred young Grant started out to make his way in the world. On his route to the West he made another short stay in the Quaker City. Admiral Ammen, his playmate, who saved him from drowning when a child, speaks of meeting him at Jones' Hotel, on Third street, then the famous hostelry of the city. It was situated in what is now the banking quarter.

"We talked over," says the old naval officer, "our recol-



LIEUT. GRANT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

lections of the past and our hopes for the future, and I found the young man whom I had left but a few years before in Georgetown rather an ordinary boy, a self-reliant, well-balanced, brevet Second Lieutenant of infantry."

Lieutenant Grant at this time was stopping with his kinsfolks on Fourth street, and Miss Elizabeth Hare, one of them, who is still living a well-preserved lady of over ninety years of age and a school-mate of his mother's, recalls the young man and his peculiarities.

"Ulysses was always very fond of his relations," said she, "and we regarded him as a smart boy. He was ever cheerful and agreeable. With us he was a good talker and told us a great deal about his life at West Point. He often related his feats of horsemanship and his pranks with his companions. After he was through his studies, as well as while pursuing them, he disliked to wear his military uniform. When he graduated, and before he came to see us, he stopped in New York and bought a suit of citizen's clothes, with the exception of a hat. He always wore his military headgear. I remember one day my sister, with whom he was going out, said 'Ulysses, put on your military.' 'No,' he replied, 'I won't make a show of myself.'"

After a short visit to his relatives in the East, he started home to enjoy his three months' vacation before joining his regiment.

At the academy on the Hudson he had as a class-mate Frederick T. Dent, and with him he went to St. Louis to spend a part of his holiday. During this visit he met Miss Julia Dent, the sister of his host, and became greatly interested in her. Duty to his parents and a desire to renew his boyhood friendships took him to his Ohio home to spend most of his season of rest.

The three months given him by law after his release from school passed rapidly, and before he had hardly settled down to the enjoyment of country life again, he was ordered to join his command at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. He could not have been sent to a more delightful post. Army duty there was exceeding pleasant to every one, but to Lieutenant Grant it was especially so. Miss Dent resided only a short ride from the barracks, and the young Lieutenant could frequently enjoy his penchant for visiting her. Many of the old army officers stationed there still recall the assiduous court he began paying the young lady he finally married, soon after he reported for duty.

The distinctions in rank in those days were much more rigidly enforced than they are now, and some of the older officers were very severe upon the young subalterns.

In the Fourth Infantry, when Lieutenant Grant joined it, the officers had a general mess. It was presided over by one of the seniors, the secretary sitting at the foot of the table. Every thing in relation to it was conducted upon the same arbitrary system that governed all the different phases of army life.

When young Grant began to exercise the duties and privileges of an officer, Captain Robert Buchanan was President of the mess. He was regarded as a martinet, and as being unusually severe upon the young officers. It was a rule of the table that any one coming in after soup had been served should be fined a bottle of wine. After Lieutenant Grant began paying serious attentions to Miss Dent, he would frequently get excused from the parade, ride over to her father's house and make a call. Naturally he was often late for dinner. Three times in ten days he came in behind the hour and was fined. The fourth time he arrived late, Captain Buchanan said:

"Grant, you are late as usual; another bottle of wine, sir."

Grant arose quietly and replied:

"Mr. President, I have been fined three bottles of wine within the last ten days, and if I am fined again I shall be obliged to repudiate."

The officer at the head of the table, with an evident show of ill-temper, said:

"Mr. Grant, young people should be seen and not heard, sir."

This incident, trivial as it may seem, was really one of great import to both men. Neither of them ever forgot it. It left no resentment in the mind of the young one, but with Captain Buchanan it was different. Upon his temper it planted the seeds of a dislike which finally took Grant out of the army.

The stay at Jefferson Barracks was long enough to enable young Grant to win Miss Dent from many ardent admirers, for she was very popular in the social world. But the pending troubles with Mexico put an end to their wooing, as the regiment was ordered South to become a part of the army of observation that was simply to halt on the threshold of our war with the country to the south of us. The Fourth Regiment was stationed at Camp Salubrity, at Natchitoches, in Louisiana, where life was anything but dashing and the opportunities for pleasure very meagre. The characteristic letter here given in *fac-simile* tells in the young Lieutenant's own language his impressions of camp life, etc. It was written to the mother of the boy whose failure to pass the examination at West Point gave the writer a chance to acquire a military education. It is creditable as showing how well he kept and cared for his early friends, and interesting as illustrating the pride they took in his advancement.

Camp Starbuck -  
Near Natchitoches Louisiana  
June 8<sup>th</sup> 1844

Mr. Bury

My journey fortunately is at an  
end, and equally to your request, and my own pleasure, I  
hasten to notify you of my safe arrival here. It always affords  
me pleasure to write to old acquaintances, and much more to  
hear from them, so I would be pleased if the correspondence  
would not stop here. As long as my letters are answered, it  
is agreeable to you I will continue to write. —

My trip to; this place forty days journey in the  
"Waldemar" was marked with no incident save one, worth relating  
and that one is lengthable enough important, interesting &c. &c. but  
I can't tell it now. It is for the present a secret but I  
will tell it to you some time. You must not guess what it is  
for you will go wrong. On my route I called enroute by the  
way of St Louis and Jefferson Barrick where I spent four or  
five days very pleasantly among my many nice acquaintances  
From St Louis to St Orleans I had a very pleasant trip on a  
large and splendid boat with pleasant passengers and not much  
crowded. As we approached the South the air became sensibly  
warmer, and the Magnetos decidedly more numerous by the time



warmer, and the Magnetos decidedly more numerous by an

we got to N Orleans my hands and feet bore the strongest  
evidence of the number and size of the insect in a Southern  
Climate. I was but one day in Orleans which was spent  
in running over the city just fast enough to time myself  
in and get but little good of my visit. But pass what I  
saw. I think it would be a pleasant place to live and  
it is now contemplated that my Regiment will go in. The  
neighborhood in case Texas should not be annexed to the  
U States, but in case of the annexation we will probably  
have to go much farther West than we are now. Probably  
to the Rio Colorado. From N Orleans to Texas I had the  
bad fortune to travel on a small but considerably crowded

through a hot country, with gambling going on day and night  
Some of the passengers had very bad throat appearances  
From Natchitoches I had to walk to Jay an extraordinary  
piece for a conveyance three miles through the hot land  
I think I ever felt I found my Regiment Camped out in  
small brown timber on the top of a high sandy ridge  
and in the middle of a Pine forest. The great elevation  
of our situation and the fact that one of the best-  
springs of water in the State puts out here are the only  
recommendations the place has. We are about three miles  
from any place there is no conveyance to take us from one  
place to another, and every thing is so high that we can't afford  
to rent a horse or other conveyance of <sup>our</sup> ~~their~~ own. I could

walk myself but

place to another, and every thing is so high <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ I could  
to hunt a horse or other conveyance of <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ I could

walk myself but for the intensity of the heat. - As for lodgings  
I have a small tent that the rain runs through as it would  
through a sieve. For a bedstead I have four short pine sticks  
set upright and placed among from the top of one end to the other.  
The chairs I use my trunk and bed, and as to a floor we have  
no such a luxury - yet. Our meals are cooked in the wood  
by servants that know no more about culinary matters  
than I do myself. But with all these disadvantages my  
appetite is becoming exuberant. I would like to have our  
D<sup>r</sup> Nest Point board, <sup>with</sup> that you may have - hear so much  
about. - As for the troublesome insect of creation they abound  
here. The turnips are full of blight, and the wood  
full of Red-bugs and ticks; insects that you are not fond of

with us Ohio, but are the Blazes of this country. They  
crawl entirely under the skin when they get on a person  
and it is impossible to keep them off. A much for  
Camp Salubrity. I should be happy to get an answer  
to this as early as possible, and if nothing more, a Post Script  
from the Donny Larkin. Ladies are always so small letters as  
giving the news than others and then there is nothing doing or  
did about Georgetown that I would not like to hear.  
They could tell me of all the weddings &c. &c. that are talked  
of. Give my love to every body in Georgetown.

Y<sup>r</sup>. U. S. Grant

To  
Mr. G. B. Bailey  
Georgetown, Ohio

4<sup>th</sup> Chrysanthy

24  
Mr. G. B. Bailey  
Georgetown Ohio

4 R Chyfamily

P. S. I give my title in signing this not because I wish people  
to know what I is, but because I want to get an answer to  
this and don't I- there that a letter may be directed at, as to get  
to me  
W. W. W.

PAID



*[Handwritten flourish]*

Mr. G. B. Bailey  
Georgetown  
Brown County  
Ohio

*[Handwritten flourish]*  
Bailey

General Rufus Ingalls gives a most interesting story of his first meeting here with young Grant after their parting at West Point. The recent quartermaster-general of the army was stationed with his rifle regiment at Fort Jessup, some twenty miles from where the Fourth was encamped.

"We were having high old times," says Gen. Ingalls. "We had a set of officers, splendid fellows, but wilder than the characters in 'Charles O'Malley,' while Twigg, the colonel, was away endeavoring to get his regiment remounted and put upon a footing with the First Dragoons. So the scenes enacted at Fort Jessup during the time Grant was stationed in Louisiana would make a volume of better reading than 'Charles O'Malley,' if we had as good an author as Lever to put them in shape.

"But when the colonel was present things were entirely different. He was a very superior officer. After the Florida war his command had been dismantled and its designation as the Second Dragoons changed to the Rifle Regiment. Not only Twigg but all the officers were dissatisfied with this, and at the time of which I speak Twigg was in Washington getting it restored as a mounted regiment, and discipline was a little lax, but when he returned things were very soon put in good shape.

"During the absence of which I speak, Grant would occasionally relieve the monotony of the staid life at Camp Salubrity by coming over and enjoying the hilarity at Fort Jessup. I remember his first arrival. He came in one day upon a frisky pony of very small size, and the boys laughed at him, for he was usually in the habit of seeking the largest and most vicious horse he could find. At that visit we had an interesting renewal of our early acquaintance.

"The two regiments—the one to which Grant belonged and the one in which I held a commission—remained during 1844 and 1845 in this dismal country, and I saw him frequently. He would come over and take his chance at gander pulling, horse racing and the usual sports of our camp, at which he was a good hand. We had something new going on every day. Our post was situated half way between the Red and Sabine rivers, where there was very little underbrush. Game was plentiful, woodcock and large quantities of water-fowl. We would drive deer and shoot birds as one of the features of our recreation. Grant was not much of a shot. He never seemed to take great interest in the sports of the field, but could ride anything in the shape of a horse, and was a manly, popular young officer."

## CHAPTER VI.

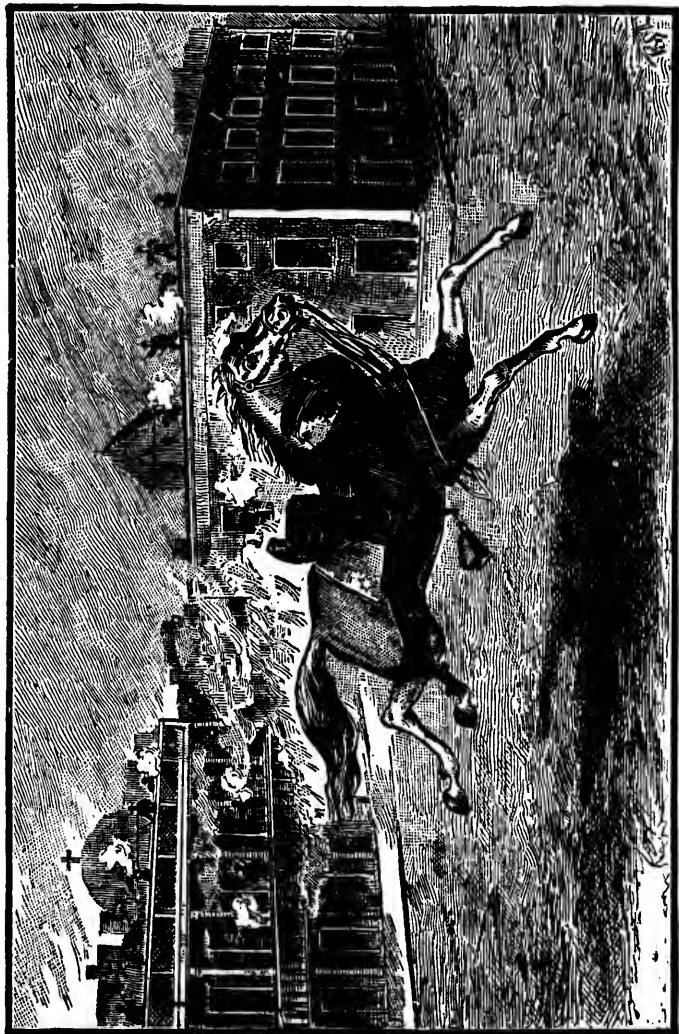
### IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

To the Rio Grande—In the Mexican War—Grant's first battle under Taylor—At Vera Cruz with Scott—Gallantry at Chapultepec—Breveted for gallantry—Always a good soldier—Quarter-master of his regiment—Reminiscences of him by old comrades.

RELIEF from the monotony of post life in Louisiana finally came in the order to move to Corpus Christi. To this point Lieutenant Grant went with his regiment to watch and wait for the open declaration of war with Mexico. During this time his attachment for the Fourth Infantry had so grown that he would not leave it to accept a commission as full Second Lieutenant in the Seventh regiment. The American army was then preparing for its first conflict with a civilized enemy after more than a quarter of a century of profound peace, and young Grant preferred to engage in battle with those men with whom he had begun his army life. The initial battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, which broke the thirty years' peace the American Republic had enjoyed, were fought by General Taylor in 1846. In both of them Lieutenant Grant participated and demonstrated his soldierly attributes.

From Matamoras to Monterey he followed Taylor's fortunes, and in the fight that took place under the shadow of Saddle Mountain he was commended for his gallantry. Several times during the battle he demonstrated his judgment and superior courage, not more in the fierce charge than in volunteering to make a dangerous ride under fire in search of ammunition.






LIEUTENANT GRANT GOING FOR AMMUNITION AT MONTEREY.

In the movements made by General Scott for the capture of the City of Mexico, the regiment in which young Grant was serving was withdrawn from Taylor's forces and sent to Scott's line. It is needless to follow in detail the early military life of the man who has since become such a distinguished soldier. He fought in every battle of the war in which he first engaged, save one, and from the start maintained his position among his comrades as a courageous and thoughtful officer. He was frequently mentioned for acts of heroism, and was commended for his efficiency as quartermaster of his regiment. Too often the early acts of a man's life are written so as to tally with his later career. But no such necessity exists in this case. He was distinguished above many of the officers of his own rank. Soon after joining General Scott he was in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, and the next day after it fell, April 1st, 1847, was made regimental quartermaster. This appointment gave him some additional pay and immunity from participation in battle. But this relief he never sought or accepted. He was with his regiment in all engagements and shared its fortunes. He would command a detachment, however small, for extra service, or do any other duty he could. Reserved as he was, this had attracted the attention of his superior officers, and September 8th, 1847, at Molino del Rey, he was breveted First Lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious services." The casualties of that fight, however, made him a full First Lieutenant, and this honor was not accepted. Five days later, at Chapultepec, General Worth makes his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant of the Fourth infantry for distinguished services." Captain Brooks of the Second artillery, under whom he fought a fragment of the Fourth regiment, says :

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"I succeeded in reaching the fort with a few men. Here Lieutenant U. S. Grant and a few others of the Fourth infantry found me. By a joint movement after an obstinate resistance the strong field-work was carried, and the enemy's right was completely turned."



GENERAL TAYLOR.

Major Lee, in the report of his operations against the same fortress, "makes acknowledgments to Captain Brooks of the Second artillery, Lieutenant Grant of the Fourth infantry, and a few men of their respective regiments, for pushing up within short musket range of the barrier, and turning the right flank of the enemy."


Major Lee also adds: "Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th."

Colonel Garland, in his report of the same battle, gives an account of mounting a howitzer on top of a convent, which Lieutenant Grant and Lieutenant Lendrum directed, to the great annoyance of the enemy, and Colonel Garland adds:

"I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation."

These commendations were followed by a brevet of captain for gallant and meritorious services. Grant's position as a valuable soldier was now fixed not only with those who served in the army, but with all those with whom he had any intercourse in the outside world. It is therefore unnecessary to go more into detail as to his record in the succeeding battles, which ended in the success of the American arms. Suffice it to say that he participated in every fight to the end. When the City of Mexico had surrendered, and some of our troops were murdered in the streets by the lawless prisoners whom it is said Santa Anna let loose as the American army was marching in, Grant was in the detachment that followed, and punished them for their crimes. Prompt and vigorous as he had been in battle and in all the requirements of actual service, so was he just as humane and harmless in peace. Colonel Floyd-Jones, who served with him in Mexico, gives these reminiscences of their life there:

"Yes, I was with Grant in Mexico; belonging to the same regiment," said the colonel. "He was a fine soldier and a singular character, but showing in those early days none of the superior traits that have made him famous as a General. He was quiet and reserved, simply attended

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to his duty without ostentation, and went into a fight without ado. I remember one very interesting occurrence which happened just after we had captured the City of Mexico. Our regiment was ordered to take quarters at the Isabel Convent. Colonel Lee, our com-



BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

mander, applied for admission, but the priest shut the door in his face. He then knocked with vigor until the priest reappeared, when he explained to him that he was simply obeying his orders and must come in. The priest again shut the door rudely, whereupon Lee

ordered the pioneers forward with their axes, and they soon made mince-meat of the obstruction. The priest then recognizing the fruitlessness of resistance, simply made way for our command, and we remained there some time. Both the priest and the sisters soon recognized that our presence was not only agreeable, but a protection to them.

“Grant, being quartermaster of the regiment, was one of the first to get on friendly terms with the priest. He had a nephew, a bright young Mexican, who also became attached to Grant, and used to go about with him frequently. Captain, since General Prince, had a magnificent horse which the young man was anxious to ride. Grant had invited him to dinner one day with the promise that he should mount the splendid American horse after the meal. The young man was well received and much admired by all the officers at the dinner table that day. After a pleasant occasion, the horses were saddled, and Grant and his companion went out for a ride. Approaching the outskirts of the city, something frightened the horse which the young Mexican was riding, and he ran away. The youth, losing his presence of mind, perhaps, pulled on a single rein as the horse was dashing down the causeway at breakneck speed, and he jumped a wide ditch, threw the young man off against the trunk of a tree, killing him instantly.

“Grant immediately raised the body up and carried it home, and his picture of its reception by the mother was ‘one of the most touching things I ever heard,’ says General Prince, in writing of the sad occurrence only the other day. The officers all called upon the heart-broken relatives, expressing their deep sorrow at the accident, and at the funeral most of them attended, Grant with the rest, kneeling and holding a candle in his hand through the long church service.







GENERAL SCOTT ENTERING THE CITY OF MEXICO.

"Sometimes during the Mexican war he was doing double duty as adjutant and quartermaster of the regiment, and amidst the bustle of moving armies, in the heat of an engagement or in the quiet of the camp, he was ever the same good-natured, unenvious and resolute man.

"He had a very keen idea of the humorous, and among his companions would talk freely and interestingly. His penchant for horses was very marked. He was one of the leaders in making a race-course for the pastime of the officers after we had captured the City of Mexico. He was always fond of a good anecdote, and he frequently regaled us with tales of happenings to him in the discharge of his duty.

"I remember one day his coming into the quarters and telling a story to illustrate the toughness of the Mexican burro. He said he had been out with a heavy quartermaster's wagon to the outskirts of the city, and in coming in one of the little jackasses that act as beasts of burden in the land of Guadalupe and Hidalgo, laden with a quantity of stone, laid down in the road to rest. The teamster not seeing him, the heavy army wagon passed directly over his body. The little beast got up, shook himself, looked around with a sort of disgusted air and passed on as though nothing had happened."

It is hard at this distant day to gather up the incidents of a young man's life before he was much more than an ordinary character. Nor is it easy to procure reminiscences of him forty years after the events upon which they are based occurred, but it can be said of Grant, the young soldier, that he was a thorough man, meeting to the fullest the responsibilities of every situation in which he was placed. As at school, so during his early service in the army, he was liked by every one.

Lieutenant Grant was fond of the active service the



Mexican war imposed. He never seemed very well contented with the humdrum of camp life in time of peace, and the lessons of war that he learned in Mexico were of infinite value to him in after life. He was always a great observer and took careful note of everything of importance that passed him. His youthful fancy that had been stirred by the gorgeousness of General Scott's appearance on the parade ground at West Point, and of the magnificence of Captain C. F. Smith, commandant of the school, was materially changed after the march and fight incident to an actual conflict. He liked General Taylor, who was directly the opposite of Scott so far as style went. He dressed very plainly and had very little care for the showy part of army life. Grant followed his example. The war with Mexico, insignificant as it now appears to us, was of great value to the young officers who engaged in it. To none of them was it of more import than to Lieutenant Grant. It gave him an opportunity to make practical use of what he had learned at West Point at a time of life when he would never forget its teachings. He had endured the monotony of camp life for two years, and he was called into action just as he was beginning to get tired of the lazy life of a peace footing. These facts are simply recalled here to serve as a finger-board pointing to the after-career of this soldier when he commanded more men than were ever led by mortal man since fire-arms were invented.

## CHAPTER VII.

### TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

Return from the Mexican war—Stationed at Sackett's Harbor—Marriage—Preparing for the Pacific coast—Crossing the Isthmus—Battle with cholera—At Fort Vancouver—Speculations which ended badly—Hoes potatoes, puts up ice and deals in pigs and cattle—Resigns from the army.

THE perfect peace with its rewards and responsibilities which followed our conflict with Mexico, brought the Fourth regiment of infantry back to its own country and scattered it along the great lakes from Plattsburg, N. Y., to Green Bay, Wis. Brevet Captain Grant was stationed at Detroit and at Madison Barracks, in Sackett's Harbor. For a time he simply followed the humdrum duties of a regimental quartermaster. It was while thus engaged that he found ample time to renew his court to Miss Julia Dent, and in August, 1848, a little more than three months after our official settlement of the difficulties with Mexico, he led her to the altar. The marriage took place in St. Louis, and he returned to his army post with his bride to enjoy the congratulations of his comrades and the comforts of a well-equipped station. Finally the pleasures of camp life near home were broken up by an order for the transfer of the regiment to the Pacific coast. The various companies were drawn in and sent to Governor's Island, New York, to prepare for the long journey by water to the Isthmus, thence overland to the Pacific, and reshipment from there northward. The duties of a regimental quartermaster in thus preparing for the comforts of a regiment of men for so long a

journey was by no means easy, but the officers attest the promptness and efficiency with which Lieutenant Grant provided for all the emergencies of the transfer.

The voyage from New York to the Isthmus was probably without any incident worthy of note, but General Henry Wallen gives an interesting account of the trip across the neck. He says:

"Three companies of the Fourth regiment went around Cape Horn while the others crossed the Isthmus. Grant was with the latter detachment. So was I. The Panama railroad was not built then, and we went up the Chagres river to Cruces and the regiment marched across from there. In this journey Grant's duties became very onerous. The ladies, wives of the officers, etc., had been sent forward in a boat under the escort of an officer. While we were preparing to follow the report came back that a boat had capsized and those on board had been drowned. This naturally caused a great deal of anxiety, and Grant, myself and my company were detailed to go up the Chagres river and investigate. We had not proceeded far, however, before we ascertained that the boat which had turned over contained a number of citizen passengers, and we sent back the pleasing intelligence that none of our party were injured. But we pushed on until we reached the ladies, where Grant in his capacity as quartermaster immediately perfected arrangements for sending them across the Isthmus. This had to be done on hammocks thrown on the shoulders of men, with relays provided at convenient distances along the two days' journey.

"Before we reached our destination on the other side the rumor came that cholera had broken out there, and when we arrived at Panama we found that it was true. We were placed on the steamer 'Golden Gate' imme-

diately after her arrival, and that night one of my men was taken with the cholera, and by daylight the next morning there were several cases on board. In the two weeks we remained in Panama Bay we lost 110 out of 700 men, the deaths one day amounting to thirty-seven.

"The doctors desired Captain Patterson, of the 'Golden Gate,' to pull up anchor and start for San Francisco; but he, having been in the Asiatic country and knowing more of the peculiarities of the disease than they, said that he would not do so, but would put everybody on shore, fumigate his vessel, and then would take the well and convalescent and proceed to San Francisco. The next day we were all landed on the island of Flamingo, and camp was established. Not a single case occurred after we reached the land. This proved that the captain was right; he thoroughly disinfected his vessel, then started for San Francisco, and the cholera was at an end. This Captain Patterson whom Grant met during that trying ordeal he afterwards made chief of the coast survey when he became President of the United States.

"Grant was one of the coolest men in all these trying emergencies I ever saw. I remember during that dismal time in Panama bay that he, a Major Gore and myself sat playing a friendly game of euchre, when Major Gore suddenly dropped his hand, turned pale and said:

"'My God, I have got the cholera!' Grant, in the most nonchalant way, undertook to quiet his fears by saying:

"'No, major, you have only eaten something that does not agree with you.' But the doctor was summoned, and although everything possible was done, Gore died before morning, the only officer we lost.

"Our destination on the Pacific coast was Fort Vancouver in Washington Territory, about 110 miles from the mouth of the Columbia river—a beautiful place, which was occupied by the Hudson Bay Company. Here Lieutenant Grant continued his duties as quartermaster for a year or more, and the service was pleasant. Our relations were quite intimate, and I had some very amusing speculations with him during that time.

"When we got to Vancouver we found that Irish potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel, so Grant and I agreed to go into a potato speculation. We rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and as Grant had been a farmer he was to plow it, and I was to cut and drop the potatoes; we were to tend them together. Our capital was joined to buy the seed, neither of us having much money. We then went to work with a will and planted a large patch, and in the fall reaped a rich harvest; but when we came to gather them, and look out for a market, it was found that every one had raised Irish potatoes, and instead of being eight or nine dollars a bushel they were worth nothing. We finally had to pay some of the farmers to haul the potatoes away out of a magazine that was borrowed from the commandant of the post in which to store them.

"Grant, the present General Ingalls and myself then went into an ice speculation, and put up 100 tons of ice on the Columbia river. We then sent a runner over to Portland to see Captain Dall, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., expecting to get him to take our ice to San Francisco, where a fabulous price could be had for it. He agreed to charter a brig lying at Portland, if we would allow him to come in as fourth owner of the ice. We consented, and he brought the brig around. The ice was loaded aboard, and he started to tow the brig to

the ocean. When they reached the mouth of the river the weather was so good, and such a fresh breeze was blowing, that Dall ordered the captain to pull in his hawser and sail down to Frisco; but adverse winds came on, and it was six weeks before he reached the harbor. By that time a large quantity of ice had been brought in from Sitka, and when ours arrived there was no market for it. Captain Dall took upon himself the responsibility of sending the brig up to Sacramento, and when she got there, there was not ice enough in her to pay the towage from San Francisco up.

"Then Grant and I engaged in a cattle and pig speculation. I went down to San Francisco to attend to the duty of selling the animals, and Grant sent them down to me. We continued that business until both of us lost all the money we had, and when I got back to Vancouver three or four hundred dollars were yet due him, for which I was obliged to give my note and afterwards pay it off in instalments.

"Neither Grant nor myself ever had the slightest suggestion of business talent. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed every one as artless as himself. His faithfulness to friends was one of his striking characteristics, and he was a favorite with everybody.

"We parted at Fort Vancouver when he was promoted to a Captaincy and assigned to a distant post. Soon after that he resigned, the duties of army life in peace not being congenial to him, and we separated, never to meet again until he was General-in-chief of the armies. I never knew a stronger, better or truer man."

It has been a pleasant task to visit the veterans who through the mist of this long time recall their early associations with the man whose career has stood the test of time and whose earliest acts are recalled with zest by

the men who were then his companions as they have ever since been his earnest friends.

It cannot often be said of a man that he runs in the race of life for many years without friction with only one of the men with whom he is brought in close contact. Yet all those now living who know the facts of Grant's early career in the army aver that they never knew of his having the least unpleasantness with any one except the officer who seemed to take a dislike to the young Lieutenant very soon after he reported for duty at the St. Louis barracks.

Grant is remembered during his service in the West much as he is recalled by his school companions. He was most interested in the manlier sports, and many of the old officers recall him as he would go galloping at break-neck speed, jumping the tongues of the six artillery caissons in succession.

In the social life of the camp he and Rufus Ingalls were two notable characters, and there are hundreds of reminiscences of their odd bout at cards, where each would play as earnestly for a stake of twenty-five cents as they would for that many dollars.

There is no room for doubt but that Grant's promotion and transfer from the genial atmosphere of Fort Vancouver caused his retirement from the army. After he reached a Captaincy he was assigned to a post where his superior officer was the same Captain Buchanan who had so ungraciously sat upon him at the mess table in St. Louis soon after he had joined his regiment. This officer made his duties at Humboldt anything but pleasant, and a wish to get away from his petulance and petty tyranny, as well as a longing to see his wife and children who were in St. Louis, induced him to resign his commission in July, 1854.



One of the officers of the old regiment now writes thus about his retirement :

"I remember meeting Grant after his resignation, and although our conversation was a short one, it left the impression on my mind that he had become disgusted with army life as he found it at his new post, and had left it without giving the step careful consideration. He spoke of his earnest longing for the quiet life of a farmer. It was apparent to me then that his boyhood ambition to be a tiller of the soil had returned, and, being irritated by the petty annoyances about an unpleasant post, with a captious commander who did not like him, he had resolved to return home. There was a story about charges against him ; but, if there were any, I do not believe they would have had any such effect as to have induced him to resign. He had no reason to care for any allegations that could be trumped up against him by any one. He knew there were none that touched his moral character, or that would have diminished confidence in his integrity and value as an officer, which was then fully established in all army circles. The worst charge that ever I heard suggested would have resulted, if proven, in no inconvenience to him. It might possibly have subjected him to a reprimand from the colonel of the regiment, yet even this would have taken the form of a handsome compliment to his well-known traits of character and conduct. I never knew a man better than I have known Grant, and I never knew a better man."

The Fourth regiment of infantry contained the warmest friends Grant had among men. At Fort Vancouver he had been one of the chiefs of an interesting circle. General Rufus Ingalls, Commissary-General McFeely, Generals Auger, Alvord, Prince, Wallen and a number of other notable characters were his companions. Grant



as regimental quartermaster lived with Ingalls and Brent, both officers of higher rank, in a comfortable house Ingalls ordered made in his native State and brought around by water and set up in that distant country.

Every officer serving with Grant, either in Mexico or at this post, bears testimony to his sterling traits of character and his universal popularity.

It was while doing duty here that Grant fitted out the expedition commanded by General George B. McClellan (then a captain) for the survey of the Northern Pacific railroad. This officer was his guest while the preparations were being made for the exploration of that new section of the country.

The pleasant associations made and friendships cemented at this post were never broken. The sports of the camp, the little games of chance among the officers, their rides and hazards of winter and spring were all a part of their early education that was never forgotten. When honors were heaped upon the one whom almost every one regarded as the least likely to fill out to greatness under the stress of grave responsibilities he never forgot, in the distribution of favors, the humblest of those men who were with him in his early career at school, in Mexico or along the western wilderness.

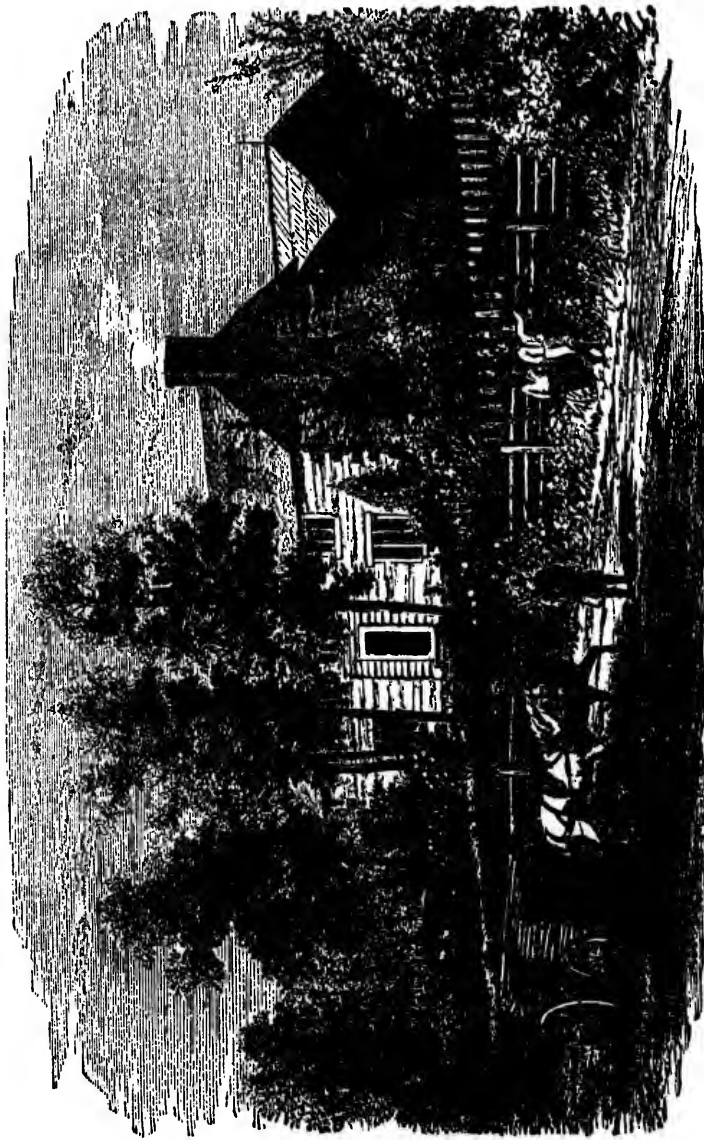
## CHAPTER VIII.

### FROM THE ARMY TO FARMING.

Out of the army—Estimate of his character by an old comrade—His farm-life near St. Louis—Hauling wood to market—Meeting old army officers—On the threshold of war—How he stood at the beginning—A characteristic letter.

FROM a captaincy in the regular army back to the walks of an humble private citizen was a long distance in 1854. There were but few captains then, and a man holding that rank was looked up to as having attained a position in the army that was truly enviable. Many men with far less ability than Grant would have gone out into the business world and made their mark; but to deal successfully with the hurly-burly of trade a man must not be overly nice as to methods, and must have a push and dash that did not usually belong to the men educated for the army. Grant's ability was not of that character, nor had his training been of the kind that would fit a man for a combat with people whose whole lives had been spent in making financial headway. To be sure, he had always been industrious. When he hoed potatoes, put up ice or dealt in pigs at Fort Vancouver, he was doing his best to accumulate something; but in every one of these speculations he had demonstrated his lack of business talent and his inexperience in worldly affairs. He was too guileless and confiding to run a successful race in the heat of speculation.

There are many stories as to why he left the army, but the preceding chapter tells the facts. There is no doubt but that the wild life on the frontier, with few pros-



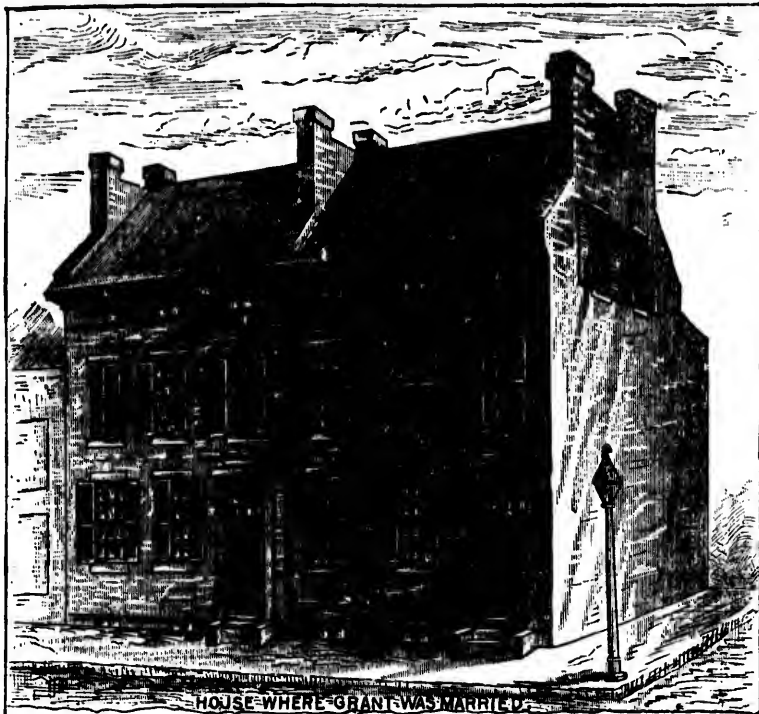
CAPTAIN GRANT'S FIRST RESIDENCE NEAR ST. LOUIS.

pects of improvement, was distasteful to the man who had found little pleasure in a soldier's career except in active service. The routine duties of camp-life were never tasteful to Grant, and he had been best satisfied when his capacity had been drawn upon to the fullest, and he had been in the heat of battle or in the midst of preparation for war. He never seemed quite satisfied unless he was doing something to keep his mind and body busy. One of the old officers, who has been intimate with him all his life, speaking of his peculiarities, says: "On drill he made no show as a soldier and appeared to take no interest in it, but when he was put on duty as regimental quartermaster in Mexico the affairs of that position were put through with such promptness and so satisfactorily to every one as to excite wonder as to when he attended to them, and how he learned them. The explanation was found in the directness with which he applied his tireless energy to his duties, and the qualities of mind that made him see all the requirements of the position in advance, and his aptness in so handling them as to give him plenty of time to be in everything else that was going on."

After his resignation had been accepted he left for St. Louis to join his wife and children and to take a new start in life. The town, along the Mississippi, did not then bear a very striking resemblance to the magnificent city of the present day; and on a small farm not very far from its environs, which his father-in-law, Mr. Dent, presented to his wife, Grant began life anew at the age of thirty-five. His experience as a farmer was as uneventful as that of most other men engaged in a similar avocation. He mowed, reaped, sowed and generally made a full hand at all the laborious work of the field. He cut cord-wood, hauled it to St. Louis,



HOUSE W



HOUSE WHERE GRANT WAS MARRIED



THE OLD COTTAGE WHEN TIMES WERE HARD

HOUSE WHERE GRANT WAS MARRIED AND RESIDENCE WHEN TIMES WERE HARD.

sold it for a small price, and did the best he could to get along in a rough contact with the world. While a husbandman he knew few people and made few acquaintances. Frequently he would meet some of his old comrades, but besides reviving with them the recollections of his early days in the army he had little recreation. He wore the garb of a farmer, and fulfilled the duties of an agriculturist as best he could. Many of his old officer friends, who saw him while he was making a hard struggle to gain a living, tell of the perfect freedom with which he spoke of his new life to friends, and the good temper with which he accepted its responsibilities. One of them now writes of meeting him on the steps of the Planters' House in St. Louis, dressed in the homely garb of a horny-handed son of toil, with pants tucked in his boots and his blacksnake whip in his hand.

He says: "I was very glad to see him. I was just coming out of the hotel and met him on the steps going in. I turned to go back with him, when he said, 'No, I have only come up to market with a load of wood, and a mutual friend telling me you were here, I have called to ask you to come down to the farm and spend a week with me.' Again I invited him to my apartments in the hotel, but he declined to go, as I supposed then on account of his rough garb. He made no other request of me than to be his guest, and then hastened back to the market place. In this little interview, which began and ended on the steps of the hotel, his manner threw out evidences of his character just as I had always seen and read it in the army and excited my warmest admiration. I have heard a story going the rounds that General Sedgwick had said that I told him, at this interview, Grant was on a spree and had requested the loan of twenty-five cents. I desire to deny in as emphatic

terms as I can that such was the fact, and it is utterly impossible that General Sedgwick could have made any such statement. It is purely the creation of some person's idle fancy. I recall the conversation perfectly well in which I related to General Sedgwick this meeting with General Grant in 1859, and of distinctly saying that there was no more the appearance of dissipation in Grant's face and manner than in those of a child. I recall how Sedgwick and myself reviewed together the mighty changes four years had brought to Grant. We contrasted the dress in which he had hauled his wood and the uniform of power he was at the moment of our conversation entitled to wear in handling the armies. Both of us agreed that merit, not fortune, was the medium of the phenomenon."

Professor Henry Coppee writes of meeting Captain Grant during his farming experience, and pictures a group composed of General Joseph J. Reynolds, General Don Carlos Buell, Major Chapman of the cavalry, Grant and himself at the Planters' House in St. Louis, where they were having a pleasant reunion. Mr. Coppee describes Grant very much as General Henry Prince has in the above paragraph, with his coarse clothes, whip and other accompaniments usual to a toiler. He also gives the same account of his brown, healthy appearance, and sober, manly bearing.

It is a common failing with humanity to gossip about people who gain high places in the world's affairs. Then their lives are surrounded with more or less of mystery which only the imagination, that is always lively, can fathom. Grant could not expect to be free from this ugly penchant, but it is next to impossible for a man of his peculiar habits of mind and body to have been very dissipated. Men of his equitable temperament and well-

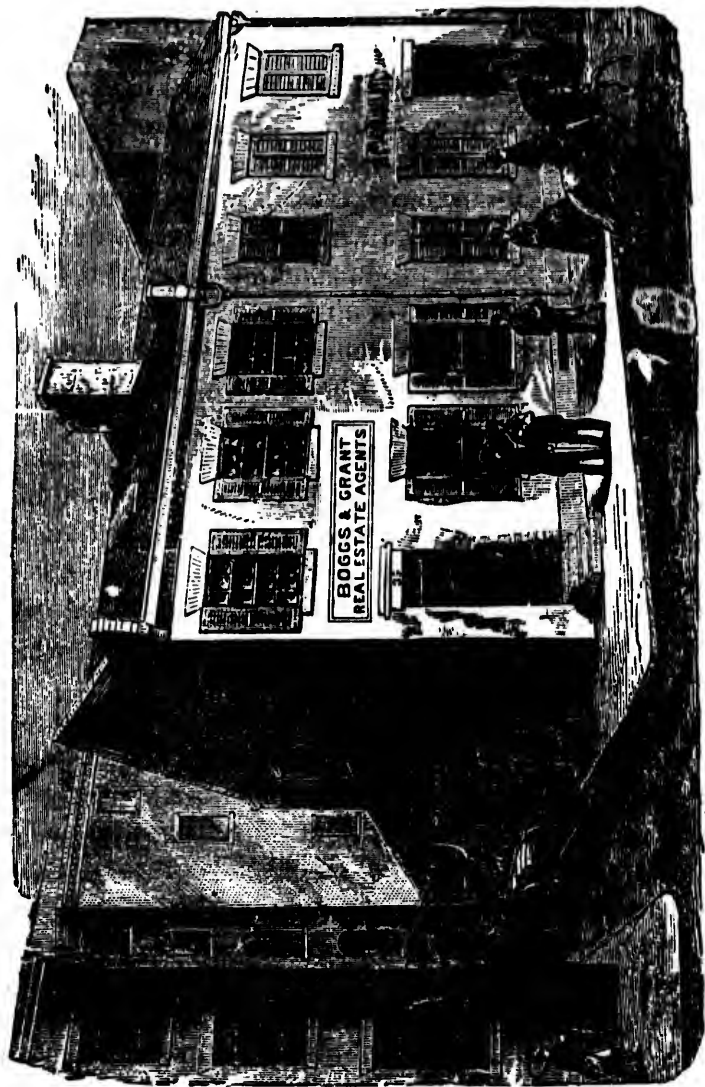


poised elements are not apt to go to excesses of any sort. There is no desire here to picture this hero as a saint, or present him as an ideal man. There is no doubt but that he was like most other men of his age. He was fond of company and loved a reasonable amount of sport, but it is the steady record of his life that he never ran toward anything like an excess. At times no doubt he took a glass with a friend, as he loved a social game with those who were worthy of his confidence. Men who take a glass of wine for its social quality may sometimes take more than is good for them. This was, no doubt, true of Captain Grant; but in following the record of his life among the men who have known him best from childhood, the universal testimony is that he was a fair, honorable and well-behaved citizen; indeed in most respects a model one, notwithstanding every frailty that could truthfully be laid at his door.

The fabric of the man was never marred, and his habits that have been commented upon were only the safety-valve for his homely, resolute qualities which lacked full employment.

Ill-luck in making money outside of his chosen profession as a soldier followed him from Fort Vancouver, and after a short fight with rough farm duties he left his acres for a settlement in St. Louis. Here he established a real estate and collection office, but the business was distasteful to one of his habits and inclinations, and after a brief struggle he dropped it. He then made an effort to be county surveyor, a position for which he was peculiarly fitted on account of his education at West Point and his experience in the army, but political influence was stronger for a less competent man. A minor position in the custom house was his next occupation. This he held until the place was wanted for a person with



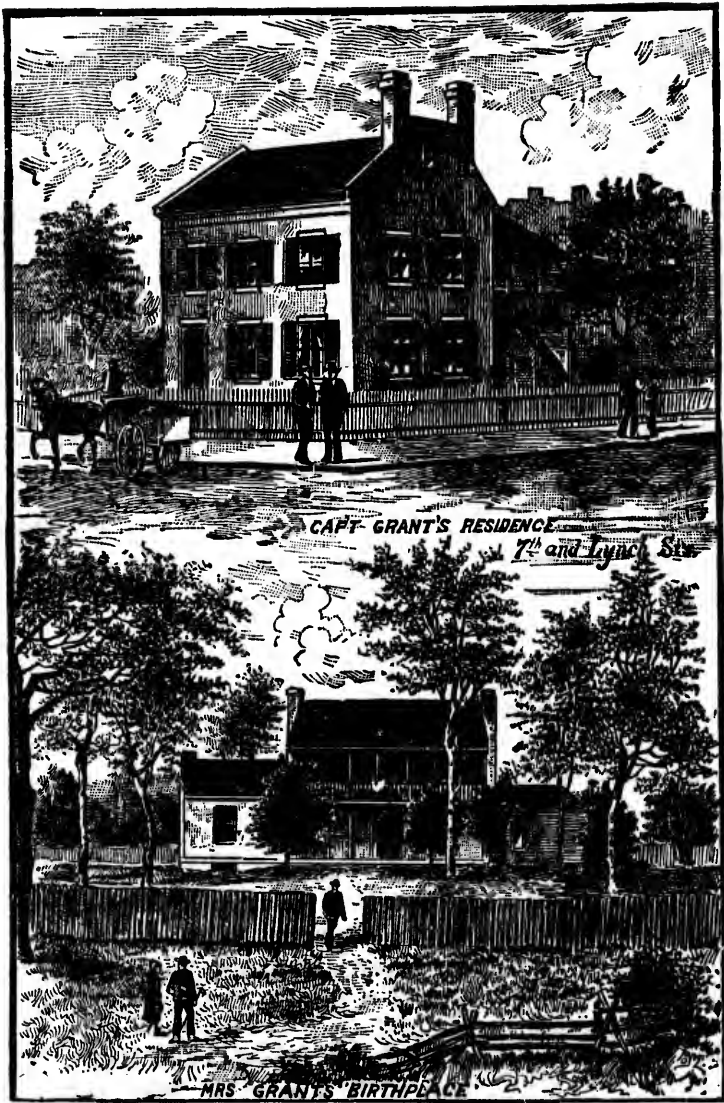


REAL ESTATE OFFICE OF BOGGS & GRANT, ST. LOUIS, IN 1859.

more influence, and then he was warned off. There is a great deal that is manly in the fight he was then making for a living, but it was wholly uninteresting and uneventful.

The contest in St. Louis went so dead against him that he accepted a proposition from his father to join in the leather business at Galena. So in the early part of 1860 he made another move, this time to the avocation his father had taught him when a boy, before he had a thought of learning the profession of a soldier, but rather was filled with the dreams of a respectable education and a planter's career. His life in Galena was not conspicuous. He went about his duties in a practical, common-sense way, making no stir and forming no acquaintances except among those with whom he had business. People who could get under his natural reserve liked him. He was as popular with those who knew him in civil life as he was with his military companions. But few men were able to reach into the sterling qualities of the man. Therefore it was not unnatural that at the beginning of the war he knew little or nothing of the leading citizens of the place, and they knew less of him. He had never taken any part in politics, and had never voted but once. He had no acquaintance with the member of Congress from his district, and was without those social and political influences that favored most of the volunteer officers who sprang to arms as soon as the boom of the guns at Fort Sumter had awakened the land to war.

Up to this time what little part Grant had taken in politics was on the Democratic side. He had voted for Buchanan instead of Fremont more on account of a lack of confidence in the Republican candidate than a regard for the Democratic. But his political views were known to be conservative, and in the wordy



RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. GRANT NEAR ST. LOUIS.

controversies which preceded and brought on the war he stood rather between the two parties. When the question of fidelity to the country became the all-important one, Grant's attitude very materially changed. Sumter had not been fired upon before he began writing to his relatives, most of whom were Democrats, to ascertain their position and to state his. This characteristic letter to his father-in-law shows how clearly he understood the situation. His forecast of the results of secession is also remarkable:

GALENA, *April 19th, 1861.*

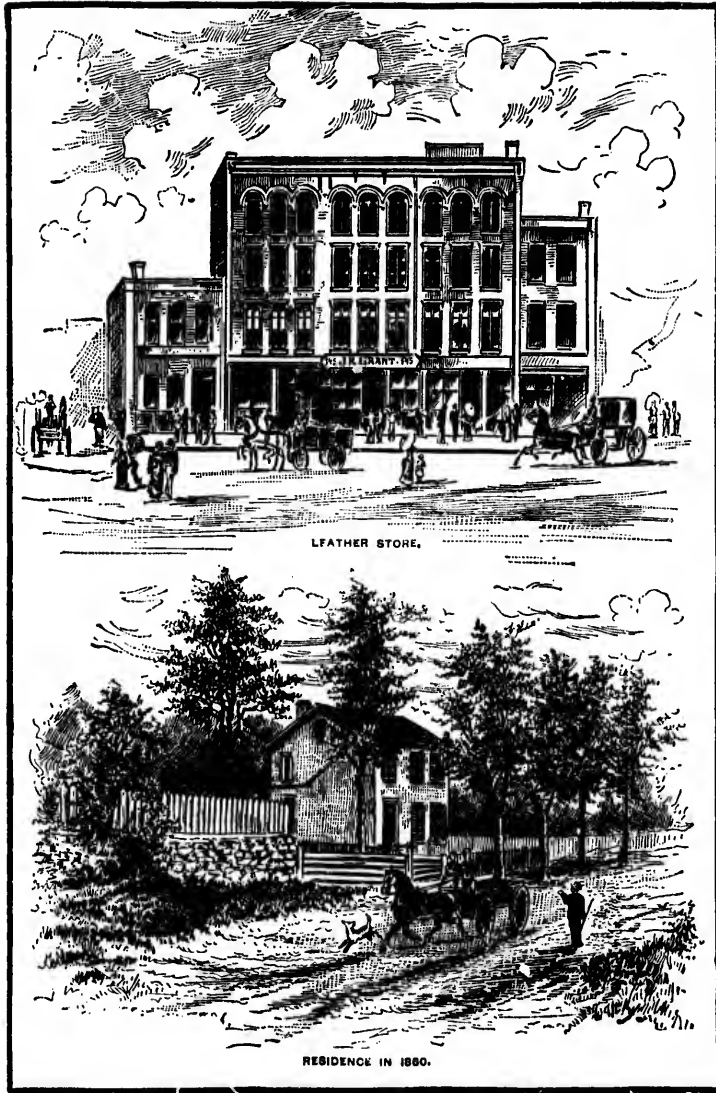
MR. F. DENT: DEAR SIR—I have but little time to write, but as in these exciting times we are very anxious to hear from you, and know of no other way but by writing first to you, I must make time. We get but little news by telegraph from St. Louis, but from all other points of the country we are hearing all the time. The times are indeed startling; but now is the time, particularly in the border slave State, for men to prove their love of country. I know it is hard for men to apparently work with the Republican party, but now all party distinctions should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the integrity of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the Confederates may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The Government can call into the field 75,000 troops, and ten or twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too. It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give their own time or of their abundant means. No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors, and the administration has stood purely on the defensive—more on the defensive than she would dared to have done, but for her consciousness of strength and the certainty of right prevailing in the end.

The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the other border States, this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina. She should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt.

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GRANT'S RESIDENCE AND HIS FATHER'S STORE IN GALENA, ILL.

In all this I can but see the doom of slavery. The Northerners do not want, nor will they want, to interfere with the institution, but they will refuse for all time to give it protection unless the Southerners shall return soon to their allegiance; and then, too, this disturbance will give such an impetus to the production of their staple—cotton—in other parts of the world that they can never recover the control of the market again for that commodity. This will reduce the value of the negroes so much that they will never be worth fighting over again.

I have just received a letter from Fred [Frederick Dent, Jr.]. He breathes forth the most patriotic sentiments. He is for the old flag as long as there is a union of two States fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve he will go it alone. This is not his language, but it is the idea not so well expressed as he expresses it. Julia and the children are all well and join me in love to you all. I forgot to mention that Fred has another heir, with some novel name that I have forgotten.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

Very soon after writing this letter Captain Grant returned to Missouri and visited his friend, W. D. W. Barnard, who now says that Mr. Dent showed him this letter, and that they discussed it at length very soon after it was received. He also says that when Grant came to see him they drove over to "Wish-ton-Wish" to have a talk with Mr. Dent. Grant had determined to go into the war, and desired to make provision for his family during his absence. Mr. Dent was a positive Democrat, and was by no means satisfied with his son-in-law's determination but Grant stated mildly but firmly; that he had been educated by the Government, which was about to need the services of all its citizens, especially those trained to military duty, and, with his wife and children provided for, he had made up his mind. It may be reasoned from Mr. Barnard's story that the conversation between him and his father-in-law was an earnest one, for not until Grant was about to leave did Mr. Dent state his conclusions. Then he remarked, after seeing

that his son-in-law was determined to go to war: "Send Julia and the children here. As you make your bed so you must lie."

Before all this had transpired, Captain Grant had attended two war meetings at Galena. At each of these gatherings he had met more people who held a place in the affairs of the community and had taken more of a public part among his townsmen than during his entire residence in Illinois. All through that section of the State there was a strong Southern sentiment which was decidedly adverse to war. Grant himself was in favor of according the South its fullest rights, until it committed the overt act of rebellion. Then in an instant he became earnestly opposed to any compromise that did not involve the submission of the South to the decrees of the national government.

During the first meeting he attended he had been a great deal annoyed by the anti-war talk and the manifest sentiment against stubbornly maintaining the integrity of the government.

An impassioned appeal by John A. Rawlins, who was a Democrat, and credited with a lack of patriotism, afforded him great satisfaction. His speech was of such power and eloquence as to carry through an almost hostile assemblage these resolutions proposed by Mr. Washburne, then a member of Congress from that district, who afterwards became famous as a political leader:

*"Resolved—First—That we will support the Government of the United States in the performance of all its constitutional duties in this great crisis, and will assist it to maintain the integrity of the American flag, and to defend it whenever and wherever assailed.*

*"Second—That we recommend the immediate formation of two military companies in this city to respond to any call that may be made by the governor of the State.*

*"Third—That we call on the Legislature, which is to assemble in extraordinary session on the 23d instant, to make the most ample pro-*



visions to respond to the call for troops now made or that may hereafter be made by the President of the United States.

"Fourth—That, having lived under the stars and stripes, by the blessing of God we propose to die under them."

Notwithstanding this emphatic declaration, there were still plenty of objectors to any warlike demonstrations.

On the 18th of April, however, just the night before Grant wrote the important letter to Mr. Dent herein presented, a meeting was called to organize a military company and Grant was called upon to preside. Upon taking the chair he was much embarrassed, and said, in tones hardly loud enough to be heard:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for honoring me with the position of chairman of this meeting. You know the object for which we are assembled. Men are needed to help preserve the Union. What is your pleasure?"

The gathering was an important one, for the foundation of a military company was laid, which Captain Grant was next day called upon to drill and a few days thereafter to accompany to Camp Yates at Springfield.

The events of these few days made an important turn in Grant's career. They had brought him quite prominently before his townsmen, secured him the friendship of the member of Congress from his district, and made John A. Rawlins such a warm friend that he followed his fortunes all through the conflict, to become Secretary of War after his chief was chosen to the Presidency.

Grant had about attained his thirty-ninth year and was full of the vigor of manhood when all these events were transpiring. He had been favored with a strong constitution, a well-knit frame and an equable temper that had borne the trials of army life and the knocks of adversity only to grow stronger and better.

His latent powers of mind and body had been so well hidden that it took time for their development.



What would have been shown in many men in a short time it took years to grow into full flower in a man of his peculiar temperament. The struggles through which he had safely passed increased him in mental and moral stature. He was never known to be much of a reader after he left the army, as he had never been a student in it. But his mind was thoroughly practical and fully competent to grapple with each new emergency as it arose. His education and mode of life had been such that he had no whims or high-flown theories, and when the rebellion called him to help defend the government that had educated him, he arose a splendidly equipped man for the emergency.

## CHAPTER IX.

### RETURN TO THE ARMY.

War inspires him to return to military duties—Scenes with the governor of Illinois—Dick Yates' first impression of Grant—Wants a place on McClellan's staff—Is made Colonel of an unruly regiment—Marches it into Missouri—Made Brigadier-General—Assigned to Cairo—Grant's first notable service.

IN seeking a new place in the army Captain Grant seems to have had almost as much difficulty as in making a success in civil life. He is said to have been the only man in the town who possessed any military training. Yet having drilled the company composed of his townsmen, and reported with it to the State capitol, he was not offered the rank of captain, to which he aspired. He was too modest to push his claims, and he lacked friends to do it for him. Finding little interest taken in him amidst the hurly-burly of camp-life, which was then laying the foundation of the great body of citizen-soldiery Illinois sent to the war, he wrote a letter to the adjutant-general of the army offering his services and suggesting that he might be fitted to command a regiment.

His communication to the war department was couched in very modest language. It tendered the services of the writer "till the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered." This letter was never answered, and Captain Grant continued to do all kinds of military duty about the camp at Springfield and in the adjutant-general's office. He did not even get an humble place of this character without some difficulty. Years after he had grown to greatness, Governor

Yates gives this account of his first meeting with him. The military affairs of the State were in much of a mix owing to the lack of educated soldiers to direct them. Mr. E. B. Washburne had recommended Grant to help out of the difficulty, and he had reported for duty.

"In presenting himself to me," said Governor Yates, "he made no reference to any merits. He simply said that he had been the recipient of a military education at West Point, and now that the country was assailed he thought it his duty to offer his services, and that he would esteem it a privilege to be assigned to any position where he could be useful. I cannot now claim to myself the credit of having seen in him the promises of great achievements, more than in many others who proposed to enter the military service. His appearance was not striking. He was plain, very plain; but still something—perhaps his plain straightforward modesty and earnestness—induced me to assign him a desk in the executive office. In a short time I found him to be an invaluable assistant in my office and in that of the adjutant-general. He was soon after assigned to the command of the six camps of organization and instruction which I had established in the State."

It was while Captain Grant was engaged in these half clerical, half military duties that he became almost discouraged about ever getting a chance to enter active service. Captain John Pope, now Major-General, about that time, in conversation with him, advised his return to the regular army. Recognizing the value of influence, he suggested recommendations from prominent men as the best way to reach a commission. Grant declined to beg for indorsements to enable him to get a chance to fight for the country that had educated him, but instead

appealed to the adjutant-general of the army in the letter before mentioned.

About this time he visited his father at Covington, Ky., and there endeavored to get an audience with General George B. McClellan, then at Cincinnati, in the hope of getting a place on his staff. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to penetrate beyond the cordon of aides-de-camp which then surrounded McClellan, he gave up hope in that direction. Very soon afterwards Governor Yates telegraphed him his appointment of commander of a demoralized regiment. Grant promptly accepted, and returned to Springfield to be commissioned as Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois infantry.

He had finally, after many trials, obtained what seemed the limit of his capacity as a military leader, as he himself estimated it in his letter to the adjutant-general of the army. This good fortune came to him just as he had about made up his mind to return to Galena and continue the leather business. It was the middle of June when he took command of the regiment, and it was not many days thereafter before it became noted for its good order and discipline. Being directed to go in camp with it at Quincy, Ill., he demonstrated his practical ability to fit troops for active service by marching his command across the country, simply for the purpose of discipline. While on his way he was intercepted with an order to take his regiment to Ironton, Mo., to be transported by boats to St. Louis. While waiting for the steamboat he was sent to the relief of the Sixteenth Illinois infantry, which was reported to be surrounded by the enemy west of Palmyra. But the regiment was again stopped before it reached its destination on account of the change in the military situation, and for two weeks it was scattered along the Hannibal & St. Jo Railroad,

doing guard duty, in the district commanded by John Pope, who since his advice to Grant had been made a brigadier-general.

During this time it made one march from Salt river to Florida, Mo., and return, in pursuit of Tom Harris, who was in the vicinity with a handful of Confederates. It was during this march that General Grant himself tells, in his interesting memoirs, of approaching the spot where he expected to find his enemy encamped, and feeling his heart rise higher and higher until he was nearly useless from the excitement. But his quick eye and ready perception soon made it clear to him that he was quite as much an object of terror to the enemy as the enemy had been to him. If his own heart went up into his throat, he argued, so did the hearts of the men whom he fought; and, that point once fixed in his mind, he never again felt fear in battle.

After the return from this expedition the regiment was sent to Ironton, Mo., and while passing through St. Louis for that point Grant was assigned to duty as brigadier-general of volunteers, and very soon thereafter began his real military career.

Before he had been commissioned as colonel and while engaged in the perplexing duties of organizing volunteers and helping to keep straight the adjutant-general's office, he had shown such aptitude and zeal as to gain the good will of every prominent man with whom he had been brought in contact. So marked was this good opinion, that, without his knowledge, Mr. Washburne and the entire delegation presented his abilities to the President in such a favorable light that he was given his first star, the commission to date from the 17th day of May, 1861, even before he had written his letter offering his services to the government

and nearly a month before Governor Yates had made him a colonel of an unruly regiment. He was, therefore, one of the first seventeen brigadiers.

General Grant's future was now in his own hands. He had secured a place in the army practically by accident. Men of little or no capacity for military duty had been commissioned as colonels and generals while he was still wishing for a commission of almost any grade. The necessities of the service finally gave him a colonelcy and his own capacity had won him a star. Thirty-nine years of his life had been passed, during which period he had shown himself competent to discharge every duty that had been given him, and his mind as well as his character had grown brighter in adversity. Both as boy and man he had seen shallow, pretentious fellows rise above him, both in the shifts of the business world and in the army, yet he had never felt resentment, and went along his quiet way, wondering only why the tide was against him, but well thought of by the few who knew him.

Soon after his appointment as brigadier-general he was assigned to the command of the military district of Missouri. This comprised the southeastern part of that State, southern Illinois and all that territory in western Kentucky and Tennessee that might fall into the hands of the Federal forces. Immediately upon his assignment he was ordered to report to General Fremont at St. Louis, and such was the haste that he was sent by special train to that city.

It is easy to imagine Grant's broad disgust at finding that, after all the hurry, it took him twenty-four hours to get through the lines of staff officers with which General Fremont was surrounded.

The 1st of September found him at Cairo, just estab-

lishing his head-quarters in the muddy and unattractive town at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. The place was filled with idle boatmen, and all that demoralization that is inseparable from war was then apparent. He had about a brigade of raw troops, the conduct of which was not improved by their rough surroundings. Polk lay at Columbus, some twenty miles below, with a force, while Bragg was at Bowling Green, in easy supporting distance. Jeff Thomson was also directing a command in southeastern Missouri. Thus the enemy held the Mississippi below the Ohio, and were in possession of the important water-ways of the Tennessee and the Cumberland. The control of the Ohio was also theirs by the seizure of Paducah, toward which point they were tending, Polk having already begun a movement in that direction.

Brigadier-General Grant saw at a glance that the assumed neutrality of Kentucky was a fraud. It denied admission to the Union forces and practically invited the Confederate troops to come in and lay firm hold upon all the strong and strategic positions in the State before the fiction could be dispelled. The enemy had already taken advantage of this situation by occupying Columbus, Hickman, Bowling Green, and by building Fort Henry, to control the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson to command the Cumberland. They only needed Paducah, where the Tennessee empties into the Ohio, to complete a strong line from the Mississippi to the Old Dominion. They were making their dispositions to close upon this place, when the new general reached Cairo, looked over the map, and determined to destroy the "neutrality" of Kentucky and keep the Ohio open, as the beginning of a plan to reclaim all the important navigable rivers in that section for military purposes.

On the 5th of September he announced his intentions to General Fremont and to the Kentucky Legislature. On the same night, without waiting for authority from St. Louis, he started with two regiments, a light battery and a convoy of gunboats to seize Paducah. It fell into his hands without a fight, and after taking possession he issued this proclamation:

"I have come among you not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen; not to maltreat or annoy you, but to respect and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy, in rebellion against our common Government, has taken possession of and planted its guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is now moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong army of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves and maintain the authority of the Government and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command."

Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland, was next occupied, and Grant had made two important moves in the game which he was to close and win at Donelson.

On his return to Cairo he found waiting him a severe reprimand from Fremont for having communicated with the Kentucky State authorities, and immediately the control of the place he had captured was taken from him and General C. F. Smith assigned to its command. But General Grant had performed a great service in the



seizure of Paducah, which the major-general over him could not destroy with his censure. Its loss was a severe blow to the Confederates, for it not only broke their power in Kentucky, but revealed their real intentions so clearly that the politicians aided by the milk-and-water loyalists no longer dared to apologize for the Confederate fallacy of neutrality. To be sure the act was violently denounced as a gross violation of the rights of a State, and Grant was for a time on the verge of a serious difficulty for his prompt and efficient action.

It was very soon made manifest, however, that the result of his work was to give to the national forces firm control of the Ohio river as well as an even chance for the lower Tennessee and Cumberland. More than this, it strengthened the hearts and hands of the loyal people of this wavering State and made it possible for its Legislature to pass resolutions favorable to the Union cause.

To be sure, Grant had incurred Fremont's displeasure, and for the next two months and a half was kept in a strictly defensive position, while the Confederates tightened their grip on the Mississippi and many other points in the valley that follows this great water-way. But by his bold movement, which was in those dallying days a grave responsibility, he enabled the Unionists of Kentucky to take eighty regiments of troops into the Union army—more men than Napoleon led to Waterloo.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Grant's first battle—His feint toward Columbus—Colonels Oglesby and Logan—Moving down the river—The location of the Confederate forces—Moving to the attack—Grant's horse killed under him—A demoralized army—Destroying the camp—Retreating to the boats—Grant's peril and success—Tells why he fought his first battle.

GREAT events in war often hang upon small hinges. Battles are frequently won or lost by an accident. It is not always the greatest engagement that brings to the fore the strongest qualities of a commander. Sometimes it takes more courage, confidence, tact and ability to fight a small battle than a big one, and again and again a general's future has dated from his actions in what people might call a skirmish after the conflict in which he is making his reputation is fully developed. This is true of Grant. His place in the late war was fixed when his first battle was over. To be sure he had difficulties afterward as he had had before, but when the sun went down on the 7th of November, 1861, he had made the first move in a campaign that was to last for nearly two years, and finally result in his promotion to the control of all the armies marshalled for the suppression of the rebellion.

The two months' occupation of the muddy camp at Cairo, after the seizure of Paducah, was alike irksome to Grant and his men, who were wishing to press forward to the real business of war.

The patriotic spirit that impelled the citizen to throw down the spade, stop the plough, close the shop, and still the anvil to seize the rifle was still alive. Grant

was not content with Fremont's inactivity, which kept him in idleness. More than once did he suggest the feasibility of attempting the capture of Columbus, a most important point lying twenty miles below the junction of the two rivers. This place was being rapidly converted, practically under his eye, into one of the most formidable strongholds on the Mississippi. It was favorably situated upon the east shore, threatening any move on the part of the Union forces, and, naturally, cutting off the navigation of the river.

To move upon this rapidly strengthening point was Grant's earnest desire. A short distance below, on the west bank, stood Belmont, where rude works had been thrown up under the protection of the guns of Columbus; from here Confederate troops and supplies were being constantly transported. Every hour's delay seemed to Grant time and opportunity wasted.

On the 10th of September, four days after the seizure of Paducah, he applied to Fremont, urging an immediate move. To this request no response was made, and the resolute General, whose ideas of duty forced him to believe in active effort, was obliged to sit down and see the enemy each day making Columbus stronger until they boastfully claimed it to be the "Gibraltar of America." Weary weeks dragged along until the newly arriving regiments swelled Grant's command to nearly twenty thousand undisciplined troops, mostly commanded by officers entirely untrained in the practices of war.

The 1st of November brought him relief from the unsatisfactory duties of camp life. Fremont ordered "demonstrations" to be simultaneously made on both sides of the Mississippi. His purpose was for Grant to feel the enemy rather than to fight him; but the subordinate commander took a very different view of the sit-

uation, and, with a good chance to educate his raw troops in a fight, he determined to attack the Confederate force on the west bank of the Mississippi, which lay under the frowning guns of Columbus, a recruiting station and depot of supplies for the stronger position.

It is unnecessary to follow in full detail the dispositions Grant made in carrying out Fremont's instructions to make a feint against the enemy. Colonel Oglesby, who with four regiments had been sent out to look after a force under Jeff Thompson on the St. Francois river in Missouri, some fifty miles northwest of Cairo, was deflected toward New Madrid, and reinforced "to keep the enemy from throwing over the river much more force than they now have," as Grant said to General Smith. Other detachments were despatched in various directions to make a show of attack upon several points to divert attention from the real object of the movement.

Grant then loaded thirty-one hundred and fourteen men—only a little more than three full regiments—on transports, and taking two wooden gunboats, the "Tyler" and the "Lexington," as convoys, he proceeded down the river, while General C. F. Smith was marching toward Columbus from Paducah, and several other forces under different commanders were making play in the direction of various other points.

A few miles below Cairo a landing was made to give Polk, at Columbus, the impression that an attack was to be made upon the Confederate "Gibraltar." Before this the enemy had been sending troops across the river to Belmont, for the purpose of cutting off Oglesby. Grant, learning this, pushed across to the west bank of the Mississippi to destroy the camp at Belmont, disperse the enemy and prevent any attempt to harass Oglesby or reinforce Price.

Early in the morning on the 7th of November, Grant's little force left its transports on the Missouri side, three miles above the point of attack, and formed for its first battle. The two gunboats and a battalion of men guarded the steamers while the troops marched over the low, irregular, swampy ground, just timbered enough to make it difficult for military movements. Beyond and around the woods there were broad fields of ripened corn, where the stalks grew so rank as to, at times, practically hide the moving men. Grant threw



ABATIS.

his whole force forward as skirmishers, with no reserves save the battalion left at the boats.

The point of assault lay beyond one of these corn-fields, fully protected by the guns of Columbus, and a strong abatis of fallen timber. If the camp was captured it could not be held, but towards it the skirmish line led by Grant made its way, intent only on its destruction. The Confederates met it with a stubborn resistance, and both sides stood the clash of arms like veterans. The natural advantages were largely in favor of the enemy,

and many of the Union soldiers had never handled a musket until a week before the fight. Yet they were steady and courageous. Under the direction of a cool head and a skilful commander they surmounted every obstacle. Through field and marsh, over ditches and fences, they pressed, forcing the Confederates back at every step, until the onset became fierce and desperate. The order for the charge finally came. They responded with a will, rushing over the abatis, capturing guns and prisoners, and breaking up the camp in wild confusion.

The retreating enemy was allowed to go its way to find shelter along the river bank until reinforcements came, while the victorious volunteers, officers as well as men, became wild with the enthusiasm that victory brought. Military restraint lost its grip. Officers made patriotic stump speeches to their exultant soldiers, while the men shouted and gave themselves up to plundering the captured camp. Grant, cool, persistent and level-headed, tried to reform his jubilant troops, but they were beyond control, and he ordered the place fired. The torch to tents, supplies and camp equipage soon recalled the men to their duty, and the smoke and flames drew the fire of the batteries at Columbus. Reinforcements were also landing above and below the demoralized force, which soon fell into line at the unexpected danger of capture, and began the retreat toward the transports.

Cheatham, with three regiments of Confederates, disputed their return.

"We are cut off or surrounded" passed from lip to lip.

Grant took in the situation without betraying the slightest concern. One of his staff officers, greatly excited, rode up with the intelligence that he was com-

pletely hedged about with fresh Confederate troops. Grant replied, "If that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in."

The calm conclusion of the commander acted like magic upon his subordinates. Order and confidence were immediately restored.

"We whipped them once; I think we can do it again," said Grant, as he ordered a charge which broke the Confederate line and opened a road through which he hurried his men toward the steamboats.

More than one hundred wounded were left behind, and the detachment remaining to gather them up was still in danger of capture. So after the main body of his command were safely boarded, he rode back to look for those on the field helping their fallen comrades.

He reached the crest of a hillock, to find himself a target for a large Confederate force not fifty yards distant. But his simple dress gave no evidence of his rank, and from their position in the cornfield they peppered away at the transports, sending only now and then a stray shot in his direction. His observations concluded, he turned toward the boats, now under a steady fire, to find them just moving off. Spurring his horse, he rode rapidly to the edge of the stream amidst a rain of bullets, and sliding down the slimy bank on the haunches of his faithful beast, he jumped the gang-plank and was safely among his men.

The gunboats, which had given all the help they could during the hurry of retreat, opened a brisk fire upon the enemy with grape and canister as the steamboats drew away into the stream, and many of them fell.

These operations had consumed nearly an entire day, for it was five o'clock in the evening before the tired Union troops were safely out of reach of the Con-

federate guns. Then officers as well as men began exulting over the day's work. The loss was not very heavy on either side. Grant had one hundred and seventy-five prisoners and two pieces of artillery; his loss was four hundred and eighty, while the Confederates reported six hundred and forty killed, wounded and missing.

The real results cannot, however, be estimated by the actual losses on either side. So far as Grant was concerned, the war began here. The battle of Belmont set the gauge for a grand campaign. It was the first trial under fire of the new General and the raw material under him. Other brigadiers of more prominence were contented with subordinate places in larger commands, while this one was conducting independent operations in which he had beaten his enemy, destroyed his camp, saved his troops when outnumbered, and generally showed himself to be thoroughly equipped with that homely resourcefulness so necessary in a commander. The character and action of his troops had only brought these elements out in stronger light.

John McClelland was the only general officer he had with him, and John A. Logan was one of the colonels of this expedition. His regiment was among the very foremost in the charge. It captured the enemy's artillery, and Edward McCook, who was then one of its captains, but afterwards became a general, worked them with telling effect against the enemy. In this battle Logan set the measure of his future as one of the foremost volunteer officers the war developed. The next day he commanded the force that buried the dead and arranged for the flag of truce that followed the removal of the wounded and the interment of those who fell. All the officers save Grant were wholly inexperienced, but they had behaved with such gallantry as to earn the



warmest commendations from their chief. McClelland had a horse shot under him, and Grant had his first mount killed early in the engagement.

The value of the day's work to the troops was beyond estimate; they had learned more in the ventures of that single day's battle than months of preparation in camp would have given them. Then Grant's conduct on the battle-field, where he had to be everywhere and attend to everything on account of the inexperience of his officers, had inspired them with a faith that was never shaken, and which they at one time or another imparted to the soldiers who heard their story of the battle of Belmont.

The first truce occurred the second day after the fight. This, on the Confederate side, General Polk commanded. He was an Episcopal bishop, but an educated soldier and a dignified and austere officer. The meeting between Grant and himself was formality itself, but it resulted in an exchange of prisoners, of which each side had about the same number. When Grant and Polk parted there was some unfinished business, and the Confederate general turned and said:

"General, we will have another truce to-morrow at the same hour and about the same place, and I will send General Cheatham in command."

"Very well," was Grant's reply.

Grant and Cheatham were comrades in the Mexican war, and liked each other very much. The next day when they met the coldness of the former meeting had all disappeared. The two steamers which bore the officers representing the two forces met in the river on neutral ground at the appointed hour, and were securely lashed together. When Grant and Cheatham met it took but a few minutes to transact the real business of

the truce, and then General Grant invited his old Mexican war friend and the officers accompanying him to his boat. Here a lunch was spread and the guests were invited to partake. This social meeting was prolonged for several hours, while Grant and Cheatham discussed their army life when both were engaged against a common enemy. The captain commanding the Confederate steamboat, having an eye out for General Polk's censure, finally interrupted the pleasant occasion by calling Colonel Porter, Cheatham's adjutant-general, out with the suggestion:

"It's getting late, and Polk will be out of temper unless we get back soon."

Porter returned to the table and said to Cheatham: "We must go." The Confederate general turned to Grant and said:

"Porter says we must be going."

"Who's Porter?" said Grant.

"My adjutant-general," Cheatham responded, as he rose to depart.

General Grant made no further demur, but observing that Cheatham wore a brand-new Confederate uniform with the latest style of C. S. A. buttons, he said: "Cheatham, I would like to have a memento of this occasion, and I think I'll take one of those buttons."

"You are entirely welcome to it," said Cheatham.

Grant then took a knife which was handed to him, cut a button off, and stowed it away in his vest pocket. Cheatham then turned to the others and said: "If any of the rest of you want a keepsake, help yourself."

Some of the other officers present embraced the opportunity, and when Cheatham took his leave very few buttons were left on his coat. It was late in the evening when this pleasant reunion dissolved, and Grant and

Cheatham parted, not to meet again until the deadly clinch at Shiloh.

This is not important, but it is interesting as illustrating the kindly character of the two men and their sterling friendship even when arrayed against each other in the bitterness of war.

Long after this incident of the opening days of rebellion, when great triumphs had made Grant's name a household word, he spoke freely of his first engagement. It was during the siege of Vicksburg. He sat with General Robert McFeely and a few personal friends in the gloaming of one of those hazy June evenings while he was watching and waiting for its surrender.

"I had," said he, "a brigade or two of raw troops about Cairo. They were camped in the mud around that river town, where there was little or no chance to drill them. Then I concluded that the more time I spent in trying to educate these raw volunteers the more the Confederates were improving their men. The enemy was better situated than I, so when Fremont gave me a chance to make a reconnoissance, I concluded to give my troops the experience of a fight for which they were anxious. After I loaded them on transports and went down the river, if I had returned without a battle they would have been not only disappointed, but irritated at my failure to give them a chance at the Confederates. Those troops enlisted with the expectation of a fight, and it would have dampened their ardor very much if they had not been gratified. Our first attack was very successful, but the victory was too much for the men and they fell into disorder. The enemy being reinforced, we had hard work to return to our transports; but the value of that battle to those troops was very great. This single day's experience made them better soldiers for their

next engagement than six months of drill would have done. Then, too, it was valuable to me. It showed that where only raw volunteers are to meet raw volunteers there is nothing to be gained by delay in extensive preparations for battle."

In this conversation General Grant, while speaking very pleasantly of McClellan, gave it as his opinion that he had made a serious mistake in spending so much time in organization about Washington instead of schooling his soldiers before the enemy. He said the Confederates were during this time improving their troops just as rapidly, if not more so than he was, with the advantage of thoroughly familiar ground. To spend months of time in drilling men when troops of only equal training were to be met was not time profitably spent.

The battle of Belmont, although without important results that were apparent to the casual observer, served to fix Grant's star as a practical warrior to people who were watching for some general who grasped the real spirit and purpose of the revolution. Learned generals, men thoroughly schooled in the art of war, had failed to impress themselves upon the country, as experience has demonstrated, because they applied the arbitrary science as taught in books to the ever-changing demands of actual warfare, of which few of them had any practical knowledge. This one took a different turn, and rejecting in a great degree the maxims which the schoolmasters teach, applied a reliable common-sense to his plans and purposes, which an incident will illustrate:

The next day, while Grant was treating with the Confederates for an exchange of prisoners, Madison C. Johnson, a distinguished lawyer of Kentucky living at Lexington, was in the Galt House at Louisville. About him were a number of noted Unionists who were refu-

gees from their homes in different parts of the State. To them the conflict meant a great deal. They were scanning military operations to detect some officer who was dealing with the rebellion as though it were a very serious outbreak. To these gentlemen Mr. Johnson gave this opinion :

“That man United States Grant is going to be a big General in this war. He is the only officer whom I have observed who understands that these Southern people are mad and have got to be whipped. He is going to turn in and do it.”

Mr. Johnson now writes: “General Grant was very freely criticised for bringing on the fight at Belmont. I, on the contrary, saw, in that battle, and in the Federal General who fought it, a clear indication of the salvation of the Union, and of the General who was to achieve it. I expressed this opinion on many occasions then. There is not a word in the remark that I did not at that early period of the war fully believe in with a faith unshaken to the end.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### A CONFEDERATE VIEW OF BELMONT.

Polk and Pillow—How they fought their troops at Belmont—The story told by a distinguished ex-Confederate—Grant's masterly tactics—Pushing Pillow to the wall—Turning his own guns upon his demoralized troops—Fine artillery practice—The retreat—Saving Grant's life—Safe aboard the transports.

INTERESTING as is the recital of the Federal story of the battle of Belmont, the Confederate is still more absorbing. The two joined will make quite a picture of war as it was seen and appreciated at this early stage of the conflict. There are several witnesses still living who were upon the Southern side, who can give the incidents of the battle as the Confederates saw it, but of all the list none are more competent to speak than ex-Governor Porter, of Tennessee, now Assistant-Secretary of State. He was then General Cheatham's adjutant-general, and was by his side during all the war, sharing the military honors of his chief in all the terrific battles in which General Cheatham's command bore a conspicuous part, and they were many. In the prime of life, in the very vigor of intellectual power, with a bright mind, and a high position in business and politics, he arises splendidly equipped for the service of recounting his impressions of Grant's first battle.

"General Polk was in command of that country in which lay Columbus and Belmont. He kept a regiment and two troops of cavalry at the camp on the Missouri side headed by Colonel Tappan, of Arkansas. Just about the time that Grant made his landing above

Belmont, Polk sent Pillow's division across. When the Confederate commander received notice of Grant's approach he had General Pillow's division under arms with orders to join General Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, Kentucky. Instead of making this march they were ordered to take a steamer, cross the river and oppose the oncoming Union force. About the time Grant made his formation on the Missouri side, General Pillow had made his.

"The scouts brought the information of Grant's approach, and Polk had, as he supposed, made ample preparations for his capture when he crossed Pillow's division. He was thoroughly informed of his enemy's movements, and had no thought but his dispositions had been well and carefully made. But Pillow had gone into position in an exposed situation upon open ground, and without any precaution in case of an attack. A piece of woods lay between him and the point where the Federal forces landed. Pillow was an enthusiastic, confident officer, who paid slight attention to the most important measures of defence. He had a force strong enough to have enveloped Grant and taken his whole army. He had Beltzhoover's artillery and the support of the guns on the Columbus side, and General Polk had no thought but that he would destroy the small Union contingent; but Grant directed his troops with consummate skill. He formed them under the shelter of the woods and shot down the artillery horses, killed the gunners, made a vigorous charge, and Pillow was driven from his position, losing his guns and prisoners.

"Grant then showed his cool judgment and keen foresight by directing one of his guns toward the destruction of our steamboats, which were the sole means of communication with Columbus, the only point from



which reinforcements could reach the force he had demoralized. Pillow was practically at his mercy, and if he could have disabled our boats he would have punished him as he pleased, and then retired at his leisure. I have heard that Grant worked the gun himself in this crisis, but, whoever it was, he must have been a trained artilleryman, for the first three shots fired went through our steamboat from stem to stern, and another came within an ace of exploding its boiler.

“The first thing we knew in watching the battle on the other side was our demoralized men rushing towards the river, seeking shelter under the bank, while Grant had turned the guns he had captured upon their former owners, and was shelling them unmercifully, as well as giving us an occasional shot. This was General Polk’s first warning that there was any difficulty with Pillow. He then ordered Cheatham to cross with one brigade to Pillow’s assistance, who by this time was clamoring for reinforcements; but Grant’s well-directed fire upon the steamboat rendered this extremely difficult. Cheatham at once saw that to put a regiment on the boat would be to lose it under the fire of Grant’s artillery. He ordered Captain Smith, who commanded one of his batteries, to run his pieces down opposite where the Federals were working our captured guns, and if possible silence them. In the meantime Cheatham said to Polk that he would take his staff and cross, and that as soon as Smith silenced Grant’s guns he should send reinforcements as rapidly as possible. Cheatham, Major McNairy, now of New Orleans, myself, and two couriers, jumped on board the boat, Cheatham alone getting his horse on. He saw that our animals were fractious under fire, and shouted:

“Never mind the horses; come on without them.



There are a hundred on the other side, running over the field, that nobody seems to want.'

"The staff climbed on, we pushed out into the river, and crossed above where Grant held possession. Cheatham jumped ashore with his horse, and ordered the demoralized men along the river bank to fall into line. The staff meanwhile mounted some of the loose horses. Under the influence of a man who seemed to know what he was about, and have confidence in himself, the men began to form, and in a few moments we had five or six hundred men in line. Hearing firing to our right, Cheatham advanced them rapidly. Before this time Smith's battery on the Kentucky side had silenced the captured guns Grant's men were working, and the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, one of Cheatham's regiments, and Blythe's Mississippi regiment, were seen crossing. Cheatham quickly directed me to move forward with the force he had formed at the river bank, with instructions to attack anything I could find, saying:

"I want these troops that are coming on the transports, and I will be along with them before anything can possibly happen to you.'

"I pushed out with this command, and at some little distance struck the Federals on the flank, and it was about as ugly a little field as I ever saw during all the war. But too much time had elapsed. The enemy eluded us and in time reached their transports. Just about the time that Cheatham and his staff got across, Colonel Marks, with his regiment of Louisianians, had succeeded in making a landing below the battery, and he, too, marched out with orders to go to the firing. The action of Smith's artillery, Marks' appearance, and the movements we were making to get across, satisfied Grant

that reinforcements had come, and he began to withdraw immediately. But Marks struck his right flank, as he began to retire, and in swinging around to get out he exposed his left flank to the small force Cheatham had sent out with me. He was thus struck on both flanks. Seeing fresh troops on his right and on his left, and the transports being loaded on the Kentucky side with additional troops, it became little more than a race between him and Cheatham as to which should reach his transports first. When Cheatham came up with the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee and Blythe's regiment his instructions from Polk were to intercept Grant and then attack the transports.

"When within about half a mile of the boats he came upon a double log-house standing about a hundred yards from the road. It was then occupied by the Federals as a hospital. At the gate he found two Union surgeons holding two fine horses, one a black and the other a gray. Just at this moment two officers, one with an overcoat on and the other with his overcoat on his arm, came out of the hospital, ran towards a cornfield, jumped the fence, and disappeared among the stalks. When they first came out, twenty or thirty men of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, who were in front, cocked their guns to fire at the fugitives running through the cornfield. Cheatham ordered them not to open on stragglers, as his orders were to attack the boats. The next day he met Colonel Hatch under a flag of truce when each party was burying the dead. Colonel Hatch was at that time General Grant's quartermaster. He asked General Cheatham if yesterday, when he was talking to the surgeons at the gate in front of the hospital, he recollected seeing two men run out, one with his overcoat on and

the other with his overcoat on his arm. The General replied that he did, and that one of his companies drew their guns upon them. Colonel Hatch then told General Cheatham that the two men who ran out were General Grant and himself.

"Three days afterwards, General Cheatham and General Grant met on a steamboat under a flag of truce for the exchange of prisoners. General Cheatham asked General Grant if what Colonel Hatch had told him in regard to his being one of the officers who ran out of the hospital was true. General Grant replied that it was. General Cheatham has ever held the opinion that the two splendid horses the surgeons were holding belonged to General Grant and Colonel Hatch, and that they had left them in their rapid flight. The gray horse fell to my lot, and I rode him until he was disabled at Shiloh. Of course this incident was only of a moment's duration, but undoubtedly Grant was saved from capture or his life was spared owing to our ignorance of who he was.

"We pressed on towards the steamboats to find ourselves unable to do very much injury after we arrived. Grant was the last man to get aboard of the boats, and as they steamed out into the stream our troops gave them a few parting shots, and our part of the battle of Belmont was over. The losses on either side were not very great, but the moral effect to the Union troops and to the General who commanded them was exceedingly important. While a good many of our people proclaimed it a victory, because we had driven them off, all thoughtful men on our side looked at it very much as General Vaughan, one of our brigadiers, did, when he said:

"'If this is a victory, I don't want to be in any more fights where we whip them this way.'

“Major Bob Caldwell, of the Tenth Tennessee infantry, one of the most gallant of our soldiers, who was a member of Congress in 1871-72, in describing the action of his regiment, commanded by Colonel Russell, and a part of Pillow's division, at Belmont, without intending to accord any especial credit to General Grant, said to a party of us the day after the battle :

“‘We were ordered to advance and drive the enemy from his advantageous position, so WE CHARGED up about forty yards, and in a second WE CHARGED *back again!*’

“The emphasis is all his own and was a true account of the battle. I have always felt that a history of Belmont was incomplete without Bob Caldwell's account of the charge of the splendid regiment of which he was the major.

“Last fall I related this incident to General Grant at the meeting of the Peabody trustees. He said it was one of the best things he had heard, and was an apt illustration of the disposition common on both sides in the early days of the war never to admit failure or defeat.

“In the battle of Belmont Grant handled his forces with exceptional ability, and showed himself possessed of courage, coolness, and plenty of soldierly resources. There was no possible excuse for his escape, and the fact that he came down there with his raw troops, defeated a superior force, destroyed their camp, and retired with the bulk of his command, set the standard of his campaign upon a broad plane, and was of very great value to him in the confidence that it gave him in himself and in his troops in their first battle.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### FROM CAIRO TO FORT HENRY.

Grant's district enlarged—Restive under Halleck's opposition to an advance—General Smith's expedition to Mayfield—Suffering of the new troops—The rebel fortresses on the Tennessee and Cumberland—"Two guns" enough to take Fort Henry—Halleck's assent to attack it obtained—The army on transports—Commodore Foote's gunboats—The attack and the surrender—Grant moving on Fort Donelson.

THE field of operations in the West now grew wider and wider each day. New resources were demanded and extra efforts required of all District Commanders in looking after the new points from which the war constantly blazed afresh.

Two days after the battle of Belmont, Major-General Halleck succeeded General Fremont in command of the Department of Missouri, which included Arkansas and the State of Kentucky west of the Cumberland river.

Two men more directly opposite than Grant and Halleck it would have been difficult to find. The first restive under delay and opposition when advance was possible and success probable; the other hesitating, doubting and vacillating in his military purposes.

Although second in rank among the major-generals of the day, Halleck had been a lawyer on the Pacific coast. He had received a thorough military education, and in the art of defence was doubtless a valuable soldier, but, in the rough-and-tumble demands of actual conflict which our civil war required, he cut a sorry figure.

He confirmed Grant in his command, enlarged it and

called it the district of Cairo, but he kept its commander, who was anxious to make movements against the important points garrisoned by the enemy, in a strictly defensive position for nearly two months, during which time the Confederates were strengthening their well-established line from Columbus on the Mississippi to the Big Barren in central Kentucky.

The natural arteries of all the disputed territory north of the cotton States were the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and at a point where only twelve miles of land divides the two, Fort Henry was erected, on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. These fortifications commanded the navigation of these two streams and protected the railroad system behind them, so vital to the movement of the enemy's troops and supplies. Upon these important points Grant was anxious to move, but he was held to organizing his troops until the 6th of January, 1862, when, by McClellan's direction, Halleck instructed him to send a force to Mayfield and Murray in western Kentucky. "To prevent reinforcements being sent to Buckner at Bowling Green."

On the 10th he changed his mind and telegraphed Grant to delay the movement, but the more active commander had already started the expedition, and it was not recalled.

Two brigades under C. F. Smith, from Paducah, as well as the 6,000 men under McClernand, which composed the expedition, suffered frightfully from the cold, and the only result of the movement was to aid some operations of General Buell, in the Department of the Cumberland, and give General Smith the opinion that "two guns" would make short work of Fort Henry. This judgment he communicated

to General Grant, who forwarded it immediately to Halleck and then started to St. Louis in person, to obtain permission to move on Henry and Donelson at once.

When he made the proposition Halleck rejected it so petulantly as to impress him with the idea that his immediate chief had regarded him as having been guilty of a grave offence or of suggesting a serious military blunder.

Neither Halleck, nor any of those above him directing military movements, ever suggested to Grant the possibility of taking Forts Henry and Donelson before this time. General C. F. Smith, who, by the way, had been Commandant at West Point when Grant was a cadet, had made the suggestion to him, which he had promptly forwarded to Halleck.

The importance of the Confederate movements taking place in Grant's district at this time so impressed him, that, notwithstanding Halleck's rebuff, on the 28th of January he telegraphed to that officer, "With permission I will take and hold Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there."

The next day he wrote to his immediate superior the reasons for the movement, and the advantages to be gained by securing a foothold on the Tennessee. The same day that Grant sent his telegram Commodore A. H. Foote, commanding the naval forces in his department at this time, also made the suggestion to Halleck that Grant and himself should "have your authority to move when necessary."

On the 30th General Halleck granted the desired permission and issued instructions for the movement. Seventeen thousand men were put on board transports, and flag-officer Foote led the way with seven gunboats.

On the 4th of February General Grant landed his forces at Bailey's Ferry, on the east bank of the Tennessee, three miles below Fort Henry, and began preparations for the assault.

The weather was bad and the river so swollen as to overflow the surrounding country. It was eleven o'clock on the 5th before he got his troops all landed, and eleven o'clock on the 6th before the march began. The gunboats moved at the same hour and before noon attacked the works, the "Cincinnati," Foote's flag-ship, opening the battle.

An hour and a half later the fort surrendered, while Grant with his land force was still marching toward the enemy's works. General Tilghman with his staff and sixty men had been captured, but the bulk of the enemy's force had retreated toward Donelson. Grant ordered his cavalry to pursue, but they could not overtake them. The muddy roads, the swollen streams, and other impediments had detained him so that the fort he had been so anxious to capture had surrendered to Foote, and he telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours; the gunboats silenced the batteries before the investment was completed. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

This was the first information that Halleck had, since this movement began, of Grant's intention to capture the stronger fort on the Cumberland.

While the naval forces were being congratulated by Halleck upon their brilliant achievement, Grant was pushing his plans for the investment of Fort Donelson.

Flag-officer Foote, in his engagement with the heavy guns of Henry, had demonstrated the value of "the turtle ironclads" for service on the Western rivers. To be sure, the "Essex" of his fleet had been badly



damaged by the shots of the heavy artillery, and he had lost twenty-nine men killed and wounded, but he had done a signal service both in results and portend for the future. General Adam Badeau, in his work on Grant, pays this fitting tribute to the services rendered by the Western flotilla from Fort Henry on :

"In all the operations at the West, during the first two years of the war, the naval forces bore a conspicuous part. A new species of gunboat was improvised for inland navigation, out of the river steamers in use before the civil war, and whose occupation had of course been interrupted by the breaking out of hostilities. Many of these steamers were sheathed with iron, which rendered them in a degree impervious to the heaviest Confederate artillery. Other vessels, built especially for this service, were speedily added to the Western fleet, all of them of the lightest possible draught, as the rise and fall in all the Western rivers frequently leaves only a few feet of water in the channels. Thus strangely constructed, and armored as completely as a knight of the middle ages, manned in general by inland crews, who skilfully piloted them through the shallow but familiar streams, and commanded by officers of the national navy, these irregular flotillas were of great importance. They convoyed transports carrying troops and stores; they drove out guerillas from the river banks and made the landing of forces practicable; they covered many important movements of troops on shore, which otherwise would have been impossible; they steamed up rivers and penetrated regions that fancied themselves secure against invasion; they shared direct assaults on fortified places, and sometimes secured a victory that could not have been won without their aid. The novelty of their appearance added to the terror they inspired, and these iron-clad

monsters, rushing rapidly along the interior, and sweeping the level shore for miles with their heavy guns, were for a long while more dreaded by the Confederates even than their achievements warranted."

The loss of Fort Henry was a serious blow to the Confederates, although its site was badly chosen, and in many respects it was not a fortification with which any valuable engineer officer might be satisfied. It was, however, an important link in a chain of occupation that was of great value, if held. Yet more than three thousand men left it without making a stand, and the history of war does not record the surrender of a fortified position after so brief a resistance as that which preceded the fall of Fort Henry. Yet Halleck kept on insisting that Grant should sit down there, making it his base for future operations, and instructed him to strengthen it with the picks and shovels he would send him and the negroes he expected him to impress.

Its surrender caused Buckner to quit Bowling Green, where he had been since September, 1861, and to fall back to Fort Donelson, endangering the safety of Nashville and giving Grant the chance to strike the force at Fort Donelson on the flank.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

Fort Donelson—Its position on the Cumberland—The vital point of the Confederate line—Picks and shovels—Halleck to Grant—The march and fight—Suffering and endurance of the troops—Grant on duty—Fears a superior force—Foote's gallant fight—The attack on McClernand—Floyd and Pillow make a sally—Grant's coolness on the field—Turning defeat into victory—General C. F. Smith's splendid charge—The surrender.

THE country was impatient for a victory. Fort Henry had not satisfied the eager anticipations of the loyal North. The army in the East had been dallying with the enemy, and the half political and half social atmosphere which surrounded the movement of troops, especially in the East, was disappointing, even disheartening. In the West the armies had been idle. Nowhere along the theatre of conflict was there anything like satisfactory activity, to say nothing of results. The capture of Henry was a ray of hope. To be sure, it brushed aside the obstructions on the Cumberland and gave the Union forces a foothold in the interior of that region that it was important to control. But the enemy had not made a stand, and the clash of arms had not been loud enough to rivet the attention of the country upon the operations there in progress. So, important as it was, as a link in a chain broken without a fight, it was not significant enough, to the ordinary observer, to cause general rejoicing. But the capture of Henry was the second step taken by a great soldier in a great campaign, and he moved on without delay to a triumph that

was to stir to the very depths the Northern pulse and firmly establish his character as a practical soldier.

On the west bank of the Cumberland, just north of Dover, a typical Southern village, stood Fort Donelson, one of the most formidable works of defence erected during the war. Its natural advantages were incomparable, and the most had been made of them as a barrier to the navigation of the Cumberland and the defence of that line behind which lay Nashville.

A series of steep hills, intercepted by deep gorges and rocky ravines, rose at the point where the fort stood. The country was densely wooded, and cut up in every direction by concealed gullies and unexpected obstacles to military approach. Two streams, flowing into the Cumberland, which was daily rising higher, formed the right and left defences of the strongly intrenched position, three miles in length. Secondary lines and detached works within commanded the outer intrenchments and covered the town of Dover. Light batteries were posted on commanding heights, as well as along the advanced line. Giant trees had been felled in front of the breastworks, and smaller ones so chopped that they remained still rooted in the ground, their bayonet-like limbs forming a seemingly impassable abatis. Bristling above the surrounding heights rose the main fort, from which an unobstructed view could be had of the river and adjacent country. No approach could be made undiscovered. Fifteen heavy guns and two carronades defended its extent of a hundred acres. Water batteries, sunken on the sides of the hills looking towards the Cumberland, controlled the river navigation. The fort was garrisoned by about 21,000 men, and commanded, successively, by Generals Pillow, Floyd and Buckner. Towards this

stronghold Grant's conquering spirit strained, and he carefully laid his plans for its capture.

Halleck had no congratulatory messages to waste upon Grant. His communication, after the fall of Fort Henry, was addressed to Foote, to whom he said:

"I have this moment received the official report of your capture of Fort Henry, and hasten to congratulate you and your command for your brilliant success."



A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY, SHOWING FORT DONELSON IN THE DISTANCE.

Grant's despatch announcing his intention to move upon and "destroy" Fort Donelson was as coolly independent and as individual as was Halleck's non-recognition of his (Grant's) services. It was, indeed, the first mention of Donelson between the two commanders, and elicited no response. In other words, he ignored Grant's determination, and telegraphed orders simply for defence. He said:

"If possible, destroy the bridges at Clarksville. Shovels and picks will be sent you to strengthen Fort Henry. The guns should be transferred so as to resist an attack by land. The redan on the south bank should be arranged for the same object. Some of the gunboats from Fort Holt will be sent up. Reinforcements will reach you daily. Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Impress slaves, if necessary, to strengthen your position as rapidly as possible."

Grant waited neither for picks nor shovels, nor for reinforcements. On the contrary, he did all in his power to hasten the return of the gunboats, which had gone up the Tennessee, and chafed at their delay. He pressed upon Foote any steamers that might be at Cairo, and offered, should he be deficient in men, to detach artillery to serve on the gunboats. Fort Donelson was being strengthened hour by hour, and Grant felt that delay would only serve to render an assault more difficult. Halleck's order to stop by the way, to oversee picks and shovels, which then seemed like boy's play to the man whose blood had not cooled since the quick conquest of Fort Henry, now seems grimly funny. The more serious task before him only served to heighten his desire to undertake it, and he merely waited for the return of the gunboats; but it was several days before they came.

Foote's fleet moved by the Ohio and Cumberland on the 11th, followed by transports carrying six regiments. They were to effect a landing below Fort Donelson, to establish a base of supplies, and co-operate with the force to be moved across by land.

The same day McClernand drew out his troops, 15,000 strong, from Fort Henry, with eight light batteries accompanying. All the regiments marched with

out tents or baggage, for the roads were almost impassable, the streams swollen, and the country under water. The men carried forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes and three days' rations in their haversacks.

The foremost brigade moved directly forward and waited for orders within two miles of Fort Donelson. The main body of troops, marching by the Dover road, the highway between the two forts, came to a halt at the same distance, forming on the first brigade. South of



GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR FORT DONELSON.

Donelson a force was placed to cut off retreat. By noon Grant's army stood in full view of the Confederate lines. The true strength of the enemy had not been ascertained, and Grant's orders were to be given "on the field."

All was ready for action. Fort Donelson loomed up panoplied for assault and defence. The Confederates rightly estimated its value, and were bent upon holding it. The Union troops, with Grant cool and determined at their head, were as sure of their ability to take it.

At mid-day of the 12th Grant's advance had driven



in the enemy's pickets. The National line moved forward by degrees, meeting with little opposition, until the fortifications were invested.

The nature of the ground over which the troops advanced offered constant obstacles. It was much cut up, and a dense growth of scrub-oak hindered the march at every step. The Union transports and gun-boats could be communicated with by way of a creek, upon which the left wing of the army rested. At this point C. H. Smith took command, McClernand being on the right of the National line. Grant's head-quarters were situated in a negro hut, in the rear of Smith's division.

Although all was now in readiness for the assault, owing to the non-arrival of the gun-boats no general movement was made, although several brisk skirmishes took place where attempts were made to ascertain the strength of the intrenched enemy.

The Confederates remained strangely quiet during all of Grant's preparations. Not an effort was made to molest him, and by the 13th the Union forces occupied a line three miles in extent, from which, if no immediate advantage was gained, decided results were subsequently achieved.

The weather had turned suddenly cold, and on the evening of the 13th a fierce rain and hail-storm set in. The troops were drawn up in line of battle, within range of the enemy's guns, their arms in their half-frozen hands. Few had blankets, there was a lack of rations, and, being unused to field hardships, many suffered intensely. Indeed, some were frozen to death where they stood. The pickets kept up an incessant firing, and the cries and groans of the wounded mingled with the rushing storm. In the gray of the morning Commodore Foote appeared coming up the river with his fleet, and



the reinforcements from Fort Henry were landed, their advance having arrived a short time before. These were at once placed in line, Brigadier-General Lew Wallace taking command. Grant gave him, with additional force, the centre of the line.

No despatches having been received from Halleck except orders to go on strengthening Fort Henry, Grant sent a despatch to his chief dated: "In the field near Fort Donelson." This was in regard to a lack of ammunition, and was responded to by General Cullum from Cairo. Halleck remained mute. All day the Confederates continued to drop shot and shell within the Union lines, but few casualties occurred.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the six gun-boats (four being iron-clads) attacked the fort. They ran up within a distance of 400 yards, a storm of heavy missiles pouring down upon them from the Confederate batteries, mounted at an elevation of thirty feet above them. One vessel was perforated with fifty-nine shots. For miles the hail of iron could be heard as it struck incessantly against the metal armor of the vessels—a novel sound in warfare that added to the noisy horrors of the conflict. One iron-clad after another succumbed to the torrent of shot and shell, and drifted helplessly down the river. The entire fleet was soon disabled beyond usefulness, and Foote was obliged to withdraw from the engagement, not, however, until he was wounded and his fleet had done some excellent service on the water batteries. Owing to this misfortune Grant changed his plan of assault on the land side and remained in his lines.

Intense suffering among the troops followed. The storm grew fiercer and the cold increased every moment. The night of the 14th was one never to be forgotten by

the raw troops, many of whom were getting their first experience of the hardships of war. Grant, ever mindful of his men, spent a wakeful night, sharing with them a great deal of the time the discomforts of bivouac on the frozen ground in the storm. Whether or not he expected to capture the Confederate stronghold on the morrow is easy to conjecture from what followed. After looking carefully over the situation he stopped, and on a small bit of paper which he drew from his pocket wrote, by the dim light of a smouldering camp fire almost died out, the order to Colonel Markland here produced in *fac-simile*. With all the pressing demands upon him and the terrible discomforts of the hour he did not forget that his soldiers would be cheered by receiving from home the missives from those behind them, who were watching with bated breath and deepening anxiety the result of the important movement on Donelson.

Commodore Foote, who was wounded and unable to leave his vessel, sent for Grant, to hold a conference as to his movements. The condition of his fleet called for a return to Cairo for repairs.

As this determination was being reached the Confederates were holding a council of war at Floyd's headquarters. Its conclusions led to their defeat and entirely changed Grant's tactics. All of Floyd's subordinates agreed to his plan of attack, which was to throw fully half his army under Pillow and Johnson, together with Forrest's cavalry, upon Grant's right wing under McClelland, while Buckner was to attack Wallace in the centre. This flank and centre attack was a bold plan, for, if successful, it would bring the whole force around Smith as a pivot, where its defeat would be only a question of time.

Grant's reinforcements, meantime, were rapidly coming

Head Quarters, &c.

Memphis, Special Mail Aegt.

Send the Mail down  
as soon as possible after receiving this.  
All is well here but we have a sum-  
ful fever. Johnson, Buetner Floyd and  
Pillon are all said to be here.

U. S. Grant.

This was written from the front of Fort Donelson the 13th or 14th of February, 1862. After the words  
"powerful force" the words "in front of us" should have followed.

U. S. GRANT,  
GENERAL.

in, and by the night of the 14th his force amounted to 22,000 men—sufficient, in his judgment, to warrant an assault in the morning, and, as the result showed, ample to meet the new movements decided upon in the Confederate council of war.

In the gray of the morning Pillow and Johnson, with 10,000 men and thirty guns, issued from behind their intrenchments and fiercely attacked the right of Grant's army. The new troops, under McArthur, received the first shock, fought furiously, but were finally obliged to retire, having lost heavily. For a time it seemed as though the Confederate assault would be completely successful, for some of the troops became demoralized with the force of the onslaught and the effect it had upon those who first received it. A portion of McClelland's division made a desperate effort to withstand the shock and hold on until Wallace could come to their support. But, as regiment after regiment was thrown into confusion, it seemed as though that portion of the line would be destroyed, and to add to the peril of the situation they were getting out of ammunition. The enemy had succeeded in taking a battery from them. Wallace's men, who had come to the rescue, endeavored valiantly to retake the guns. They fought for hours, and succeeded at length in checking the Confederate advance. But the enemy were slowly and surely accomplishing their purpose to turn Grant's right wing, and so open the way for their army, relieving themselves from investment.

As the Confederates dealt blow after blow at Grant's right flank the troops, who had been in a measure taken by surprise by the unexpected assault of the enemy, were almost thrown into confusion, and but for the coolness of the brigade commanders and some of the colonels

of regiments there might have been a panic. Colonel John A. Logan, then commanding the Thirty-first Illinois, greatly distinguished himself in this crisis, and built largely upon the foundation of his military prestige that he laid at Belmont.

At the very height of the disorder, when the whole right flank of the army seemed broken in pieces, he not only helped to restore confidence among those who had lost their heads, but by his inspiring valor practically stayed the tide of defeat. Under a terrific fire he changed the front of his regiment, with Colonel Ransom supporting, and riding up and down the lines amidst a hail of shot and shell gave the troops his confidence by pointing to the fleeing men and giving vent to that famous expression which has passed into history and verse: "Death, but dishonor never!" His men caught his spirit and held the enemy until new dispositions could be made.

The Confederate attack had been so vigorous, however, as to force the extreme right to fall back and form a new line. They failed to push their advantage impetuously, and some Federal reinforcements came up before they charged again. The enemy were checked but not driven back when Buckner's force swarmed over the rifle-pits and rushed to the attack farther down the line. Although he handled his troops well they did not seem to come up to the needs of the occasion, and, after a bold attempt to accomplish his part of the plan, Buckner was forced to retire to his trenches.

At this time Forrest was threatening Grant's rear with his cavalry, and the Union forces seemed beset on every side. The men were becoming tired and disheartened. Their ammunition had run out, and to increase the confusion and crowd of stragglers a mounted officer rode about shouting at the top of his voice: "We are cut to

pieces." At this juncture Logan and other valuable officers were wounded. Wallace, however, held his ground firmly and formed a new line behind which those who had borne the brunt of the fight reformed and were supplied with ammunition. Meanwhile the Confederates had been delayed in plundering McClermand's camp, and Pillow had telegraphed to Nashville: "On the honor of a soldier the day is ours." When he started to attack the new line he did so very vigorously but was repulsed, and the day not theirs.

Grant on the gunboat, whither he had gone to confer with Commodore Foote, unaware of the extent of the Confederate assault, was informed of the battle now at its crisis. Galloping straight into the field, at a point where the hardest fighting was in progress, he paused to take in the situation. Then, with the fertile mind of concentration and perception, he rapidly formed his plan.

He saw that the Confederates were doggedly retiring without pursuit; but the Union army was an inexperienced one, and after long nights of suffering and deprivation, and days of hard fighting, was much disordered. Ammunition had given out, hundreds had fallen, and all sorts of exaggerated reports were bandied about among the raw recruits.

"The Confederates had knapsacks and haversacks. Their intention was to stay out for many days fighting," said rumor.

"Are the haversacks filled?" inquired Grant.

Upon examination they were found to contain three days' rations.

"Then," said the commander, "they mean to cut their way out; they have no idea of staying here to fight us."

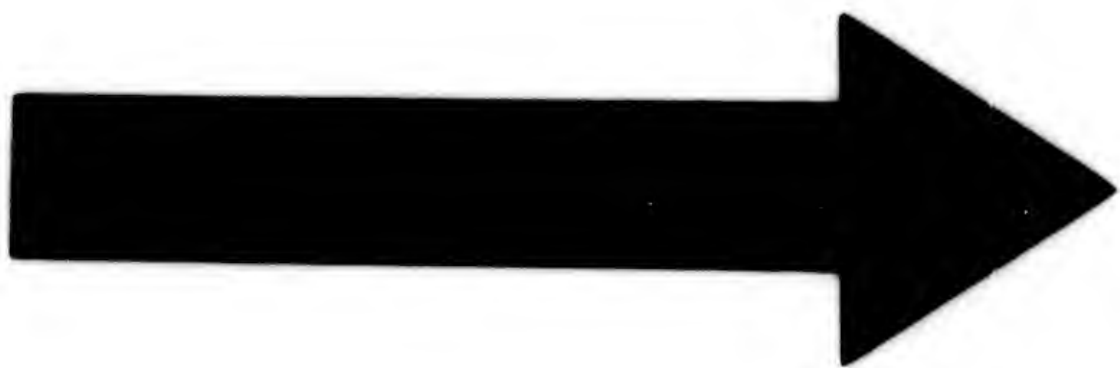
Looking over his disordered men, he added: "Which-

ever force first attacks now will whip, and the Confederates will have to be very quick if they beat us."

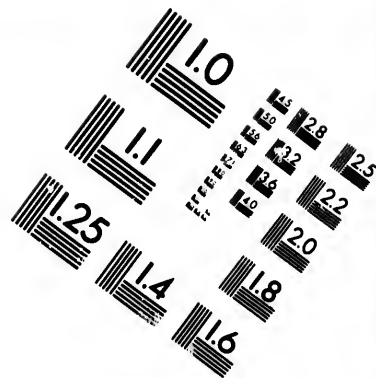
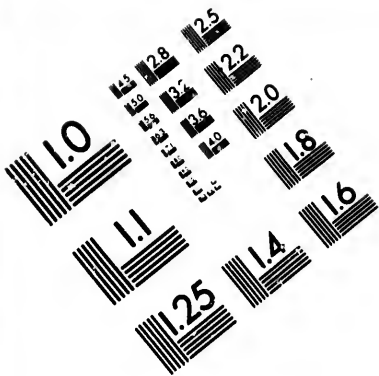
Putting spurs to his horse Grant rode rapidly towards the left. His cool, determined countenance, his unflinching bearing was an inspiration to his men as he dashed among them. He declared to the uncertain troops on every side that the Confederates were in a desperate condition, and were trying to cut their way out. With this assurance the courage of the entire army rose. Demoralized as they had been, scattered all over the field, they instantly reformed and pressed forward to the front. At Grant's earnest request a couple of gunboats ran up the river, and threw a few shells to encourage the troops.

The plan promptly adopted by General Grant in this crisis will bear the test of the severest military criticism. General Wallace, who had first checked the assault of the morning, was now ordered to advance and retake the lost ground, while General C. F. Smith on the left was to storm the enemy's works in his front. In other words Smith's comparatively fresh men were to attack the enemy at the point where they had been most weakened to reinforce the stroke against McClernand.

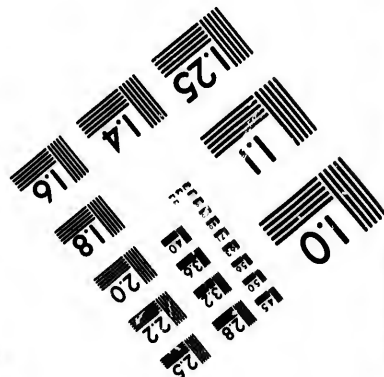
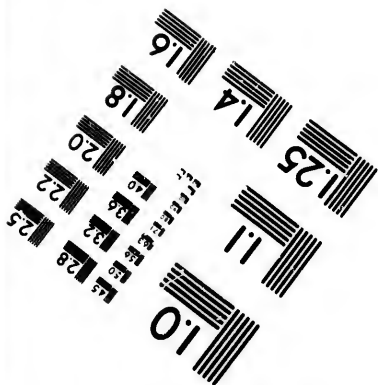
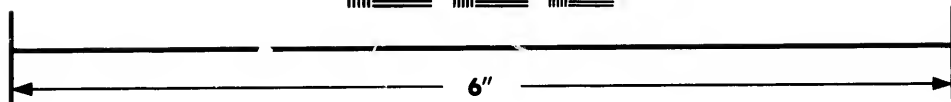
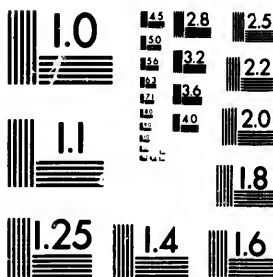
This assault was made under the eye and inspiring presence of the commanding general. Smith's assaulting column was formed, and this splendid officer took his position to lead the charge. Scrambling through the dense, tangled underbrush, which impeded every step of the way, the men fell upon the enemy and the enemy's line was carried at the point of the bayonet. Few charges made in the late war were better planned or more valiantly executed than the magnificent assault Smith made upon the Confederates that afternoon. A terrific fire was steadily poured upon the assaulting







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1st Gen Army in the Field  
Camp Near Lamelton, July 16<sup>th</sup> 1862

Gen. A. R. Buckner, General Army

Sir: Yours of this date  
proposing Amnesty and Appointment of  
Commissioners to settle terms of Capitula-  
tion, is just received. Its terms except  
an unconditional and immediate surrender  
can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately  
upon your works, in very respectfully

Your obt. servt.

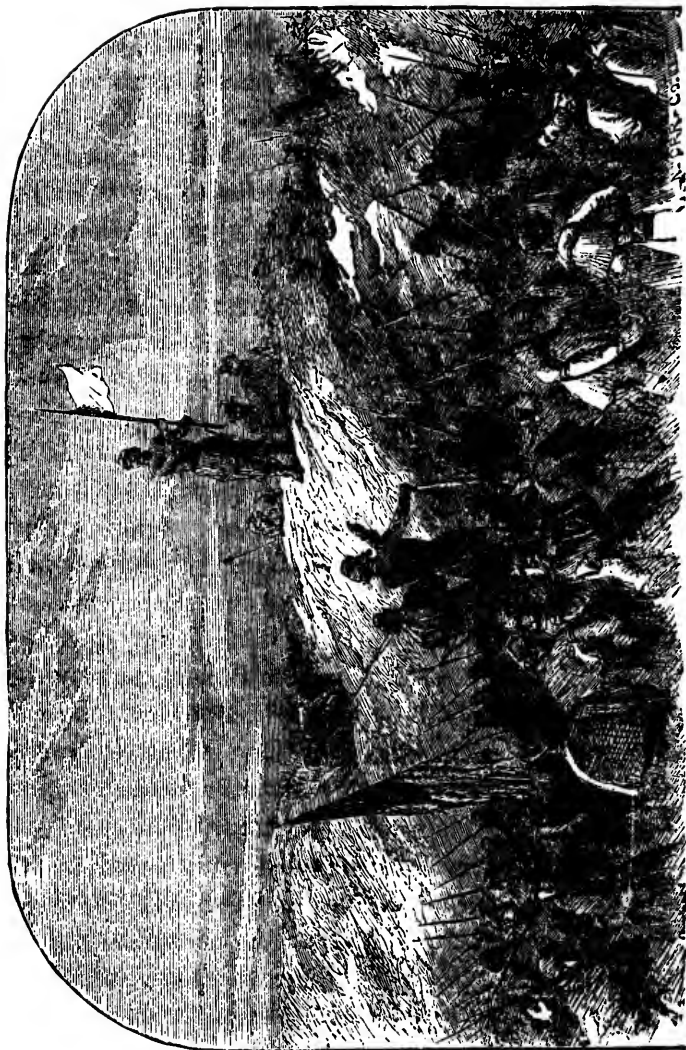
Thos. Bragg  
Brig. Gen.

column, as they charged up a steep hill, but as men fell others sprang into place over their bodies, forcing their way inside the intrenchments. Attacks meanwhile were vigorously made by Wallace and McClernand on the front. They drove the enemy back into the works, and recovered the guns taken from them earlier in the day. The battle raged until night-fall. A half hour more of daylight would have sufficed to carry the fort. All rested on their arms on the frozen ground that night, and were impatient for the first dawn of light, which they were assured would bring success to their arms.

Day broke. It was intensely cold. Grant hastened his preparations to storm the Confederate intrenchments. The troops pushed forward eagerly, when suddenly from the earthwork a white flag appeared. The stronghold was ready to surrender.

The bearer of the truce brought the proposition from Buckner for an "armistice till 12 o'clock, and the appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation." Floyd and Pillow had deserted him during the night, taking off a part of their force, and there was nothing else to do but to propose the surrender. Few examples of such perfidy and cowardice can be found in war as the desertion of General Buckner's two superior officers during the siege of Donelson.

This ringing response, which Grant returned to Buckner, set the country aflame. It was the first really energetic war-note that had been heard. It had as broad a significance to the Union cause as to the Confederates. Within a week it had been caught up on every tongue. It became the inspiration of the camp as well as of the nation. The enthusiasm by it evoked found fit expression in thousands of volunteers who hurried to the front. The reply is here reproduced in *fac-simile*.



FLAG OF TRUCE—SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON.

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"Ungenerous and unchivalrous," General Buckner characterized these terms in the communication in which he declared his readiness to surrender at discretion. General Grant seems to have attached some force to these words of bitter chagrin, for, mounting his horse, he rode rapidly to the place appointed for meeting the Confederate commander, and assured him that the officers would be permitted to retain their side-arms and personal baggage, and that the conquered forces would be treated with all the respect due them as prisoners of war.

This courtesy was doubtless made broader from the fact of the early associations of the two men. They were cadets at West Point together and personal friends. I think that Buckner belonged to the T. I. O. Society at the military academy, of which Grant, Quinby, Ingalls, and others were in the magic circle of twelve in one, as indicated by the T. I. O. This was a singular little gathering of soldier boys, and there was a special bond that bound them to each other. Each one wore a ring bearing the mystic letters, and before they parted at West Point each one pledged himself never to part with this emblem of their regard for each other until they were married; then it was to go to their wives. "It is doubtful whether any of us kept the compact unless it was Grant," said Quinby, in speaking of this phase of their cadet life. But whether or not I am right in the assumption that Buckner was one of the twelve, true it is that their relations had been close at West Point, and Grant evidently desired to show his old classmate all the courtesy that he could consistent with the harsh demands of war. Buckner evidently hoped to get some consideration from his old classmate, but Grant's "I propose to move immediately upon your works," soon de-

FLAG OF TRUCE—SURRENDER OF FORT

stroyed any faith he might have had in the Freemasonry of the military school.

This meeting between the two officers whom the fortunes of war had thrown on opposite sides was very friendly. They talked over old army matters after arranging the details of the surrender, and then breakfasted together; and, although Buckner had first regarded Grant's terms as severe, they parted that morning with a mutual good feeling that only ceased when the successful general died. Buckner even when on the transport with his captured men to go to his imprisonment in the North requested Grant's presence aboard the boat, and to all his troops spoke feelingly of his old classmate's magnanimity, and expressed the wish if the fortunes of war ever threw prisoners in their hands they would follow his generous example. Sixty-five guns, seventeen thousand six hundred small arms, and nearly fifteen thousand troops fell into the hands of the victors. No account of the Confederate loss other than in captures can be given. Grant estimated that no less than twenty-five hundred Confederates were killed and wounded during the battles.

Reinforcements had swelled Grant's forces to twenty-seven thousand on the morning of the surrender. He, however, had fewer pieces of artillery than he captured. His losses during the siege footed up two thousand and forty-one in killed, wounded, and missing.

In the beginning of the siege he had a smaller force than the enemy whom he had assaulted in an intrenched position, and during his conversation with General Buckner this fact was considered, Buckner remarking: "If I had been in command you would not have reached Fort Donelson so easily." Grant replied that he felt assured that Pillow would not come out of his breast-

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works to fight, and that if Buckner had been in command he would not have begun the investment until his reinforcements had all come up. His keen judgment of Pillow was correct, as subsequent facts demonstrated.

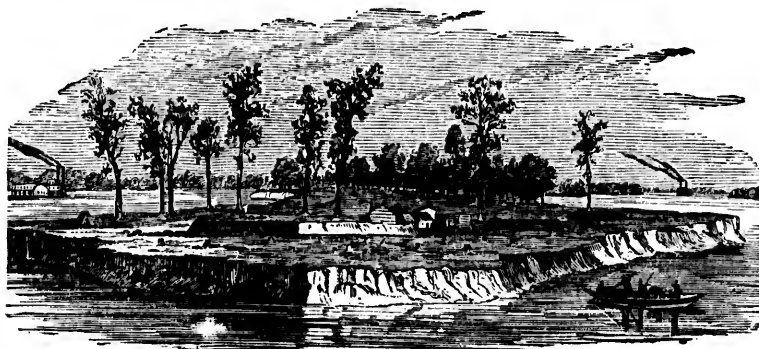
"The Union flag floats over Fort Donelson" was the opening sentence of the despatch of General Cullum, Halleck's chief-of-staff, to General McClellan, then commander-in-chief of the Union armies. The only mention of the soldier who had won the victory was contained in the last sentence of the same despatch. "We are now firing a national salute from Fort Cairo, General Grant's late post, in honor of the glorious achievement." The news, flashed through the land, fairly intoxicated the loyal millions who had become almost despairing under the misadventures of their Eastern armies, and all eyes were turned to the silent soldier who alone seemed to possess the secret of uninterrupted success. Grant's name was on every lip. However his fellow-commanders might estimate his abilities and achievements, the voice of public opinion was outspoken in designating him as the author of inspiring successes.

General Halleck had no congratulations for the victor. On the contrary, three days after the fall of the stronghold, he telegraphed to Washington, "Smith, by his coolness and bravery, when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks. Make him a major-general. You can't get a better one. Honor him for his victory, and the whole country will applaud." The President and Secretary of War, however, won the applause of the nation by nominating Grant for promotion the day that the news of his victory reached Washington. He was confirmed the 19th of February as Major-General of Volunteers the same



morning that Halleck's despatch, above referred to, was received. Grant did not forget his old commander of cadet days, but immediately recommended him for promotion to the grade of major-general, and gave him unlimited credit for the brilliant part he had taken in winning the victory.

The victory at Donelson was a most important one. In the whole range of warlike operations which followed it, none surpassed it in purely military value. Besides giving fresh heart to the Northern people, it broke the long Confederate line in the middle, which turned both



ISLAND No. 10.

ends, and opened up a wide stretch of country to national occupation. The Tennessee and Cumberland were now free for the Federal advance. With the fall of Donelson, Nashville fell, and the Southern people were dazed as well as alarmed at the onward progress of Grant's command. The capital of Tennessee was a most important point, and its loss was a serious blow to the Confederacy. Columbus on the Mississippi also became untenable, and soon afterward was evacuated. The garrison from the evacuated fort dropped down the river and began the erection of new works at Island No. 10. Grant's first victory, therefore, opened the Mississippi to

the Arkansas line as well as the two smaller waterways so important to Federal operations. It was also important to Grant and the country in other particulars. It brought him into contact with General W. T. Sherman and Lieutenant-Colonel James D. McPherson.

General Sherman, commanding at Paducah, his superior in rank, had been most energetic and efficient in forwarding to Grant the reinforcements which strengthened his army. Besides sending troops Sherman riveted Grant's regard by tendering his personal services for the battle without making any question of rank with either himself or General Smith, both of whom were his juniors in date of commission, a most exceptional proffer in those days of petty animosities and higgling about rank. After the fall of the stronghold Sherman congratulated the victor warmly, and expressed hopes of his speedy advancement. General Grant replied, "I care nothing for promotion so long as our armies are successful and no political appointments are made." A warm friendship sprang up here between them which never wavered, and into which no jealousy ever entered.

McPherson had been temporarily attached to Grant's staff as his chief engineer officer. His efficiency and military capacity strongly impressed Grant, who successively procured his promotion from the staff to general of division and corps, and finally to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, which he held when killed before Atlanta, in 1864. In these two friendships Grant gave ample evidence of sagacity in selecting his prominent subordinates, which was a salient feature of his general fitness for the supreme command. The victory of Donelson also gave Grant the confidence of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, an incident which

was of great importance in future operations west as well as east.

The campaign which we trace to this point in this chapter had been no less an education for Grant than for his army. It approved his capacity for planning military operations and for making those exact combinations in marching and manœuvring an army on which the success of campaigns depends. It taught him reliance on his ability to do what needed to be done at all times, even to the snatching of victory from apparent defeat. It brought him thorough knowledge of and confidence in the warlike capabilities of volunteer troops, out of whom the campaign had forged a weapon as keen and trustworthy as a Damascus blade. The mutual respect thus generated between commander and soldiers was a most important element in his subsequent successes. The unstinted applause of his soldiers as well as the country was now his.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CONFEDERATE STORY OF DONELSON.

The fall of Fort Henry—The situation at Donelson—A Confederate's graphic story of the investment—Porter's battery—The fight on February 13th—Individual instances of gallantry—The assault on the Federal right—Striking the Union lines—General Smith's charge—The Confederate council of war—Floyd's escape—The surrender—Interesting details.

It was not a great distance from Fort Henry to Donelson, and Grant proceeded to the investment of the stronger fort as soon as possible. Before Halleck was aware of his plans in detail Grant's forces had struck the new objective point, and received the surrender of more men than had capitulated to a commander in this country since Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Captain John W. Morton, who afterwards became chief of artillery upon the staff of Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, and is remembered as one of the most distinguished soldiers of his rank on either side during the late war, thus presents the narrative of Fort Donelson as it appeared to the eyes of himself and his comrades:

In the fall of 1861 Porter's Tennessee battery was at Bowling Green, Ky., attached to General Buckner's division of infantry. Thomas K. Porter, its captain, had been a lieutenant in the United States navy, and at the breaking out of the war was only twenty-five years old. His skill and training had made the battery famous. His conspicuous courage, shining intelligence and experience made him a valuable exemplar for all the

under-officers, of whom I was one, and for the men he commanded. When the order to move to Fort Donelson came, the desire "to meet the enemy" was enthusiastic, even hilarious. This desire in after years grew rather out of a sense of duty than one of pleasure.

On February 6th, 1862, General Bushrod R. Johnson commanded Fort Donelson. Fort Henry fell on that day, and on the 9th of the same month General Pillow succeeded Johnson. He says that at the time of his arrival "deep gloom was hanging over the command, and the troops were demoralized by the circumstances attending the fall of Fort Henry and the manner of retiring from that place." General Pillow announced his accession to the command in the following order:

*Special Orders No. 1.*

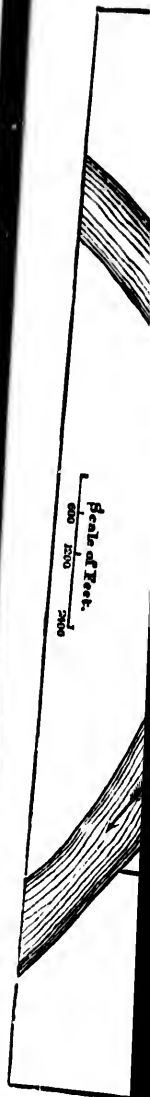
HEAD-QUARTERS, DOVER, TENN., *February 9th, 1862.*

Brigadier-General Pillow assumes command of the forces at this place. He relies with confidence upon the courage and fidelity of the brave officers and men under his command to maintain the post. Drive back the ruthless invader from our soil and again raise the Confederate flag over Fort Henry. He expects every man to do his duty. With God's help we will accomplish our purpose. Our battle-cry, "Liberty or Death."

By order of Brigadier-General Pillow,

GUS. A. HENRY, JR., *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Day and night General Pillow pushed the work on the fortifications, and made all preparations, with what resources were at his disposal, to meet the expected assault from General Grant's forces. The map herewith presented was made by Major M. F. Foster, after a careful examination of the entire line of works and the water-batteries. He drew it in 1878, after having gone over the ground with ex-Governor James D. Porter and myself. Major Foster was formerly chief engineer officer of Stuart's Confederate corps, and a thoroughly compe-



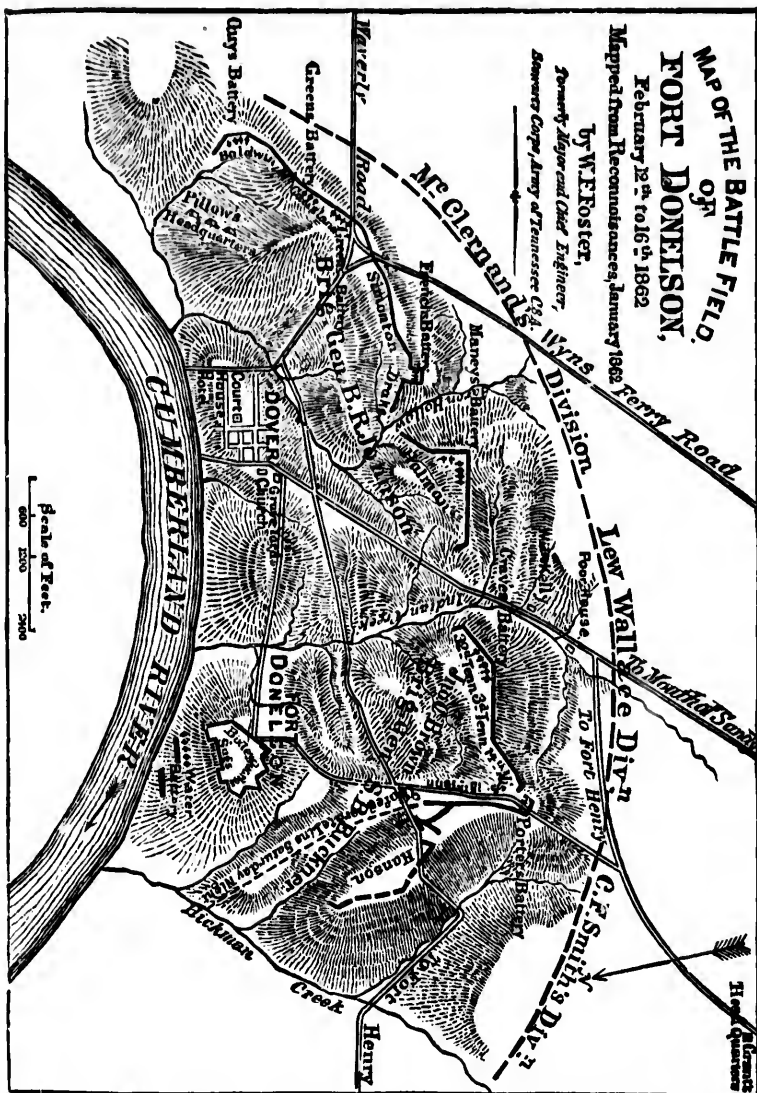
MAP OF THE BATTLE FIELD  
OF  
**FORT DONELSON,**

February 12<sup>th</sup> to 16<sup>th</sup> 1862

Mapped from Reconnaissance, January 1862.

By W. E. ROSTER,

Formerly Major and Chief Engineer,  
Somers's Corps, Army of Tennessee.



tent man for such service. Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Gilmer, an able engineer officer of the old army, then attached to the staff of Albert Sidney Johnston, located the space to be defended.

The fort was almost quadrangular in shape, divided into two parts by Indian creek, which was filled with an almost impassable backwater, greatly retarding communication between Dover and the fort. Another valley westward of Dover also offered similar hindrance to



CAPTAIN JOHN W. MORTON.

the movement of troops from one position to another. The ground between these valleys was a rugged, hilly upland, covered with a dense undergrowth, extending in a general direction perpendicular to the Cumberland river, which swept by on the north. The line of intrenchments commenced on a ridge south of Dover near the river, and, running over the rugged hills westwardly for some two miles, deflected northward at the point held by Porter's battery, and thence northwest to Hickman's creek, a further distance of half a mile.

General Pillow described the works as consisting of "rifle-pits and abatis for infantry, detached on the right, but continuous on the left, with defences for light artillery." The "defences for light artillery" were very meagre. Porter, Graves and Maney had their men

the movement of troops from one position to another. The ground between these valleys was a rugged, hilly upland, covered with a dense undergrowth, extending in a general direction perpendicular to the Cumberland river, which swept by on the north. The line of intrenchments commenced on a ridge south of Dover near the river, and, running over the rugged hills west-

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continuously exposed when in action. The timber had been felled south of the fort, which, with the ravines and valleys flooded by backwater, greatly embarrassed the manœuvres of the Confederates within their advanced works.

The water batteries and the fort proper were constructed on the bluff at the mouth of Hickman's creek, and mounted with one ten-inch columbiad (one hundred and twenty-eight pounder), one rifled thirty-two pounder, eight thirty-two pounder smooth-bore, and three thirty-two-pounder carronades; total, thirteen guns—a feeble armament to confront the victorious and exultant flotilla, composed of six gunboats, four of which were heavily-plated iron-clads, with a combined armament of sixty-six guns. Any one of these boats was considered more than a match for the Confederate batteries.

The morning of the 12th of February found General Buckner in command of the right, and General Pillow of the left, of the Confederate army, both officers giving their personal supervision to the construction of the works and the assignment of the troops. Captain Porter's Tennessee battery occupied the advanced salient, sweeping the road leading to the main Fort Henry road, flanking the intrenchments both to the right and left—a very exposed position, as the great number of casualties proved.

As the Federal forces arrived in our front they moved with rapid but continuous steps, and wound their coils completely around the Confederate works without resistance. That day gave a little artillery practice by the opposing batteries, and some sharp and deadly firing by Breg's well-trained sharpshooters. No material advantage was gained by either side, except delay of work on the Confederate trenches.



On the night of the 12th the air was balmy and spring-like, the stars twinkled with unusual brightness, the moon beamed with tranquil light upon the sleeping hosts, and not a sound was heard save a chance shot from some stray picket—the seemingly peaceful prelude to the deadly strife so soon to follow.

The dawn of the 13th was ushered in by the boom of the Federal artillery and the sharp crack of the skirmishers' rifles, which hastily brought the boys in gray to their feet, provoking a spirited artillery fire all along the front. There was a deal of coquetting along the lines by the Federals. As early as eight o'clock the intrepid Cook sallied forth against the right centre with his Iowa soldiers, but found the music and its accompaniment from Graves' and Porter's batteries too warm for comfort, and soon retired behind a neighboring hill.

The enemy's artillery made an assault against the centre of the Confederate left wing, which General Pillow says was promptly responded to by Captain Green's battery. For over two hours a spirited artillery fire was kept up along the entire line, when, about eleven o'clock, McClelland made a dashing assault on the salient occupied by Maney's battery and supported by Heiman's brigade. General McClelland says: "I deemed the opportunity favorable for storming redan No. 2 (Maney's position). Accordingly, Colonel W. R. Morrison, now a distinguished Congressman, was ordered to advance his brigade—the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth Illinois, joined by the Forty-eighth. Colonel Haynie, a gallant and intelligent officer, being the senior, assumed the command. Passing down the declivity, the assailants, preceded by skirmishers, moved rapidly up the steep hill, on the crest of which was the object of attack. Although the small timber had been felled and

interwoven with the sharpened points of brushwood extending outward, forming an almost impenetrable abatis, they made their way, under a fast-increasing fire from the enemy's intrenchments, to a cleared space in front of them.

At this point a heavy cross-fire of artillery and small arms was poured upon the assailants, yet for an hour they maintained the unequal contest, advancing close to the intrenchments, and firing with deliberation and effect whenever an enemy appeared. The Forty-fifth, Colonel Smith, moved forward under a heavy fire, and, taking position in line, the assault was renewed. "The brave Illinoisans were evidently badly worsted," as General McClernand says. At this critical moment if the enemy had been diverted by an attack on the left, and also from the river by the gunboats, it is probable the redan would have been taken.

General Lew Wallace says: "The battery was the common target. Maney's gunners, in relief against the sky, were shot down in quick succession." His first lieutenant (Burns) was one of the first to suffer. His second lieutenant (Massie) was mortally wounded. Maney himself was hit; still he stayed and his guns continued their punishment, and still the raw Federal troops clung to their purpose. With marvellous audacity they pushed through the abatis, and reached a point within forty yards of our rifle-pits. It actually looked as if the prize was theirs, and the yell of victory was rising in their throats.

"Suddenly the long line of yellow breastworks before them, covering Heiman's five regiments, crackled and turned into flame. The forlorn hope stopped—staggered—braced up again—shot blindly through the smoke of the new enemy, secure in his shelter. Thus

for fifteen minutes the Illinoisans stood fighting. The time is given on the testimony of the leader himself. Morrison was knocked out of his saddle by a musket ball and disabled. Then the men went down the hill. At its foot they rallied round their flags, and renewed the assault. Pushed down again, they rallied, and a third time climbed to the enemy. This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, sullenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time, and in going their ears and souls were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay."

Colonel John C. Brown says: "About eleven o'clock on Thursday I discovered the enemy moving in considerable force upon Colonel Heiman's centre, and before the column came within range of Colonel Heiman's, and indeed before it could be seen from his position, I directed Captain Graves to open fire from all his guns, which he did with such spirit and fatal precision that in less than fifteen minutes the whole column staggered and took shelter, in confusion and disorder, beyond the summit of the hill still farther to our left, when Colonel Heiman opened his fire upon it, and drove it beyond his and my guns. Later in the day the enemy planted one section of a battery on a hill almost in front of Captain Graves and opened an enfilading fire upon the left of my line, and at the same time a cross-fire upon Colonel Heiman. Captain Graves, handling his favorite rifle-piece with the same fearless coolness that characterized his conduct during the entire week, in less than ten minutes knocked one of the enemy's guns from its

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carriage, and almost at the same moment the gallant Porter disabled and silenced the other, while the supporting infantry retreated precipitately before the storm of grape and canister poured into their ranks from both batteries.

"The brunt of this attack was borne by the Tenth, Fifty-third and Forty-eighth Tennessee regiments and Maney's battery. Colonel Quarles' Forty-second Tennessee was brought up in the nick of time, and shared in the losses and glory of the repulse. Maney and his men bore themselves with distinguished gallantry, and handled their pieces, greatly exposed, with the most commendable skill and courage."

While these assaults and sorties were being conducted on the centre and left of the Confederate works, General C. F. Smith was not altogether idle on the Federal left. He made three distinct charges upon Hanson's position, which were pushed, as Jordan says, "with more spirit than judgment," and were readily repulsed by Hanson's and Palmer's regiments and Porter's battery.

Meanwhile the gunboat Carondelet, from a protected position, opened a fierce cannonade upon the water batteries, throwing a number of shot and shell into the Confederate works until, disabled by a well-directed shot from Captain Ross' sixty-eight-pounder rifle-gun, she dropped down stream. No damage was done the fort. One of the last shots from the Carondelet, however, dismounted a thirty-two-pounder rifle-gun, instantly killing Captain Joseph Dixon, a gallant young officer and efficient engineer, who had rendered much valuable service in the construction of the water batteries.

The weather thus far had been unusually mild and pleasant for the season, but on Thursday afternoon a

driving storm of sleet and snow set in with a keen icy north wind, which made the cold so excessive that soldiers of both sides suffered intensely. The half-clad Confederates were only kept from freezing by the continued work throughout the night, strengthening the intrenchments. No one knows the terrible discomforts and horrible suffering of that fearful night so well as the hungry and exhausted soldiers of both armies.

The morning of the 14th came with two inches of snow and a continued chilling north wind. The lines were all readjusted. No assault was made, though a rambling fire was kept up all along the line throughout the day.

An incident occurred at the time which showed the coolness of General Buckner. The general, Captain Porter and the writer were seated on some blankets on the declivity just in rear of Porter's battery, when a shell from the enemy's gun exploded near by. A fragment knocked off General Buckner's cap. Picking it up and shaking off the snow he replaced it on his head, with as much indifference as if the cause of its removal had been a puff of wind. He did not even change his tone of voice or the subject of conversation.

At 3 P. M. the exultant Foote steamed up defiantly, fully expecting to crush out the Confederate batteries in a few minutes, and pass on to further conquests; but in this he was doomed to disappointment. The four iron-clads and the two gunboats bore directly down upon the water batteries, firing with great rapidity and accuracy.

Captain Jacob Culbertson, after the death of Captain Dixon, commanded the water batteries with efficient assistants. General Pillow ordered the batteries to hold their fire until the boats approached within 1,000 yards. The gunboats opened at one and a half miles distance,

and advanced to within 300 yards of the batteries. At a given signal the heavy guns opened with stunning effect, and were soon followed by the lighter guns. The shot and shell from the iron-clads tore up the earth-works, which were promptly replaced by the artillerists.

The furious cannonade of the fleet, while terrific, was harmless, though each moment it seemed that it must sweep away gunners and batteries together. Soldiers and generals alike looked with apprehension for the catastrophe, when their guns should be silenced and the fleet, steaming by, take them in reverse; still the fascination of the scene riveted to the spot as spectators hundreds who witnessed it with breathless suspense and anxiety. But the elevation of the batteries and the courage and coolness of their gunners overcame all the Federal advantage in number and weight of guns. The bolts of their two heavy guns went crashing through iron and massive timbers with resistless force, and scattered slaughter and destruction through the fleet.

Hoppin, in his "Life of Commodore Foote," says: "The Louisville was disabled by a shot which cut away her rudder chains, making her totally unmanageable, so that she drifted with the current out of action. Very soon the St. Louis was disabled by a shot through her pilot house, rendering her steering impossible, so that she also floated down the river. The other two armored vessels were terribly struck, and a rifled cannon on the Carondelet burst, so that these two could not longer sustain the action, and, after fighting for more than an hour, the little fleet was forced to withdraw. The St. Louis was struck fifty-nine times, the Louisville thirty-six times, the Carondelet twenty-six, the Pittsburg twenty—the four vessels receiving no less than 140 wounds.

The fleet, gathering itself together and rendering mutual help to its disabled members, proceeded to Cairo to repair damages."

Commodore Foote says: "I have commanded at the taking of six forts and have been in several naval engagements, but was never under so severe a fire before." It is reported that the doughty commodore wept like a child when the order to withdraw was given.

The loss to the Federals was fifty-four killed and wounded. The Confederate batteries were not materially injured, and not a man in them hurt. When our troops saw the floating monsters receding, the heartiest cheers and shouts went up, which seemed to electrify and inspire all with the brightest hopes of ultimate success.

There were many shining examples of personal heroism among the officers and men of the water batteries. Conspicuous among these we might mention the daring act of Sergeant Robert Cobb, who, in the face of the fleet, belching forth its storm of shell and grape at point-blank range, mounted his piece to extract a priming wire that had lodged in the vent through the inexperience of the artillerist, who had seen but two days' service at the guns. This gallant young gunner was afterwards distinguished as the captain of the famous Cobb's battery, and late chief of artillery of Breckinridge's division.

Lieutenant George S. Martin attracted the particular attention of the commanding general by the judgment and energy displayed in handling his gun. The gunwadding having become exhausted, he tore up his coat and used it for wadding, which enabled him to continue the fire until the iron-clads were repulsed. This promis-

ing young officer was murdered by bushwhackers on Sand Mountain in Alabama, while en route to join Morton's battery with Forrest's cavalry in Mississippi.

It was but natural, with the enemy repulsed at every point along the outer works, the hitherto invincible iron-clads worsted and driven back, that General Pillow should send congratulatory despatches to General Johnston of the "utmost confidence of success," and state that "the men are in fine spirits." General Johnston sent the following despatch: "If you lose the fort, bring your troops to Nashville if possible."

As early as the morning of the 14th General Buckner says: "At a council of general officers it was decided unanimously, in view of the arrival of heavy reinforcements of the enemy below, to make an immediate attack upon the right in order to open our communications with Charlotte, in the direction of Nashville. I made the necessary dispositions preparatory to executing the movement, but early in the afternoon the order was countermanded by General Floyd, who had been ordered to Donelson by General Johnston with general command, at the instance, as I afterwards learned, of General Pillow, who, after drawing out his troops for the attack, thought it too late for the attempt."

This statement was unquestionably correct. Though no allusion was ever made to it by either Floyd or Pillow, the matter was referred to by Colonel W. E. Baldwin, commanding brigade, Colonel Forrest, and Major William M. Brown, Twentieth Mississippi, in their official reports. General Floyd called a council of his general officers on the night of the 14th, when it was unanimously decided to attack the enemy's right at daylight. General Buckner says: "This movement had become imperatively necessary in consequence of the vastly superior



and constantly increasing force of the enemy, who had already completely invested our position."

General Pillow says: "It was determined unanimously to give the enemy battle next day at daybreak, so as to cut open a route of exit for our troops to the interior of the country, and thus save our army."

Proper dispositions were made by General Pillow to force the attack on the extreme left with Baldwin's brigade and Brigadier-General Bushrod R. Johnson's division. Johnson was directed to move out of the trenches with his whole force, except Heiman's brigade, which was to occupy the ditches. Head's Thirtieth Tennessee, of this brigade, was instructed to occupy Buckner's line of works, and move to aid Pillow on the left. General Buckner says he was "ordered to make an attack on the right of the enemy's centre, and if successful to cover the retreat of the whole army, after which my division was to act as the rear guard."

Late that night the brigade commanders repaired to General Pillow's head-quarters, and received specific instructions. Promptly at four o'clock Saturday morning General Pillow repaired to Baldwin's position on the left, and found that officer with his brigade in line ready to inaugurate the attack. Owing to delay by some of the regiments the first gun was not fired until six o'clock, when Baldwin moved his brigade, supported by Forrest on the left flank, upon McClelland's right, which was in battle-line awaiting the onset. McCausland, Simon-ton and Wharton moved out successively, and were soon stoutly engaged with McArthur's, Oglesby's and W. H. L. Wallace's brigades, sustained by Schwartz's, McAllister's and Dresser's batteries, combining an artillery strength of sixteen guns well manned and in position of their own selection.

The fight was hotly contested. The Confederates, pressing forward with great energy and vigor, were only able to force McClernand back to the centre of the Confederate left wing along the Wyn's Ferry road by twelve o'clock. Up to this time there had been many acts of superior valor by brigades, regiments and companies; and instances of individual hardihood and courage were numerous in every command. The contestants on this part of the field were pretty evenly matched, with the advantage possibly of a few hundred in favor of the Federals. The idea that one Confederate could whip five Yankees was soon dispelled. The stout, rugged Western men, "kindred in blood, equally emulous of glory, and, like the Roman twins, jealous of the birth-right of pre-eminence of valor, saw nothing in any foe to quell the hope of final triumph."

The Twenty-sixth Tennessee and the Twentieth Mississippi each took a section of artillery. Colonel John M. Lillard was wounded early in the action, but remained at the head of his regiment during the whole day. Colonel Baldwin says: "It is difficult to determine which deserves the most commendation, the regiment or its commander." Simonton's brigade with undaunted effort captured the first hill, which was strongly defended, and aided materially in taking four guns of Schwartz's hard-fought battery, though with the loss of Lieutenant-Colonel Clough, of the Seventh Texas, and a number of valuable officers and men. The Virginians and Kentuckians vied with each other in daring deeds, and the Mississippi troops were ever ready to move to the front when ordered by their superiors. The dashing Forrest even thus early in the war showed of what stuff he was made. He was ever on the alert, and when the infantry was hotly engaged he passed around the enemy's right and

swept down upon McClernand's right and rear with such force as to double W. H. L. Wallace up, and cause the abandonment of six pieces of artillery, which were secured, with many horses and a number of prisoners.

Buckner was not idle, although he says: "In view of the heavy duty which I expected my division to undergo in covering the retreat of the army, I thought it inadvisable to attempt an assault at this time in my front until the enemy's batteries were to some extent crippled, and their supports shaken by the fire of my artillery." Graves and a section of Porter's batteries took position on the Wyn's Ferry road early, and engaged the Federal artillery in a brisk artillery-duel, which greatly aided General Bushrod Johnson's advance. Brown's Tennessee brigade, led in person by Colonel John C. Brown, moved to the attack upon Aurora Hollow, the valley to the left of Heiman's position, and with the combined and concentrated fire of Maney's, Graves' and Porter's batteries upon the enemy's battery, which was soon silenced, induced a rapid retreat of the Federals, leaving a section of their artillery.

While this was going on, Roger Hanson, the hard hitter, charged with his Second Kentucky through an open field, and under a destructive fire, without firing a gun, upon a superior force of the enemy. While Hanson engaged the infantry, Forrest, who was always on hand at the right time, charged the two pieces of artillery, killing the gunners and recapturing some Confederate prisoners. General Buckner says: "While this movement was going on I conducted one piece of artillery under Captain Graves along the Wyn's Ferry road, supported by the Fourteenth Mississippi, and sent orders to the residue of Graves' and to Porter's and Jackson's batteries, and Farquharson's Tennessee regi-

ment, to follow the movement with rapidity. I also sent to direct Hanson's regiment to rejoin me."

General Buckner pressing on, overtook the retreating enemy in a strong position beyond the point where it crosses the valley. Brown's brigade, coming up with Graves' piece, soon dislodged them, driving them to the right of the Wyn's Ferry road, leaving it entirely open. In this position General Buckner says: "I awaited the arrival of my artillery and reserves, either to continue the pursuit of the enemy or to defend the position I now held, in order that the army might pass out on the forge road, which was now completely covered by the position occupied by my division."

At this point of the fight General Lew Wallace writes: "Just then General Grant rode up to where General McClernand and I were in conversation. He was then informed of the mishap to the First division, and that the road to Charlotte was open to the enemy. In his ordinary quiet voice he said, addressing himself to both officers: 'Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken,' and with that he turned and galloped off." General Grant in returning from a visit to Commodore Foote, in passing General C. F. Smith, ordered him to hold himself in readiness to attack the Confederate right; and, when he learned of McClernand's discomfiture on riding to the right wing, he not only ordered General C. F. Smith to advance upon the Confederate works but sent word to Commodore Foote of the demoralized condition of his army, and urged an immediate demonstration with the gunboats. He said: "I must order a charge to save appearances." Two of the gunboats did run up and at long-range throw a few shells.

In the meantime General Pillow had ordered Forrest, with his men, to collect the captured artillery and small

arms, and remove the wounded from the field. Some five thousand stands of small arms and two hundred prisoners had been captured. Cannonading had ceased, and profound quiet pervaded the battle-field. Pillow, finding himself at Hindman's position, heard of (or saw) preparations by General C. F. Smith for an assault on the Confederate right; but whether he understood this to be the purpose, or construed the movements as signs of a flight, was left uncertain by his language at the time. He ordered the regiments which had been engaged to return to the trenches, and instructed Buckner to hasten to defend the imperilled point.

Buckner, not recognizing him as a superior authorized to change the plan of battle, or the propriety of such a change, refused to obey; and, after receiving reiterated orders, started to find Floyd, who at that moment joined him. He urged upon Floyd the necessity of carrying out the original plan of evacuation. Floyd assented to this view, and told Buckner to stand fast until he could see Pillow. He then rode back and saw Pillow, and, hearing his arguments, yielded to them. Floyd simply says that he found the movement so nearly executed that it was necessary to complete it. Accordingly Buckner was recalled.

In the meantime Pillow's right brigades were retiring to their places in the trenches, under orders from the commander. Porter's battery, with other troops of Buckner's command, had been halted by General Pillow in the Wyn's Ferry road, where it crosses the trenches. The writer was present when General Buckner returned from the front, and, meeting General Pillow, expressed great surprise at the change in the order of battle. General Pillow, with some impatience, repeated his order to General Buckner to reoccupy his original position on

the right. We have again an illustration of the want of concert of action and harmony in council which brought about the loss of the army at Fort Donelson.

Ten fresh regiments—over three thousand men—had not fired a musket. It was now one o'clock. The Federal right was doubled back; the Wyn's Ferry road was cleared; and, as Colonel William Preston Johnston, in his "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," says, "it only remained for the Confederates to do one of two things. The first was to seize the golden moment, and, adhering to the original purpose and plan of the sortie, move off rapidly by the route laid open by such strenuous efforts and so much bloodshed; the other depended upon the inspiration of a master mind equal to the effort of grasping every element of the combat, and which should complete the partial victory by the utter rout and destruction of the enemy. While one or the other alternative seems to have been the only possible safe solution, the Confederate commander tried neither. A fatal middle policy was suddenly, but dubiously, adopted, but not carried out. The fate which seemed always to arrest the best endeavors of the Confederate arms and render fruitless their victories interposed at this juncture."

The assault on Hanson's works by General Smith did not occur until near four o'clock, and it will be remembered that Head's regiment alone was assigned to protect more than half a mile of hastily constructed and imperfect rifle-pits, with no artillery support. Hanson, under General Pillow's direct orders, was the first of Buckner's division to reach the assaulted line, but only to see Lauman's Iowa and Indiana brigade safely established in his own works. Turner, with three companies of Head's regiment, held the works with great desperation, but, overpowered by the six stout regiments led in

person by General Smith, he fell back to the crest of a ridge some one hundred yards in the rear, where he was reinforced by Hanson.

Brown had in the meantime partially reoccupied his original position to the left of Hanson, and by the rapid and galling cross-fire of the Third and Eighteenth Tennessee regiments, aided by the well-directed guns of Porter's battery, saved the line and prevented the water-batteries from falling into the hands of the Federals that evening. This new line was reinforced by the arrival of Barclay's, Sugg's, Quarles' and the balance of Head's regiments, after the forward movement of the enemy was checked, but not before the fortunes of the day were decided. One section of Graves' battery took position at the intersection of the new with the old line, and was, as usual, most conspicuous for its effective service.

The writer's section of Porter's battery, which had been delayed in reaching its original position, was brought rapidly into action to the left of Graves, under a heavy fire; his horses were shot down, and his guns were run into place by hand. Until dark the desperate conflict raged. Lieutenant Hutchison, of Porter's battery, was severely shot through the neck; Lieutenant Culbertson, of the same battery, was hurt; and Captain Thomas K. Porter, of whom it was said that he "always directed his guns at the right time and to the right place," was disabled by a severe and dangerous wound, and was borne from the field.

Captain Porter's marked coolness and dash, and the efficient and intelligent manner in which he handled his guns, elicited the unbounded admiration of all who saw him; and when he was being carried bleeding from the field he said to me, "Don't let them have the guns,

Morton," and I replied, "Not while I have one man left," little mindful that my apprehensions would be so nearly carried out.

My *cannoneers* had been greatly reduced by death, wounds and frost-bites, until at the close of this engagement I had only three men left at one gun; one of these was wounded, and was left where he fell, we being unable to remove him at the moment. Pat Kine, acting No. 1, who was always at his post, threw himself in front of me, saying, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant! get lower down the hill—they will kill you;" and actually embraced me, as if to shield me from the enemy's bullets. I said, "No, Pat; let's give them one more round." He seized his rammer-staff, and while in the act of driving the charge home was shot through the heart, and dropped under his gun. How noble and grandly self-sacrificing!—so truly characteristic of the Irish character.

Night soon closed this bloody combat. Porter's battery, from its active participation in the four days' conflict, its advanced and exposed position, lost eight men killed outright and twenty-five wounded out of forty-eight officers, non-commissioned officers and men actively engaged at the guns. The balance of the company were—drivers, teamsters and artificers—with the horses protected in a ravine at some distance from the battery.

After recovering from his wound Captain Porter was assigned as chief of artillery to Buckner, and afterwards to Cleburne, and was wounded at "Hoover's Gap." He subsequently entered the Confederate navy as executive officer of the Florida. After the war he commanded a California merchant steamer, and died in 1869. Colonel John C. Brown, commanding brigade, was always in the thickest of the fight. Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Moore,



Thirty second Tennessee regiment, was killed while aiding his no less worthy commander, Colonel Ed. C. Cook, in cheering his men to the charge, as his brigade commander so well expresses it.

The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Gordon, commanding the Third Tennessee, was wounded early in the action, when the regiment was ably led by Major N. F. Cheairs. Captain D. F. Wade, a brave soldier and polished gentleman, of this regiment, was severely wounded—shot entirely through the body. Colonel Joseph B. Palmer, commanding the Eighteenth Tennessee, rendered valuable assistance. The Fourteenth Mississippi regiment, Major W. L. Doss commanding, was also attached to Brown's brigade, and assigned especially to the support of Porter's battery on the right. Captain F. M. Rogers, of this regiment, and sixteen others, were killed, and eighty-five wounded—which shows it was where some of the fighting was going on.

General C. F. Smith had succeeded in carrying the advanced line of works on the right, which General Buckner considered "the key to the situation." General Jordan, in his "Life of Forrest," calls the position captured "the mere narrow foothold seized on the extreme right of the trenches." Indeed, the line lost did not extend over seven hundred yards in length, and was commanded by the stronger ridge, upon which the Confederates established their line, connecting it with the strong field-works, where so much time and labor had been expended to protect the water-batteries.

The Federals had now no great advantage in securing Hanson's intrenchments: the advantage was still with the Confederates, from their more elevated position. However, the want of efficiency, from physical prostration and loss by casualties of battle, was apparent, especially in the artillery.

Another council was called Saturday night, at which it was decided to move out of the works, if not re-invested. I was instructed to spike my guns, which was done, and be ready to move out with the men at twelve o'clock at night. Rumors having reached the generals that the Federals had reoccupied their positions, scouts were sent out, who reported they saw no Federals—only fires in the woods. Forrest did not believe the re-investment had taken place, and obtaining permission he despatched two trusty scouts, Adam R. Johnson and S. H. Martin, who reported that they could find no Federals on the Wyn's Ferry road, except the wounded and a few stragglers.

General Forrest positively asserted, from his own personal reconnoissance, that the whole force could be safely withdrawn by the road reported as obstructed. The reports of the generals, however, concurred in the belief that there was a complete reinvestment of their lines, and, acting upon this belief, the question of surrender was discussed.

The decision to surrender having been made, the question arose as to who should make it. Generals Floyd and Pillow both declared they would die before they would surrender. General Buckner remarked that "a capitulation would be as bitter to me as it could be to any one, but I regard it as a necessity of our position, and I cannot reconcile it with my sense of duty to separate my fortunes from those of my command." General Floyd said:

"General Buckner, if I place you in command, will you allow me to leave with such portions of my division as can be transported in two small steamers which are expected at daylight?"

General Buckner replied: "Yes, provided you do so before the enemy act upon my communications."

General Floyd said: "General Pillow, I turn over the command."

General Pillow said: "I pass it," and Buckner assumed command, sent for a bugle to sound a parley, for pen, ink and paper, and opened negotiations for surrender.

It was believed that there were but two ways by which it was possible for the army to retire. If they went by the Wyn's Ferry road, they would be obstructed by the enemy. If by the lower or Waverly Charlotte road, they would have to wade through water waist-deep. This the medical director stated would be death to more than half the command on account of the severity of the weather and physical prostration. General Buckner believed his men were so worn out by exposure, by watching and fatigue, and so reduced in numbers and demoralized, that he could not hold his position half an hour against the assault which he was satisfied would be made next morning at daylight; that his ammunition was nearly expended, and the men, for several days without regular or sufficient food, were not in condition to undertake such a battle and march as would be involved by a successful sortie. He did not think it justifiable to sacrifice three-fourths of the troops to save one-fourth. General Buckner was sustained in this view by Generals Floyd, B. K. Johnson, Colonels Brown, Palmer, Hanson, McCausland and others.

General Pillow did not regard the position as so desperate, and favored the effort to withdraw, but yielded to a surrender not to include himself. Forrest, hearing of the decision, declared he would not surrender. He proposed that the bones of his men should bleach on the surrounding hills, rather than they should be carried north and cooped up in open prison-pens during mid-

winter; and prepared at once to collect his troops for an immediate movement. At four o'clock Sunday morning he was ready, and, followed by five hundred officers and men, he took the road by way of Cumberland City. When about three-quarters of a mile out, his advance scouts reported the enemy. In company with his brother, Lieutenant Jeffrey Forrest, who subsequently commanded a brigade, and was killed in a charge near Okalona, Mississippi, they cautiously moved forward, when the supposed battle-line proved to be only a picket fence. General Forrest believes that this picket fence brought about the surrender.

Forrest and his brother moved on up the ridge for three-quarters of a mile, and found the blankets left by his men when going into action. Riding farther along, they came upon fires, around which Federal wounded were gathered, and from all he could learn only a few scattering scouts from both sides had been among them that night. Forrest, returning to his command, took up the line of march for Nashville, via Cumberland City, which he reached in due time without accident. General Floyd took his three Virginia regiments, and escaped on the steamboats, General Pillow accompanying him.

Badeau, in his "Life of Grant," says: "Sixty-five guns, 17,600 small arms and nearly 15,000 troops fell into the hands of the victors." Colonel William Preston Johnston, in his "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," clearly points to this as an error when he says: "Even including the six guns and 5,000 small arms recaptured and the thirteen guns in the fort, the artillery would fall a good deal short of his estimate." In fact, the Confederate field-artillery numbered forty-three guns, including Stankrewviz' three pieces in the fort; with thirteen heavy guns in the water-batteries these would make the total artillery fifty-six.

Badeau further says: "Rations were issued at Cairo to 14,623 prisoners;" to which Colonel Johnston replies: "Very likely this was the quarter-master's return, but if so it was based on muster-rolls, not men. The actual number of captures did not exceed 7,000 or 8,000."

This seems to be nearest the truth when you consider that Floyd carried off on the steamers at least 1,000 of his own command, besides a large number detached from other commands. No one was refused passage. Forrest had a following of at least 500 of his own cavalry, besides 200 of other commands, artillery and wagon horses. The teamsters and drivers of Porter's battery, numbering forty-two men, escaped with Forrest. The ferry-boats were plied all night, which enabled several hundred more to escape across the river.

Discipline was relaxed and pillage of the Confederate camps seemed to be the order of the day, and in this confused and demoralized state of affairs, a number walked out of the works and made their way through the country. The escape of General Bushrod R. Johnson was an example of this sort. General Johnson thus explains his escape:

"I formed no purpose or plan to escape. In the afternoon towards sunset on the 18th of February (two days and a half after the surrender) I walked out with a Confederate officer, and took my course toward the rifle-pits on the hill formerly occupied by Colonel Heiman, and, finding no sentinels to obstruct me, I passed on, and was soon beyond the Federal encampment. I had taken no part in the surrender, had received no orders or instructions from the Federal authorities, had not been recognized or even been seen by any of the general officers, had given no parole and made no promises."

From the best information from all sources the Con-

Confederate killed amounted to 325, wounded, 1,097; total, 1,442.

*Return of Casualties in the Federal Army. From "War of the Rebellion Official Records." Series II., Vol. VII., page 167.*

Commands.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	
1st Division—McClelland.....	14	297	53	1,005	3	180	1,552
2d Division—C. F. Smith.....	7	138	22	797	.....	23	987
3d Division—Lew. Wallace.....	1	43	12	219	.....	18	293
Grand total.....	22	478	87	2,021	3	221	2,832

Commodore Foote reported to the Secretary of the Navy ten killed and forty-four wounded in his flotilla.

Brigadier-General John Buchanan Floyd was born in Virginia in 1805; served in Congress in 1847-49; governor of Virginia, 1850-53; secretary of war under President Buchanan, 1857. He used his power in transferring arms and munitions of war to Southern arsenals, and generally in preparing for the impending conflict between the North and the South. He was indicted before the grand-jury of the District of Columbia as being privy to the withdrawal of a large amount of bonds from the Department of the Interior, but having left Washington was never brought to trial. This was doubtless his reason for declining to surrender at Fort Donelson.

He was a zealous sympathizer with the secession movement, and resigned his secretaryship and was appointed brigadier-general of the Confederate army. He commanded in West Virginia in 1861, but was unsuccessful, and was severely criticised. While he seemed to anticipate General Johnston's orders to repair with his command to Fort Donelson, he evidently did not relish the

idea of being cooped up behind intrenchments. He was bold and impetuous, and had the reputation of strong force of character, but seemed to lose his head at Donelson. He displayed no firmness and, though nominally in command, vacillated between Pillow and Buckner, and suffered each to influence and sway him as he came within their presence. He was brave and gallant, but a failure as a commander when thrown upon his own resources. His conduct at Donelson was severely criticised by the abandoned soldiers who were sent to prison. The action of the Confederate authorities in practically retiring him from the army was a severe blow to his restless and ambitious spirit, and this it was thought hastened his death, which occurred about one year afterwards.

General Pillow was a man of unbounded ambition and conspicuous vanity; his great energy and courage and undoubted loyalty to the Confederate cause went a great way toward palliating this defect in his character. There had been an unfortunate antagonism between Buckner and Pillow, which led to downright obstinacy and an excusable conflict of action that impaired the efficiency and paralyzed to a great extent the gallant efforts of the troops at Donelson. The imprisoned soldiers never ceased to censure General Pillow for not availing himself of the opportunity to lead them out on Saturday, when, after so much hard fighting and bloodshed, everything was so auspicious. General Pillow was also retired from active command, but his indomitable energy and ardent devotion to the cause kept him in the service, although suffering great humiliation from imaginary injustice by the Confederate authorities. We cannot say, however, that he had no cause for complaint. His great personal sacrifices, shining military qualities, courage

and great energy of character demanded better treatment than he received from the government. He died in 1879.

The prevailing idea seemed, with General Buckner, to be to hold Donelson until General Albert Sidney Johnston could reach Nashville, and then evacuate with all possible haste. General Buckner's high character and superior military training and experience would have commanded due deference and respect from any one else at the supreme moment, possibly, than his senior in command, General Pillow, who could have profited by his good judgment and advice in the evacuation of the works on Saturday when the question of the surrender was discussed and each of his seniors expressed a willingness to desert the troops. When he declared that to capitulate, would be as bitter to him as to any one else, but that he deemed it his duty to stay and share the fortunes of his men, he doubly endeared himself to every soldier remaining. After being exchanged in August, 1862, he commanded a division in Hardee's corps, Bragg's Tennessee army, and as major-general he gallantly led the Third grand division in the engagement at Murfreesboro, Chicamauga, and upon other hotly contested fields, and finally surrendered with General Kirby Smith, May 26th, 1865.

Colonels Brown, Hanson, Palmer, Baldwin and Heiman were promoted to be brigadier-generals for their soldierly conduct at Donelson, and Colonel N. B. Forrest attracted the attention of the army by his courage, dash and genius as a soldier, and when the last gun was fired, in 1865, he had attained the rank of lieutenant-general. It was the writer's privilege and pleasure after the exchange in 1862, though not out of his teens, to be ordered to Forrest to share all the hardships and brilliant suc-



cesses of this wonderful cavalry leader, and at the close was chief of artillery of his corps.

It is clear, from the humiliations to which both Generals Floyd and Pillow were subjected after the capitulation of Donelson, that the Confederate government regarded them as largely responsible for the disaster. They had not yet learned that in war red-tape is sometimes the cause of a military catastrophe. They would not subordinate pride to duty, and when the climax which their stubbornness had hastened came on, they had not the moral courage to assume the responsibility of the surrender. It is possible that, if the army had been first operated in accordance with Buckner's counsel, many more of the men might have been saved from capture. The indignation of the South at the capitulation was very great. The joint catastrophe of Henry and Donelson was the first very serious set-back which the Confederacy received.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

Effect of the first victory—Halleck's fault-finding—Complaints to Washington authorities—Resumption of "bad habits" insinuated—Rumor made a basis of complaints—Demoralization charged—"An enemy between you and me"—Grant's noble patience—His request to be relieved refused—Halleck's halting explanation—Grant's magnanimous waiving of personal feeling.

AFTER the conquest of Donelson came the arduous and often delicate duties incident to governing the conquered territory. In his proclamation to Kentuckians when his army seized Paducah he had declared himself and forces the defenders of the State. Kentucky had not seceded, and the Confederates were the invaders. Once across the line into Tennessee the conditions were reversed. Martial law was immediately proclaimed, and all causes were ordered to be brought for adjudication before such military tribunals as might be established. The disloyal citizens, and in that part of Tennessee there was scarcely any Union sentiment worth mentioning, were thus made to feel the strong arm of the military power.

War, too, was a novel thing, and victory especially had dallied so coyly with the Union armies that the people, panting for the substantial fruits of their self-sacrifice, fairly lost their heads when Donelson was taken. Civilians crowded the steamers plying up the river to the fallen fortress. Keenly anxious to congratulate the victors and relieve the sick and wounded, they were stubbornly bent on carrying away trophies as souvenirs of the terrible struggle. Many had brothers, uncles,

cousins in the army, and it was difficult to convince the minds of the noncombatants that their relatives were no longer civilians but soldiers and subject to all the rigors of military discipline. The general commanding became the fruitful theme of the gossip and idle slander of those whose relic-hunting ended in disappointment, but who still had the means of communicating with his immediate superior, whose despatches showed that he was anything but friendly to the only general who seemed to appreciate the value of the cruel but truthful maxim, "War means fight, and fight means kill."

Almost before the guns of Donelson had grown cold the limits of Grant's district were enlarged but not specified, and his command designated as the Department of West Tennessee. Without wasting time in rejoicing over victory he set about looking for new conquests. As long as he remained at Donelson the busybodies were not too troublesome, but necessity for communicating with Nashville arose. General Smith, whose command he had pushed forward to Clarksville, forty miles up the Cumberland, immediately after the victory, had received orders from General Buell to report to him at Nashville. Grant wished to learn whether orders from their common superior had transferred Smith's command to Buell's jurisdiction. A day before starting he had telegraphed his superior, through General Cullum, chief of staff, that he would start unless he received counter orders that evening. None came, and he pushed forward to the capital of Tennessee, which Buell's forces had already occupied. After his departure the busybodies caught General Halleck's ear, and found a receptive listener. They told highly colored romances of robbery and the destruction of captured property by civilians and soldiers, and of the demoralization of the

conquering army incident to relaxation of discipline after the victory. Telegraphic communications being at that time very uncertain, and even mails liable to detention, General Halleck had received only very meagre reports from the Army of the Tennessee. He fired a volley of complaining orders, only one or two of which reached Grant. There was just enough foundation for the reports of marauding to give them color.

General Grant had found it necessary to issue orders to his command repressive of such acts. He had been compelled to take measures to prevent the visiting citizens from carrying away as trophies articles of value in the eyes of the owners. To effect this latter purpose he had a company of troops specially detailed to search boats about leaving, and to retake all captured property found. Although a subject of much annoyance, General Grant had not thought the exigency demanded any severe measures, especially as many of the offenders had come to the front as representatives of the sanitary commission. It, however, was made one of the pretexts for a series of covert attacks, which nearly effected their apparent purpose to drive him out of the army at the very time when the eyes of the loyal people of the country were turned toward him as the most hopeful defender of the nation.

A correspondence, the official record of which shows many violations of that canon of military ethics which entitles every soldier to be fully informed of any charges against him, was begun in the following telegram, dated March 4th, 1862, from General Halleck, then in command at St. Louis, to General McClellan, then commander-in-chief at Washington: "A rumor has just reached me that, since the taking of Fort Donelson, General Grant has resumed his former bad habits. If

so it will account for his neglect of my often repeated orders. I do not deem it advisable to arrest him at present, but have placed General C. F. Smith in command of the Tennessee. I think Smith will restore order and discipline."

This telegram betrays a most inexcusable want of common courtesy, or absolute malice toward the man about whom it was written. Men occupying such an exalted position as Halleck had no right to make rumor the basis of insinuations against his subordinate, and subsequent events demonstrate the most remarkable shifting to and fro in his evident attempt to injure the man who had made manifest his ability to deal with the real exigencies of war.

General Halleck in fact telegraphed General Grant, under date of March 4th, an order to place General Smith in charge of the troops then being organized for an expedition along the Tennessee river, and himself to remain at Fort Henry. "Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?" the despatch concluded. In it no mention was made of the serious insinuations against his personal conduct which he had sent to the commander of the army.

General Grant replied by letter from Fort Donelson, under date of March 5th, announcing that he had turned over the command to General Smith in accordance with orders. "I had prepared a different plan," he wrote, "intending General Smith to go to Paris and Humboldt, while I would command the expedition upon Eastport, Corinth and Jackson in person. . . . I am not aware of having disobeyed any orders from headquarters—certainly never intended such a thing. My reports have been made to General Cullum, chief of staff,

and it may be that many of them were not deemed of sufficient importance to forward more than a telegraphic synopsis of. In conclusion I will say that you may rely upon my carrying out your instructions in every particular."

This letter is indorsed as received by General Halleck March 9th.

General Grant removed his head-quarters to Fort Henry promptly, and telegraphed to General Smith, at Clarksville, the same day:

"By direction just received from head-quarters of department, you are to take command of the expedition which I had designed commanding in person. You will repair to Fort Henry with as little delay as possible."

General Smith arrived at Fort Henry on the same day, and General Grant fully instructed him as to the expedition which had been planned against Eastport and Corinth. The written instructions concluded:

"Allow me to congratulate you on your richly deserved promotion, and to assure you that no one can feel more pleasure than myself."

The contrast between the magnanimity of Grant welcoming his subordinate to the command and Halleck's persistent efforts to belittle Grant's achievements is striking. There had always been cordial co-operation between Grant and Smith, and the former had always shown great deference to the officer whom he remembered so well as his chief at West Point.

Serious charges containing the threat of further circumscribing the usefulness of the victor of Donelson were based on no better evidence than that contained in an anonymous letter. Halleck's ears appear to have been open to such approaches.

Up to this time Grant was in total darkness as to the

origin or cause of the misunderstanding at head-quarters, of which his subsequent despatches showed that he felt himself the victim.

On the day following, before Grant's reply, above quoted, had reached him, General Halleck sent him the following:

"I enclose herewith a copy of a letter addressed to Judge Davis, President of the Western Investigating Commission. Judge Davis says the writer is a man of integrity and perfectly reliable. The want of order and discipline, and the numerous irregularities in your command, since the capture of Fort Donelson, are matters of general notoriety, and have attracted the serious attention of the authorities at Washington. Unless these things are corrected, I am directed to relieve you of the command."

The enclosed letter referred to complaints of the alleged appropriation of public stores and supplies captured at Fort Donelson.

On the same March 6th Halleck telegraphed Grant as follows:

"General McClellan directs that you report to me daily the number and positions of the forces under your command. Your neglect of repeated orders to report the strength of your command has created great dissatisfaction, and seriously interfered with military plans. Your going to Nashville without authority, and when your presence with your troops was of the utmost importance, was a matter of very serious complaint at Washington; so much so that I was advised to arrest you on your return."

This was the first hint to General Grant that his trip to Nashville was the subject of official censure. General Halleck implies that the complaints at that step and

other alleged irregularities originated in Washington. The "War Official Records," however, contain the following despatch from Halleck to McClellan, dated March 3d:

"I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it, without any regard for the future. C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency."

General McClellan's reply to this missive was dated March 3d, 6 P. M. It reads:

"The future success of our cause demands that proceedings such as Grant's should at once be checked. Generals must observe discipline as well as private soldiers. Do not hesitate to arrest him at once, if the good of the service requires it, and place C. F. Smith in command. You are at liberty to regard this as a positive order, if it will smooth your way."

To this despatch was added: "Approved: Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War." But Mr. Stanton frequently said that he never knew of any authority given Halleck to arrest General Grant.

General McClellan evidently deemed Halleck's criticisms of Grant's conduct worthy of transmission to the President, for on March 10th Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas telegraphed General Halleck:

"It has been reported that soon after the battle of



Fort Donelson General Grant left his command without leave. By direction of the President, the Secretary of War desires you to ascertain whether General Grant left his command at any time without proper authority, and if so, for how long; whether he has made to you proper reports and returns of his force; whether he has committed any acts which were unauthorized or not in accordance with military subordination or propriety; and if so, what?"

It is evident from this despatch that Mr. Lincoln was not willing to accept anonymous letters and camp rumors as against General Grant's achievements. He intended that Halleck should become responsible for his insinuations or send him the evidence.

Thus Grant in the full flush of the first important success which had crowned the Union armies, while spending his days and nights in hastening the organization of his forces for new conquests, was made the target for misrepresentations, of the gravamen of which he had not been informed, but which he felt were seriously undermining his usefulness. So far as Halleck's despatches read, the faults imputed were having gone to Nashville without notifying the department, and having neglected to make proper returns of the position and condition of his forces. His reply to these, under date of March 7th, from Fort Henry to Halleck at St. Louis, was temperate and dignified. It reads:

"Your despatch of yesterday just received. I did all I could to get you returns of the strength of my command. Every move I made was reported daily to your chief of staff, who must have failed to keep you properly posted. I have done my very best to obey orders and to carry out the interests of the service. If my course is not satisfactory remove me at once. I do not wish to

impede in any way the success of our arms. I have averaged writing more than once a day since leaving Cairo, to keep you informed of my position, and it is no fault of mine if you have not received my letters. My going to Nashville was strictly intended for the good of the service, and not to gratify any desire of my own. Believing sincerely that I must have enemies between you and myself, who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be relieved from further duty in the department."

General Halleck's response bears the same date:

"You are mistaken. There is no enemy between you and me. There is no letter of yours stating the number and position of your command since capture of Donelson. General McClellan has asked for it repeatedly, with reference to ulterior movements, but I could not give him the information. He is out of all patience waiting for it."

The next day, Grant's letter of the 5th having just arrived, Halleck replied in somewhat explanatory vein, claiming that, as he had received no returns, the fault certainly was not his own, and that he could get no replies to repeated telegrams.

"This certainly indicated a great want of order and system in your command, the blame of which was partly thrown on me, and perhaps justly, as it is the duty of every commander to compel those under him to obey orders and enforce discipline. Don't let such neglect occur again, for it is equally discreditable to you and me."

Although General Halleck refers the origin of the complaints for which he calls Grant to account to Washington, the records do not contain proof that McClellan was "out of all patience," or that the dissatisfaction

with Grant extended beyond the limits of his (Halleck's) department.

Again, on March 11th, General Grant renewed his request to be relieved in the following telegram: "Yours of the 6th instant, enclosing an anonymous letter to the Hon. David Davis, speaking of frauds committed against the government, is just received. I refer you to my orders to suppress marauding as the only reply necessary. There is such a disposition to find fault with me that I again ask to be relieved until I can be put right in the estimation of those higher in authority."

General Halleck, after two days' consideration, on March 13th, replied: "You cannot be relieved of your command. There is no good reason for it. I am certain that all which the authorities in Washington ask is that you enforce discipline and punish the disorderly. The power is in your hands use it, and you will be sustained by all above you. I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command, and lead it on to new victories."

General Grant's reply to this, under date of March 14th, gives renewed evidence of his singleness of purpose to devote himself to the good of the cause. "After your letter enclosing copy of anonymous letter, upon which severe censure was based, I felt as though it would be impossible for me to serve longer without a court of inquiry. Your telegram of yesterday, however, places such a different phase upon my position that I will again assume command, and give every effort to the success of our cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same."

General Halleck again returned to the allegations of marauding, etc., in a letter dated March 17th, in which he enclosed a letter and a slip cut from a newspaper,

"as a sample of what he was daily receiving in relation to the general plunder of public property, which, it is alleged, took place at Fort Donelson." Representations of these robberies having been made to Washington, he had been called on again and again to have the officers and men arrested and punished. In conclusion, he wrote: "I have directed hereafter, when any plunder of this kind occurs, to arrest every officer in command of the troops engaged in it."

A very singular feature of this correspondence is the fact that the official records are silent as to any representations of "robberies by soldiers, or neglect of officers, made to Washington," as alleged, excepting those made by General Halleck, and quoted above. General Grant's letter to Halleck, the last of the series, suggests a possible explanation of the animus, the fruit of which was the annoyance and at least temporary humiliation of the only general officer so far developed by the grim schooling of the war who was able to win victories. It was written after Grant had resumed his command, and was moulding the raw troops which had been added—an army which was soon to win his second great victory at Shiloh. It bears date March 24th, and reads: "Your letter, enclosing correspondence between yourself and Adjutant-General Thomas, is just received. In regard to the plundering of Fort Donelson, it is very much overestimated by disappointed persons who failed in getting off the trophies that they gathered. My orders of the time show that I did all in my power to prevent marauding. To execute the orders, I kept a company on duty searching the boats about leaving, and to bring off all captured property found. My great difficulty was with the rush of citizens, particularly the Sanitary Committee, who infested Don-

elson after its fall. They thought it an exceedingly hard case that patriotic gentlemen like themselves, who had gone to tender their services to the sick and wounded, could not carry off what they pleased. Most of the wounded had reached hospitals before these gentlemen reached Cairo. One of these men (a Dr. Fowler) swore vengeance against me for the very act of preventing trophies being carried off. How many more did the same thing I cannot tell. My going to Nashville I did not regard particularly as going beyond my district. After the fall of Donelson, from information I had, I knew the way was clear to Clarksville and Nashville. Accordingly, I wrote to you—directed to your chief of staff, as was all my correspondence from the time of leaving Fort Henry until I learned you were not hearing from me—that by Friday following the fall of Donelson I should occupy Clarksville, and by Saturday week following I should be in Nashville, if not prevented by orders from head-quarters of the department. During all this time not one word was received from you, and I accordingly occupied Clarksville on the day indicated, and two days after I was to occupy Nashville, General Nelson reported to me with a division of Buell's army, they being already on transports, and knowing that Buell's column should have arrived opposite Nashville the day before, and having no use for those troops myself, I ordered them immediately to Nashville.

“It is perfectly plain to me that designing enemies are the cause of all the publications that appear, and are the means of getting extracts sent to you. It is also a little remarkable that the adjutant-general should learn of my presence in Nashville before it was known in St. Louis, where I reported that I was going before starting.

“I do not feel that I have neglected a single duty.

My reports to you have averaged at least one a day since leaving Cairo, and there has been scarcely a day that I have not either written or telegraphed headquarters. I most fully appreciate your justness, general, in the part you have taken, and you may rely upon me to the utmost of my capacity for carrying out all your orders."

Neither in this nor in any other communication does it appear that General Grant had been apprised of the doubts touching his personal habits suggested in the despatches of General McClellan and Adjutant-General Thomas. There is no hint in the record that General Halleck ever made any investigation touching those charges, or any report to Washington relating to them other than his first despatch, above quoted, which seems to have been the first step in the petty fault-finding. If Grant had possessed the fiery, impatient spirit which usually characterizes the owners of military qualities of the resplendent sort he was soon to display, another commander would probably have fought the battle of Shiloh, and the whole character of the campaigns in the West might have been changed, to the lasting injury of the national cause. His eagerness to serve his country faithfully in any capacity led him to subordinate all personal feeling, and the unpleasant episode ended with Halleck's final report to Washington that "General Grant had made the proper explanations."

But what can be said of Halleck, who was persistently pouring into the ears of the national authorities the gossip of the camp, the malice of disappointed people, and the contents of anonymous communications? Probably the history of the war furnished no meaner example of unworthy dealing than that of Halleck, assisted by his chief of staff, against General Grant. If his popularity with

the nation had been less, the result would probably have been different. He was evidently afraid to relieve him of his command in the hour of his triumph; but his despatches were of a tenor to have inflicted lasting injury upon a man less fortified by temper and character for resisting such covert attacks.

General Sherman was at this time at Paducah, and many, but not all, of these despatches passed through his hands. He now gives the matured opinion that there was no ground whatever for the insinuations against General Grant. He also gives Halleck credit for acting from honest motives in the matter. It is his opinion that he desired to permanently supersede Grant with General C. F. Smith, whom he regarded as the older and better soldier.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Grant again in command—Smith's knightly loyalty—Halleck's orders—Buell's leisurely march to Pittsburgh—Albert Sidney Johnston at Corinth—Preparing a surprise—The Confederate march—Undiscovered in Grant's front—Attacking at daylight—Prentiss sustains the first shock—His raw troops give way—Sherman's stubborn stand—Thrice driven back—W. H. L. Wallace slain—Sidney Johnston mortally wounded—Saved by Webster's guns—Buell's army arrives—The second day's battle—Grant takes the offensive—The Confederates' desperate resistance—Retreat ordered—Results of the victory.

A GREATER battle than Waterloo was fought at Shiloh. To be sure, thrones were not at stake, but a territory imperial in its extent hung upon the issue. Then, again, it was the first great battle of a mighty revolution, wherein the generalship as well as the courage and endurance of the two sections of a republic were to be put to the severest test. Patriotism was the motive force of this conflict. Citizens of a common country were to meet with arms in hands, unskilled, as the nomenclature of the drill-sergeant runs. Warlike nations create great armies as perfectly as a mechanic fashions an engine, and keep them in constant trim for combat. The business of war is taught as an element of education to every subject. But on this battle-field, along the banks of the Tennessee, men who were called only a day before, as it were, from the plow, the loom, the counter and the workshop, were to meet in a test of courage and fighting quality that was equal in its breadth of demand to anything any captain of the old world had ever made upon his trained and experienced soldiers. The result



electrified the country, for it proved that a summons to its unarmed citizens would at any time produce an invincible army. It once and for all established the fact that the general average of American citizenship stands ready in all years for war.

It is not necessary, in tracing the career of a man who grasped great events, to settle the disputes between military men as to the details of battles. In following the record of General Grant's life it is not especially important whether Sherman, Prentiss, or those immediately on the line of battle, expected the enemy on the morning of the Confederate attack or not. His head-quarters were at Savannah, nine miles down the river, and from the very nature of the surroundings it was the business of those generals on the advance to keep him informed of the condition of affairs in their front. It must be borne in mind that he did not select the location upon which he found the troops encamped. He had only just returned to the command after Halleck's tardy justice had relieved him of the humiliation he was subjected to after his victory at Donelson. He was in anything but a good physical condition to conduct the operations of a large army. On March 17th, the day he arrived, he wrote Sherman from Savannah: "I have just arrived, and although sick for the last two weeks, begin to feel better at the thought of being again with the troops." While remaining in practical disgrace at Fort Henry he had done everything in his power to make a success of General Smith's operations up the Tennessee to Eastport and other points. Even after Halleck had notified him that he should again take general direction of movements in that section, he wrote to Smith: "I think it exceedingly doubtful if I shall accept; certainly not until the object of your expedition is accomplished."

Smith's reply shows the cordial relations between the two commanders: "I wrote you yesterday to say how glad I was to find that you were to resume your old command, and from which you were so unceremoniously, and, as I think, so unjustly, stricken down." The relations between Grant and Smith were peculiar. The latter was sixty years old, and Grant could not get over the feeling of distance between himself and the man who had inspired him with awe at West Point. Although Smith had said to him, "I am now a subordinate and know a soldier's duty. I hope you will feel no awkwardness about our new relations," Grant could not without difficulty give his old commandant of school days an order, and he was glad when Smith succeeded him in command, although he chafed as only such an iron nature could under Halleck's conduct toward him. But Smith, who was a most gallant and chivalrous officer, smoothed the way for Grant's return to the command by the friendly letter from which the above quotation is made.

Halleck, cautious and vacillating, had, ever since the fall of Donelson, been sending orders to Grant to avoid an engagement, and, almost immediately after his restoration to command, directed that, "if the enemy appeared in force, to fall back."

Smith's expedition had been without results, and he dropped back to Pittsburgh Landing and encamped his troops on the west bank of the Tennessee. If he had succeeded in cutting the railroad at Eastport or at Corinth, he was expected to return to Savannah, on the opposite side of the river, some miles lower down, and go into camp. But, instead, he selected the location where the battle of Shiloh was fought, although he established his head-quarters at Savannah.

The Tennessee at this time was overflowing its banks, so that there were only four points where a foothold could be obtained, and Smith selected the best, in the judgment of leading military men who approved his choice.

Before the army lay Corinth, nineteen miles away, a position of great importance, for it is the meeting points for the railway system that stretches through the South from east to west, as well as along the valley of the Mississippi. Upon this important point the Federal troops were preparing to advance, and the halt at Pittsburgh Landing was simply to gather reinforcements and to establish a base of supplies for the operations in that important section of the South. The Confederates, admonished of the danger to their key to the railroad system of all that region, began rapidly concentrating their troops at Corinth, and, while Halleck was pouring his cautions in upon Grant, Beauregard and Sidney Johnston were preparing to bear down upon him. At this juncture Buell, with forty thousand men, was ordered from Nashville to the support of Grant.

Buell's march was marked by great deliberation. On March 20th Halleck had telegraphed Grant, "Buell is at Columbia, and will move on Waynesboro with three divisions." On March 27th Grant telegraphed to Halleck, "I have no news yet of any of General Buell's command being this side of Columbia." It was not until April 3d that he was able to report, "A despatch from the telegraphic operator is just in. He states that General Nelson" (commanding Buell's advance) "is in sight."

It had taken the Army of the Ohio twenty days to march ninety miles. Bridge-building and the condition of the roads were offered as explanations of the delay. Most valuable time, however, had been lost, and the

opportunity was afforded the enemy of assuming the offensive and delivering a battle which, had it been fought according to plans of time and surprise, might have eventuated in the crushing defeat in detail of the armies of the Tennessee and Ohio.

The first week in April, 1862, was not spent wholly in camp and drill by Grant's army. Although unsuspecting any attack in force, the outposts of both Sherman's and Prentiss' divisions had had practice at picket firing and skirmishing. An outpost had been captured by the enemy on the evening of April 5th, and a force of parts of two regiments sent out to retake them and drive away the saucy Confederates had unexpectedly encountered a stronger force aided by artillery. The fact was duly reported to General Grant by General Sherman, but after consultation both of them agreed that the demonstration meant no more than a reconnoissance in force. It, however, served to redouble the vigilance of all the commanders and contributed largely to foil the enemy in their expectation that the onslaught of the following morning would be a total surprise.

On the night of April 5th General Grant returned to his head-quarters, which were still at Savannah, nine miles down the river, expecting that General Buell, with whom he had communicated, would have arrived, and that the plans for an immediate advance would be matured. General Buell, however, had not arrived, and General Grant, whose ankle had been seriously injured by his horse falling upon him two days before, spent a sleepless and painful night awaiting him. At that very moment the entire Confederate army lay within little more than fair artillery range of Sherman and Prentiss' line, ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting force at daylight. At daybreak the following morn-

ing the thunder of the enemy's cannon beyond Pittsburg Landing called Grant to the front, where he found his troops slowly but surely yielding ground before the furious onslaughts of Johnston's forces massed in three lines of battle.

Although, as before stated, both Generals Sherman and Prentiss had strengthened their outposts and doubled their pickets the evening before, the Confederate onset came with little less than the terrifying surroundings of a thorough surprise. It was Sunday and a beautiful morning in the early spring. The reveille had scarcely ceased to echo through the woods and from the surrounding hillsides when rapid picket firing apprised Prentiss' men that their breakfast would be postponed. The men, half dressed, snatching their arms and equipments, sprang into line with the speed of veterans, to the music of volleys or musketry heard by them in hostility for the first time. A dense line of Confederates, commanded by General Hardee, fell upon them before they had completed an alignment.

Regiments from Missouri, Wisconsin and Michigan received their baptism of fire with a gallantry that gave ample promise of their achievements on subsequent battle-fields, but were slowly forced back. They constituted Prentiss' First brigade. His Second had been encamped nearer the Landing, and arrived at the front only in time to stay the retirement of the First to a line in the rear of their former camp. This position they held steadfastly until reinforced by one of Hurlbut's brigades.

The attack upon Sherman fell nearly half an hour later than that on Prentiss. His men were better prepared, but the troops were new and some of them gave way under the fierce dash of the Confederates. They, how-



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ever, maintained their organizations, and were still fighting bravely when a portion of McClelland's division arrived to support Sherman's wavering left. General W. H. L. Wallace's veterans of Donelson were called into the action soon after it began, and did most efficient service in the gap of the line made by the rapid disorganization of the men from Prentiss' right. The ground



PICKETS ON DUTY.

gained by the initial attack gave the enemy great confidence. They charged the Federal lines again and again in the teeth of a withering fire of musketry that piled the dead and wounded in windrows. The behavior of most of the raw troops was heroic, but that of some of the officers was cowardly in the extreme. One colonel deliberately led his regiment off the field and could not be

shamed into doing his duty. In other instances shattered battalions could not be driven into line by the most gallant efforts of their officers. Before 10 A. M. it was estimated that as many as eight thousand men had straggled from the field in panic, and in agony of fright were seeking the sheltering banks of the river and the protection of the gunboats.

General Grant's first step on hearing the firing was to address an order to General Nelson, commanding Buell's advance division, then just out of Savannah, directing him to transfer his troops immediately across the river to Pittsburgh.\* He had apprehended that an attack, if made, would fall upon General Lew Wallace's division, which was covering Crump's Landing, a point some distance from the battle-field. As soon as he perceived the real point of attack orders were sent to Wallace to march his division across Snake creek and go into action on the right of Sherman. Then Grant hurried to the scene of conflict, arriving shortly after eight o'clock. By some mishap Wallace took the wrong road, was forced to countermarch after finding himself still farther away from the fray, and did not arrive in time to participate in the first day's struggle. But on the second he fought his troops so well that his blunder of the first was little more than recalled at the time. Later he was regarded as a most efficient officer.

Having rapidly despatched orders for the movement of troops toward the scene of the fighting, General Grant next directed his personal efforts to any part of the line which seemed most in need of the commander's supervision. He found the entire left driven back to positions some distance in the rear of those occupied in the morning. All attempts to turn Sherman's right flank had been repulsed with heavy loss, but the attacks along



the whole front, kept up with unrelenting vigor, had forced the line repeatedly to take up new positions nearer Pittsburgh Landing.



GENERAL SHERMAN.

While most of the Union troops fought with almost unexampled heroism against great disadvantages, that demoralizing debris that surges back from every battle-



field was increased many fold at Shiloh. What then shook new men from their duty would have passed unheeded a year later. But one who has never looked upon a mass of men with guns in their hands frightened beyond control of discipline cannot form any impression of the sight that met Grant's eyes that morning before ten o'clock, while he was trying to bring order out of chaos and reassure the panic-stricken men and turn them toward the front where their comrades were in death-struggle with the enemy. It took an iron nerve to meet the shock that must have greeted the commander's eye. Many men would have lost their heads. But Grant, cool and determined, sought the division commanders, cheered them with his apparent confidence, and directed the movement of troops without the slightest show of concern.

Words cannot describe nor fancy paint a picture of the day. As hour after hour went by the fighting was continued. The whole line was not always engaged, but some portion of it was fighting continuously. Through the open fields, in the woods and among the underbrush the combat continued relentlessly. A thicket of scrub trees was mowed down by the hail of bullets, and as charge after charge was made back and forth over the field the blue and the gray lay dead together. Probably in no battle of the war was the immediate presence of the commander so important at the front as in this engagement. Troops had to be handled quickly and shifted rapidly. Time after time Grant exposed himself to the same dangers as any subaltern officer. To his personal gallantry was due in a great measure the failure of the Confederates to win a victory on the first day. To be sure, Sherman was conspicuous for his intelligent bravery, and handled his men with such skill and spirit as to win never-dying

laurels. The other general officers were also commended for their heroism, and acts of individual courage were almost as numerous as the men who remained and fought. But in engagements such as Shiloh, where the tide starts in against a general and has to be turned, the presence and bearing of the commander is often a vital factor in determining the result. So it was in this case. In riding hither and thither over the field, many times in danger of life or limb, Grant was far more than the commander at a safe distance away directing the battle through staff officers.

The temper of the Confederate commander who operated against him can be easily gathered from the fact that he was mortally wounded while giving to a wavering brigade the encouragement of his inspiring presence when they halted upon the verge of a charge. This also is proof of the intensity of the battle from the Confederate side, showing that all the straggling was not from the Federal troops nor the easy tide of battle with their enemy.

In one of the backward moves, made necessary by the changing fortunes of the day, Prentiss did not fall back with the others, and thus his flanks were exposed. Into the gap the enemy poured a column, which, doubling up his line, enabled them to capture him and twenty-two hundred of his men. Some of the stories of the battle published at the time, which afterward came to be regarded as authentic history, state that Prentiss and his men were captured in their tents early in the morning, and this was regarded as evidence of the complete surprise of the Federal forces. In fact, he was captured at 5.30 P. M., after having gallantly borne the brunt of a most unequal engagement for nearly eleven hours.

The news that General Johnston had fallen reached

the Federal army soon after that event occurred, and its effect was perceived in the diminished violence of the charges of the enemy for the time being. The lull, however, was only the prelude to one of the most desperate and sustained attacks of the day, made late in the afternoon upon the almost disorganized left of the Federal line. It had been forced back until it rested upon the river near Pittsburgh Landing. Just at that point Colonel Webster, of Grant's staff, had posted twenty pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre. The gunboats had taken up a position where they could add the terrors of their heavy ordnance, and as the Confederates leaped the ravine and advanced on their final charge they were met by a paralyzing hail of heavy missiles which sent them reeling back to the cover of the woods and hills. This was the turning point of the battle. Although victory seemed within their grasp, they were too tired and disorganized to renew the charge. Thus ended the first day at Shiloh.

General Grant, in his description of the battle of Shiloh, published in the *Century* magazine, thus describes the situation at the close of the first day's fighting:

"Extending from the top of the bluff just south of the log-house, which stood at Pittsburgh Landing, Colonel J. D. Webster, of my staff, had arranged twenty or more pieces of artillery facing south or up the river. This line of artillery was on the crest of a hill overlooking a deep ravine opening into the Tennessee. Hurlbut, with his division intact, was on the right of this artillery, extending west and possibly a little north. McClelland came next in the general line looking more to the west. His division was complete and ready for any duty. Sherman came next, his right extending to Snake creek. His command, like the others, was complete in its or-

ganization, and ready, like its chief, for any service it might be called upon to render. All three divisions were, as a matter of course, more or less shattered and depleted in numbers from the terrible battle of the day. General W. H. L. Wallace had been mortally wounded in one of the severest clashes of the day, and his division had been thrown into disorder as much from changes of division and brigade commanders under heavy fire as from any other cause. It lost its organization, and did not now occupy a place in the line as a division. Prentiss' command was gone as a division, many of its members having been killed, wounded, or captured. But it had rendered valiant service before its final dispersal, and had contributed a good share to the defence of Shiloh."

Terribly as his army had suffered, General Grant did not yet despair of victory after a night of rest and a new day dawned. When the last Confederate charge had spent its force, he and Sherman began an earnest discussion of the situation. To his chief lieutenant he expressed a perfect confidence in final success. He stated his belief that whichever army began the attack would win. He said to Sherman that in his opinion when two forces had contended nearly to the point of exhaustion, whichever first returned to the assault secured an advantage. He recalled Donelson as an example, and then gave orders for an attack in the morning—even before he knew of the arrival of Buell's army.

It was in this memorable interview that Sherman became impressed with that sublime confidence and supreme self-reliance which were so characteristic of the quiet man who spoke with him upon the events of the day and the prospects of the morrow. It was no wonder



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GENERALS GRANT AND SHERMAN AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

that Sherman looked with amazement upon his complacency after the frightful exactions that had borne upon him since sunrise. It was no wonder. He might well marvel at Grant's seeming unconcern. It was during this very talk that Sherman imbibed an honest admiration which never ceased for the man who never thought of defeat even in the hour of extreme peril. To be sure, in almost every element of mind and character Grant was wholly unlike the hero who marched to the sea, and who on this day took his first introduction to the trials of grave responsibilities in battle.

Almost with the cessation of the Confederate attack General Lew Wallace's fresh division arrived upon the battle-field, and the division of General Nelson began to debark at Pittsburgh Landing. The arrival of Buell brought a new complication. Although Grant outranked him in fact, yet the former was in command of a department while Grant had only a district. The two officers met upon a transport at the landing. Buell listened to Grant's story of the battle, summary of its results, and plans for attacking in the morning. He shook his head grimly and pointed significantly to the thousands of panic-stricken deserters and stragglers still skulking far in the rear under the protection of the river bank. "He evidently thought we had better be planning a line of retreat," Grant subsequently said, when telling the story of this conference. Before it was concluded, however, Grant and Buell had an understanding, and the latter gave the necessary orders, and by the next day his thirty thousand fresh troops were shoulder to shoulder with the tired soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee.

Night came on, and with it a heavy rainfall which did not cease until daybreak. Grant tried to sleep in an old

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 GENERAL'S GRANT AND SHERMAN AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

house where the surgeons were caring for the wounded, but the scenes there being enacted were too much for a heart that was always touched by human suffering, hard as it may have appeared to those who only looked at the dead that received the grim summons while obeying his orders. He left the place, remarking, "the cries of the wounded are more unendurable than the fire of the enemy." Under a tree, in a driving storm and with the rain drenching him to the skin, he passed the night as uncomfortably as any common soldier in the army. Those were fearful hours of waiting and watching. On almost every hand the cries of the wounded and dying could be heard. The changing vicissitudes of the day had scattered the Union and Confederate fallen over the field in such confusion that it was impossible to distinguish between them. All night the moaning of the maimed was heard above the sound of the driving storm, which in its way was a relief, for the suffering of wounded men without water is always intense. Words cannot picture the singular and tragic scenes of that night while Grant rested under a tree, anxious for daylight, to renew the harvest of death, for his sickle had been whetted and his arms strengthened by the arrival of new reapers.

Speaking of the battle of Shiloh and this dreary night vigil General Grant long afterward said to his lifelong friend, General Quinby, "From the hour the first day's fight ceased until the end, I never had a doubt of winning, and I rested that night in that perfect confidence."

The day dawned to the music of bullets. The rainfall was subsiding, and rapid preparations were being made for another day's grapple with the stubborn enemy. The right of the line, as reorganized for the battle of April 7th, was held by General Lew Wallace's fresh division. To his left were Sherman, McClernand and



Hurlbut, the several divisions reinforced by as many of the disorganized commands of Generals W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss as could be hastily reorganized. The left of the line, filling up the gap to Lick creek, was occupied by McCook's, Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions, of Buell's army. Losses in action and through straggling had reduced Beauregard's effective force. Under



THE BATTLE OF SHILOH—SHOWING SHILOH CHURCH.

the hail of the gunboats and partly owing to the rain these had withdrawn during the night, excepting a thin advanced line, to the camps out of which the Federal forces had been driven the previous morning. To Sherman was assigned the task of retaking his position at Shiloh Church, and he did it.

The Confederate advance line, tired from the fierce struggle of the previous day, recoiled from the first blow



of the now attacking Federal forces, struck early in the morning. Their line was promptly reinforced, but they did not fight with the dash and determination which marked their onsets the day before. Many times they made fierce countercharges to retake ground from which they had been driven, but each time they were forced farther back until, one after another, the camps of the Union forces were retaken, and as the crowning work Sherman again reoccupied his position at Shiloh Church, and held it with a grasp that knew no loosening.

The second day's battle was severe at times, but no comparison to the deadly work of the first. While the Confederates fought with determination now and then, they had lost the prestige of their first success at the opening of the battle and they rushed to the onset without their usual vigor. Two or three times there were critical moments, but they were overcome without serious loss. In one of them Grant in person led one Ohio regiment and part of another in an impetuous assault upon the enemy, sharing the dangers of the humblest private soldier of the command. On the last day as the first he rode about the field giving as much attention to the movements as possible and sharing in its perils. The fight did not last all day.

Beauregard, who had slept in Sherman's quarters on Sunday night, from them issued the order to retreat at two o'clock on Monday, and then left. It was not a rout, although his forces were much demoralized. Posting Breckinridge as a rear guard, he withdrew his forces five miles beyond the line occupied by Grant before Sunday's battle. He had failed in the two objects of his campaign. Grant's army had not been driven into the Tennessee, and the dreaded junction of his army with Buell's had been accomplished.

The losses on both sides were larger in proportion to the numbers engaged than those of any battle of the war. Out of the thirty-eight thousand men of the Army of the Tennessee, just over ten thousand were killed, wounded and missing. The losses of Buell's army swelled the Federal casualties to twelve thousand two hundred and seventeen. Of the losses of the two armies seventeen hundred were killed, seven thousand four hundred and ninety-five wounded, and three thou-



GENERAL GRANT LEADING THE OHIO REGIMENT AT SHILOH.

sand and twenty-two missing. Beauregard's losses footed up, according to his own admission, ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

Beauregard's army made no attempt to halt nearer than Corinth. Out of his fifty thousand troops hurled into battle on Sunday morning, he was barely able to assemble twenty thousand when they returned to Corinth, three days later. His dead were left on the

field to be buried by the army which he had failed to destroy.

The battle decided little beyond proving the splendid fighting qualities of the contestants. Both Grant and Sherman have since declared that the only fighting of the war comparable with that of Shiloh for fierceness, determination and tenacity was that of the Wilderness.

The day after the battle Halleck arrived on the field and assumed the active conduct of subsequent operations, which resulted in a prolonged campaign of shovels and picks against Corinth.

Reports of the battle of Shiloh, which reached the North through correspondents and the reports of subordinate officers, again obscured Grant's military fame. Owing to Halleck's arrival and assumption of the command, he had not deemed it necessary to make any official report, and those of his division commanders, necessarily fragmentary and relating solely to the fighting done by their own commands, were taken as confirmatory of the impression that the army had been surprised the first day and was only saved from destructive defeat by the arrival of Buell's army on the second day. None of these Grant was ever permitted to see. The reports of General Buell and his subordinates made specific claim to the honor of having retrieved an almost hopeless disaster. Grant was said to have been drunk, his subordinates in most unwarlike ease, and undiscipline had neglected the most elementary precautions which should be observed by an invading army in the presence of an enemy.

General Buell had dwelt much upon the impression made upon him by the hopeless demoralization of the stragglers and deserters whom he had threatened to shell out of their hiding-place under the river banks when he first marched to the scene of the conflict.

There always has been and always will be more or less of controversy as to the importance of the part taken by the Army of the Ohio in the second day's fight. The fact that they lost something over two thousand men, mostly killed and wounded, is ample testimony that they took a willing hand in the engagement after they arrived. But whether Grant would have been driven into the Tennessee if they had not arrived is a problem that can never be solved. He never thought so. It ought to be glory enough for the men under Buell to know that they did what they were ordered to

do, demonstrated their soldierly quality and were in at the defeat, having a full share of the glory of success. The war lasted too long, and the men who composed Buell's



BURNING HORSES AT SHILOH

army proved their heroism on so many fields that they can well rest their reputations upon their achievements. The Army of the Tennessee demonstrated its capacity by its single-handed struggle on the first day and its fortitude on the last, and, alas, by its losses that footed up more than ten thousand in the two days. It is enough to say of it at Shiloh that an army gathered in its front for the purpose of surprise made a furious rush upon it in the gray of morning when no enemy was expected and almost overwhelmed it; that it resisted this furious attack, fighting from daylight to dark, contesting

the ground inch by inch, despite the fact that ten thousand of its comrades drifted to the rear in panic and skulked under the shelter of the river banks. The men who sustained the brunt of the fight on the first day, as the second, need no greater eulogy than the facts. Those who remained in the ranks fought with as much persistency and courage, although almost untrained in the manual of arms, as any set of men did at any period of the war.

There has been entirely too much feeling engendered by the controversies which sprang up immediately after the battle and have been kept alive ever since. Most of Buell's army claim to have saved the day by their timely arrival, and the Army of the Tennessee has retorted that had they marched as fast as they should they would have been there before the battle began. Two men rarely see things alike. Two generals are seldom similar in their methods of march and fight. It may be true that Buell was too slow. It is true that Grant's army had not fortified its position or prepared the ordinary means of defence, for they were expecting to make an offensive rather than defensive campaign. But these are small matters as compared with the general treatment of the engagement and its results.

In all the discussions that have taken place in reference to Shiloh, the personal bearing of the commander, as well as that of nearly all the generals and most of the rank and file, nothing has been written or said that can detract from their achievements or glory upon that memorable field.

It is not necessary in reviewing General Grant's career to consider any of the disputes that have arisen in relation to that battle. He won a victory there. He did not expect an attack. His army was pounced upon and

almost overthrown before he was aware of the onset. When he reached the field and found his army in confusion he wrested victory from the jaws of defeat. This effort called for exceptional powers, and in the emergency he rose to the necessities of the occasion. He deserved the thanks of his countrymen. The plain story of Shiloh can never be improved by controversies over technical points. The exalted heroism displayed upon that battlefield by both sides is the common heritage of a reunited people.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONFEDERATE VIEW OF SHILOH.

Beauregard in the West—Interview with General A. S. Johnston—The Confederate line of defence—Its weak points indicated—Johnston's gloom—Beauregard concentrated at Corinth—A badly-armed force—Johnston arrives at Corinth—He assumes command—The march to Shiloh—Tardiness of Polk—The onset delayed—Confederate dispositions for battle—The attack a total surprise—Sheridan's and Prentiss' resistance—The Federals driven back thrice—Johnston's fatal wound—The Confederates' final charge—Sleeping in the Federal camps—The second days' fight—Buell's fresh troops—The Confederate retreat.

THE concentration of Confederate troops for offensive operations against General Grant on the Tennessee was very carefully made. General Beauregard had left the Army of the Potomac with great reluctance, nearly two months before the battle of Shiloh, for the purpose of adding his experience and recognized talents to the work of reorganizing and concentrating in the West. The disaster to Zollickoffer at Mill Spring, Ky., on January 19th, and the threatening attitude of affairs generally in the western department, were the moving causes of Beauregard's transfer.

The Confederate line extending from Columbus on the Mississippi to the Big Barren in Kentucky, with Bowling Green and Columbus as the two salients, was still undisturbed when Beauregard reached General Albert Sidney Johnston's headquarters at Bowling Green on the 5th of February. Grant was threatening from the direction of Cairo, and Buell hovered with a much larger force than Johnston's in the quarter of Green River, with evident designs



against Nashville. At the time General Grant began his advance by way of the Tennessee River, the Confederate force, within easy reach by rail of the assailed points, was at least forty-one thousand men. General Beauregard at once counseled General Johnston that the Confederate line was exceedingly faulty and that Bowling Green must be abandoned so soon as Buell advanced, and that Columbus was equally exposed to a fatal attack by land and river. He, therefore, proposed that when Grant should proceed against Fort Henry, all the available Confederate force be thrown upon him so as to overwhelm him with decisive odds, and then concentrate to meet Buell offensively.

General Johnston did not consent to this, and very soon thereafter Fort Henry fell—the chance to overwhelm General Grant at Fort Donelson was lost, and, as General Beauregard had pointed out, Bowling Green and Columbus dropped by their own weight.

General Beauregard went to Jackson, in West Tennessee, in February, 1862, after having had an understanding with General Johnston that, if Donelson fell and Nashville was abandoned, the Confederate forces, under his own command, were to concentrate at some central point so as to cover the railroads from Memphis to the East and North. Those under Johnston, in Middle Tennessee, were to fall back toward Stevenson, Alabama.

As General Beauregard had forecast, Forts Henry and Donelson scarcely caused a halt to the seventeen thousand men which Grant had at first flung at these two points in the re-entering angle of the Confederate line. On February 18th, only the day after Beauregard reached Jackson, General Johnston telegraphed him: "You must now act as seems best to you. The separation of our armies is, for the present, complete."

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The same night he retreated in the direction of Murfreesboro' on the direct road to Stevenson. He halted his column at Murfreesboro' to pick up stragglers from Donelson and other points, and gather in small bodies of detached Confederate troops. The Federal army did not occupy the capital of Tennessee before the 26th, by which time General Johnston had a force of seventeen thousand men near the place where the battle of Stone River was afterwards fought.

It is difficult to describe the depression that General Grant's successes, and the reverses to General Johnston's command, produced throughout the Confederacy. They were serious blows to our cause, breeding dissatisfaction and distrust which almost overshadowed the joy occasioned by successes in the East the year before. Upon General Johnston these reverses fell with great weight, and he felt that his military career had been sorely blemished by them.

While all these things were transpiring, General Beauregard was concentrating and organizing his forces for the defense of Memphis and West Tennessee. During all the time since their separation before the fall of Donelson, he had been urging General Johnston to abandon the idea of falling back to Stevenson, and to join him in concentrating a large force at Corinth for future offensive or defensive operations. Johnston was finally led to recognize, after the fall of Nashville, that the best move for him to make was "to co-operate or unite with Beauregard for the defense of Memphis and the Mississippi River," as he wrote the Confederate Secretary of War on February 27th. A movement for the junction of the two armies was begun on February 28th, but was not completed until March 25th, lack of energy on the part of the Federal commander in that

quarter having made the tardy movement a possibility.

While General Johnston was marching toward Corinth he was contemplating a defensive rather than an offensive campaign, and was looking for a point of concentration farther south than the railroad centre to which Beauregard ultimately led him. At Decatur, on March 15th, the tendency of his mind is to be read in this despatch to General Beauregard, "Have you had the right bank of the Hatchee examined near Bolivar? I recommend it to your attention. It has, besides other advantages, that of being further from the enemy's base."

When the two generals met for the first time since the fall of Donelson, General Johnston was much cast down. Men of his exalted character and high degree of courage are most apt to feel keenly the darts of adverse criticism, and he evidently suffered deeply, but without complaint. In his first interview with General Beauregard he betrayed much emotion, and expressed his purpose to place the latter in direct command of the army thus assembled, to operate against Grant, reserving to himself only the functions of departmental commander with headquarters at or near Holly Springs, Miss.

He stated that recent events had deprived him of the confidence of the country, and he feared of the army to such an extent as to impair its moral strength if he remained in actual command of it. He felt sure that General Beauregard, who held the confidence of both, was better equipped to deal with the present emergency. Profoundly touched by General Johnston's manner and spirit, General Beauregard promptly declined to accept any such sacrifice, and urged, instead, that they should unite their best energies in striking a decisive blow at the enemy. He outlined to General

Johnston the probabilities of a very successful offensive campaign against General Grant, one in which the enthusiasm of the Southern people would be rekindled and their good will speedily recovered. General Johnston, touched by General Beauregard's manner and speech, shook him warmly by the hand, saying:

"Well, be it so, General. We two together will do our best to secure success."

The meeting was an affecting one. They parted with the understanding that they would immediately prepare for the offensive, with General Beauregard exercising the actual command of the army. Shortly after this, General Beauregard furnished me the notes for an order announcing the organization, and the fact that the troops were to be prepared for the field with the greatest possible energy.

I drew up the order which was submitted to General Johnston, who approved it as it was issued. This order designated General Johnston as the general in command, and General Beauregard as second in command. The only change made in the order from the time General Beauregard first handed it to me until it was signed by General Johnston, was that designating, at my suggestion, General Braxton Bragg as chief-of-staff. In a subsequent order I was named as the adjutant-general of the army.

Bragg's staff position was a nominal one, given only for the purpose of investing him with the right to give orders upon the field in the name of General Johnston, if necessary, as was thought expedient at the time. For the next five days after these orders were issued, General Beauregard was at work, day and night, preparing the army for a forward movement. As adjutant-general of the army thus assembled, I was specially announced chief of the department of orders, and

all communications to or from either of the corps commanders, passed through my hands. Official evidence is so abundant as to the real moving spirit of the purpose and plan of the battle of Shiloh as to render it beyond controversy.

The Confederate forces now brought together at Corinth, and in that quarter, were in full spirit for a forward movement. But all the troops that we could gather for some weeks were on the ground. Further, the isolated position of General Grant on the west bank of the Tennessee, was tempting us to give him battle there. When the sun went down on the night of April 2d, we were in as good condition to attack as we were likely to be, while the enemy was watching Buell's approach. The information came through General Cheatham, who, with a division of Polk's corps posted at Bethel, some twenty miles north on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, had been menaced by General Lew Wallace's division.

On learning this, General Beauregard promptly decided that the time had come to strike. His arguments, added to those which I adventured in an interview with General Johnston, induced that officer to agree that the necessary orders for the advance of the Confederate army at noon the next day should issue. Orders to that effect were in the hands of Bragg, Hardee and Polk, the corps commanders, by 1.40 A.M., the morning of the march. In them was specified all details as to rations, ammunition, transportation, baggage. The roads to be taken to the field, with all the details of the movement of the first day, and even manner of entering battle, were carefully explained to Generals Bragg, Polk and Hardee by General Beauregard, in the presence of General Johnston in Beauregard's own quarters, whither Johnston had gone soon after sunrise

on the morning of the 3d of April. This explanation being made, the corps commanders were told to put their respective commands in motion without delay. These explanations, I must add, followed rigidly written notes or memoranda previously dictated by Beauregard to one of his aides-de-camp, and from which I formulated the order that was published that afternoon, and which is published among the documents of the epoch.

By midday on April 3d, the Confederate armies filled the streets of Corinth in martial array, and marching order. Delay, caused by some misunderstanding on the part of General Polk—with downright tardiness on the part of others—delayed the actual start until 3 P.M. This was unfortunate for the Confederates, inasmuch as it prevented them from reaching the battle-field until Saturday, April 6th, instead of Friday, as had been expected.

On the evening of April 4th, the headquarters of Johnston, Beauregard and Bragg happened to be at Monterey, eleven miles out from Corinth. Just as General Beauregard and staff dismounted, a bare-headed young Federal major from Ohio was brought in a prisoner. He had been captured during a heavy reconnaissance, pressed forward from Bragg's advance almost into the enemy's lines, very indiscreetly, inasmuch as the success of our movement depended upon surprising our adversary. We, however, learned from him that our approach was wholly unexpected, and that no intrenchments whatever had been thrown up for the protection of the Federal encampments.

The next day the forces were so clumsily handled that Hardee's corps, which held the first of the three lines of battle into which our army was divided, was not in the position prescribed for it until about 3 P.M. General Polk also reported at about that hour that his men had

already exhausted their five days' rations. Beauregard was now forced to the conclusion, and so asserted to Johnston, that the campaign had miscarried, inasmuch as the unnecessary delay in marching twenty miles, together with the other untoward circumstances recited, excluded the hope that the enemy could be surprised; in fact, he said, by the next morning they would be intrenched to the very eyes. He therefore recommended the abandonment of the operation, and immediate return of the Confederate army to Corinth.

While admitting the force of Beauregard's views, General Johnston, still hoping to surprise the enemy, decided to venture the hazard of battle. The Confederate corps commanders, therefore, were directed to advance the next morning at dawn, and engage the enemy as early as possible, in the order and after the manner prescribed and explained in the special order of battle. The front lines of the two armies were not more than two miles apart that night, and the tattoo beaten in the Federal camps was distinctly heard by General Hardee's corps, and even at the bivouac of General Johnston. We could follow the location of the enemy's troops, and count the number of regiments, by the drumbeats at tattoo.

The Confederates were astir at 3 A. M. that eventful Sunday morning. Hastily breakfasting, they were formed in lines of battle as had been prescribed, excepting that, most fortunately for Sherman, Hardee's left flank had not been extended so as to reach Owl Creek as he had been explicitly ordered. His force numbered over nine thousand bayonets deployed in line of battle. Six hundred yards rearward was Bragg's corps of nearly eleven thousand infantry and artillery. Polk, with nine thousand one hundred and thirty-five men, was eight hundred yards yet further rearward, and after them, held in

reserve, was Breckenridge's division of six thousand four hundred and thirty-nine bayonets. The Confederates thus numbered thirty-five thousand three hundred and twenty-nine infantry and artillery, and about forty-three hundred cavalry, so poorly armed as to be of no use except to watch the flanks for any hostile approach.

A description of the ground occupied by Grant's army will be necessary to the comprehension of the occurrences and vicissitudes of the coming battle. Lick and Owl Creeks starting on a ridge dividing the watersheds of the Mississippi and Tennessee, running eastward, almost parallel, empty into the latter four miles apart. The table-land between these water courses, for a distance of five miles out from the Tennessee, is much cut up by ravines draining generally into Owl Creek, the hill tops rising in some places one hundred feet above low water in the river. A primeval forest much cumbered with undergrowth clothed the hillsides excepting where a few small farms had been cleared. Several roads traverse or cross this plateau leading toward Pittsburg Landing.

Three brigades of Sherman's division occupied the right of the Federal line, resting on Owl Creek. On their left were Prentiss's division, and still further to the left, their flank resting on Lick Creek, was Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division. To Sherman's rear, within easy supporting distance, were the veteran regiments of McClernand's division. Hurlburt's and W. H. L. Wallace's divisions completed the Federal second line with their extreme left, stretching nearly to Stuart's position. Thus, the two lines were disposed within easy supporting distance, and both flanks of the Union forces were protected by the creeks, which, at this season, were unfordable.



Neither Grant nor Sherman expected the attack which burst upon the Union army that Sunday morning, just after sunrise, as their dispatches about that time amply show. In fact, the guns at Shiloh awoke the Federal commander, who had slept at Savannah, nine miles away. When his steamer came to the landing he found the western bank of the river alive with his men who had been routed from their tents by that early morning attack. His whole front line was surprised and dislodged, and the ravines were packed with thousands of crouching fugitives.

Aside from documentary proof, it seems difficult to believe that either of the most trusted Federal generals had the faintest expectation of attack, although a hostile army, forty thousand strong, was encamped within two miles of Sherman's headquarters. The complete absence of those ordinary precautions that hedge an army in the field, forbid us from regarding that first day's battle as other than one of the most complete surprises ever inflicted upon an army. Without advanced infantry pickets or cavalry videttes, the line of brigade sentinels had barely time to discharge their guns, when the Confederate masses close at their heels entered the half roused encampments. Many officers were still asleep, while others were eating breakfast, while their arms lay scattered in disorder. The left of Hardee's line of attack only struck the left brigade of Sherman's line commanded by Hildebrand; but Prentiss's division received the first shock from flank to flank. Hildebrand's regiments swept from their encampments scattered in confusion, and were no more heard of as an organization on either day of the battle. Prentiss's division rallying was reformed on a neighboring ridge, but was forced still further back, although fighting gallantly. Sherman's right brigade, hitherto



untouched by Hardee's line, availing themselves of all advantages of ground, struggled manfully to make head against Ruggles' division of the second line, pushed into the gap on Hardee's left. The small water course in front of the Federal right added to the strength of Sherman's front, affording him a converging fire upon his assailants. Still the pressure upon him was so great that his line was giving way, and he had lost five or six guns before McClernand arrived to his support. Both were pressed steadily back until they gained foothold at cross roads in their rear, where several batteries were favorably posted. Their new position was a thickly wooded ridge, with a ravine in their front. There they stood until Ruggles, reinforced, assailed them again with such fury that they were pressed back to the new ground, this time on a line with McClernand's camps.

When Hurlburt, informed by the uproar in his front that he was needed, pressed forward his brigades, he met the broken fragments of Prentiss' command which filtered through his lines as he formed his men south of the position last taken by Sherman and McClernand. Hurlburt was assailed with great vigor, but his men maintained their position with great obstinacy despite the loss of a battery which was abandoned by his artillerymen. The Confederates here advancing in column instead of deployed, suffered severely. Meanwhile, Prentiss rallying some of his men, fought them effectively on Hurlburt's right, the two giving ground slowly under the Southern onslaught, using numerous artillery to stay the progress of their assailants. But at this time the Confederates were already in possession of their enemy's camps filled with equipage and baggage as luxurious as ever encumbered any excepting an Oriental army.

Polk, with the third Confederate battle-line was now engaged with Sherman. The latter fought stoutly, making the most of the tangled ravines that fronted each new position. He poured increasing volleys upon his assailants, more than once checking them. But gathering fury with each new onset, his steadfast assailants would not be kept at bay, and with each hour drove their enemies nearer the river. It was as late as 9 A.M. that W. H. L. Wallace's division became involved in the battle. His men, trained by C. F. Smith<sup>1</sup> and hardened by Donelson, were fought with conspicuous courage, but by noon the whole Federal line, including Stuart's brigade on the extreme right, had been driven back within a mile of the river. There the greatly intermixed commands made a stand where the remains of their artillery were massed.

The Confederates, too, had become greatly disorganized and disarranged, owing to the nature of the ravines and thickets through which they advanced. Although bent upon pressing the enemy, their attacks lacked harmonious propulsion by their corps commanders. Instead of occupying themselves with the concentration and continuous projection of their men and artillery upon the shattered Federal divisions, these officers pressed forward personally to the "perilous edge of battle," leading brigades and even regiments to the charge. They inspired them, no doubt, with their own personal conduct, but they might have been far better employed in gathering and throwing proper masses against their tottering, demoralized foe.

General Johnston had repeatedly stimulated personally the onset, especially on the extreme Confederate right, where a stubborn resistance was made by

<sup>1</sup> The accomplished instructor in tactics and soldiership of so many officers on both sides on that field. T. J.

Stuart's brigade—thus greatly exposing himself—as afterwards, when he was mortally wounded. Riding across the field at nine o'clock, aiming to join General Johnston, I came upon many Confederate troops at a halt; sometimes a regiment or battery, again a brigade and once a whole division at ordered-arms, and wholly inactive for want of any directions or supervision from their superior officers. With the aid of staff-officers who had become unable to find their respective chiefs, many such troops, by my special directions, were pressed into action where the firing was heaviest.

At this hour of the conflict, within the hollows and on the slopes and ridges of that circumscribed woodland, more than sixty thousand muskets were engaged in the dire work of carnage. The continuous rattle, roll and roar; the blaze of small arms, the hurtle, shriek of rifle projectiles through the trees, the explosion of shells, the louder discharges and reverberation of more than a hundred cannon, the hoarse, continuous cheers and shouts of the contestants, filled every nook of the forest with the varied, commingled, savage clamor of the bloodiest of modern battles. Meanwhile the sun had dissipated the fog of the early morning and shone bright and warm through the young spring foliage.

General Johnston who, in the early hours of the battle, had conducted the movements against Stuart's brigade as I have stated, at 11 A.M., turned his attention to directing Breckenridge's division. It was while thus engaged that he was mortally wounded. He had just launched Bowen's and Statham's brigades with resistless momentum against Hurlburt who, for three-quarters of an hour, had checked his progress towards the river, and succeeded in pressing him back half a mile, but, unhappily, the Confederate corps-commander

was struck with a rifle ball just below the knee. It would seem that Johnston was unconscious of the fast bleeding wound he had received, but when Governor Harris, his acting aid-de-camp, returned from delivering an order, he noticed that his chief was reeling in his saddle and about to fall from his horse. Sustaining him in his seat while leading him to the cover of a ravine, he reached a wooded, secluded hollow and lifted the now unconscious soldier to the ground, where he died without a murmur. This was at 2.40 P.M., but the event was really not known to the mass of the Confederate army until night.

Unaware, myself, of General Johnston's hurt, I reached that very quarter of the field soon after he had been struck, and found Breckenridge's division halted at ordered arms. I was there in search of troops with which to turn that portion of the Union line which Bragg had been unsuccessfully endeavoring to force back. Therefore I gave the order to General Breckenridge, in General Johnston's name, to advance, turn and capture certain batteries, the position of which I indicated by word and gesture.

General Breckenridge, clad in a dark jeans blouse and surrounded by his staff, sat upon his horse more like an equestrian statue than a living man, except for the fiery gleam that shot from his dark eyes. Through the open forest in his front, a Federal encampment, apparently unoccupied, was visible. Farther on was an open field bordered by a dense thicket. Through the camp and into the field beyond his division moved in fine order. At the center of the field a hissing stream of rifle missiles burst upon the Confederates, heaping the ground with dead and wounded. There was a momentary check. Animated by their officers, they closed up their thin ranks and moved forward pressing back the stubborn enemy.

Beauregard had meanwhile turned his attention to the

Federal center, where Wallace and Prentiss were still disputing every foot of ground. Concentrating a powerful force of artillery and infantry, the latter including battalions of stragglers, he hurled them upon Wallace's front and left the latter now exposed by McClernand's retrograde movement—bidding them to "go forward and drive the enemy into the Tennessee." Wither's brigade having forced Stuart from the position he had held so long and stoutly, now came up opportunely and fell upon Hurlburt's left flank which, to avoid being surrounded, was compelled to fall back, leaving Prentiss' left flank exposed. Wallace's men, too, were giving way; their commander having fallen mortally wounded. Some of his men, however, remained with Prentiss, who found himself enclosed on all sides. After vainly trying to extricate himself, he was, at last, obliged to surrender with about three thousand officers and men. This was at almost six o'clock.

Colonel Webster, an officer of Grant's staff and commander of an artillery regiment, observing the increasing mortal peril of his people, had gathered upon the ridge near the landing all the guns he could find, including thirty-two, twenty-four and twenty pounders manned by runaways from the front. The remains of field batteries were also gathered there until at least fifty guns were massed upon that eminence, with a field of fire sweeping all approaches to the river. The position was strong. Timber and undergrowth gave covert both for the guns and their support, while a deep ravine separated it from the table-land which it dominated. Tangled brushwood served as a natural abatis to its steep slope towards the Confederates. Behind this natural parapet, interposed so fortunately for them, the entire Federal force left after the capture of Prentiss took refuge,

with the exception of the remains of two of Sherman's brigades, which had drifted off with their general to the immediate vicinity of the bridge across Snake Creek, on the road nearly northward in its course to Crump's Landing. Not being followed, Sherman had established them there undisturbed, with his rear open to retreat, in an emergency, down the river. Meanwhile, also, or before 6 P. M., Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division had been marched up from Savannah, thrown across the river, and established as a support to Webster's admirably-disposed battery, the other supports of which were now energized by the knowledge that night, with its shield of darkness and ample succor, was at hand. At the same time, two Federal gunboats had taken a position in a bend of the Tennessee that enabled them to enfilade the front of the position, and, in fact, the whole field now in possession of the Confederates, with their heavy shot and shells, as any map of it will show. This was the situation about six o'clock. The sun, however, was disappearing, and time was not left to the Confederates to concentrate and finish decisively the work of the day. Moreover, for the most part, they had been fighting incessantly without food for twelve hours, and their empty cartridge-boxes needed replenishing.

From the character of the field, the organization of the several corps, divisions and even brigades had become so disarranged and intermixed that none of the divisions, and few if any of the brigades, confronted this last strong Federal position which stood between the Confederates and the river. However, a number of desultory uncombined offensive efforts to carry that position were essayed with unquenched bravery and no small loss in killed and wounded under the

showers of grape and canister from Webster's well-planted batteries. It was, indeed, in these disjointed charges that the greater part of the loss that day of some of the regiments engaged in them occurred. As was to be expected, such fragmentary fighting was as sterile as costly.

In the mean time, convinced of the futility of any attempt to prolong the combat after dark with troops so newly raised, fatigued and broken in their organization as he knew his to be after twelve hours of unremitting, laborious work on such a field, Beauregard had dispatched his aides-de-camp with orders to the corps commanders to withdraw their men from the fire of the Federal gun-boats, and, as far as possible, to re-establish their shattered organizations and otherwise prepare their commands for completing the victory early the next morning. When these orders reached the troops, barely time was left for them to find encampments near by before pitch darkness had come upon them, and where they slept upon their arms after breaking their prolonged fast upon the food left by their enemy.

I was, myself, at a point densely wooded, very near to the Tennessee River, when the order to retire reached the front. The large shells thrown from the gun-boats were tearing and crashing in all directions through the heavy forest at the time with a startling, rather than a dangerous, effect. Riding leisurely rearward to where I understood General Beauregard had established his headquarters near Shiloh chapel, it was my office immediately upon dismounting to write the telegraphic report to the Confederate authorities of the day's operations, including the death of General Johnston. It was a brief dispatch, yet it was dark by the time it was completed.



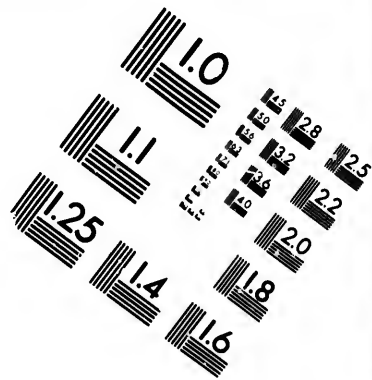
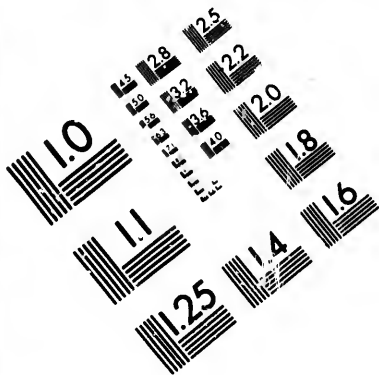
I had received on the field by a courier from Corinth, a telegram from Colonel Helm to General Johnston, to the effect that his scouts in Middle Tennessee reported that General Buell was moving toward Decatur, North Alabama, instead of upon Pittsburg Landing. This was good news at such a time, and I handed it to the General with pleasure which was not abated later on that night even when my enforced guest, General Prentiss, very confidently declared that the tables would be turned on us the next morning by the arrival of the whole of Buell's army during the night.

On the evening of the 6th, Nelson's two other brigades had crossed the Tennessee. Crittenden's division, brought up from Savannah, forcing its way through the stragglers, had established itself by midnight a mile and a half in advance of the line on Nelson's right. Lew Wallace, unable to find either of two roads to the battlefield by the thunder of a hundred cannon within six miles of him, under the dusky shadows of night reached a position to the south of Snake Creek, commanding the bridge, and fortunately for him, near where Sherman had rallied the fragments of his own and other divisions. Rousseau's brigade also reached the field before sunrise.

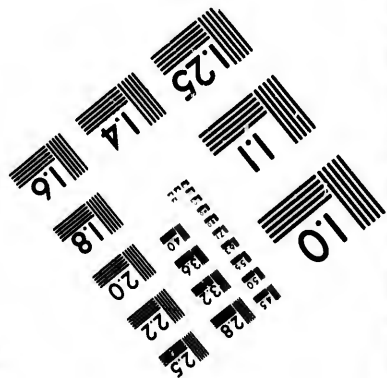
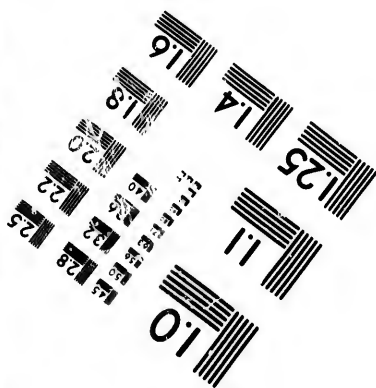
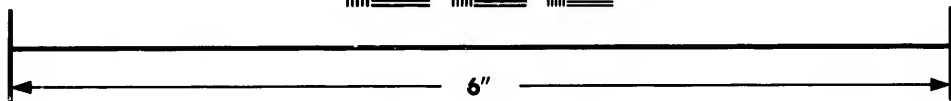
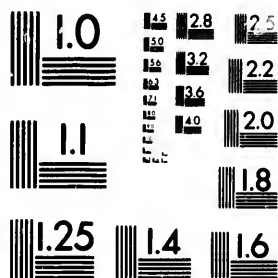
Thus twenty-five thousand fresh troops were on hand, and ready to take the field against the victors of the day before. To meet their onset the Confederates had not a man who had not fought steadfastly all the day before. Sixty-five hundred of those who entered the battle were killed and wounded. Thousands had straggled. Consequently less than twenty thousand Confederate infantry could answer to their names that morning. The men had slept here and there among the encampments, wherever they could find subsistence.







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

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Polk alone had embodied his corps in some degree, and led it at least a mile and a-half beyond Shiloh Chapel, in the direction of Corinth.

In haste to avenge the disaster of Sunday, Grant, without awaiting the arrival of Buell's other divisions, ordered the offensive to be assumed at dawn. Accordingly, not long after 5 A.M., Nelson's division boldly attacked his skirmishers, engaging with Forrest's cavalry, who fell back leisurely upon their supporting infantry, which were being formed to the rearward of the camps they had occupied at random the night before. Greatly fatigued, and almost overcome by the lassitude which follows every great exaltation, the battle sounds nevertheless produced immediate reaction, and they sprang into serried ranks with the utmost alacrity, bent upon holding what they had won.

The attacking Federal line had a front of a mile and a-half. By 8 o'clock Hardee had massed a good part of his own corps and Wither's division of Bragg's in front of Nelson, Crittenden and McCook. Hazen's brigade of Nelson's division pushed forward, carried a position and a Confederate battery. By well-timed concentration he was sent reeling back from his prey. An obstinate struggle for the mastery of this part of the field lasted until 1 P.M. Neither side gained any material advantage. In Crittenden's front, composed of his own division and several thousand of Grant's troops under McClernand, the Confederates, at first retiring for concentration, rebounded in turn as they had done upon Nelson, with as much dash and ardor as they had done the day before, and Crittenden was also borne back.

No considerable body of troops had lodged in the quarter of the field in front of the positions of Lew

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Wallace and the composite troops under Sherman and Hurlburt. Their advance, therefore, was without hindrance until they seized upon a strong wooded ridge, with their right resting on Owl Creek. Encouraged by the light resistance, they undertook the offensive, but were soon greeted by a sheet of flame and shower of bullets under which they reeled and receded, followed nearly a mile by their adversaries. Here they were reinforced by McCook and resumed the offensive. The firing, Sherman says, was the "heaviest musketry" he ever heard.

Meanwhile another brigade of McCook's had joined in the fray, and at this point nearly twenty thousand Federals were opposed to not one-half their numbers. Before such odds the impetus of the Confederate attack was abated, yet several brilliant charges were made, one of which General Beauregard himself led, carrying the battle-flag of a Louisiana regiment to gratify the men. Trabue's brigade, having carried an eminence near Owl Creek, repulsed every effort to retake it, and held the position until the final retreat was ordered.

The battle, kindled soon after daylight, had now raged from right to left more than five hours. It was now one o'clock, and the Confederates, despite the odds of fresh troops constantly arrayed against them, had not really receded from the ground upon which they had been concentrated when it became apparent the battle was upon their hands. Depleted fearfully with each hour of the combat, they were now not more than fifteen thousand strong, or ten thousand less than the fresh troops of their adversary. Yet at 2 P.M. Beauregard's headquarters were still those from which Sherman had been driven the morning before, and all his forces were nearer the river than the line first occupied by Sherman and Prentiss.

With such heavy odds in the balance as Buell's splen-

did divisions, the fortunes of the day could not much longer be doubtful. General Beauregard soon afterward ordered me to select a position in the rear, and there establish a sufficient force, including artillery, independently of those in action, to cover the retreat. Staff officers were sent to each corps commander, including General Breckenridge, with orders to retire immediately from their present positions, but ready to face about and renew the battle if followed too closely. Thus at 2 P.M. the Confederate army began to leave the field, a movement executed with the steadiness of veterans of a hundred battles.

The Union army remained in possession of the field wrenched from the Confederates by the arrival of Buell's fresh and well-trained army, but their adversary carried away thirty odd captured pieces of artillery, with more than twenty regimental and national flags and three thousand prisoners.

This Confederate story of Shiloh is contributed by General Thomas Jordan. From his position as adjutant-general of the combined forces operating against General Grant, it should be high authority. It is a clear account of the two days' fighting from the Southern view. This officer was so placed as to be thoroughly cognizant of everything which bore on the Confederate fortunes of the struggle, and his narrative is a very interesting one.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FROM SHILOH TO CORINTH.

Shiloh's lessons—Politics in war—Halleck assumes immediate command—Three armies concentrated—One hundred and twenty thousand men—Campaign of picks and shovels—Six weeks moving fifteen miles—The invaders awaiting attack—Corinth evacuated without a struggle—Quaker guns—The enemy tardily pursued—Disgust of the army—Buell sent to Chattanooga—Pope takes command of the Army of the Potomac—Grant left at Corinth—The battles of Iuka and Corinth—Holding his own against Van Dorn and Price—Influence regained.

THE victory at Shiloh was of very great moment to the nation. It gave notice to both North and South that the civil strife was to be something more than a dress parade. It was notice to those who wore the blue and to the country behind them, that they had entered upon a contest in which they were to meet men thoroughly saturated with anger, and a people back of them prepared to make any sacrifice. It was also the first notice of importance given to those who wore the gray of the unyielding stubbornness and dauntless courage of the Northern men in battle. In other words it was the first test of fortitude and endurance between men of a common nationality which aroused both sides to the fact that men of equal prowess were on either side. This awakening was a rude shock to both contestants, but especially to the South, and the result at Shiloh was a source of immense discouragement to the Confederates. They had rallied all the troops they could gather in the West, and brought two of their most conspicuous generals to lead them. Men in citizens' dress hastened from the large cities to fight. The army so created and perfectly confident, marched from Corinth, intending to

overwhelm Grant before Buell could make a junction with him. The Confederates had been led to believe that this would be comparatively an easy matter, and when the battle opened they had no thought but that before night they would drive Grant's entire army into the Tennessee. The failure to do so taught them a severe but useful lesson, which had a most depressing effect, not only in the West and Southwest, but at Richmond and throughout the Confederacy.

Shiloh, fought by Beauregard for the protection of Corinth, the centre of the second line of defenses projected by the Confederate generals, practically gave them a two months' respite from the hazards of battle. The story of that conflict spread so slowly through the North that it was weeks before it became assuredly known that a great victory had been won, and not a great defeat sustained. Every soldier in his home correspondence described the battle as he saw it in the narrow scope in which he fought. Such tales of desperate encounters, bloody repulses, flying regiments and batteries, and panic-stricken men, amplified by the damaging gossip of the camps, finding acceptance in local newspapers, came to be regarded as the authentic history of the dreadful struggle.

The people had not yet learned that a private soldier, a subaltern officer, or even a brigade-commander saw little and knew less of a great engagement. The testimony that they might furnish, or any opinions they might give in relation to movements of which they were technically ignorant, was accepted by the loved ones at home as true, and retailed to the neighbors. In many instances, this misleading gossip was well-meant, but in the case of many officers it was malicious. For in all armed contests, where new levies are called from

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the ranks of citizenship to do battle, ambitious men with strong home influences are constantly pushing themselves and their opinions upon every important happening of the camp. In the late civil war this was true in a greater degree than in any other ever waged. We had been long at peace. The average intelligence of our army was high, and often a man in the ranks cut a wider swath at home than the officer who commanded him. Many of the volunteers did not at first take kindly to the rigors of military discipline. Politics played its part in the influences which surrounded military movements, and the schooling of West Point was not popular, either at home or in the army. Thus it was that the President was besought to permanently relieve Grant from command and substitute some such man as McClernand, who had some military capacity, plenty of personal bravery, but more vanity. Even Grant's immediate superiors, although in a position to know the facts, joined in the popular clamor, and on the day after Shiloh, Halleck himself started for Pittsburg Landing to assume command of Grant's and Buell's united armies.

Grant had not sat down idly after the battle. Although his men had been too tired and his battalions too shattered to make any effective pursuit at the moment, he had sent an expedition under Sherman, accompanied by gunboats, up the river to Eastport, which destroyed the railroad bridge over Big Bear Creek, thus severing direct communications between Corinth and Richmond. This successful expedition had not returned when Halleck arrived, and proceeded to place General Grant in a most annoying position of semi-disgrace. He was nominally second in command, but with so slight control even over his own divisions, that during the next two months he had little to do except condense reports and sign the

certificates of soldiers discharged for disability. His division commanders frequently received orders direct from Halleck, without the courtesy of informing him. His position was generally regarded as one of disgrace, but he bore the injustice of his superiors and the slight respect of his inferiors with calm patience, working with the single purpose of doing his best, and leaving the result and his own justification to time.

Halleck's first step was to employ the resources of his department in assembling an overwhelming army. General John Pope having won some successes in operations against fortified positions on the Mississippi, was summoned to join the armies on the Tennessee. The concentrated forces, now christened the "Grand Army of the Tennessee," swelled to nearly one hundred and twenty thousand men, was divided into corps, commanded by Thomas, Pope, Buell and McClelland. The first and the last named were nominally under Grant's immediate command, but their corps occupying respectively the right and reserve of the investing forces, frequently received orders and made movements of which he knew nothing.

It is easy to recall the gossip of the camp in relation to Grant when Pope's army arrived. The most exaggerated stories were afloat in relation to his past and present; but to the humblest soldier it was well known that Grant was resting under a cloud, without the confidence of his superiors or the proper respect from his subordinate generals. While recalling these facts, a still stronger disgust for General Halleck's dilatory operations is remembered as a significant part of the prevailing sentiment in that whole army. Could the soldiers have chosen, they would much have preferred to have gone on with offensive operations under Grant, even after all the

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humiliation that was put upon him, than to have wasted weeks in idleness under Halleck.

The campaign of picks and shovels which Halleck inaugurated, after having put the timid heel of his power upon Grant, lasted for six weeks, and he doubtless lost more men by disease while he spaded his way than would have been killed by bullets in a direct assault upon the enemy. Every knoll and ravine along the fifteen miles, which brought them opposite the defenses of Corinth, was dotted with graves.

The strategic value of Corinth to its defenders was derived from its position as the crossing point of the Mobile and Ohio and Memphis and Charleston railroads. The village, of a few hundred inhabitants, lay upon a low plain, but almost surrounded by ridges heavily timbered, and approached through the ravines of valley-streams and marshes. Every point of vantage had been fortified with all the engineering skill for which Beauregard was famous, and heavy ordnance was mounted in redoubts, covering every road.

Between April 22d, when Halleck's grand army of over one hundred thousand men, resumed its advance, and May 8th it had moved forward nine miles. This phenomenal tardiness was measured or brought about by no activity of his enemy. Three days after Shiloh even the command of Breckenridge, which had covered the retreat of the shattered army, was behind the defenses of Corinth, and only a few scattered parties of cavalry had been left to observe the victorious Unionists, whose failure to pursue, the Confederate general could hardly comprehend.

Day after day the invading army, after a forward movement of a few hundred yards, went into camp, and dropping muskets for spades, spent the remainder of the

day throwing up great lines of breastwork or digging elaborate rifle pits. The timidity of the commander happily was never shared by the men, who grumbled their dissatisfaction at being made an army of ditchers to dig out an enemy, which even exaggerated reports did not estimate at more than half their own number. Still they dug on, burying by the roadside comrades falling hourly under the deadly breath of fever. Spoiling for a grapple with the enemy, whose mettle they had tested, the schooling of six months of active warfare had made them too good soldiers to be disheartened even by what seemed to them cowardice in command.

The only clashes of arms which rose to the dignity of combats took place at Farmington on May 9th, and at Russel's house on the extreme right of the line of investment on May 27th. General Pope, commanding the left of the Union army, had pressed far inside the general line of advance, and driven out Marmaduke and four thousand Confederates left to defend Farmington. The place was of no great advantage to either the besiegers or besieged, and Halleck ordered the withdrawal of a brigade of Pope's which had been posted in the village. Before they could be withdrawn the enemy massed a heavy force, and made a desperate attempt not only to drive it out of its position, but began a movement in its rear looking to its capture. After a brisk engagement, the brigade was retired with insignificant loss.

The action at Russel's house was a brilliant and successful effort by General Sherman to effect a lodgment nearer the enemy's lines, and to drive a brigade of Confederates out of a log-house, from which they were able to fire in any direction and seriously annoy the investing army.

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Sherman, under cover of a knoll, approached undiscovered, and by a gallant charge drove the Confederates out and pursued them closely half a mile beyond, inflicting heavy loss, while sustaining very little damage themselves. Neither of these actions had evoked from the enemy any show of purpose to oppose the siege by counter offensive movements.

On the night of May 28th, the whistling of locomotives along the railroads and continuous cheering by the Confederates convinced General Pope that the enemy was receiving heavy reinforcements and meditated an attack upon his front. His report to General Halleck was followed by an order, dated May 30th, in which Halleck announced: "There is every indication that the enemy will attack our left this morning," and issued instructions to the reserves to be ready to support that end of the line. While his magnificent army was drawn up waiting for the threatened attack, the early dawn opened upon columns of smoke ascending from the quarters lately occupied by the Confederates, and explosions of ammunition warned the Federal general that the stronghold was being hastily evacuated. Orders were given to advance and feel the enemy, which movement resulted in discovering that Beauregard was retreating with all speed southward, leaving only a few cavalry as a rear guard to observe any possible movements in pursuit. Beauregard, as orders discovered amply attested, had been making preparations for the retrograde movement since May 9th, and had only made a show of defending Corinth, while he prepared a strong position further south to constitute his third line of defense and withdraw the invading army still further from its base of supplies. Wooden guns were found mounted on many of the supposed strong fortifications, and one of the most magnifi-

cent of armies, half disheartened and still more disgusted, walked in and took possession. Nearly two months had been consumed in this defensive sort of campaign just at the season of the year when that southern country, its roads and waters, were at their very best for military operations. Nothing except the capture of a few wooden guns, and the occupation of a place that might have been taken at any time before, had been accomplished.

A small Federal force, sent in pursuit of the retreating army, followed as far as Tuscumbia Bridge, which had been burned. An effort was indeed made to pursue in force. Nearly seventy thousand men, under Pope and Buell, followed out of sight of the weak rear guard, moving as leisurely as possible in the direction of Booneville. Although they found the route of the retreating army strewn with arms, accoutrements, damaged caissons and other evidences of a demoralized force, their march of thirty miles in two days did not bring them near enough the enemy to exchange picket shots. Beauregard had escaped unhurt from an army of twice the size of his own.

During an early portion of the investment, General Grant, becoming satisfied that the fortifications in front of Sherman and Thomas were defective, suggested an assault to General Halleck. The commanding general responded so tartly, intimating that Grant had better reserve his opinions until they were asked for, that the latter did not again obtrude his advice. After the evacuation he rode through the Confederate fortifications at the point he had deemed exposed, and found his opinions amply sustained. If an attack had been made according to his suggestion no doubt was left in his mind that it would have been successful and the long, harass-

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ing and deadly campaign in the Mississippi bottoms about Vicksburg would have been avoided by the destruction of the Confederate army right there at Corinth.

Grant had remained under a cloud during all these operations, and, although he bore the ordeal with uncomplaining patience, there is no doubt that he contemplated asking at least present relief, if not retirement from the army. General Sherman, in his memoirs, relates this circumstance, confirmatory of the fact that such was Grant's purpose. "A short time before leaving Corinth I rode from my camp to General Halleck's headquarters, then in tents just outside of the town. He mentioned to me, casually, that Grant was going away next morning. I inquired the cause, and he said that he did not know, but that Grant had applied for a thirty days leave, which had been given him. Of course we all knew that he was chafing under the slights of his anomalous position, and I determined to see him on my way back. His camp was a short distance off the Monterey road, in the woods, and consisted of four or five tents, with a sapling railing in front. As I rode up Majors Rawlins, Lagow and Hillyer were in front of the camp and piled up near them were the usual office and camp chests all ready for a start in the morning. I was shown to the General's tent, where I found him seated on a camp-stool, with papers on a rude camp-table, assorting letters. I asked him if it were true that he was going away. He said 'yes.' I asked the reason, and he said: 'Sherman, you know. You know that I am in the way here. I have stood it as long as I can, and can endure it no longer.' I inquired where he was going, and he said 'St. Louis.' I asked him if he had any business there, and he replied 'not a bit.' I then begged him to stay, illustrating his case by my own. Before the battle



of Shiloh I had been cast down by a mere newspaper assertion of 'crazy;' but that a single battle had given me new life, and now I was in high feather. I argued with him that if he went away events would go right along and he would be left out, whereas if he remained some happy accident might restore him to favor and his true place. He certainly appreciated my friendly advice and promised to wait a while, at all events not to go without communicating with me. Soon after I received a note from him saying he had reconsidered his intentions and would remain. In my reply to his note I wrote 'I am rejoiced at your conclusion to remain, for you could not be quiet at home a week with the armies moving, and rest could not relieve your mind of the gnawing sensation that injustice had been done you.'" The admiration for, confidence and loyalty to each other of Grant and his great lieutenant form one of the most touching and uncommon incidents of this or any other great contest.

Fort Pillow was evacuated and Memphis was abandoned by the Confederates as the result of a great naval engagement on the Mississippi very soon after Beauregard had been dug out of Corinth. It was June 10th when the fruitless pursuit of the retreating Confederate army was abandoned and Halleck sat down and scattered the great army gathered to no purpose. Buell, with a battle line seventy thousand strong, was sent towards Chattanooga, but Bragg got there first although he started last. Sherman was ordered to Memphis. Pope very soon after was transferred to the Eastern army, and Grant, with little more than a shadow of his old army, was left nominally in command of the District of West Tennessee.

Even after Beauregard had escaped from Corinth, Halleck was left with an army large enough to have overrun

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the Mississippi Valley and to have crushed any force that could have been brought against him. It was also in splendid trim for the capture of Vicksburg, whose fortifications, incomplete at that time, would have attracted the attention of any general who had confidence in himself and any considerable number of troops behind him. Any one of half a dozen movements that frequently suggested themselves to General Grant could have been successfully made, to the great benefit of the Union cause, by that splendid array of men Halleck had gathered and equipped, only to move about with such caution as would have befitted the commander of a brigade in the presence of an overwhelming force of the enemy. But none of them were undertaken, and, fooled by the Confederates at Corinth, the army was broken up and began a series of minor campaigns which were comparatively fruitless, as measured by what might have been done.

Looking back at the condition of affairs in the Mississippi valley after the evacuation of Corinth, it is easy to see how many thousand lives and how much difficulty might have been saved had a man been in command of the army at that time who believed in offensive rather than defensive movements, and would have followed up the advantages which the battle of Shiloh and the concentration of troops afterwards placed in his hands. The occupation of Corinth interrupted Confederate communications, and that was all. It never presented another advantage, and not long after was handed over to a small force, and the larger operations further South were begun. The whole of June and a part of July were frittered away by Halleck, and then he was appointed General-in-chief of the armies and summoned to Washington. In making his preparations for leaving, he took no account of General Grant. He offered the command

of the Army of the Tennessee to Colonel Robert Allen, then a quartermaster on his staff, and only left Grant in command of it because Allen declined the promotion.

General Allen himself, in July, 1866, writes this account of the tender: "I had joined General Halleck a short time subsequent to the fall of Corinth and was attached to his immediate command, when he received his appointment of General-in-chief, with orders to repair at once to Washington. Shortly after he came to my tent. After a somewhat protracted conversation, he turned to me and said, 'Now what can I do for you?' I replied that I did not know he could do anything. 'Yes,' he rejoined, 'I can give you command of this army.' I replied, 'I have not rank.' 'That,' he said, 'can be easily obtained.' I do not remember exactly what my reply was to this, but it was to the effect that I doubted the expediency of such a measure, identified as I was with the enormous business and expenditures of the quartermaster's department, from which it was almost impracticable to relieve me at this time. Other reasons were mentioned, and he did not press the subject. It is true that I was congratulated on the prospect of succeeding to the command, before I had mentioned the subject of this interview."

When Halleck could not succeed in placing a still broader indignity upon Grant, he directed him to make his headquarters at Corinth, and then left for Washington. Here Grant remained for two months simply watching the enemy, keeping open his communications with Sherman at Memphis and defending the railroads which run in various directions from this strategic point. Sherman was not under his command, but received his orders direct from Halleck. Probably no officer of the army ever performed more harassing and thankless duty

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than Grant did at this period. He was forced to act upon the defensive, which, to a man of his ideas of offensive warfare, must have been particularly annoying. The Confederate force menacing him was fully equal to his own in numbers, and they were constantly threatening Corinth, Bolivar and Jackson, Tenn. He concentrated all the forces he could spare from guarding the railroads and rivers in his department in these three places, then remodeled and strengthened the works about Corinth.

While all this was going on, Halleck was having plenty of difficulties in the East and Buell was doing no better in the West with his magnificent army. One general officer after another was failing to do anything significant, and there was great despondency throughout the country. Grant's army had been weakened to re-enforce Buell, and in the wide theatre of defeat and retreat, Grant was almost forgotten in Corinth, and practically left to shift for himself.

Pope had lost the second Bull Run, and the Confederates were threatening to invade Maryland, while Bragg and Buell were on a neck and neck race to see which would reach the Ohio first. Menaced on all sides, short of troops, forced to a sleepless anxiety that would have made most men petulant, Grant watched and manoeuvred his slender forces without a murmur and without making the never ending demand of most generals for more men. With an ever vigilant eye for operations in the field and while sorely perplexed, he discovered that Van Dorn was sending a part of his command under Price to re-enforce Bragg in Kentucky. He immediately notified Halleck of this movement and also of his intention to prevent it. He encouraged his chief, who seemed depressed by the information, with the

declaration that he could successfully resist any force that could be brought against him.

Perhaps at no time of Grant's life did he show to better advantage than in this campaign while in Corinth practically ignored. Whatever he did or said was lost sight of in the greater movements being made by Buell in the West and Pope and McClellan in the East. Yet, knowing that he held any command only by sufferance, he uncomplainingly maintained his position and was constantly on the lookout for the enemy in his department, so far as they might affect the general operations of the armies. He was loyal to Halleck, although suffering an injustice at his hands to which few men have ever been subjected.

The battle of Iuka was the result of this movement of Price toward Bragg. Grant sent Rosecrans from his position a few miles south of Corinth, and Ord from Bolivar and Jackson, with the expectation of uniting the two forces and destroying Price before Van Dorn could attack Corinth, if he should attempt to do so.

There was some delay in Rosecrans' march. He did not reach the vicinity of the enemy until September 19th, and then was struck unawares some two miles from Iuka where he lost a battery and some seven hundred men in killed and wounded. The wind blowing hard had prevented Ord from hearing Rosecrans' guns on the south, which was to be his signal for attack on the north. So darkness came on leaving Rosecrans holding his own after a most stubborn resistance, and ready to renew the battle in the morning, with Ord fully apprised and prepared to strike at dawn. Price finding himself between two fires, by Grant's plan of battle, began a precipitate retreat during the night, and when Grant reached Iuka next morning at 9 o'clock Price was so far away that he could

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not be overtaken. The battle of Iuka, therefore, was without other result than a Confederate loss of fourteen hundred and the disturbance of Van Dorn's plans to reinforce Bragg. Nevertheless it was a gallant fight, in which Rosecrans handled his troops with great skill and bravery. After this engagement Grant moved his headquarters to Jackson, where he could watch the operations in his department with greater facility. Rosecrans occupied Corinth and Ord Bolivar. Troops were still being taken from Grant and sent to other generals, but he did not complain, for on October 1st, he wired Halleck, "My position is precarious, but I hope to get out of it all right."

About this time Grant discovered by the enemy's movements that he was about to attack some one of the many points he had to defend, and on October 2d a large Confederate force under Van Dorn appeared in front of Corinth. Rosecrans moved out to meet the approaching force, and on the third they had a severe battle and he was driven back to his defences. Grant's work on these fortifications was now appreciated at its full value, for on the morning of the fourth, when Van Dorn attacked with the prestige of success on the first day, the fighting became furious. The forts were the important obstacles that prevented the Confederates from capturing that important strategic point, the railroad centre of all that region. The morning of the fourth opened with Price conducting operations on the right center. Van Dorn commanded the assault upon our left. The Confederate attack was fierce and determined, but the Federal resistance was resolute beyond description. As the assailants moved forward to the attack the light and heavy artillery mowed them down with grape and canister. Staggered and torn, the fury of the assault was broken for the moment, but the lull was only the

prelude to the greater storm. Closing up and steadying themselves, they start for the last and most determined charge. The double-shotted guns poured down upon them a shower of deadly missiles, and at an opportune moment the cry of "charge! men," rang out above the din of the horrid strife. The Federals swarm over their works and chase the heroic stormers, in confusion, to the woods. Many were killed and still more were taken prisoners, but the battle of Corinth was practically over. In the midst of the contest McPherson came up with a brigade, and by a brilliant movement marched from Van Dorn's rear to Rosecrans' right, but the battle was fairly won before he arrived. At 11 o'clock the Confederates were in full retreat with a loss of more than five thousand men.

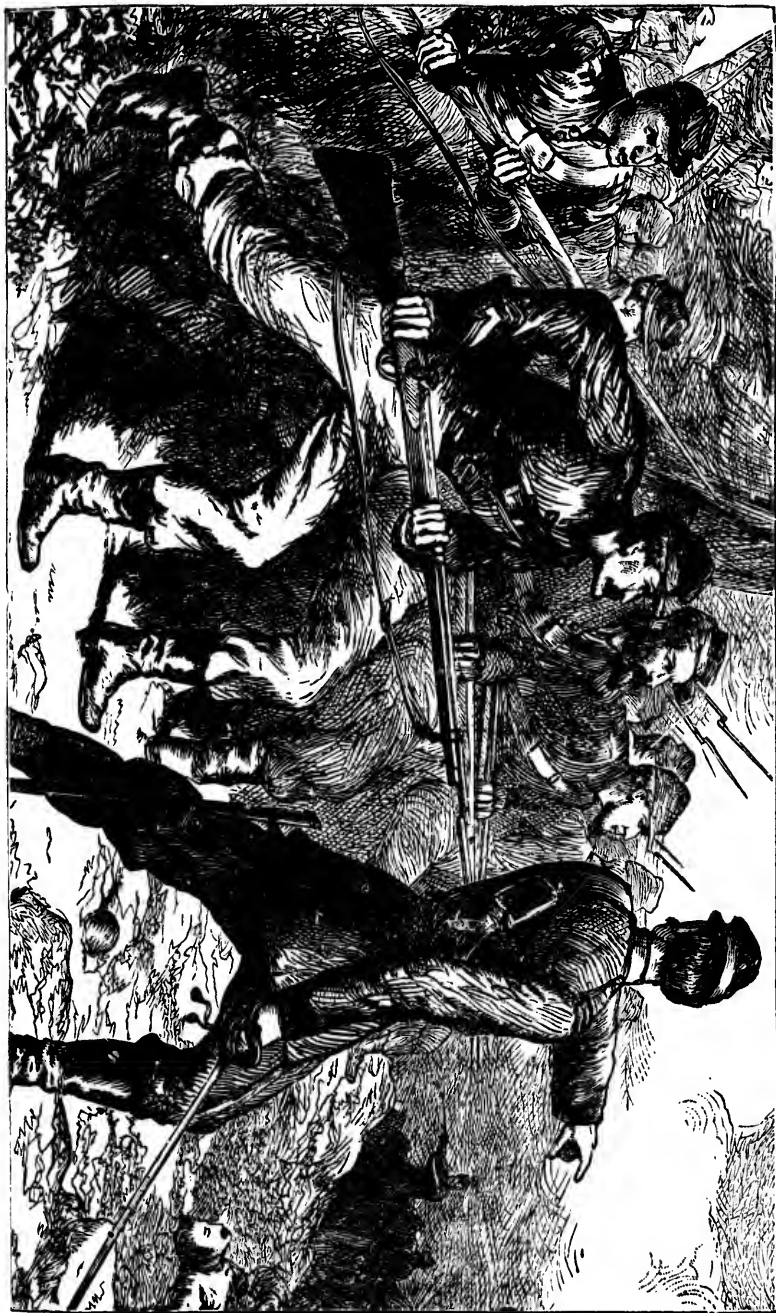
About ten miles from Corinth, on the morning of the 5th while crossing the Hatchie, the retreating force was struck on the flank by Hurlburt and Ord and the victory was made complete. While Grant was not in actual command on the field at either Iuka or Corinth, he yet directed the movement of the troops. He was also the spirit and purpose of the campaign that broke the only hostile force in his department, prevented the reinforcement of Bragg and gave better tone to the general feeling which was very much depressed by defeats elsewhere. Yet he was given no great credit for what he had done, but Halleck seems to have been aroused to a degree of respect for the good work, and soon thereafter began sending him reinforcements. This gave him better heart. The cloud that had hung over him so long was in a measure dispelled. Rosecrans was made a major-general and sent away to command the army of the Cumberland, and before October 1st, Grant, ever watchful for a good place to strike, suggested to Halleck the capture of Vicksburg, and, let loose, he again began the real business of war.

CHARGE OF THE FEDERALS AT CORINTH.





CHARGE OF THE FEDERALISTS AT CORINTH.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### MOVING TOWARD VICKSBURG.

Pemberton confronting Grant—Campaigning at a distance—Grant moving down the Mississippi Central—McClelland's ambitious schemes—Moving toward the Tallahatchie—"I can handle them without gloves"—Holly Springs taken—Hovey's successful diversion—Abbeville evacuated—Within eighteen miles of Grenada—Grant's communications cut—Murphy's cowardly surrender—Living on the enemy—The campaign defeated—Grant's only retreat.

It took a good deal of tough grubbing before Grant reached a substantial foothold. His innate modesty of demeanor and repugnance to self-assertion made his superiors undervalue his talents. The treatment he received at the hands of those above him bred in the officers below him a feeling of slight respect. They were taught to look upon him as a dull, good-natured man, who had blundered into one or two successes, but was of no particular consequence. Therefore, neither those below nor above him paid any particular attention to his opinions, and treated him as a man to be tolerated but not to be feared. Perhaps this may have been the natural consequence of the entire absence in him of those ostentatious qualities of mind and manner that have been conspicuous in every other great soldier since the world began. It was up-hill business for him to demonstrate that the highest gifts of military act and control would fit the simple character of an unassuming citizen. More pretentious generals, with far less ability, crowded over the man who was, in his own homely way, to teach military scientists that the rules of war as taught in the books could, nearly every day, be violated with success. It is true that more pretentious men, without



a title of his ability, did crowd over him while he was making these things manifest. But in time effort brought success, and he forced all to recognize the high value of common sense in the conduct of military operations, until at last he leaped far over the trained theorists—men “whose mitered brains could not teach and would not learn.”

The Shiloh campaign ended with the battle by which Van Dorn was defeated in his efforts to drive Rosecrans out of Corinth. Then, as he began to get reinforcements, Grant devised the campaign in to the interior of Mississippi, with Vicksburg as the goal of his efforts. Pemberton had succeeded Van Dorn in command of the opposing forces, and was gathering all the men he could on the Tallahatchie, at a point beyond Holly Springs, Mississippi.

The Federal commander's general design was to operate upon the line of the Mississippi Central Railroad, as far south as Grenada and Jackson, from which point he could menace the rear of Vicksburg and compel its evacuation.

On October 25th, 1862, after Pope's Second Bull Run and McClellan's victory at Antietam, Grant assumed command of the Department of the Tennessee, which included all that country south of Cairo and between the Mississippi and the Tennessee Rivers, as well as the State of Mississippi. The very next day he proposed to begin business by suggesting to Halleck the destruction of the railroads centering at Corinth, and abandoning the place for a movement down the Mississippi Central Railroad. In closing this proposition to the General-in-Chief, he evinced his singleness of purpose in its conclusion. “I am ready, however, to do with all my might whatever you may direct, without criticism.” Receiving no answer

from Halleck he began the proposed movement, and on November 2d telegraphed him from Jackson, "I have commenced a movement on Grand Junction with three divisions from Corinth and two from Bolivar."

Pemberton's advance was at this time as far north as Lagrange and Grand Junction, and stretched south to his fortified position on the Tallahatchie. After Grant had started, Halleck gave qualified approval of his plans just as he had seized La Grange and Grand Junction. He, however, was compelled to retain his hold on Corinth and like points, inasmuch as the General-in-Chief had not given permission to abandon them. On the 8th Grant countermanded his order to Sherman for a demonstration from Memphis, which had been a feature in his plan of co-operation, because, as he notified his lieutenant, he felt "able to handle without gloves" the thirty thousand of the enemy, whom he had discovered in front of him.

As all this was transpiring new complications were festering at Washington. McClernand, who from the beginning of his campaign under Grant at Belmont had been restive under discipline, and clamorous for promotion, was now in Washington seeking to supplant Grant in the command of the Army of the Tennessee. He had been a member of Congress before entering the army, was a personal friend of Lincoln and possessed large influence in the West. He so impressed himself upon the President that he obtained authority from him to raise troops for an independent expedition, designed to open the Mississippi river and capture Vicksburg. Halleck, who was a thorough soldier, made a stand against McClernand's assumptions and was now for the first time since his first relations with Grant, thoroughly aroused to his support. He took positive ground against any such inde-

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pendent movement in Grant's department, but was overruled by the President, and McClernand left Washington for the West in high feather.

Grant knew nothing of all this, and was preparing to drive the enemy south of the Tallahatchie. He was expecting reinforcements, and on the 9th telegraphed Halleck, "If they do not come in more rapidly I will attack as I am." The next day he wired again, "Am I to understand that I lie here still, while an expedition is fitted out from Memphis? Or do you want me to push as far south as possible? Am I to have Sherman subject to my orders, or is he and his force reserved for some special service?" Halleck now stirred by the fear of McClernand's success with the President rises to the occasion and telegraphs Grant, "You have command of all troops sent to your Department, and have permission to fight the enemy when you please." This was on the 12th, and on the 13th his cavalry entered Holly Springs, and the enemy was driven south of the Tallahatchie. In his relief and satisfaction at being released and given authority to command his department as he pleased he telegraphed Sherman, "I have now complete control of my department." In the same telegram he directs Sherman to move south toward the Tallahatchie to co-operate with him and shows his purpose by adding, "I am exceedingly anxious to do something before the roads get bad, and before the enemy can entrench and reinforce."

On November 29th, Grant's cavalry entered Holly Springs, his move thither having met no opposition worth recording. Sherman, with three divisions from Memphis, had already reached the Tallahatchie at Wyatt, and Grant telegraphed Halleck, "Our troops will be in Abbeville to-morrow or a battle will be fought." At this time Pemberton's army occupied a strongly

fortified position near that place, and the Union commander had projected a flanking movement by which he hoped to drive out the Confederates without the loss of life that a direct assault would entail. As part of this general plan a division from Helena, Arkansas, had been ordered to operate against the Mississippi Central in Pemberton's rear. Generals Hovey and Washburne, who commanded this expedition, succeeded so well that, although the damage they did to the railroad was but slight, nevertheless, Pemberton hastily abandoned his strong position and took up another behind the Yallahusha river, some miles further south. Owing to the condition of the roads the forces in pursuit of his retiring column only got near enough to him to bring on some unimportant skirmishes.

Grant had now penetrated far into the hostile territory, and supplies for his army had to be brought over the single line of railroad which he repaired and reconstructed as he advanced. This necessarily made his movements slow, but, on December 3d, he informed Admiral Porter, "Our move has been successful so far as compelling the evacuation of the Mississippi Central road as far as Grenada." Pemberton hitherto had employed Fabian tactics, and never made a stand that seriously detained the Union army.

Grenada, although one of the objective points of the campaign, was not reached by Grant. His education had not attained the point of subsisting his army upon the country through which he marched. Although he had long contemplated this as a most efficient means of weakening the enemy, he had not yet become convinced that foragers could be made entirely satisfactory substitutes for commissaries. Moreover, political considerations forbade such despoiling of non-combatants. Al-

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though all the natives, save the negroes, were bitterly hostile, there was still much of the sentiment that would treat all, save those found with arms in their hands, as erring brethren whom it would be the height of cruelty to despoil of their meal and bacon excepting under the most urgent military necessity. Just this exigence arose and altered the face of the campaign.

Pemberton's flying army had been pursued from Abbeville as far as Oxford in spite of the terrible roads, and on December 5th the Union cavalry were only eighteen miles from Grenada. A movement down the river against Vicksburg by the forces of Sherman and those at Helena, Arkansas, he thought, must result in success if he could press closely enough upon Pemberton to prevent him from reinforcing that stronghold. He therefore wired Halleck, "How far South would you like me to go? Would it not be well to hold the enemy south of the Yallabusha and move a force from Helena and Memphis on Vicksburg? With my present force it would not be prudent to go beyond Grenada and attempt to hold present line of communication."

Halleck gave his consent, and Sherman's three divisions were sent back to Memphis with all speed, to embark there for the mouth of the Yazoo, which had been selected as the base of his operations against the great Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi. At Helena the expedition was reinforced by the troops there posted, and an army of forty thousand men under command of General Sherman was ready for its winter campaign in the Mississippi bottoms. Grant had hoped that while he held Pemberton pinned in his front near Grenada, Sherman's army would be able to take Vicksburg in the rear and capture it without difficulty. If foiled in this by any misadventure he could at least establish some base upon

the Yazoo, from which the army campaigning in the interior could be supplied to better advantage than was offered by the long line of the Mississippi Central Railroad. Moreover, New Orleans had fallen, and Halleck had promised that an army under Banks moving thence up the river, should co-operate in the complete conquest of the States adjacent and destruction of the Confederate forces defending them.

Even as late as December 14th, Grant felt confident that his part of the grand operations would be crowned with success. Pemberton's men, harassed in flanks and front by the Union cavalry, were still on the run. His last retreat, however, had been brought about by Hovey and Washburn's raid on his communications and base at Grenada. As soon as he felt satisfied that their forces had returned to Helena he regained confidence, and devised operations against Grant's rear and communications, which were crowned with success through the cowardice of a Federal colonel, R. C. Murphy. After every advance, Grant had left adequate forces to protect the railroad upon which he depended for supplies.

Murphy was in command of the force which garrisoned Holly Springs. On the morning of December 20th, a strong force of Confederates swooped down upon the town, and Murphy surrendered without an effort to defend his trust. The place was important, because Grant had made it a secondary depot, and had gathered there large quantities of commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance stores. Every other point on the line of communications was defended with success, but Murphy's cowardice defeated the object of the campaign.

A wholly new complication confronted the Federal commander. He had really been provisioning his army



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from Holly Springs, and the new problem of living on the country had to be solved at once. Fortunately, he was in a populous district that had hitherto been spared the waste of war. He could read the importance of the blow in the eyes of the Mississippi gentlewomen who hitherto glowering and sulking in distant reserve now crowded around his headquarters and the cantonments of



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR VICKSBURG.

his troops to gloat over his speedy retreat which they deemed assured.

"How will you feed your troops now?" they asked with ill-concealed triumph.

"My troops will not want as long as there is corn in your granaries and bacon in your smoke houses," was the quiet response.

"But you would not make war on non-combatants?" they rejoined in dismay.

"My army must and shall live," was the firm response,



and the smiling was turned to cursing when the Federal foragers levied requisitions wherever they could find the needed supplies, with which the country was found to be abundantly stocked. Still, Grant had no military precedent to lead him to believe that an army could be so subsisted, and he made preparations to fall back. He had already been a full week without communication with any of the other generals who were in charge of the co-operative movements. This circumstance, much less than any prospective hunger of his men, led to the retrograde movement which placed Grant again at La Grange. He afterwards came to believe that if he had persisted in the original plan of campaign despite the interruption of his communications, he could have captured Vicksburg before spring. Commanded as the Confederate army was and disheartened by its punishing defeats every time it had met the Army of the Tennessee, he even then felt that its opposition was the least of the obstacles to be overcome. The day that his advance entered the strong fortifications about Abbeville on the Tallahatchie, he was convinced that Pemberton did not mean to fight if he could get out of it. Operating against Vicksburg by way of Grenada and Jackson, had commended itself to Grant because it had enabled him to fully cover Memphis from the danger of any rapidly executed movement by Bragg from Middle Tennessee and presented in every respect the most advantageous approach to Vicksburg.

While these events were transpiring with the land army, Sherman had prepared for the river movement with all possible dispatch. On the day after Murphy disgracefully surrendered Holly Springs, a fleet of transports containing Sherman's army of forty-two thousand men steamed down the river. He confidently expected

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with the aid of Admiral Porter's gun-boats, to be able to surprise and capture Vicksburg. Should this prove impracticable it was his purpose to take Haines' Bluff on the Yazoo and make it a base not only for his own operations but for the supply by way of that river of Grant's army operating in the interior. On December 27th the army debarked at Johnson's Landing on the Yazoo, within easy striking distance of Haines' Bluff, which is the northern extremity of the long lines of bluffs upon which Vicksburg lies. Their rugged heights were crowded with every defensive work that engineering skill could devise. Along the outer base of the hills flowed the Cypress Bayou, a deep and muddy lagoon which made an almost impassable ditch in front of the defences. The flat lands along the front were covered with water and impracticable for infantry except along two narrow causeways. Despite these difficulties which prevented Sherman from using more than half his force, the works were attacked on December 29th with such success that his men effected a lodgment at the foot of the bluffs. The success, however, was only temporary, as the advanced line was speedily driven back with heavy loss. Another attempt was made to land further up the Yazoo, and with the aid of the gunboats attack the extreme right of the Confederate works. If this had been successful the object of opening the Yazoo for the supplying of Grant's army would have been accomplished. A dense fog delayed the projected attack before daylight, and when it rose the garrison was found to have been heavily reinforced and the attempt was abandoned. The reinforcements consisted of a portion of Pemberton's army which had been thrown into Vicksburg as soon as Grant's retreat to La Grange relieved from pressure the army in his front. Thus the object of the

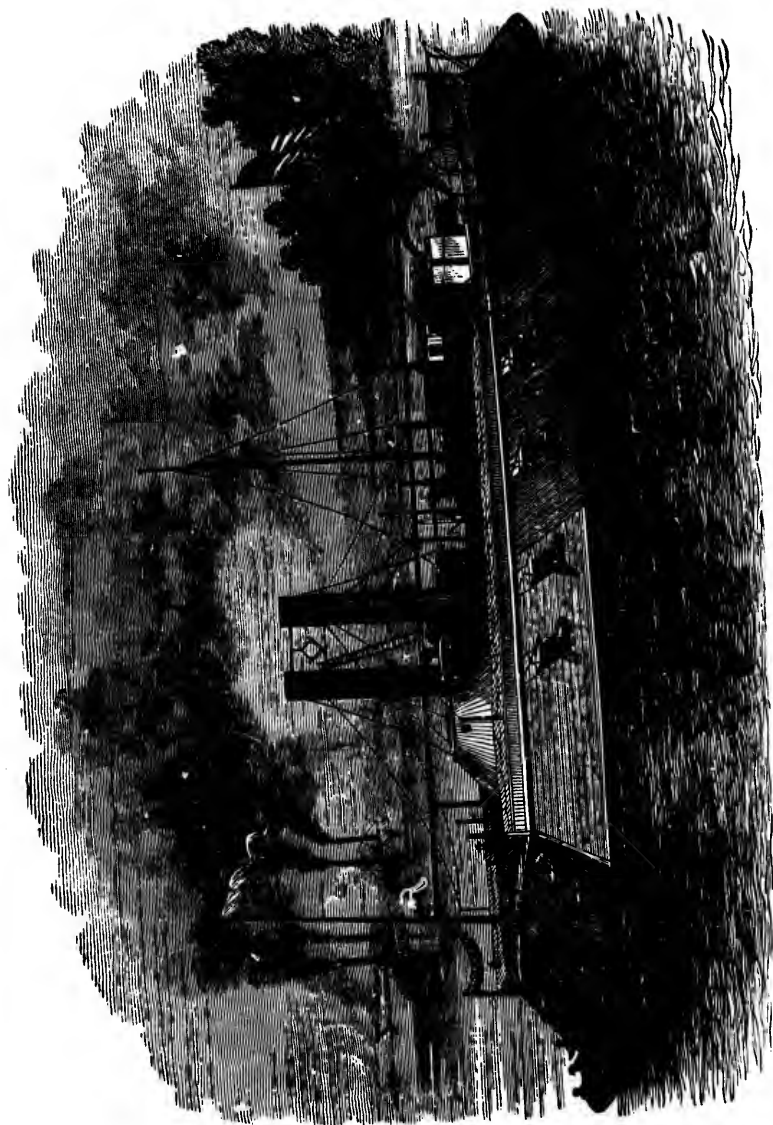
movement was defeated, and Sherman re-embarking his men dropped down the Yazoo and to its mouth where he was met by McClernand, who exhibited the orders authorizing him to command the army. He had lost 1748 men in killed, wounded and missing.

This defeat was a source of great chagrin to Sherman. It had been attended with many difficulties which had not been foreseen. It could only have been made successful by the success of all the co-operative movements of which it was but a part. The others had alike failed. Banks' promised movement up the river from New Orleans had been fruitless. Grant himself had made his first retreat, not, however, from an armed enemy but hunger. The great commander had, however, no thought of sitting down idly and reckoning his losses or the causes of failure. His army had been more than a week severed from all communications with the North, and not until several days afterward did he learn the fate of the river expedition. It was January 4th before he received reports of the miscarriage of the attack on Haines' Bluff. On January 10th he established his headquarters at Memphis, and calling out every resource of his department bent all his energies to preparations for the new campaign.

General McClernand's accession to the command of the army in the vicinity of Vicksburg, had been the source of much annoyance to the department commander who had originally placed Sherman in command of the river expedition, while himself remaining with the interior army. Profoundly convinced of his great lieutenant's military capacity, he earnestly desired to see him enjoy the fruits of its exercise in the wider sphere of independent command, and generously took to himself the less conspicuous share in the undertaking to which the co-operation of both must

contribute. Although disappointed in the outcome of the movement, he recognized the fact that failure was due only to miscalculation of the difficulties of the enterprise, and was eagerly anxious that Sherman should have opportunity to regain his somewhat faded laurels. He had no such respect for McClernand nor confidence in his soldierly capacity. While the citizen general possessed undoubted valor, and could be counted upon to do his best under orders, he was often insubordinate, placing his own opinions in opposition to his superiors in command, besides being intensely jealous of his own repute. With Sherman in command Grant would probably have contented himself with the general direction of operations from distant headquarters. McClernand was already manifesting his restiveness even under superior control, and had to be curbed at all hazards.

Immediately after the abandonment of operations on the Yazoo, General Sherman had suggested the propriety of an attack upon Arkansas Post, a fortified point on the Arkansas River, the capture of which would have a good effect upon the troops, somewhat discouraged by their failure at Haines' Bluff. McClernand concurred in the move, and it was undertaken. Accordingly transports on which the army still remained were headed up the White River early in January, and by the 9th of that month had reached a canal affording them entrance into the Arkansas River, above the point to be attacked. Commodore Porter's gunboats co-operating the combined forces invested the place which surrendered on January 11th, together with nearly five thousand Confederates. This success was somewhat of a relief to the otherwise barren results of the river expedition, but Grant nevertheless was inclined to be displeased at first. It had no bearing on the general campaign, and he was ever opposed to



IRON-CLAD GUNBOAT.

side issues. He, however, subsequently became convinced that the achievement was worth the expense.

Grant had now determined to concentrate all his forces and make the coming campaign direct from the Mississippi. All the forces of his department east of the river, excepting enough to defend the line from Memphis to Corinth, were ordered to rendezvous at Young's Point opposite the mouth of the Yazoo. All ordnance and other stores likely to tempt the enemy were removed from the Tennessee side, and every effort was made to collect as large a force as might be required for the final conquest of Vicksburg.

The department had been temporarily increased by the addition of as much of the territory west of the Mississippi as might be required by the plans of the campaign. The forces had been previously divided into four army corps, commanded respectively by Major-Generals McClernand, Sherman, Hurlburt and McPherson, and on January 29th Grant himself arrived in person and assumed the immediate command. McClernand protested and appealed to the President, by whom he had been assigned to conduct the expedition against Vicksburg. His protests fell upon unheeding ears, for Grant had been previously empowered to relieve McClernand, and either place Sherman in command or assume it himself. He chose the latter course to the incalculable gain of the army and the cause.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE APPROACH TO VICKSBURG.

Vicksburg's batteries—Tier after tier of heavy guns—The Gunboats prepare to run them—A brilliant war scene—Success of the enterprise—Grant's obstacles on land—Changing the face of nature—Five cross-cuts abandoned—The army thrown below Vicksburg—A wonderful military feat—Into Mississippi—The demonstration at Haines' Bluff—Battle of Port Gibson—Grand Gulf evacuated—At last a base around Vicksburg.

THE difficulties attending the approach to Vicksburg were many. It was the citadel of Confederate power in all the West and second only in importance to Richmond. It was situated on ground easily defended, and along a watercourse treacherous in its incursions upon the land and easy of obstruction. The movements and manœuvres so far made to reach it had failed, and Grant, taking counsel of his own mind, and drawing of the place and its surroundings a careful map, began considering a bold plan for its capture. He was lying north of it with his command scattered along the river for many miles, and the objective of the campaign which he began at Belmont was still before him.

Farragut had passed the hellish fires of batteries below New Orleans and opened the river below Vicksburg. Commodore Davis had performed an equally important service by running the batteries above Memphis, and only this one point, situated in the bend of the Mississippi, disputed the National control to the great highway. Grant discussed with his subordinate commanders his plan of campaign. It was to load provisions upon transports and with the help of Admiral Porter's gunboats to run supplies enough past the batteries that commanded the

river for several miles, march his army by land on the Louisiana shore, ferry them across the river and begin



COMMODORE FARRAGUT.

the siege. It was a bold and hazardous undertaking. Only two officers of note, Logan and McPherson, sup-



ported the plan. Sherman opposed it as being too risky and unmilitary. He preferred the land route by way of Grenada and argued for its acceptance; but Grant adopted his own idea and began preparations for the movement.

In his conversations with Sherman upon the subject he used that expression which has become famous, "A general who never takes chances never accomplishes anything." "Grant at this time," says General Robert McFeely, upon whose authority I am now giving these reminiscences, "was about to do one of those masterly things, equal to the march of Napoleon across the Alps. He assumed the responsibility with as much composure as though he was ordering the most ordinary operation belonging to army life. I remember very distinctly his saying to Sherman, 'This army has never been defeated and does not believe it can be. To load it upon railroad trains or transports, and take it back to Memphis, would have a worse effect upon it than a defeat. It would also have a disheartening effect upon the country. Then to take the land route by way of Grenada and Jackson, I would only have one chance. I must either whip the enemy or be whipped. I could not subsist upon that country. By going south of Vicksburg I will have a good chance of defeating the Confederates; but if I should fail, I can move south to the Gulf, through a country rich enough to feed my army. But I am sure that if I can get provisions enough below Vicksburg to feed my army for a few days, I can take the city.'

"In providing for this feature of the expedition, General Grant said to me: 'McFeely, get all the transports you can. Collect as many rations as they can carry and we'll make the trial. Put aboard nothing but coffee,

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sugar, hard bread, salt and meat. If half the boats we start run the batteries and reach a point to the south of Vicksburg, we will have enough to live on for a few days, and during that time can certainly provide for our further subsistence.'

"I at once got three transports, sent them to Memphis, took all the rations I could find there and returned. I then loaded six transports, protected their vital parts with bales of hay and cotton, and then volunteers were called for to man them, the regular crews refusing to take the risk. It seemed to me as though half the army wanted to join in this hazardous undertaking; men used as much influence to get on this expedition as people do now to get office. It was a singular feature of army life to note the number of men who would volunteer for any movement of great hazard. Out of all the crews of those transports only one captain stayed by his boat. He was a gamey old fellow, and said that wherever his boat went he was going too. Before he started he had the pilot-house taken down. When asked why he did that, he said, 'The bullets might splinter the wood-work and kill or wound me. If there is nothing there but me and the wheel I'll stand a better chance for my life.' When everything was in readiness the old fellow took his station at the wheel and piloted his boat through safely.

"The night before they started, some of our people rigged up some old coal barges with piles of barrels to represent smoke-stacks, and fires under them to make a smoke, towed them out into the current and let them float down the river to see how alert the Confederates were. They opened on them every time as soon as they came within range. This evident watchfulness increased the dangers of the undertaking. But Grant had de-

cided to make the venture, and there was no thought of recall. At last everything was in readiness. Admiral Porter was to lead the way with his gunboats, and the steamers were to hug the opposite bank. I can never forget the night when they started on their hazardous journey. It was about 10 o'clock. There was no moon, but it was starlight. Grant and his staff took a boat down the river to a bend from which he could observe their passage for some distance, and then waved them good-bye as they floated down the current. For a few moments all was quiet. It was the calm before the storm.

“Then came the crash of heavy guns. The Confederate batteries had opened upon the singular fleet, and shot fell thick and fast about it as well as about the craft on board which General Grant watched the perilous enterprise. The flash of the guns in the darkness, the screech of the iron missiles sent against the boats, the confused noises, the splash of the shells in the water, the reports of their explosion, were dread sounds breaking the stillness of that April night. The artillery fire was terrific, and its lurid flames lit up the embattled face of the hostile bluff, making clearer the outlines of the adventurous vessels, as they moved silently down the stream. Then buildings on both sides of the river were fired, and as the flames gathered violence their brighter light still heightened the effect of the marine *silhouettes* floating down the river, making a picture that can never be forgotten or described. It was the grandest display of fireworks that was ever witnessed. Five of the imperiled transports reached a point of safety south of the city. The ‘Henry Clay’ was set on fire and burned to the water’s edge. It was a wonder to me that any of them got through. But enough rations to last the army several days had reached a place of safety, and Grant’s



GUNBOATS RUNNING PAST VICKSBURG AT NIGHT.

most audacious move in his plan to open the Mississippi was a success.

" Later on, when Pemberton had surrendered, Major Watts, a commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, fell into our hands. I got quite friendly with him, and one day I asked him why it was that they allowed those transports to get by the batteries. He said there were two reasons for their successful passage. One was, that they were having a big ball in Vicksburg that night and many of the officers were there having a good time. The peculiar condition of the atmosphere, however, was the main reason for the success of the movement. It was one of those nights common in that southern country when the atmosphere was so rare that the smoke would not rise. Therefore, when a gun was fired, its smoke settled right over the muzzle and after one or two shots nothing could be seen in front. They could hear the paddle-wheels of the steamers but could not see anything. So all they could do was to fire at the sound. So eager were they to discover the unseen enemy that men were posted in front of the guns with branches of trees, waving them frantically to drive the smoke away, but all to no purpose, luck or Providence favored them.

" Before this movement began, Sherman was so much opposed to it that he wrote a paper of earnest objections against it, no doubt to be on record in case of failure. This paper was sent to Grant's headquarters in regular order and retained by him, the General remarking to Sherman that 'if he did not want to go, he should make the feint at Haines' Bluff and come down afterward.' This was agreed to. McClelland's corps was first sent down, McPherson followed and Sherman was brought down after the battle of Port Gibson.

" Although Sherman doubted the success of the under-

taking, he was just that loyal, earnest and honest that he did everything possible to make the movement a success from first to last. It, however, is a singular fact, as will be seen by the history of that campaign, that, either by accident or purposely, Sherman's corps did not participate in any of the engagements about Vicksburg until the investment was complete—excepting a brief skirmish below Jackson. When he stood with Grant on Walnut Hills and saw Vicksburg in the toils, he said, 'Up to this time I never thought this movement would succeed. This is a success. This is a great campaign, even if we never take the city.' From this time on the bond of friendship between Grant and Sherman seemed to be stronger than ever, and during the forty days' siege they were often together under the shelter of my capacious tent. In the assault and general operations of the siege, none were more enthusiastic or useful than the man who began showing his single-hearted earnestness in the war by sending reinforcements to Grant at Fort Donelson.

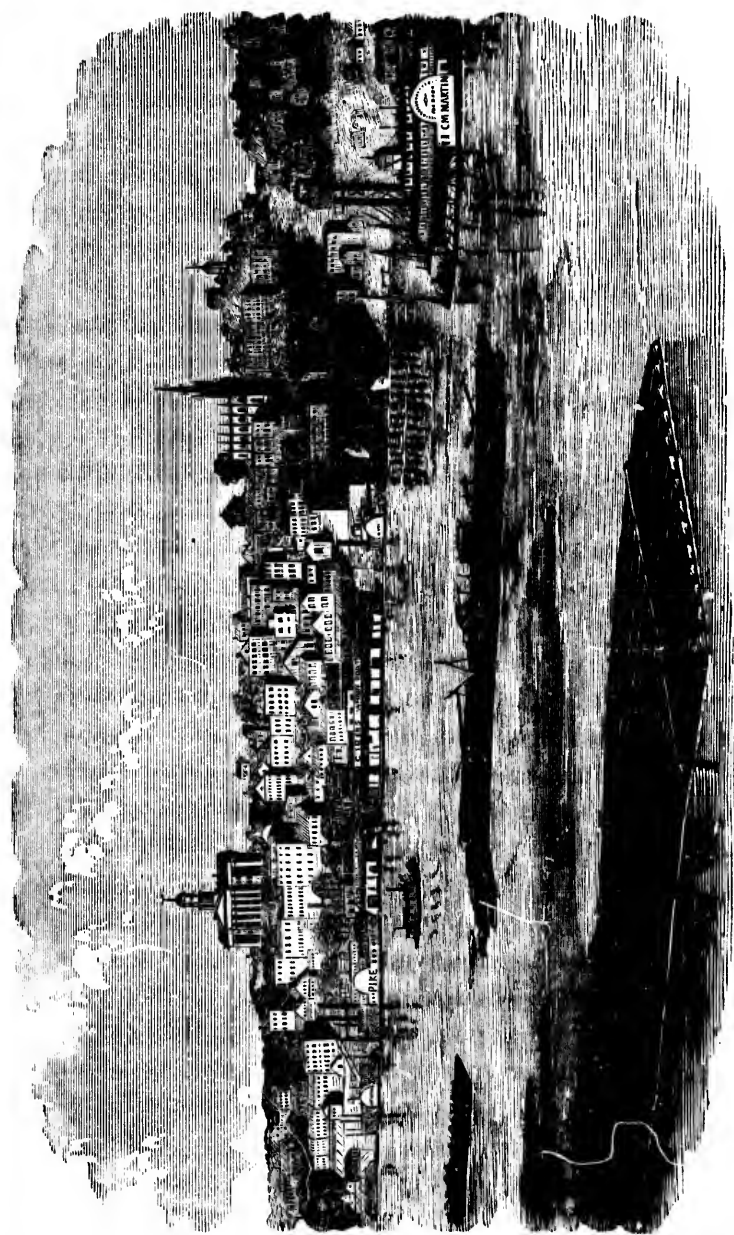
"Naturally, there were many amusing and interesting incidents of the siege, but none was more striking and illustrative of Grant's character than the one which occurred on July 3d. Vicksburg had capitulated. Grant's ambition to open the Mississippi River was now satisfied. He had never lost sight of that objective since he began at Belmont. That night, while Sherman was at his headquarters, he took from his pocket that famous paper of objections which Sherman had filed before the campaign began, and handed it back to him, saying, 'I do not need this, and perhaps you would prefer to have it.' What a remarkable evidence of the hearty relations between the two men! The important paper was destroyed.<sup>1</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> General Logan is the authority for the statement that the paper was returned. General McFeely did not see it handed back, but heard that it was.

The running of the batteries was the sixth of the several plans Grant had tried. Five routes by which he hoped to place his troops before the doomed city had proven too difficult even for his indomitable will. The cutting of a single mile of canal across the peninsula six miles from the city on the Louisiana side, would have provided a safe channel for the transportation of troops and supplies to the projected base below. The work of cutting it was prosecuted with great vigor. A sudden rising of the great river caused the embankments to give way, and the waters sweeping over destroyed the labor of weeks.

A like sudden fall in the river put an end to a scheme thought practicable to dredge out the shallows and connecting links of a route through the bayous about Milliken's Bend, through Roundabout Bayou to the Tensas river, and thence to New Carthage. A still longer route from Lake Providence seventy-five miles above Vicksburg where the lake is only a mile from the Mississippi, had also kept the engineers and diggers employed. By cutting through the intervening mile, it was hoped that the steamers would be able to navigate the lakes and bayous to the Tensas. These water-courses, however, proved so snake-like and difficult, that this scheme, too, was abandoned.

Again a route was surveyed from Yazoo Pass, which winds a very tortuous way eastward from eight miles below Helena through Moon Lake, and thence to the Coldwater river, a confluent of the Tallahatchie, which is itself a branch of the Yazoo river. This route was made the more important by the fact that the Confederates were constructing gunboats on both the Coldwater and Tallahatchie. A joint army and navy expedition was sent along this route to destroy the hostile embryo gunboats,



VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.



and, if possible, to proceed down the Yazoo and co-operate in a new attack on Haines' Bluff. Experienced pilots showed the way through channels overhung with masses of interlaced branches and vines so dense that the light wood-work of the steamers was swept away, and the smoke-stacks were knocked down. In the reaches which were comparatively free from the too luxuriant swamp growth, the transports encountered huge rafts of timber felled by the Confederates, who, suspecting some such attempt, had been diligent in piling up obstructions. Soldiers were called upon to drop their arms, and, often shoulder-deep in water, to spend hours lassoing the heavy logs and dragging them out of the way. Forcing a channel through innumerable like obstacles, the expedition at last found itself in the comparatively free waters of the Tallahatchie. Proceeding cautiously down its channel, they came upon Fort Pemberton, so strongly posted at a sharp bend of the tortuous river that the gunboats which tried to reduce it were badly handled, and a light-draft iron-clad was sunk before the naval officers declared the batteries impregnable to attack from the river. Gen. Ross, who commanded the land forces, exhausted the resources of military art in obtaining a foot-hold near the fort, from which it could be assaulted or blockaded until hunger compelled its surrender. The country surrounding it, however, had been submerged by the winter floods until it looked like a shallow lake, the dense forest growth furnishing a continuous abatis which could not be passed. The expedition had penetrated two hundred and fifty miles, and McPherson's whole corps had been sent to Milliken's Bend to support the pioneers, when these insuperable difficulties compelled the abandonment of the enterprise.

All these operations were merely scouts to find some plan of establishing a base for the supply of an army

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below Vicksburg, which could be reached from St. Louis without passing under the fire of the batteries. As one after another proved impracticable, Grant was more than ever convinced that the batteries must be run on the Mississippi before he could hope to win the prize. The various movements had had the effect of distracting the enemy's attention from what was now to become the immediate objective-point of the Union commander's combinations, and his way was by that made much easier.

Farragut, with a fleet from New Orleans, had run the batteries of Port Hudson, another Confederate Gibraltar, nearer New Orleans, and Admiral Porter became anxious to prove that he could succeed in doing down-stream, what the other had accomplished against the swift current. The "good ready" which Grant spoke about was being hastened with all dispatch, when he was again assailed by a fire in his rear. His army had already been four months in the swamps, and the many-headed people began to clamor for substantial fruits of the army's labors. For the first time it was discovered that Grant was slow. The various schemes by which he had tried and failed to place his army around the city on the bluffs were voted wild and chimerical, fit only to be classed amongst the emanations of an alcoholized brain. His heroic army, forced to resort to the spade, to keep the overflowing waters out of their encampments, became the victims of the dreaded malaria. Their sufferings were wildly exaggerated, but some foundation existed in the fact that upon every dyke on whose higher tops alone could be found dry ground above the overflow, were the graves of the hundreds who had dropped their arms and shovels to answer to the final roll-call. Pestilence had indeed skirmished with his army, but had been defeated by that mastery of the detail of preparation which left no exi-

gency unprovided for. Politicians of all grades and degrees clamored for his removal, and half a dozen generals, with or without their own consent, were urged upon the President to supersede Grant. "I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer," Mr. Lincoln said.

Although well aware of this discontent with his operations in high quarters, at no time did Grant exhibit the annoyance it must have cost him. In reply to strictures concerning the health and discipline of his command, he wrote on April 4th: "The discipline and health of this army is now good, and I am satisfied that the greatest confidence in success prevails." He was now maturing his plans for the grand movement which was to crown his great undertaking with success.

Nearly all the surface of Louisiana near the river was covered with the overflow, which, in ante-war times, had been kept out by a vast series of dykes or levees. These had been broken for military purposes, or had been suffered to go down by the inhabitants, and thus was greatly increased the difficulty of moving a force through the Louisiana bottoms to a point from which they could be thrown across and effect a lodgment below Vicksburg on the Mississippi side. New Carthage, Louisiana, seemed the best point, and Grant believed that a way thither could be found for the troops, although the almost bottomless quagmires were wholly impassable for wagons. McClernand's advance pushed forward as far as Smith's plantation, found the levee of Bayou Vidal broken, and New Carthage for the time being an island. Still, the bayou could be avoided by a detour of 12 miles. The distance of this route between Young's Point and New Carthage was thus increased to thirty miles of as boggy road as troops were ever asked to march through. Still it was practicable, and once at New Carthage the

scouts discovered that Hard Times, on the Louisiana Shore, above Grand Gulf, furnished great advantages for throwing troops across the river. This, by the circuitous route made necessary by the condition of the country, was seventy miles from Milliken's Bend. To that point Grant ordered McClernand's and McPherson's corps just after the success of the gunboats in passing the batteries, as described in the beginning of this chapter.

This movement of the land forces was regarded as most hazardous, even by some of Grant's most trusted lieutenants. Even the fact that some boats had succeeded in running the batteries only showed how dangerous that undertaking was, and the storm of shot and shell they escaped was merely proof that those who subsequently tried it would encounter greater risks. Even General Sherman had remonstrated with all the vigor his sense of subordination permitted. In his opinion, it would violate every known principle of military procedure, by cutting his own communications and placing his army just where the enemy would like to have them. Disaster, if incurred, would be overwhelming, and could be avoided only by the happiest result of combinations and the speediest of victories: "I make these suggestions," General Sherman wrote, "with the request that General Grant simply read them, and give them, as I know he will, a share of his thoughts. I would prefer he should not answer them, but merely give them as much or as little weight as they deserve; whatever plan of action he may adopt will receive from me the same zealous co-operation and energetic support as though conceived by myself." The order, however, was never revoked, and despite Sherman's forebodings, the campaign opened the Mississippi River.

Six days after the first successful attempt to run the batteries, a second was made. Six transports towing

twelve barges loaded with forage, and manned by eager volunteers from the army, on the night of April 22d, left the rendezvous at Young's Point. The enterprise was attended with much more hazard than that which preceded, for the Confederates had got the range and their heavy missiles did great execution. Five of the boats were badly damaged, but all but one made the run successfully and half the forage was safely landed.

Grand Gulf, at the mouth of the Big Black River, had been heavily fortified, and was virtually the left flank of the defenses of Vicksburg. It stood upon the only available spot then known to Grant at which his troops could be successfully thrown across the river, and established with a suitable base for operations against the main objective. Admiral Porter, with his gunboats, undertook to silence its batteries, while McClernand's corps was to be thrown across the river and complete its capture by storm, if the navy proved successful. The gunboats, often within pistol-shot of the batteries, rained shot and shell upon them for five hours. Grant, who watched the naval assault from a tug, becoming satisfied that its defenses were too strong to be stormed by any land force that could be established near it, acquiesced in Admiral Porter's withdrawal.

It was essential to the success of these operations that the garrison of Vicksburg should be too fully employed in other quarters to enable them to promptly reinforce the real point of attack. Hence, another move in the nature of a feint upon Haines' Bluff was ordered. Sherman, whose corps had been left at Milliken's Bend, was ordered to execute this movement. His bloody repulse from those same rugged hill-sides was still fresh in the public mind, and he well knew that although only a demonstration was to be made, it would be difficult to persuade

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self-appointed critics that he had not been defeated. It was a thankless task, but the loyal old warrior replied to his commander, "I believe a diversion at Haines' Bluff is proper and right, and will make it, let whatever report of repulses be made." He accordingly moved ten regiments up the Yazoo, and while the gunboats engaged the batteries, landed his men and made dispositions as if to attack. Reconnoitering parties were sent out, and the army paraded for two days out of range of the enemy's works. Their movements proved very perplexing to the defenders, who were reinforced in great haste. Having accomplished his design, Sherman withdrew his forces without the loss of a man. The enemy was thus prevented from reinforcing Grand Gulf, and making head against McClernand's advance.

The main operations were now being successfully prosecuted. From information obtained from an old negro, Grant learned that a good road ran from Bruinsburg, a few miles below, to Port Gibson, a point which, if held by his army, would compel the evacuation of Grand Gulf. It took him but one day to march his army opposite, and on April 24th the gunboats and transports ran the Grand Gulf batteries, and all the next day were engaged in ferrying McClernand's corps across. The hazard of throwing an army across such a stream as the Mississippi, right into the midst of a hostile army, is something that generals have seldom attempted, even with all facilities at hand. It was infinitely multiplied in this case by the fact that Grant, already seventy miles away from his base of operations, had been able to gather barely three days' rations for his army, and to assemble transports enough to ferry only a few thousand men across at a time. In this, as in many other movements, he was greatly assisted by the inefficiency of his opposing commanders, who could have made

his landing in Mississippi very costly, if not impossible. McClernand was permitted to land his men unmolested, and they were pushed forward with all expedition to the highlands about Port Gibson. That same evening, eight miles from Bruinsburg, the skirmishers of the enemy were encountered. On April 26th, four miles further on, in the neighborhood of Port Gibson, they were met by a strong force of Confederates under command of Gen. Bowen. He made a gallant stand to defend the two roads by which the Federals were forced to advance, but his positions were yielded at the bayonet-point one after another and by night-fall his troops were thoroughly beaten and put to flight. Grand Gulf was evacuated next day, and the Union forces, now numbering twenty-five thousand men, were fully established with a river base, and ready to be projected against the army which Grant knew was being assembled to defend the Confederate Gibraltar. Delaying only long enough to concentrate his army by bringing Sherman's corps from Milliken's Bend, and to use every energy to gather as much supplies as possible, he was ready a week afterward to start out on the most original and successful campaign of the war.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### BREAKING THE RULES OF WAR.

Grant's most original campaign—Cutting loose from his base—Subsisting on the country—Bewildering manœuvres—Pemberton's army divided—Accidental battle at Raymond—Logan's splendid valor—Jackson invested—McPherson's hot engagement—Jackson captured—The army turned backward—Pemberton struck at Champion's Hill—An overwhelming defeat—Routed at Black River Bridge—Pinned up in Vicksburg—Haines' Bluff taken—The siege begun—Sherman's doubts turned to admiration.

"CASTING the net for a haul of fortune" is the way Napier would have spoken of the movements Grant at this point begins. Yet no great commander has ever covered the world with his name who has not done much that was original and hazardous. Napoleon won much of his distinction because he startled military critics as well as his opponents by doing the unexpected. Cast iron rules arbitrarily applied to warlike operations rarely create a pre-eminent soldier. The audacious moves in the game of conflict win distinction for a man. They also succeed more frequently because the other side is kept wholly unprepared for his opponent's stroke. The officer who fails to take chances in war, and to do things which the strict military scientist does not foresee and approve rarely rises to the highest command. This truism does not apply to foolhardy exploits but to the well-devised movements of a commander capable of grasping and using fresh emergencies as they arise.

The easy victory at Port Gibson and consequent evacuation of Grand Gulf, were most inspiring events to the Union Army, and emboldened its commander to rudely



depart from the campaign contemplated in his instructions from Halleck. The general-in-chief as well as the President had expected that Grant, if successful in effecting a lodgment below Vicksburg, would merely secure its possession and move thence to join Banks in the reduction of Port Hudson, thus opening the river to New Orleans to the supplying of his army in subsequent operations. The two armies united in overwhelming numbers could at once proceed at leisure against Vicksburg, if indeed, the Confederates should then deem it worth defending. Grant, however, saw an opportunity the daring of which dazzled his own subordinates while it made them shudder for the success of plans which had never before in the history of war been successfully prosecuted. Therefore they will be here given in unusual detail.

The defence of the Confederate stronghold had been intrusted to General J. C. Pemberton and an army of nearly sixty thousand men. The larger part of this force under Pemberton himself, lay either in Vicksburg or across the roads and railways in its immediate vicinity. The remainder at first commanded by General Gregg but afterward by General Joseph E. Johnston was established in or near Jackson, the Capital of the State, and a place of strategic value on account of the railroads there crossing. With possession of these railroads, these two armies could readily be united in numbers sufficient to overwhelm the forces then with Grant. The opportunity which the Federal commander perceived and accepted was by swift marches, the seeming foolhardiness of which deceived his enemies, to throw himself between these two armies, beat them in detail and so prepare the way to a siege of the fortress which had defied him for months.



The possession of Grand Gulf was more important to Grant from the facilities it gave him to mislead the enemy as to his object than as a depot for the supply of his troops. All commissary and ordnance stores had to be waggoned across the boggy Louisiana bottoms, a distance of more than fifty miles, and with all the means at his disposal he could not gather rations sufficient for the support of his troops. Here the experience gained in the campaign toward Grenada the previous December was turned to fullest account. The generals along his supply line were advised to hasten forward only hard bread, coffee and salt. He fully expected that the rich pastures of the country through which he marched would well supply his men with beef and bacon, and in this he was not disappointed. Through all the long marches and desperate battles of this wonderful campaign, until his army had enveloped the city, only three days rations were issued for five days' use. The country furnished the remainder.

Grant remained at Grand Gulf and vicinity preparing for his great undertaking until May 9th. Sherman's corps hurried down from Milliken's Bend after the Haines' Bluff demonstration came up with the army on the eastern bank of the river on May 6th, and two days afterward the forward movement began. The Big Black river emptying into the Mississippi above Grand Gulf was regarded as one of the important defences of the enemy. McClernand's command was moved up both banks of this river threatening a direct attack upon Vicksburg, while the corps of McPherson marching northeastward was approaching Raymond, the most advanced position of the hostile army defending Jackson. Sherman's corps advanced upon the roads leading to Edward's Station, a point at which Grant learned Pemberton was concentrating his army.

These movements once begun, Grant sent his last despatch to Halleck from Grand Gulf under date of May 11th. It announced the arrival of his advance divisions fourteen miles out, and concluded, "As I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more, except it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort, you may not hear from me again for several days." In thus cutting himself off from his base Grant effected a purpose which had a most important bearing upon the issue of the campaign—he was beyond the reach of recall by his timid



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

superior. Halleck was thrown into an agony of apprehension by the report of his subordinate, and wrote hasty orders to him to return to Grand Gulf and join in the campaign against Port Hudson according to instructions. Happily the telegraph lines from Washington ceased at Memphis and the recalling despatch did not reach Grant until his army had scattered opposing forces and were besieging Vicksburg.

On May 12th the right wing of the Federal army moved toward Raymond. About noon the advance division commanded by General John A. Logan struck the enemy five thousand strong, advantageously posted about two miles south and west of Raymond. Two batteries swept the approaching road and covered the bridge by which the Federals must advance to the attack. Logan added to his reputation as a fighting general by assault-

ing at once. "That was the most desperate fighting of my whole army experience," Logan has since said of this eventful fight. "Grant had not expected to encounter the enemy then and the battle consequently was an accident. But I drove the Confederates from the field with tremendous loss before the main army came up." The battle in fact was an accidental encounter resulting from the manœuvring of McPherson's corps, the right wing, which was demonstrating against Jackson for the purpose of bewildering the enemy. "Indeed all the battles Grant fought before the siege of Vicksburg," says General Logan, "were unexpected." McPherson's corps lost five hundred and forty men killed, wounded and missing, almost all from Logan's division. The Confederate loss was four hundred and five killed and wounded, and four hundred and fifteen prisoners. They lost also two cannons and a large number of small arms.

The enemy was followed only as far as Raymond, which McPherson occupied that same evening. They had fled precipitately toward Jackson, but the rugged country much cut up with ravines and covered with dense undergrowth forbade further pursuit.

The victory at Raymond, of which Grant received information the same night, led to an immediate change in his plans, making certain what he had left to be decided by circumstances. Knowing that Pemberton's army was drawn up in the vicinity of Edward's Station, on the Vicksburg and Jackson railway, he made his dispositions with the view of misleading that general to believe he was to be attacked. McClernand accordingly was ordered to keep up the appearance of moving upon that point. His advance division thrown across the Fourteen-mile creek had some skirmishing, while his other divisions were extended to the right so as to

communicate with Sherman's corps, the centre of the Union line at Dillon's plantation. McPherson was at Raymond seven miles eastward of Sherman's position.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON.

Grant had his head-quarters with Sherman at Dillon's. The Union line thus lay nearly parallel with the Vicksburg and Jackson road about seven miles south of it,

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and extending from Baldwin's ferry on the Big Black to Raymond.

The hasty retreat of the Confederates through Raymond led Grant to believe that a considerable hostile force was assembled in Jackson, which might embarrass his operations toward Vicksburg. He promptly determined to fall upon it, and if not destroy it at least prevent its junction with Pemberton. Accordingly the line of march of McClernand's and Sherman's corps was deflected so as to bring them within closer supporting distance of McPherson, who was ordered to advance upon Clinton on the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad, with the view of preventing any co-operation between Pemberton and the forces in Jackson, which that same day went under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston. On May 13th McPherson entered Clinton, destroyed the railroad, and captured important despatches from Pemberton to Gregg, whom he still believed in command at Jackson, indicating that he was still on the defensive, expecting attack at Edward's Station. After completing the dismantling of the railroad tracks by twisting rails, tearing up ties, destroying culverts and telegraph poles and wires, McPherson moved on toward Jackson ten miles eastward. He started thither in the early dawn of May 14th. Sherman, whose corps had occupied Raymond when McPherson moved on Clinton, also moved against Jackson at the same hour. Clinton and Raymond are equidistant from the capital of Mississippi, and McPherson and Sherman had timed their march so as to strike the doomed city from different points at the same hour. The movement might have been made more hazardous had Pemberton obeyed Johnston's earnest orders to strike the Federal rear and communications at or near Dillon's plantation, where Grant had by this time brought McClernand's corps.

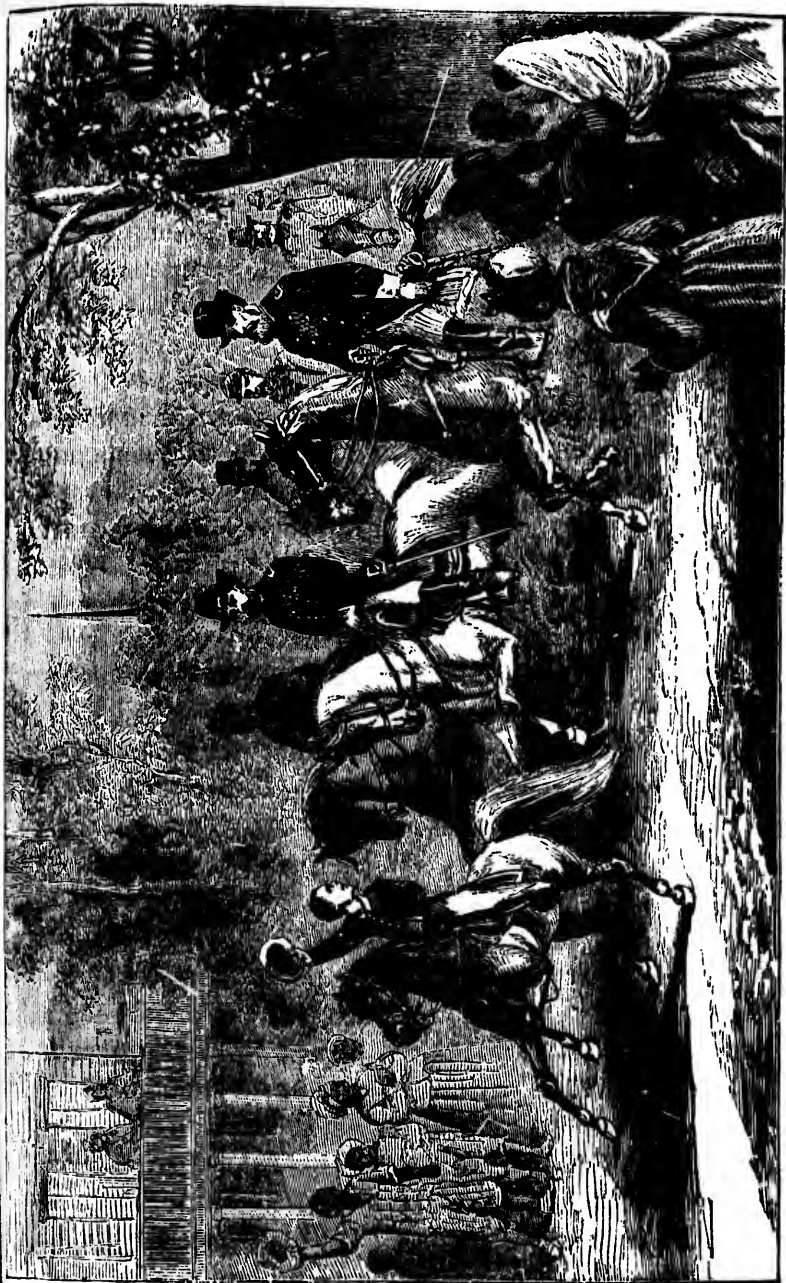
Rain fell heavily on the night of May 13th, making the roads deep and slippery, but the men marched in excellent order and spirit, and by 9 A. M. of the 14th Crocker with McPherson's advance division encountered the enemy about five miles out of Jackson. Driving in their outposts speedily Crocker followed them two miles and a half, until the main body under Johnston's command was found posted outside the defences awaiting attack. The regiments defeated at Raymond, the garrison of Jackson and some reinforcements from Georgia and South Carolina composed the army of defence.

Sherman's corps had also encountered a small force of infantry and artillery about five miles from Jackson on the southern road by which he was advancing. Although there was an interval of nearly two miles between his left and McPherson's right, no effort to connect the wings was made, and dispositions for immediate attack were begun. A very heavy shower which began at this time delayed the onset an hour and a half, but the period was well spent by McPherson in completing his lines. At eleven o'clock the order to advance was given. Two batteries swept the road and open field across which the blue line moved. Logan's and Crocker's divisions shoulder to shoulder swept forward with cheers, drove the enemy out of a ravine in their front and charged gallantly after them up the hill. The Confederates not waiting for the full shock of the assault hastily fled to the cover of their works. The Federals pursued until they were halted just out of range of the artillery mounted on the defences. Two batteries well placed had done much execution upon the retreating enemy.

Sherman's advance from the southwest had been made with similar precision and success. Skirmishers







GENERAL GRANT AND HIS STAFF ENTERING JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

had sent the opposing infantry to the cover of the rifle-pits and other defences, and the Fifteenth corps, emerging from the skirting woods, found itself in front of strong intrenchments, from which a brisk artillery fire was directed upon the road along which it advanced. General Grant, who had been present all morning with Sherman, ordered a detachment to be sent to the right to feel that flank of the defences. This movement became merely a reconnoissance which developed the fact that the enemy were already far advanced in their preparations for hasty evacuation. Grant following the detachment found his road into Jackson unobstructed, and, accompanied by his staff and Frederick Dent Grant, then only thirteen years old, was the first to enter the city. After their first retirement the enemy had only enough men left in the defences to make a show of resistance. Johnston with the bulk of his forces was already far on his retreat northeastward. Tuttle's troops, advancing to the rear of the Confederate artillery, captured ten guns and one hundred and fifty artillerymen. McPherson's troops were moved into the defences simultaneously with those of Sherman, and Crocker's division captured seven other guns. By three o'clock the Union flag floated over Jackson.

Johnston by reason of the swiftness of his adversary's movement had been unable to detain them long enough for the attack upon their rear which he had ordered Pemberton to make. But that officer had not obeyed orders, so the outcome was beyond Johnston's control in any event. McPherson sent Stevenson's brigade to cut off the Confederate retreat toward Canton, but he moved slowly and Johnston was already out of harm's way. The capture of Jackson cost the Union army two hundred and ninety men in killed and wounded.

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All but twenty-five of the casualties fell upon McPherson's corps. Johnston made no official report of his losses, but McPherson estimated them at eight hundred and forty-five in killed, wounded and missing. Seventeen cannon fell into the hands of the victors.

On the evening of May 14th, Grant issued his orders to his lieutenants from the State-house in Jackson. The next day Sherman's men were employed in destroying the railroads twenty miles out in every direction. All bridges, factories, arsenals and mills that could be of any use to the enemy were burned, and the importance of Jackson as a railroad and military centre was effectually destroyed.

Johnston's retreat carried him only six miles toward Canton the day of the battle. He then scattered his forces, ordering some of them to provide for their safety at points forty or fifty miles from Jackson, but from which they might be concentrated about Vicksburg by throwing them across the Black river, and, as Grant put it, "beating us" in. The Federal army was accordingly faced about to prevent such concentration. McPherson was directed to march on Bolton, twenty miles west of Jackson, and the nearest point at which Johnston could strike the railroad. Similar orders were given Sherman and McClernand. The command of the latter, held in reserve during the movement upon Jackson was, so near Bolton that his advance cavalry occupied that point before the other troops had time to get there. Pemberton's whereabouts was the subject of anxious speculation. If he did what was best he would manœuvre his forces toward the northward so as to facilitate a junction with Jackson. At one o'clock on the 15th, however, he moved his army out of its strong position about Edward's Station, and started to place it across Grant's

rear about Dillon's plantation seven miles to the southward toward Raymond. Baker's creek, however, was so swollen by the rains that he could not cross, and he reversed his column as it stood and started back to Edward's Station. He had just fairly begun this movement when the skirmishers of Smith's division of McClermand's corps came upon his pickets about five miles from Edward's Station. Ignorant of the numbers of the force harassing him Pemberton at once threw his army into battle line with his left resting on Champion's Hill, a wooded ridge sixty or seventy feet high, over which the road to Edward's Station runs. The line extended thence southward to the road from Raymond to Vicksburg. It was a position of great natural strength, especially about Champion's Hill, whose bald top gave a commanding place for artillery, while its heavily timbered and precipitous sides could be passed by hostile troops only with extreme difficulty. The hill formed a horseshoe where the road disappears, which gave the Confederates a position so strong, that a small force could successfully resist much larger numbers.

After waiting some time to learn the dispositions of McClermand, who held the left of the Federal line with four divisions, Grant gave the order to attack, and Logan's and Hovey's divisions were launched against the Confederate left. Logan, sweeping around the right heel of the horseshoe which the Confederate position formed, speedily drove them back, two brigades of his division pressing forward with such determination that they captured three regiments, thirteen pieces of artillery, and actually gained possession of the road which was Pemberton's only line of retreat to Edward's Station. The Confederates however had not been without success in opposing Hovey's men. As his line pressed forward they



THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL.

met a murderous fire of musketry under which they wavered for a moment. They again advanced, steadily driving back the enemy six hundred yards and capturing eleven guns and three hundred prisoners, besides gaining the crest of the height. The road was here sunken below the surface of the summit and formed a natural line of breastworks, which the Confederates availed themselves of to resist with great determination further Federal advance. Under its cover they were still masters of the declivity. Keenly alive to the importance of the point, Pemberton hurried up reinforcements rapidly, which, arriving under cover of the woods, were hurled down the road upon Hovey's position with such vigor that he was compelled to fall back. This he did stubbornly, leaving several of the guns he had just before captured. Grant who had been watching Hovey's struggles saw that he must be aided and sent in one of Crocker's brigades. This enabled Hovey to maintain his grip on the crest but not without heavy loss.

The Confederates then made a desperate assault upon McPherson's left, at a point where a battery was doing them great damage. They were met by one of Logan's brigades which drove them back with heavy slaughter, capturing many prisoners. Again the enemy was precipitated upon Hovey's left. His men, much fatigued by three hours fighting, and with ammunition nearly exhausted, fell back doggedly, and their commander sent back an urgent request for reinforcements. Hovey again assumed the offensive, and after a dashing charge the artillery previously captured and abandoned were recaptured. The Confederates, however, still fought with determination, and the battle in that quarter was still far from decided. It was at this juncture that Grant, seeing Hovey's peril, recalled Logan's division just when his

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hard won success might have been further pressed to the annihilation of Pemberton's army. Grant, in his report of the battle, says, he would then and there have captured the whole Confederate force if he had not then recalled Logan's troops. Here again as at Raymond, Logan's push and fighting quality earned him great distinction.

Pemberton, badly beaten on his left, was still bent upon attacking the Federal right and rear. Hoping thus to relieve the terrible pressure from Hovey's line, he ordered an attack where McClelland's division was making a cautious advance. Loring's and Bowen's were assigned by Pemberton to this task, but the former refused to fight. When directed to move to the aid of Stevenson he again refused. Bowen's brigades alone were sent in to the Stevenson's assistance and they together were pushed against Crocker and Hovey. Although the Confederate centre, thus strengthened, fought well, the battle had already gone against them. Under a terrific musketry fire, with all their artillery horses killed and their guns silenced, Stevenson's men finally broke at 5 P. M. Bowen's division also melted away, and the battle of Champion's Hill was won. Pemberton's army was completely demoralized. Many of his men had abandoned the field without orders. Others, throwing away their arms, surrendered unasked. The only portion of the Confederate forces which maintained complete organization was Loring's division, which, lying in McClelland's front, had scarcely even skirmished briskly, became separated from the remainder of the Confederate army and wandered off the field in a direction opposite that of their flying comrades. By abandoning their artillery, and under cover of darkness, they made a wide detour to the southward, and

after several days succeeded in joining Johnston, who had returned to the vicinity of Jackson, having been beaten by Grant in his attempts to join his forces with those of Pemberton and himself take command of the defence of Vicksburg.

Several of McClernand's divisions, despite Grant's urgent orders, only reached the battle-field after the retreat began. While the beaten and disorganized foe were rushing headlong across his front, seeking to escape, he imagined they were attacking and prepared to receive instead of delivering a blow.

The remainder of the Confederate forces fled with precipitation towards Vicksburg. McClernand's comparatively fresh divisions were hurried forward in pursuit and gathered a rich harvest of prisoners, artillery and small arms. At nightfall the victorious troops were within a few miles of the Big Black. Early next morning McClernand, still on the track, found the enemy posted in considerable force on both sides of the river in a position of sufficient strength to promise a vigorous resistance, and the Union army was halted to make dispositions for another battle.

The battle of Champion's Hill or Baker's creek, as it has been variously called, was rich in its various results. It was fought by Logan's and Crocker's divisions of McPherson's corps and Hovey's of McClernand's corps. Hovey, however, fought under the immediate supervision and orders of General Grant himself. That division alone lost twelve hundred in killed, wounded and missing, or one-third of its total strength. The total Union loss was twenty-four hundred and fifty in killed, wounded and missing. The Confederate loss, never officially reported, was estimated at about six thousand, of whom about one-half were prisoners.



Thirty pieces of artillery and large quantities of small arms and ammunition were also captured.

On the evening of the battle of Champion's Hill, May 16th, Grant received Halleck's despatch ordering him to return and co-operate with Banks against Port Hudson. With three won battles behind him and a demoralized enemy in his front, the recall had come too late. The grand prize lay almost within his grasp and he pressed forward to secure it.

During the last engagement Sherman and his corps were in Jackson completing the destruction of its railroads and factories. That evening they moved to join the main army and at Bolton learned of the victory and were ordered to deflect north of the road and march upon Bridgeport, an important crossing of the Big Black river. With this point in his control, Sherman could turn the left flank of the enemy guarding that river and menace Haines' Bluff, which it became desirable to secure as a base of supplies. Thoroughly appreciating the necessity for the swiftest moving, Sherman was compelled to leave behind the wounded both at Jackson and Raymond. Surgeons heroically volunteered to remain with them, and ample supplies and medical stores were left with them. Twice during the siege Grant sent trains under escort to carry needed hospital stores and rations to these comrades, whom the exigencies of the campaign demanded should be left in the hands of the enemy. These messengers of humanity carried relief to the sick and wounded Confederates as well as Union sufferers, for the stores were divided between them. The single pontoon train was sent to Sherman, who pressed forward with all speed and arrived at Bridgeport on the evening of the 17th.

Meanwhile McClernand had found the enemy massed

in a horseshoe made by the Big Black river, covering the bridge which they had been ordered to hold to facilitate the escape of Loring's division, of which Pemberton had heard nothing since the day before. Twenty cannon which had escaped capture were posted on the steep western bank of the river and field-works well placed made strong defences for the few brigades which still maintained some organization. Their front was protected by a bayou and boggy flat, which made a very formidable wet ditch. A brisk artillery fire was directed at the enemy's position for several hours, when General Lawler, who commanded a brigade of Carr's division of McClernand's corps, perceived a weak spot, which he proceeded to make the most of without waiting for orders. Near the river bank, screened by a heavy thicket, was a narrow crossing of the bayou, and on the other side was good footing from which to take the parapet in flank. Detaching eleven hundred of his brigade, while the others were supported by a front attack, he led his forlorn hope across the open field under a heavy fire. The point of attack was unprovided with abatis for a space through which four men could pass abreast. Lawler's men rushed through the gap and almost without resistance the enemy were driven from the parapet. Abandoning their guns and throwing away their small arms, they fled, panic-stricken, in a wild rush as if to see which should reach the crossing first. In their wild terror the bridge was fired before half had crossed. Plunging in, some swam across, but many were drowned. Others remained in the trenches and surrendered. Pemberton and the remains of his demoralized army continued their flight. At ten o'clock that night the crowd of tired fugitives poured into Vicksburg. The victory, which uncovered every road to the doomed city, cost



Grant's army two hundred and sixty killed and wounded. The enemy lost seventeen hundred and fifty-one prisoners, eighteen cannon and five stands of colors. Their losses in killed and wounded were small.

Bridges had to be built across the wide and deep river, and this gave Pemberton twelve hours' rest. By working all night several temporary but sufficient crossings were constructed, and on the morning of the 18th all three corps of the Federal army were on the west bank of the Big Black river, ready to move forward and complete the investment of the city. Although a considerable force of Confederates lay opposite Bridgeport, they decamped as soon as Sherman's advance appeared and the pontoons were laid and the corps thrown across without resistance.

Early on the 18th Sherman moved forward, and, seizing the Benton road, three miles and a half out of Vicksburg, cut off the last hope of communicating with Johnston's army. Here he halted until the other Union commanders had filled their places in the siege line. The army had already withdrawn from their works on Haines' Bluff, and a force was sent to take possession of them and open communications with the fleet.

The latter, however, had already taken peaceable possession of the formidable works. The Fifteenth corps was thrown forward and seized the Walnut Hills, at the foot of which, on the Yazoo road, was established the base for supplying the army during the siege. McPherson's corps held the centre and McClernand's the left of the line of investment. The whole army moving forward was now drawn as closely around the defences of the doomed city as prudence warranted. The enemy, having abandoned all outworks, all its communications destroyed and supplies cut off, was awaiting starvation within the interior fortifications.

On April 30th Grant's advancing columns were landed at Bruinsburg. Sixty thousand men were within easy supporting distance to oppose his march. With an army never exceeding forty thousand he manoeuvred so as to befog them as to his point of attack and induce them to divide their forces. Outnumbering the detachments, he beat them in detail in five several battles, capturing twenty-seven heavy pieces of artillery, sixty-one field guns and six thousand five hundred prisoners. At least six thousand other Confederates were killed and wounded. Besides fighting five battles he had marched over two hundred miles, and in twenty days had cooped up the remnant of the opposing army in a fortress out of which they were to come only as prisoners of war. Starting without teams, such supplies as he obtained were drawn from the surrounding country and carried in wagons impressed from the hostile population with negroes for drivers. His own losses footed up four thousand, three hundred and thirty-five in killed, wounded and missing. As Grant and Sherman stood together on the parapet of Haines' Bluff the day of its capture, the latter, after looking mournfully at the defences which six months before defied his efforts to storm, turned abruptly and said: "Until this moment, I never thought your expedition a success. I never could see the end clearly until now. But this is a campaign; this is a success, if we never take the town."

And General Sherman now, in speaking to the author of those remarkable movements which Grant conceived and pushed against the orders of the general-in-chief, says: "Grant's plan from the time he abandoned Halleck's idea of connecting with Banks and struck out from Grand Gulf was Napoleonic in conception and execution. His movements were in the nature of a left wheel,

so directed as to prevent a junction between Johnston and Pemberton and at the same time take his own forces across the Black river. All the battles that were fought were the natural accidents of that bold plan of campaign. I was not in favor of the movement from Young's Point as Grant made it, but preferred the land route by way of Grenada and Jackson. But all the movements that brought us to the investment of Vicksburg were skilfully made, and Grant was very proud of them, as he had a right to be. It was a bold departure from the theory of war as laid down in the books, but as each successive step brought us nearer and nearer to a successful investment of the objective, doubts were merged in admiration of the man who could so confidently begin such an undertaking, assume such responsibilities and succeed."

In this remarkable campaign Grant shared the severest fortunes of his soldiers. His lot was their lot. On the floor of Congress, while the glory of Vicksburg was still fresh in the mind of the country, Hon. E. B. Washburne thus describes the spirit which moved the Commander during the siege:

"When he left his head-quarters at Smith's plantation, below Vicksburg, to enter on that great campaign, he did not take with him the trappings and paraphernalia so common to many military men. As all depended on quickness of movement, and as it was important to be encumbered with as little baggage as possible, he set an example to all under him. He took with him neither a horse, nor an orderly, nor a servant, a camp-chest, an overcoat, nor a blanket, nor even a clean shirt. His entire baggage for six days—I was with him at that time—was a tooth-brush. He fared like the commonest soldier in his command, partaking of his rations, and sleeping

upon the ground with no covering excepting the canopy of heaven. How could such a soldier fail to inspire confidence in an army, and how could he fail to lead it to victory and glory?"

General Grant's constitution was a remarkable one. He could endure great hardships. During the war he was in the prime of life and full of vigor and strength. This physical vitality probably assisted him greatly in keeping his mental faculties clear for any emergency that might arise. It also helped him to maintain his even and unalterable composure. No officer in the army could endure as much as he, and no soldier in the ranks could complain of the hardship he was forced to undergo, because the commander was quite ready to meet the same privations.

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SIDE-LIGHT.—The Grierson raid should not be neglected in dealing with the Vicksburg campaign. It was the most daring of the war. In its conception and success it may be said to be without a parallel in any war. The object was to start from La Grange, and make a diversion in favor of the army moving on Vicksburg. Public property and railroads were to be destroyed, and as much damage as possible done to Confederate resources. Accordingly, during March, Grierson moved on Ripley and crossed the Tallahatchie river. Detachments intended to deceive the enemy were sent in several directions. At Starksville a Confederate mail was captured which contained important information. On the 22d of March Grierson was at Louisville, and crossed the railroad at Newton. His route lay through Raleigh, where he cut the telegraph-wires and destroyed the bridges on through to Union Court-House. Thence

he turned southward on his course of destruction. By this time the Confederates had become alarmed at the path of ruin which he was cutting before him, and gathered in his rear to destroy him when he returned. He first met them at Oskeya, and broke through; and then by a quick turn through Clinton he reached Baton Rouge on the 1st of May. He had made a most daring forward move directly into the heart of the enemy's country, had greatly damaged his railroads and his telegraph wires, and had utterly escaped punishment.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

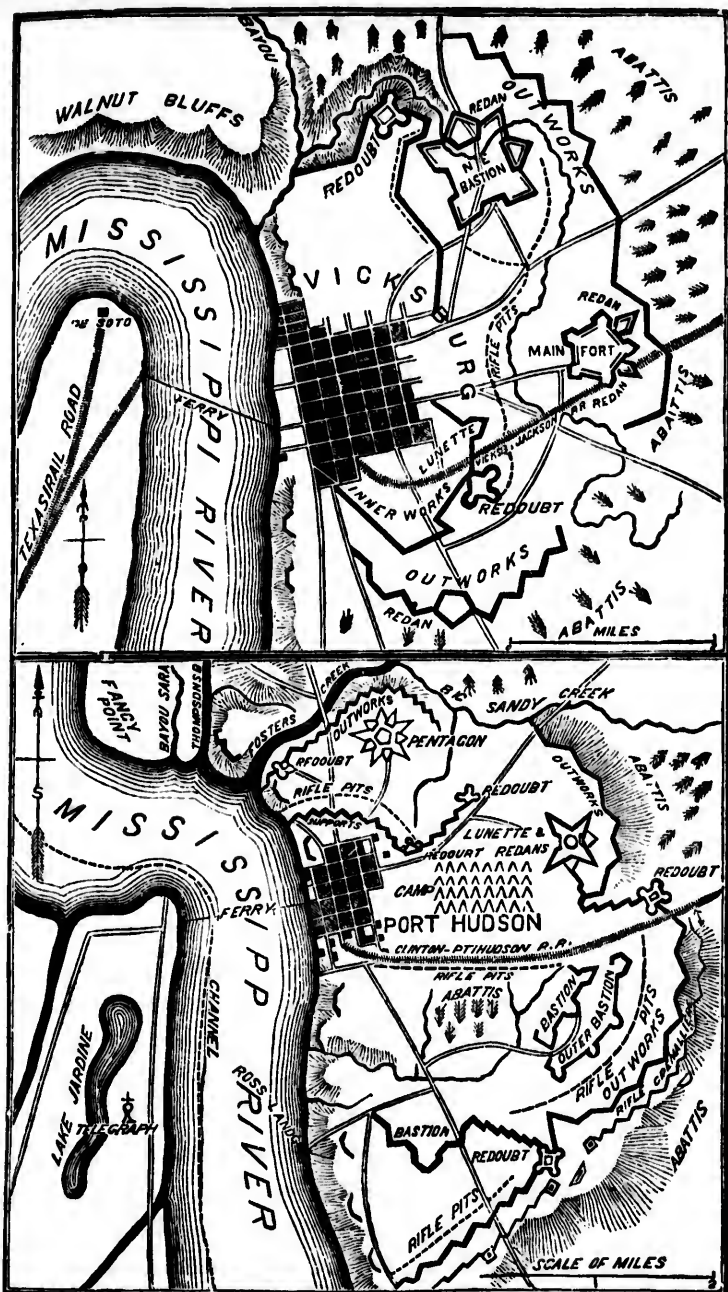
### VICKSBURG SURRENDERED.

Vicksburg invested—Haines' Bluff occupied—The first assault—Union battle-flags on the counterscarp—The assault repulsed—Second assault—The city bombarded—Picturesque scenes—Gallant charges—Again repulsed—Grant's army reinforced—The siege lines tight drawn—Hardships of besiegers and besieged—Exploding the mines—Starving Confederates and civilians—Surrender proposed—The correspondence—A glorious Fourth of July—Terms of surrender—Sherman's protest returned—The Mississippi "unvexed to the sea."

IN the mighty operations which General Grant conducted for the opening of the Mississippi river to national control none were more important, strategic or interesting than the siege of Vicksburg. The city, sitting upon a line of bluffs from two to three hundred feet above the river, was well adapted for blockading the water-way and for defence against a land attack. The broad plateau which crowns the bluffs is four or five miles long and of an average width of two miles. Mere hills of clayey loam, the rains of ages have worn its surface into irregular chasms with precipitous, often almost perpendicular, sides. Forest trees, finding root in the clefts and fissures, added to the difficulties of the climber, who had to use his hands to aid in reaching the summits. Across the eastern front the banks of a tributary of the great river formed the outer line of defence of what in military parlance was the intrenched camp of the Confederates. The northern front, where the hills are highest and most rugged, was so heavily fortified by nature as to make approach most difficult. In its southern aspect, where the plateau was flatter and more

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VICKSBURG AND PORT HUDSON—SCENE OF GRANT'S GREAT VICTORY.  
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cleared and cultivated, the resources of the engineers had been taxed to the utmost to render the field-works impregnable. Wherever the ravines were insufficient substitutes for wet ditches, trees had been felled, forming abatis which rendered impossible unity of action in an attacking force. Four miles of the river front were furnished with numerous batteries mounted with heavy guns and innumerable rifle trenches. Such natural and artificial defences might well revive the courage of the panic-stricken regiments which poured into it after their rout at the Big Black bridge.

Pemberton had left about eight thousand men to garrison the fortress while he operated beyond the works. These formed the nucleus around which he reorganized his regiments. All told his forces numbered thirty thousand, and with two hundred cannon he declared himself ready to stand a siege. In the matter of supplies he was not so well provided, but he reckoned upon the co-operation of Johnston's army, which he confidently expected would be reinforced sufficiently to make an attack on Grant's rear and enable the garrison to cut its way out, if not actually raise the siege.

When Grant first drew his lines around the beleaguered city, his forces were too few for its complete investment. To the northward the blockade was indeed unbroken, but the left of the line where McClelland's corps was posted did not reach the river by nearly two miles. Grant's total force which bivouacked in front of Vicksburg on the night of May 18th numbered thirty thousand men. They were so buoyant and eager after the uninterrupted series of victories of the previous twenty days that Grant believed himself justified in attempting to carry the works by storm. He thought that the enemy, whose demoralization could be read in



their broad trail of abandoned arms and equipments, would be incapable of any determined resistance. He, moreover, underestimated their numbers, believing that Pemberton had no more than from twelve to fifteen thousand effective men. Accordingly the orders for assault on the 19th were given. The corps commanders were called together and instructed minutely. After skirmishing forward carefully so as to gain the most advantageous positions possible in front of the works, at the signal of three successive volleys from all the artillery at precisely 2 P. M., assaulting parties were to attack along the whole line. In order that there might be no mistake in time, watches were set to conform to that of the general commanding.

Sherman's skirmishing on the right gained important ground. Blair's division was pressed close under the works near a point upon which the artillery was playing to prepare the way for the charge. To the Thirteenth Regular infantry was assigned the important post of forlorn hope. At the appointed time this regiment forced its way gallantly through dense obstructions of standing and fallen timber, across deep and precipitous ravines, and finally planted its colors on the counter-scarp. Two volunteer regiments followed them closely in support and reached the same spot, although much disorganized by the obstructions. There, under a hail of leaden missiles, they maintained themselves with gallantry, the men firing at every head that appeared above the parapet. Although they retained their position with the utmost determination, they were unable to advance further and suffered very severely. The Thirteenth regulars alone lost seventy-seven of its two hundred and fifty officers and men, including Captain Washington, who commanded it. Blair's and Steele's

division, advancing in line, had halted further away from the hostile works, but the latter carried a number of outworks and made a few prisoners. McPherson's and McClernand's corps on the centre and left made even less progress. Ransom's brigade of the former corps indeed got close enough to make a brief but unavailing attack on the works in its front. The irregularity of the ground and the numerous obstructions prevented very close approach and night came before they were in position to obey Grant's orders for a general charge. Hence Blair's division was the only one which accomplished any part of its task. It failed to make any decided impression, although it maintained its advanced position until Sherman ordered it to withdraw after nightfall. About the only results of the movement was the general advance of the whole line of investment to positions much nearer the works, at which the assailants were covered from the enemy's fire. The determined character of the resistance indicated that the strength of the fortifications had already exerted an inspiring influence upon Pemberton's almost disheartened men. The Union losses during the first assault, although never officially reported, were estimated at less than five hundred.

Although foiled in his expectation of storming the city, the operations were of great importance to Grant. He now knew the character and extent of the defences he had to battle with as well as the nature of the ground he must operate upon. Advantageous positions for his artillery were selected and the relations of the various portions of his army were fully established and understood. He determined to give his tired soldiers some rest before again attempting to assault. He, however, still felt that carrying the place by storm would be worth

the sacrifice of life it would entail. Johnston, gathering the scattered fragments of his army about Canton, was expecting reinforcements, which would enable him to relieve his beleaguered subordinate. The vast importance the Confederate president and cabinet attached to the stronghold led Grant to apprehend that some of their eastern armies would be depleted to strengthen the relieving force. In a short time Johnston might find himself strong enough to attack him in the rear and raise the siege. Moreover, the operations of the 19th confirmed him in the belief that a resolute and properly supported assault from the positions then gained would succeed, if made with vigor and co-operation.

The 20th and 21st were spent in resting and refitting his warworn men. Abundant supplies were landed both at Chickasaw landing on the Yazoo and at Warren-ton on the Mississippi. On the 21st Admiral Porter at Grant's suggestion posted the mortar fleet within easy range and bombarded the water batteries and city for the entire day without intermission, dismounting several guns and killing and wounding a number of the garrison. Grant's artillery also joined in the cannonade without eliciting any response. Pemberton was already compelled to economize his ammunition and forbade artillery duels and picket firing. The bombardment had a very terrifying effect upon the civilians who were compelled to seek safety in caves dug into the hills.

On May 22d the second assault was made. By pre-arrangement the gun and mortar boats opened on the city from the river throughout the night, while all of Grant's siege and field artillery joined in the cannonade at daylight. The bombardment was the most terrible of any during the siege. Throughout the dark hours the flashes of the mortars and naval ordnance, and the long

meteor-like trails of the heavy missiles, cast a lurid glare upon the slope of the doomed city, girdled with the death dealing fire. The shriek and hurtle of descending bombs, the incessant reports as they exploded, made an experience, the horrors of which are still fresh in the memories of those who were in the fortress that terrible night. With the first streak of daylight Grant's field and siege pieces opened. Every available cannon was brought to bear on the works and added its noisy clamor to the hellish scene. Sharpshooters pressing closely up under the parapets picked off the Confederate cannoneers whenever they tried to man their guns to reply to the frightful storm that was poured upon the devoted city. The bombardment was kept up until after ten o'clock when the troops began their fateful rush.

Precisely at ten o'clock the Union line was ready for its share in the work of carnage. Storming columns in front of each point selected to be attacked, rushed forward at the same moment. Volunteers in the advance carried poles and boards to facilitate crossing the ditches. Moving partially sheltered until near the works it became necessary to expose themselves for the final rush. Then from every foot of the parapet double ranks of the enemy poured in upon them a terrific fire of musketry, while double shotted cannon mowed the assailants down. In Sherman's front the advance column halted, wavered and sought cover, but Ewing's supporting brigade still pressed on. They leaped the ditch, climbed up the exterior slope and planted their colors on the parapet. The leaden hail poured down upon them became too hot to bear and the brigade, breaking, burrowed into the earth for shelter. The assault then had failed. Three hundred yards to the left Ransom's men pressed gallantly through all obstructions, only to be met with such a de-

structive fire that they, too, sought the protection of the fallen timber from which they swept the hostile parapet with their Minie bullets. No lodgment was gained anywhere along Sherman's front.

McPherson was no more successful. His men in some cases reached the parapet but with such depleted ranks, and so galled by the Confederate fire, that they could not maintain their places while the supporting regiments forced their way through the obstructions. The approaches were so difficult that only a few men could be used, while the enemy concentrating there almost wiped out the pioneers.

In McClernand's front the assault looked more hopeful. His artillery breached several points in the enemy's works and temporarily silenced two of the guns. The ground, however, was too difficult to move the attacking columns with effective co-operation and unity. Lawler's brigade with the same dash and vigor which won the battle at the Black River bridge crossed the bridge and parapet of one of the outworks. It, however, received no assistance from its supporting troops and was unable to penetrate further. A detachment actually got into one of the works, but the enemy rallied and captured every man. Thus all along the line, although made with the utmost gallantry, the attack failed. The works were too strong naturally and artificially to be taken by storm. The difficulty of approaching was so great that enough men could not possibly be projected against any point to make successful entrance even when the parapets were gained, while the enemy was everywhere able to use his entire force. Regiments had planted their battle flags all along the works, and they still waved there, those without and those within being unable to remove them in the terrible leaden hail. The assault was over by

noon, and Grant who watched from a commanding point behind McPherson's corps saw that he could not storm the stronghold.

At twelve o'clock McClernand sent Grant this despatch: "We are hotly engaged with the enemy. We have part possession of two forts and the stars and stripes are floating over them. A vigorous push ought to be made all along the line." Grant, who had seen the repulse of McClernand, was inclined to doubt the success claimed and hesitated to renew the assault. Sherman, to whom he showed the despatch, unable to believe that McClernand would wilfully misstate, advised renewing the attack, and the order was unwillingly given to assault again at 2 P. M., unless previously countermanded. Other despatches reiterating the claim of advantages and urging general assault and reinforcements were sent by McClernand. Accordingly Quinby's division was sent to him, and at 2 P. M. the entire Federal line again advanced. The second assault was made with all the desperate determination of the first, despite the terrible handling the troops then got. Breasting a terrible storm of shot and shell that strewed the approaches with the dead and dying, the men again reached the opposing parapets only to be beaten back to the cover of the neighboring hillsides. There the storming parties stayed until the friendly cover of night enabled them to withdraw. The second assault had no other result than doubling the already frightful casualties. Many valuable lives had been lost to gratify McClernand's egotism. The Federals lost about three thousand in killed and wounded. The Confederates protected by their fortifications lost, it is estimated, about eight hundred.

The delays and uncertainties of a siege were now forced upon the Federal commander. Every available

man from his department was at once hurried forward to put him in a position to complete the investment and at the same time hold Johnston in check on the line of the Big Black. His army, however, was almost wholly unprovided with material for a siege and his engineer organization was very defective. From the beginning to the end he had no siege artillery excepting four Parrott guns and a battery of naval guns loaned him by Admiral Porter. He relied upon the same field cannon that he had carried with him throughout the campaign. The reinforcements which reached him from first to last, consisted of two divisions of the Sixteenth Army corps, commanded by General Washburne, two divisions of the Ninth corps, commanded by Major General Parke, and General Herron's division from the Department of Missouri. Lauman's and Herron's divisions were posted to prolong the Federal line and complete the investment of the city to the southward. Parke's two divisions were placed east of Haines' Bluff, which was fortified so as to prove an effective obstacle in case Johnston should approach by the route between the Yazoo and Big Black rivers.

The siege was now pressed with the utmost vigor. Forts, batteries and rifle pits were constructed along the entire front and winding ways made to afford the men cover in getting to and from the advanced works. The labor in the trenches was done chiefly by negroes, who worked cheerfully and faithfully. So close did some of these zigzags run to the hostile works that the enemy rolled hand grenades down the parapet upon the workers. Although the engineering work was done by officers and men wholly uninstructed in the art and science of sieges, native good sense and ingenuity supplied the place of theoretical knowledge. In all eight separate



approaches were made, two of them ending in mines. Twelve miles of trenches and eighty-nine batteries were constructed. In the latter were two hundred and twenty guns, chiefly field pieces.

After the second assault the defence was very feeble. Toward the close of the siege the enemy scarcely returned the artillery fire. Their aim seemed to be to await another assault, meanwhile losing as few men and expending as little ammunition as possible. At exposed points they occasionally concentrated a heavy musketry fire.

General Alvin P. Hovey, whose division of the Thirteenth corps lay in front of one of these exposed points, relates an incident which, as it throws some light on Grant's insensibility to danger, is worth repeating.

"I thought Grant was somewhat of a fatalist," said General Hovey. "While in front of Vicksburg, it was the custom of commanding officers of divisions to visit their works every day while their head-quarters were securely posted in some ravine near by. On my front it was necessary to pass through a narrow way or valley which had shrubbery on each side. This open place was twenty-five or thirty yards wide, and in full view of the enemy. Nobody could pass this place without a salute from the Confederates. I never went over without putting spurs to my horse and hugging his neck as closely as possible. One morning early General Grant called at my head-quarters and asked me to show him the condition of the works in my front. When we came to the edge of the open space I said: 'General, when I pass over this open space the enemy always salutes me, and I dash the horse across at full speed.'

"He replied with his characteristic terse calmness, and deliberately walked his horse over. I walked over



also, as I was constrained to do, and we received a rattling salute from the enemy. The bullets whistled around with more familiarity than was agreeable to me, but Grant smoked as composedly as though on dress parade.

"The breastworks of the division I commanded then reached within less than two hundred yards of the enemies' ramparts. We had mined almost to their lines, and they had run countermines on their side to ours. We were so close to the enemy that the soldiers would often place their hats on the point of a bayonet and raise them above our breastworks to receive a shower of bullets. Arriving at this point, Grant took his field glass and raised his head and breast above the level of the fortifications. I begged him not to do so. That he was not shot was almost a miracle. I afterward remonstrated with him on thus exposing himself, telling him the loss to the country would be irreparable should he fall. As I remarked before, he seemed impressed with that thing called destiny, and carelessly said, 'O, they can't hurt me.' "

On June 17th General Grant received from Generals Sherman and McPherson letters calling attention to a congratulatory order issued by McClernand to his corps on May 30th, after the second assault, which contained insinuations against his fellow corps commanders to the effect that the second assault had failed through lack of co-operation on their part. Both Sherman and McPherson branded these insinuations as false, and asked the commander of the army to interfere. The production complained of had been published in northern papers, and in fact seemed like a stump speech to the general's political constituents at home. Through it ran a vein of self-glorification as the inspirer, author and chief

executor of the successes that had been achieved by the army of the Tennessee since he joined it. Grant sent the newspaper copy to McClernand to know if it were correct, and if not, for him to send a correct copy to the general head-quarters. McClernand sent the desired copy and next morning Grant relieved him of the command of the Thirteenth army corps, and ordered him home. Major-General E. O. C. Ord was appointed to command the corps in his stead, subject to the approval of the President.

Thus ended the trouble between Grant and his arrogant subordinate, which began at Cairo and had been a source of increasing annoyance ever since. His overweening self-esteem led him to overrate his military talents, and he had been using his political influence, which was great, to advance himself to high commands. In this he succeeded so far that the President actually assigned him to the command of what was to be an independent expedition to capture Vicksburg and open the Mississippi river. Fortunately Halleck shared Grant's distrust of his vainglorious subordinate and strengthened his hand by giving him the power to command the troops in his own department in his own way. The latter, however, continued his insubordinate acts, which culminated in the offensive order and his removal from active command. Grant had been very patient with McClernand. Besides his political influence, he possessed bravery, and had he been content to do his duty, he would have been spared the humiliation which fell upon him. Mr. Dana, in communicating in relation to this to the War Department, said: "My own judgment is that McClernand has not the qualities necessary for a commander even of a regiment."

After the second assault, Grant determined to wait for

the prey which was certain to fall into his hands in due time. So he settled down to begin the famous forty days' siege which ended in the fall of the Confederate stronghold. These days of watching and waiting were full of important and interesting events, the result of which would fill a volume. With the explosion of mines and the general operations incident to a siege the army was kept actively employed.

Even before the second assault the condition of the penned-up army and the residents of the beleaguered city had become extremely trying. Although he had declared the city provisioned for sixty days, Pemberton already found it necessary to place his men on half rations. Despatches which he sent to Johnston were intercepted and showed that he was short of percussion caps, but that his men were in good spirits notwithstanding short rations. He earnestly urged his superior to hasten to his relief.

On June 25th Grant fired a mine which had been sunk under the hostile parapet in front of Ransom's division. The mine proper, thirty-five feet in length, with several branches, contained fifteen hundred pounds of powder. Fuses arranged so as to fire all branches at once were ignited at 3 P. M. A heavy cannonading prefaced the explosion, which was successful in all respects. Immense masses of earth shot up into the air, and amongst the flying wreck could be seen the bodies of the men who had garrisoned the spot. One or two of them came down alive inside of the Federal lines. Most of the men, however, had been removed to the interior works in anticipation of the explosion, so the loss of life was not as great as was expected. The cavity produced was large enough to hold two regiments, and a column of infantry concealed near by

rushed forward to gain possession of the breach. The enemy met them gallantly in the crater, but after a desperate struggle were driven back to their covering works. Thence they threw grenades and hand-lighted bombs into the midst of the troops occupying the cavity, with such success that it was christened "the death-hole." The ground gained, however, was held, and the opening was used as a point from which to run other mines.

As long before as June 11th Grant had told Sherman of his apprehensions that Johnston might collect sufficient force to annoy him seriously, if, indeed, he did not succeed in raising the siege. He suspected that reinforcements would be hurried up from Bragg's army, in which case he told Sherman that he would be detached from the command of his corps and given sufficient force to check any advance from that quarter. At the same time the lines of the besieging army were so drawn and fortified as to resist any possible attack from the rear.

On June 27th Grant received positive information that Johnston had crossed the Big Black and intended to march at once upon the army besieging Vicksburg. Sherman immediately began a defensive line of field works from the Yazoo to the Big Black river. With a force composed of a division from each of the army corps he manned these works, and by strong reconnoitering parties, pushed far out, effectually counteracted Johnston's plans.

On July 1st a second mine, run from the crater made by the first, was ready to spring. It had been better located and the explosion effectually demolished the redan of the defensive work and killed or wounded many of those manning it. No serious attempt, however, was made to charge through the breach thus

made. Other mines were being sunk and exploded daily, and the fortress was rapidly nearing its doom.

It was about the time when the siege was wellnigh drawing to an end, that General *Quinby*, his classmate and life-long friend, was going North on sick-leave. *Quinby* had called to bid his commander good-bye, and *Grant* had insisted upon his having lunch with him. The two sat down, talking over the situation before *Vicksburg*, when *Quinby* asked the question :

“Are you going to make another assault?”

“No, sir,” *Grant* replied. “I could capture the city with a hard battle, but it is bound to fall into my hands without the loss of life, and if there is any one thing that gives me pain, it is the needless sacrifice of a single soldier.”

General *Quinby* describes *Grant*'s discussion of the destructive phase of war as very touching indeed, and adds that no man living was easier moved by suffering and death than *Grant*, but that he had that high degree of moral courage to understand that campaigns should not be begun, any more than wars declared, without counting the cost and being prepared to do whatever was required to win.

Recalling again General *Quinby*'s visit to *Grant* on the day he came to bid his commander good-bye, the simple character of the man is again illustrated :

“*Grant* was very shabbily clad,” said General *Quinby*, “having on only a rusty blouse-like coat, without ornament, and a pair of flannel pants that were torn from the ankle clear up to the knee.

“As I arose to go, I said, ‘General, is there anything I can do for you at the North?’

“He looked down at his drawers showing through the rent in his trousers, and said :

“ ‘Well, I suppose I ought to send an order for a new suit of clothes by you.’ But, after a moment’s thought, he concluded :

“ ‘I guess it is not necessary ; my trunk will be here in a few days, and I will find something in it.’ ”

One of the most important reminiscences related of General Grant during the siege, refers to Mr. Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War. He was with Grant during all these important operations, constantly communicating to the War Department upon his movements. He was an interesting figure about Grant’s head-quarters, and in the little knots of prominent officers who came there for business or to visit he was a great deal of his time to be found. On one of those hazy, lazy evenings in early June, in that peculiar condition of the Southern climate when the moon is softened by the mist, there was gathered at General McFeely’s tent, under the pine awning built in front, General Grant, General Sherman, McPherson, Mr. Dana and two or three others. General Grant and Mr. Dana were the chiefs of the conversation, and Grant was talking about some experience in the Mexican war, when Mr. Dana asked him his opinion of the sound strategy of a certain move, when Grant replied :

“ Mr. Dana, I do not believe very much in what is called strategy. My experience and observation have led me to the conclusion that the army capable of holding its position longest is surest to win. I have known two armies after a fight to march away from each other, both believing they were whipped, while neither one was. The general who fights with the single purpose of maintaining his ground or advancing his position is on the right track. I can illustrate by the situation here. I have a line nearly twenty miles long. I

may fight any part of it any given day without the entire army knowing the meaning or result of the movement. Unless I am compelled to abandon my position there is practically nothing lost if I hold on to any given point in the general plan. What is most useful to soldiers is to thoroughly understand that when a position is once taken, it is to be held. More battles are lost from a failure on the part of commanders to understand this maxim and to impress it upon their subordinates than from most other reasons combined."

Grant then said that there was a great deal of difference in troops; that the Confederates were naturally more mercurial than the Northern men; that they were ferocious and terrible to withstand in an assault, but that their best work was done under the impulse of a charge rather than in the wearing and tearing duties of a great battle or of an important campaign.

It was during these days of anxiety and momentous events that Grant appeared at his best, and Mr. Dana, who is now the most competent witness as to the acts of the men of that period, gives this mature judgment of the man whose abilities he was then studying:

"My impressions of Grant at that time, and during that whole campaign, were, that he was a man of extraordinary common sense, and of sincere and unaffected patriotism."

It is well to bear in mind that Mr. Dana was occupying at this time exceedingly important relations with the army in the Mississippi valley. The War Department was not entirely satisfied with the terse reports General Grant was making. His crisp messages to the seat of government or direct replies sent to questions asked by the General-in-Chief were not full enough to meet the anxiety of the authorities as to his movements. There-



fore the President and Secretary of War directed Mr. Dana to remain with him and report upon military transactions. General Grant spoke freely to the Assistant Secretary of War about his plans, and in an exceptional degree he occupied a point of observation of great value to one whose sole business it was to learn all he possibly could of the operations of the entire army. Mr. Dana's directions are embodied in this telegram from Secretary Stanton :

"You will proceed to General Grant's head-quarters, or wherever you may best be able to accomplish the purposes designated by this department. You will consider your movements to be governed by your own discretion, without any restriction."

Under these directions Mr. Dana acted, and his despatches in relation to the operations along the Mississippi have been of great value to the writer in following the story of the campaign.

Mr. Dana's relations with General Grant must have been cordial, for on June 5th Secretary Stanton telegraphed him: "Everything in the power of this Government will be put forth to aid General Grant. The emergency is not underrated here. Your telegrams are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering." The despatches to which the Secretary of War alluded cover a wide range of observation, and give a clear insight into General Grant's military character.

Long before the end of June Mr. Dana reported to the Government that the condition of the garrison and residents of the city was now deplorable in the extreme. Meat had become so scarce that quarter rations of mule flesh, with very insufficient quantities of corn meal and



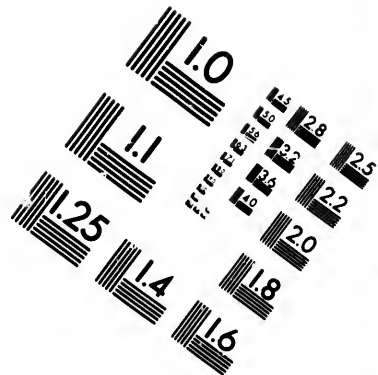
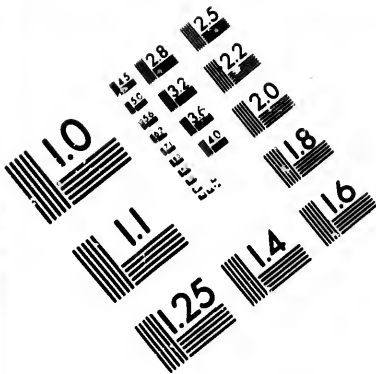
bean coffee, were all the soldiers got. The number of able-bodied defenders had been greatly reduced by casualties, but even more by sickness, the result of ceaseless vigils in the trenches under a burning sun and insufficient food. The civilians were in even worse plight, subjected day and night to the perils of a continuous cannonade from land and water, hiding in caves to escape the deadly missiles exploding in their streets. On July 1st, the day of the explosion of the second mine, Pemberton, convinced that resistance could not be much prolonged, called a council of his generals and asked their opinion as to the possibility of abandoning the fortress. All decided that evacuation was impossible, and two of them recommended surrender.

Two days afterward, on July 3d, Pemberton despatched the following letter to Grant.

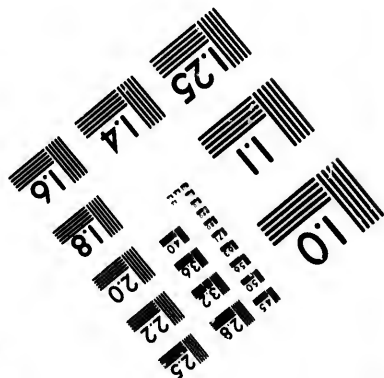
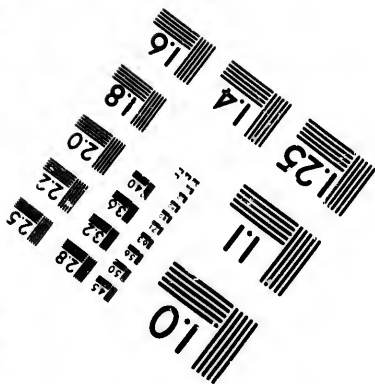
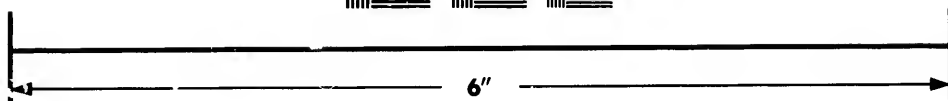
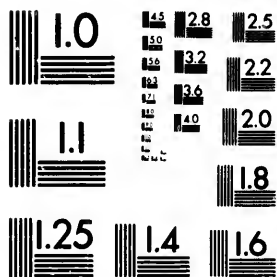
"I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners, to meet a like number to be named by yourself, at such place and hour as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you, under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen."

Under the protection of a white flag General Bowen was admitted to the lines of General A. J. Smith about ten o'clock in the morning. He earnestly desired to converse personally with Grant, but this was not permitted. The Federal commander, however, indicated that if General Pemberton desired to meet him, an interview between the lines could be had at 3 p. m. The reply to





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Pemberton's letter, returned by General Bowen, was as follows:

"Your note of this date is just received proposing an armistice for several hours for the purpose of arranging terms for capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you choose, by the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage will always command the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

At three o'clock a signal gun from the Federal side, answered by one from the Confederates, heralded the coming of Grant and Pemberton to their fateful interview. The Union commander was attended by Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan and A. J. Smith, and several members of his personal staff. Pemberton was accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery. They met under the canopy of a giant oak. The spot had not been trodden by either army during the siege. After introduction and handshaking General Pemberton said:

"General Grant, I meet you in order to arrange terms for the capitulation of the city of Vicksburg and its garrison. What terms do you demand?"

"Unconditional surrender," Grant replied.

"Unconditional surrender?" said Pemberton. "If that is all, the conference can terminate at once and hostilities be resumed immediately."

"Very well. Then you can continue the defence," Grant replied, coolly puffing his cigar and turning away.



PEMBERTON SURRENDERING VICKSBURG TO GENERAL GRANT.

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General Bowen here proposed the retirement of the subordinates present for consultation about such terms as they might submit to their chief. Grant had no objection to the subordinates consulting, but declined to be bound by any of these proposals. The decision of the terms he said lay with himself. General Bowen after consultation proposed that the garrison be permitted to march out with the honors of war, taking their arms and field artillery. This Grant refused with a smile. After the conference had lasted an hour Pemberton withdrew, Grant promising to send his ultimatum by ten o'clock that night.

Certain that Pemberton would capitulate, he turned his attention towards the destruction of the remaining Confederate forces in the State. "Make your calculations to attack Johnston, and destroy the road north of Jackson. I have directed Steele and Ord to move as you suggested the moment Vicksburg is surrendered. I want Johnston broken up as effectually as possible. You can make your own arrangements, and have all the troops in my command except one corps," he said to Sherman. Thus, while conducting the negotiations for the capitulation of Vicksburg, he at the same time turned his attention to the destruction of Johnston's army.

Grant the same afternoon summoned his generals to a conference. With the single exception of General Steele, they all suggested terms that he would not sanction. He wrote the following, which contains in the main the terms afterward accepted:

"In conformity with the agreement of this afternoon, I will submit the following proposition for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, etc. On your accepting the terms proposed, I will march in one divis-

ion as a guard and take possession at 8 A. M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out, and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side arms and clothing, and the field, staff and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners."

Pemberton, replying, asked the following modifications: "At 10 A. M. to-morrow I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession. Officers to retain their side arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

To this, which Grant received after midnight, he returned immediate answer to the effect that every officer and man must be provided with a parole signed by himself. It further stated: "Again I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulations. . . . If you mean, by your proposition, for each brigade



to march to the front of the lines now occupied by it, and stack arms at 10 o'clock A. M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objections to it. Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by 9 A. M., I shall regard them as rejected, and shall act accordingly. Should these terms be accepted, white flags should be displayed along your lines to prevent such of my troops as may not have been notified, from firing upon your men."

Pemberton next morning communicated his acceptance of the terms proposed. At ten o'clock the garrison marched out of the citadel they had so long defended, stacked their arms and marched back again as prisoners of war. Thirty-one thousand six hundred men—one hundred and seventy-two cannon—a capture unparalleled in modern warfare—were the personal and material trophies of the victory.

It was on the national holiday that Logan rode into the city at the head of his division, General Grant and his staff riding with him, and the battle-flag of the Forty-fifth Illinois was thrown to the breeze over the courthouse. It was a royal celebration of the day. A great step had been taken towards the re-establishment of national unity, and the day and the event were in happy harmony. But there was no undue exultation displayed by the victors. Sadly and quietly the Confederates, who had defended the fortress by the river for so long a time and so gallantly, laid down their arms and their battle-flags, and were changed from active combatants into prisoners of war. Soon, however, the American spirit overcame the first chagrin, and conquerors and conquered fraternized in the streets of the city. Indeed, it was a marked characteristic of the war that the private

soldiers of both armies seemed to cherish no animosities towards each other.

In quite striking contrast was the conduct of Pemberton when Grant rode to his head-quarters. The defeated commander added the imbecility of incivility to the list of blunders which had been of his committing from the time he first undertook the defence of Vicksburg. He was disagreeable and surly in manner, and did not even offer the Federal commander the courtesy of a chair. But Grant was supremely indifferent to such an exhibition of petty pique. He transacted his business with Pemberton and then rode away again, quite undisturbed by the smallness of his defeated antagonist. It was at this interview that Grant learned, considerably to his surprise, that instead of fifteen or twenty thousand, as he had supposed, Pemberton had surrendered thirty-two thousand men. That night he telegraphed the news of his victory to Washington in a few terse sentences, wholly different from the militaryrodomontade which seems to be the special weakness of commanders after a conquest.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### CONFEDERATE STORY OF VICKSBURG.

The importance of Vicksburg to the Confederacy—The country it commanded—Grant's forward movement—Pemberton's inability to grasp the situation—His utter failure to make any proper resistance—Johnston fails to take active command—Blunder after blunder—More tentative operations—The final surrender.

GENERAL THOMAS JORDAN thus tells the Confederate story of Vicksburg :

“‘The city of Vicksburg was important to the Confederates on account of its railroad connections ; the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad connecting it with all of the Southern Confederacy east of the Mississippi river, and the Vicksburg and Shreveport railroad connecting it with all the country west of that great stream.’ Such is the brief summary made of the military value of Vicksburg to the Confederates, by General Grant, in the opening of his personal memoirs, contributed recently to the *Century*. This, certainly, is a very meagre estimate of the importance of a position, the loss of which involved the complete severance of the States of the Southern Confederacy, eastward of the Mississippi, from those to the westward of it ; also the immediate loss of the States of Mississippi and Louisiana, with the early fall of Mobile, thus exposed to be approached and attacked from the rear. Understanding how vitally the territorial integrity of the seceded States depended upon the possession of such a position as that of Vicksburg, within a fortnight after the battle of Shiloh, General Beauregard dispatched thither his *alter ego* as an engineer, Captain D. B. Harris, with written instruc-

tions to carefully reconnoitre the locality, and to erect the proper works for a garrison of about three thousand men, and to be garrisoned chiefly with eight or ten eight-and-ten-inch guns, and fifteen forty-two-pounders. He also called attention to the possibility that a canal might be cut by the enemy across the peninsula, immediately opposite to Vicksburg, and directed the provision of works, looking to that contingency. He also sought to have added to the defensive resources of the position, which the military engineers might be able to provide, those of the Confederate navy on the Mississippi river, including not only the 'heaviest steam rams' at Fort Pillow, but a large ironclad, the Arkansas, under construction at Memphis, which was sent, by his orders, to be finished in the Yazoo river.

"After McClernand had secured authority from Mr. Lincoln to raise a special command to take Vicksburg, General Grant suddenly dropped the defensive policy, which had hitherto thickly studded West Tennessee and North Mississippi with large separate Federal commands, which, in the aggregate, embraced about seventy-four thousand rank and file, with a hundred and fifty odd pieces of field artillery. He ordered Sherman to proceed on transports with about thirty-four thousand men, including some twelve thousand from the Trans-Mississippi forces, down the river from Memphis against Vicksburg, which he was to assail from the Yazoo river, assisted by a fleet of gun-boats under D. D. Porter. Contemporaneously, the Federal general was to move with forty-five thousand men by land upon Jackson, Mississippi, to relieve Sherman of the possibility of having to deal with any other enemy than the comparatively small force at and near Vicksburg. Thus hurriedly dispatched from Memphis on

the 20th, Sherman disembarked eight miles up the Yazoo river, on the 26th of December, to undertake an enterprise that Mr. Lincoln certainly had given into the hands of his friend, McClernand. In order to divert and occupy the bulk of the Confederate forces in Mississippi elsewhere than in defense of Vicksburg, General Grant very properly, as since shown, had set in motion some forty odd thousand men upon Jackson, leaving, unquestionably, at Corinth and the southward in West Tennessee more than fifteen thousand men of all arms. However, meanwhile, the Confederate cavalry general, Forrest, afterwards so conspicuous a figure in the war in the West, had suddenly made his appearance with about two thousand men, and a horse battery of four light guns in the quarter of Jackson, West Tennessee, or in the very centre of the Union forces so plentifully posted in that region. This petty force of badly-armed (fowling-pieces, chiefly), but well-mounted, swift-moving Confederates, well acquainted with the country, was handled with such skill, audacity and intrepidity that fast-flying rumor magnified it into a body of from five to ten thousand men, or even more, with twelve pieces of artillery, the supposed advance of Bragg's whole army from Middle Tennessee.

“Simultaneously a body of Confederate cavalry, under Van Dorn, moved northward around Grant's left flank, and by a brilliantly executed *coup de main* captured the Federal chief depot of supplies at Holly Springs, with its garrison of 3,000 men together with a large quantity of army supplies. Thus coevally attacked in his rear at several points, the Federal general-in-chief was led to pause in his own offensive movement southward and turn his attention to what was happening northward. That is to say, he virtually felt obliged to leave Sherman's

venture unsupported, and therefore to fail or fall short of its purpose, as it did. In the several efforts which Sherman made to carry the Confederate works at Haines' Bluff, suffice to say, he was easily buffeted back with heavy loss. Thereupon he retired from the Yazoo river without having made a serious effort to employ the considerable resources at his command commensurably with their strength, character, and military value in the operations intrusted to him by Halleck and Grant in preference to McClernand chosen for the same work by President Lincoln.

"Turning now to the Confederate situation, it is to be related that on the 24th of November, 1862, with a special view to the best possible employment of Confederate resources against their strenuous adversary in the West, General Joseph E. Johnston was assigned to the chief command of all the troops in the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi—that is to say, the armies severally under Bragg, Kirby Smith and Pemberton. That same day Johnston pointed out to the Confederate Secretary of War, in a personal interview, that as the Confederate forces were then disposed, Vicksburg was in danger of falling into the hands of the United States.

"On the other hand, he asserted that by a proper concentration of available resources, a materially superior force could be collected in that quarter, and employed in a decisive offensive operation against General Grant, whose numbers, curiously enough, he estimated at forty-five thousand—about the force with which, we are told, Grant actually moved southward several weeks later against Jackson. This, he explained, made it essential to transfer, at once, the chief part of Holmes' forces in Arkansas across to

Mississippi to unite with those under Pemberton. Furthermore, that in the offensive operations which should then ensue against Grant, the army under Bragg, in Middle Tennessee, must co-operate. Under every aspect this was as sound as feasible a plan of campaign, and it was essentially assented to by Mr. Davis; for, upon reaching Chattanooga, on the 4th of December, Johnston found there a telegram from the Confederate War Office to the effect that General Holmes had been 'peremptorily ordered to re-inforce Pemberton.' The same dispatch, however, suggested that as at that time Pemberton was being forced southward by superior numbers, Holmes' troops might reach the scene too late to save Vicksburg; therefore, it was the view of Mr. Davis that at so critical an exigency suitable reinforcements should be sent from Bragg's army.

"This assuredly well-grounded apprehension, with the suggestion born of it, was met, however, by his nothing-if-not contrarious lieutenant with the hardly accurate assertion that Holmes' troops could be brought across from Arkansas sooner than a similar force could be thrown to Pemberton's aid from Murfreesboro; a statement to which he added the declaration that he 'would not weaken Bragg's army without express orders to do so.' Now this was a determination reached *per saltum* before he had either visited Bragg's headquarters or otherwise made himself acquainted with the military situation in that immediate theatre of war. Furthermore, this stand was taken in the face of his own opinion, expressed in Richmond only a fortnight previously, that Vicksburg was in danger, while by a swift concentration of Confederate resources in that quarter Grant's army might be annihilated. Therefore, Johnston's course, in effect, was a wholly unsound, fatal



choice between the transient preservation of the false, over-salient, comparatively valueless position of Murfreesboro (with possession of a small part of Middle Tennessee), and the cardinal position of Vicksburg, the loss of which must carry that also of Arkansas, West Louisiana and Texas, as well as the whole State of Mississippi, to the Confederate States.

"Naturally most anxious for the safety of Vicksburg, Mr. Davis, himself, hastened after Johnston to Chattanooga to consult with that officer as to the means for meeting the perilous urgencies of the situation in Mississippi, with no other result than to find him, as always, a pessimist, and indisposed to concentrate the resources of his own command to oppose Grant. Thereupon, the Confederate President repaired to Bragg's headquarters, where Johnston's subordinate readily decided that he could spare two divisions aggregating nine thousand men.

"At this time the Confederate forces in Mississippi under General Pemberton embraced a force of about twenty-three thousand men on the line of the Tallahatchee river confronting Grant, then preparing to move upon Jackson, and some seven thousand men constituting the garrison of Vicksburg and its outposts, with five thousand more at Port Hudson; or, in all, some thirty-five thousand men.

"Now, clearly, when assuming the large command devolved upon him, there was imposed with it upon General Johnston the exigent duty to evoke every possible resource within the territorial limits assigned to his charge, to be employed wheresoever within those limits the exertion of those resources should be productive of the greatest military results. It was his first duty, moreover, to decide in what quarter it was most vital to the



Confederate States that an army should be concentrated with which he could hope to meet and signally beat his adversary. As we have seen, before leaving Richmond, he had rightly comprehended that Vicksburg was precisely such a point ; that is, the position most in peril, and at the same time the one upon which an army might be readily concentrated so superior to the one that menaced it, that the latter could be destroyed. It is true, however, that he depended for the ability to make such a stroke upon the acquisition of a considerable force from a source entirely outside of his own immediate control, one whose timely presence he could not command and does not appear ever to have sought to assure, even when the Confederate President had peremptorily ordered its transfer to his command at his suggestion. In this way solely did it appear to him that Vicksburg could be saved ; that is, by troops brought from Arkansas and added to those under Pemberton, and he obdurately closed his judgment against the necessity for providing any other shield to the imperiled position whose value to the Confederate States was so great. I assert with all confidence that, if necessary to save Vicksburg, Bragg's whole army should have been transferred to Mississippi and the way left open even for Rosecrans, if he chose at that time to make the movement that he made ultimately, forcing Bragg out of Middle Tennessee.

“Returning to the offensive movements of the Union campaign, it is to be said that with the sole exception that the capture of Vicksburg was the ultimate object, there was no settled plan of operations. A series of purely tentative expeditions, these random ventures were essayed apparently with the hope that some one of them might touch and pierce a weak spot in the Confederate defences. In this way three months were

occupied, as General Grant states, 'in trying to get upon the high land, and also waiting for the waters of the Mississippi, which were very high this winter, to recede.'

"The first of these enterprises was that of cutting the canal anticipated by Beauregard some ten months previously, and directed to be provided against. Probably this work was undertaken in deference to suggestions from Washington. One or more corps were thus employed. As early as the 2d of February, however, Grant wrote to Halleck that he had 'lost faith' in the attainment of any practical results from this enterprise. However, he also announced his purpose then and subsequently to push it to completion with all available means. And in fact, for quite two months thereafter, large detachments of his army, with gangs of negroes and dredging-machines, were kept industriously occupied by this labor, which the Federal general had come to regard as of no possible worth. Moreover, this was done in the face of military reasons that would seem to make it incumbent upon a general in the field to abandon such an undertaking, for already General Grant could but see that, as located, this canal, when completed, would debouch in the river below Vicksburg at a point so completely commanded from heights on the opposite bank as to make the passage through it impracticable. Further, the Vicksburg batteries readily threw shells along so much of its line as made work difficult, and drove out the dredging-machines.

"Seeing this, as Grant did early in February, it is altogether unaccountable that he consented to keep his men hard at work sixty days on so preposterous an undertaking. Nature, however, intervened at length. A flood pouring in, as might have been anticipated at

that season, tore away the levees, spread over the country far inward, submerged his encampment, drowned his animals, swept away his delving implements, and forced his troops to flee for their very lives.

“A most dangerous tentative operation was the attempt to open Yazoo Pass, and by that way enter first the Cold Water, next the Tallahatchee, and thus by water ‘get upon the highland’ to the rear of Vicksburg above Haines’ Bluff. This involved going back to a point six miles above Helena, and thence venture a voyage of several hundred miles upon transports through the mazes of the swamps and narrow streams just mentioned, giving the Confederates the easy opportunity to take the expedition at great disadvantage and cut it to pieces in detail. Void of all possibility of success from the outset, in this extraordinary affair, four thousand five hundred men were employed in the beginning, embarked on twenty transports convoyed by two ironclad gunboats and some lighter armored craft. There were delays and difficulties, even in finding proper light-draught transportation for this force of four thousand five hundred men, while it would have required two hundred similar transports for the Federal army by that route of approach to Vicksburg. Next a division was ordered to follow in support, and ultimately, McPherson, with his corps as well as a division of troops from Memphis, as fast as transportation could be secured.

“Thus the Federal commander sought to throw little over a third of his army to the rear of Vicksburg, where, had it been actually able to go in the manner attempted, it must have been so dislocated from all possible timely support that it must have been overwhelmed, if the Confederates had at their disposition one-half of the forces they were credited with in the Federal dispatches

at the time. As it was, the advance of this expedition, after some delay at Helena for lack of proper transportation, surmounted a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, when it was brought to a halt by a Confederate fort, that easily beat off the Union ironclads.

“Of course, had the Confederate resources at the disposition of Pemberton, or, properly speaking, Johnston, been handled with ordinary vigor, not a man or a vessel would have been suffered to return to Helena from the labyrinth into which they had been thus adventured. Meanwhile, apprehensive of disaster, General Grant had detached Sherman with a single division, convoyed by another naval force under Admiral Porter, to make an effort to enter the Yazoo below the point reached by the other expedition, and thus ‘save’ or ‘relieve it.’ This, it was fancied, might be effected by ascending Steel’s Bayou into Black’s, and thence by way of Deer Creek, the Rolling Fork, and Sunflower. After great efforts on the part of Porter to execute his mission, he became entangled and well-nigh inextricably entrapped far short of his destination. The Confederates as easily as effectually blocked his way with heavy fallen timber, and were swiftly closing, in the same manner, the bayous behind him, while the swamps and thickets around were swarming with sharpshooters and light ordnance, to which Porter could make no effective reply. Indeed, to so critical a strait was the expedition finally brought that its commander, for a time during his retreat, ‘thought of blowing up his vessels and escaping with his men through the swamps to the Mississippi.’ When so sorely imperiled, Porter called on Sherman for aid, which was given with timely energy and by a night march, just in time to save the Federal fleet from destruction, either self-inflicted or by their enemies. Any

one who will attentively read the contemporaneous official dispatches of both sides cannot fail to see that had an able soldier been in command of the Confederate forces on that theatre of war, one with a rational comprehension of the situation and of the Confederate defensive and offensive capacities, Sherman would neither have saved the admiral nor escaped with his own isolated division.

“Preliminary to the movement of forces to Hard Times on the westbank of the river below Vicksburg, seven iron-clads led by the Benton under flag of the admiral, and three transports with ten barges in tow, as gallantly as successfully ran the Confederate batteries, under their heavy fire, with the loss of but one of the transports, set on fire by the bursting of Confederate shells. Again, on the night of the 26th of April, six transports, towing barges heavily loaded with forage and subsistence, made the same venture, with the same success, and again with the loss of but one of the transports. ‘Thus General Grant’s army had below Vicksburg, by the 27th of April, an abundance of stores as well as boats with which to cross the river.’ Meanwhile, McClernand’s and McPherson’s corps had been moving southward,—about thirty thousand effectives. Both Sherman and McPherson, the two ablest lieutenants of the Union general, it seems, held well-grounded opinions adverse to this undertaking, which are to be found loyally expressed in a letter written by the former to General Grant’s chief of staff, on the 8th of April. Grant, however, proceeded to act upon his own plans in his own way. And after an unsuccessful, ill-managed naval attack on Grand Gulf on the 29th of April, Bruinsburg was selected as the most favorable point for the descent of his army upon the State of Mississippi.

"Meanwhile, Sherman, while still at Milliken's Bend, about to follow the other two corps, had received an intimation, not an order, that he might usefully employ his corps for a while in a feint or diversion upon Haines' Bluff, the scene of his former mishap. This he proceeded to do, though the real object of so ostentatious an operation was too apparent, as the military reader will be apt to decide, to mislead or disturb an intelligent enemy in view of what had so recently happened there to demonstrate the ease with which Haines' Bluff could be held with a small force against thirty thousand men.

"It seems that only one Federal division could be ferried at a time with the transportation disposable, while the distance to be thus traversed was six miles. Under such circumstances the operation was one of extreme hazard. The Union divisions were liable to be assailed and destroyed in detail before adequate support could possibly go to their assistance. This the navy could not really avert from the nature of the landing-ground. Twenty-four hours were occupied in the transfer of McClernand's corps, with one of McPherson's divisions. Moreover, the interior could only be reached after the descent by traversing some low swampy ground for half a mile, and thence through a defile which might easily have been defended.

"That Pemberton was fully apprised of what was impending is apparent from his report and dispatches to General J. E. Johnston at Tullahoma, which clearly show his early knowledge of the presence of a large Federal force with ferriage facilities, first at New Carthage and subsequently at Hard Times, plainly with a view to offensive operations against Vicksburg. And as only one or two points of the river-bank in that quarter were accessible, there was little, if any, difficulty

in meeting an offensive movement almost at the first bound, and meeting it with a greatly superior force, for Pemberton had about forty-five thousand men at his disposition at Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf, and Port Hudson, the major part of whom he could assemble with sufficient celerity to meet his adversary's undisguised operations and overcome him in detail. So splendid an opportunity has rarely, if ever, been vouchsafed the weaker of two belligerents for the signal, irreparable defeat of the stronger, as was now given by Grant to Pemberton. General Johnston as far away as Tullahoma, giving his immediate personal attention, as must be said, rather to the secondary than to the primary or most urgently menaced part of his rather wide field of command, could but see the vital advantages that might accrue to the Confederates, and the very same day (29th April) he urged Pemberton, by telegraph, to concentrate and attack the Federal general immediately upon his landing. This, on the 2d of May, he repeated, as follows: 'If Grant crosses, unite all your troops to beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned.'

"Twelve miles eastward of Bruinsburg is Port Gibson, to which place McClernand was ordered to hasten with his corps on the 1st of May, ahead of support. Bowen, an able, energetic soldier, had, of course, evacuated Grand Gulf, and was found by McClernand's advance at 2 P. M. directly across its path in a strong position, three or four miles westward of Port Gibson. Notwithstanding the time thus given to the Confederates for concentration, Grant inexplicably made no positive attack until the next morning. The ground, seamed with deep ravines, choked with brush, fallen timber, and the rank vines of a Southern forest, was admirable for defense. Bowen made the best of these advantages with his



petty force, doubtless under the expectation that his superior would soon be at hand with the mass of his army. Small as was his force, the Confederate general held McClernand's corps of four divisions at bay until after mid-day, Grant being on the field, commanding in person since 10 o'clock A. M. Two of McPherson's brigades were pushed up, but one brigade of Confederates, after a march of twenty miles that day, also opportunely reinforced Bowen, and enabled him to hold his adversary in check until towards sunset, obstinately disputing, says Badeau, 'every inch of the field.' What six thousand Confederates at most did on that day, by virtue of the field of battle or their ability to withstand for ten hours a force more than *three times* as strong, is quite sufficient to demonstrate what fate must have befallen Grant on the 2d of May, 1863, had all readily available Confederate resources (at least thirty-five thousand men) been there, instead of the three brigades so well handled by Bowen.

"Not earlier than the 2d of May did another division of McPherson's corps succeed in getting to the east bank of the Mississippi, and did not effect a junction with the other until the 3d. Left without the expected support, Bowen had now to fall back, but did so slowly, in perfect order, after blowing up his magazines, spiking his heavy guns, and availing himself of the great defensive facilities of the country to contest the ground with signal tenacity, as Badeau relates. Thus again was it shown what must have happened to the Federal army had Pemberton been a soldier of ordinary capacity. As it was, Bowen was able to withdraw in safety across the Big Black on the afternoon of the 4th of May, and effect a junction with Pemberton.

"Grant now determined to advance upon Jackson, in



order to beat the force presumed to be there before it could effect a junction with Pemberton, or Pemberton could march thither. This was *to march upon the smaller of the two hostile forces*, leaving the other, known to be at the time as strong as his own, free to spring upon his rear. In other words, while Grant had to march upon the *hypothense*, Pemberton could reach Jackson to meet him by the *base or shorter line* of the triangle. Pemberton, on hearing of such a movement, on the part of his adversary, having telegraphic communications, could call the force at Jackson to meet him as he marched out even from Vicksburg, and with his whole force take up a position upon the Federal flank, from which he might strike Grant when completely cut off from his base; strike him when entangled in a difficult, unknown, hostile theatre of war, and, indeed, under every possible adverse circumstance, with scarce a chance for escape from utter destruction.

"Pemberton, however, it seems, fancying that Grant was really moving upon the railroad at or about Edward's Station, in the direction of Vicksburg, made some preparation to fight him there. This idea was all the better for concentration, all the more dangerous for Grant, for it should have stimulated Pemberton to draw thither every available man, including those at Jackson, and from that position he would have menaced Grant's flank, his rear, and his communications, had the Federal general marched beyond Raymond towards Jackson. Moreover, ample time was given the Confederates for concentration by the tardy manner in which the Federal corps were handled. Badeau characterizes Grant's movement upon Jackson, as masterly, though very dangerous, for in taking that place he destroyed the Confederate centre and isolated Vicksburg. On the con-

trary, I affirm that had his opponent been a clear-headed soldier, it must have turned out just such a seizure of the centre as that of an adventurous fly which had penetrated to the centre of a spider's web; the isolation of Vicksburg by that movement was simply the isolation of the spider, which sits quietly at the verge of his web, ready to pounce upon its victim so soon as it may become inextricably enmeshed.

"Sherman having been brought across the river with two of his divisions on the 6th, advanced into the interior on the 8th of May. McPherson was thrown forward the next morning by the direct road to Raymond; McClermand advanced by a widely-diverging line of march, nearly due north, towards Edward's Station, and Sherman by an intermediate way through Auburn. Dispositions more favorable than these for the purpose of the Confederates could not well be made, for McClermand was thus exposed to be assailed in flank and rear by an overwhelming force from Edward's Station before possible succor could reach him. On the 12th of May McPherson encountered opposition in front of Raymond. A small brigade of Confederates stopped his march there for four or five hours, inflicted some loss, and again demonstrated what must have come to pass had Pemberton a little less incompetent than he proved to be, been at hand with his available force. Although a single brigade was pitted against two divisions, Grant termed the affair at the time 'a severe fight.' The greatest mismanagement of ample resources on the part of Pemberton alone gave impunity and success to all these operations of the Federal general, as must surely be now apparent. Now there was another change in the order of movement. McPherson, early the next day, was thrown forward to Clinton, ten miles west of

Jackson ; Sherman moved by the direct road to Jackson, and McClernand was drawn down from the vicinity of Edward's Ferry to Raymond.

"Meanwhile, General Johnston, who had hitherto, or since the 22d of January, regarded himself as prevented from giving his personal *attention* to military affairs in Mississippi, was peremptorily ordered by the Confederate War Department to 'proceed at once to Mississippi and take chief command of the forces there,' giving to those in the field, as far as practicable, the encouragement and benefit 'of his personal direction'; and he was to carry from Bragg's army three thousand good troops. Though 'unfit for field services,' as he alleges, leaving Tullahoma on the 10th of May, he reached Jackson on the 13th. His first dispatch from that point is significant as well as characteristic, and read between the lines must give the military student the key to much of the otherwise bewildering history of the Confederate defense of the Mississippi Valley after the 24th of November, 1862, when General Johnston was placed in chief command of the several armies of Generals Bragg, Pemberton, and Kirby Smith. From Jackson he telegraphed the Confederate War office :

" 'I arrived this evening, finding the enemy in force between this place and General Pemberton, cutting off the communication. I AM TOO LATE.'

"We have seen that Pemberton did nothing which was expected of him, and so suffered Grant to scatter four divisions around Jackson in an incoherent way. Neither Grant's audacity nor skill in movements had aught, manifestly, to do with Pemberton's course, which arose simply from the fact that that officer actually did not know what to do with an army in the face of an enemy. I have suggested that the possible cause of

Grant's campaign might be traced to an indisposition by co-operation to fall under the command of his senior, Banks. Oddly enough, Pemberton would seem to have been equally opposed to doing anything which must throw him directly under his superior, Johnston. Grant, therefore, was able to force Johnston from Jackson; but Johnston withdrew towards the north, as he subsequently explained, so as to maintain communication and the means of effecting a junction with his own perplexed lieutenant.

"Leaving Sherman to complete some havoc-work at and around Jackson, the Federal general-in-chief now turned McClernand and McPherson, with about thirty thousand men, towards Vicksburg. Meanwhile, Pemberton having done all the mischief to his side possible by his inertness, by remaining at Vicksburg or at Edward's Station, when he should have been operating on Grant's rear, now, on the 15th of May, with characteristic felicity in doing the wrong thing, set his troops in motion southward, as if to get out of Grant's way, under the pretence of striking his enemy's communications. That he did this to avoid collision with Grant is not our belief; it was only in keeping with his other operations, throughout so singularly wrong-headed and favoring for his enemy. Johnston's positive order to turn and seek to effect a junction with him, however, overtook him on the same day.

"Yielding transient obedience, Pemberton made a wide detour northward. But this brought him, on the 16th of May, on the direct path of Grant, with the result of the battle of Champion's Hill, or Baker's Creek. There the position taken by the Confederate general, it is almost needless to say, was ill chosen. Immediately at his back was Baker's Creek, swollen and impassable except

by one ford and a bridge, three miles asunder. The Confederates numbered about twenty-three thousand men in three divisions, and the Federal army was not quite thirty thousand strong. With the least foresight Pemberton might have been equal in strength to his resolute opponent. His tactical movements in the battle were no better than the strategical operations which preceded it. For he stood inactive, confronting for five hours a single Federal division, before General Grant had brought up the rest of his forces and made the attack.

"However, there were some hours of stout fighting made by the Confederate divisional and brigade commanders, and it is noteworthy that one of the Union divisions engaged lost one-third of its men. The battle lasted from about 11.30 A.M. to 4 P.M., and more than once in parts of the field the Federals were in "dire need of assistance." But by 4 P.M. the day had gone definitely against Pemberton, who then began to retreat, covered by Loring's division on one flank, while Tilghman, who had fought so brilliantly at Fort Henry, brought up the rear on the Raymond road, until he was slain fighting as the gallant, intelligent soldier he was. Despite the unfavorable nature of the ground, the narrow ford and bridge by which the retreat had to be made, it was successfully effected, but the battle had cost many men and much of Pemberton's artillery.

"Loring, after having covered the retreat of Stevenson and Bowen, found it the choice of evils forced upon him to attempt to retreat from the field southward with his division rather than venture the passage of Baker's Creek when so closely pressed by the enemy, and this feat was successfully executed in the most soldierly manner, nevertheless, under circumstances that make it another one of the singularities of the campaign, that he

was allowed thus to march from the field, and in a few days effect a junction with Johnston, with seven or eight thousand men saved from the wreck of that day's disaster.

"Passing over the unimportant incidents of the two days immediately subsequent to the battle of Baker's Creek, it is to be related that the Confederate commander, after a feeble effort to avail himself of the defensive resources in the quarter of the Big Black, fell back within his lines at Vicksburg on the 18th of May, leaving some eight or ten field-guns in the hands of his persistent assailant. The day before this, General Johnston had thus properly depicted the situation: 'If Haines' Bluff is untenable, Vicksburg is of no value and cannot be held; if, therefore, you are invested in Vicksburg you must ultimately surrender. Under such circumstances, instead of losing both troops and place, we must, if possible, save the troops. If not too late, evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies and march to the northeast.'

"Upon the receipt of these orders, Pemberton assembled a council of war before which he placed them, and invited a free expression of the opinions of his subordinate generals as to the practicability of carrying them out. In the opinion of that council, as Pemberton wrote to Johnston, on the 18th of May, 'unanimously expressed, it was impossible to withdraw the army from this position with such *morale* and material as to be of further use to the Confederacy. While the council of war was assembled the guns of the enemy opened on the works. . . . I have decided to hold Vicksburg as long as possible, with the firm hope that the government may yet be able to assist me in keeping this obstruction to the enemy's free navigation of the Mississippi River. I still conceive it to be the most important point in the Confederacy.'

“So far from being at that moment ‘the most important point in the Confederacy,’ practically Vicksburg had lost all importance and military advantage to the Confederate States, and by its further occupation the navigation of the river was not to be materially obstructed. As for not being able to withdraw from the position without so thorough a *demoralization* of the garrison, absolutely there was no rational ground for such a conclusion to stand upon. The Federal army at the time, and for several weeks thereafter, was not large enough to enable it to invest the whole Confederate position from Haines’ Bluff, on the north, around to the river’s bank south of Vicksburg. Therefore, for some days there was left open in the latter quarter an ample gateway through which an energetic soldier might have marched the greater part of an army, that afterwards showed itself so doughty and so worth saving, whensoever suffered to do so by its commander.

“It is true that the route of exit suggested by General Johnston, that is, towards the north-east, was closed, as he might have anticipated, but not so towards the south-east; and if by that way at least twenty-five thousand of the Confederate army were not successfully rescued from General Grant’s clutches, it was not only because of General Pemberton’s amazing incapacity for military command, but also for the reason that General Johnston, in view of that already clearly demonstrated incapacity and disregard of all sound military suggestions, failed in so pressing an exigency to take command in person of so vital a part of the Confederate resources in that quarter, and saw fit to leave them in hands shown to be fatally clumsy at every critical moment of the campaign.

“Sherman’s corps, of which only Blair’s division had



shared in the action of Baker's Creek, having overtaken the main force, was thrown to the front as the Federal army approached its long-sought prey. And to a cavalry detachment of that corps was deputed the task of entering the deserted Confederate works at Haines' Bluff by the rear. The works that had so easily repelled thirty odd thousand men under Sherman, five months previously, were now found abandoned, the guns partially disabled, with magazines full of ammunition and a hospital full of wounded and sick men. At the same time, the main body of that corps was pushed forward upon Vicksburg, General Grant riding, as we are told, with Sherman at the head of the column.

"It was late in the afternoon of the 19th of May before the Union army began to gather close around Vicksburg, where Pemberton had, as we have seen, resolved upon being beleaguered. Built upon hills successively rising from the river, the position was indeed a strong one, though the lines were too greatly extended and in parts of somewhat inferior construction. A series of open-gorge detached works were established upon all the salient commanding points. These were connected by lines of rifle-pits, while the ridge-slopes landward were obstructed by fallen timber. A numerous artillery garnished the lines, and the garrison numbered far above thirty thousand infantry and artillery.

"Success seems to have confirmed the Federal general in his disposition throughout the campaign to tempt fortune without hesitation, hence, without waiting for his whole force to reach the scene, Grant, at 2 P.M. on the 19th of May, gave orders for an immediate assault of the Confederate position. What happened may be best stated in the words of Badeau: 'Without any fault or hesitation on the part of either troops or commanders.



might had overtaken the National forces before they were really in condition to obey the orders of Grant, except at the point where Sherman had reached the works but failed to make any serious impression. . . . The Fifteenth Corps was the only one able to act vigorously; the other two having succeeded no further than to gain advanced positions covered from the fire of the enemy.'

"Not satisfied with the results of this bloody *fiasco*, General Grant determined upon another swing of the human hammer at his disposition, against the entrenched Confederates, now that his whole force was up and well in hand. This plan, as well as the manner of it, was settled at a convocation of his corps commanders on the 20th of May, and ordered to take place on the 22d, with the intermediate time for preparation; but their opponent also had had seventy hours to set his house in order. The orders were to scale the Confederate lines at a concerted moment, and without firing a gun until the works were stormed.

"No one, I dare say, acquainted with the dread trade of war, who will carefully read either Badeau's or Sherman's account of this bloody operation, will say that the dispositions of the Union army for the fearful and unprecedented work set for it, were such as made success likely. The three Union corps were spread out in a long, thin, brittle line, which was simultaneously pushed forward against the Confederate works in the feeblest possible order of attack. That is to say, small as were the chances originally for success, they were thrown away by the manner in which the attack was made. The Federals, gallantly led by subordinates, as might be expected, were speedily involved and terribly slaughtered in the numerous shambles made by

the converging fires from many parts of the Confederate lines.

"However, upon the suggestion of McClernand that certain advantages which he reported he had gained in his quarter of the assault might be ripened into victory, —advantages, however, which, we are told, Grant really discredited at the moment, another assault was ordered and adventured with all three corps at 3 P.M. 'It was a repetition of the first, equally unsuccessful and bloody,' is the brief chronicle given by Sherman, who omits, however, to state that the 'butcher's bill' of the day's work footed up more than three thousand killed and wounded, or ten per cent. of the Federal forces engaged.

"From a high and commanding point, we are told, that General Grant had been a spectator of the operations in question, and had seen a few men (McClernand's) enter the works, and the colors planted on the exterior slopes, but had also seen the whole column repelled. It is otherwise admitted that the Federal commander's position during the first attempt to storm the works had given him a better opportunity of seeing what was really taking place in front of and being effected by McClernand's corps than its commander had. That under such circumstances and with such knowledge of the really adverse state of affairs in that quarter the second assault was attempted, be it noted, as late as 3 P.M., at the suggestion, however urgent, of a subordinate whose military capacity had been so long discredited, is another of the unaccountable incidents of this remarkable campaign.

"Thus, by the 22d of June, the besieging army had pushed their approaches—as Pemberton reported to Johnston—within twenty-five feet of the Confederate

'redan,' and were also up very close to the works upon the Baldwin ferry and Jackson roads, but apparently the Federal commander had been sated with assaults by the one adventured with such cost a month before. Pemberton's men had now been in the trenches thirty-four days and nights, and were living on very 'reduced rations.' So great was the extent of the beleaguered lines (about seven miles all this time) that their commander had not been able to relieve any part of his men from trench service for an hour at a time. Nevertheless, worn out by ceaseless vigils, attenuated from insufficient, bad food, unsheltered from the weather, and from a rarely interrupted storm of shot and shell at short range, from two hundred and twenty guns, beside a battery of heavy guns belonging and owned by the Navy, these thirty thousand Americans, for thirteen days and nights longer, stood unflinchingly ready to meet the constantly menaced onset.

"Meantime, their adversary had been steadily plying axe and shovel and pick, while aided by large gangs of negroes, pressing forward numerous saps, until, by the 1st of July, in many places they had reached the Confederate ditch, and 'at ten different points General Grant states that he could move under cover, to within distances of from *five* to one hundred yards of the Confederates, and the men of the two armies conversed across the lines.'

"The moment for hand-to-hand fighting had about come. There was little if any further scope for digging. Nevertheless, though forty days previously Grant had reported that he would take the place 'by regular approaches in about a week,' he still took six days longer—as Badeau tells us—to prepare for the final assault. But Pemberton at last had comprehended the hopeless-

ness of his situation, and that but two courses were open to him,—capitulation, or a resolute sortie with every man able to bear a musket. This very evident position of affairs was now discussed with his division commanders, and a sortie was at once pronounced to be an impracticable enterprise in the condition of the garrison after forty-seven days of such work: capitulation was therefore determined upon as without alternative.

“But on the morning of the 3d of July, Pemberton hoisted the white flag and asked for a commission to arrange the terms for his surrender. General Grant refused this, but after a parley offered terms that were not approved, as he states, by all his general officers, though he omits to tell in what particular. As a whole, those terms were as favorable as the Confederates had a right to expect of their adversary. Bowen, however, suggested that they should be allowed to ‘march out with the honors of war, carrying their small arms and artillery’—a proposition which ‘was promptly and unceremoniously rejected.’ General Beauregard had, indeed, conceded such terms to Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, and allowed him to salute the United States flag before hauling it down. But it was, of course, asking too much that an army of 30,000 veterans, such as Pemberton’s, should be sent forth intact with their arms and field artillery. Pemberton likewise besought a stipulation that ‘the rights and property of citizens be respected,’ and asked for certain immaterial ceremonies at the formal act of surrender on the part of the troops. Regarding citizens, Grant declined to make stipulations, while disclaiming any purpose to subject them ‘to annoyances or loss.’ He acceded, however, to Pemberton’s desire that the Confederate garrison should be formally marched at 10 A.M., on the 4th of July, to the front of the

lines which they occupied, and there stack arms and deposit their colors, which done, they were then to be marched back into Vicksburg, and remain prisoners until properly paroled. Pemberton having duly accepted these final terms, hostilities came to an end. At the time and in the manner stipulated, the surrender was completed, embracing the paroling of twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-two officers and men, of whom fifteen were general officers. One hundred and seventy-two cannons were among the physical spoils, as well as *sixty thousand* stands of arms, mainly of good quality (much better, General Grant declares, than were the bulk of his own arms), together with considerable ammunition and ordnance stores. Thus ended in a great, far-reaching success, rarely exceeded, or indeed, equaled in war, a long series of operations, every one of which, as I have shown, was but 'a wild cast of the net for fortune' absolutely without a parallel in military history. The brilliant end, however, has invested this campaign with a splendor that justly belongs only to the most masterly military operations, and, therefore, cannot be lasting or survive that critical test to which prominent human affairs are sure to be subjected in the course of time."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### VICKSBURG TO CHATTANOOGA.

"The river unvexed to the sea"—Great rejoicing over Vicksburg's fall—Restored to popular confidence—Success the test—Sherman pursues Johnston—Siege of Jackson—Johnston's hasty evacuation—A march of terrible suffering—Railroads and buildings destroyed—Feeding famished inhabitants—Supplies for Confederate wounded—Sherman in command at Vicksburg—Grant visits New Orleans—Is seriously injured—The army scattered—Succoring Rosecrans—Ordered to Cairo—Military division of the Mississippi.

GETTYSBURG and Vicksburg were twin sun-bursts that flashed through the thick clouds of national distress and depression. With happy appropriateness, they came upon the day of days to the republic. At last upon the pedestal of much patient waiting had been reared the statue of victory. The battle had forced into retreat the daring feet that were invading Northern soil. The capitulation gave the broad waters of the Mississippi back to the country. True it is that Gettysburg did not complete the destruction of the Confederate army which had carried fire and sword and the sound of conflict into a Federal State, but it crushed its power. The threat in gray was no longer a threat, and there was much relief when the adventurous host recrossed the Potomac. And when Vicksburg fell the joy of the country was complete. Here at last were substantial fruits.

At first the magnitude of the prize could scarcely be comprehended. Grant's operations had been watched with apprehension. The weary months of advance and countermarch, of unceasing grapple with natural obstacles whose difficulties the public could not adequately appre-

ciate, led to the fear that he, too, had lost the secret of success. Even after the brilliant battles around Vicksburg, and his army had drawn its unyielding lines around the city, the papers each morning of the forty days of siege were opened with sickening dread lest some misadventure had befallen him.

The city fell, and the rejoicing was equal to the occasion. A hostile army of sixty thousand men had been killed, wounded or made prisoners; two hundred and forty-six cannon were captured. Port Hudson, which surrendered a week afterward, was the last point on the great river which the Confederacy ruled, and thenceforth, in President Lincoln's apt phrase, "the Mississippi went unvexed to the sea." Public confidence, which had waned during the seemingly fruitless months of advance, returned to the man who had accomplished these great results.

President Lincoln had been very apprehensive of the result of the campaign about Vicksburg. Thoroughly alive to the importance of the control of the great river to the national cause, he had been strongly of the opinion that the greatest of the Confederate strongholds would never be reduced until the river thence to New Orleans had been thoroughly cleared of hostile fortifications and troops. This accomplished, the resources of the country in men and facilities could be directed against the chief citadel, and its reduction speedily brought about. Exaggerating the hazards of Grant's bold campaigning, he never gained complete confidence in its ultimate result until the despatch came which proclaimed the victory. Then his manly, generous nature displayed itself. Hastening to do justice to the man whom he had almost come to doubt, he sent him the following letter, under date of July 13th, 1863.



"I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition, and the like, would succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

Halleck, after grumbling a little and objecting to the terms which Grant had given Pemberton, finally swung gracefully around into the tide of general congratulation, and telegraphed the following message: "Your report, dated July 6th, of your campaign in Mississippi ending in the capitulation of Vicksburg, was received last evening. Your narration of the campaign, like the operations themselves, is brief, soldierly, and in every respect creditable and satisfactory. In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare most favorably with those of Napoleon at Ulm. You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country, and it will be the boast of your children that their fathers were of the heroic army which reopened the Mississippi river."

It is difficult to appreciate the full measure of rejoicing which was felt at the North over this victory. It came like a voice from heaven. There had been so much ap-



parently hopeless effort, so many weary and monotonous days of waiting, so much sacrifice of treasure and blood upon the altar of what appeared to be futile endeavor, that the final fulfilment came like a largess of fortune. The North took fresh heart. Depression gave way to elation. The sinking pulses of patriotism ran high again, and the old confidence in success was renewed. The grade of Major-General in the regular army was conferred upon Grant. Votes of thanks rained in upon him from all parts of the Union. Rich and costly gifts, the expressions of the popular heart, were sent to the victorious general. Everywhere the friends of national unity were filled with enthusiasm, while the South was correspondingly depressed.

The time had now come when Grant's voice was potent to advance the fortunes of those to whose cooperation he owed a part of his wonderful triumphs. Chief among these he ranked Sherman and McPherson. Sherman, alert in duty and discipline, had hardly waited to witness or join in the celebration of the victory. The orders of General Grant to pursue Johnston had been immediately obeyed, and on the 5th he was on his mission to drive the Confederates out of the State—a task which he accomplished by forcing Johnston's retreat from Jackson and the destruction of a vast amount of property and railroad communications. He was back in Vicksburg by the 25th. Under date of July 22d Grant addressed a characteristic letter to the President recommending the promotion of Sherman and McPherson to the positions of brigadier-general in the regular army. Throughout the war the organizations of the regular and volunteer armies were kept distinct, and promotion in the former was very highly prized by professional soldiers. The reasons he gave for these promotions

were, "Their great fitness for any command that it may ever become necessary to intrust to them. Their great purity of character and disinterestedness in the faithful performance of their duty, and the success of every one engaged in the great battle for the preservation of the Union. They have honorably won this distinction upon many well-fought battle-fields." After reciting the long list of their distinguished services, the letter concluded: "The promotion of such men as Sherman and McPherson always adds strength to our arms."

Those officers received the promotion, and Grant's recommendation of other officers for advancement in the regular and volunteer armies also received the President's sanction. His army from the first had never wavered in its confidence in him. It had cheerfully borne the weary marches, desperate fighting, harassing duties in the swamps—every sacrifice exacted. He had fashioned an army that did not think it could be defeated. The drill had been learned on the march, and its confidence was gained in the shock of battle. It was a weapon the temper and quality of which he knew, for it was his handiwork.

New duties, requiring the highest gifts of military administration, were now exacted of the great captain. Four States were either wholly or in part restored to national control, and it was his task to hasten their complete pacification. One of the most important questions presented to him for solution related to the ex-slaves. From the beginning of the struggle the negroes who flocked to the protection of the Union armies had been used as teamsters, laborers, or in whatever capacity their services were of value.

In September, 1862, President Lincoln issued the grand proclamation which declared the slaves in all States in

insurrection after January 1st, 1863, "thenceforward, forever free."

Turning the freedmen into soldiers was a step which followed in immediate sequence. It was seriously opposed by many adherents of the national cause, who could scarcely be reconciled to it, even as a measure of war. In the army many men, who were none the less citizens because they carried arms, discussed the measure almost with violence. They had taken up their muskets to defend the Union, not to free the slaves. Grant, however, had come slowly to the opinion that valuable material for war might be drilled out of those of them who were willing to fight for their freedom. Months before he had sanctioned the experiment of organizing a heavy artillery regiment which, well officered, could be made useful in garrisoning important points, thus relieving white troops for active duty in the field. General Lorenzo Thomas, adjutant-general of the army, early in August had been sent to the Mississippi valley to raise colored troops, and enjoyed the active co-operation of General Grant. The most annoying opposition to this step came from the Confederates, who declared their determination to treat negroes found with arms in their hands as beyond the pale of civilized warfare. Their officers would be regarded as slave-stealers and they themselves would be held as runaway slaves to be killed at sight or reduced to slavery again. But this policy was met by one equally severe. When Grant learned that a white captain of negro troops and several of his men taken prisoners at Milliken's Bend had been hung, he took stern measures to protect all whom he commanded. To General Richard Taylor, commanding the Confederates in Louisiana, he wrote:

"I feel no inclination to retaliate for the offences of

irresponsible persons, but if it is the policy of any general intrusted with the command of troops to show no quarter, or to punish with death prisoners taken in battle, I will accept the issue. It may be you propose a different line of policy toward black troops and officers commanding them to that practised toward white troops. If so, I can assure you that these colored troops are regularly mustered into the service of the United States. The government, and all the officers under the government, are bound to give the same protection to these troops that they do to any other troops."

General Taylor replied that he would punish all such acts, "disgraceful alike to humanity and the reputation of soldiers." He, however, declared that Confederate officers were required to turn over to the State authorities all slaves captured in arms. Although, on several occasions, bushwhackers and partisan bodies of the Confederates showed no quarter to negro troops falling into their hands, in the main black soldiers received the same treatment as their white comrades in arms, by reason of the energetic and decisive position which Grant had taken upon the question when it was first sprung.

In and about an army in the field there are many things amusing as well as tragic happening all the time. It was a standing joke about Grant's head-quarters that he had less to eat, less to wear, and less money than the humblest officer about him. During all the campaign he had not allowed cows to be taken from the inhabitants, and when one was driven off an appeal to him would secure its return. But, by some chance, when a good one reached the commissary or quartermaster's department it would change color and could not be recognized, therefore the men always had milk. Vicks-

burg had fallen and General Grant's family came down to visit him. The young children needed milk and the General tried every means to procure it for them, but failed. As a last resort he wrote the note here produced in fac-simile. It is needless to add that the children were provided for. Colonel Markland was one of the leaders in the mischief of the camp as well as one of Grant's best friends, hence the note was sent to him.

The opening of the Mississippi brought vexing questions relating to trade with the subjugated territory. Encouraged by the authorities at Washington a horde of adventurers followed the army, expecting great profit from trading in cotton and other produce. While the army had hostile forces in its front, the control of the traders was clearly within the functions of the commander. Thanks to Grant the greater portion of the States adjacent to the Mississippi river were now free from active hostilities, and the cotton speculators did their best to turn the Federal armies into mere guards to make their trading operations safe. Secretary Salmon P. Chase, who entertained the opinion that the danger of the recognition of the Confederate States by European powers would be lessened if plenty of cotton was sent abroad, lent his influence to the speculators. General Grant, however, stoutly maintained his view that if the trade should be permitted these cormorants of commerce would abuse their opportunities and supply the hostile people and armies with articles contraband of war, to the advantage of the enemy and the prolongation of the strife. With such an army of non-combatants spies could easily introduce themselves within the Federal lines and obtain information of value to the Confederates. Moreover, such trading was likely to prove demoralizing

Vicksburg Miss.

Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> 1863

Col. Markland

Dear Sir

Having exhausted  
every other resource for  
procuring a cow I now send to  
you to get one of those at  
the Dr. Wm. & Purij's quarters

Yours truly

U. S. Grant

Maj. Gen.

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VICKSBURG, Miss., Sept. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

COL. MARKLAND—*Dear Sir*:—Having exhausted every other resource for procuring a cow, I now send to you to get one of those at the Quartermaster's and Commissary's quarters.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, *Maj.-Gen.*

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to the army, whose officers would be exposed to the corrupt solicitations of men who would gladly pay heavily for contraband facilities. At his urgent instance severe restrictions were thrown around the traffic which, however, subsequently grew to such formidable and demoralizing proportions as he had endeavored to provide against. This happened after he had been transferred to service in the eastern army.

Upon this point of inter-trading Assistant Secretary of War Dana fully coincided with Grant. He had investigated the subject of cotton-trading carefully, and declared it to be a nuisance. But when he appealed to the commander, Grant regretfully said that he was sorry that he did not possess the authority to stop it. When occasion offered, however, he never lost an opportunity to object to it, and he threw all the obstacles he could in the way of those engaged in it. Yet his sublime sense of subordination is shown in a clear light by the concluding sentence of a letter to the government in which he makes objection to this contraband traffic: "No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of my executing in good faith any order I may receive from those in authority over me."

Sherman's forces for enterprise against Johnston consisted of forty thousand men. Moving eastward by the same route he had travelled from Jackson six weeks before, Sherman placed his army, almost without a skirmish, again before the defences of that city. These had been strengthened, and behind them Johnston lay with four divisions of infantry and a heavy force of cavalry and artillery. On July 9th the Union army sat down before this stronghold. Its forces were now sufficiently numerous to extend the investing line to the Pearl river, both above and below the city. While regular approaches



were being made Sherman sent out considerable detachments to destroy the Mississippi Central Railroad on both sides of the town. Sparing his men the unnecessary bloodshed of an assault the siege was without clash of arms until the 13th, when Johnston made a sortie with some determination, which, however, was easily repulsed. Skirmishing continued thenceforward to the 16th, on which night the Confederate army evacuated the city, retreating hastily eastward. They burned all the bridges in retiring and placed torpedoes and loaded shells in the way of their pursuers. Their flight took them across a stretch of ninety miles of country almost destitute of water, and under the burning July sun. The sufferings of his men were frightful.

On July 18th Sherman again entered the capital of Mississippi, which was to experience more than its share of the horrors of war. Great blocks of its handsome residences were burned, while the destruction of the railway was complete. The remaining inhabitants were in a condition of most pitiable want. Their defenders had left such of them as had not followed the retreating army in absolute destitution of food. Two days were spent in relieving their wants. In his hasty movements toward Vicksburg two months before he had been compelled to leave his sick and wounded in Jackson. These, together with increased numbers of the Confederate disabled, were supplied with medicines and hospital delicacies heretofore denied them. Leaving rations for the distressed people and ample supplies for the hospitals, Sherman again turned his columns toward Vicksburg, where he arrived on July 25th, having scattered the only considerable Confederate army in that region. His loss in the brief campaign was less than a thousand, while he captured more than that number of prisoners.



That portion of the army which had not accompanied Sherman had now enjoyed nearly three weeks of hard-earned rest. Grant was again becoming anxious for a forward movement and suggested Mobile as the next objective. Its capture, he thought, would complete the disruption of the eastern and western portions of the Confederacy and would prove a deadly blow. Halleck, however, found "reasons, which I cannot now explain," for moving in a different direction. The controlling motive seems to have been the efforts of the Emperor of the French to establish Maximilian's monarchy in Mexico. To counteract this it was deemed desirable to re-establish national authority in Texas, so as to leave a heavy force on the Mexican frontier. Banks was appointed to command the army to operate against Texas, and a division of four thousand troops was sent to him by Grant. Schofield and five thousand others were sent to operate against Price in Western Arkansas, and Burnside with the Ninth corps was despatched to reinforce Rosecrans in Middle Tennessee. The movement of Banks was further reinforced by Ord's entire corps, sent on August 7th, and orders were sent to Grant to co-operate.

With the view of consulting with Banks before his start, Grant started for New Orleans on August 30th, leaving Sherman in command at Vicksburg. At a review of the troops on September 4th Grant was thrown from his horse and so severely injured that for twenty days he was perfectly helpless and confined to one position. Indeed, he did not recover so as to walk without crutches or mount his horse without assistance until after the battles around Chattanooga. Anxious for the well-being of his department, Grant, carried on a stretcher, had returned to Vicksburg, where he found

orders from Halleck directing him to send all the men he could possibly spare to the assistance of Rosecrans. One of the chief obstacles to speedy obedience was want of transports. Still, four days afterward, Sherman and three divisions were on their way to Nashville.

At this time Grant wrote to Halleck, "I am just out of bed and find that I can write only with great difficulty. During the twenty days that I have been confined to one position on my back, I have apparently been in the most perfect health, but now that I am up on crutches, I find myself very weak." He was anxious lest the movement of Sherman's troops should lead the enemy to movements tending to obstruct its junction with Rosecranz. To prevent this McPherson was ordered to make a demonstration against Jackson and Canton, and to threaten other points further east. Sherman's route was to be overland from Memphis to Corinth, Tuscumbia and Decatur. He took up his line of march from Memphis on October 4th, and, thanks to McPherson's timely demonstrations, was not seriously harassed.

At this time there was much uncertainty in the transmission of reports and communications to and from Washington. Several orders had been delayed and movements of grave importance had been seriously impeded. It was with a view to correct this that Grant sent Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, of his staff, to Cairo to communicate direct with the government. Colonel Wilson, on arriving, found this order, which he at once transmitted: "It is the wish of the Secretary of War that, as soon as General Grant is able to take the field, he will come to Cairo and report by telegraph." This reached him on October 10th, and on that day he left with his staff and head-quarters en route for Cairo. On

October 16th he wired from Cairo: "I have just arrived, and report in pursuance of your instructions of the 3d instant. My staff and head-quarters are with me." The next day Halleck replied: "You will immediately proceed to the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, where you will meet an officer of the War Department, with your orders and instructions. You will take with you your staff, etc., for immediate operations in the field."

While on his way to Louisville, he was met at Indianapolis by the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, who brought an order creating the Military Division of the Mississippi, including all the territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi river, excepting such as might be occupied by Banks. It included the armies of Burnside, Rosecrans and all the scattered forces of the Army of the Tennessee not sent to Banks.

This wide field of operations was quite in the line of his frequent recommendations that the entire theatre of war as described be consolidated and placed under one head to the end of thorough co-operation. He, however, had never suggested himself as the general to command it. There was dire need of him just then. Rosecrans, despite his reinforcements, badly defeated at Chickamauga, with heavy loss of men and artillery, as well as of strategic points of great importance, was besieged by a superior force in Chattanooga. With his line of supplies almost destroyed, his army was in danger of starvation. Bragg, commanding the Confederates in front of Chattanooga, felt strong enough to detach a heavy force under Longstreet, who had penned up Burnside's little army in Knoxville. The situation was a serious one, and wild rumors of every sort were annoying the government. How the zeal and splendid military genius of the new commander arose to the full measure

of his new duties will be recorded in subsequent chapters.

In leaving the Army of the Tennessee, General Grant did so with deep regret. To an almost literal extent, he had made it. He had taken the scattered and undisciplined forces and formed them into an army. They had been associated with his first successes. With splendid spirit they had supported all his plans. No hardship, no danger, had daunted them. He was proud of the men, and they were proud of him, and the parting was full of mutual regret. To the end of his life the general always thought and spoke with affection of the Army of the Tennessee.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

"The hardest battle of the war"—Fought to secure Chattanooga—Preliminary movements—Bragg's army across the river—Thomas reinforced—Loomis artillery captured—Longstreet's arrival—His corps from Virginia—No conference between the Confederate wing commanders—Attack at daylight ordered—The obstructions of the field—Rosecrans' dispositions—Thomas to defend the vital point—Resting for the fateful struggle.

IN September, 1863, 125,000 men tried to shoot each other to death from behind the trees and upon a few open fields that skirt the banks of the sluggish Chickamauga. The Indian word translated into English, means "the river of death." The wild men who long ago named and endowed the stream with traditions of strife little dreamed that in the far-off future the white man would give its banks such a baptism of blood as to attract the attention of the world to its history, and confirm its right to wear the title the savage gave it.

It is not necessary in a review of this, one of the phenomenal battles of the war, to recount the important movements of the two armies during the few days that they were marching toward this memorable field. There is enough to record after they met. The best military critics do not agree as to the policy, much less the brilliancy, of many of the manœuvres made by the military leaders who commanded the opposing forces in the great clash of arms that took place on and near the banks of this stream. There is so much that is absorbing in a plain story of the struggle that there is not even propriety in here reviving the criminations and recriminations that at the time so seriously disturbed the harmony, if it

did not impair the efficiency, of both armies, and since has caused so much comment, and even harsh criticism.

It has been said that war provokes a conflict of ideas and purposes as well as of arms. A faithful narrative of the engagement that bears the name of this river would seem to confirm the truth of this saying, for both Rosecrans and Bragg, who here led two great armies into a desperate conflict, assert that their plans miscarried, and that their efforts did not bring decisive results, because some subordinates failed either to understand or perform the duties assigned them. This is generally accepted as a fact, and it is held that the mistakes of Chickamauga, even if dispassionately written, would add many an interesting page to its history.

"Chickamauga was the hardest battle of the war to fight, and this was the worst of battle-fields. It was a blind rush in the woods, where each tree was contested, and a company front could hardly be maintained. I might say it was a tussle in the wilderness. Simply a test of physical forces, without a chance for strategical manœuvre or brilliant assault," said General James Longstreet, the distinguished soldier who commanded the left wing of the Confederate army in the engagement upon this field. He stood by my side on the banks of the Chickamauga just above Alexander's bridge, and as he spoke was looking over the field again from the point where he crossed the river the night he came from Virginia to help Bragg fight the battle of Sunday.

"It is twenty years next September since the great conflict here," he continued. "The field looks much as it did then, except the growth of young saplings that have sprung up about the old trees since those days, so like the generation of children that have grown among us who were then at war with each other. The forest

still bears the marks of the bullets that then flew through it like a hail storm, and the scars that the artillery made are not all healed yet. Where shells or solid shot cut the top of a tree off, the fresh branches that have sprouted above the wound show you how long it has been since these messengers of destruction went flying over these fields and crashing through this timber. The river, fords, and all but the bridges, are the same now as then, and scarcely a field has been cleared since I massed my troops for the charge that broke the center of the Federal lines on that memorable Sunday in September."

The story of this battle has often been written, but the lights and shades have always been thrown into the narrative from a one-sided glass. Here it will be the purpose to try the plan of grouping the facts as they can be gathered from the principal actors on both sides, and then adding while on the field a story of the battle as told by the most distinguished officer who led Confederate troops in this action.

The movements of the two hostile armies for several days prior to their meeting here had been directed toward securing Chattanooga, the natural gateway to Northern Georgia and East Tennessee. Some days before Bragg had moved out of it for fear of being flanked, and Rosecrans had ordered Crittenden to occupy it while he followed Bragg into Georgia with two corps of his army. Bragg, having drawn Rosecrans beyond the coveted point, turned and gave battle, with the hope of crushing him and then marching back into Chattanooga with the prestige of a decisive victory upon his banners. Rosecrans, having possession, hoped not only to hold the great avenue through which the Confederacy secured many of its supplies of coal, iron and nitre, but to finally beat Bragg in battle. He did not, however, desire to

fight at the moment Bragg pressed him into an engagement here.

The moves and counter-moves in this game of war that began about the 1st of September, 1863, finally brought Rosecrans' three corps, comprising about 55,000 men, on the west bank of the Chickamauga, within easy supporting distance of each other, on the 18th. Bragg's army of about the same strength was nearly all concentrated on the opposite side of the river. Bragg began the battle of Chickamauga during the closing hours of Friday, the 18th of September, when Forrest's cavalry, supported by Howell's and Bledsoe's batteries from Walker's division, crossed the river below Reed's Bridge, followed by General W. H. T. Walker's division of Confederate infantry. Colonel Wilder's Union brigade of mounted infantry became sharply engaged at Alexander's Bridge with another advancing Confederate force, and Colonel Minty's Michigan brigade of cavalry was driven back from Reed's Bridge as Forrest and Walker crossed their troops below it. The skirmishing was sharp, as Wilder and Minty attempted to delay the advance, and finally it approached the dignity of a combat as more troops were crossed at the different fords and bridges along the stream. The Confederate advance punished Minty severely, but Wilder was more fortunate. He first helped Minty out of his trouble, and when forced back himself contested every foot of the way. When he rested for the night he was so near to the Confederate lines that it is written, "Wilder's pickets and those of the enemy were so close that they often grasped each other's guns in the darkness, and had a hand to hand struggle for their possession."

The only really important result of the movements and observations on the 18th, as well as of this opening



skirmish, was to unmask the Confederate plan to throw a strong force upon the Federal left and endeavor to secure possession of the Lafayette road, and thus get between the Union army and Chattanooga. This was important information, as it came to the Federal commander in time to enable him to reform and strengthen his line of battle to successfully meet the enemy's plan of attack. His first move was to withdraw Thomas from the right of the line near Lee and Gordon's mills on the Chickamauga and post him on the extreme left, the vital point of the field. Then he sent Sheridan and Davis with their divisions to join Crittenden's right and complete the line, which was much shortened by these changes. These dispositions were all made under cover of night, and were, as all such movements are, attended with many interesting incidents. Thomas marched his corps past Crittenden, whose position was not disturbed by the transfer of the Fourteenth Corps to the extreme left. Thomas had a long and tiresome march by Crittenden's bivouac, and then into the forest beyond. He did not only to grope his way in the dark after he passed Crittenden's line, but feel his front and flank with skirmishers all the way to his new position.

Long, weary waits in the fresh, frosty night air tempted the men to make fires in the woods of the rail fences that followed the line on one side. While the march was yet in progress a line of light shone along the road, and opened a fresh danger to the weary troops. The Confederates might observe the silent column moving toward the left, change their plan and attack the weaker instead of the stronger part of the line. But this danger was only surmised, not realized.

It was a new day, say two hours till dawn, when the toilsome march ended and Thomas' corps swung into its

new position and the worn men rested on their arms. The sun rose bright and warm, and its first glances over the hills and vales that skirt the Chickamauga found both armies astir and preparing for battle. The Confederates had been busy all night as well as the Federals, and Bragg's army, excepting a portion of Hill's and Longstreet's corps, had crossed the river at the several fords and bridges in front of the Federal line, and was moving into position shortly after daylight.

Thomas opened the battle of the 19th for the Union side by sending Brannon with two brigades forward to attack any small force of the enemy he could encounter. His advance soon discovered "a small force," upon which it made a sharp attack and drove it some distance, when a heavy Confederate line rapidly advanced, drove Brannon back, and about ten o'clock in the morning struck the extreme left of Thomas' line, and soon pushed the fighting toward the right. Rosecrans, anticipating this movement, had ordered General McCook to send Johnson's division to Thomas, and before it had started Crittenden had already sent Palmer to his support. Baird, Johnson, Palmer, Van Cleve and Reynolds were all sent forward, one after the other, to different parts of the line to repel the determined Confederate assault. Each in turn, although fighting stubbornly, was driven back by the force of the attack from masses of fresh troops that were pushed upon the Federal line. Finally Wood's division was thrown forward into the fight, and it was this balance that for a time turned the scale of battle toward the Union side. It pointed in this direction hardly long enough, however, to get steady, for the Confederates turned upon him as upon the others with fresh troops, and he, too, was about to be overwhelmed, when Sheridan's division was promptly sent to

his support. This movement saved Wood, but it precipitated a combat, the most serious of the day. It brought forces into the action that, for reasons which will appear later, fought with almost unparalleled determination. There was an old feud between them that both wanted to settle here.

General Cheatham, with his famous division of Tennesseans, had been held in reserve for an emergency where hard work was required. When Sheridan's troops were advanced to Wood's support, the emergency was at hand. The Confederate commander threw Cheatham, with his five brigades of splendid soldiers, forward to receive the shock of battle as Sheridan came sweeping the force from the field that had punished Wood. When these two divisions of sturdy soldiers, both led by hard fighters, struck there was serious work. It was the first time they had met face to face since that bloody field of Stone River, when they grappled on the Wilkinson pike and had a terrific hand to hand conflict, which, after varying successes, resulted in Cheatham's favor. Neither had forgotten the first test of strength and courage, and the recollections of it nerved them this day to desperate deeds. For nearly three hours they fought back and forth over the ground where they met, each in turn securing a momentary advantage. It was five o'clock before they got tired of pounding each other, and Cheatham reluctantly retired, rather badly shattered, from his second meeting with Sheridan. Cleburne, another hard fighter and capital soldier, was, however, quickly sent to the field Cheatham had so stubbornly contested, and he more than regained the ground the Confederates had lost in the late afternoon fight. Howell's battery, that had lost a gun in Cheatham's melee with Sheridan, recovered it when Cleburne came to the rescue.

"This contest during the afternoon of the 19th," said General Cheatham, speaking of this battle, "was as desperate a fight as I ever witnessed, where fortifications were not in dispute. It was charge and counter-charge—a stubborn conflict between brave and determined men. I would not undertake to say what the loss was here, but it was heavy on both sides, and the results were not decisive for either force. I lost Preston Smith, one of my best brigade commanders, and many good men. I do not like to talk about the battle of Chickamauga, for the victory we gained there was lost to us by mismanagement and a failure to follow up the advantage."

The fighting had by no means been confined to the points above described. The whole line had been seriously engaged, for the Confederates early evinced a determination to break the Federal front somewhere, and, if possible, gain possession of one or more of the roads leading toward Chattanooga. The assault was often so determined that the line was in danger at several places. Once the centre had been pressed so far back that artillery shots dropped about General Rosecrans' headquarters, at the Widow Glen's house, and it was at times almost within musket range of the enemy. Indeed, it was only maintained here by pushing General Negley rapidly forward to recover the ground from which Van Cleve had been driven.

When the darkness of night hushed the roar of battle it was found that amidst the varying successes and reverses of the day the Federal position had been well maintained. They were still in possession of the roads that tended toward Chattanooga, and their losses were not more serious than those of the Confederates in killed, wounded and missing. In other words, it was a

drawn fight. The Union forces had, however, suffered some severe losses. The First Michigan Battery, the famous Loomis Artillery, had been captured, and Van Pelt, who was commanding it, had been killed at his guns while disputing with the Confederates for the possession of them after they had been taken. The loss of this heretofore invincible battery was seriously felt. Other guns had been lost, but none that were so much revered as those black instruments of death that bore the name of Loomis. It is a wonder that the losses were not greater. The whole line had been engaged, and the fighting at times had been terrific. Neither force had the advantage of the shelter of even temporary works.

The battle of the 19th was severe, and even desperate at times, but was simply the introduction to the greater tragedy of the 20th. When it closed the Federal commander was not without apprehensions as to his ability to meet the greater demands that were yet to be made upon his army. He had captured men from Longstreet's corps who told exaggerated stories of reinforcements yet coming. The single fact that Longstreet was here from the East opened the way for all sorts of conjectures as to the force to be met on Sunday. Every command within reach of the Federal leader that was available for battle, except two brigades, had been actively engaged in the first day's fight. It was well known that Bragg would have reinforcements for the decisive battle of the 20th. This addition to his force, whatever it was, would not only give him the advantage of superior numbers, but of fresh troops, that were not tired out from either marching or fighting. These grave considerations did not, however, disturb the weary men, worn out with the exacting labors of the day. They slept upon their arms among the dead and dying without even a friendly fire

by which to cook them a bite to eat or to throw its flickering glare upon the lifeless bodies around them, that they might know whether they were among corpses of friends or foes. All was silent. Not a sound broke the stillness, save now and then a random shot or the groans of the dying. But the men were even too worn to heed their appeals, and to perform many acts of kindness to relieve their sufferings.

While the rank and file of both armies thus rested, and the picket lines that stood guarding the slumbering hosts almost touched each other, the leading Generals of Rosecrans' army assembled at his headquarters. The grave situation was earnestly discussed. It was evident to all that the fate of the army hung in the balance; that the battle to be fought on the morrow was to be a life and death struggle for its safety. It is no wonder, then, that they counselled long and carefully, and that the commander made his dispositions with a view to save his army from the great peril that seemed to encompass it. It was not until the new day had been born that this important council of war ended, and the Federal Generals rode away to their various commands, weighted not only with the responsibilities that their chief had imposed upon them, but with the anticipation of many that the Confederates would force upon them early in the morning.

While the Federal Generals were maturing their plans the Confederate Commander and his Lieutenants were not idle. They were also holding a council of war, and discussing with each other the details of the battle they expected to begin at daylight next morning. Bragg does not seem to have made his dispositions with the same care as Rosecrans. When Longstreet arrived, at eleven o'clock at night, the Confederate council

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was over and the Generals who composed it gone. He had no opportunity to discuss with them the operations of the morrow and get down to a close understanding of the position of the troops he was to direct and the character of the field upon which he was expected to fight. He met Polk on the road while he was riding to Bragg's headquarters, but they had no time to confer, and after exchanging the customary courtesies separated, and never saw each other afterward. They, therefore, fought the battle of Chickamauga, Polk commanding the right and Longstreet the left wing of the Confederate army, without even speaking to each other of the plan of battle or of the disposition of the troops to meet an emergency that might at any moment arise. This is not a more remarkable evidence, however, than was often furnished of the slipshod military methods that too often characterized some of the commanders of both Confederate and Federal armies during the war for the Union.

When Longstreet reached Bragg's headquarters he was just off the cars at Ringgold, and the troops he brought with him were following along, except three brigades that had arrived before him, and were in the fight of the 19th. The Confederate commander welcomed him cordially, and at once went over with him the plan of battle. He outlined his dispositions as far as possible, and stated the duties he would impose upon him in the fast approaching conflict. They parted after a short talk, and Longstreet rode away.

"I had no idea where I was," said General Longstreet, speaking of this feature of his first experience in the West. "It was bright moonlight, and I looked over the ground as best I could. I knew nothing of the country. All I knew about it was that it was Georgia soil."

Polk's orders were to attack at daylight, and had he



obeyed them Longstreet would have gone into the fight in command of one wing of a great army without a chance to post his men with an intelligent understanding of the lay of the land, the position of the enemy or the location of the troops he was to join. When he left Bragg he went forward toward the position he was expected to occupy before day had fairly dawned, and snatched a few minutes' sleep in the woods by the roadside.

The few hours between the councils of war at the headquarters of the opposing forces and the beginning of the battle were full of incidents that were both striking and interesting. The Federal pioneer corps were busy felling trees and throwing up a few rude defenses, that might be of some value to Thomas when the fury of the fight broke upon him. The ground was so broken and so heavily timbered that there was little chance for fortifying, but what little there was the Federal commanders took advantage of.

The debris that always flows from a battle-field was all night long crowding toward the rear. Men sick, soldiers wounded, stragglers, ambulance and ammunition trains filled the road toward Chattanooga. This wreck of the fight was a painful reminder of the exactions of war, and the varying stories of death, disaster and success that the demoralized mass of humanity told on its way back beyond the reach of bullets simply revealed the fevered imagination of the relaters, who saw the fight from many different points.

The field of Chickamauga is indeed a singular selection for a battle-ground. Nearly the whole field is heavily timbered with oak and pine, and the undergrowth is so thick as to make it difficult to get through on horseback. The ground is broken, especially toward Missionary Ridge, into numerous hills and valleys, all heavily tim-



bered. On such a field no human eye could follow the line of battle any distance, and such a thing as preserving a regimental formation could not have been attempted with success. Why it was ever selected by a General who was picking his place to fight a decisive engagement is still a mystery.

Bragg's line of battle and all his troops were on the west bank of the Chickamauga on the 20th, looking toward Chattanooga. It was a very dangerous position if he had met with a reverse, for the stream was just behind him. The river here winds a zigzag course toward the north and east, but fortunately it played little or no part in the great tragedy that bears its name. When General Bragg's troops were in line of battle they were disposed as follows: Right wing, Lieutenant-General Polk commanding—Cheatham's division of Polk's corps, Cleburne's, Breckinridge's, Walker's and Liddell's divisions of Hill's corps. Left wing, Lieutenant-General Longstreet commanding—McLaw's, Hood's, Hindman's divisions of his own corps, and Stewart's, Preston's and Johnson's divisions of Buckner's corps.

Rosecrans' dispositions were doubtless the best that could have been made. Thomas was ordered to hold the left at all hazards, and Rosecrans sent him word that he would send all of McCook's and Crittenden's corps to him if he needed them to hold his position. It was the pivot that secured the main road to Chattanooga, and, therefore, the vital point of the field. To study this battle, then, so as to get fair light upon it, one must begin and end with the position that Thomas, the cool, quiet, unpretending, yet great soldier, occupied when he sat down at the Snodgrass House and stubbornly held on to that hill, even after nearly all the rest of the army had been driven from the field.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

The commanders early astir—Rosecrans finds fault with McCook—Polk fails to attack at daylight—Wood's terrible mistake—Longstreet's famous charge in mass—McCook and Crittenden forced back—Thomas' splendid tenacity—Steedman's gallant charge—Fighting for darkness—Federal retreat—Bragg fails to pursue—Nearly 40,000 lost on both sides.

DAY broke on the 20th to find the hostile forces astir. The commanders of both armies were at the front before the gray dawn of the morning had given way to the brighter light reflected by the rising sun. Rosecrans rode his lines to find serious fault with the way McCook, Wood and some others had made their dispositions. He gave directions for such changes to be made as he deemed best, but there was delay in executing his orders. From early morning until full meridian the Federal leader seems to have been kept busy with trying to correct the misunderstandings of his subordinates, or remedy their cross-purposes. Bragg was hardly less fortunate than Rosecrans. He had ordered Polk to attack at daylight, and he was himself ready at that hour to watch the shifting scenes of the fight. But full dawn grew into the flush of day, and yet there was no sign of an assault. Bragg fretted and fumed and sent staff officers again and again to know why the attack had not been made. It was not easy to find Polk. It was said that he slept beyond his lines and could not readily be reached. Whether this be true or not, the General who was to begin the attack at dawn did not get ready to drop his first shots into the Federal line until some time after nine o'clock

in the morning. What a strange miscarriage of plans, and how clearly does a study of them bear evidence to the truth of the saying that war is a series of experiments ; that battles are won oftener by an accident than by strategy or the fulfillment of matured plans.

Bragg's plan of battle depended for success on his breaking the Federal line on the left, and he seems to have made no provision for another movement if this failed. He directed Polk to make a determined attack on Thomas, and as he turned his position to wheel to the left. Each division in turn was to take up the fighting as it followed down toward the right of the line, and as each succeeded in driving the Federals it was to wheel to the left until the Union forces were swept from the field. Longstreet's left at Lee and Gordon's Mills was to be the pivot upon which this peculiar swinging movement was to be made.

When Polk was finally found and his breakfast digested he began his assault, in accordance with Bragg's plans. He first sent Breckinridge's division against Thomas' position, but he was forced to retire. He then sent another and still another, and for two hours kept pushing brigades and divisions of the best soldiers in the Confederate army against Thomas' corps now reinforced by some of the strongest commands in the Army of the Cumberland. Yet the left was sorely pushed at times, and doubtless might have been broken had Polk kept his force well in hand and sent it to the assault with determination. But he made a sort of desultory fight. To use a homely, but forcible, simile : "he fought like a balky horse pulls at a load." He pushed fragments of his command in and then withdrew them, instead of massing his force and throwing it upon the flank he was expected to turn. He had some of the finest soldiers in

the army with which to have made such an onset—Breckinridge's, Cleburne's, Cheatham's, Walker's and Liddell's divisions, that had proved their fighting qualities on many a field.

Both Rosecrans and Bragg had all the morning been fretting over the miscarriage of their plans, and been laboring to inspire their subordinate commanders with their spirit and purposes. Bragg got over his difficulties, however, sooner than Rosecrans, for the Federal commander was disturbed about his line for two hours after Polk had engaged Thomas. The right and center of Rosecrans' line seem to have become more mixed up the more he tried to remedy it. Wood, who was a good soldier and a stubborn fighter, appears to have been most to blame for the disturbance, although McCook, Negley and some others, appear to have been accused, justly or unjustly, of a lack of promptness, or a misconception of the necessities of the situation.

Polk was still hammering away at Thomas with such leaders as Cleburne, Cheatham, Breckinridge, Walker and Liddell, when Longstreet asked Bragg if he had not better attack, as Polk seemed to be making no headway. Bragg said yes, and he began massing his troops for a desperate effort to sever the Federal lines in his front. Polk's delay in making the attack had given Longstreet an opportunity to ride his lines, to take a careful survey of the field, and make his dispositions with great care. He had his force in hand for hard work, and when it came his turn to attack he moved his troops forward to the assault with a thorough understanding of the desperate duty before him. It was unfortunate for the Federals that Wood had withdrawn his troops from the line, leaving a breach in it just as Longstreet sent his fresh and determined soldiers forward under Hood, with orders to

push their antagonists off the field at any cost. They went with a rush and struck the Union troops where



GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

Wood had weakened the line Davis was trying to patch up with his reserved brigade.

To attempt to describe this charge of Longstreet's and

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its effect upon the Federal line would be like picturing a whirlwind striking a forest and cutting a winrow through sturdy trees.

In describing it General Longstreet said: "I moved my troops into position for the assault with great care. I massed five brigades in column at half distance, and sent them forward under the leadership of Hood. In other words, Hood led my whole force, with the exception of Buckner's reserves, against the Federal position. I felt great interest in winning the battle of Chickamauga. I had promised General Lee, before leaving Virginia, that I would do my share towards gaining a victory here, and I never remember to have taken greater chances in a battle than in directing this charge against Rosecrans. He and I had graduated in the same class at West Point, and were friends in our boyhood and early army life. He was a good soldier and a brave man. I have read in his report, as well as in the stories of this battle that have been written from time to time, that my success in breaking his line and in driving McCook and Crittenden from the field is attributed to Wood's action in withdrawing his two brigades from the Federal line about the time I started Hood forward to the assault."

"The success of my attack on Rosecrans did not by any means depend upon Wood's mistake. The number of men and the peculiar formation of the force that I sent against the Federal line in this battle could and would have carried any position except a strongly fortified one. The action of his subordinates and the movement of Wood in and out of the line may have made the victory easier, but Rosecrans' line could never have withstood the force of the assault I sent against it that day, no matter how well his plans had been observed or his orders obeyed. No line of battle outside of fortifications ever

yet successfully resisted the charge of troops in such numbers and formation. Our assaulting column was five brigades deep, each within easy supporting distance. Hood led them with great spirit and gallantry. If one brigade faltered another was there to take its place. I have been a soldier all my life; served in the Mexican as well as in the late war, and I never yet saw a body of soldiers not protected by fortifications that could stand the onset of troops in formation such as Hood led against Rosecrans' lines that September Sunday."

It was the first time in our history as a nation that troops in such formation had been sent against an enemy. Hancock afterward tried it with success against a fortified position in the angle at Spotsylvania after Longstreet demonstrated at Chickamauga how impossible it was for troops in the field to withstand the fury of such an onset. Wood's action in withdrawing his force from the line was no doubt indefensible, and other commanders may have been to blame for defects in their line, but the plain facts seem to be that Rosecrans had massed too much of his force on the left under Thomas, and the right and centre were forced to yield to the fury of such a rush as Longstreet made against them. Hood, leading five brigades of Longstreet's wing, in column by brigades at half distance, to use a military phrase, crushed through the Federal line shortly after noon, and beat McCook and Crittenden before they had a chance to recover. He followed up his advantage with great spirit, cutting the army in two, capturing many pieces of artillery, stands of colors and prisoners. Rosecrans, who was caught in the wreck that flowed off the battle-field, as the Confederates mad with the flush of success, pushed on after the demoralized battalions, was nearly made prisoner. He thought he could stay the tide of defeat as he did at Murfreesboro



by his personal daring, but this was a different field and here a greater peril. The more he tried to bring order out of chaos and to rally his retreating soldiers, as the enemy were pushing toward him, the greater the confusion. It finally carried him off the field just in time to save him from capture. He thought of making his way to Thomas, but was so firmly caught in the debris of the battle that he found his only chance was to move with his staff to the rear, toward Rossville, from which point he sent word back to urge Thomas to hold on to the left if possible.

The disaster to McCook and Crittenden's corps of Rosecrans' army was, no doubt, greatly exaggerated by the fevered imagination of the rank and file of the shattered commands. It seems to have been serious enough, however, to be called a demoralizing defeat. Among all the splendid officers that commanded in the two corps that were broken not one could be found who could reform his lines. Sheridan did get his troops back to Rossville in something like order, and Wilder seems to have kept his mounted infantry in good condition, for he secured the commendation of Thomas and the much-coveted star for his work upon the field. His official report furnishes a striking piece of evidence as to the general demoralization when Longstreet cut the army in two. It reads:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Thurston, Chief of McCook's Staff, soon appeared, and notified me that the line to my left was driven back and dispersed, and advised that I had better fall back to Lookout Mountain. I determined, however, to cut my way through and join General Thomas, and was arranging my line for that purpose when Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, came up, and said that our troops had fled in utter panic; that it was a worse rout than Bull Run; that



General Rosecrans was probably killed or captured, and strongly advised me to fall back and occupy the passes over Lookout Mountain to prevent the rebel occupancy of them." Mr. Dana had come West representing the War Department to observe military operations on the field. Wilder's report would seem to indicate that his experiences here were not pleasant, while Mr. Dana furnishes the best of testimony that Rosecrans was pretty badly whipped here. The Union loss was great. The gallant and gifted General Lytle, who wrote "I am Dying. Egypt, Dying," lost his life during the heat of this portion of the fight.

"I cannot give a description of the field as my troops drove McCook and Crittenden before them," General Longstreet said. "Those two corps were simply a wreck. Rosecrans' whole army was saved from destruction by Bragg's failure to follow up his advantages. The fighting had been serious all the morning, but without results. This break was the turning point of the battle, and it gave us a substantial victory that Bragg threw away by allowing Rosecrans to escape and reorganize his army."

Rosecrans and Longstreet had been class-mates and friends at West Point. Longstreet had earnestly urged General Lee to make the campaign against his former friend that resulted in this battle. The irony of fate was fully exemplified in the fact that it remained for him to first break the Federal line and to sweep Rosecrans' right and center from the field.

When Bragg planned his battle here upon the same gauge as he did at Murfreesboro he had made no provisions for the changes that the tide of the conflict might make in it. Therefore, Longstreet, when he had broken the lines and swept the greater portion of Crittenden's

and McCook's troops through the gap in Missionary Ridge, reversed Bragg's order of battle and swung to the right instead of the left, with the intention of enveloping Thomas and making the defeat of the army complete.

"My first thought after facing toward Thomas," said Longstreet when speaking to me of this important phase of the battle, "was to cease the fighting in his front, leave a force strong enough to engage his attention, move around to his rear, cut him off from Chattanooga, and he would be at our mercy. I spoke of this plan to Bragg. He replied:

"'No, you must engage him here. I haven't a man except yours that has any fight in him.'

"With this libel upon such fine soldiers as Cleburne, Breckinridge, Cheatham, Walker and several other generals of Polk's wing commanding in this fight he left me. His first move seems to have been to countermand my order to Wheeler to hotly pursue Crittenden and McCook with his cavalry. He directed him to turn his attention to collecting the small-arms left on the field and driving in the stragglers. When I spoke to him about sending the cavalry after the enemy, he said he thought their best work was cleaning up the field."

The final move against Thomas was an important one. He had held his position and withstood the repeated and determined efforts of the Confederates to dislodge or annihilate him during that entire day. Time and again, when he was sorely pressed, he sent for reinforcements, but they did not reach him, and for a long time after Longstreet had broken through the centre he was in utter ignorance of the fate of the rest of the army. A staff officer from one of the demoralized corps joined him after a hazardous ride, and first told him of the dis-

aster. Still he held his ground, and fought in the desperate hope that some order might possibly be brought out of the chaos and he get reinforcements. By one of those strange accidents that ever seem inseparable from war, his ammunition train had been sent to the rear, and when fresh efforts were required of his men he found they were getting short of ammunition, and he had none to give them.

General Gordon Granger, who was at Rossville with three brigades in reserve for an emergency heard the terrible roar of battle getting nearer and nearer as the afternoon wore on. He was ordered to remain where he was until sent for, but feeling there was trouble in front, he sent Steedman forward with all possible speed toward Thomas' position with two brigades, keeping one at Rossville. A fresh attack had been begun upon Thomas before Granger's troops reached the field.

Granger's two brigades reached Thomas at an opportune time. Longstreet had begun to move forward to drive him from his position. The head of the Confederate line, Benning's brigade, was moving through a low defile between the hills when Granger's troops came up. Steedman, seeing the peril to Thomas' force if this brigade got in, snatched the colors of a regiment and led his brigades with a furious rush upon the Confederate advance. For a time there was a hand-to-hand conflict, and the result hung in the balances. At last the Confederate line began to waver, and finally it broke. This movement was valuable to Thomas because it brought him nearer to night-fall, for which he was fervently wishing. As Steedman himself expressed it: "I was fighting for time, but I thought the sun would never go down; it seemed to me as though it was hung up in the trees."

"Steedman had but a short fight with our advance,

and his success was not important, except that it caused a delay in the Confederate movements," continued General Longstreet. "We had plenty of troops to put in as soon as Steedman drove them back. Indeed, we were forming our whole line for a final attack while this combat was going on. As soon as we could get in readiness to advance we moved forward and drove Thomas' force from its position behind the rail defenses with comparative ease. We had reached the summit of the hill, almost in sight of this point where Thomas' headquarters were, when the gloaming thickened into the darkness, and the Federal force melted away like a phantom.

"Just at this moment my men sent up a shout of victory, and it was taken up along the whole line and continued until the woods shook with the cheers of the men. Cheatham, Cleburne and their commands, down on the Lafayette road, kept up the cheering with one long continued shout. Forrest, who saw the Federals going to the rear, went to Bragg and begged for permission to follow the retreating army, and I sent him word that our victory was now complete, and the fruits of it should be rapidly gathered. He did not seem to catch the spirit of the occasion, and as Thomas' lines faded away in the darkness toward Rossville, Bragg sat down to wonder what he had better do next.

"As devoutly as Thomas had wished for the sun to go down, I asked that Sunday night for one single hour more of daylight. We would have swept Thomas from the field, and what was simply a victory for us would have been the destruction of the Federal army.

"Thomas was beaten, badly beaten, before the darkness came and gave him a chance to slip away, and his hanging on after the rest of the army had been driven off is a lasting tribute to his qualities as a soldier. It

was a noble action, and his success will live in history, as it should, as a grand accident of war."

"When I urged General Bragg to pursue and reap the fruits of victory, he said it was too dark and dangerous, as the Federals had probably only withdrawn to a new position. I visited him the morning of the 21st about daylight, and found him still in doubt as to his future movements. He had lost much by resting over night, but might still have followed up his advantage with success. He asked me what I thought he had better do. I advised him, as he was doubtful as to the policy of following up Rosecrans, that he had better march toward Nashville, threaten or destroy his line of communications and leave the defeated army to follow him or take care of itself. He agreed that this would be a good move, and ordered his troops to march toward the Capitol of Tennessee. The most of his command had crossed the Chickamauga River and was pushing toward Nashville, when Bragg sent to me and said that he thought that it would have a good effect upon the Southern people if it were known that his army was marching through Chattanooga with bands playing and banners flying in honor of the victory of Chickamauga; he, therefore, thought that he would turn back and march upon that place. I replied that I thought it would have a much better effect upon the Southern people if they knew that he was following up his victory by a flank movement on Rosecrans, since he had failed to crush him while his army was demoralized.

"A short time after this Bragg issued orders turning his army toward Chattanooga, and it was not long before he was occupying Missionary Ridge, and giving the Federal commander an opportunity to combine all the force he needed to attack us at a dozen different points at the same time, if he desired, and defeat us in detail.

"It is due to the living and the dead that I should say that General Lee was very greatly disappointed that the result on this field was thus thrown away. He had agreed with me that after Gettysburg there was little hope for the Confederate cause, unless we could win a decisive and overwhelming victory at some point. He had finally but reluctantly abandoned his plan to move back into Pennsylvania that fall in order to fight a great battle in the West and try to gain the substantial success he felt we so much needed. We won the victory here, but reaped none of its fruits. The last chance for the Confederacy was gone when Bragg returned toward Chattanooga for a dress parade and then settled down about Missionary Ridge."

This is the plain story of Chickamauga. The faithful narrative of the war for the Union will not present the record of a single engagement that exceeded it in the demands it made upon the courage and endurance of the officers and soldiers of both armies. In no single battle of the war were the losses greater. Rosecrans lost from his 55,000 men 16,336 in killed, wounded and missing. Bragg in his official report made the astounding confession that he lost two-fifths of his 70,000 men. His estimated losses are 20,950; nearly 40,000 men from the two armies.

General Grant was not in this ferocious clash of arms, nor did he have aught to do with it. Yet its terrible results, the fears it bred and the intrigues and prejudices it excited, in circles beyond his influence created new duties and responsibilities for him. To these General Grant was called after his campaign that opened the Mississippi, had drawn national attention to him as a man possessing the broadest attributes of success. Therefore, this story of Chickamauga is important as a connecting link in the chain of movements the result of which promoted him to the command of all the Federal armies.

Had Bragg shown the proper spirit in this campaign, it is difficult to predict how long the rebellion might have been continued. Of course, by reason of the immense Northern resources, the Union was bound to be eventually maintained, but the loss of life and of treasure would, unquestionably, have been vastly greater but for the disaster which befel Bragg. The most important effect of the battle to the North was the fact it established that, for the right conduct of the war, the armies should be under one head. It impressed upon the authorities the futility of a fragmentary campaign, although it was some time afterwards before the idea was acted upon, and Grant was not then in the mind of the nation as the man for general command.



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## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE BATTLES ABOUT CHATTANOOGA.

After Chickamauga—Rosecrans's removal—Thomas in command—Grant as Commander of the western armies—He reaches the scene of operations after a hard ride—A half-starved army—"The gloomiest part of my life"—Plans for relief—Plenty of rations—Preparations for the attack.

AFTER withdrawing from the field of Chickamauga, at the close of the second day's battle, the Army of the Cumberland took position at the Rossville Gaps in Missionary Ridge, in the rear of the field. These were the passes which controlled the roads to Chattanooga, the objective of the campaign. Here the Union army offered battle throughout the 21st of September. The Confederates, however, did not attack. At night the Union forces marched into Chattanooga, and on the morning of the 22d its lines were firmly established around the town. Though small bodies of Union troops had passed into and through the city when the flanking movement of General Rosecrans forced Bragg to evacuate it, this was its first occupation, in a military sense, by the Army of the Cumberland. It was both the object and the prize of the campaign.

For years the commonly accepted theory was that Chattanooga had been captured by General Rosecrans, that he had marched thence in pursuit of General Bragg, had been attacked and defeated at Chickamauga, and driven back into Chattanooga in confusion.

Instead of this he had marched his army over three mountain ranges and appeared far in the rear of Chat-



tanooga. Bragg was thus forced to abandon the city and march into Georgia; but being strongly reinforced from Mississippi and Virginia he started back to again interpose his army between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. The battle of Chickamauga, which was for the possession of the roads to Chattanooga, resulted. Bragg failed in his object, though he held the field; Rosecrans succeeded in his because he secured the highways and passes which controlled Chattanooga, although the issue of the battle had gone sadly against him.

Before noon of the 22d Bragg's heads of columns appeared before that city, but the Union lines were too well established about Rossville to justify immediate attack. In addition to the protection of strong Confederate works which Bragg had erected before his evacuation of the place, rifle-pits and other rough field-works had been hastily constructed by the Union forces. The buildings outside these lines which would give shelter to the skirmishers, or the outposts of an enemy, were fired and destroyed. Thus was the position firmly established.

Rosecrans' withdrawal from Lookout Mountain enabled Bragg to control the river line of supplies, and seems to have determined him not to assault, but to depend for final success upon the slower methods of a siege. To aid this plan, he counted upon starvation as the most potent factor.

In this he seemed both prudent and wise. So far as military judgment on either side could decide, the city could not be carried by assault. It was wisdom to conclude that the troops which Longstreet's veterans could not force from the unfortified ridges of Chickamauga by most desperate and magnificent fighting could not be driven out of their rude but substantial field-works.

Rosecrans' army had set out on the Chickamauga campaign with little forage, and with only twenty-five days' rations. It reached Chattanooga with short supplies. These were only slightly increased before Bragg had closed the river, and forced the Union army to depend upon what could be hauled over the sixty miles of mountain roads from Bridgeport.

These roads were soon rendered almost impassable by the fall rains. The team animals were so reduced, and the time occupied in a trip so great, that the space required for the train forage occupied half the capacity of the wagons. It was quite impossible to supply half rations to the army. In three weeks the men were reduced even below that limit. Corn was taken from the animals and given to the troops. The officers fared worse than the men. Many ate sour pork and mouldy bread, and at some brigade head-quarters dinners consisted of cornmeal mush. Indeed, starvation seemed to stare this gallant army in the face. Animals died by the thousand, and those that lived were useless for real service.

But every one who passed through this experience knows how unjust the stories were which represented the Army of the Cumberland as demoralized. Every duty of troops in the face of an alert enemy was promptly performed. Work on the fortifications was pushed by hungry men, and it went on without halt. Bridge and boat-building were pressed with vigor. There was no thought of ultimate defeat in the minds of any. The great Confederate stronghold of Chattanooga, the objective of the army on two campaigns, had been captured, and the purpose was to hold it at any cost. There was unbounded confidence in the result, unflinching courage, and uncomplaining endurance.

At this juncture, while General Rosecrans was perfecting plans for opening the river, he was removed, and General Thomas assigned to the command. The army was still devoted to Rosecrans and regretted this step against him, though it loved General Thomas, and gloried in him as the new commander. Thomas himself felt the injustice to Rosecrans so keenly that he threatened to resign, and it was with difficulty, and only because duty overweighed his personal feelings, that he was persuaded to reconsider his firmly expressed determination. Deep-seated prejudices at Washington, quickened by intrigues from unexpected and supposedly friendly quarters, decided the matter, and Rosecrans was sent to the rear.

At this juncture General Grant assumed command of the great operations in this quarter. Immediately after the battle of Chickamauga, Halleck had ordered Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps from the Army of the Potomac, to Rosecrans' relief. In seven days the head of his columns was at Bridgeport. Ten days before the battle of Chickamauga, Burnside had been ordered to Rosecrans from Knoxville, but, though urged in every way, he had utterly failed to carry out his orders. Six days before the battle, Sherman, with troops from the Mississippi, was ordered toward Chattanooga. But nothing had been able to spur Burnside to action on the one flank, and the Washington authorities had delayed much too long in their orders for reinforcements from the Mississippi; but when at length a partial appreciation of the situation had taken possession of them their actions became adequate and vigorous.

The new régime began with General Grant commanding the military division of the Mississippi, and Thomas commanding the Army of the Cumberland. Thomas

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was so designated on October 19th, and at 11 o'clock that night Grant telegraphed him: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible." The reply of that grand old soldier was characteristic: "I will hold the town until we starve." Although suffering from a serious injury, Grant without delay started from Louisville by rail. Arriving at Nashville he manifested how thoroughly his mind had been engrossed with the



GENERAL THOMAS.

details of his now widened duties by wiring Burnside at Knoxville, "Have you tools for fortifying?" Even the food of the troops claimed his attention, and on the road he wired orders to the chief commissary to forward vegetables with all speed. Rosecrans, on his way north after relief, was met at Stevenson, and in a brief interview described the situation to Grant. He grasped the salient points which needed attention with the celerity

of the born general. His mind seemed a map upon which every move and obstacle was traced. At every station where he rested for a moment he telegraphed instructions to the important subordinates in his great department as he discovered some new point to be reached or some new obstacle to be overcome. The injury he had received in New Orleans by a fall from his horse was still painful, and he moved about with difficulty. But his bodily infirmities did not mar the activity of his mind, and he moved into the assumption of the greatest responsibilities yet thrown upon a Federal commander with as perfect composure and confidence as he had ever shown in making the simplest move in his singular career. The weather was very bad, the roads wretched, and sixty miles of horseback-riding lay between Bridgeport and his destination. The journey thither was a memorable one. Rain fell in torrents. The roads, rough at any season, were washed into deep gullies; but over obstacles that might have daunted a well man Grant pushed on, being now and again lifted from his horse and carried in the arms of his soldiers over the most dangerous points. On the night of the 23d, tired and in pain, he reached Thomas' headquarters.

Most of the night was spent with Thomas learning the exact situation. Grant was deeply impressed with the condition of the half-starved troops; and it is natural that he should at first have thought that their spirit must be broken by their surroundings. But he knew this indomitable army better after a few days' association and acquaintance. The next day after his arrival active measures to insure relief were in progress.

General Grant was very much disturbed by what he first heard and saw at Chattanooga. Up to his death he

regarded his first few days in and about the beleaguered town as the most perplexing of his life. During his first term as President he was speaking to Admiral Daniel Ammen upon this subject, and said: "The gloomiest period of my whole army life was just before I broke the blockade at Chattanooga. The horses were starving and the men were without sufficient food, yet they kept in good heart and temper. The lack of animals and the condition of those that still lived made it impossible for me to move my artillery, and for the first time of my life I felt a want of confidence in my surroundings. Until the im-



GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

portant move was made which brought in rations and forage, I felt the gravest apprehensions as to the result."

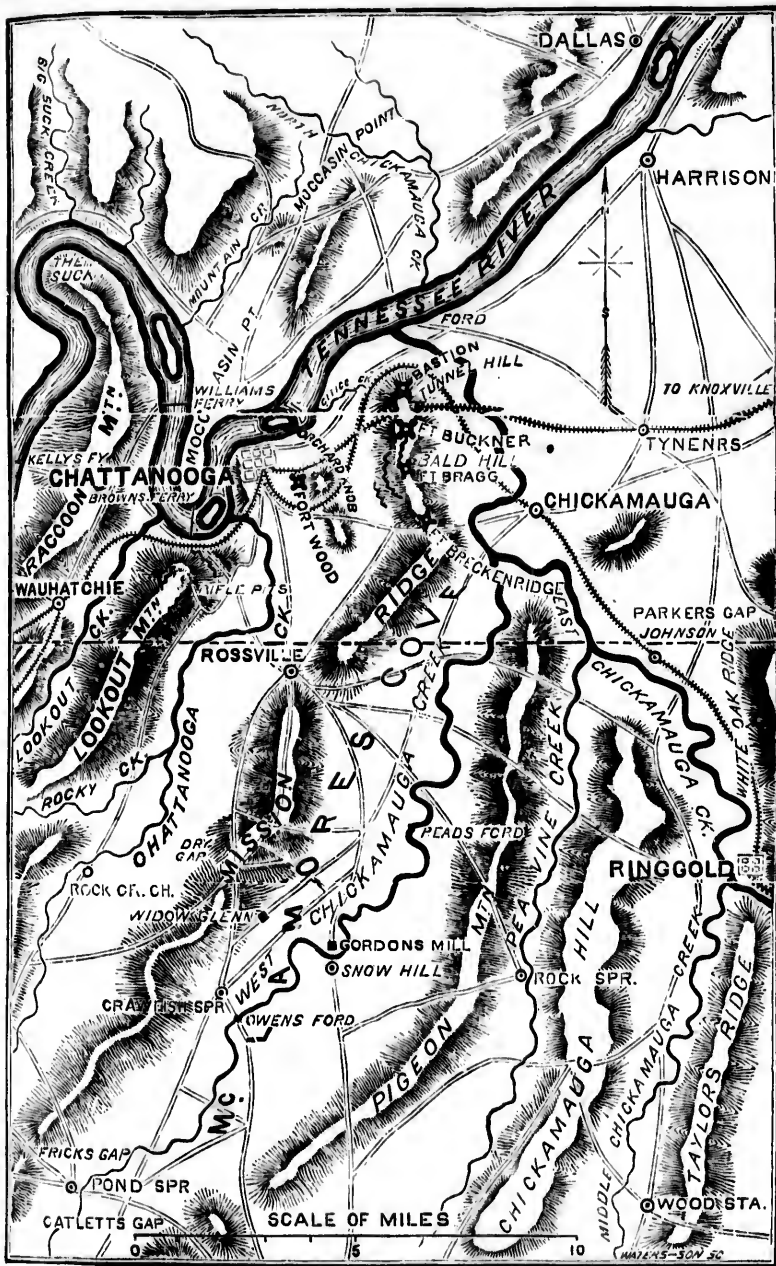
Plans which General Rosecrans had adopted before his removal for the opening of the river to Bridgeport, where supplies were abundant, and which had just been perfected by Thomas, were explained to Grant. He promptly approved them, and ordered their immediate execution under General W. F. Smith, who had originally devised them. In three days more they had been executed, the river line opened, the siege of Chattanooga raised, and the army again had full supplies.

In order to understand this brilliant preliminary movement, and to pass before the eye the scarcely paralleled battle pageants of the three days' fighting before the city, it becomes necessary to study the field.

Chattanooga at the time of the battle was a city of about 4,000 inhabitants. It is on the south bank of the Tennessee, and lies in a bend which opens towards the south. The eastern and southern outskirts of the city, through which ran the Union works, are sufficiently elevated to command the plains and valleys in their front. The city, now extended, then stood like the stage of an immense theatre from which the wide surroundings of plain, the towering mountain, and the long range of lower ridges which bounded the area of low country were plainly visible. In a southerly direction the noted headland of Lookout Mountain rises 1,500 feet above the river, and though it is two miles and a quarter to its base, and a mile farther to the foot of the precipices which surround the summit, it seems to dominate both the town and the surrounding region. From the point of these mountain-walls nearest the city the eye on a clear day can look into seven States. This fact, without other description, tells of the prominence of this mountain monarch. The narrow plateau which forms its summit stretches directly away from the city, so that the sharp point of the range is presented toward the town. The precipices which everywhere limit the plateau are full a hundred feet in height, and from their base the mountain slopes to the plain below are fully a mile in descent.

Standing in the outskirts of the city and looking eastward, Missionary Ridge rises 500 feet from the plain. It is distant three miles from the city, and fills the horizon from a point near the river above the town





MAP OF CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA.



to where it seems to join the Lookout Range ten miles southerly, about the battle-field of Chickamauga. Half way between the eastern side of the city and Missionary Ridge are Orchard Knob, Indian Hill and the adjacent low ridges, forming a natural strong line between the main ridge and the Union works.

From the northern suburbs of the city it is nearly five miles across the plain southeastwardly to the Rossville Gap in Missionary Ridge.

From the western limits of the town the river flows directly toward the base of Lookout, thence sweeping under its high bluffs it nearly doubles on itself, until at Brown's Ferry, a distance of nine miles from the city, it is only four miles across the neck of the bend to Chattanooga. Opposite the river bluffs of Lookout is Moccasin Point, an elevation of equal height with these bluffs, and from its summit the northern slope of the mountain is everywhere visible to the base of the palisades about the top.

Such is the vast natural amphitheatre within which two armies, each in full view of the other, were to fight three battles for the mastery of this most important stronghold of the central west.

The timber about the city and in front of the ridges had been cut away for the use of the camps, and there were few natural objects to obstruct the wide range of vision from every point of the opposing lines. The commanding features of the whole region were such as to add all that nature could give to make the approaching contest one of the most remarkable in its spectacular effects in the annals of war.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

A series of splendid manœuvres—Hooker on the Confederate flank—Moves to Lookout Mountain—The advance up the heights—Covered by the mists of the valley—A wonderful scene in war—The battle above the fogs—The army await tidings from the mountain—A season of dread suspense—The messenger of victory.

WHEN Grant reached Chattanooga, the Army of the Cumberland occupied the city and the works in front of it. Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, was at Bridgeport, and along the railroad toward Nashville. Sherman was in the region of Corinth moving eastward.

The first step was to open the river and obtain supplies. It was well conceived and brilliantly executed. Hooker crossed at Bridgeport to the south bank of the river at daylight of October 27th, and at 3 P. M. had reached Wauhatchie Valley, which runs along the western base of Lookout. At 3 o'clock the same morning fifteen hundred men had entered pontoons at the Chattanooga landing, and floated quietly under the shadows of the northern bank past seven miles of Confederate pickets, and, landing at daybreak on the south bank at Brown's Ferry, had surprised the enemy's pickets and carried the heights which commanded the ferry. A brigade, which had marched across the narrow neck from the city, was in waiting on the north bank. This was ferried over, a bridge was laid, the southern heights fortified, and, when Hooker's column arrived in the

afternoon, the position was strengthened beyond the power of the enemy to retake it. As a result, the river was open for supplies to within four miles of the city, and this short gap, as has been seen, was traversed by a road within Grant's lines.

The elation of the Union army at this success, and the consequent pouring in of all needed supplies, was in itself equal to heavy reinforcements. So marked was this feeling that, ten days after opening the river, General Grant ordered General Thomas to attack the Confederate position on Missionary Ridge, without waiting for the arrival of Sherman, who was then at Huntsville. It was found, however, that the artillery horses had been so reduced that they could not effectively move the batteries, and the order to attack was countermanded.

There was corresponding depression in the ranks of the enemy. The dissatisfaction with Bragg, even before the Union line of supplies had been wrested from him, is well shown by the proceedings of a conference of Confederate officers called by President Davis a short time before. Mr. Davis had come from Richmond, and standing on the point of Lookout and viewing the Union army below, had consigned it to certain overthrow. He had then called division commanders together to soften their opposition to Bragg. His idea seems to have been that if he should summon them to meet him, and in the presence of General Bragg should ask their opinions of his management, that most of them, knowing his partiality for their commander, would commit themselves to an indorsement of his acts. The conference met one night at the little white farmhouse visible from the city far up on the slope of Lookout, and a well-known object to both armies. There were present Mr. Davis and General Bragg, with Longstreet,

Cheatham, Buckner, Breckinridge, A. P. Stewart, and Cleburne. The President explained that he had called those present together to ascertain their opinions of the situation. He therefore desired to hear whether they were satisfied with General Bragg as their commander. It fell to the lot of that blunt soldier, Pat Cleburne, as junior officer, to make first reply. He answered promptly and plainly, to the great surprise and chagrin of the President, that he thought General Bragg had outlived his usefulness and should be removed. General Longstreet indorsed this opinion. General Buckner followed to the same effect in equally emphatic language, and all in turn expressed similar views. Mr. Davis adjourned the conference in haste, greatly disconcerted that his plan of overawing the subordinate generals had signally failed. Soon after Longstreet was sent to East Tennessee, Buckner was ordered elsewhere, and Mr. Davis was from that time the enemy of Cleburne, and a few months later found a pretext for severely denouncing him when, at Dalton, General Cleburne proposed a plan of freeing all able-bodied slaves and enrolling them in the army. The above account of the conference on Lookout is given on the authority of one of the most prominent officers present. Such discontent, existing before the passage of the river had been forced, furnishes a standard by which to measure the dissatisfaction which followed the opening of this Union line of abundant supplies.

Still the Confederate officers did not dream that their own position, which they might well deem impregnable, was in any danger. They only saw that the starvation of the Union army, which they had confidently looked for, would not occur, and that it would not be obliged to evacuate the place for want of supplies, in which case

they had regarded its overthrow among the mountains as certain. They saw also that, to dislodge the Union army and regain Chattanooga, it would become necessary to assault the strong works of the place. It is not strange that Bragg and his officers regarded their position as safe against assault. Lookout Mountain was held by two divisions. Its summit could not be scaled, for its continuous walls of palisades assured its safety. The long slopes of the mountain were tangled with standing and fallen timber, strewn with immense boulders, and with masses of the overhanging ledges. Through these rocks and forest obstructions lines of field-works had been constructed half way up the mountain, which was of itself a most formidable obstacle to a storming party even without its artificial defences. Heavy lines of field-works stretched eastward across the valley from the base of Lookout to Missionary Ridge, and thence along the foot of the ridge to its northern extremity near the river. It was twelve miles from the left of the Confederate works on the mountain through the line just indicated to the Confederate right. From this right the summit of the ridge was occupied southerly to the Rossville Gap, a distance of seven miles. The ridge was fortified along its entire summit, and a line of rifle-pits ran along its face midway between the works at the base and those along the crest. Half way between Missionary Ridge and the city the Confederates had established a strong advanced line of field-works two miles in length. Its left rested strongly on Orchard Knob and Indian Hill, points already mentioned, rising about a hundred feet from the plain. Its right was well established behind Citico creek, a stream which afforded excellent field defence. To defend his position Bragg had forty-five thousand fighting men.

Such were the works which confronted the Union army, and which General Grant proposed to take.

For his purposes he had available the Army of the Cumberland under General George H. Thomas, which occupied the city. General Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, held Wauhatchie Valley along the western base of Lookout, and the river about Brown's Ferry and back to Bridgeport. General Sherman, with the Fifteenth corps, was in march in rear of Hooker. The troops of the latter were attached to the Army of the Cumberland. The total of Grant's effective force was slightly over 60,000 men.

The first plan of battle involved as one of the early moves an assault by Hooker on the northern slope of Lookout, but this was changed upon the discovery that the extremity of Missionary Ridge nearest the river was not occupied by the enemy in force.

It was then finally decided that Hooker should remain in Wauhatchie Valley and hold the enemy in check on that flank, while Sherman on arrival should cross the river to the north bank and march by roads concealed from the view of the enemy on Lookout to North Chickamauga creek, which emptied into the Tennessee nearly opposite the northern spur of Missionary Ridge.

From this point Sherman was to cross the river in pontoons before daylight, seize the northern extremity of the ridge and carry it thence as far as the railroad tunnel. The Army of the Cumberland was then to concentrate on its left and connect with Sherman, and, together, these forces were to move southward along the ridge through Chattanooga valley and sweep Bragg from his position.

The attack, according to this plan, was ordered for Saturday, November 21st. Storms, heavy roads and

successive breakings of the bridge at Brown's Ferry prevented General Sherman from reaching position at North Chickamauga until the evening of the 23d. This necessitated two postponements of the order for attack. It also led to successive modifications of the plan of battle, resulting at last in a complete change of the original plan.

In prompt adaptation to the rapidly changing features of the situation is found one of the chief secrets of Grant's success. The first day's battle resulted from a reconnoissance to ascertain the truth of a report that Bragg was withdrawing. For this purpose General Thomas was ordered to move out of his works in front of the city. He had become exceedingly anxious lest the long delay after the order of battle was announced should result in giving the enemy some knowledge of the plan. He therefore determined to move with a force that should impress Bragg with the idea that a battle had begun. In fact, the move did open the battle. Moving Sheridan's and Wood's divisions out into the plain in front of the eastern fortifications of the city, he deployed them toward Orchard Knob, facing the enemy's field works, which ran as described midway between the Union line and Missionary Ridge. Howard's corps, which had been marched from Hooker's camp over the bridge and into the town, to give the impression that Sherman's troops crossing there were reinforcing the city, was formed in rear of the left, and Baird's division of the Army of the Cumberland in rear of the right.

The deployment was so quiet a movement that the enemy mistook it for a grand review. The Confederate pickets leaned lazily on their muskets enjoying the scene. The enemy's works on the heights were crowned with spectators of this imposing parade of 20,000 soldiers formed in full view on the plain. It was not until a



skirmish line was suddenly thrown out from the fronts of its solid divisions and advanced firing, followed by the swift march of the whole mass, that the illusion was dispelled, and the mighty array revealed itself as a thunderbolt of war. With resistless force it smote along outposts and advanced lines, and with scarcely a break in its magnificent lines it entered the works on the Knob and through the plain. The enemy fought with courage, but its detached forces could not hold back an army. General Grant was delighted with his introduction to the Army of the Cumberland in fighting trim, and, telegraphing to Halleck of the result, he said: "The troops moved under fire with all the precision of veterans on parade." Two days later, and on a larger scale, he saw the same soldiers move triumphantly over the plain, with army front and never wavering lines and solid ranks, against the heights of Missionary Ridge. This first day's battle gave possession of the enemy's only advanced line between the foot of the ridge and the city. It was two miles in length, and during the night the Union troops reversed it, protected it with artillery and made its recapture impossible. It was a brilliant opening of the series of battles, and, though it involved less fighting than the days which followed, it was in itself not only an imposing spectacle but a success of vast importance.

Next in the wonderful succession of battle-scenes came Hooker's assault on Lookout Mountain.

The bridge at Brown's having broken again, and left Osterhaus' division of Sherman's troops on the south bank with Hooker, General Thomas obtained consent from General Grant to make a demonstration against Lookout. This was the second sharp departure from the original plan. The movement was ordered for the early morning of the 24th of November.



At that time Sherman was crossing at North Chickamauga. Soon after midnight one hundred and sixteen pontoons filled with his troops had floated silently and undiscovered out of the mouth of the creek and pulled swiftly to the south bank of the Tennessee. The enemy's pickets were surprised and the landing followed rapidly. At daylight two divisions were over and the works to defend the bridge were well advanced.

Standing at any point of the Union lines and looking southerly, the slopes of Lookout below the points of the mountain were in full sight. A narrow road led over these slopes above the river bluffs and descended on the western side into the valley where Hooker lay. The Confederate works were across the road, facing Hooker's position, and extended from the river to the palisades at the summit of the mountain a mile above. In rear of the line of works was a farm clearing, which later in the day revealed the battle on the mountain to the armies about the city.

Sherman had crossed on the other flank at a point thirteen miles away, and soon had two divisions deployed toward Bragg's right on Missionary Ridge. The enemy's attention was intently fixed on this threatening movement, when suddenly the sound of battle under the fogs which hung over the mountain drew universal attention to Lookout.

Hooker, under cover of the mist, had directed one column a mile up the valley, and there, turning directly against the mountain, had marched in flank till his troops reached the base of the palisades above; then facing toward the point of the mountain and moving northward his line swept the western slope from the precipices above to the base. In the meantime another column well supplied with artillery was pushed close to the main

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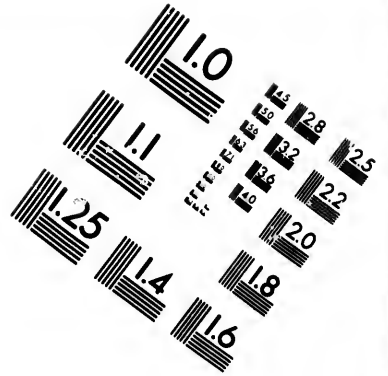
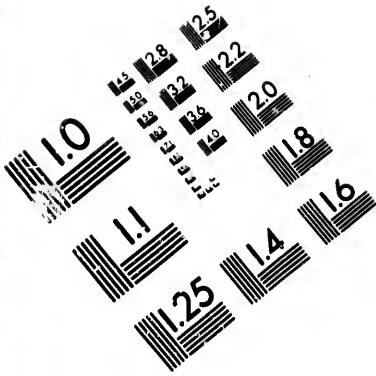
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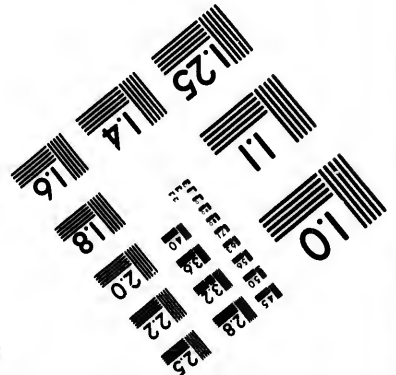
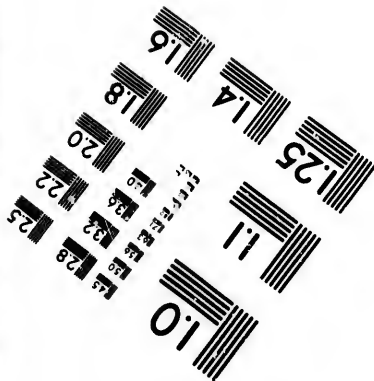
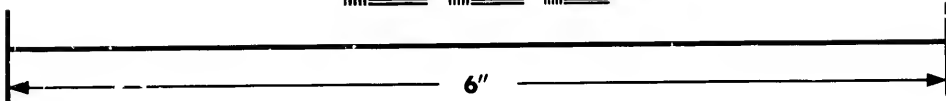
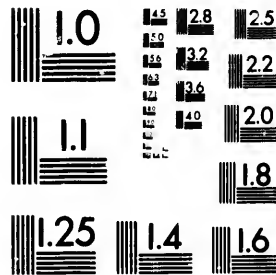


BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.





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line of Confederate works, which faced the valley, from which the Union lines had started. The heavy guns on Moccasin Point, which looked from the north side of the river upward along the northern slope of the mountain, were manned and waited only for the opening guns of Hooker's advance.

The line from Wauhatchie Valley moved against the front of the Confederate works and sharply engaged the enemy. The guns from Moccasin Point partially enfiladed the Confederate right, and, as the contest became warm, Hooker's line moving along the western slope crushed the enemy's left flank, and with the aid of the troops from the valley and the effective fire from the batteries across the river, the enemy was driven out of his works and pushed backward around the point of the mountain and into full view from the city and the plains in front of it. All eyes in each army had long been intently fixed on the mountain, in an attempt to fathom the mysteries of battle which were shrouded in its fogs. Suddenly the mists lifted and the Union line, reaching from base to summit, was seen sweeping into view from the western side of the mountain. The Confederate line faced it, but was steadily retiring under the advance of Hooker's ten thousand men and the effective shelling from Brannan's batteries on Moccasin Point.

At this sight, which language cannot paint, the Union army broke into unceasing cheers. Its bands, with one accord, burst into music, and, under this wonderful inspiration of cheering thousands and the martial music of a great army, those heroes on the mountain, responding with shouting that rose above the roar of their rifles, fought on and on till the slopes of the mighty mountain were recovered.

The summit was inaccessible on account of the pali-

sades. The defending force was six brigades. The shelter of works, and of rocks and woods was so great that, judged by the standard of killed and wounded, the affair scarcely arose to the dignity of a battle. But the ground made the success achieved seem almost incredible, and gave the full importance of a battle to the brilliant result. It was not a "battle above the clouds," as fiction relates, but a battle above the fogs.

That night the enemy withdrew from the summit of the mountain and took position on Missionary Ridge near Rossville.

In the afternoon, while Hooker was completing his victory on the mountain, Sherman had advanced and carried what had been supposed to be the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge, but finding that he had not reached the desired point, he was obliged to wait until the next morning to execute his appointed part of the plan.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### SWEEPING MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The messenger of victory—Shifting the Confederate forces—Opening of the last day's fight—The Federal dispositions—Grant and his generals on Orchard Knob—Sherman's terrific charges—The general assault—Climbing the ridge—An inspiring spectacle—Success.

THE third and closing day of the prolonged battle-spectacle broke clear and calm. The camps of both armies along the many miles of their fronts were astir at dawn. All eyes turned upon Lookout. It was not known as yet on the Union side, and to only a few of the enemy, which army held the summit, and there was intense anxiety to ascertain this fact. The whole mountain stood clearly cut against the sky, but the strongest glasses could detect no sign of life along the summit. Just as the sunlight touched the highest point a small squad of soldiers appeared there. Two armies gazed intently with bated breath to see what signal of triumph or defeat this handful of men would display. As these thousands looked, one bearing the stars and stripes stepped out on the edge of the palisades and, showing its colors, waved news of victory to the Union lines and tidings of defeat to the enemy. Fully sixty thousand men with one accord broke into cheers, all the bands saluted and played on, and everywhere the cheeks of veterans were wet with glad tears as they welcomed the flag on the top of Lookout.

From cheers and music, enthused and nerved by both, the Union army turned to the stern work of the day.



The two days' operations greatly simplified the situation. During the last night the six Confederate brigades which had held Lookout withdrew through Chattanooga Valley to Missionary Ridge, near Rossville. With them went some other forces in the valley, and at sunrise Bragg's whole army was concentrated on Missionary Ridge and in the field-works at its base, his line being something over six miles in length.

Hooker followed the line of Confederate retreat from the mountain, rebuilding bridges which had been destroyed, and, driving the enemy from the works about



MISSIONARY RIDGE FROM THE CEMETERY AT CHATTANOOGA.

Rossville Gap, he established himself across Missionary Ridge, threatening Bragg's left.

Sherman had moved to the assault of Bragg's right soon after daylight. The day before, as has been seen, he had carried what, until he occupied it, had been supposed to be the north extremity of the continuous ridge. But on reaching it, the discovery was made that a deep valley separated this detached elevation from the main ridge, on which Bragg had established and strongly fortified his right.

It was therefore impossible for Sherman to push his line down to the tunnel, as was contemplated in the order

of battle, and he was forced to wait till daylight before he could advance further. He moved early and with great vigor. His lines descended to the valley which lay between them and the enemy, and swarmed up the opposite slope with the utmost courage. Under a murderous fire these veterans forced their way to within a hundred yards of the works on the crest and established themselves. From this point, as a key, the day was spent in a series of most heroic but unsuccessful charges.

Bragg's forces not only held the northern point of the ridge, but there were cross ridges of sufficient length to enable the massing of heavy forces behind the strong works which crowned them, making the position practically impregnable from Sherman's front.

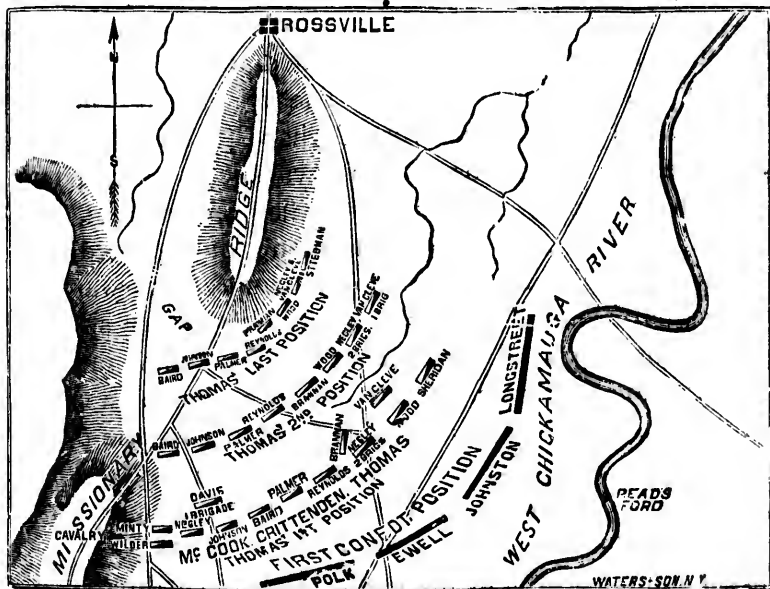
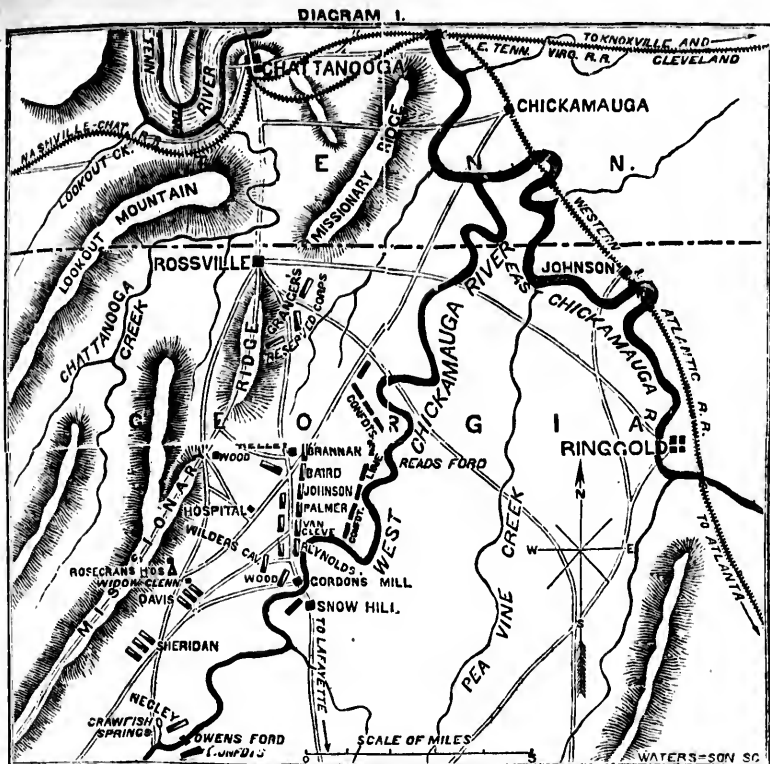
This desperate and unsuccessful fighting about the point which Grant still held to be the pivot of the plan of battle for the day, could be plainly seen from the centre, where Grant, Thomas, Sheridan and Granger were gathered with their staffs. This noted company, grouped around the commander and leader, had early taken position on Orchard Knob, which commanded a view of the entire Confederate line. Four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland lay in the works which ran through Orchard Knob. Here they faced the Ridge, which was a mile and a quarter from their front. Three brigades, equalling one division of this army, were with Hooker, another division had crossed with Sherman, and the entire Eleventh corps had also been sent to him.

At 2 o'clock six of the thirteen divisions on the field were operating with Sherman, and at that hour Baird was ordered to join him from Thomas' left. But Sherman sent word that he did not need more troops, and Baird returned to his position. It was then 3 o'clock. Sherman's desperate fighting had failed to move Bragg's

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DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE ARMIES AT THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

right. Hooker's guns were not advancing along the Ridge on the enemy's left. The sun was sinking toward the western ranges, and the day was passing without final result.

Grant, therefore, quick to grasp the situation, changed his plan of battle for the third time, and ordered Thomas to move his divisions directly against Missionary Ridge. These troops stood in line with a front of two miles and a half, and about a mile and a quarter from the base of the range. Johnson was on the right, Sheridan and Wood held the centre, and Baird the left.

Bragg had fifty guns on the summit, and men enough to fill the rifle-pits at the base and to line the crest. Grant's directions to Thomas were to move his whole force against the works at the base of the Ridge, and, when carried, to reform his lines in them with a view to carrying the top. The orders from General Thomas which reached the left of the line, were that the movement was preparatory to a general assault on the Ridge, and that if the columns were pushed to the summit it would be following his wishes. The signal for the movement was to be six guns from Orchard Knob.

Under the inspiration of two days' successes, and the morning salute of the army to the flag on Lookout, and chafing under the sight of Sherman's oft-repeated but fruitless assaults, these four divisions sprang forward at the signal along their entire front with an irresistible force. By a gradual deployment as the columns moved, twenty thousand men in four lines, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, rushed at double-quick across the plain, covering in their advance three miles of the crest. Fifty guns rained shell upon them from the summit, and sheeted musketry flamed in their faces as they approached the works at the base. But no earthly power

could stop those veterans, and the rifle-pits were carried throughout their extent, even before the second lines could reach them. There was no need of halting to reform, for the Union lines were still unbroken, and only checking a moment to take breath after their long run over the plain, the left centre and the left began to storm the Ridge. The rest of the line, having understood the order to be for a definite halt in the first line of works, stopped for a few moments, and then, following the contagious example on their left, also pushed on toward the summit. The Confederates from the lower lines swarmed up in advance of the Union troops, but were followed so closely as scarcely to allow a halt in the second line of rifle-pits which were established along the face of the Ridge half way to the top.

The rush over the rocks, and the tangled and broken surface of the mountain, disarranged the storming lines, but it seemed to be the purpose of every man to be the first in the works above. The rally about the flags, which were the constant marks of riflemen on the crest, and the rushing forward of new men to grasp them as color-bearer after color-bearer went down, gave a wedge-shaped formation to every regiment. To those who looked from the rear, the face of the Ridge for miles was covered with these wedges of men, each point marked with a flag, and each, driven by the ponderous hammers of the battle, was cleaving a path to the smoking summit.

All points about the city were crowded with spectators of the wonderful assault. Grant and Thomas, with many staff officers, looked on from Orchard Knob. The heavy works about the city were dotted with artillerymen whose fire had ceased as the Union line approached the Confederate works. Sherman's men were

temporarily resting from assault on the left. The sky was clear and every object stood out sharply defined over the wide-extended field. Save where that storming army was climbing into the face of the guns, the quiet of a beautiful autumn day rested everywhere. The recent imposing sweep of those solid lines over the plain, and under heavy fire, seemed but the commonplace of battle compared with the courage of the final assault. At no point in the long front was there either faltering or serious check. In spite of the direct fire of many guns, and the enfilading sweep of others pushed out on spurs which served as natural bastions for the curtains of the summit, the four divisions reached the crest together. Grant and Thomas counted six places where the flags appeared simultaneously in the upper works. Forty field guns were captured, with several thousand prisoners. The grandest storming party of the war had brought final victory.

The broken and fleeing enemy were pursued beyond Ringgold, and finally took position behind Rocky Face at Dalton, and there awaited the opening of the Atlanta campaign.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### GENERAL CHEATHAM'S NARRATIVE.

A graphic recital of a picturesque battle—Bragg's mistake—The Famous Council of War—Too much State pride—Sending Longstreet away—The battle of Lookout Mountain—A small affair—Bringing the troops off the ridge—Preparing for the battle—A grand military display—Sherman's assault—Thomas' final victory—The "Perilous Ridge of Mission."

PERHAPS the only battle of the late war that was visible to every man in the contending forces was that of Missionary Ridge. The Union story of the spectacle is well told in the three preceding chapters by General H. V. Boynton. He then held a command in General Thomas' army, and looked upon the brilliant scene and was an actor in it. Since the war he has become a writer of note, and he has called upon his best powers of description in making a pen picture of the great battle he saw and heard. Such a narrative, from such a source, has a fitting companion in the counter story which is here told by General B. F. Cheatham, that sterling old warrior who was such a striking figure in the Confederate camp and upon nearly every hard-fought battle-field of the West.

"The battle of Missionary Ridge was one of the most picturesque combats ever witnessed," says General Cheatham, in speaking of that memorable engagement. "There were no back seats in that fight. Every man who was there on either side saw it all. On this account more fiction has been written about it than about all the other engagements of the war combined.

"The combat of Lookout Mountain, which preceded it, was an insignificant affair, yet it has passed into his-



tory as one of the most famous battles of the late war. To the Federals in the valley no doubt it was quite a stirring scene, full of dramatic effects. The sight of the soldiers contending above the fogs was a singular spectacle to those who watched it from far below. The Confederate position, both at Lookout and at Missionary Ridge, was a very elevated one, and military movements on either side could be seen with great distinctness. Therefore, the operations seemed more important to the average soldier than greater contests on other fields where the movements of troops were more or less obstructed.

"For many reasons, then, the battles about which you are asking me to speak have become memorable. In the first place, the occupation of Mission Ridge was one of the worst military blunders ever committed. After Bragg had won the battle of Chickamauga, unless he intended to follow up his advantage and crush the Federal army, he should have returned to Dalton, or some point to the south of him, and prepared for a flank movement, or some other campaign, rather than that of settling down to the ridges about a town he had previously evacuated.

"In moving back towards Chattanooga after the battle of Chickamauga, I marched in front by the Shallow Ford Road, while McLaws' division of Longstreet's corps took the Rossville Pike. I reached the position on Missionary Ridge without encountering any resistance of importance. A little affair on the top of the mountain, where two of our brigades brushed the enemy away, was all the obstacle encountered. It was the expectation of our army that in returning to Chattanooga we were to simply bivouac for the night, and then give battle for the possession of the town; but instead of



that we settled down and allowed the enemy to recruit his shattered battalions and bring in reinforcements, and then beat us in detail when he got ready.

"Bragg, in looking down upon the Federal forces, seemed to imagine that they would wait there until they were starved into surrender. I never took any such view of the situation and so told him. We were greatly dissatisfied with this state of things, and with Bragg's failure to follow up the defeat at Chickamauga and crush Rosecrans' army. This discontent was so strong and universal that Mr. Davis came on from Richmond to visit our army, and look over the situation. He was not very happy or successful in his efforts to bring about cordial relations between Bragg and his generals.

"In the little house on the top of the mountain where headquarters were located, near which stands the famous big tree, Mr. Davis called a council of war. Both house and tree are familiar and historic objects to this day. All the leading generals of the army were called into council. General Bragg was present. After some preliminaries we were asked for our opinions as to the feeling of the army towards General Bragg. Also our judgment as to his efficiency. It was a very trying position to be placed in, but I gave it as my judgment that he did not have the confidence of the army and should be retired for some man who had. I think every general at the council expressed himself with more or less decision in the same direction. Longstreet, Buckner, Breckinridge and Cleburne I am certain did. As may readily be imagined, the conference was a very cold affair, and soon broke up after this expression of opinion. The propriety of asking our opinion of our superior officer while he was present, was, at least, questionable.

"Shortly after that Bragg discovered that my command,

composed of some eight thousand Tennesseans, was developing too much State pride at the expense of the Confederacy, and he broke it up and scattered five brigades through the army. Governor Porter, who was then my chief of staff, and myself after that had a leave of absence, and went South for a rest and to recruit.

"About the time we went away Longstreet's corps was detached and sent up to East Tennessee to destroy Burnside, Bragg's plan evidently being to wipe Burnside out, then return Longstreet's force to Missionary Ridge and fight at his leisure or starve the Federals into surrender. During the precious time he thus wasted I was South, and only returned to my command the day before the battle. While myself and chief of staff were on our way to my position, we were met by one of General Bragg's staff officers, who asked us to come immediately to his headquarters. We went, and found him in a very dismal and disturbed state of mind. He seemed much disheartened, for information had been brought to him that Hooker had destroyed the brigades over on Lookout Mountain, and that Stevenson, who occupied a still more elevated position this side on the summit, was also in danger of capture by the enemy, if he had not already been cut off. He asked me to go and look over the situation, and do what was possible in what he believed to be the crisis. He sent General Breckinridge with me.

"Lookout Mountain was held by three brigades—one commanded by General Walthal, of Mississippi, now United States Senator; one by General Moore, and another by General John K. Jackson, of Georgia. Stevenson's division of three more brigades was this side of Lookout, on the summit of the mountain, and when I got over there I found out that they had not been en-

gaged at all, and were in no danger whatever. The battle of Lookout Mountain, therefore, was confined to Hooker's assault upon the three brigades first mentioned, and its only result was to retire them beyond the face of Lookout and to capture about eight hundred of Walthal's brigade without fault on the part of that gallant soldier. The officer who commanded the right had been careless and had allowed Hooker to get in on his flank.

"Before we arrived, Walthal had made his position secure, but to test the matter Canty's brigade was put in on the right and the entire force pushed forward. Hooker was driven behind the point of Lookout Mountain, and we withdrew our forces at leisure and started them down to Missionary Ridge. At the same time Stevenson's command was withdrawn from the summit, the bridges across Lookout Creek were destroyed, and we took our position on the Ridge. This is all there was of the battle of Lookout.

"When this had been accomplished it was not too late for Bragg to have repaired the blunder he had made in occupying his present position. If then he had withdrawn his command and gone back to Georgia, as he did after the battle the next day, he would have saved his army from defeat, and have been in condition to accomplish something. Every one else seemed to see this situation but Bragg, who was acting entirely on his own judgment.

"We perfectly well knew that Grant was there with plenty of supplies and heavy reinforcements with Sherman at their head, and was ready to attack in the morning. Nearly every day that our forces rested there we were getting weaker, while Grant was getting stronger. Longstreet was away in East Tennessee, and we were in no condition either to give or to stand battle, and it

was a surprise to every one that Bragg should have waited for an engagement there, as but one result could be counted upon.

"The story of the battle of Missionary Ridge, which occurred the day following my experience on Lookout, can be easily told. As I said before, it was all under the eye. On one of those peculiarly bright, pleasant days, when the atmosphere is rare and objects seem much nearer than they really are it was fought. Hardee's corps occupied the right of the line, composed of Cleburne's and my divisions. A. P. Stewart's corps was immediately on my left and Breckinridge was with him. Bragg's dispositions for the battle were bad. Contrary to all military rules for he had posted far below the main force a strong picket force, with instructions not to yield except to a line of battle. When the Federals advanced they came, of course, in regular battle array. Our skirmish line could make no impression upon them, and when the shock came had as much difficulty in getting back to us as the Federals had in getting up to us. This blunder cost us many men in killed, wounded and captured.

"As I said before, the morning was bright and beautiful, and the movements of the Federal troops in the valley made a magnificent scene. Their colors were flying, bands playing and muskets gleaming. The men were manœuvred as though going out for inspection and moved with spirit and style as though on review. Every motion of the troops could be seen. As they advanced to the attack the color of their eyes and hair, and almost the expressions of their countenances, could be discerned.

"Grant's first stroke was to move out his forces, and seize one or two important points for his artillery. He first advanced Sherman to attack our right, where Cle-

burne was posted. Never before did I witness such a magnificent military display as Sherman's advance that day. The men were in perfect condition, and went to their work with the precision of a well-ordered machine, and with all the pomp, show and glare of an admirably-equipped army. The fiction that this movement on the morning of the battle was thought by us to be a grand review is amusing. No officer who knew anything of war stood on that ridge and looked down upon that array of soldiers advancing towards us without fully understanding that combat was intended.

"Bragg, as he observed that the right was to be assaulted, instantly transferred a large part of his force to Cleburne, so that by the time Sherman made his rush up the ascent Cleburne was commanding about half of our whole force. Porter, my chief of staff, with a field glass watching our artillery fire against Sherman's advancing column, cried out to me:

"General, when a shot ploughs through their lines it closes up again just as a gate flies to upon its hinges!"

"Sherman's assault was splendidly planned and most vigorously made, but time and again it failed. He could only get so far, and then his troops recoiled under the terrific fire from Cleburne's force and the difficulty of reaching his position. My command was near the centre, and all this passed before my eyes as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life.

"While Sherman was opening the fight and failing to make any impression upon Cleburne, Thomas lay directly in front of us in the valley, with his army corps ready for the spring. At last, finding that Sherman could not disturb Cleburne, Thomas was put in motion and came forward to attack Stewart on my left. He came as Sherman did, in splendid order, his onset being

surrounded by all the magnificent military style which so characterized Sherman's advance. He struck Deas' Alabama brigade, which broke before his assault. The whole left of our line, which had been weakened to resist Sherman's attack, melted away under Thomas' assault, and before the sun went down the battle of Missionary Ridge was practically over.

"Bragg first withdrew the left of the line and started it towards Georgia, instructing Hardee to withdraw Cleburne as soon as possible. Finally, when Stewart and Breckinridge were well under way, Cleburne was withdrawn, leaving my command of less than 5000 men to hold on and move away under cover of the darkness. I changed the front of my division on the ridge, which compelled the Federals to change their line of battle. Two or three times they made unsuccessful attempts to drive us off. I was so situated upon a high ridge that they could not flank me, and the ascent was too steep and difficult for the men to climb. Two or three times I made an effort to drive them off, and then they would try to drive me off. So the combat continued back and forth for some time.

"I only had Walthal's Mississippi, Moore's Alabama and Vaughan's Tennessee brigades with me. There were five general officers in that little knot to command those three brigades, from Hardee, who was Lieutenant-General, down to the brigadiers. We held our position until darkness came on and made it possible for us to retire at our leisure.

"The withdrawal of my command ended the battle of Missionary Ridge. We marched back to Chickamauga Station that night and bivouacked, and the next morning started for Dalton, Ga., where we remained for the rest of the winter."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### CHATTANOOGA TO WASHINGTON.

After Chattanooga—Political Generals—Grant's popularity in the country—The temptation of the Presidency—The relief of Knoxville—The Meridian raid—Made Lieutenant-General—The correspondence between Grant and Sherman—Grant's arrival in Washington.

THE successes about Chattanooga made the anti-climax in General Grant's career. They centered the gaze of the country upon him to a greater degree than ever before. They were an evidence of his comprehensive judgment that was eminently effective. Against the disfavor of the authorities, in the face of what seemed certain defeat, he had, by the exercise of the calm yet venturesome sagacity which now became recognized as the spirit of his operations, turned humiliation into exultation, and depression into the greatest enthusiasm. And, when this was followed by the relief of Knoxville and the extension of the line of operations under Sherman towards Mobile, the confidence of the nation in his military genius became general and determined.

It was at this time that he was offered an opportunity to show the singleness of purpose which was the distinguishing characteristic of his life. He had always been ready to act immediately upon the orders of his superiors. When they tended to humiliate him he was quietly indifferent to the intent. Apparently his pride could be neither hurt nor inflated. It was of the honest, manly sort which concentrated itself upon his duties, and if he felt satisfied with himself that was enough for him. Fictitious and ephemeral slights did not in the least ruffle his



placid equanimity. He tried to mould things as seemed to him best, and was content to leave the results to the judgments of time.

He had always felt a contempt for "political Generals." His experience in the army had taught him that the possession of political influence did not carry military sagacity with it. He believed that promotion should be obtained by hovering about the enemy instead of about Washington. He felt that a man could not be a soldier and a politician at the same time. Before the country lay the gigantic task of subduing a gigantic enemy. To this task must be brought all the alertness, sagacity, patience and concentration of which those in charge of the armies were capable. A modification of plan, or a hesitancy of action, for the purpose of catching the fleeting popular sentiment of a people who were primarily ignorant of war, he knew would be dangerous, if not fatal. He had seen the bad effects of such a course in the past, and he was very impatient of it. He believed that both eyes should be concentrated on the work to be done. He knew that it could not be done well if one eye only was on the foe while the other was turned in anxious gaze for the applause of the galleries.

Nevertheless, after Chattanooga, his name became very frequently mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency. The enemies of Mr. Lincoln did not want him renominated, but they knew that some man must be chosen who had been closely connected with the great struggle, and in whom the country trusted. The only man fit for their purpose was Grant, and toward him they turned with their offering. It did not cross their minds that he would refuse to be the tool of their dislikes and ambitions. The reward offered was glittering enough to dazzle the eyes



of any man, and it seemed incredible that a soldier who had almost risen from the ranks should decline it. Yet decline it he did, and in a way so quiet and determined that they saw he could not be used for their purposes. Tersely and strongly he wrote to Admiral Ammen the remarkable letter here produced in *fac simile*. In it he said: "I have always thought the most slavish life any man could lead was that of a politician. Besides, I do not believe that any man can be successful as a soldier while he has an anchor ahead for other advancement. . . . My only desire will be, as it always has been, to whip out the rebellion in the shortest way possible." This was straight and to the point, and it was meant. The cabal was forced to look for another candidate. Grant would not be their weapon.

This was written three weeks before Grant was called to the national capital to become the legitimate successor of Washington as Lieutenant-General of the army. While the plotting had been going on he had been quietly engaged in following up the victory at Chattanooga and in finishing up his campaign in the clean, thorough way characteristic of him. Burnside was penned in Knoxville and Longstreet was besieging him. The army of investment was confident and the national soldiers, while maintaining an intelligent and courageous defense, felt that without succor they must succumb. Grant's first care after the defeat of Bragg was to save Burnside, and three columns were ordered to the rescue. Sherman had charge of the main column, and although his soldiers were worn out with much fighting and marching he pushed them forward with his nervous characteristic energy. One of Grant's dispatches containing information of the expedition of relief had been purposely allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy, and Longstreet determined

Northville Tenn.

Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> 1864

Dear Sumner,

Your letter was duly  
received and again fully appreciated,  
particularly as it is the same I would  
give any friend, i.e. to avoid all  
political entanglements. I have always  
thought the most secure life any

protection can be given to  
thought the most stupid life any

man could lead was that of a  
politician. Besides I do not believe  
any man can be successful as a  
soldier whilst he has an anchor  
ahead for other advancements. I  
know of no circumstances likely  
to arise which could induce me  
to accept of any political office

whenever they only their will be, as it  
has always been, to whip out the rebellion  
in the shortest way possible and to  
retain as high a position in the  
Army afterwards as the Administration  
then in power may think are suitable  
for.

It was truly p. S. to hear from  
you. I was over on leave of absence  
at the same time you were in I went

you. I was over on leave of absence  
at the same time you were in I went

from Clermont County to Cincinnati more  
to see you than for any other purpose  
When I got there found you had gone  
to Ripley by river. I believe the last  
time we met was in Philadelphia, in

1843. We have both grown older since  
though time sets very lightly with me.

I am neither grey nor bald nor do I feel  
any different from what I did at twenty-six

I have often wished you had been selected  
to command the Mississippi flotilla. I  
have no fault to find however with  
the naval officers who have cooperated  
with me. I think Foster, Phelps and  
some of the younger officers so clever  
men as I ever fell in with. I certainly  
cannot complain of them certainly so  
I believe I never made a request of them

They did not comply with my requests

I believe I never made a request of them

they did not comply with an answer  
what the answer, I know of course I  
Porter to lose our lawsuit, against  
his judgment, and he never found  
fault.

Remember me to Mrs. Vandewater family  
and any other friends of mine in case I  
will be very glad to hear from you again.

Yours truly  
A. A. Grant

came himself and gave the order to attack. I moved out quickly, formed across Sedgwick's flank, and made what some New York paper, I think the *Herald*, designated as 'a most hellish attack.' I struck Sedgwick with all the force and vigor I could, capturing Generals Shaler and Seymour, a great number of prisoners, and broke the Sixth corps to pieces just as darkness put an end to the conflict. If I had been allowed to make the same move in the morning I am satisfied that we should have inflicted a great disaster upon General Grant's army. The plan was to have each of our divisions, as my movement should clear their front, wheel into the column of attack, thus giving to the onset, as we swept down Grant's flank, an increasing volume too strong to be resisted. But, as I have said, when I was through with Sedgwick, night put an end to the assault. It was a great victory as far as it went, but it stopped far short of what it might have been. It put an end to the struggle and changed the plans of both generals.

"All night long and early on the morning of the 7th I was constantly getting reports of General Grant's retreat across the Rapidan. The same morning General Lee came to my head-quarters and we rode over the field together. While we were looking at the situation of the troops and the results of the previous night's fighting, I said:

"General Lee, how much has General Grant been hurt on other portions of the line?"

"Not very seriously," was his reply.

"My scouts," said I, "report General Grant as re-



was a man of very few words. Presently I renewed the conversation, saying :

“‘You say, general, your scouts report General Grant as moving back.’

“‘Yes,’ was his only response.

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘mine make the same report. What do you think of it?’

“‘General Grant is not moving back,’ he replied.

“‘Why do you think so, general?’ said I.

“‘General Grant ought not to move back, and I am so certain that he is not going to and that this movement from the field is a mere feint, that I have had a short road cut from this point to Spottsylvania Court-House, to which point I think he will move next, and you will get your command immediately in readiness and move by that road to-night,’ was his reply.

“In accordance with this order I advanced on the 7th at dark by this newly-cut road. Very soon after reaching Spottsylvania, the next morning, the fighting began with Grant’s advance. This demonstrated that General Lee, who was a great military genius, knew Grant too well to believe that he was going to abandon his purpose to take Richmond. Anderson reached Spottsylvania before I did and he had the same experience, except that he began the fight with Grant’s advance. He had been ordered to bivouac and move on the morning of the 8th, but, the woods being on fire, he started early on the night of the 7th and beat Grant’s troops into the Court-House. Rodes, if I mistake not, was also there when my troops got up, and all were hotly engaged, the En-

"It is certain, I think, that this was General Lee's opinion of Grant. I never heard General Lee comment upon General Grant. He never did upon anybody. But there were some commanders in the Union army that General Lee did not seem to have a very high opinion of. When they were in control of the troops on the other side he would expose his flanks and move around in almost any direction and in a most careless manner. He never did that after Grant took command. He may have gathered his opinion of General Grant's character and capacity by studying his operations in the West. It was frequently remarked by the Confederate generals who were commanding the corps of Lee's army, that when General Grant came East General Lee began a series of movements, inspections of his position, and operated with a great deal more care than had been his habit; for, with all his reputation for caution, General Lee was a very daring man. It is impossible to get General Lee's estimate of General Grant except from such circumstances as I have recited, and this furnishes a more striking evidence of his view of the Union commander than any other circumstance of which I have any knowledge.

"Looking at it judicially and speaking of it from a historic standpoint, I should say that we came as near having an absolutely drawn battle in the Wilderness as was ever known in the war. We gained advantages here and there, and so did the Federals; but, taking the whole of the two days' fighting, both maintained at the end about the same positions that they did at the beginning, with only inroads here and there. The gen-

the same relative conditions and in about the same spirit for a renewal of hostilities.

"The Confederate army, when we entered that campaign, was in the highest spirits. The year previous we had gained some important victories, which left our army in superb fighting trim. We were better supplied with rations, the men were in fine health and as full of ardor at the close of the Wilderness battle as they were when Grant crossed the Rapidan to the attack with as fine an army as was ever gathered. Nor do I think it probable that either General Grant or his troops were discouraged by the drawn combat in the woods. Both armies marched to their new position at Spottsylvania Court-House, after two days of fighting, as eager for battle as when they entered the Wilderness. General Grant's forces had evidently been improved by the fact that had been made manifest to them in the Wilderness, that they were now under a commander who had that high degree of moral courage, as well as the tenacity, to follow his plan of campaign without flinching—qualities so necessary to success."

The famous Confederate general's estimate of the situation prior to Spottsylvania is a correct one. While both Union troops and Confederate troops had learned to place their opponents upon a somewhat higher plane, neither were discouraged by the results of the Wilderness fight. It had been a hard and close struggle; it had been attended with great loss of life; and yet it brought discouragement to neither side. Hard as the conflict had been, there had been gained no decisive

a price. Lee's audacity in the forward movement had met with great opposition and it had partially succeeded; but, after all, the final result was, for the men, only a mutual respect for each other's fighting qualities. They had made the test, hand to hand and foot to foot. They had discovered that American mettle was as good no matter on which side of the line it had been produced. Each felt that the final task would be the greater because of the experience in the Wilderness.

This battle will always be unique in war history. It will always be a cause for discussion among those who will be future authorities on military matters. The final judgment will probably be that it was born of shrewd desperation on one side in a fierce struggle against the inevitable.

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## CHAPTER XXXV

### OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

Lee foiled—The army satisfied with Grant—Flank march to Spottsylvania—Warren's night march—Miscarriage of plans—Grant's practised ear—Pulling his army through itself—Sheridan's fight at Todd's tavern—Butler lands at City Point—Still "On to Richmond."

THE Union scouts who went over the battle-field of the Wilderness, Saturday, May 7th, returned with the report that the enemy had retired. Attacked, driven back at points, and in the end foiled, Lee had failed to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by his new opponent, three days before.

The army still lay facing toward Richmond, and when Grant and his staff, between Saturday and Sunday, rode through the bivouacs of the Second corps to fix his headquarters farther along on the road towards the enemy's capital, the sleeping regiments rose from their fires to follow him with their cheers.

Officers as well as men had but a very few days before received him coldly, and there was apparent a bit of jealousy, that a Western man should be put over the tried and trained officers of one of the proudest armies that was ever marshalled. To be sure, its successes had not been numerous, or its rewards great, but every man believed implicitly in its courage and ability as well as in the capacity of most of its officers. Defeat

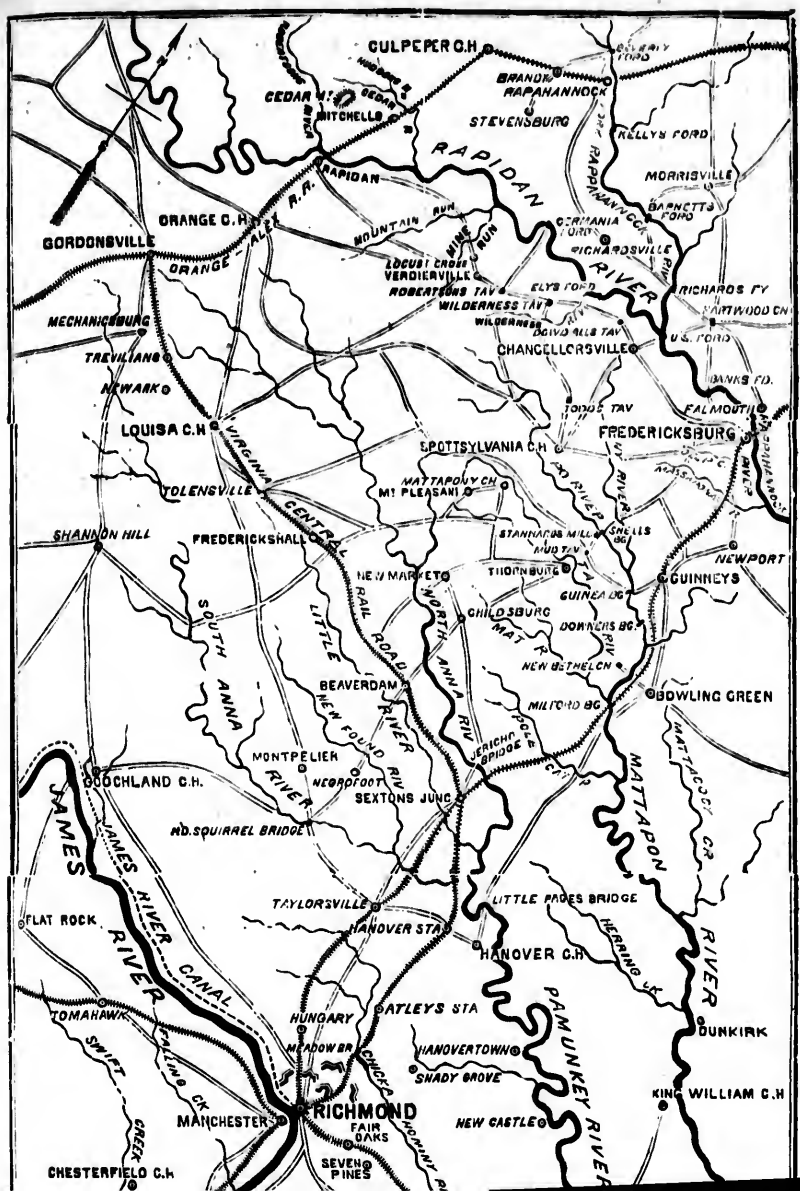
it again." So too it never lost faith in its general, and as each one failed the earnest men transferred their hope and confidence to the next appointed to lead them.

The first two days' fight under the lieutenant-general had served to change the tinge of disappointment, that was manifest when he assumed command; to one of approbation, if not of real satisfaction. The delicate movement had begun which told both officers and men that the army was now to go forward rather than backward. Then the weary men notified the new commander of their impression of him in unstinted applause. As he turned his horse toward the Confederate capital, the huzzahs of the Second corps were taken up along the whole line, until the cheers of the Union men were answered by the thunder of the enemy's guns.

In the movements which were to culminate in the charge at Spottsylvania, Grant had determined to reverse the wings of the army. Warren, at the Wilderness, was in the advance and at first on the extreme right. At Spottsylvania he was on the left, and Hancock was on the right. The Army of the Potomac, in short, was pulled within itself, as a stocking is reversed by pulling it through from the toe. While the movements of Saturday and Sunday were in progress, the troops lay spread in converging lines moving toward Spottsylvania, with the outposts of the Second corps, drawn from General Barlow's division, facing the rear toward the point from which the enemy was expected. The duty had its special peril and responsibility. The dispositions were made, and, just at nightfall, Colonel Beaver, who was corps officer of the day left his outposts and rode to Hancock's

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"Stuart, whose cavalry was spread out before Early's advance, preparing the way for it, had just reached the picket lines of the Second corps as I rode up. Furious firing began and the group quickly scattered. General Hancock, with the quick impulse of a commander who pushed to the front when fighting began, made ready to ride forward. The head-quarters were all astir with the excitement of what might be coming battle. The moment was one of all others which Lee might take to fling his army on the exposed Second corps. Of all the group, General Grant was the only man unmoved. The little incident was, in its way, an apt comment on the wide difference between the habitual impulses of the brilliant corps commander, and the cool thinking of a man, chief in the art as well as the onset of war.

"'Hold on, Hancock,' said General Grant, in that quiet, inflectionless tone which in every moment of excitement steadied the nerves of men about him, and now stopped the stir as he sat quietly at the foot of a tree smoking.

"Listening, without moving, he said, 'That firing is only on one side. There is nothing in it. It is simply a ruse to conceal some movement.'

"The practised ear of Grant, the extraordinary skill with which he measured distances and interpreted the rolling thunders of battle, I found well demonstrated when I regained the picket line. He had accurately judged aright the distant firing which came rumbling across the tree-tops from the picket line, up to the high ground on which the corps head-quarters were pitched."



falling into line and following the advancing army, each corps marching in the rear of those left on the line, drawing in their pickets as they departed. It was Grant's intention to seize all the strong positions about Spottsylvania, and Hancock was to follow Warren along the Brock road. Sedgwick and Burnside were to go by the way of Chancellorsville and Piney Branch church, while Sheridan was to look out for the exposed flank of the moving army.

The two armies moved almost simultaneously. The route Grant took to Spottsylvania lay through a stretch of wild country for something more than fifteen miles. The Confederate line of march to that place being considerably shorter, there must have been something the matter with Lee's information, for on the 8th he directed Early, who had been placed in command of Hill's corps, "to move by Todd's tavern," along the Brock road to Spottsylvania Court-House, as soon as his front was clear of the enemy. Then he telegraphed to Richmond that Grant had abandoned his position and was moving off toward Fredericksburg. He also notified his Government that his advance was at Spottsylvania. Grant's plan was to take possession of all the strong positions about the Court-House before Lee could discover his purpose. Sheridan's bout with Stuart Saturday afternoon, as well as Anderson's hasty move by night to Spottsylvania, where he had been directed to march in the morning, thwarted his plans and imposed upon him the necessity of quickly devising some new movement against his able and stubborn adversary. This is the view Lee's de-

he would move to Spottsylvania, and that very night ordered Gordon to move to that point and intercept him.

The accidents of the night had been numerous. Sheridan's cavalry had been marching and fighting continuously for several days, and only closed the engagement at Todd's tavern on the evening of the 7th after dark. Then orders were given for its advance at daylight, Wilson to take the Fredericksburg road and occupy the Court-House. Gregg and Merritt were also to move at dawn, crossing the river Po; thus securing possession of the bridges over the Ny and Po, and taking possession of all the avenues of approach to Spottsylvania. But, before Sheridan's orders reached his division commanders, Meade had at midnight sent Gregg and Merritt, whose camp he had come upon at Todd's tavern, in different directions, and, when Wilson, reaching the Ny, took possession of the bridge and moved on to make his junction with Merritt and Gregg at Snell's bridge, he was disturbed by heavy firing towards Todd's tavern, and soon found himself behind Confederate infantry. Meanwhile, Gregg was watching the cross-roads at Parker's store, and Merritt was tangled up with Warren's advance along the Brock road. This unfortunate miscarriage of plans left all the approaches to Spottsylvania open to the Confederates, and they crossed the Po without opposition.

Although Warren's corps had marched all night and had had a running fight since dawn, he struck Gordon's and Anderson's force behind breastworks with great vigor and established his line within easy range of the

real situation was reported to him, he ordered a part of Sedgwick's command to Warren's support, and finally the whole Sixth corps, with the hope of destroying Anderson before reinforcements could come up. There was delay getting the troops in position, and, although late in the afternoon there was some severe fighting, no important results were secured, and at nightfall Lee had grasped Grant's intentions, concentrated his army around Spottsylvania, and the desperate difficulties of the Wilderness were again before the Federal commander.

'Twas the afternoon of the 7th of May when Grant ordered the movement that brought him about Spottsylvania. But a few hours before a message from Washington had brought intelligence that General Butler had landed his whole force at City Point, and that General Sherman expected to engage Johnston in the Southwest that very day. The report that the enemy had entirely disappeared from his front, as well as the intelligence of Butler's success, were the moving causes of the order for the night's march to Spottsylvania. Sheridan's fight at Todd's tavern in the afternoon was to open a road for Warren's corps; which was to take the advance, as in the Wilderness, and it took up the line of march toward the new position as soon as the mantle of darkness had settled over the scene of the last three days' fighting.

It was still later when Grant reached the Brock road, where Hancock's weary men lay. With difficulty he picked his way among the troops whose fighting qualities had so impressed him, and who had so suddenly shown their appreciation of his determination to "on to Richmond."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

Nearer Richmond—Playing for position—Position of the two armies before the fight—Sedgwick's death—Crossing the Po—General Barlow's division in danger—Turning the enemy's flank—Hancock's description of the withdrawal—Upton's gallantry—Failure of Warren's and Wright's attack—Grant and Meade review the onset—Grant's disappointment—Magnificent manœuvring—Grant's determination—"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

So it happened that the Army of the Potomac had failed, when the movements which began on Saturday night were over, to occupy the favorable positions about Spottsylvania. Instead, it had forced Lee from his first position, brought him nearer Richmond, and lay an irregular crescent, about the heights around the cross-roads at the court-house, which Stuart seized on Saturday, and Gordon and Anderson, of Ewell's corps, had filled with their troops the next day. Early, at the other end of Lee's army, had later been swung, by the position of Hancock's corps, from the ridge road, which ran north of the Po, to the roads running on the ridge south, and the broad flat plain, through which this sluggish stream ran, lay debatable ground between the two armies up to a wooden bridge, where the Po turned to flow around the heights of Spottsylvania. The bridge was held by the Confederates in force, as one of the approaches to their position. In short, two commas, mutually inverted, (∩) would give rudely the shape of the two armies. The lower

of the land was most unfavorable for a battle-field. Lee's army occupied an elevated position on the crest of a ridge, well protected by earthworks and abatis. The country all about was heavily wooded, with here and there a piece of low land between the two forces, well protected with artillery. Heavy growth of tangled underbrush added to the obstacles which lay before the Federal approach, and in a greater degree than in the Wilderness gave the Confederates the advantages of position.

Monday, May 9th, was a most important day in the history of the Army of the Potomac, and a deep black line will ever be drawn around the page of history that tells of that day's sad work. To be sure, the fighting was not anything like as severe as that which had taken place or was yet to come; but one man died from a gunshot wound whose taking off Grant felt cost him the force of a division of his army. The work of strengthening the general position of the force was going on. General John Sedgwick was with his staff along the front of his line superintending the posting of some artillery. Now and then a stray shot from the rifle of a sharpshooter whizzed through the air, causing some of the men near him to shrink from the danger. He made light of their fears, and with the exclamation still on his lips, "They can't hit an elephant at this distance," the bullet of a sharpshooter struck him just below the eye on the left side of his face, killing him instantly. He was raised up by tender hands, and with a smile upon his countenance, discolored with blood, was carried to

occupation to a larger number of Federal troops than between the James and the Potomac.

It was within easy reach of the sensitive Southern frontier of the United States. On its extreme border stood the city of Washington, for the protection of which the Federal government considered no sacrifice too great. As long as we threatened that border there would be a concentration of the enemy's troops in its defense which would prevent any formidable movement in other directions. We could best secure immunity from invasion for vast stretches of Southern territory by making no attempt of any kind to protect them. We were compelled to concentrate our strength, but we also compelled the enemy to concentrate his at the same time.

It must be remembered that the resources of the Federal government greatly exceeded those of the Confederacy. They could be lavish with that which we had to economize. Great armies gathered along our frontier. Nimble gunboats and powerful iron-clads swarmed in our rivers and along our coasts. Every part of the South felt itself exposed and in peril.

It was manifestly impossible for the Confederacy to oppose this vast force at every point which might be assailed. The fatal consequences of such an attempt had been demonstrated as soon as military operations had begun in 1862. Kentucky and a great part of Tennessee were quickly overrun. Missouri was practically lost, New Orleans fell and General Johnston was obliged to retire from Northern Virginia, while strong expeditions of the enemy succeeded in establishing themselves along our Atlantic coast. The Confederates had some troops everywhere but not enough anywhere.

It was after this that the sensitiveness which was felt in the North about the safety of Washington was fully

utilized. The precautions taken for the defense of the Federal capital were always in proportion to the anxiety of the authorities concerning it rather than to the actual danger of losing it. The presence of General Johnston's army at Manassas detained that of General McClellan, nearly three times as strong, at Washington during the autumn and winter of 1861-62. When Jackson, with a small force, drove Banks across the Potomac, McDowell was called from Fredericksburg to oppose him and McClellan was deprived of the co-operation of that army in his proposed attack upon Richmond. From this time forward we availed ourselves of this trepidation about the Federal capital, and this will be found to be a marked feature of the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia under the command of General Lee.

He resorted to this plan to compel General McClellan to withdraw from the James after he had been dislodged from the Chickahominy. Generals Jackson and Hill were sent against Pope, and General Burnside, who had been recalled to assist McClellan, was forced to go to Fredericksburg to co-operate with Pope in resisting the Confederate advance. At the same time the troops of D. H. Hill, which had been stationed south of the James River, were drawn to Richmond with such forces as the withdrawal of Burnside from North Carolina had made available, with orders to follow the main body Northward as soon as McClellan was recalled. This completed the concentration of the Confederate troops which resulted in the formation of the powerful Army of Northern Virginia.

The results anticipated came in rapid sequence. McClellan's army was brought to reinforce Pope; troops were taken from the coast of Carolina and from West Virginia to aid in defending the Federal capital, and it

became evident that a Confederate army could not render more efficient service and afford more complete protection to the country than by arousing the apprehensions of the authorities at Washington for the safety of that city.

The conclusion was a good one, for the extreme sensitiveness of the Federal authorities as to the safety of Washington was of immense advantage to our cause. It was this very sentiment, which was too strong to be resisted, that no doubt compelled the plan of campaign that General Grant began when he crossed the Rapidan and continued to the end. Any other movement that he might have made would have probably been disturbed by the popular clamor about the safety of the national capital.

But when the presence of our army in Northern Virginia was of advantage in many ways, it is apparent that to enable that army to accomplish its object it needed all the strength the Confederacy could give it. It was near the Northern border, in the continual presence of all the Union armies, and constantly exposed to the attack of superior numbers. It had a gigantic task imposed upon it, yet valuable as Northern Virginia was to the Confederacy, its possession came to depend entirely upon our ability to defend Richmond. Here were established the depots and arsenals of the army. Through Richmond it had the chief means of access to sources of supply further South. With Richmond, in the Federal hands, the army on the Northern frontier could not have maintained itself. No other city in Virginia had railroad facilities sufficient with friendly territory to supply the force necessary for our operations. At the same time the troops so supplied would have to assume all the difficulties which the situation of Richmond imposed upon those who undertook to defend it.



Early in the second year of the war the Confederacy was compelled to yield to the Federals quiet possession of the James river, to within a few miles of Richmond. From thenceforward it was always possible for the North to transport troops and land them within a day's march of the Confederate capital. The York river afforded additional facilities to the enemy. In fact, the place upon which so much depended was almost as accessible by water from Northern Territory as the city of Alexandria. Its distance from the base of, or Federal army operating against it, gave it no advantage. Troops and supplies could be brought almost to its gates by safe and rapid water transportation.

A striking illustration of the disadvantages which an army defending Richmond had to contend against was furnished in 1864, when General Grant moved from Culpeper Court-house to the James River. He abandoned his communications with the Orange and Alexandria road, but his first halt in the Wilderness, and his next at Spotsylvania, afforded him easy and safe access to the Potomac River at Acquia Creek, within a few hours rail of Washington, and by a road directly in the rear of and covered by his army. As he advanced further south to the Annas he had the same advantage. The Rappahannock below Fredericksburg gave him new water communications with his base, using Port Royal in the rear of the army as a landing. When his third stage brought him to Pamunkey, another and secure communication was opened at Washington by York River and the Chesapeake Bay, and when his last march brought him to the James, all the Northern depots were open to him and he was not required to detach a man for their protection. Virtually, therefore, General Lee was entirely deprived of the advantages which generally accrue to an

opposing force when a hostile army is invading its country. He could only oppose direct opposition to the advance of the enemy, and this explains the bloody conflicts of the overland campaign.

This facility of communication was the source of numerous drawbacks in the defense of Richmond. It had none of the advantages of an interior point, while it imposed upon our army, which was much the smaller, the protection of long lines of railroad which had to be kept open to furnish us with necessary supplies. The difficulties of the defense were many. The city was exposed and the naval supremacy of the enemy was absolute. To a large extent, too, the necessity which existed for saving it from capture controlled the operations of the army to our advantage. This, added to the numbers and resources of the enemy made the odds against us overwhelming. Still, General Lee handled his comparatively small force with consummate ability.

The most marked influence which the situation of Richmond, and the necessity of providing for its defense exerted upon the conduct of the war in Virginia, is seen in its connections with the expeditions of the army beyond the Potomac. It was a saying of General Lee that Richmond was never so safe as when its defenders were absent. He meant that the safety of our capital depended upon our ability to keep the enemy employed elsewhere. Such was the policy adopted by him from the time the army moved Northward, in 1862, until worn out with more than two years of exhausting war, it was forced to retire within the intrenchments of Richmond before the great and ever-increasing numbers of the adversary.

It is not the intention to trace the events of the campaign beyond the Potomac. I have simply wished to

show that the situation at Richmond was intimately connected with the designs of General Lee in undertaking all his expeditions which threatened the Northern frontier. Sharpsburg and Gettysburg were included in the design. They were part of the plan by which he sought to defend Richmond and thereby maintain the Army of Northern Virginia in its proximity to the enemy's country. It is not impossible that, had the Federal objective in Virginia been a less accessible and less important place, the Confederate army might have gained advantages which would have enabled it to take the offensive. It is more likely, however, that the government would have availed itself of the opportunity to reinforce its armies in the South and West rather than attempt the invasion of the North. Indeed, at one time, while the army lay on the Rapidan in 1863-64 it was in contemplation to send General Lee himself to take command of the army in Georgia.

"The confidence of General Lee, in the belief that Richmond could not be successfully defended except by keeping the enemy at a distance, was maintained to the last. When his forces were diminished and apparently worn out he did not hesitate to send General Early on his expedition to Maryland; but the vast superiority of the enemy in numbers enabled him to provide for the defense of Washington without seriously impairing the strength of Grant's army, and the siege of Richmond remained unbroken.

"Throughout the bloody campaign Lee was over-weighted. He had the burden of Richmond constantly on one arm while he dealt his ponderous blows at the Federal Government with the other. The extent and magnitude of his services were very great. He handled a force inferior in numbers with extraordinary skill, and

maintained a defense unparalleled in military history. It was here that he showed himself at his greatest. Against extraordinary obstacles, in spite of great odds, with insufficient supplies and a virtually detached command, he made his last struggle with a courage and sagacity which were remarkable. There was no time after the first few months when there was any hope of a successful termination for him. The chances were all against him; yet he struggled on with remarkable pertinacity and maintained himself until his lines were hardly strong enough to be formed.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Grant on the Rapidan—Matched against Lee—What he thought of his army—Interesting reminiscences of Admiral Ammen—His judgment of Lee—Crossing the river—The first day's fight—The fight preparations—Hancock's day-break attack—Burnside's tardiness—The failure to mass the troops—The Confederate assault—Fighting flame—A desperate attack—The Confederate retreat—The Sedgwick disaster—The two generals.

WHEN the new Lieutenant-General decided to remain East against the advice of his Western friends, he accepted a great responsibility fearlessly. Personally, he was a stranger to the situation in and about Washington. He knew nothing, excepting by hearsay, about the political complications that surrounded the army movements within range of the National Capital. Politicians were neither his acquaintances nor friends. His life, as a citizen, had been too quiet for their uses, and his life, as a soldier, had been too busy and unobtrusive to more than attract their attention.

The experiences of other generals with the Army of the Potomac, for one reason or another, were not assuring, yet he felt the importance of changing the order of things, and of commanding in person the movements against the one adversary that seemed to defy all attacks. He went down to the army lying about and beyond Culpeper Court House, after having reached this determination.

On his way, he met for a few moments his life-time friend, Rufus Ingalls, who was quartermaster of the army, and they talked over the situation. An old and

distinguished officer of the Army of the Potomac now writes thus of the situation when he arrived :

“ We did not receive the new Commanding General with any enthusiasm. We did not fling off our hats and cheer as we used to when McClellan rode along the lines. Yorktown, Williamsburg, the Chickahominy, the Seven Days' Battle, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg had taken the gush out of us, and we wanted to take his measure before we took any stock in him. In fact, we were rather jealous at having a Western man made better than our own officers. But the campaign began, and, although Grant never spared us, he kept rising higher and higher in our confidence, until he won it so completely, that it has never been and never can be shaken.”

Grant's first headquarters were at Culpeper, and he spent a little time in looking over the army he was now to command, and in preparing for his forward movement. Immediately on the opposite side of the Rapidan river, well fortified and putting his forces in superb shape for the spring campaign, was General Lee, and the two armies practically faced each other before the operations began. It must be borne in mind that General Grant was to open his spring campaign with a distinctive plan of operations, in which all the armies of the Union were to be thrown simultaneously upon the enemy in every different military department.

He was a stranger to the Army of the Potomac. Most of the officers he had never met, and with its singular record of failure to make an impression upon Lee behind it, he assumed a position that would have made most men nervous. The officer above quoted depicts the general sentiment of the army, although it was faithful, willing, and even anxious to strike the

enemy under any leadership that would bring success. Of this fact General Grant thoroughly assured himself.



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

and before he issued the orders for the opening movement of the long campaign that closed the war, he had become more than satisfied with his army.

General Meade, its commander, had gained great distinction at Gettysburg, but in the months that followed it he had not been able to do anything more with his adversary to attract the attention of the country. Yet Grant, after making a careful study of the situation, confirmed him in the command of the Army of the Potomac under the new *regime*, and he never had cause to regret it. From the time the army moved, all of Grant's orders to his forces were given through Meade, and the relations between the two Generals were exceedingly cordial.

The very day before he moved, his boyhood friend, Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, had come down to visit him by his invitation. In the morning they mounted horses and together rode out for an inspection of the army. Sweeping along through the well-ordered troops towards Pony Mountain, they reached an eminence from which to the right they could look over beyond the Rapidan. All over the intervening space between, on this side of the river, lay the troops which were to give battle within thirty-six hours.

"It was a pleasant morning," says Admiral Ammen, "and the sight was inspiring. I never saw General Grant in better humor in my life, or knew him to speak with more earnestness. Once there was almost enthusiasm in his manner. As he looked off at the army which lay spread out before him, he said :

"Here is as large an army as I know how to command, under the actual surroundings of this situation. I do not feel at liberty to say how many men I hope to take into battle, nor do I feel like speaking of the result of the advance ; but here is a force that, if strung out in column in the usual order of march, with the incidental supply trains, would reach from Culpeper to Richmond, and the head of the force would be at the Confederate



capital before the rear had begun to move ; but,' with a twinkle in his eye, he added, 'I do not expect to reach Richmond in that way, or by that order of march.'

"I alluded to the breastworks, when he said that they had been thrown up to occupy the men and mislead General Lee as to his intentions. He spoke somewhat freely to me of his opinion of General Lee, and said that as a military genius he did not think he was the superior of General Joseph E. Johnston ; 'but,' he added, 'Lee has the confidence and affection not only of his entire command, but of the people behind him, and were he possessed of a far less ability than he has he would not be an indifferent man to meet. Lee is a good man and a fair commander, but he must have the conditions about him favorable. The South regards everything he does as all right, and this is a great advantage. He has not a hostile press and a suspicious people behind him. He holds in a greater degree than any man connected with the rebellion the confidence of his section. He will have all the support that the Confederacy can give him. Such trust is of great assistance to a commander.'

"I asked what he thought of his chances in conflict with Lee. His reply was :

"I can anticipate nothing. I shall do the very best in my power to whip out the rebellion upon the plan that I have now decided upon. My command,' said he, 'is one of the finest armies and most magnificently equipped bodies of men that has ever been gathered for field work, and I hope for success.'

"He expressed this opinion and confidence in his army in a manner nearer approaching enthusiasm than I had ever seen in him before.

"After some further general talk we rode back to

his headquarters and very soon after the army began to move across the Rapidan. As I was taking the train at Brandy Station, the last of it, under Burnside's command, was marching towards the scene of the conflict. That afternoon the battle of the Wilderness began."

It seems impossible to gather Grant's judgment of men and things except from just such incidents as Mr. Ammen relates, but this old naval officer here furnishes the best index yet in print of Grant's temper and purpose as he moved his army to his first clinch with Lee.

The Rapidan is quite a small stream, which flows through a very interesting part of the Old Dominion. At several points, as it runs towards the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, it can be forded with little difficulty. The army moved by the road leading to these fords. Kelly's, Ely's, Raccoon and Germanna are the principal ones that have become famous as associated with war like operations. Ely's and Germanna fords were the principal ones used for the passage of Grant's army towards the Wilderness.

Grant himself, with the bulk of his command, crossed at Ely's ford, the Fifth Corps leading the advance. The country leads up by gentle slope to a range of hills on the opposite bank, and then stretches away for miles a wild, wooded region, through which roads are scarce and the movement of troops difficult. It was Grant's plan to strike and turn the left flank of Lee's army, and place himself between his adversary and Richmond.

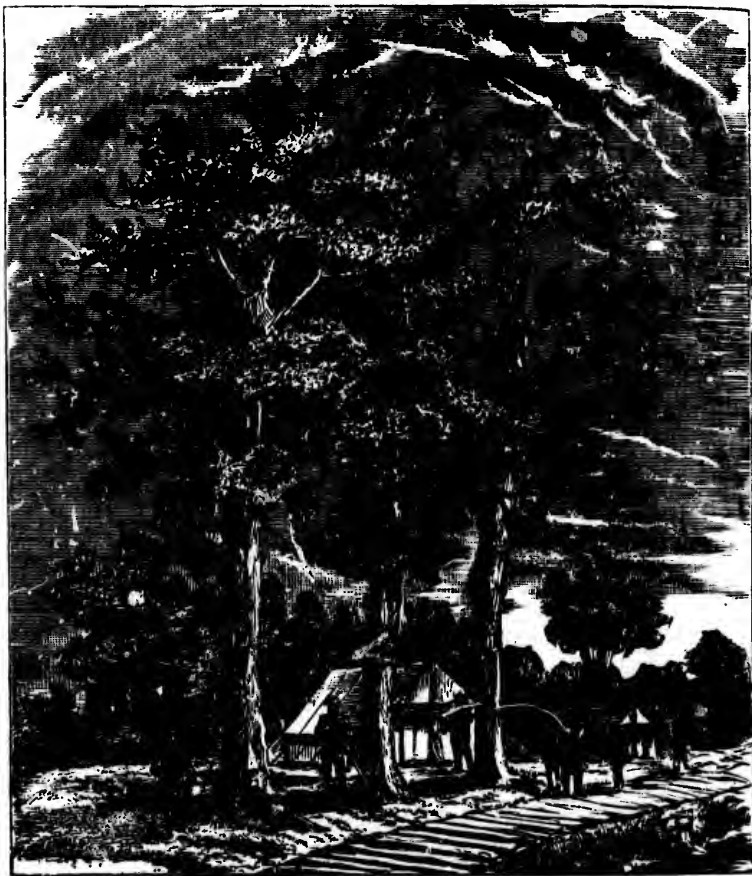
Hardly had he taken up his line of march before Lee, taking the gauge of his plan, moved his army forward to check his advance and occupy the Brock road, the key to all the highways in that wild region. Ewell, with Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, reached the vital point of

the field before Warren, when Warren pushed forward with great vigor to reach the point in the woods which would give the Federal army the control of the roads running in both directions through the Wilderness. This brought on the conflict, which at first turned in Warren's favor, and it seemed as though the Union troops would reach the desired point; but the remarkable character of the country that prevented reinforcements reaching Warren in time thwarted that object, and the night of the 5th of May came on with no particular advantage gained on either side. This phase of the battle is treated of fully in the opening chapter of this work.

All during the night of the 5th both sides were preparing for the morrow's battle. The most unceasing activity prevailed. Each felt the tremendous responsibility involved in the storm which was to burst forth with increased fury at daybreak. So great was the watchfulness that even the wounded could not be carried off. Every light and every noise attracted a volley. Both armies were at an extreme tension and the thickets were full of spectral figures moving about with ghostly eagerness and caution. The heavy darkness which wrapped the maze of brush and jungle in a thick mantle throbbled with the pulse beats of fate.

General Grant was in his tent. It was pitched in a ravine just behind and below the post of observation he had occupied during the day's battle. He knew that he was only in the first chapter of the struggle, but he had no doubts as to the results. Enveloped in his almost stolid equanimity, he issued his orders tersely and confidently for the disposition of the troops. To the officers, to whom his manner and methods were yet new, it seemed as if he scarcely appreciated the immense responsibility of his situation. The inspiration of a

sudden offensive at dawn was still novel to them. They had not yet learned that he dealt with the greatest of tasks as he did with the lightest—that his self-reliance was uniform. There was no excitement, no nervous-



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE WILDERNESS.

ness, no apprehension in his deportment. The tremendous issue at stake, the exceeding difficulty of the battleground, the accidents which might enter as important elements in the conflict, Burnside's failure to come up with his corps—all these he had weighed in his mind.

and the only expression in his face was the consciousness of advantage implied by the utter absence of anything like apprehension. He gave his orders to Meade quietly and seemed to regard a successful issue as a matter of course.

In dramatic silence the two armies lay. Through the darkness beyond one line, Longstreet was marching to a juncture with Lee, and the morrow would see a desperate effort to crush the national army. Through the darkness beyond the other line Burnside was marching to join Grant. Much depended upon the weary feet of the tired soldiery which were sounding upon the devious roads through the sombre night.

Grant intended to pursue his established policy of acting upon the offensive, and the order went out to attack at half-past four. The lines could not be formed by that time, however, and the hour was changed to five. The main assault was to be made by Hancock with fully half the army under his command. He was to attack the front. Wadsworth was to attack the left and, if Burnside succeeded in penetrating the Confederate centre, he was to turn upon Lee's right and endeavor to break it up. The instructions to Sedgwick and Warren were to make feint attacks, to confuse the enemy as much as possible, and prevent reinforcements from being sent to vital points. This was the plan of the great game of battle which was to begin with such desperate earnestness as soon as the first faint glow of gray streaked the Eastern sky.

At precisely five o'clock Hancock moved upon the enemy. Longstreet had come up and was directed to support Hill. He found some difficulty in getting into position, and an attack on the Union right was made by the Confederate left to give Longstreet time. This attack

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was the first of the day ; but, almost immediately, Hancock, who had not yet massed the entire force which had been instructed to operate with him, struck the enemy on the Orange plank road. Wadsworth followed out his orders at the same time and assaulted Lee's right. It was a struggle of confusions. The fighting was desperate at the very start. There was charge and counter-charge at all points along the line. The Confederates maintained their position for a while at great loss, but the impetuous force of the national soldiery beat down the resistance. At last, after an hour of carnage, the enemy's lines were broken and they fell back into the woods. At the time, their demoralization was complete. They had lost the first trick in the game of battle, and Hancock found himself close upon Lee's headquarters. Here he stopped to reform his line.

In the meantime, Longstreet had been sent to support Hill against Hancock's terrible assaults, and he appeared upon the field just as the Confederates broke. Instantly an order was sent to Burnside to forward Stevenson's division to Hancock's assistance, while he, with the other two divisions, was to attack on the Parker's Store road. He was to fill the gap between Warren and Hancock, and when he reached there the attack was to be simultaneous all along the line.

The entire army waited for Burnside, and there was a lull in the conflict until he should appear. Every moment was of great value, because the longer the wait the more complete would be the preparations of the enemy for the attack. The most intense impatience was felt. Eyes and ears were strained to their utmost for sight and sound of the expected troops. Aides galloped back with orders to hasten the movement, but in vain. Burnside was floundering through the thickets, and he could not

advance with any more rapidity. The greatest apprehension was felt at the results of the delay. It seemed at one time that the battle would be lost by reason of it. Certain it is that the opportunity of crushing the enemy's right was rapidly dying away. The minutes seemed hours and the hours seemed days during this wait which was so full of threatening to the Federal army. Opportunity was dying in the arms of delay.

Meanwhile, Hancock had been reinforced from another portion of the army and the battle was renewed. Longstreet struck his left in the fury of assault, and the desperate turmoil again sounded its harsh note on the morning air. The impetus of Longstreet's charge was too great for resistance. The Federal advance was swept away, and Hancock fell back to the point at which he had entered upon the conflict in the morning. The fruits of the early repulse were lost, but the Federals were safe behind the breastworks along the Brock road. There there was no assault.

There had been two hours of fighting, and it had been of the fiercest character. Wadsworth was dead—killed while trying to rally his men. Longstreet, severely wounded in the midst of the battle, had been carried to the rear. The Federals had lost their advantage of the morning by reason of Burnside's inability to come up, and the situation was much as it had been when the battle first began. The mettle of both sides had been thoroughly tested. Each had met with a repulse, but had not lost a foot in the storm and terror of the contest. When Longstreet was wounded, General Lee, in person, took command of the Confederate right, and strove to lead it against the breastworks behind which the Federals waited in angry restlessness. But the movement was too desperate in its character, and the



men would not go. They fell back in sullen irregularity, and Leasure, at Hancock's order, cleared the space in front of the national breastworks.

At this hour neither side had gained any material advantage. Grant's plan of battle had only been partially carried out. The fighting had been desultory instead of in mass. There had been no general and harmonious movement upon the enemy. The thickets and undergrowth of the Wilderness had been efficient allies of the Southern army.

Still Burnside did not strike. He was struggling through a country in which he could not, at times, see his own command. At the best he could only grope forward through the confusion towards the front. The anxiety at his delay increased. No general assault could be made until he arrived. The woods were an abatis raised by nature, whose value the enemy fully comprehended and used. To drive them out would entail great loss to the national army with no corresponding advantage. All that could be done now was to wait.

It was during this critical time of suspense that the officers of the Eastern army first began to know Grant. The general anxiety did not effect him in the slightest degree. No apprehension of a disastrous result seemed to enter his mind. During the crowded hours of the morning he had given his orders quickly and coolly, ruling the turmoil with the will of a master. At this time but one outlet to Washington remained open to him—the Germanna ford. Should the Confederates get to the rear of the main attacking column the army would be in a trap, and its escape would almost be impossible. Meanwhile, the Sixth Corps was in the air near the river, and Sedgwick was ordered to protect his right with



entrenchments. To the other officers it seemed as if the fate of the battle was at the caprice of fortune but the commander had provided for every emergency. His tactics were all offensive and, should his rear be cut off, he intended a movement between Lee and Richmond which would draw the Confederates from the woods and give the Union troops the full benefit of their superior numbers. He was the master not the slave of events.

The last great struggle of the day was now to come. The national soldiers lay in their entrenchments, watching warily for a move on the part of the enemy. At last it burst upon them. With impatient ardor the Confederates, still under the personal command of General Lee, crowded to the edge of the woods and opened a fierce and continuous fire upon Hancock's line. It did not waver. Scarcely a hundred paces separated the foes, and the fighting was very deadly. Behind their parapets the Federals poured volley after volley into Lee's advance. For more than an hour the savage duel of the armies continued, and then nature came again to the assistance of the Confederates. The woods caught fire in several places and flared to the sky. The soldiers were too hotly engaged in their work of death to fight the flames and the fire spread. Trunk after trunk was seized by the hot grasp of the conflagration, but the armies fought on, unheeding of it. Finally the flames darted over the space between the contending forces and fired the Federal breastworks. Still the battle continued. It was a picture terrible in its grandeur. The savage hate of the men below, and the savage delight of the flames above, made a weird harmony of destruction. The fierce cries of the contestants, the quick, sharp voices of the officers, the steady terror of the musketry, the agonies of the wounded—all the confus-

ing noises which make the din of warfare—blent with the crackling of flame-licked limbs and the crash of charred and falling trunks.

At last the flames won. The Federals could no longer approach their blazing parapets. Confused and blinded, and burned by the swirling smoke and increasing heat, they were forced in several places to abandon their entrenchments. This seemed to Lee the time for an assault; and, dashing forward, the Confederates reached some of the breastworks. But the triumph was only for the moment. Almost as soon as they had gained the position Carroll's brigade was thrown upon them, and they were driven back across the belt of fire, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. No further assaults were made, and the day ended just where it had begun. Hancock still held the line he had started from in the morning.

Meanwhile, an affair was taking place near the river where Sedgwick was entrenched, which was the cause of much disquieting rumor. Gordon had made a sudden attack on Sedgwick's right, turned it and captured two general officers and several hundred prisoners. The importance of the repulse was greatly exaggerated, and the army was rife with rumors that Sedgwick, who guarded the one ford, had been completely cut to pieces. The wildest stories of the disaster were carried to Grant, but he continued quite undisturbed. He gave his orders as to what should be done to repair the line if it had been as badly injured as was reported, and then lay down and went to sleep.

No more striking illustration of his extraordinary self-confidence could be offered than this. His army had been fighting all day without result. True, Lee had been constantly on the offensive, and it had succeeded

in preventing him from gaining any advantage, but, beyond this, there had been no results. The climax of the struggle was the alarming report of Sedgwick's defeat, which seemed to threaten ruin to the entire army. But through it all he maintained his composure and, after taking the necessary precautionary measures, he gave himself, with serene confidence in his star, to the rest and unconsciousness of slumber.

The battle in the Wilderness will live as long as the world shall last, and the story of it will never be told. Volumes could be written without depicting the movements of the various organizations, or of telling the episodes of heroic encounters that took place in those woods. Grant himself said no such fighting had ever been known in intensity and fierceness, except, perhaps, at Shiloh. The record, as it has been made up by historian or soldier, contains no more brilliant evidence of the wonderful stubbornness and heroic gallantry of the American citizen than was displayed upon the field where Grant first tested the mettle of his new army and at the same time the quality of the leader against him.

Two giants in war had met, unlike yet alike. Two men of remarkable self-poise, reticence, sternness and composure were now pitted against each other in the awful game of life and death—the game by which wars are decided, disputed questions settled and a country first learns the character of its citizenship and its reliability when the sword is called upon to preserve its integrity. And, after the first test, the question as to which was the greater, still hung in the balance.

The reasons are plain enough. The struggle had been upon complicated ground. They had fought in what was almost darkness. There had been a confusion of men trying to slay each other in a confusion of under-

growth. As far as military genius was concerned not very much was displayed. Lee had shown a ready knowledge of the situation in taking advantage of the natural abatis which were presented. In such quarters numbers made little difference. It was rather a struggle of individuals. Taking the battle and all its varying incidents as a whole, it is rather a testimony of the splendid qualities of the American soldiery than a tribute to the abilities of the commanders. Its main feature was the desperate fighting. On either side there was a determination not to yield, and every point contested for was held to the last. If the story of the Wilderness furnishes a divided tribute to the generals, it does not differ as to the courageous vigor shown by the soldiers of both sides.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### GORDON ON THE WILDERNESS.

Graphic Confederate story of Grant's first fight as Lieutenant-General—General Gordon's description of the field—A hand-to-hand conflict—The varying fortunes of the day—Warren's struggle with Ewell—Gordon strikes and breaks the Sixth corps—"A hellish attack"—General Lee rides over the field—His estimate of Grant—The movement from the field—Gordon at Spottsylvania.

It has been the constant aim of the writer to get within the covers of this work a chain of facts. Gossip is not history. Camp rumors, and even the publications about great events at the time of their occurrence, are not always trustworthy. Years are necessary to cool the enthusiasm a combat creates in all who take part in it. Therefore it is that a faithful record of revolutions cannot be made until long after the battles have been fought, the victories won. Then, to make a satisfactory review of the dreadful panorama of war, it is well to present side by side the statements of the actors in the crises. With this end in view many of the most distinguished officers who participated in the bloody actions of the Rebellion, on the Confederate as well as on the Union side, have been induced to contribute their recollections of momentous movements and engagements. They are herein recorded as related. None will be found of more absorbing interest than those furnished by Lieutenant-General John B. Gordon, who was one of General Lee's ablest and most trusted lieutenants.

After the war he became one of the Democratic leaders in the United States Senate, and has, perhaps,

done more than any other Southern man to bring reconciliation and peace between the North and the South. For the material development of his section he has stood first, and labored with a zeal and singleness of purpose that have commanded national respect. His recollections, given in the form of a conversation with the writer,



GENERAL GORDON.

begin with this graphic story of the battle in the Wilderness:

"During the winter of 1863-64 the Confederate and Union armies were encamped on the opposite sides of the Rapidan river for a long time," says General Gordon. "As spring approached preparations were

made for a new campaign. On one or two occasions General Lee had almost decided to cross the stream, take the offensive, and endeavor to turn General Grant's flank. But before the plans for the movement had been perfected, General Grant crossed the Rapidan with the evident purpose of turning our flank and throwing his force between us and Richmond, the goal of his ambition. This movement brought on the battle of the Wilderness.

"Our troops moved by the plank road and the old turnpike, two highways running down from Orange Court-House in the direction of the Rapidan river. We collided at a point just before we reached the Brock road, and the two forces immediately began the combat.

"The meeting here can hardly be called a general engagement. It was a series of small battles of necessity on account of the nature of the ground. Artillery could not be used with any effect, and cavalry was useless except for scouting far off. It was a battle of small arms without any imposing manœuvres or feeling advances. It was an open combat, not in the sense of being an open field, but on account of the absence of breastworks or other protections.

"It was almost a hand-to-hand conflict, and again and again the bayonet was used. The underbrush was from four feet to eight feet high, often tall enough to cover a man on horseback. It was almost impossible to see any great distance in any direction. The lines in moving frequently came in contact without either force being aware of the presence of the other, except as the skirmishers would tell their story of the impending danger by an occasional shot. It was one of those peculiar combats where the personal heroism and judgment of the individual soldier had to be

relied upon. It was impossible to march a consecutive line. The men could not get through the brush except by breaking line, or make headway among the stunted pine, oak, thorn bushes, and dense undergrowth that filled the place like a hedge.

"It was in such a field as this that that great clash of small arms took place. It is easy to describe a general engagement on such open, broad battle-fields as they have in Europe, where the forces are nearly always in sight, but in the thickets of the Wilderness each soldier can tell a new story of the contest. On the left of our line, where my command was engaged, the success was generally with us. The fighting was fully as severe on the right, probably harder, where Longstreet was. The mortality was perhaps greatest on our left and on the Federal right.

"The battle of the Wilderness was a succession of advances, retreats, and apparent victory on one side or the other for two days. On the 5th the fight was less bloody than that of the 6th, when the engagement was terrific in its intensity and deadly in its results. In the afternoon of the 6th the pressure upon Longstreet was very severe and this officer was badly wounded. In the evening of that day General Lee directed that I should make a movement by which he intended to relieve the right of his line. On the 5th of May, when our troops were broken on the plank road by General Grant's advance, my command was bringing up the rear. Ewell had been hotly engaged before I came up and Warren had thrown his divisions upon him so impetuously that he had lost his position. At this crisis he came riding up to me and said:

"'We are badly broken and the fate of the day depends upon you.'



"I formed my troops, made a countercharge, advancing in échelon, and restored our line. During that night of the 5th I was ordered to move my command to the extreme left, and see that General Grant's lines did not overlap my left.

"Early on the morning of the 6th I sent out my scouts,



GENERAL SEDGWICK.

who reported that Sedgwick's corps was lying in a body of heavy timber and underbrush, apparently unprotected. I reported the fact to my immediate superior, with the request that I be allowed to attack. He did not take my view of the situation and it was not until late in the afternoon that I was allowed to move; then General Lee

came himself and gave the order to attack. I moved out quickly, formed across Sedgwick's flank, and made what some New York paper, I think the *Herald*, designated as 'a most hellish attack.' I struck Sedgwick with all the force and vigor I could, capturing Generals Shaler and Seymour, a great number of prisoners, and broke the Sixth corps to pieces just as darkness put an end to the conflict. If I had been allowed to make the same move in the morning I am satisfied that we should have inflicted a great disaster upon General Grant's army. The plan was to have each of our divisions, as my movement should clear their front, wheel into the column of attack, thus giving to the onset, as we swept down Grant's flank, an increasing volume too strong to be resisted. But, as I have said, when I was through with Sedgwick, night put an end to the assault. It was a great victory as far as it went, but it stopped far short of what it might have been. It put an end to the struggle and changed the plans of both generals.

"All night long and early on the morning of the 7th I was constantly getting reports of General Grant's retreat across the Rapidan. The same morning General Lee came to my head-quarters and we rode over the field together. While we were looking at the situation of the troops and the results of the previous night's fighting, I said:

"General Lee, how much has General Grant been hurt on other portions of the line?"

"Not very seriously," was his reply.

"My scouts," said I, "report General Grant as retreating."

"Yes," said he; "so do mine."

"Then for a time he remained silent, making no comments upon what had passed or was passing. He

was a man of very few words. Presently I renewed the conversation, saying :

“ You say, general, your scouts report General Grant as moving back.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ was his only response.

“ ‘ Well,’ said I, ‘ mine make the same report. What do you think of it?’

“ ‘ General Grant is not moving back,’ he replied.

“ ‘ Why do you think so, general?’ said I.

“ ‘ General Grant ought not to move back, and I am so certain that he is not going to and that this movement from the field is a mere feint, that I have had a short road cut from this point to Spottsylvania Court-House, to which point I think he will move next, and you will get your command immediately in readiness and move by that road to-night,’ was his reply.

“ In accordance with this order I advanced on the 7th at dark by this newly-cut road. Very soon after reaching Spottsylvania, the next morning, the fighting began with Grant’s advance. This demonstrated that General Lee, who was a great military genius, knew Grant too well to believe that he was going to abandon his purpose to take Richmond. Anderson reached Spottsylvania before I did and he had the same experience, except that he began the fight with Grant’s advance. He had been ordered to bivouac and move on the morning of the 8th, but, the woods being on fire, he started early on the night of the 7th and beat Grant’s troops into the Court-House. Rodes, if I mistake not, was also there when my troops got up, and all were hotly engaged, the Federals showing a strong front. It is evident that General Lee put himself in Grant’s place and reasoned :

“ ‘ If I were Grant I would move to Spottsylvania. What he ought to do he is going to do.’

"It is certain, I think, that this was General Lee's opinion of Grant. I never heard General Lee comment upon General Grant. He never did upon anybody. But there were some commanders in the Union army that General Lee did not seem to have a very high opinion of. When they were in control of the troops on the other side he would expose his flanks and move around in almost any direction and in a most careless manner. He never did that after Grant took command. He may have gathered his opinion of General Grant's character and capacity by studying his operations in the West. It was frequently remarked by the Confederate generals who were commanding the corps of Lee's army, that when General Grant came East General Lee began a series of movements, inspections of his position, and operated with a great deal more care than had been his habit; for, with all his reputation for caution, General Lee was a very daring man. It is impossible to get General Lee's estimate of General Grant except from such circumstances as I have recited, and this furnishes a more striking evidence of his view of the Union commander than any other circumstance of which I have any knowledge.

"Looking at it judicially and speaking of it from a historic standpoint, I should say that we came as near having an absolutely drawn battle in the Wilderness as was ever known in the war. We gained advantages here and there, and so did the Federals; but, taking the whole of the two days' fighting, both maintained at the end about the same positions that they did at the beginning, with only inroads here and there. The general direction of the lines was about the same on the night of the 7th as on the 5th. When we withdrew, fearful as the battle had been, both armies were in about

the same relative conditions and in about the same spirit for a renewal of hostilities.

"The Confederate army, when we entered that campaign, was in the highest spirits. The year previous we had gained some important victories, which left our army in superb fighting trim. We were better supplied with rations, the men were in fine health and as full of ardor at the close of the Wilderness battle as they were when Grant crossed the Rapidan to the attack with as fine an army as was ever gathered. Nor do I think it probable that either General Grant or his troops were discouraged by the drawn combat in the woods. Both armies marched to their new position at Spottsylvania Court-House, after two days of fighting, as eager for battle as when they entered the Wilderness. General Grant's forces had evidently been improved by the fact that had been made manifest to them in the Wilderness, that they were now under a commander who had that high degree of moral courage, as well as the tenacity, to follow his plan of campaign without flinching—qualities so necessary to success."

The famous Confederate general's estimate of the situation prior to Spottsylvania is a correct one. While both Union troops and Confederate troops had learned to place their opponents upon a somewhat higher plane, neither were discouraged by the results of the Wilderness fight. It had been a hard and close struggle; it had been attended with great loss of life; and yet it brought discouragement to neither side. Hard as the conflict had been, there had been gained no decisive advantage, and this was almost a victory for both contestants. The advance which Grant had made possible had been dearly bought; the temporary check which the Confederates had secured had been procured at as dear

a price. Lee's audacity in the forward movement had met with great opposition and it had partially succeeded; but, after all, the final result was, for the men, only a mutual respect for each other's fighting qualities. They had made the test, hand to hand and foot to foot. They had discovered that American mettle was as good no matter on which side of the line it had been produced. Each felt that the final task would be the greater because of the experience in the Wilderness.

This battle will always be unique in war history. It will always be a cause for discussion among those who will be future authorities on military matters. The final judgment will probably be that it was born of shrewd desperation on one side in a fierce struggle against the inevitable.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

Lee foiled—The army satisfied with Grant—Flank march to Spottsylvania—Warren's night march—Miscarriage of plans—Grant's practised ear—Pulling his army through itself—Sheridan's fight at Todd's tavern—Butler lands at City Point—Still "On to Richmond."

THE Union scouts who went over the battle-field of the Wilderness, Saturday, May 7th, returned with the report that the enemy had retired. Attacked, driven back at points, and in the end foiled, Lee had failed to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by his new opponent, three days before.

The army still lay facing toward Richmond, and when Grant and his staff, between Saturday and Sunday, rode through the bivouacs of the Second corps to fix his headquarters farther along on the road towards the enemy's capital, the sleeping regiments rose from their fires to follow him with their cheers.

Officers as well as men had but a very few days before received him coldly, and there was apparent a bit of jealousy, that a Western man should be put over the tried and trained officers of one of the proudest armies that was ever marshalled. To be sure, its successes had not been numerous, or its rewards great, but every man believed implicitly in its courage and ability as well as in the capacity of most of its officers. Defeat never disheartened it, and retreat never marred its confidence in final triumph. After either it simply felt regret and was then willing and anxious "to pick the flint and try

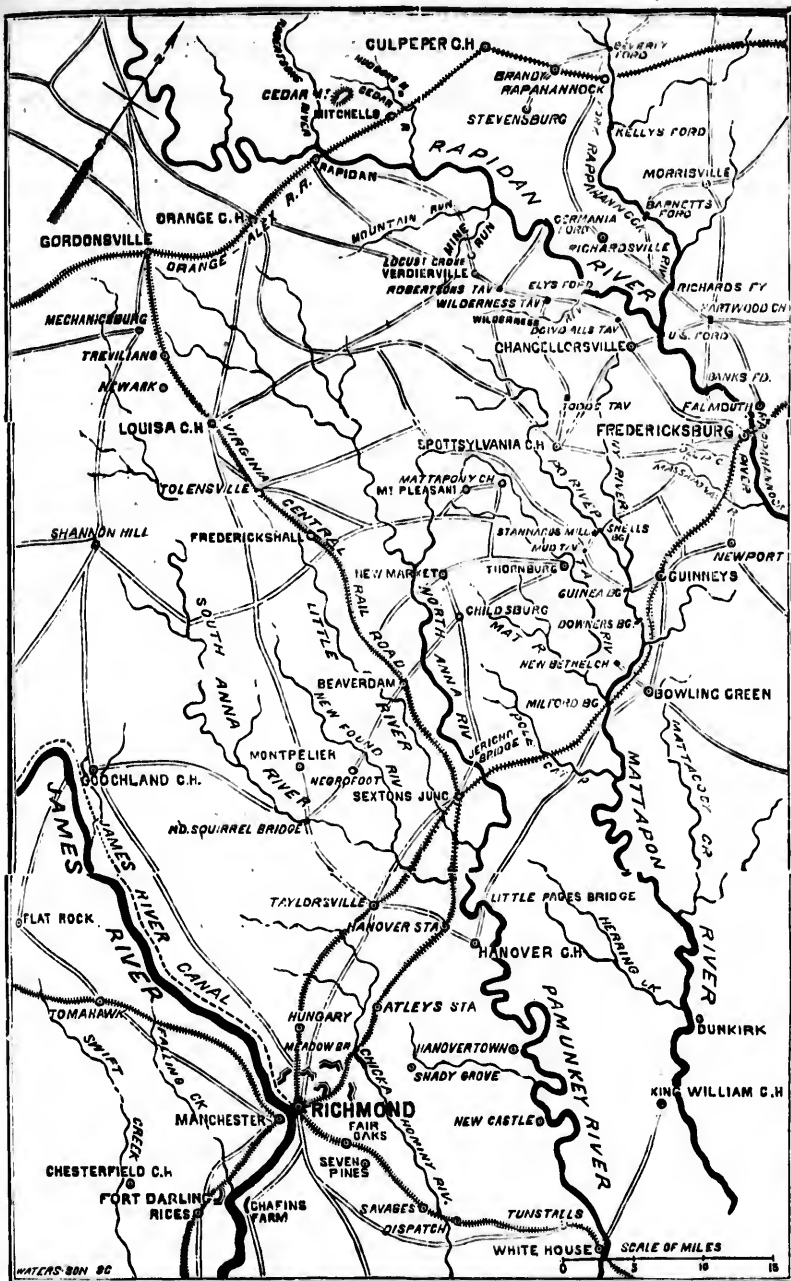
it again." So too it never lost faith in its general, and as each one failed the earnest men transferred their hope and confidence to the next appointed to lead them.

The first two days' fight under the lieutenant-general had served to change the tinge of disappointment, that was manifest when he assumed command, to one of approbation, if not of real satisfaction. The delicate movement had begun which told both officers and men that the army was now to go forward rather than backward. Then the weary men notified the new commander of their impression of him in unstinted applause. As he turned his horse toward the Confederate capital, the huzzahs of the Second corps were taken up along the whole line, until the cheers of the Union men were answered by the thunder of the enemy's guns.

In the movements which were to culminate in the charge at Spottsylvania, Grant had determined to reverse the wings of the army. Warren, at the Wilderness, was in the advance and at first on the extreme right. At Spottsylvania he was on the left, and Hancock was on the right. The Army of the Potomac, in short, was pulled within itself, as a stocking is reversed by pulling it through from the toe. While the movements of Saturday and Sunday were in progress, the troops lay spread in converging lines moving toward Spottsylvania, with the outposts of the Second corps, drawn from General Barlow's division, facing the rear toward the point from which the enemy was expected. The duty had its special peril and responsibility. The dispositions were made, and, just at nightfall, Colonel Beaver, who was corps officer of the day, left his outposts and rode to Hancock's head-quarters for his final instructions. It was growing dark. He found there General Grant, and now gives this interesting incident of the meeting :



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FROM THE RAPIDAN TO THE JAMES,  
 SHOWING THE WILDERNESS, CHANCELLORSVILLE, SPOTTSVYLVANIA, ETC.

"Stuart, whose cavalry was spread out before Early's advance, preparing the way for it, had just reached the picket lines of the Second corps as I rode up. Furious firing began and the group quickly scattered. General Hancock, with the quick impulse of a commander who pushed to the front when fighting began, made ready to ride forward. The head-quarters were all astir with the excitement of what might be coming battle. The moment was one of all others which Lee might take to fling his army on the exposed Second corps. Of all the group, General Grant was the only man unmoved. The little incident was, in its way, an apt comment on the wide difference between the habitual impulses of the brilliant corps commander, and the cool thinking of a man, chief in the art as well as the onset of war.

"'Hold on, Hancock,' said General Grant, in that quiet, inflectionless tone which in every moment of excitement steadied the nerves of men about him, and now stopped the stir as he sat quietly at the foot of a tree smoking.

"Listening, without moving, he said, 'That firing is only on one side. There is nothing in it. It is simply a ruse to conceal some movement.'

"The practised ear of Grant, the extraordinary skill with which he measured distances and interpreted the rolling thunders of battle, I found well demonstrated when I regained the picket line. He had accurately judged aright the distant firing which came rumbling across the tree-tops from the picket line, up to the high ground on which the corps head-quarters were pitched."

The need and peril of the situation were not over until long hours after this incident. All night and all of Sunday morning the divisions of the different corps were

falling into line and following the advancing army, each corps marching in the rear of those left on the line, drawing in their pickets as they departed. It was Grant's intention to seize all the strong positions about Spottsylvania, and Hancock was to follow Warren along the Brock road. Sedgwick and Burnside were to go by the way of Chancellorsville and Piney Branch church, while Sheridan was to look out for the exposed flank of the moving army.

The two armies moved almost simultaneously. The route Grant took to Spottsylvania lay through a stretch of wild country for something more than fifteen miles. The Confederate line of march to that place being considerably shorter, there must have been something the matter with Lee's information, for on the 8th he directed Early, who had been placed in command of Hill's corps, "to move by Todd's tavern," along the Brock road to Spottsylvania Court-House, as soon as his front was clear of the enemy. Then he telegraphed to Richmond that Grant had abandoned his position and was moving off toward Fredericksburg. He also notified his Government that his advance was at Spottsylvania. Grant's plan was to take possession of all the strong positions about the Court-House before Lee could discover his purpose. Sheridan's bout with Stuart Saturday afternoon, as well as Anderson's hasty move by night to Spottsylvania, where he had been directed to march in the morning, thwarted his plans and imposed upon him the necessity of quickly devising some new movement against his able and stubborn adversary. This is the view Lee's despatches would give of his want of reliable information as to Grant's movements. But there is good testimony that, while he did not know Grant's purposes, he had such a high opinion of him as a soldier that he thought

he would move to Spottsylvania, and that very night ordered Gordon to move to that point and intercept him.

The accidents of the night had been numerous. Sheridan's cavalry had been marching and fighting continuously for several days, and only closed the engagement at Todd's tavern on the evening of the 7th after dark. Then orders were given for its advance at daylight, Wilson to take the Fredericksburg road and occupy the Court-House. Gregg and Merritt were also to move at dawn, crossing the river Po; thus securing possession of the bridges over the Ny and Po, and taking possession of all the avenues of approach to Spottsylvania. But, before Sheridan's orders reached his division commanders, Meade had at midnight sent Gregg and Merritt, whose camp he had come upon at Todd's tavern, in different directions, and, when Wilson, reaching the Ny, took possession of the bridge and moved on to make his junction with Merritt and Gregg at Snell's bridge, he was disturbed by heavy firing towards Todd's tavern, and soon found himself behind Confederate infantry. Meanwhile, Gregg was watching the cross-roads at Parker's store, and Merritt was tangled up with Warren's advance along the Brock road. This unfortunate miscarriage of plans left all the approaches to Spottsylvania open to the Confederates, and they crossed the Po without opposition.

Although Warren's corps had marched all night and had had a running fight since dawn, he struck Gordon's and Anderson's force behind breastworks with great vigor and established his line within easy range of the enemy. Grant took a rude breakfast by the roadside; then moved his head-quarters to Piney Branch church, where Sedgwick had already arrived. As soon as the

real situation was reported to him, he ordered a part of Sedgwick's command to Warren's support, and finally the whole Sixth corps, with the hope of destroying Anderson before reinforcements could come up. There was delay getting the troops in position, and, although late in the afternoon there was some severe fighting, no important results were secured, and at nightfall Lee had grasped Grant's intentions, concentrated his army around Spottsylvania, and the desperate difficulties of the Wilderness were again before the Federal commander.

'Twas the afternoon of the 7th of May when Grant ordered the movement that brought him about Spottsylvania. But a few hours before a message from Washington had brought intelligence that General Butler had landed his whole force at City Point, and that General Sherman expected to engage Johnston in the Southwest that very day. The report that the enemy had entirely disappeared from his front, as well as the intelligence of Butler's success, were the moving causes of the order for the night's march to Spottsylvania. Sheridan's fight at Todd's tavern in the afternoon was to open a road for Warren's corps; which was to take the advance, as in the Wilderness, and it took up the line of march toward the new position as soon as the mantle of darkness had settled over the scene of the last three days' fighting.

It was still later when Grant reached the Brock road, where Hancock's weary men lay. With difficulty he picked his way among the troops whose fighting qualities had so impressed him, and who had so suddenly shown their appreciation of his determination to "on to Richmond."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

Nearer Richmond—Playing for position—Position of the two armies before the fight—Sedgwick's death—Crossing the Po—General Barlow's division in danger—Turning the enemy's flank—Hancock's description of the withdrawal—Upton's gallantry—Failure of Warren's and Wright's attack—Grant and Meade review the onset—Grant's disappointment—Magnificent manœuvring—Grant's determination—"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

So it happened that the Army of the Potomac had failed, when the movements which began on Saturday night were over, to occupy the favorable positions about Spottsylvania. Instead, it had forced Lee from his first position, brought him nearer Richmond, and lay an irregular crescent, about the heights around the cross-roads at the court-house, which Stuart seized on Saturday, and Gordon and Anderson, of Ewell's corps, had filled with their troops the next day. Early, at the other end of Lee's army, had later been swung, by the position of Hancock's corps, from the ridge road, which ran north of the Po, to the roads running on the ridge south, and the broad flat plain, through which this sluggish stream ran, lay debatable ground between the two armies up to a wooden bridge, where the Po turned to flow around the heights of Spottsylvania. The bridge was held by the Confederates in force, as one of the approaches to their position. In short, two commas, mutually inverted, (∩) would give rudely the shape of the two armies. The lower comma is Lee's line, bunched at Spottsylvania, the upper Grant's, with the Second corps at the comma head, the Po running diagonally in the space between. The lay

of the land was most unfavorable for a battle-field. Lee's army occupied an elevated position on the crest of a ridge, well protected by earthworks and abatis. The country all about was heavily wooded, with here and there a piece of low land between the two forces, well protected with artillery. Heavy growth of tangled underbrush added to the obstacles which lay before the Federal approach, and in a greater degree than in the Wilderness gave the Confederates the advantages of position.

Monday, May 9th, was a most important day in the history of the Army of the Potomac, and a deep black line will ever be drawn around the page of history that tells of that day's sad work. To be sure, the fighting was not anything like as severe as that which had taken place or was yet to come; but one man died from a gunshot wound whose taking off Grant felt cost him the force of a division of his army. The work of strengthening the general position of the force was going on. General John Sedgwick was with his staff along the front of his line superintending the posting of some artillery. Now and then a stray shot from the rifle of a sharpshooter whizzed through the air, causing some of the men near him to shrink from the danger. He made light of their fears, and with the exclamation still on his lips, "They can't hit an elephant at this distance," the bullet of a sharpshooter struck him just below the eye on the left side of his face, killing him instantly. He was raised up by tender hands, and with a smile upon his countenance, discolored with blood, was carried to the rear. The news of his death spread through the army like wildfire, and in every bivouac there was sorrowing. In the old Sixth corps, that loved him as a parent, and had followed him in many baptisms of fire,



there was hardly a dry eye. To Grant his loss meant a great deal, for he was a thorough soldier and a skilful general. He was quiet, modest, generous, courageous without bravado, and a commander equal to any emergency that had ever come upon him. Although Wright, who succeeded him, was a splendid officer and made much reputation with the "old wall of iron," the corps never lost its love for John Sedgwick, and the survivors still revere his memory.

On the day Sedgwick died General Barlow's division was spread across the Po, and, after what proved to be hot fighting on Tuesday, the 10th, was withdrawn with heavy



THE PLACE WHERE SEDGWICK WAS KILLED.

losses. In its relations to the general operations of the army, this seems to have been a tentative flank movement on the left of the Confederate position, resulting only in an opportunity for the display of high courage by the Union forces. This developed into an advance in force by two divisions, which forded the Po above the wooden bridge, and then, pushing across diagonally, reached the same stream again below the bridge, which spanned the river at the bend already mentioned.

The movement began at dusk, Monday evening. The stream, a "run," with slippery, muddy banks, was waist-



deep, and the opposite bank was held by a force of cavalry and light artillery, distantly supported by the intrenched force at the wooden bridge. The advance brushed it away, however, and soon two divisions were safely across the stream. Thus the Second corps was established on both sides of the Po, above the wooden bridge, with the river below the bridge—owing to its sharp bend—directly before the Union advance. The sharp and heavy fighting of the next day, Tuesday, May 10th, turned upon the advance in force of three divisions of Lee's army, Field's, Mahone's, and Heth's, upon the two brigades of Barlow's division, left when the rest of the Second corps was withdrawn to the north bank of the river.

The thick woods, the underbrush, narrow roads, and tortuous paths, made advance impossible in the dark, Monday evening. A reconnoissance at sunrise, on Tuesday, showed that the Confederates were there in force, and, instead of attacking the position in front, General Brooke's brigade was pushed forward to attempt the passage of the Po below the wooden bridge, while a small detachment forded and felt the enemy's position, which consisted of strong earthworks, occupied by artillery and infantry. No crossing was made in force, and the brigade remained until afternoon in open positions. Meanwhile General Grant had determined to assault the enemy's position in the centre, and wished to avoid a general engagement on the south of the Po, at the extreme right of the army of the Potomac. General Lee, however, who appreciated the serious danger in which this turning movement of the Second corps put his army, detached three divisions to drive back its brigades in the advance. Two of Hancock's divisions—Birney's and Gibbon's—recrossed about noon. This left General

Barlow's division to execute its retreat a little later, just as the overwhelming force of the enemy was pushing forward to retake his position at all hazards, for he had really turned the left of the enemy's line.

The successive steps in this retreat are thus described by General Hancock, who superintended the movement in person :

“When I directed General Barlow to commence retiring his command, he recalled Brooke's and Brown's brigades, and formed them on the right of Miles' and Smyth's brigades, on a wooded crest, in the rear of the Block House road, about one hundred paces in the rear of the line of breastworks. As soon as Brooke's and Brown's brigades had occupied this position, Miles and Smyth were ordered to retire to the crest in front of our bridges on the south side of the Po. Here they formed in line of battle, throwing up hastily a light line of breastworks of rails and such other materials as they could collect on the ground. In a few minutes they were prepared to resist the enemy, should he overpower Brooke and Brown, and attempt to carry the bridges. I directed that all the batteries on the south side of the river, save Arnold's A. First Rhode Island battery, should cross to the north bank and take position commanding the bridges. These dispositions had scarcely been completed, when the enemy, having driven in the skirmishers of Brooke's and Brown's brigades, pressed forward and occupied the breastworks in front of them; then, advancing in line of battle, supported by columns, they attacked with great vigor and determination, but were met by a heavy and destructive fire, which compelled them to fall back at once in confusion, with severe losses in killed and wounded.

“Encouraged, doubtless, by the withdrawal of Miles'

and Smyth's brigades from our front line, which it is supposed they mistook for a forced retreat, they reformed their troops and again assaulted Brooke's and Brown's brigades. The combat now became close and



GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK

bloody. The enemy, in vastly superior numbers, flushed with the anticipation of an easy victory, appeared to be determined to crush the small force opposing them, and pressing forward with loud yells, forced their way close

up to our lines, delivering a terrible musketry fire as they advanced. Our brave troops again resisted their onset with undaunted resolution; their fire along the whole line was so continuous and deadly that the enemy found it impossible to withstand it, and broke again and retreated in the wildest disorder, leaving the ground in our front strewn with dead and wounded. During the heat of this contest the woods on the right and rear of our troops took fire; the flames had now approached close to our lines, rendering it almost impossible to retain our position longer.

“The last bloody repulse of the enemy had quieted them for a time, and, during this lull in the fight, General Barlow directed Brooke and Brown to abandon their positions and retire to the north bank of the Po—their right and rear being enveloped in the burning wood, their front assailed by overwhelming numbers of the enemy. This withdrawal of the troops was attended with great difficulty and peril; but the movement was commenced at once, the men displaying such coolness and steadiness as is rarely exhibited in the presence of dangers so appalling. It seemed, indeed, that these gallant soldiers were devoted to destruction. The enemy, seeing that our line was retiring, again advanced, but was again promptly checked by our troops, who fell back through the burning forest with admirable order and deliberation, though in doing so many of them were killed and wounded—numbers of the latter perishing in the flames. One section of Arnold’s battery had been pushed forward by Captain Arnold, during the fight, to within a short distance of Brooke’s line, where it had done effective service. When ordered to retire, the horses attached to one of the pieces, becoming terrified by the fire and unmanageable, dragged the gun between

two trees, where it became so firmly wedged that it could not be moved. Every exertion was made by Captain Arnold and some of the infantry to extricate the gun, but without success. They were compelled to abandon it. This was the first gun ever lost by the Second corps.

"Brooke's brigade, after emerging from the wood, had the open plain to traverse between the Block House road and the Po. This plain was swept by the enemy's musketry in front, and their artillery on the heights above the Block House bridge, on the north side of the river.

"Brown's brigade, in retiring, was compelled to pass through the entire woods in its rear, which was burning furiously, and, although under a heavy fire, it extricated itself from the forest, losing very heavily in killed and wounded."

Such was the general scope of these dangerous movements, and while they were being made, the enemy were pluming themselves on having driven the Federals out of their intrenchments, and the Confederate generals published congratulatory orders to their troops. While all this was going on, Grant's plans for an attack in force were being executed by Warren and Wright. About the only result, however, of this movement was to engage the Confederates so as to make it possible for Barlow to recross the Po. But later in the day Grant decided to make a general assault, and the Fifth and Sixth corps, together with Burnside's on the extreme left, were pushed vigorously forward. But at almost every point the enemy was found to be in strong force, and the day's results were not significant. Burnside had pushed to within a half mile of the Court-House, but becoming isolated from the rest of the army, he was

withdrawn later in the day. Colonel Upton, of the Hundred-and-twentieth New York, led a storming party of twelve regiments of Wright's command, and achieved a success. He led his men with matchless heroism over all sorts of obstacles up a hill, breaking the enemy's lines, capturing a battery of artillery and a brigade of infantry. Without stopping he pushed on until victory seemed to be in hand; but want of success before Warren and Hancock forced Grant to withdraw Upton, as the Fifth corps was obliged to fall back after having carried the enemy's breastwork.

The movements and countermovements of the two armies up to this time were magnificent scenes of the shifting uncertainties of attack and repulse. Both Grant and Lee had lost men and disturbed plans in seeking vantage points without accomplishing more than to make prominent the fact that two giants in the game of manœuvre and strike were confronting each other. Lee was better satisfied than Grant. He had thwarted his adversary's plans and secured the best in the way of positions. Grant was seriously disappointed with the miscarriage of his original design to secure Spottsylvania and its advantages, as well as the inability of his forces to make more of their onset against the enemy's better position. His feelings may be better imagined than described as he rode back with Meade after witnessing the failure of his soldiers to break Lee's lines or secure any other advantage of importance. General Badeau gives this description of the terrific assault which Grant viewed in the evening of that May day:

"The point of attack was a densely-wooded hill in front of Warren, its crest crowned with earthworks, and the entire front swept by cross and enfilading fires of musketry and artillery. The approach was rendered



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BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

still more hazardous by a heavy growth of low cedar trees, most of them dead, the long bayonet-like branches of which, interlaced and pointing in all directions, presented an almost impassable barrier.

“Grant and Meade took position on an elevated plateau opposite the hill to watch the battle; but here, as in the Wilderness, the woods prevented them from observing in detail the progress of the fight. All they could discern was the wooded ridge in the background, the swamp at its base covered with underbrush, and nearer still the lines of the troops about to enter the thicket. A curtain of cloud and smoke hung over the valley, reddened by the afternoon sun, or rent by occasional flashes of artillery. The shouts of command and the cries of the wounded could be heard, until the preliminary rattle of musketry rose into the roar of a general engagement, and then came the echoes of the cheers as the troops rushed into the charge. Across the open plain, through reaches of wood, through depths of swamp, the lines of the battalions struggled forward under a fearful fire, until they were lost to view in the jungle and the smoke of battle. Only the wounded came continually staggering out of the cloud; then followed a few moments of anxious expectation, of straining eyes and ears to catch some indication of the event, while the troops pressed on and up within the woods, until at one or two points they mounted the enemy's breastworks. But their greeting was too terrible; they stood for a moment on the crest, then wavered and fell back, disordered by the enfilading fire on either side. As they retreated the dry woods burst into a blaze, and numbers of the wounded were burned alive. The enemy, however, made no pretence to follow, and the troops reoccupied the ground they had held before the assault.”



All of the following day, the 11th, was one of comparative rest for the wearied troops, unaccustomed to such long-continued struggles. Yet Grant kept touching and feeling here and there, with regiments, brigades, and divisions, Lee's whole line, until, in the afternoon, he discovered the master-key to the position. This was the point just to the right of Lee's centre, held by Ewell's corps of hard fighters, where the line of earthworks make a protruding salient like an inverted and rather depressed V.

This salient abutted on a low crest that rose in an easy slope from the stream, and was flanked on the left front by a swampy stretch that seemed to forbid the passage of troops. Here Grant determined to break Lee's line, and selected Hancock, with the Second corps, to do it. While the day was one of rest to the troops, it was one of unresting activity to General Grant, who, by four o'clock, summoned Meade and the corps commanders to a conference, when he explained in full his plans for the ensuing day, and preparations were at once begun for the fearful struggle of the morrow. During the whole time since leaving Culpepper, Hon. E. B. Washburne, then a prominent representative in Congress, had accompanied General Grant, but this evening was just leaving for Washington. While in the saddle and about to ride off, Mr. Washburne asked General Grant if he had any message to send to President Lincoln or the Secretary of War. Grant asked him to wait a moment, and turning to his tent wrote the famous despatch, of which one line electrified the country then, and is familiar now all over the world. The despatch, addressed to "Major-General Halleck, Chief-of-Staff of the Army," reads as follows:

"We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy

fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor, but our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy. We have lost to this time eleven general officers killed, wounded, and missing, and probably twenty thousand men. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater, we having taken over four thousand prisoners, while he has taken from us but few, except a few stragglers. I am now sending back to Belle Plain all my wagons for a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition, and PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### HANCOCK'S FAMOUS CHARGE.

Grant plans the capture of the Confederate salient—Hancock to do the work—Plans for the assault—The midnight march—A straggling mule—Phantom soldiers—A gloomy night—The Druid council—Massing for the assault—On to the charge—"Let silence, dead silence, be the awful menace, and break it only with the bayonet!"—Pouring into the enemy's works—A hand-to-hand conflict—Guns and prisoners—Holding the salient.

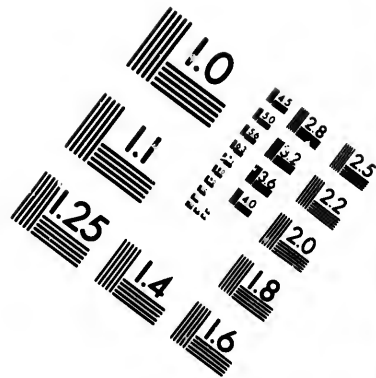
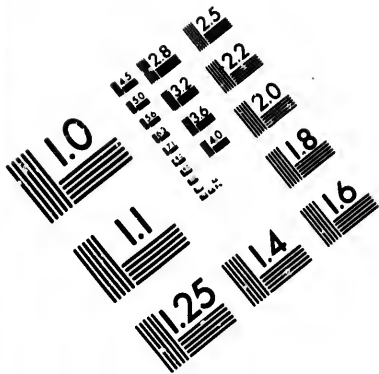
It was Grant's plan to assault the enemy at daybreak, and his orders were given to the corps commanders with that end in view. To Hancock, with the Second corps, was assigned the attack at the salient, the objective of the movement, and all that night was spent in preparation. Burnside was to strike simultaneously with Hancock's charge, so as to draw attention from the real object of the movement.

The Ninth corps was on the left, far beyond Wright with the Sixth corps—Warren with the Fifth being beyond Wright's other flank. Hancock was obliged to move past the rear of Warren and Wright to gain the ground in the gap of the line where his struggle was to be.

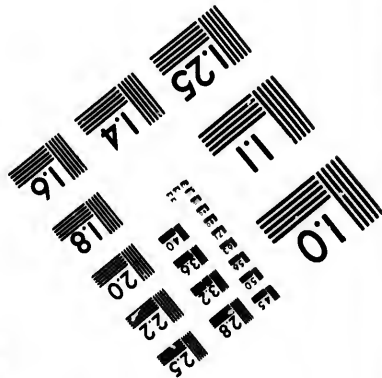
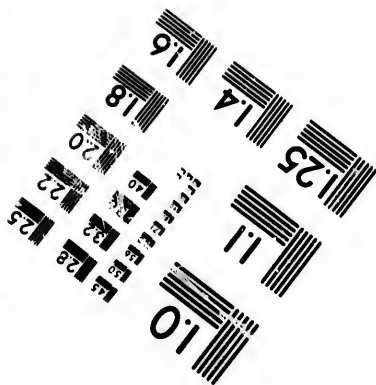
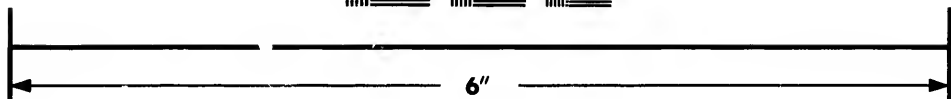
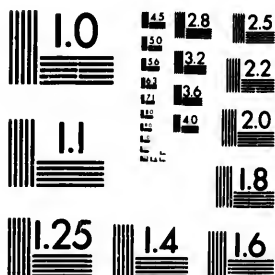
Hancock was to move during the night to his new position, shielded by the darkness, and Grant wrote him, "I will send one or two staff officers over to-night to stay with Burnside, and *impress him with the importance of a prompt and vigorous attack.*"

Mott's brigades of the corps were already on the ground to be occupied, but early that evening Hancock called all of his division commanders to him to explain





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in detail the plan for the morrow's battle. Later, the division commanders, catching Hancock's dashing ardor, called their brigade commanders together, and these again in turn consulted with regimental chiefs, so that when the movement began, between nine and ten o'clock that night, every man of responsible command, down to the leaders of companies and batteries, knew of the coming work and the part each was to perform in the perilous task. It was to reach far and quickly, and strike hard and fast when the time came. These instructions were carried out so well that the whole world knows now how perfect a general Grant was, and how ably he was aided that day by the officers and men who rushed upon the salient of Spottsylvania.

It was early on the night of the 11th of May when Hancock assembled his division commanders and gave them their orders. He carefully explained the plan of attack, and spoke with earnestness upon the minutest detail of the march and assault. But important as was his council with his immediate subordinates, the consultations which followed between division and brigade, and between brigade and regimental commanders, were no less dramatic and significant. The night was very dark, and the rain beat mercilessly down upon the unsheltered troops, whether they were in the tangled forest or the open field. It was between eight and nine o'clock when the brigade commanders of the First division of the Second corps were called by its commander. In a dense and gloomy forest, in a secluded spot cleared for the purpose, Barlow met his brigadiers—Brooke, Brown, Miles and Smyth.

The desultory firing of the day had ceased. No sound came from the bivouacs where the weary men were snatching an hour's rest after the marching and

fighting of the Wilderness. Barlow's division was honored with a position of great peril and importance, and now his brigades were to be assigned to their work. The flickering light of a lantern shed its dim, uncertain rays over the dreary woods and on the little group huddled together in the dismal storm to map out the plan of the morrow's desperate business. By the lantern's faint, unsteady beam, now flaring its red glare upon a thoughtful face, almost beaten out by wind and rain, Barlow traced upon the moistened earth the plan of the deadly assault. It was a rude map, but the brigadiers followed each outline with eager eye, and when the Druid council was over, each understood the part he was to play, and hastened to his command to summon his colonels to a similar council. Brooke called his regimental commanders and gave them their instructions for the charge. Not a gun was to be fired in the advance. "Let silence—dead silence—be the awful menace!" said Brooke, "and break it only with the bayonet!"

Barlow's division was to take the lead of the Second corps in two lines of masses, Brooke's and Miles' brigades in the front, each regiment forming double column on the centre. The enemy lay strongly entrenched in his works, posted on an elevation, having all the advantage of position. The troops moved at about ten o'clock, and never did men start upon a march under circumstances more dispiriting. To the inky darkness of the night was added a chilling rain, the more depressing because it came in the shape of a dense searching mist that wet to the skin, and left the men with the sensation of having been varnished with fresh mucilage. It covered the country with a fog, and made the woods and tangled forests through which the



march had to be made doubly dismal and difficult to penetrate. From eleven o'clock until nearly one in the morning the Second corps struggled over the difficult way, led by the unsteady light of a lantern which Colonel C. H. Morgan, Hancock's chief-of-staff, carried in his hand, far enough in advance of the head of the corps to keep it from reflecting the long line of gleaming guns which followed him. The story of that night's march of the Second corps cannot be pictured. Silently the men struggled on over the tangled and tortuous path, following the glare of a candle. Now and then one would whisper beneath his breath a word to a comrade, or touch an elbow, to make sure he was there. Not a loud word spoken or a noise made to show that an army corps was on its way to desperate work. At last the silent column halted and went into line.

Many times during this weary, dangerous march around the balance of the army, in the face of the enemy, did the men of the Second corps give significant evidence of that admirable spirit, discipline and bravery, so justly the pride of its commander and so clearly the foundation and creation of its brilliant career. Hancock's orders were that perfect silence be maintained during the march. Not a loud word was to be spoken by officer or man. The route lay within stone's-throw of the enemy's position. A loud word, the rattle of a camp kettle, or the shaking of a canteen might reveal the movement and give the enemy time to prepare for the attack, or, what was worse, to assault the moving corps in column and beat it back, if not destroy it. Everything the men carried that could make a noise was strapped close to the body, and the column moved as noiselessly as a well-ordered machine.

The leading division had arrived at the point where

it was to go into line when an incident occurred that strikingly illustrates the wonderful discipline and self-control of the men about to go into a battle. Colonel W. P. Wilson, of General Hancock's staff, who was that night guiding the Third division of the corps (Birney's), tells the story in graphic detail. Colonel Comstock, of Grant's staff, Colonel C. H. Morgan, Hancock's chief-of-staff and Captains Mitchell and Wilson, aides on the staff of the commander of the Second corps, had the day before located the line of march and point of assault, and of course all save Comstock played an important part in the events of that memorable night.

Colonel Wilson's narrative proves how deeply even the troops were impressed with the importance of the movement. Barlow's division was going into position and Birney's came to a halt. Suddenly, in the dense mist, man by man, like a procession of phantoms, the line began dissolving away down the hill, and staff officers and regiment and company officers were at once employed in bringing back these ghost-like fugitives. No sound was made, departing or returning, and it was not long before the line was again formed as noiselessly as it had slid away down the hill. A stray mule packed with intrenching tools had broken away from the man leading it while he slept. The animal was feeding about upon the slope, the spades and picks rattled together a bit, and the alert troops thought that the enemy had discovered their close presence, and was advancing. Yet, even in the demoralization of a stampede, no loud word was spoken; the order for silence had been so firmly impressed on all, that even in such a moment all lips were *mute*.

When the divisions of the corps got into position, the men slept upon their arms, ready for their task.

As the hour given for the assault arrived, the men were called to begin the most serious day's work of the war. A dense, penetrating fog hung over the scene of the coming battle, and Hancock held back his men until the light grew stronger through the mist of the early morning. At 4.35 came the order to advance, and the troops of Barlow and Birney at once moved. Through the only clearing between the armies, up the rugged ascent, facing without response a hot fire from the enemy's picket reserve, they broke through the enemy's outposts and in an instant were in the rifle-pits on his skirmish line. Not a shot had been fired from the Union troops. Barlow pressed on, Birney keeping pace with him. But the men were burning with enthusiasm, impatient for the decisive clash. They were half way up the slope—almost on the enemy's works, and the valiant commander of the Second corps sat on his horse, surrounded by his staff, watching the steady swing of the troops up the sharp rise.

A moment more, and, as the splendid veterans, thoroughly disciplined and mindful of their strict orders for silence, poured on, still without firing a shot, swung over the rifle-pits and skirmish line of the enemy, Hancock's enthusiasm could no longer be repressed, and he burst forth with "I know they will not come back! They will *not* come back."

It was a critical moment, when a second of wavering or break meant failure and defeat. The words expressed his grand confidence in the men he had so often led and trusted in so well and thoroughly. Just here a new regiment, thinking that the victory had already been won when the rifle-pits were taken, broke into a cheer. The fire had been lighted. The shouts ran through regiment after regiment, until the whole force was yel-

ling like mad, and soon they were dashing on the enemy at the double-quick. Down from the Confederate works poured a galling fire of musketry and grape and canister—a hot and deadly blast that tore great rents in the advancing ranks. Stunned by the murderous fury of the sudden and continuous fire, the column wavered for an instant, only to rally with louder yells and accelerated pace for one of the bravest, bloodiest charges in the annals of war. On they rushed, the enemy raking them as they advanced, marking their pathway up with many killed and wounded. But the torn ranks closed as fast as the heroes fell, and when the crest of the slope had been reached, two whole divisions threw themselves at once upon the works. The pioneers had been placed along the front of the line, axes in hand. When the abatis was reached they quickly cut the timber away. Then the troops dragged it aside, poured through the lanes thus made, and, against a gallant and obstinate defence, hurled themselves fair upon the enemy. Now began one of the boldest and deadliest hand-to-hand combats of the war. With sword and bayonet our troops cut their way. With sword and bayonet and hand-spike the Confederates replied, until, overborne by the fury of the assault, they broke and gave up the works to Hancock's veterans. Old campaigners had never looked upon such a sight as they beheld when the enemy had been driven out. Dead and dying were heaped in piles.

"In one little spot," says General Brooke, upon whose authority the graphic details of this march and charge are given, "I saw sixty bodies lying, every one of them pierced with the bayonet."

Not far off a Union and a Confederate soldier struggled, each with his bayonet fast in the other's body.

Captain Anderson, of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, was felled by a Confederate cannoner's hand-spike, and picked up for dead, though fortunately he recovered.

General Grant, in his report of this engagement, says :

"The eighth day of the battle closes, leaving between three thousand and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found their last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even that of a company, whilst we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's) and one brigade (Dole's) and one regiment entire of the enemy."

General Badeau, in his "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," says :

"During the war the Confederates never made so important and successful an assault as that of Hancock, on the 12th of May. Indeed, they rarely attempted to assault fortified works, and never captured one when Grant was in the field."

Hancock now pays this tribute to the gallantry of the men, and describes the pursuit after the works had been carried :

"They rolled like an irresistible wave into the enemy's works, tearing away what abatis there was in front of the intrenchments with their hands, and carrying the line at all points in a few minutes, although it was desperately defended. Barlow's and Birney's divisions entered almost at the same moment, striking the enemy's line at a sharp salient point, immediately in front of the Lendrum House ; a fierce and bloody fight ensued with bayonets and clubbed muskets ; it was short, however, and resulted in the capture of nearly

4,000 prisoners of Johnson's division of Ewell's corps, twenty pieces of artillery, with horses, caissons and material complete, several thousand stand of small arms, and upwards of thirty colors. Among the prisoners were Major-General Edward Johnson and Brigadier-General George H. Stuart, of the Confederate service. The enemy fled in great confusion and disorder, their loss in killed and wounded being unusually great. The interior of the intrenchments presented a terrible and ghastly spectacle of dead, most of whom were killed by our men with the bayonet when they penetrated the works; so thickly lay the dead at this point, that in many places the bodies were touching and piled upon each other."

After taking the works the troops could not be held back, but pursued the fleeing enemy towards Spottsylvania Court-House, where they encountered a second line of formidable earthworks. The enemy, heavily reinforced, beat back our wearied ranks to the first line of works, that had been so gloriously taken, and were now held in spite of spirited efforts to dislodge them.

Summing up his report of the day's fighting, Hancock says:

"A cold, drenching rain descended during this battle, in which the troops were constantly under heavy and destructive musketry fire for nearly twenty hours. Our losses in killed and wounded were quite heavy, but we had inflicted a signal defeat upon the enemy. Ewell's corps of infantry was almost destroyed; the celebrated 'Stonewall brigade' was captured nearly entire. The losses of the enemy during the day, in killed, wounded and captured, must have amounted to at least ten thousand men."

The main works had just been taken, when a Con-

federate officer pushed through the struggling troops to Colonel Beaver, of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, and said:

"I would like to surrender to an officer of rank. I am General Stuart."

"What!" exclaimed Colonel Beaver, "are you 'Jeb' Stuart?"

"No," replied the Confederate, "I am George H. Stuart."

"I will accept your surrender. Where is your sword, sir?"

"Well," answered Stuart, in a melancholy tone of regret, not without a slight streak of the comic in it, "you all waked us up so early this morning that I didn't have time to get it on."

A few words passed between the officers, Beaver telling Stuart that he could not remain with him, when a little corporal of the Irish brigade, catching the situation, stepped up smartly, touched his hat, and said, in a full, round, rich brogue:

"I'll take care of 'im, ginal."

"Take him to General Brooke," said Beaver.

And off the little corporal marched for the rear, proud of his big prize. Brooke passed the Confederate brigadier along to Hancock.

Reaching the corps commander's head-quarters, Stuart was presented to Hancock, who recognized in him an old acquaintance. Always big-hearted, ever magnanimous to the fallen foe, Hancock, as gentle as he was brave, arose to meet the prisoner, and extended his hand.

"Under the circumstances," exclaimed Stuart, drawing back and assuming an air of great dignity, "I must decline to give my hand."

Quick as a flash, and in tones that showed how the



could rebuff had touched the great soldier, came the sharp retort :

"Under any other circumstances, General Stuart, I should not have offered mine!"

General Ed Johnson, who was captured on another part of the line, behaved with far more dignity, and was seen talking with Hancock as the battle raged. Later, he met Grant and Meade, both of whom were old West Point friends.

Day was just dawning as the crest of the national advance broke on the Confederate works and flooded them. The swift movement had been successful along the line in front of General Brooke's brigade, whose commander had sprung on the works at one end of the line, covered by the two brigades of the First division, just as he saw one of his colonels leap on the works at the other end. "The first I knew," says a general staff officer who was following the line of battle just in its rear, "was the prisoners boiling over on me, and I had my hands full taking care of them." Success had come; but the worst of the battle was still in the future.

Barlow's division had struck full on its centre a broad, flat V-shaped salient, and swept over it. The flat, open clear space behind that, turned on the instant into a seething caldron of fighting men, was in the undisputed possession of the national forces. Over 12,000 men, jammed in the narrow space of a few acres, swayed hither and thither in the wild delirium of success. For the first and for the last time in the long wrestle of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, an intrenched position, mounted with artillery, well chosen, well manned and well armed, had been taken by an assault in column. It remained to hold it.

In the swarming, struggling mass of men and officers,



lines lost, regiments confused, brigades confounded, cool heads were at work putting the command into order for the inevitable counter assault. The recollection of the actors in the great struggle is hopelessly confused as to its details. It is easy for widely different conditions to exist along the front of a long line nearly a mile in breadth. It appears to be unquestionable that the headlong rush of assault swept part of the attacking force against the inner works of the enemy half a mile distant, and equally clear that elsewhere the national forces were held in hand, and brought into line just in the rear of the works they had carried. It is now known that, screened by the woods, Gordon's men were falling into line to repel Hancock's advance, within a few moments after the assault. Brooke's brigade had been the first to cross the enemy's works. To this day it is a disputed point whether any but the first division actually carried the works before it.

The salient carried by the national forces had been placed where it was by the Confederate engineers, because at this point the slope which ran down to the creek between the naked ridge on which Hancock formed his men, and the ground rising towards Spottsylvania, dipped into a low swale, which lower sank into a narrow ravine. In the day long and even night struggle that followed, this depression—slight, a mere wrinkle on a contour map—played the part of a covered way, and made it possible for the Union forces to hold the point they had won.

Lee was in imminent danger. The Second corps had cut his army in two. The joint in his harness had been found by the keen, highly-tempered blade with which Grant had been searching his armor for a fortnight. If as vigorous an advance had been made by Warren on

the right, and General Burnside on the left, it is difficult to see how Lee's army could have been saved. Cut in two at the middle, attacked at each end, it must have been rolled a disordered, defeated mass toward Richmond. The precious hours passed, but the advance which might have turned a brilliant assault into a crowning victory never came.

It had been part of the original plan of attack, that the Ninth corps was to advance at the same time that the Second did, in the darkness of gray dawn. At his head-quarters on the bare and unprotected ridge where he was forming his tired men after midnight, full under the fire of over forty field-pieces, half of which were in his hands by daylight, Hancock chafed away hour by hour as the ticking field telegraph at his elbow brought one dilatory message after another from the head-quarters of the Ninth corps. That force had before it a tangled chaparral of low pine and undergrowth, offering singular difficulties for an advance. Whether this obstacle should or should not have prevented a headlong assault, it is not necessary here to decide. It is enough to record the fact that before he gave the final order for the assault, with the dark sky on his left slowly changing as day came, General Hancock sent General Burnside word that he should advance without him. Day had broken, the Confederate line had been carried and almost lost again before Burnside had begun an advance which ceased when his troops had tested Early's position, and the hot fire of his men, but lasted until the Ninth corps had connected with the Second.

How long the Second corps held the salient alone against the assault Lee was making upon the point on whose recapture the safety of his army hung, is still dis-

puted. The contracted limits of the salient became a great slaughter pen, swept by one continuous blaze of musketry. There was no room to bring in guns, and no space to use them. The Second corps stretched first in an irregular line across the space it had won—Mott, Birney, Gibbon, Barlow from right to left.

Volley by volley, at point-blank range, beat back the Confederate advance. Inch by inch the line fell back, and it lay on the works it had won. At six o'clock A. M. the Sixth corps brought the first aid, and then shared in the desperate work of the day. Great trees were cut off like reeds by the musketry fire which swept the works back and forth like canister. The lines were reversed, and the national forces fought on the outer edge of the works they had won. Ammunition soon ran low, and all day pack-mules, the ammunition cases slung on their backs, were passing up the ravine, and across the dip of the swale the salient had been intended to command. By the same shelter wounded men went to the rear, and supports and reliefs came to the front. The presence of this natural covered way made possible communication with the very centre of the battle, whose hot fire the war did not see equalled. Without it it is hard to see how the difficulty of supplying an advanced line through twenty hours of continuous firing, could have been surmounted.

"The angle," says Brigadier-General Grant, of the Sixth corps, of the defence of the salient, "became at once the keypoint and scene of a terrible struggle. It was apparent that if we held it all the line to the right would fall into our hands, and equally apparent that if we failed to hold it, the captured lines to the left would fall into the enemy's hands. Perhaps there was not a more desperate struggle during the war. It was not

only a desperate struggle, but it was literally a hand-to-hand fight. Nothing but breastworks separated our force from the enemy, and our men mounted the works, and, with muskets rapidly handed them, kept a continuous fire until they were shot down, when others would take their places, and continue the deadly work.

"Several times during the day the Confederates would show a white flag above the works, and when our fire slackened, jump over and surrender, and others were crowded down to fill their places. Scores, and no doubt hundreds of men are now living who were engaged in that conflict, and whose recollections of it are vivid. It was there that the somewhat celebrated tree was cut off by bullets; there that the brush and logs were cut to pieces and whipped into basket stuff; there that fallen men's flesh was torn from the bones, and the bones shattered; there that the Confederate ditches and cross sections were filled with dead men several deep. It was there that General Barlow says: 'I myself saw in the excavation on the enemy's side of the log breastworks such a mass of the dead and wounded as I had only seen once before, and that was in a sunken road at Antietam, which is still called Bloody Lane.'"

Even for a single regiment the day was crowded with incidents. Every group that was formed under this fire had its casualty. During the worst fighting of the day, after Brooke's brigade had been pushed to the front over two battle lines to the Sixth corps, to hold a very important position, their ammunition ran out, and the file closers ran back to the waiting troops behind them, and carried cartridges up in their caps to the fighting men. Brooke had been ordered to hold the road at all hazards.

While the fighting was hot, and the artillery of the Second corps, massed on the ridge from which the troops were started, was playing over the heads of the men in the salient on the Confederate line beyond, it was determined to place two pieces at the angles of the salient, and sweep the approaches obliquely.

"I can't take my pieces there," said the artillery officer to whom Colonel Wilson, General Hancock's aide, came with the order; "my horses will be shot down before we get there."

"I expect you to take them up there by hand," was the reply.

"But the men can't under that musketry fire," pleaded the officer.

"Then I'll get a detail from the One-hundred-and-forty-eighth Pennsylvania lying there that will. They'll not only get the guns up there, but work 'em," said the aide. The detail was made up before the officer gave way, and the pieces were started out to their post.

Through hours and hours of hard fighting the long forenoon wore away into the afternoon. Night even came on and still the fighting continued.

It was nine before firing ceased, it was midnight before the enemy retired. Thirty-six hours before the troops had broken camp, after hours on the march they had been kept waiting in the dull, soaking mist, waiting other hours for the attack, a few hundred yards from the enemy, at a point where every soldier felt that delay would mean defeat. No better proof of the strain under which the troops lay could be offered than the fact that the dull clatter of a pack mule laden with intrenching tools, which strayed down the line, sent the men dropping singly and by squads to the rear. As the line melted away in the dark, it was caught and brought

back by its officers. Discipline was strong; but even discipline was not proof against the chance panics of the darkness. The assault followed, and the long struggle over the ground won lasted through the day. But no great results were gained. Once more there was failure on the part of some of the corps commanders to move rapidly and strike hard. Hancock and Wright had done their part, but Burnside and Warren had been too slow, and the death-struggle at Spottsylvania only opened the way for another move.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### CONFEDERATE LINE BROKEN.

Dispositions at Spottsylvania—How the two armies were drawn up—Lay of the land—General Gordon's story of the engagement—Hancock's charge on the "salient"—General Johnson's surprise and capture—Gordon's desperate fight with Hancock—General Lee's sudden appearance—His anxiety—Gordon has Lee led from the field—Trees gnawed in twain by bullets—The most terrific battle of the war.

THE neck-and-neck race of the two armies to their second situation was full of cross purposes to both commanders. There was more or less of accident in General Lee's reaching there before Grant's forces arrived, and the incidents of the night march out of the Wilderness to the Court-House would fill a volume. But there is so much in the deadly encounter after the two forces again confronted each other that the interesting must give way to the important, and General Gordon again, in a conversational way, takes up the Confederate story of the engagement:

"The battle of Spottsylvania Court-House was in many respects one of the most desperate in history. When a faithful account of it shall be written, joining the operations of the contending forces, this fact will be made manifest. I was commanding during this campaign a division of Jackson's old corps, then commanded by Ewell, afterwards by General Early and then myself.

"As I said, in speaking of the engagement in the Wilderness, General Lee started me for the new position on the night of the 7th, and I reached it the next morning to engage the Union forces almost immediately.

As the troops upon either side came up they were put into position and began throwing up temporary intrenchments. During all of Saturday night both armies had been marching without any real knowledge on the part of the other as to their opponents' movements, except as to the general line of march. We collided in the morning, and the lines were stretched out all day Sunday.

"Grant still kept up his original plan of throwing his troops around so as to get them between us and Richmond, and as ours came up they too were thrown farther along to the right, so as to keep our opponents from getting nearer than ourselves to the Confederate capital. Therefore, by necessity, the lines were formed without any preconceived notion or selection of ground, except that each tried to hold the local eminences here and there as they could be reached. Circumstances made the battle-field. The engineers could do something by way of selection, but the necessities of the occasion put us to fighting upon ground that was not chosen by any one. So we swept along and fought, some places in open positions, sometimes on hills, occasionally along plantations, where both lines were in full view. At times we had plenty of spaces for artillery but not much for cavalry.

"The left of the line, upon which my command was, began the fight, and the first intrenchments were built there. As Grant kept moving, Lee kept stretching along until finally, when the lines were as nearly matched as the disparity in numbers would permit and breastworks were thrown up by both sides, there was a lull in the work of preparation and we waited for the assault. A bold movement followed, which General Lee had thought it probable Grant would make. In-



stead of pressing upon our right, which he menaced, he impetuously attacked our left and almost turned it. Reinforcements were brought up to the left of me to resist that shock until my command was about the centre of the army, when the fighting of that day ceased.

“During these preliminary movements, which lasted from Sunday to Tuesday evening, there had been some splendid manœuvring between the two generals and some severe engagements; but Grant’s attempt to break our line was without important result. On Tuesday night, when both armies rested upon their arms, nothing had been accomplished except fixing the position of the contending forces for a final test of strength the next day.

“In the uncertain shifting of things from the beginning of the occupation of Spottsylvania and from the nature of the ground a part of our line was in circular shape. It was straight in another and half bent in still another. Directly before the centre of my command was the famous ‘salient.’ After recovering the portion of the line that Grant had broken on the 11th, General Lee withdrew my troops and put me in reserve behind this ‘salient.’ My general directions were to hold myself in readiness to go to any part of the line that was embarrassed.

“General Ed. Johnson’s division occupied the fortified position at the ‘salient.’ Early on the night of the 11th General Hancock was ordered, as I learned, by General Grant to attack and take it. He was to make a night march, and, coming into the open space fronting this fortification, was to throw his whole force upon it just at daybreak and capture it at the point of the bayonet. General Burnside, I believe, was to engage us on another part of the line to draw attention from this movement.

"This 'salient' was near the centre of our army—perhaps a little nearer our left flank—and all that part of our line was in the woods. Hancock moved his forces under cover of the night, carrying nothing that would make a noise. At daylight on the 12th of May, a rainy, misty, drizzly morning, he massed his troops in the opening and threw them with great fury upon the 'salient' and captured it. It was then that Hancock sent his laconic and characteristic despatch to General Grant, 'I have used up Johnson and am going into Early.'

"I was three-quarters of a mile in rear of this 'salient,' and Hancock's movement had been so quickly and noiselessly made that no sound of it came to my ear. It was simply a great rush at daybreak, with no admonitions of its consequences. He ran over Johnson, captured his troops and artillery, and yet there was no sound to warn one of a battle. At the time I was lying down under a tree with my clothes on, my horse tied close by me. My first knowledge of what had happened came when a private soldier of Johnson's command came running back, out of breath, and said the whole of Johnson's command was captured.

"General Gordon," said he, 'the Yankees will be on you right here in a minute; they are right here now.'

"You must be mistaken; there has been no firing," I replied.

"No, sir," said he; 'but they have captured Johnson, taken possession of his lines and are coming right along.'

"I instantly called a staff-officer and started him out in the direction of the 'salient' to find out the truth of the man's story. This staff-officer did not return. He rode right into the Federal lines. Soon after I sent a courier. He also was captured. Becoming apprehensive, I jumped on my horse and started to move my

force, which I had at once ordered under arms, forward, with General Robert Johnson, of North Carolina, commanding my advance brigade. We moved in column, with skirmishers covering our front. I still did not believe that Johnson had been captured. It was a little after daylight, a dark, misty morning, with a heavy fog settled over the whole country. As we were passing through woods we could not see any distance ahead, and we rode against Hancock's line, with only the skirmishers in front.

"Then came a volley from Hancock's line of battle, which struck down Johnson, who was riding at my side. I then had to form his brigade under fire with the Federals right upon us. Withdrawing slightly I formed the brigade and charged Hancock's line. It was a most critical moment. Unless we checked Hancock's men everything was lost. The army was broken in two by Hancock's charge. Fortunately his movement was stayed a few moments by this desperate assault of Johnson's brigade, which gave me time to form my whole division for battle. Of course I was getting it in line as rapidly as possible from the instant I struck Hancock's advance.

"While I was thus engaged General Lee had become aware of the great danger to his army, and just as I was in the act of leading the charge again he rode up and pulled off his hat. I shall never forget his appearance and the glow which kindled his countenance. I was then ordering the charge when he rode to the front, evidently with the intention of going in with us. It was a perilous time. If Hancock could not be broken and driven back our army would be broken in twain. Impressed with the general's earnestness and his evident purpose, I said, loudly enough for the men to hear me:

"General Lee, this is no place for you. These men have never failed; they will not fail now."

"With that they raised a shout all along the line:

"General Lee, to the rear! General Lee, to the rear!"

"He paid no heed to their request, evidently intending to take his chances for life or death in this crisis. I directed two soldiers to take hold of his horse, one on either side, and lead it to the rear, which was very quickly done. I then gave the command:

"Forward!"

"The men went with a rush and with a shout that echoes in my ears to this day; for their spirits had been set aflame by what had occurred with General Lee. Gradually we drove the Federals back, recaptured most of the works and artillery, and restored the greater part of our line. Of course the losses were very heavy on both sides.

"Then came that desperate combat, during which the roll of musketry did not cease, night or day, for twenty-four hours. The carnage was simply frightful. Grant's troops made one charge after another, and his men fell by the hundreds and so did ours. At a point near my line the tree stood, the stump of which is now, I believe, in the War Department Museum in Washington as a curiosity. It was eaten down by minie balls. It looks as though rats had gnawed it off.

"After my repulse of Hancock's assault, and recovery of the lines and artillery, the fighting increased in fury, so that, as before stated, the roll of musketry did not cease for twenty-four hours. In this combat of small arms, which, I repeat, was never equalled in our war in the same space of ground and period of time, I think fully half of General Lee's army participated. As soon

as possible after Hancock's first success and repulse, General Lee crowded division after division into the very small area in which we were contending to meet the heavy masses of troops which General Grant continued to concentrate and hurl upon our works. They also fought with a desperation born of the emergency.

"All through that piece of woods to the left of the 'salient' where my men were fighting, the underbrush was swept down by the bullets. Each side fought with the greatest desperation, throwing up breastworks as they slew each other. Having to build protections while fighting, the ditches were dug on the inside instead of the outside. It was raining much of the time, and these ditches continually filled with water. Again and again along the front of my division did I see men fall into them, and the others would step up on the dead bodies of their comrades and fire over at the plucky Federals coming up on the other side. Right at that point, in my opinion, were witnessed the most shocking scenes of the war. I do not think there was ever anything like it anywhere: no such desperation: no such losses. The men were fighting often on opposite sides of the same embankment, and hundreds were shot through the head while firing over the breastworks at the enemy who were trying to climb over them.

"If Hancock had been reinforced at the time he captured the 'salient' it is impossible to say what would have been the result. Believing that they had finally gained a success that they could make permanent and destructive, the Federal troops fought like demons. Both forces continued to contend until the troops were literally worn out, and the battle of Spottsylvania was only concluded when human nature had reached the utmost limit of endurance."

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### CONFEDERATES IN THE SALIENT.

*General Stuart's story of Hancock's charge—The location of the Salient—Removing the artillery—Premonitions of battle—Asking for more artillery—Waiting for the attack—The situation at daylight—First view of the blue coats—Capture of the artillery—The scene in the angle—Map of the fortifications—The surrender.*

WHEN the Confederate Brigadier George H. Stuart surrendered, his staff and most, if not all, of his brigade were already in the hands of our successful troops. Among the number was Captain J. McHenry Howard, his inspector-general and chief of staff. He was a careful, painstaking officer, with exceptional opportunities of knowing the movements of the Confederate troops, and their position when the salient at Spottsylvania was charged and captured. Besides being a faithful officer and good soldier he kept, while attached to it, a careful note of all the operations of the division to which Stuart's brigade was attached (Ed. Johnson's), and is recognized as perhaps the best authority of any man in it as to the plans, purposes, and movements of the immediate command with which he served.

General Stuart so recognizes him, and has delegated to his trusted staff officer the duty of putting in enduring shape herein the story of that important and brilliant "accident of war," as Johnson's division and Stuart's brigade knew and saw it. Captain Howard drew the plan of the Confederate works and position that is here shown and penned in the sketch in which it appears.

General Stuart indorses its accuracy, and makes it his own. It is therefore presented as the best information obtainable in relation to the Confederate position, plans, and movements about the Spottsylvania salient on the memorable morning of the 12th of May, 1864, and the few days preceding it:

“About an hour before sunset on May 8th, 1864, Major-General Edward Johnson's division, of Ewell's corps, was approaching Spottsylvania Court-House. The night before it had moved by the right flank from the position it had occupied since the first day's battle in the Wilderness at the Orange and Fredericksburg stone road. The tired men had just been cheered with the prospect of speedily going into camp, when, unexpectedly, the sound of firing was heard to the left oblique, and news came that Rodes' division had come into collision with the enemy. The column was turned from the road in that direction, and formed in line of battle in rear of Rodes, but although under fire, it was not brought into action.

“About dark the firing gradually ceased, both sides apparently holding their positions. Then we were moved forward so as to connect with, and extend the line from, Rodes' right. By ten o'clock the whole division was stretched out in position, and was ordered to throw up breastworks. The ground was thickly wooded, particularly on the right, which was held by Stuart's brigade. It was also covered with low spreading pines, almost impenetrable in places, so that it was impossible in the darkness to make a regular line. After many efforts the attempt to do so, or to fortify, was abandoned for the night, and the men, exhausted from fatigue, hunger and want of sleep, were allowed to rest.

“Shortly after daylight, May 9th, the line was connected, and the men set to work intrenching. The enemy soon



opened an artillery fire on our left, by which Stuart's brigade was considerably annoyed, being in a measure enfiladed. When the breastwork of this brigade was half completed, the engineers of the army ordered us to abandon it, and to construct a new line running at a right angle with the main front. This exposed us much more than before to the enemy's fire, which now, passing over the heads of the brigades on our left, took us in rear, and it was only during the intervals when the fire slackened that we were able to do any work.

"Our works were therefore constructed for protection from behind as well as for defence in front, and when completed consisted of a series of deep, square pits. We had also cleared away the pines and brush for a space in front, and made a very tolerable abatis with the interlaced branches. Having few tools, the labor was tedious, and it was not until the middle of the next day, May 10th, that the works were sufficient for shelter.

"Towards evening there was some sharp firing on the skirmish line, and the artillery opened with such violence as to cause us some inconvenience, although I believe there was little or no loss of life in our command.

"Just before sundown news came that a portion of Rodes' line had been captured by a sudden assault, and our brigade was ordered to his support in all possible haste. The distance, by a straight line across the angle, was only a few hundred yards. But the emergency was great, and the head of our column was pushed on at a double-quick, leaving the rear to follow as best it could. In consequence the men neared the scene of action full of ardor, but much exhausted and strung out. Several dead bodies in blue uniform were passed, more than a couple of hundred yards inside the line, showing that the enemy had penetrated thus far. They were now, however,



limiting themselves to holding some two hundred yards of the works, from which they poured an incessant fire to their front, and up and down the line. Without waiting for the rear our advance was hurriedly formed and pushed forward. The men charged gallantly enough under a destructive fire, but were not strong enough to recapture the ground. The greater part bore off to the right, reaching works there, and again made several attempts to charge down them, but they were so few in numbers, and met so severe a fire, that they each time recoiled with loss, and finally confined themselves to holding their own. In the end other troops came up in regular order, and the enemy were driven out—or more probably were withdrawn. About ten o'clock we returned to our own position. This affair convinced us of the necessity of strengthening our line, and next morning, May 11th, the men fell to work with increased energy, particularly on the abatis, the importance of which, in detaining and throwing into confusion an assaulting enemy at point blank range, they now fully appreciated.

“Before giving an account of the disaster of next morning, it will be well to describe more minutely the character of our line, and the disposition of the troops behind it.

“Johnson's division was composed of four brigades, viz.: the old 'Stonewall,' commanded by General James A. Walker, Stafford's (Louisiana), John M. Jones' (Virginia), and George H. Stuart's (Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia regiments, and First and Third North Carolina State troops). They may have averaged eight or nine hundred men, having lost considerably since the opening of the campaign. Jones and Stafford had been killed in the first day's battle, and the brigade of the former (a part at least) was said to be a good

deal disheartened from its losses. The three brigades first named held the main line on the left of, and up to, the salient, and Stuart's was on the right, his line turning back at an angle of ninety degrees. There was no support or continuation on Stuart's right, except a line of skirmishers, there being a vacancy of perhaps a mile between him and A. P. Hill's corps, or a portion of it. There were no reserves.

"The ground in Stuart's front was densely wooded, with marshy ravines in places; but off the salient it was comparatively open. The point of the angle was also on elevated ground, sloping towards the enemy, giving the only good position for artillery along the line, and for this reason, and because it was impossible to concentrate a heavy infantry fire from it, the angle was occupied by six or eight pieces. There were also two guns in Stuart's centre, and probably other pieces along the left of the division.

"There had been several showers during the day, May 11th, and towards evening the atmosphere was damp and heavy, and it began to grow foggy. A little before, or at sunset, we were surprised to notice all the artillery in the angle and our centre limber up and move back. Asking an officer what this meant, he replied he did not know except that they were ordered to the rear to camp. We discussed this movement with some uneasiness, but supposed other batteries would relieve them.

It is well known that our artillery was, at this time, a separate organization in the army, and not under the direction of the infantry commanders. Shortly after dark a message came from the skirmish line that there was, and had been for some time, a steady rumbling in front, indicating that a force was being massed opposite to us or passing around to the right. Captain

George Williamson, Assistant Adjutant-General, and myself were the only two brigade staff officers on the field. We immediately walked out some distance to the front, and afterwards stood for half an hour on the breastwork, listening to the subdued roar or noise, plainly audible in the still and heavy night air, and were convinced that an important movement was on foot. We believed that it meant an attack on our weak salient in the morning. Having an indistinct recollection that a deserter had passed over to the enemy shortly before, we apprehended that he had disclosed its defenceless condition. So we went back and reported to General Stuart our conclusions. He sent a despatch to Major R. W. Hunter, Assistant Adjutant-General of the division, to this effect:

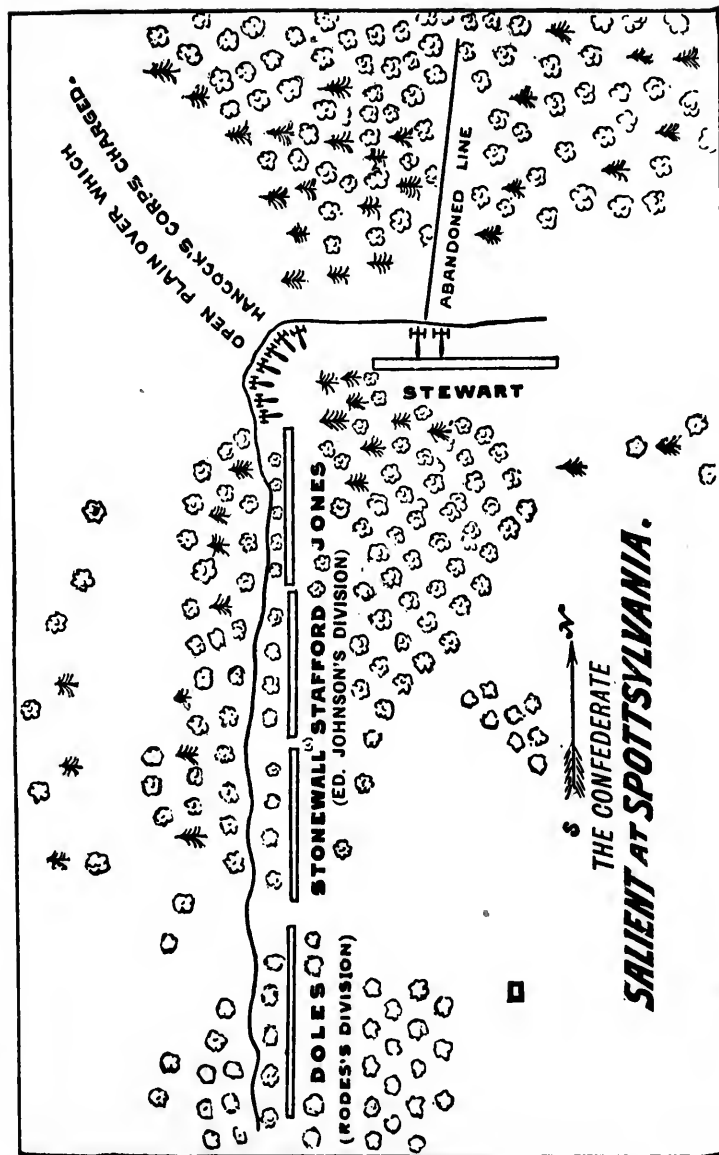
“Major, the enemy are moving, and probably massing in our front, and we expect to be attacked at daylight in the morning. The artillery along our front has been all withdrawn, by whose orders I know not, and I beg that it be sent back immediately.’ A circular was then sent to the regimental commanders stating that we would probably be attacked in the morning, and ordering them to have their men in readiness in the rifle-pits half an hour before daylight.

“The next day, when we were prisoners together, and often afterwards, General Johnson informed me that on receiving the despatch he immediately sent it, or one similar, to General Ewell, commanding the corps, urgently requesting that the artillery be returned. General Ewell, or his staff officers, have also told me that he received and forwarded the despatch and request to General Lee, whose head-quarters were not far off.

“After the war I mentioned these facts to Colonel Charles Marshall, military secretary, who said he well remembered the circumstances, and that General Lee, on receiving the despatch, remarked to his staff:

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“‘See, gentlemen, how difficult it is to have certain information. Here is a despatch from General Johnson, stating that the enemy are massing in his front. At the same time I am informed by General Early that they are moving around our left: which am I to believe?’ General Lee, however, ordered the artillery to be back at daylight.

“On the 12th our men were in position before daylight, and so early that a captain (Cantwell) in the Third North Carolina afterwards told me he had made his men draw their loads and clean their guns while waiting. Owing to the fog day was late in breaking, and for some time there was no indication of an assault. I began to think none would be made.

“Presently there came a sound of distant cheering just off the salient, followed as suddenly by a deep silence, the suspense of which was most trying, particularly as we now eagerly looked and hoped for the arrival of our artillery, which should have been there to open in the direction of the cheering. Then came a few dropping shots from that part of our picket line which was off the angle, marking the progress and direction of the attacking column. Presently a blue line appeared in our front, on the right of the salient, and our men delivered a volley which had the effect of making it disappear. I do not think it was a considerable body. It must have missed the corner of the angle, and passed down in front of our works inside our main picket line. At this moment the artillery came up, rather slowly I thought, and unlimbered. It had not time to fire a shot, except the two pieces in our centre, which were discharged once or may be twice. Musketry firing was now quite heavy on our left, where Jones’ brigade was, and soon a crowd of fugitives came pouring down the line from

the angle, showing that something must have gone wrong in that quarter. I was at this time, and had been, near the centre. A cloud of blue uniforms now pressed after these, and appeared also in our front, and filling the angle in rear. A captain in the First North Carolina, which was on the left, afterwards informed me that seeing the artillery in possession of the enemy, he ordered his men to shoot at the horses, which they did with effect. In our centre and on the right we endeavored to stop the stream of fugitives, and collected all we could in the square pits, hoping we might be able to hold the enemy in check until troops came from some other point to our assistance, but we were speedily overwhelmed and made prisoners of war.

"We were passed back through and alongside of the still swarming column of attack, which seemed to me a dense mass in some confusion, about a hundred yards in breadth. It seemed to me also that if our artillery had been in place, it could have played with terrible effect upon it, even by commencing to fire at the sound of the cheering. Since the war General Collis, of the Union army, has informed me that the attack was directed on the angle in column of regiments in mass, but that in marching so far over rough ground the men necessarily got into some confusion; that strict orders had been given to keep silence, but that the ardor of the men broke into huzzahs, for which censure was afterwards passed.

"The attack was well planned and executed, but it is a mistake to suppose, as sometimes stated, that the Confederates were completely surprised. The sound of the cheering would have given ample time for us to get into the trenches, but in fact we were before prepared, as I have shown. It may be, as has been sometimes stated,

that some were interrupted at their breakfasts. That meal was at that time, and generally, a scanty one with us, perhaps corn bread and water, and often dispatched in action.

“Having a thin line and no reserve or support even on the right, the disaster could only have been averted, if at all, by the services of artillery, supported by a force of infantry drawn from some other part of the line. The artillery alone might possibly have checked the assaulting column long enough for such a support to come up. It would at least have inflicted a severe loss. The line was first broken on the left of the angle, and Stuart’s brigade was thus taken in rear and flank.”

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE ONSET AT COLD HARBOR.

Searching for a new place to strike—Back again to familiar ground—Going toward the North Anna—Sheridan's cavalry and their work—Preparing to strike another blow at Lee—A general assault ordered—The bloody work of Cold Harbor—No results of importance—Between the Rapidan and James.

THE Confederate line was broken; the Confederate position was not carried. Lee still held his grip on the heights of Spottsylvania. For a week the national forces were moved back and forth, as Grant continued his search for another joint in the enemy's harness, and through the week the Second corps was shifted hither and thither, chief in the search. A new line, developed, as usual, to the left, was made by swinging the Fifth and Sixth corps around Burnside, and from the left of this line General Hancock was advanced, after another fatiguing march back of the army to see if an assault was possible.

Woods and thickets of chaparral, another "wilderness," showed that it was impossible to make an attack from the new national left on Lee's right, and on Sunday, May 15th, the corps was faced about on the march toward an attack on the left. During the night the troops were swung back to their original position on the right of Burnside. Half a mile from the intrenchments, carried on the 12th, which were now crowned by the artillery of the Second corps, firing over the heads of the national advance, stretched a long line of Confederate works, screened by woods, protected by heavy



slashing and abatis, and approachable only in the open. From sunrise until ten o'clock, through that long forenoon of mid-May, two brigades of the Second corps kept pushing their way into these thickets, to come out rent and torn, foiled but not defeated, while Warren, Wright and Burnside stood ready to strike if there was a chance. The ground was the same so familiar to Hancock and Wright from the desperate work of the 12th. The attack was at last abandoned, and, facing about for the fourth time in the week, the Second corps was marched to the right, where it was given a day's rest before it started out with the army in the shifting, swinging march from Spottsylvania to Cold Harbor, in which Grant moved his army, corps by corps, on parallel lines, as a draftsman shoves his hinged protractor.

It was now two days over a fortnight since Grant had crossed the Rapidan. In that time but four nights had passed by most of the army in unbroken sleep: the rest had been given over to wearisome marches. The Second corps, the hammer-head in the horrible hammering of this fortnight, lost in all 8,218, officers and men; the First division 3,496, almost one-half.

Weakened by these losses, wearied by these wearing marches in mud and rain, the army, on Friday, May 20th, fell into line at daybreak to begin the dangerous and hazardous movements of the next fortnight, which shifted the base of the army from the Rapidan to the James. Grant boldly spread out his forces over a space of more than twenty miles, reaching out to the front with the Second corps, while the remaining corps lay grouped around the old position to be brought up later—much as a measuring wron stretches itself out for a new step from a fixed point: the Second corps playing the part of the advancing half in the air. For over a week

during this march the whole command was aware that it was pushing alone into the enemy's country, with its flank exposed, and its supports distant, liable any day to feel the weight of Lee's whole army. Two days before this march began, General Barlow's division had been called out to aid in repelling an attack made by General Ewell on a part of the Second corps; but this had been repulsed by General Tyler's brigade, aided by General Birney's division, and the First division was not called



PONTOON BRIDGE AT DEEP BOTTOM.

into action. It started across the Mat river after almost half a week's rest from actual fighting.

Barlow's division of Hancock's corps led the movement, and on Monday, May 23d, had forded the Mattaponi, and, pushing down to the North Anna river, had stormed and carried the Confederate work covering the bridge. pontoons were at once laid, and at night the Second corps lay in force on the right of the strong V-shaped position, which commanded the bridges and

railroad junction at this point. Warren, who had marched directly from Spottsylvania, was on the other face of this position; but communication between the two national wings was only possible by recrossing the river, and Burnside was unable to cross. It was a hazardous position, and it is not surprising that orders to assault given early in the day were countermanded, and strong works thrown up instead for the protection of the corps. For two days the army waited, facing the enemy. It was an unusual pause. The train of the Army of the Potomac was an endless affair, over 4,000 wagons; but it was chiefly devoted to commissary stores and ammunition.

A division at a time the national forces were started in the night, and a strong column was well on its way towards the Pamunkey before the new march was discovered. The Sixth, the Fifth, and the Ninth corps were successively removed, and at last the Second corps was withdrawn across the stream.

Here again Lee developed signs that the system of "pushing" which the Army of the Potomac had developed under Grant, since the present campaign began, had weakened his confidence in his own powers, and led to the programme he followed to the end, of remaining wholly on the defensive; ready at all times to repel an attack, but never assaulting in return. Grant was clearly at such disadvantage that an opposing general of like confidence in himself and his army, and with like fertility of resource, should have at once assumed the offensive, thereby, in all likelihood, seriously annoying Grant and disarranging his plans.

For two days, May 27th and 28th, steady marching continued: the Second corps occupying the centre of the advance. The Pamunkey was crossed, Brooke's brigade of Hancock's corps was pushed to the front, in

the series of operations which brought the corps to Cold Harbor, and each afternoon saw a hot skirmish as the enemy's advance line was reached. His main position was still a day's march away, and the brigade was hourly moved brief distances along the line of Tolo-potomy until the way was opened for a movement on Cold Harbor.

To an army approaching Richmond from the north-east, by the ferries and bridges of the Pamunkey, two cross-roads in the flat, sandy peninsula between the Pamunkey and the James are essential; one is at Old Cold Harbor, the other at New Cold Harbor. From the last a straight tap road leads into Richmond; from the first spread forking roads to the Pamunkey and the James. An army which held New Cold Harbor barred the path to the Confederate capital; an army at Old Cold Harbor rested on spreading roads which gave it a base at two points on navigable rivers, at the White House on the Pamunkey, and on the James at half a dozen places. If Lee had secured and held Old Cold Harbor, the plan by which Grant was aiming to bring his army into contact with General Butler's base would have been foiled; if Grant had seized New Cold Harbor, the path to Richmond would have been opened a year earlier than it was. From the North Anna to the two Cold Harbors the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia swung along for a week, neck-and-neck, in a race for these points. Each seized the one that was necessary to its own safety; each missed the point needed to balk the other. The assault at New Cold Harbor was an attempt by sheer and furious fighting, to force the advantage which march and manœuvre had missed. It failed at a cost of life matched by no other fifteen minutes of four years' war.

Saturday afternoon, May 28th, after two days' marching had spread the Army of the Potomac in a contracted line along the south bank of the Pamunkey, Sheridan's troopers, skirmishing before the Second corps, struck the edge of Lee's army as it swung on a short semi-circle between the Federal troops and Richmond. Just behind the dropping carbine fire of Sheridan's dismounted men, the Second corps was throwing up intrenchments in an advantageous position.

To the right of the Second corps lay the Sixth corps, to the left the Fifth, with a gap between, and in the night the gap was filled by General Burnside with the Ninth corps. Sheridan found the work before him growing heavier, and Brooke's brigade of the Second corps was ordered to drop its tools, and just at dusk pushed out and swept over the enemy's rifle-pits and advanced work. In the next three days the two armies were brought together as the halves of a foot-rule are swung together on their hinged end. The National and Confederate forces struck first at the hinge, where Warren lay, all the rest of the Army of the Potomac, except Burnside, having been pushed to the left. They met last at the open end where the Second corps marched, and this was Cold Harbor.

The army once across the Pamunkey and established on its southern bank, its next effort was to extend its line southward towards the James. The Second corps marched at noon, May 29th, the next day, General Barlow's division in the advance, reaching southward for the cross-roads at Old Cold Harbor that spread towards both rivers. The order to march "abridged the divine service" at which the troops were gathered, and in the Sunday afternoon, as General Hancock reports, "the enemy's skirmish line, strongly intrenched, was hand-

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SCENE DURING THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.



somely carried, without much loss, by skilful manœuvring by Brooke's brigade of Barlow's division."

The slow advance across the Tolopotomy continued all day, and just at dusk a brisk Confederate attack having fallen on Warren, Hancock was ordered again to attack to relieve the Fifth corps. "Brooke's brigade, however," General Hancock reports, "advanced just at dark over obstacles which would have stopped a less energetic commander, and carried the enemy's advance line of rifle-pits."

The two armies now lay in parallel lines, each front covering an extent of about nine miles, the National forces daily developing to the left, and the Confederate to the right, the Second corps working along with the rest, throwing up works almost hourly, and making each day an advance which brought the two hinged lines closer together. Sheridan at length seized Old Cold Harbor just at dusk, May 31st, held it the next forenoon until the Sixth corps came to his relief, and the next night, after a day spent in intrenching, the Second corps started at 11 P. M. to take its familiar place on the left of the line, where the blow of the battle was to fall.

It was a day and a night of disastrous, wearisome delays. The day before, Warren had not attacked when Anderson's troops filed past him on their way to take a position before Wright. Wright had failed to push the advantage Sheridan had gained. Smith, coming up from Butler's army by way of the White House Landing, had gone wandering over the dusty roads wasting a day, by a staff officer's blunder, before he found the left wing of the army he was seeking. Another staff officer had entangled Hancock's advance by leading General Barlow's division into a narrow road in the woods, where

hours were wasted before the column was extricated. It was hoped and intended to advance the Second corps on the enemy immediately on their arrival, but the tired, hungry, heated troops needed rest and breakfast, and the assault was postponed until five in the afternoon. All the day before and during this day desultory fighting was in progress along the line; but as Badeau says of the Second corps and its commander, "all but Hancock were slower than the lieutenant-general desired." The assault was deferred again until early the next morning.

Before day broke a heavy rain fell. The low mists and heavy clouds of early June still hung about the swamps and stunted pine thickets when three corps, the Second (Hancock's), the Sixth (Wright's) and the Eighteenth (Smith's), fell into line at 4 A. M. for the assault. Their front stretched, with intervals, over two miles, and led up to the low rising ground on a part of which the Army of the Potomac was stationed when Lee attacked McClellan in the early days of the war.

Of the positions before the army little was known, save that for three days they had been filling with Confederate troops and artillery. The pickets of the two armies were touching. A reconnoissance was deemed impracticable; the division commanders only knew that they were to push forward until they struck the enemy's works, and then carry them. The attack was a simple brute rush in open day on strong works.

It cost the National forces from 12,000 to 14,000 in killed, wounded and missing, and one-fourth of this loss fell on the narrow line of two divisions of the Second corps.

Here, as at Spottsylvania, the Second corps was sent in at the key-point of the position, and again Barlow's



division led off in the grand assault. The enemy's picket and skirmish lines were driven in, and hot work began at once. The newest regiments, selected for their strength, were placed in advance, and behaved like veterans. Through the wet, high grass and brush the lines swept steadily up the long slope, over the low fence and over the rude works into the enemy's line.

Such a storm of shot and shell probably never antagonized a force before in the military history of the world; but on the line went and swept everything before it like the rush of pent-up waters from a mountain stream.

Here it was, in the rush of the Second corps over the salient of the Confederate works, that General John R. Brooke, now Colonel of the Third United States infantry, received the almost fatal wound that kept him from field work during the rest of the war.

Back came the enemy's lines against the advance and drove it to the rail fence before the rush was checked. Then, a part of Barlow's line, under Colonel Beaver, who had succeeded Brooke in command of his brigade, stood at bay and held the Confederates in a fierce bayonet fight until the line was reformed, and the ground just below the hill crest held until a rude line of rifle-pits was extemporized. The men of that day were veterans of three campaigns, and did not need the aid of an engineer train of intrenching tools, but in a wonderfully brief time, with split canteens, bayonets and bare hands, dirt was loosened and thrown up over lines of rails until a scant shelter from unfriendly fire was obtained.

The story of assault, of charge and countercharge here related of the Second corps will fit, with varying details, the situation before Wright and Smith. They

made a series of brilliant charges, carried the Confederate works here and there, and were forced to withstand counter assaults of the Confederate troops. With them, as with Hancock, the fighting was severe beyond description, and Cold Harbor, as a test of the courage of Americans, was a success. In most other respects it was a failure. The engagement before Burnside and Warren was not important, and the sad story of Cold Harbor is best told by the frightful losses that fell upon the Second, Sixth and Eighteenth corps.

The score of casualties rated far above any previous experience of the Army of the Potomac. In the Second corps alone, two general officers and seven colonels fell within fifteen minutes; within the hour, over three thousand men killed and wounded; and of these, three hundred were commissioned officers. Hancock writes of it in his report as "a loss without a precedent," and a few days after the battle said to an officer, when questioned as to where his corps was, "It lies buried between the Rapidan and the James."

The Confederates have always claimed a victory on the first day of Cold Harbor, and perhaps with some justice. They had maintained their position and inflicted severe damage upon the enemy. Certain it is that the day's results contained no advantage to the National arms, while the loss of life was extraordinary. It told the old and well-known story of the disproportion of loss when a protected line is assaulted. Had the attack succeeded the advantage gained would have justified the bloodshed. Because it failed it cannot be set down emphatically as a mistake. It was a desperate chance in war, and, when it was taken, the commander knew that the hope of success was a remote one. It was ventured with the knowledge that, if the works were

captured, Lee would be placed in a position of such peril that the fall of Richmond and the destruction of the Confederate army would be a matter of but a short period of time. Surely this was something to strive for, yet the experiment was a very tragic one.

Hancock's pathetic remark indicates how much was paid in blood in the effort. It was simply an attempt to overwhelm with numbers. Force alone and not generalship was depended on, and the consequences were dreadful. How far history will approve of the day's sad story is problematical. It can only be justified by the importance of the result aimed at. Had it succeeded, much after loss of life would have been avoided. At best, though, it was a hazardous effort, and one which no other commander would have risked. It was Grant's practical idea of war, however, that a chance which offered the slightest prospect of achieving a great and desired end should be accepted. He believed that it would be mercy at the last to push his forward movement at almost any cost. And in the light of this theory the story of the bloody onset at Cold Harbor must be read.

## CHAPTER XLI

### CONFEDERATES AT COLD HARBOR.

*After Spottsylvania—The wear and tear on the army—Moving to Cold Harbor and beyond—Grant's theory of the conflict—His tenacious grip—Handling his forces with skill—An estimate of Grant and Lee—Summing up the campaign from the Rapidan to the James—The only way to whip Lee—Frightful losses.*

"AFTER the battle of Spottsylvania both sides were tired and worn, for the hard marching and terrific fighting were beginning to tell on both officers and men. No lessening of their vigor or determination was manifest, but wearing work and severe losses were having their effect. Grant moved away from the Court-House, and Lee, of course, moved about the same time, both going towards Richmond and meeting at Cold Harbor.

"There we had a very similar conflict to the one at Spottsylvania. It was not so much of a hand-to-hand struggle, but it was a series of magnificent charges by Grant's command, and severe repulses by our troops. There was, as usual, a great deal of preliminary manœuvring, but after the forces got fully locked at Cold Harbor matters became again stationary, as they had been on all other occasions where we had met since crossing the Rapidan. There were the usual advances to test the strength of this or that position, and some severe fighting at times, but the story of Cold Harbor can be summed up in a very few words. There were no results on either side, but I think it fair to say that General Grant's army suffered vastly more than did General Lee's. Hancock there, as at the 'salient' at

Spottsylvania, suffered, I learn, more severely than any corps of the Federal army. Grant gave desperate battle here, and its results probably decided him to change his base to City Point, and go south of the James to the investment of Petersburg.

"From the time Grant crossed the Rapidan river until the final capture of Richmond he acted steadily upon one purpose: it was to put himself between General Lee and Richmond. He moved by his left flank all the time, and when he would overlap us a little General Lee would move on a parallel line and continually throw his army between Grant and our capital.

"General Grant started with but one great purpose, and that was to break down the rebellion, and to do that he had to take Richmond. General Lee's army stood in his way from first to last, and he was obliged to whip that army to accomplish his object. There was but one way to do it, and that was by the slow pounding process that he first adopted and pursued so relentlessly to the end. If he had moved south of the James at first instead of crossing the Rapidan, he would not have succeeded. He would have made trouble for himself in Washington, given us an opportunity to destroy his base of supplies, and when he had reached the south bank of the James he would have found General Lee's army there to oppose him, well fortified and upon ground of his own choosing. Much as General Grant has been criticised for his 'campaign of attrition' before moving to City Point, it seems to me the only course left him, and the only way he could have succeeded in subduing Lee. He well understood it, assumed the responsibility, and began that terrible wearing, tearing, tenacious series of movements that weakened the Army of Northern Virginia to

such a point that his change of base to the investment of Petersburg was a possibility.

"My candid judgment of the result of that wonderful campaign from the Rapidan to the James, speaking from a historical standpoint, is that General Grant handled his forces with remarkable skill, and assumed the responsibility for losses which exceeded any on record for the number of men he was fighting. This is no reflection on General Grant's military capacity. It was a necessity, from the character of campaign he was compelled to wage. To whip General Lee's army he had continually to assault their breastworks. Of course, he might have kept on moving to our right until he got near Richmond, but he would have accomplished nothing; for wherever he had halted there he would have found Lee's army confronting him on a line nearer to his base of supplies, with less distance to travel, and likely in better condition to give battle. The thing General Grant had to do was to break down the power between him and the Confederate capital. The only way was to break that army. He never could have reached Richmond except by the character of the campaign he mapped out and followed.

"To be sure, the woods in front of us, whenever and wherever we were engaged, were black with the Federal dead, because men standing behind breastworks, with column after column pushing against them, can shoot them down with great celerity. Therefore, I think it true that General Grant lost more men in that campaign from the Rapidan to Richmond than General Lee had when he first met him in the Wilderness. I will put that on record as my belief, but do not give it as a historic fact. I have frequently seen it stated, but have no means of verifying it. My judgment is founded upon the fact that

forces behind breastworks can always check with great slaughter forces moving to attack them. Naturally, we made our position as strong as possible, and the slaughter in front was at times perfectly awful. At the 'salient' at Spottsylvania I am confident there were more dead and wounded in my front than I had in my command.

"This is no adverse criticism of General Grant, for it was his only way to accomplish the great object he was seeking. Before him lay Richmond, and between him and that city was Lee's magnificent army. Grant was seeking to break him to pieces. To do that he must constantly attack us in intrenched positions. We had him at that disadvantage at every step he took. If he had kept moving towards Richmond to save his army he could never have whipped Lee. So he had to work by that slow and deadly process of attrition which finally wore and tore the force in front of him so that he was able, eventually, to break through the lines and capture the Confederate capital.

"When I say that in my judgment we killed and wounded as many Federals as we had men in our army, it is nothing more than to say that an army waging a war against breastworks will necessarily suffer most if they have equals to contend against. It is true that the Confederates were very desperate fighters, but there were desperate fighters on the other side also. General Grant was on the offensive and General Lee on the defensive, and Grant had nothing to do but lose his men or quit fighting. I think this will be the historic verdict upon the one great continuous battle that lasted for sixty miles between the Rapidan and the James.

"In estimating General Lee and General Grant as soldiers, my opinion, of course, will have to be taken with just that degree of allowance which always must attach

to a man who fought with one and against the other. My partiality for General Lee was very great. I was very devoted to him personally. I think, measuring him in every way, he was one of the greatest commanders that has ever appeared in war. He was a man of great breadth of intellect. He combined all the qualities of a great soldier. Possibly, as an executive officer on the field of battle when conducting an engagement, in the rapidity of movement, Jackson was his superior; but, as a commander of forces in a great campaign, and in dealing with all the different phases of war, I think General Lee had no superior and few equals.

"For General Grant I think I speak the sentiment of most of the Southern soldiers. Doubtless he was not General Lee's equal as a scientific officer. It is also possible that he had less native, soldierly intuition. Doubtless he was less learned in the higher phases of military science. In one or two particulars I think he had the advantage of General Lee. In that fixed, unshaken and unshakable determination to pursue to the bitter end, through all sorts of discouragements, and without much reference to cost, to accomplish the object before him, I believe he has hardly ever had a superior.

"We think in the South that if General Lee had commanded such an army as Grant had he would have accomplished more with less loss. But whether General Lee would have faced the losses and consequences that attended upon those operations which Grant controlled, and would have persisted to the end as Grant did, is a problem. So it is difficult to trace an analogy between two men who were, in many respects, very different. The great element in Grant's character was fixing his eye upon a given point and marching to it whatever it might cost to get there; while Lee, from the necessities of smaller numbers and fewer resources,



showed his greatness in doing great things with small means.

The situation at the North, the division of parties and the disposition here and there to abandon and waver in accordance with political necessities, made this peculiar characteristic in Grant one of towering importance in the conduct of a Federal campaign.

"The marked thing about General Grant was his almost unequalled modesty of bearing. He had in the supremest degree that self-reliance which in ordinary men exhibits itself in personal exultation or in an effort to aggrandize one's self. As commander, President and citizen, his bearing was marked with a modesty that was everywhere noted. It was an unusual thing to find in the most conspicuous man of the age those simple habits and that quite demeanor which would set well upon a priest whose whole life was given to studying how to conduct himself with humility.

"Yet, with all this simplicity of bearing, there was that about him which showed that he had the consciousness of knowing what was in him. He was a man of remarkable common-sense, but without a particle of the ordinary vanity of men. Everybody who talked to him saw it, and yet, when he made up his mind that he could accomplish a thing, there was no power on earth that could turn him from his determination. That quality sometimes induces persons in power to make heroes of men when there is nothing heroic about them. This was never true of Grant. He neither plumed himself with his position nor upon his achievements, and never countenanced it in others. He was a heroic figure, a true friend and an honest man, and you cannot find a Confederate soldier in the South who will ever speak of Grant in any other light than with the greatest respect and deference."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### CONFEDERATE OVERLAND CAMPAIGN.

Colonel Venable's recollections—Blocking the Federals—The fight in the Wilderness—"Go back, General Lee!"—The terrible second day's fight—Spottsylvania—Incidents of the struggle—The desperate slaughter—The dying soldier—The position at North Anna—Grant crosses the river—Back again—The march across the Peninsula—Before Petersburg.

COL. CHARLES S. VENABLE, was a tried and trusted officer upon General Lee's staff. To a very unusual extent he possessed the confidence and esteem of the Confederate commander. He was with him all through the year of angry fighting between the Rapidan and the surrender, and his reminiscences of the struggle are graphic and interesting. Reviving his recollections from an address delivered before the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia years ago, he says :

"When General Lee set out from Orange Court House, on the morning of the 4th of May, 1864, to meet Grant in the Wilderness, he had less than twenty-six thousand infantry in hand. The odds were startling and the move was a bold and daring one. Grant had more than a hundred thousand men, not including Burnside's corps, but the audacity of Lee was not as blind as it apparently seemed. It was inspired by a far-seeing comprehension of the situation and showed the highest of military genius. He simply enlisted the Wilderness as his ally. There, in the natural entrenchments, the disparity in numbers would not be nearly as marked as upon the open ground, and the battle could be better maintained. Besides, General Lee had the most profound confidence in his troops and their ability

to maintain themselves against heavy odds—a confidence which experience had vindicated.

“General Lee rode with General Hill at the head of his column, and his presence was an inspiration to the troops. Their love and respect for him was very great, and they always fought better under his eye.

“Getty's division was at the head of the Federal advance. At Parker's Store the forces met, and the fighting was along the plank road beyond. Hancock had been ordered to drive the Confederates back to Parker's Store, and he made a fierce but unsuccessful assault to do so. It failed, however, and he was reinforced until he had forty thousand men before night. The Southern troops numbered only ten thousand. Again and again the Federal force was hurled against the Confederate line with a force that it seemed impossible to resist; but our men were firm as rocks. They held their position with a desperate tenacity, which was marvelous; and when the assaults ceased eight o'clock in the evening they were still steady, unbroken and undefeated. Meanwhile, Ewell had checked Warren on the old turnpike, and Rosser had forced back Wilson's cavalry on the Caparthin road.

“General Lee's daring strategy had been entirely successful. He had checked Grant and defeated his intention of turning our left at Orange Court House. He had accepted battle at the very outset of the Federal forward movement, and forced the enemy to a stand-still in the Wilderness.

“On the night of the 5th, Lee sent a message to General Longstreet instructing him to bring up his two divisions by daybreak. Every one felt that there would be a desperate engagement on the morrow, and all preparations were made for it. General Lee slept on

the field, a few hundred yards from the line of battle of the day.

"Between the plank road and Ewell's right there was a wide unoccupied interval. It was General Lee's intention to relieve Hill's troops as soon as Longstreet came up, and place them at this unguarded point. There they could be readily utilized for the fight should their co-operation be necessary. Unfortunately, however, the troops became aware of this, and they became lax in watchfulness. As a consequence, when Hancock struck Wilcox's division in the morning, it was not well prepared for the assault. It was driven back in confusion and disorder, but it was not in a panic as has been frequently asserted, nor were the men driven a mile and a half as was reported. The truth is, that the right of Hill's line was forced back several hundred yards, but some of the troops still held their position.

"It cannot be disguised, however, that the danger to the army was very great. General Lee sent Colonel W. H. Taylor, his trusted adjutant, back to order the trains to be prepared for a movement to the rear, and an aid was dispatched at full speed to hasten Longstreet's advance. It was not long delayed. The last mile and a half was made at double quick, and as soon as the reinforcements reached the field Longstreet began to put them in position on the right and left of the road.

"Meanwhile, the enemy on our flank were sweeping the field to the rear of our artillery pits with a storm of musketry fire. Here General Lee was engaged with General Hill in reforming some of the disordered troops of Wilcox's division. While there Gregg's Texan brigade came whirling by to the front in magnificent battle order. When they saw Lee they gave a hearty cheer which seemed to inspire him. With flashing eyes he spurred

his horse through an opening in the trenches, and followed close on their line as it moved forward. The men had advanced some distance in their charge before they discovered that Lee was with them. When they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry:

“Go back, General Lee! Go back! We won't go on unless you go back!”

“The sensation of anxiety was very great. A sergeant seized his bridle rein, and General Gregg, turning his horse towards General Lee, protested against his advancing any further. Just then I directed his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, and General Lee rode over towards him. He yielded, with the greatest reluctance, to the appeals of his men to go back. When I told General Longstreet of the affair, he urged General Lee, with affectionate bluntness, not to expose himself.

“In a very short time the line was entirely reformed and the Federals were driven to the position they had occupied at daybreak. Wilcox and Heth's division, with confidence restored, were placed a short distance to the left of the plank road. Very soon afterwards General Anderson arrived with reinforcements, and the flank attack was immediately planned and put into execution. Longstreet put three brigades on the right flank of the enemy and rolled it up. At the same time he uncovered his own front, and by a fierce assault sent Hancock's force reeling back upon the Brock road. It was in this engagement that Longstreet was wounded.

“On the evening of the 12th, Grant commenced his change of base and turning operation. General Anderson had been promoted to the command of Long-

street's two divisions, and General Lee, with his confidence in the ability of his troops to resist odds, sent Anderson to confront the Federal column at Spottsylvania Court House. Stuart was also ordered to throw his cavalry across the Brock road. When Anderson arrived at the Court House he found Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry fighting desperately against the Fifth Corps and Torbert's cavalry. Reinforcements of infantry were sent to our cavalry, and the enemy immediately stopped their advance and fell to entrenching. No assistance was sent to the Federals, because Grant anticipated an attack by Lee upon his rear. In the afternoon General Lee arrived with Ewell's corps and the line at Spottsylvania was taken up. The line was weak on Rodes' right and at General Edward Johnson's salient, but it was taken so that the trains could be moved in the rear. The road there was free from missiles.

"The fighting in the afternoon was desperate. At five o'clock there was a simultaneous assault. Hancock had been repulsed by General Early in his attempt to threaten our left and rear, while attack after attack by the Second and Fifth Corps was beaten back by Anderson. When the combined movement was made, the results were the same. The odds against us here were very heavy, and only the steadiness and coolness of our men could have met and repelled the onslaughts. The soldiers would cry: 'Yonder they come, boys, with five lines of battle!' Afterwards they would creep out cautiously and gather up the muskets and cartridges of the dead foe. Therefore, in subsequent attacks, our men would be provided with several loaded muskets—an admirable substitute for breechloaders.

"It was pitiful to see the slaughter of the brave Feder-

als, who were hurled again and again against our works. Many of the wounded lay dying near our line, and their groans and writhing added to the horror of the scene. I recollect one incident particularly, a bright, brave-looking young fellow, a sergeant in a New York regiment, fell not far from our breastworks shot through both knees. For many hours he was an especial object of sympathy to us. In his terrible misery he was seen making vain efforts at self-destruction. Repeated attempts were made by our men to bring him in, but they could not. The Federal sharpshooters were very active, and it was impossible to get to him, and we were forced to leave him in his agony. On the 11th of May, after the Federals had withdrawn from that part of our line, and the hail of musket balls had ceased, he was found lying where he had fallen, and about him were the blackened and swollen corpses of the assailants whose sufferings had been less. His terrible fate had left no traces or distortions of anguish behind. The boy lay there with the fresh, fair face of one just dead.

“Rodes’ line, as I have said, was one of the weak points. On the afternoon of the 10th, General Sedgwick succeeded in piercing it on the front where Dole’s Georgia brigade was stationed, and the lines and battery fell into the Federal hands. General Lee’s headquarters that day were only a hundred and fifty yards away and in full view. Hastily dispatching an aide to General Johnson, on Rodes’ right, he mounted his horse, and, rode rapidly down to rally and reform the troops. Very soon Rodes’ troops and Gordon’s division swept up, and with a vigorous charge, recaptured the line and battery. The preliminary advantage in this engagement was greatly exaggerated by the Federals.

“The next day General Grant withdrew from our left.



Lee's instant interpretation of this move was that he was going to swing around to turn our right, and the artillery was ordered back for immediate use. That night General Johnson heard the enemy massing in his front. He at once asked for the return of his artillery, and for two brigades of Early's troops. The troops he placed in a second line at the rear of the weakest point in his defences, but the artillery was greatly delayed. The enemy attacked his division in great force and completely overwhelmed it. The loss in prisoners was three thousand, and eighteen pieces of artillery were captured.

"General Lee knew nothing of this at the time of its occurrence. It was the General's habit at the time to leave the field at nine or ten o'clock and retire to his tent, which was but a short distance. At three o'clock he would breakfast by candle-light, and then ride forward. On this morning it was the firing which attracted his attention, but he knew nothing of the disaster which had occurred until he reached the front.

"Meanwhile, General Gordon had also heard the firing and moved rapidly forward towards the salient with his division. In the darkness he met the Federal advance under Hancock, and was immediately fired upon. It was not yet daylight. The woods were dense and a drizzling rain was falling. A line of troops could not be seen a hundred yards off, and there was much doubt and uncertainty. General Gordon was equal to the emergency, however. With splendid audacity he deployed a brigade as skirmishers, and ordered a charge. The Federals in front hesitated long enough to enable him to form his main line, and he took valuable advantage of the delay.

"The Federal line on Gordon's right still pressed on however, threatening his right rear and the left flank



of Hill's corps in the trenches. The situation was exceedingly critical at the time, but General Lane's North Carolina brigade came forward and checked the enemy's advance.

"A little later, General Lee rode forward. General Gordon had arranged the left of his division to make an effort to recapture the lines. By this time the darkness had lifted somewhat and the dim, gray morning light struggled through the trees. Gordon, with his colors in his hand, was about to lead the troops to the charge when Lee joined him. Again his men compelled him to go back by their entreaties and expostulations, and he slowly and reluctantly consented. Then they dashed forward upon the enemy. The charge was resistless in its force. The trenches on the right of the salient were recovered and some of the cannon recaptured. Meanwhile Hancock's right was thrown completely back on that portion of the captured line to the left of the salient by Ramseur and Rodes, and here, in this narrow space, the fierce combat raged all day long. Between the lines were fourteen Confederate cannon, not yet unlimbered, which neither side could take.

"Three hundred yards behind the captured salient Gordon threw up entrenchments. The terrible musketry fire which every narrator of the story of this battle dwells upon was in full progress. From dawn until midnight it continued. Rodes, with ten thousand men, kept one-half of Grant's army back for eighteen hours. On both sides the troops fought with the most desperate gallantry.

"During the day General Lee again exposed himself greatly. His position nearly all through the battle was at a point on Heth's line to the left of Spottsylvania Court House. Rodes had sent to him for reinforce-

ments, and I was ordered to guide Harris' brigade of Mississippians from the right of our line to Rodes' position. In going we passed near General Lee's position and he rode out from the little copse and placed himself at General Harris's side at the head of the column. Soon the men came within range of the Federal artillery fire. General Lee's horse reared under the fire and a round shot passed under him very near the rider's stirrup. The men at once halted and shouted at him to go back. Indeed, they positively refused to advance unless he did go back. He told them that he would go if they would promise to retake the lines. The men shouted in response 'We will, we will, General Lee,' and he then rode back to his old position. This reinforcement saved the day for the Confederates.

"At nightfall our line of battle still covered four of the contested guns, but they became bogged in a swamp and fell into the hands of the enemy. The interior line which Gordon had thrown up was finished about ten o'clock and at midnight our men retired behind the trenchments worn out. The restoration of the battle line after Hancock's success in the morning, and the subsequent desperate and stubborn resistance against a greatly superior force, make the battle one of the most brilliant in history. On the 14th the Federals abandoned the captured angle as it was now useless to them. Many thousand of muskets were left by Grant in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. These were collected by our ordnance officers. One hundred and twenty-two thousand tons of lead were also picked up and sent to Richmond, where it was recast and fired back at the enemy during the campaign.

"On May 20th, Grant moved towards the North Anna, and on the 23d he reached the north bank. Lee,

who had been reinforced by Pickett's and Breckinridge's division, was entrenched on the south side. Very little effort was made to prevent the Federals from crossing, but once on our side of the river it was a different matter. Lee's position was a very strong one. His centre was near the river, his right reposed on the swamps, and his left was thrown back obliquely towards the Little river behind him. Grant found the position too strong to be carried by assault and, on the 26th, he withdrew back to the north side. The chronicler of the Army of the Potomac says: 'The annals of war seldom present a more effective checkmate than was thus given by Lee.'

"At this time it was General Lee's policy to attack the Federal army whenever a good opportunity afforded. He believed that its repulses and the great loss of life which had followed the attacks upon his entrenched lines, had depressed and dispirited the Union troops, and that they had not the enthusiasm to maintain a sharp assault. But, in the midst of these operations he was taken sick and confined to his tent. As he lay prostrate he would often repeat, 'We must strike them a blow; we must never let them pass us again—we must strike them a blow.' He had reports of all the operations still brought to him, and issued orders to his officers, but Lee, sick and confined to his tent, was not Lee on the battle-field. I believe that if he had not been physically disabled, he would have inflicted a heavy blow upon the enemy in his march between Pamunkey and the Chickahominy. It is idle, of course, to deal in these might-have-beens, but there would most certainly have been some difference in the complexion of the campaign.

"On the third of June the armies met again at Cold Harbor. It may be worth noting that this Cold Harbor,

made famous by two great battles, is the old English name for an ordinary or tavern where the traveler can get lodging without food. The victory of that day was, perhaps, the easiest ever granted to Confederate arms. It was a general assault along a front of six miles, and a bloody repulse at all points excepting at one weak salient. There the success was but partial, and the position was speedily regained. On the next day there was a repetition of the painful scenes at Spottsylvania, and on the day following, General Grant asked for a cessation of hostilities to bury the dead. On the 12th the Federal army marched across the peninsula to the south side of the James, and the overland campaign was ended.

"That the morale of General Lee's army was high at this time there can be no doubt. The strain of continuous bloody fighting at Spottsylvania had been great; but the campaigns of the North Anna and Chickahominy had given the men some repose. They believed in the success of the campaign, and were on better rations than they had been on for a long time. The almost prodigal charity with which several brigades contributed to the poor of Richmond was a striking illustration of the army's spirit during those days on the Chickahominy. But cheerful as they were there was a sombre tint to the soldier wit in our thinned ranks which expressed itself in the homely phrase: 'What is the use of killing these Yankees? It is like killing mosquitoes—two come for every one you kill.'

"When Grant reached the James in safety after his successful march, he did not follow McClellan's example and repose under the shadow of his gunboats. He was a man of action and possessed of obstinate persistency, and he would not lie idle. Besides, he had the Washington authorities at his back and he was indifferent to

criticism at home. So he immediately moved across the James towards Petersburg. He attacked Beauregard on the 15th, on the Petersburg lines, with Smith's corps. The day following he reinforced Smith and renewed the attack, and on the 17th he carried the outer lines. There Beauregard held him in check until Lee arrived on the 18th.

“It was on the 17th that the incident of the volunteer attack upon the Bermuda Hundred lines took place. I was an eye witness to it, and this is what occurred: By the afternoon all the line had been retaken except a portion in front of the clay house. The order had been given to Generals Field and Pickett to move against them from the lines which they held. Meanwhile, however, the engineers had reported that the line we had already taken was strong enough, and that it would be a needless waste of life to attempt any more. The order not to make the attack was then issued, but it reached only General Field in time. Pickett was already engaged in the attack when it arrived. He at once sent to General Gregg and urged him to go in and protect his flank. Gregg instantly consented, but could not wisely move until he had sent a like message to the troops on his right. At this moment, however, Pickett's advancing lines opened fire, and the men of the brigades in Field's division on Gregg's right—first squads of men and officers, then the standards, and then whole regiments—leaped over the entrenchments and joined in the charge without order. General Gregg and his Texans also went forward with them, and, in a short time, the position was ours. It was a gallant sight to see, and a striking evidence of the high spirit of troops who had now been fighting, for more than forty days, a continuous strain of battles. The position was a

strong one, but it was only held by a few troops and our losses were slight.

"The next day the Federals made a desperate assault upon the interior lines of Petersburg, but they met with a bloody repulse. Generals Lee and Beauregard were both on the field, and the assault made no impression upon our lines whatever, but it convinced Lee that the time for a decisive blow had come.

"An attack on the Federals was arranged for day-break on the 24th. It was to begin with a heavy fire of artillery from Archer's hill, on the north bank of the Appomattox, enfilading the enemy's line near the river. The infantry of Hoke's division, sustained by Field's division, was to begin with the capture of the line next the river, and then sweep along the line uncovering our front, and rolling up the Federal right. If successful, this would compel General Grant to fight at a disadvantage in the open field. On the morning the attack began very auspiciously, and the line near the river was captured. But, through some error, the skirmishers were not sustained, and they fell into the hands of the enemy. The movement had failed, and was not persisted in. From this date the operations partook of the nature of a siege."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### ACROSS THE JAMES RIVER.

The transfer of the army across the Potomac—Grant's grand scheme—Butler against Petersburg—His failure to go in the movement of the 12th of June—The alarm about Washington—Over-cautious generalship—Smith's unnecessary deliberation—Lee in secure possession of Petersburg.

THE story of the transfer of the Army of the Potomac south of the James river would be incomplete without recital of the movements and military necessities that led to the change of base. One of the important elements of the grand scheme of the concentration and cooperation of all the Union armies, which Grant began with his assumption of the functions of the commander-in-chief, was the campaign mapped out for the Army of the James. Butler, in charge of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, commanded the various bodies of troops that were operating along the Atlantic coast. These were gradually concentrated until his forces in and around Norfolk and Yorktown numbered nearly forty thousand men. This was the Army of the James. The impression was carefully circulated that they would be again employed, as heretofore, in almost desultory operations against other coast defences of the lower Atlantic States. The possibility of their employment in more effective warfare against either Richmond or the Confederate armies in the field, seems not to have been even suspected by the enemy. Nevertheless Grant had intrusted to it one of the most important and promising of all the enterprises of his supporting armies.

The task which Grant assigned to Butler and his army was to move by way of the south bank of the James river against Petersburg and the southern railway communications of Richmond, and, if possible, to invest the latter city. At all events he was to prevent the reinforcement of Lee's army from Richmond. Thus the chief prize of the grand strategy of the armies was left to Butler to seize, while the lieutenant-general devoted his own energies to the more difficult work of destroying Lee's army.

While the defences of the Confederate capital had been made as strong as engineering skill could devise north of the city, the defences of the railways and approaches south, although so vitally important from every administrative and military consideration, were few, weak and intrusted almost wholly to local militia and a few convalescent soldiers. Every man fit for duty in the field, except a garrison of less than ten thousand men, had been sent to reinforce Lee's army, now terribly depleted by its rude shocks from Grant's still advancing forces. Had Butler's commanders played their part the destruction of Lee's command might have been accomplished before either of the great armies reached the James.

Butler, in accordance with his instructions, seized City Point on the James as early as May 5th. He reported the success of the general movement and the results of the reconnoissances toward Petersburg, but asked for reinforcements. Four days later he sent exciting news. He had landed at Bermuda Hundred, intrenched where his army could defend itself against the whole of Lee's force. Besides, he had destroyed many miles of the railroads between Petersburg and Richmond. He also reported that a large portion of Beaure-



gard's army was thus cut off from reinforcing the Confederate capital or Lee's army.

On the day of the terrible grapple of Grant and Lee at Cold Harbor the former received the news of the miscarriage of Butler's campaign. Instead of hurling his army against the handful of home-guards defending Petersburg, Butler had contented himself with a succession of isolated and weak attacks, which were easily repelled. After wasting nearly two weeks in this desultory campaigning he essayed to advance upon Richmond along the James. Met at Drury's Bluff by an inferior force hastily collected by Beauregard, and with difficulty repulsing desperate charges made to cut him off from the James, he had retired to his intrenchments about Bermuda Hundred. Beauregard then felt strong enough to send the bulk of his force to Lee, thus defeating every object comprised in the scheme of the campaign. A handful of old men and boys, aided by a single regiment of troops, had presented such a resolute front that their assailants had been held at bay until Beauregard, with all the men he could gather from the Atlantic coast, reinforced by Pickett's division from Lee's army, had assumed the offensive and cooped up Butler and his men at Bermuda Hundred.

The sole result of Butler's movements was the establishment of a base on the James river at which Grant's army could effect a junction and thence operate against the Confederate capital from the southward.

Deeply chagrined at the ill success of the Army of the James, Grant's plans were foiled almost as disastrously in another direction. Sigel, having advanced fifty miles up the Shenandoah valley, was struck by a force of Confederates at Newmarket and badly defeated. He had been expected to push forward as far as Staun-

ton, destroy the railroad and prevent the enemy from drawing further supplies from that still rich granary. Instead, he was in full retreat toward Strasburg, and the troops' opposed to him were at liberty to join Lee. Banks' campaign in northwestern Louisiana had been a disastrous failure. Sheridan, however, had made the raid between Lee's army and Richmond, penetrating to the suburbs of the Confederate capital, and throwing the heads of its executive departments into an agony of terror. However, being without infantry support, he would have been unable to hold the city, even had he taken it. Sherman, too, had driven Bragg out of Dalton by a brilliant movement. Thus the grand scheme of co-operation and concentration was successful only as to his own and Sherman's armies.

The transfer of the Army of the Potomac to the south bank of the James was now to be accomplished. The Confederate armies had been forced so close to Richmond that it was impossible by any other flanking movement to interpose between Lee and the Confederate capital. Grant was, however, in position to pass Lee's left and invest Richmond from the north, or to continue beyond the right, as before, and cross the James river. Halleck urged the investment here, but Grant saw the impracticability of a line north and east, and that the movement to Lee's right was the only available course. He then wrote Halleck that he should wait until his cavalry destroyed the Virginia Central Railway to the west, "and when this is effected I shall move the army to the south side of the James."

Sheridan left with two divisions on June 7th for the north and west of Richmond, leaving Wilson's division to cover the flanks of the army while crossing. On the night of that day Burnside and Warren had been re-

tired from the right, and were in full possession of the road to the James as far down the Chickahominy as Brittan's Bridge and Dispatch Station, on the York River Railroad, with Wilson picketing all the fords. Engineers were already studying the river for the best place to cross to City Point. This was the main position on the south side of the James, because the centring of the railways to the west and south and from Norfolk, at Petersburg, made that city on the Appomattox



VIEW OF THE CHICKAHOMINY NEAR MECHANICSVILLE.

the objective point for the continuation of the campaign. With Grant at Petersburg, Lee could not remain a week at Richmond, or anywhere else on the north bank of the James.

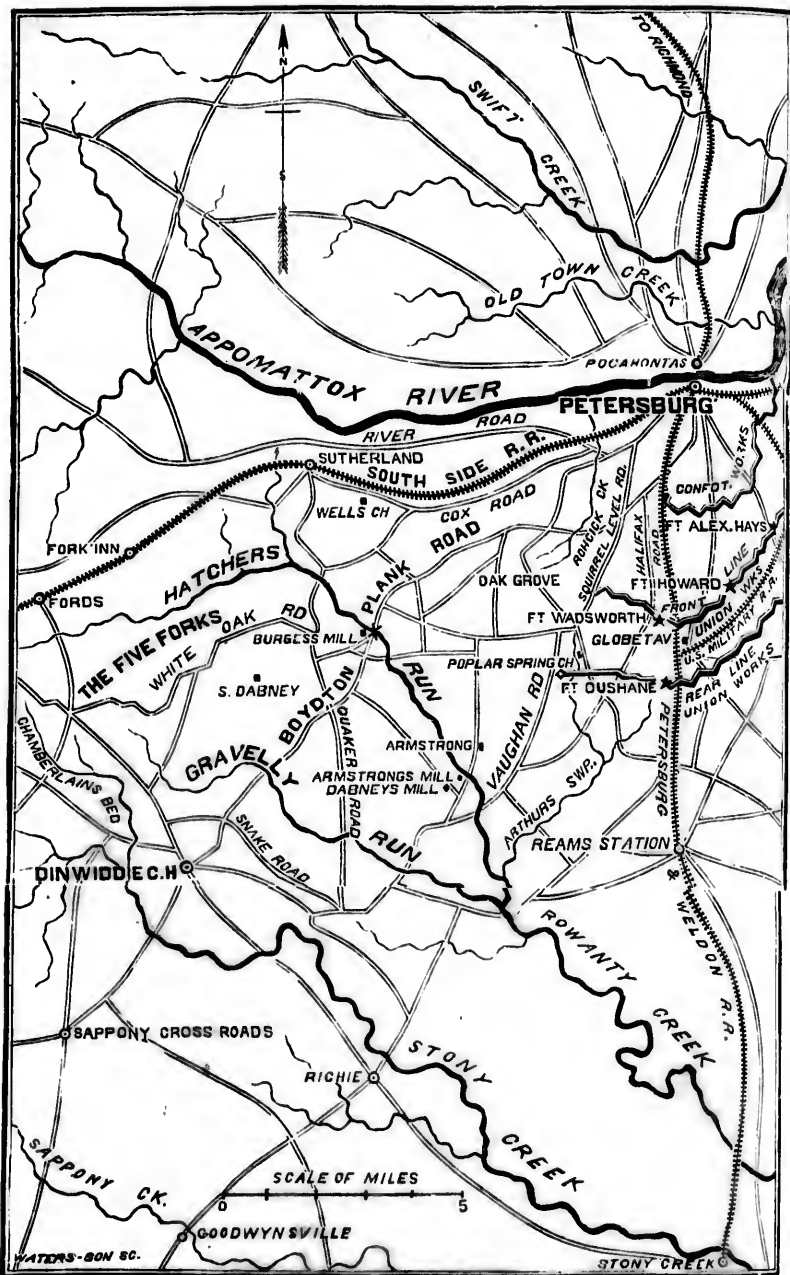
The movement was one of the most difficult and dangerous of the whole war, yet on the night of June 12th it was begun. Smith, who had been detached from Butler after the Petersburg failure, was sent back with his corps to City Point by water. The rest of the

army had a march before it of thirty-four miles to the James, through the difficult swamps of the Chickahominy bottom, and across that treacherous river to Wilcox's Landing, twelve miles below City Point. The base of supplies was removed from White House, on the York river, to City Point, by water, one hundred and fifty miles away. A pontoon bridge was laid across the Chickahominy after Wilson crossed, and before dark of the 13th Hancock was on the bank of the James, and crossed the next day on transports.

Smith arrived at Bermuda Hundred on the 14th, before the pontoon bridge was laid, and at midnight the movement of the Fifth, Sixth and Ninth corps was begun, and all were across before the morning of June 16th.

The authorities at Washington, stimulated by the nervous fears of General Halleck, were much alarmed at this change of base. It left nothing between Lee and Washington, unless Hunter, who had succeeded Sigel, in the valley, could be depended upon to hold Lee should he attempt another movement to the North like that of 1862 after the Peninsular campaign, and of 1863 after Chancellorsville. President Lincoln, however, who really seemed to have more military perception than half of the alleged generals about him, caught something of Grant's idea, and telegraphed him, June 16th: "I begin to see it; you will succeed. God bless you all."

The alarmists who were close to the ear of the President almost impressed him with their dread of the danger to Washington in consequence of Grant's operations. They did not perceive, as Grant did, that the depletion of Lee's forces during the six weeks of terrible fighting between the Rapidan and the James



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE ARMIES NEAR PETERSBURG.  
(628)

rendered the Confederate commander utterly unable to attempt an invasion of the North. Lee's command was weakened. The Confederate commander could estimate at its true value the fatal convergence of Union forces upon him. To weaken his army for any northern enterprise would lead to his inevitable ruin.

While Hancock was crossing, Grant ran up to Bermuda Hundred and instructed Butler as to the seizure of Petersburg. He was directed to send forward Smith at once on arrival, adding to his force all the troops he could spare from the line, while Hancock and the others, as fast as they crossed, would move on the east bank of the Appomattox to co-operate.

Everything now depended upon the immediate capture of Petersburg, but over-cautious generalship again defeated Grant's plan. His orders for rapid movement were not carried out, and the city was soon so strengthened by Lee's own army that it took weary months of toil and hard fighting before the prize was won. General Butler gave Smith the cavalry division under Kautz, and a division of colored troops under General Edward Hinks, increasing his effective force to about eighteen thousand men. The movement was to be made against the northeast side of the city, the line extending from City Point to the Norfolk Railroad—Kautz on the road, Hinks on the right, followed by Brooks and Martin-dale. There were not much over two thousand Confederates then in the city, but they were behind very strong field-works, protected in front by well-built and easily-defended rifle trenches. The column struck the enemy's pickets about six o'clock in the morning, at Baylor's farm, six miles from the city, where a battery opened. Kautz reconnoitred and formed a regiment



of dismounted cavalry, supporting a light battery. The colored division was thrown in, and cleared the ground; but the advance was delayed so that it was nine o'clock before the line moved forward, and not until 11 A. M. that the column had arrived in front of Petersburg. At noon the whole force was up.

Smith was afflicted with excess of caution, and, finding the works so much stronger than he expected, moved timidly along until it was half-past one o'clock before his line reached the point from which the assault was to be made. His previous service proved him to be a soldier of great skill and undoubted bravery, possessing cool judgment, but here his extreme caution had led him to take no risk without careful reconnoissance. Five long hours, when each moment was of supreme importance, were spent in examining the ground, selecting and planting his batteries on commanding points and forming his infantry. It was seven o'clock when he finally assaulted, not in force, however, but with a strong skirmish line, striking the works in front and flank, and by dark he was in possession of the whole outer line, two miles and a half long, with fifteen guns and half a thousand prisoners. All that remained between him and Petersburg was a part of Wise's brigade and a defeated mob of old men and boys of the local militia. His splendid troops had assaulted and swept over one of the strongest and best constructed lines of works that was ever built by the Confederates. His troops were flushed with their victory, and could easily have been swung forward successfully even against a much larger force. Besides, they had just been reinforced by two divisions—Birney's and Gibbons'—of Hancock's hammering veterans.

Smith was again "cautious" and decided to wait until



the coming day before continuing his movement. He had received information that the Confederates were rapidly crossing the James at Drury's Bluff. While this should have spurred him on to complete the advantage he had gained rather than risking it by delay, he fatally sat down, with Birney and Gibbons posted in his



GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CITY POINT.

captured line, and at daylight next morning a Confederate force had been thrown into Petersburg that lost to Grant the possession of the town he should have captured twelve hours before.

Had Hancock assumed command on arriving, he being the senior officer, the story of the war would probably have ended with the midsummer of 1864, for Hancock would certainly have pushed in and grasped the advantage gained.

By daylight of June 16th the whole of the Second corps was in line on Smith's left, and two divisions of



Wright's command had been sent to strengthen Butler's line to the north of the Appomattox. Believing that all had gone well with his plans, General Grant had remained at City Point, as being more central both to Petersburg and Butler; but at once, on learning of Smith's failure, he rode out to Petersburg, where he made a personal examination and left Hancock in command until Meade's arrival. Burnside had marched all night to the field and was posted on Hancock's left, and Warren was on his way from the James. Burnside's men must rest, and so the intended effort to repair Smith's fault was deferred to 6 P. M. The assault was made by Hancock's corps, with part of Burnside's and Smith's, but without result, except to gain ground close to the heavy redoubts where Lee's veterans were by this time posted so strongly.

Early the next morning, Friday, the Fifth corps formed on the extreme left, and at sunrise Burnside carried a strong redoubt in his front. All day long the whole line was engaged vigorously and was gradually advanced, but no great success was attained and the redoubt taken by Burnside was lost that night. The same day Butler's front was assaulted and forced back, and Wright, with two divisions, was sent to help him. Nothing substantial was accomplished. A general assault along Meade's front was ordered for Saturday morning, but the Confederates had retired to an inner and still stronger line, which was attacked at times from morn until dark with no better results than the day before. Lee remained securely in possession of Petersburg. All of the operations of Friday and Saturday were made under the personal supervision of Meade, who rose to the occasion, and proved himself worthy of the confidence Grant had in him.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### EARLY'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

Early's corps ordered to the Valley—Driving Hunter away—Beating Sigel—The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps at Washington—Early crosses the Potomac—Lew Wallace beaten at Monocacy—Early before the Washington defences—Driven back by the Sixth Corps—Chambersburg burned—Sheridan made commander of Shenandoah Valley forces—"Early whirling up the Valley"—Complete success of Sheridan's Valley campaign.

DURING these operations under the immediate eye of the Great Chieftain, other matters were occurring that proved the grasp he held on the whole situation. General Jubal A. Early, who had succeeded to the command of Ewell's corps of Lee's army, had gone in the late days of June and driven Hunter off to the Kanawha, in Western Virginia. The Shenandoah Valley was left open, and Early swept down that broad and fertile thoroughfare to Martinsburg, overwhelming Sigel's small force. Besides his own corps, he had the forces of Breckinridge, Imboden (one of the most dashing cavalry leaders of the Confederacy), McCausland, and Vaughn. Early's orders from Lee, on leaving to head off Hunter, were to swing back along the east side of the Blue Ridge and cross, if possible, the Potomac at Leesburg. He was given discretionary power, if he deemed best, to go down the Valley, and he adopted this plan. He had then, as is reported, nearly 25,000 effective men, including ten batteries.

Reaching Winchester July 2d, Sigel was quickly brushed away from Martinsburg, and by the 8th Early had passed South Mountain Gap in Maryland, and was at Frederick near the Monocacy. Grant heard of Early's



Early had defeated General Lew Wallace at the Monocacy, and quickly marched to the works on the north side of Washington. The crisis was so urgent that President Lincoln telegraphed his judgment to General Grant, that he should leave enough men to hold his line at Petersburg, and bring the rest with him personally and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy in the vicinity of the National Capital. Grant's faith was so great in his lieutenants that he decided not to go. He replied that Wright could do the work.

On the 11th of July, when Early attacked Washington at Fort Stevens, a handful of men met his advance and disputed its progress. Little by little it was driven back, consuming nearly the whole day in the unequal struggle. All this time there was really no serious bar to Early's entrance into the national capital. Only a few troops and clerks from the departments with guns in their hands stood in his way. All wondered why he did not enter, and the general supposition was that he did not know the condition of the defences. General Gordon, who was one of the leading officers of the expedition, now says that they were fully aware of the weakness of the defenders of the seat of government, but that, after thoroughly canvassing the matter in council, there were prudential reasons why they should not capture it. What these reasons were General Gordon does not state, but they are supposed to relate to the fear that the troops might become unmanageable and excite Northern indignation to a high and dangerous pitch by a sack of the capital, just at the moment when the Confederacy were receiving great encouragement from the depression of the North—a weakening on the part of the Unionists more valuable to the Southern cause than a victory. When Early's



ty.

On 9th sent to check of the city.

men had reached within short artillery range of the Fort, the flag of the Sixth Corps rounded the point of the fortifications and was welcomed with hearty cheers by the Federals. Wright threw his troops forward, and put them in line of battle as soon as possible, and before night fall these veterans built a wall of threatening iron to dispute Early's advance. The next day he was driven off. Wright followed him along his track down the Shenandoah, overtaking and punishing him severely at Snicker's Gap. Averill, who had come from Hunter's on the Kanawha, caught him at Winchester and took many guns and prisoners. A week later Early whirled about, and, attacking Crook and Averill, drove them back across the Potomac, and thrust forward McCausland with a small force of cavalry into Pennsylvania, where he burned Chambersburg because that town would not pay half a million ransom. Early, when forced back, was gathering the vast harvests of the rich Shenandoah Valley and sending the much-needed supplies to Richmond for Lee's army.

In this trial Grant's broad grasp of the situation of affairs was well proven, for here he was more perplexed than at any other time. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed him from Washington that "nothing can be done here for want of a commander. General Augur commands the defences of Washington, with McCook and a lot of brigadier generals under him; Wright commands his own corps. General Gillmore has been assigned to the temporary command of those troops of the Nineteenth Corps in the city of Washington; General Ord to command the Eighth Corps, and all other troops in the Middle Department, leaving Wallace to command the city alone. But there is no head to the whole, and it seems indispensable that you should at once appoint one."

It was at this time that President Lincoln asked Grant to come to Washington "personally," but the General-in-Chief had Wright placed in general command, regardless of the seniority of Hunter, Wallace and Augur.

Dana had also said (by direction of the Secretary of War): "*Advice or suggestion from you will not be sufficient. General Halleck will not give orders except as he receives them.*" The President will give none, and until you direct positively and explicitly what is to be done everything will go on in the deplorable manner in which it has gone on for the past week." Every one turned to Grant, whose sturdy valor had impressed the country with an unflinching faith. Even when Wright was designated to command, President Lincoln sent for General Hunter and excused the order relieving him, saying that it was only temporary, and urging him to withdraw his very proper request to be relieved. The order assigning Wright to command all the troops left Hunter as commander of a department, with but a single company to command.

Grant wanted the Sixth Corps back with him, and urged that General W. B. Franklin be assigned to the command, but antagonism was shown at Washington against this detail.

The situation was imminent. Grant promptly decided that a head was wanted in that region, and on the 2d of August named Sheridan as Commander of the Middle Military Division, embracing the commands of Hunter, Crook, Averill, Wallace and Kelly. Western Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania were exposed to invasion. Grant decided to look over the ground in person before issuing any positive orders; and so, leaving City Point August 4th, he went to Harper's Ferry to confer with the commanders there.

Sheridan relieved Hunter and with the Eighth, Sixth and Nineteenth Corps and Torbert's and Wilson's divisions of cavalry was ordered to clear the Valley of the Shenandoah of the enemy, and destroy all supplies he could not use. The story of the next three months showed how well he obeyed orders; for, besides his victories, he reported that "a crow flying over this region would have to carry his own rations with him."

Sheridan's operations in the valley, the battle of Winchester and of Cedar Creek, when he sent Early "whirling up the valley," defeated and destroyed, have little to do with this narrative except to show how true Grant's judgment was in selecting his subordinate commanders.

This history is recalled simply to show how absolutely every official from the President down, leaned upon Grant in this crisis. No one would assume any responsibility and the entire direction of military affairs in all the various departments as well as about Washington was left to the Lieutenant-General. In this emergency, when the war was being declared a failure, when the enemy was hammering at the doors of the national capital, and the heart of the North, both as to resources and men, was sinking to the point of despair, every one seems to have looked to this plain, unassuming man for guidance and protection. In this dark hour he never flinched, and a reunited country is the result of his manly self-confidence and firmness.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### GORDON IN THE VALLEY.

Hunter in Virginia—His move to Kanawha—The Confederate advance on Washington—Sheridan sent to the rescue—Gordon's story of the campaign—Winchester—Overlooking the Federal camp at Cedar Creek—The attack at dawn—Defeat of the Federals—Sheridan's arrival—Defeat changed into victory—The valley clear.

HUNTER had been sent on his expedition up the valley of the Shenandoah, and for a time he completely disappeared as far as Grant's knowledge of his whereabouts was concerned. There was considerable uneasiness about him until it became known that he had gone west toward Kanawha, and had found a position which left him safe enough but of not much use to the national cause. What was of more moment he had left the valley entirely unprotected, and there was virtually a broad, open highway to Washington for the Confederate troops. Lee was too good a general not to see and take advantage of such a golden opportunity. General Early was immediately sent up the valley, and the wildest alarm prevailed at the national capital. The politicians, who had been giving elaborate military opinions and meddling with officious ignorance in the plans of campaigns, were suddenly startled at the prospect of getting a little practical experience of war. A cry went up instantly for protection; and General Sheridan, with the Sixth and the Nineteenth corps and his cavalry under command of Torbett, was sent to the rescue. General Gordon tells the Confederate story of what happened:



"As we moved off from Washington, the Sixth corps was immediately put under Sheridan. We had a great deal of confidence in ourselves. We had had a clear field and the army was in good spirits. Across the Potomac we stopped to rest and to gather forage and food. We also did some recruiting. Sheridan attacked us at Winchester and we were routed. It was the first battle we lost in the valley. Indeed, before that we had not even had a check of any kind. We had been enabled to live off the country and to even forward supplies to Richmond.

"When Sheridan came up in the valley our troops were very much scattered. This, of course, because it was more convenient to feed them in that way, and we had not gotten well in line when we were plunged in the midst of battle. The Federal assault was confident and impetuous, and we were in no condition to resist it. One division after another broke, and when the sun went down on the evening of the 19th of September the Federal victory was complete. We had been beaten in detail. The attack was too sudden to enable us to consolidate our forces and use them to the best advantage, and we were shattered and demoralized.

"Dejected and broken we moved down the valley to Fisher's Hill, where we had a very strong position. There we stopped and recruited and tried to repair the damage which had been done. Our soldiers were very much disheartened, however. The transformation from a hopeful and advancing army to a beaten and retreating one was too great. Three days later we were attacked in our position and again defeated.

"For nearly a month there was a respite, and then came Cedar Creek. For the time being we won one of the great victories of the war. Every detail of the move-

ment was carefully planned, and for twelve hours it was supremely successful. I had gone the day before, October 18th, to the top of what is called Massanutten mountain, where we had a signal corps stationed, and had taken observations through the field-glasses. There was a magnificent bird's-eye view. The Shenandoah was the silver bar between us. On the opposite side of the river I could distinctly see the red cuffs of the artillerymen. I could even count the men who were there. The camp was splendidly exposed to me. I marked the position of the guns, and the pickets walking to and fro, and observed where the cavalry was placed. It flashed upon me instantly that the expectation of General Sheridan was that we would attack him on his right, which was the only place supposed possible for the advance of any army. His left was protected by the Shenandoah; at this point the mountain was very precipitous and the river ran around it. There was no road at all and the point was guarded only by a mere cavalry picket. I saw our opportunity in an instant, and I told the officers present that, if General Early would permit me to move my corps (I was then commanding Ewell's corps) down to this point, I could get around the mountain. Both sides believed this was impossible, but I felt sure that it could be done. My plan was to dismount our cavalry, attack Sheridan's cavalry when dismounted and keep them from moving. I knew that if we could do this we would gain a great victory.

"This plan was submitted, talked over and finally substantially agreed upon. I took my command, having ordered them to leave their canteens, sabres and everything that could make a noise behind. I knew that our only dependence was in absolute secrecy and in a complete surprise. After inspecting things with my staff I

found I could get my men around the mountain by putting them in single file. I discovered still another place where the horses could be led, although the venture would be exceedingly dangerous. Still the expedition was essentially one of great peril, and more or less danger was of little consequence.

“Early in the night I began to move my men around the mountain. My object was to have them all ready for an attack before daylight in the morning. The movement took all night. All through the hours of darkness the silent figures moved to their position near the sleeping enemy. An entire brigade of cavalry was moved in this way, and reached the point about an hour and a half in advance of the men. I instructed the cavalry that as soon as I got ready to move they were to proceed in my front, rush across the river, open on the cavalry pickets and capture them if possible. If they could not do this they were to put their horses to full speed, ride right through the Federal camp, firing their pistols to the right and the left as they passed through, and make directly for Sheridan’s head-quarters and capture him. At that time I did not know that Sheridan was absent and Wright in command. I had selected his house from the flags which floated from it, and the couriers who were constantly going in and out. My orders were: ‘Go right through the Federal camp with your command before daylight and right to General Sheridan’s head-quarters. Capture him!’ Before the movement began we had compared watches so that the attack might be simultaneous.

“On the morning of the 19th, just about daylight, we fired three or four shots. Away the Federal pickets went, with our cavalry brigade after them. I rushed across, wading the river, with my whole corps of infantry.

We went with a rush and double-quick. Before starting I had selected the house on the road at which the head of my column should stop. It was a white house at the turn of the road further down towards the river, and was on the flank of the enemy's line. As soon as I got there I was in position, and I had nothing to do but to close up in front and move. Dashing forward with one brigade we plunged into the enemy's camp and found the men asleep. Many of them never awoke in this world. We went right through them and shot every one in flight. The cavalry had reached the head-quarters and General Wright barely escaped, leaving his papers behind him, and they fell into our hands. We killed and wounded between seven and eight thousand of the panic-stricken and bewildered Federals and broke two corps entirely to pieces. The loss in my command was only about two hundred. By sunrise we occupied the breastworks. The enemy's cavalry was forced to retreat before Rosser, although superior to him in numbers. We did not press our advance. The enemy still had the Sixth corps in reserve, but we drove it back and captured a few of its pieces. That was the battle of Cedar Creek, and it was a complete victory.

"But the triumph did not last. Our men were intoxicated with their victory and were careless and out of line. Sheridan had heard the noise of the conflict in the morning and he came thundering down from Winchester. He found his men scattered along the road in terror-stricken confusion, and he compelled them to turn about and follow him. He was a fury on horseback, dashing here and there among the flying soldiers, and beating them back to the field of death which they had quitted. Meanwhile the men who were retreating from the front had been brought to some sort of order.

“Then followed one of the most extraordinary reversals in the history of any war. As soon as Sheridan reached the field he re-formed his line and practised upon us precisely the same movement which had demoralized his own forces in the morning. He just moved around our flank, swept down it and whipped us out of existence. He broke our line all to fragments, and routed the whole army most absolutely. It was as thorough a defeat as I ever saw. The day had dawned upon victory and exultation. It closed upon utter disaster and dejection. Two distinct battles had been fought, and in the last we lost all that we gained in the first one and all that we had before. The reaction was dramatic in its suddenness and completeness, and when we left the field that evening the Confederacy had retired from the Shenandoah. It was our last fight in the valley.”

## CHAPTER XLVI

### THE DEPRESSION OF 1864.

Despondency of the American people—Ignorance of the nation about war—Clamoring for a conclusion—The war declared a failure—"Peace at any price"—The Northwestern conspiracy—Grant's remarkable letter to Admiral Ammen—His thorough knowledge of the situation—Fall of Atlanta—The cry for Sherman—The relations of the two generals.

THE pessimism of public sentiment in the North during 1864 was full of serious results to the Federal army. It encouraged the Confederacy, upheld the hands of its sympathizers, embarrassed the Northern commanders, and injured the national credit. The press was voluble with absurd suggestions, and the people were in a profoundly anxious state of mind. Uneducated in war, ignorant of the patience and detail which are necessary to the winning of campaigns, the apparently slow progress towards a conclusion consumed them with nervous impatience. They were continually clamoring for progress; but the popular idea of progress was that it meant a rapid and dramatic succession of battles. They could not understand that whenever a base of supplies had been cut off from the Confederate capital, famine had won a victory in the campaign, and that the victories of famine prepared the way for the victories of arms. The knowledge of the factors of final success was not theirs. Soldiers knew, but the soldiers were at the front. The great body of public sentiment persisted in its illy-based resentment, and lost courage in its causeless despair.

The public was very forgetful. The exultation of the

Southwest campaign had already become a forgotten pride. The opening of the Mississippi, which had once seemed so momentous, now appeared but a trivial incident of a past era. The triumphs of Sheridan in the valley were bits of war-color that had faded. The strong, steady advance across the Rapidan had lost its glory, and was only remembered as the first step in a policy of inexcusable delay. It was nothing that there had been no backward steps. That was because of "brute force" and "overwhelming numbers" and "unlimited supplies," and all the rest of the cant phrases of the day. The fact stood out that Richmond had not fallen, and the impression was general that the army lay in a comatose condition, and did not move because it would not move.

Many people could not understand why it would not be the easiest thing in the world for Grant to put his army on dress-parade some fine morning, start up the bands, unfurl the flags, and march into the Confederate capital and end the rebellion. It looked easy enough to those who depended solely upon their imaginations for their military information.

The effect of this discontent upon the armies was very embarrassing. Officers hesitated to make necessary movements because of the criticisms which would follow. They feared to attempt demonstrations which the situation demanded, because the voluble ignorance of the stay-at-home critics would call the final retirement of the troops a defeat and a retreat. No better illustration of this can be given than the despatch which Sherman sent to Grant when he was ordered to demonstrate before Haines' Bluffs, while Grant made the real attack on Grand Gulf. In it he explained that, although the country would mistake his feint for an assault and look

upon his withdrawal as a repulse, he would trust to the judgment of time for justice. It was this persistent meddling which hampered our commanders sorely; the forgetfulness and ingratitude for what they had done, and the impatient demand that they should commit themselves to policies which they knew meant defeat and ruin.

Out of this depression grew the "peace-at-any-price" cry. That cry was almost fatal to the cause of the Union. A powerful political party took it up, nominated a man who had been the great commander in the early days of the conflict, and went before the country with the declaration that the war was a failure. Even citizens who were thoroughly in sympathy with the national idea were affected by it, and filled with profound concern for the final results. There was a paralysis of patriotism, and the calls for fresh troops were unanswered.

The war had been a weary drain, and the excitement of quick victories was necessary to sustain Northern patience. It had not yet been educated to an appreciation of the strength of methodical movement, of slow but certain progress, of wary and comprehensive warfare. It did not know that only the limbs of the Confederacy had been lopped off, and that Grant was now engaged in crushing its heart.

Nor did the North understand that its discontent was prolonging the war by inspiring the Confederacy. It could not see that, where so much had been risked, the South would go to the extreme to obtain the great stake for which it was fighting, and that every attack upon the Northern commander was applause of the man who led the Confederates. It did not see that the foreign sympathizers of the rebellion, who had already advanced millions to assist in disunion, would advance more and



thus add to the fighting resources of the South, as long as the depression of the North gave them hope of a fortunate result.

The South was fighting for secession and slavery. What the "peace-at-any-price-party" proposed to give them involved secession and slavery. It meant that all the patriotism which had been displayed was a purposeless enthusiasm; that all the blood that had been spilled was a pathetic waste; that the hands of the clock were to be turned back to 1861 and the division of the Union be made permanent. Noble encouragement, this, for the men who were dying at the front.

It is, of course, true that the general despondency was skilfully nursed by Confederate emissaries at the North. But they found little difficulty in convincing the public that the war was being conducted upon a policy of radical waste and inexcusable delay. It was quick to suspicion and slow to judgment. Its impatient vociferation and loud complaint reached Washington, and the authorities who were between the armies and the public moved about uneasily, wagged their heads in wise confidence, and tried to hurry that which could not be hurried. It was a problem which could not be solved by the omission of two or three of the necessary processes.

The year grew older and the clamor grew louder. The air was heavy with the elements of a storm. Conspiracy stepped from behind the mask of discontented loyalty. Impatience at the Federal army became the pretext for rendering almost open aid to the Confederacy. Everywhere there were coldness and cabal. Emissaries of disunion flitted through the North, sowing the seeds of internal dissension. Loyalty hung its head in sorrow, while discord walked the streets with lifted brow. There was still the silent progress at the front; still the excited

denunciation in the rear; still the nervous doubt and apprehension at Washington.

At last there came almost a climax. A gigantic conspiracy had been born of the opportunity presented. A Northwestern department of the Confederacy was formed, with head-quarters at Chicago, and men were recruited in many Northern cities to enlist in its cause. The base of the conspiracy was the argument that the Union was sure to be dissevered, and that contiguous States with common interests should take care of each other in the crash. It involved the release of the Confederate prisoners at Camps Chase and Douglas, and at Johnson's island, and the seizure of all the national property in the Northwest. The plot was discovered and throttled, but so dangerous was the state of the public mind at the time that every detail of the exposure and suppression was carefully concealed. The national government did not dare to reveal the truth.

Meanwhile Grant was investing Richmond. The sounds of the discontent came to him, but he continued in his purpose undisturbed and undismayed. He could see the end that seemed so far away to the people who had lost confidence in him, and all he wanted was the time to carry out his plans. But he understood the situation in the rear fully and was not deceived by any of its symptoms. How keen his analytical power was and how fully he grasped the after-consequences of a compromise is shown in the following important letter to Admiral Ammen, now for the first time given to the public:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE U. S., CITY POINT, VA.,  
*August 18, 1864.*

DEAR AMMEN:

Your letter of the 2d was duly received. I regret not having made better progress in whipping out the rebellion, but feel conscious of

having done the best I knew how. This army has fought desperately since it left Culpepper and has gained this substantial advantage: the enemy is afraid to fight it out on an open field, whilst the Army of the Potomac feels confident of success whenever the terms are anything like equal.

Several times we have had decisive victories within our grasp, but let them, through accident or fault, slip through our hands. Our movement from Cold Harbor to the south side of the James was made with such celerity that before the enemy was aware of it, and before he got a single regiment across the river, our forces had carried the fortifications east of Petersburg. There was nothing, not even a military force, to prevent our walking in and taking possession, and the officer charged with this work, for some unaccountable reason, stopped at the works he had captured and gave the enemy time to get in a garrison and intrench it.

On the 31st of July again, by a feint north of the James, we drew most of the enemy to that side of the river, and, whilst he was there (with my troops quietly withdrawn during the night), a mine judiciously prepared was exploded, burying a battery and some three hundred of the enemy, and making a breach in their works into which my men marched without opposition. The enemy was completely surprised and began running in all directions. There was nothing to prevent our men from marching directly to the high ground in front of them, to which they had been directed to go, and then all the enemy's fortifications would have been taken in reverse and no stand would have been made. It is clear that, without a loss of five hundred men, we could have had Petersburg, with all of its artillery and many of its garrison.

But our troops stopped in the crater made by the explosion. The enemy was given time to rally and reoccupy his line. Then we found, true enough, that we had the wolf by the ears. He was hard to hold and more dangerous to let go. This was so outrageous that I have obtained a court of inquiry to sift the matter.

We will peg away, however, and end this matter if our people at home will be true to themselves. If they would but reflect, everything looks favorable. The South now have every man in the ranks, including old men and little boys. They have no longer means to replace a man who is lost, whilst, by enforcing the draft, we have abundance of men. Give us half the men called for by the draft and there will hardly be any resistance made. The rebellion is now fed and sustained by the bickering and differences North. The hope of a

counter-revolution over the draft or the presidential election keeps them together. Then, too, they hope for the election of a peace commission which will let them go.

A "peace at any price" is fearful to contemplate. It would be but the beginning of war. The demands of the South would know no limits. They would demand indemnity for expenses incurred in carrying on the war; and they would demand a treaty looking to the return of all fugitive slaves escaping to the Northern States, and they would keep on demanding until it would be better to be dead than to submit longer.

My staff officers, generally, have been sick. I am the only one at head-quarters who has escaped entirely; and General Rawlins, Colonels Badeau and Rowley are now absent, sick, and three others of the staff have been absent but have returned improved. The health of the troops, however, is generally good.

I shall be glad to hear from you at all times.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

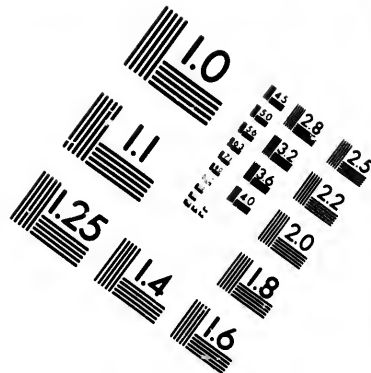
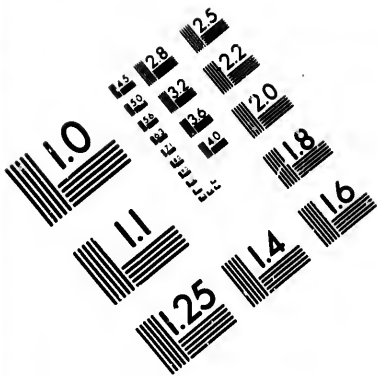
Commander Daniel Ammen, U. S. Navy.

"If the country would only reflect." But it would not reflect. It confounded impressions with conclusions and mistook ignorant judgments for measured opinions. It looked at the campaign in detail instead of as a whole, and vital steps were taken which it failed entirely to comprehend.

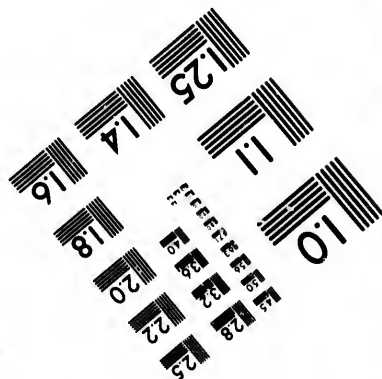
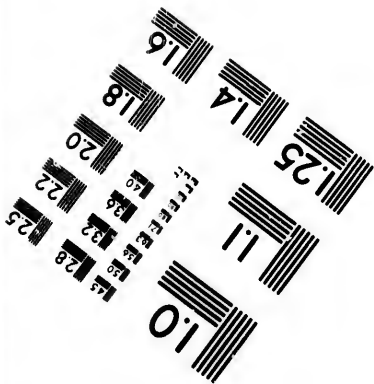
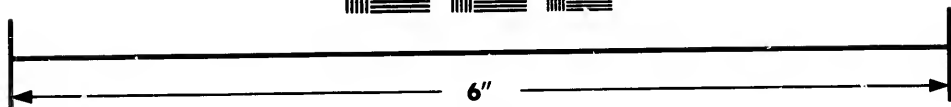
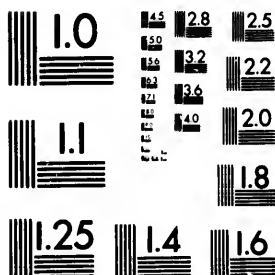
When Atlanta fell it had a new idol. Sherman, by a masterly campaign, had compelled the Confederates to evacuate their stronghold. At once he was lifted to the dangerous pedestal of popular idolatry. A cry went up that he should supersede Grant in the command of the armies. The victory was looked upon as an unexpected and isolated one, which bore in no way upon the general plan of campaign, and the loud-voiced many who, two years ago, had shouted that Sherman was crazy, now proclaimed him the only man who could end the rebellion.

It was a most remarkable transformation scene. The





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

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(716) 872-4503

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fact that the investment of Richmond had prevented reinforcements from going to Johnston, who was operating against Sherman, was not thought of, and the fact that, after the fall of Atlanta, Sherman was, for the first time, free to co-operate with Grant in the larger campaign, was quite neglected. The greater fact that the blows given the Confederacy in northern Georgia were an absolutely necessary step in the progress towards the reduction of Richmond was not understood at all. Sherman had shown great generalship. He had proven his capacity to handle a very large body of troops, but he was constantly under the eye of Grant and each commander conceded the military genius of the other. They were mutually helpful. The qualities of each were of the marked strong type which lifted them to the higher and manlier plane where there were no small spites and petty jealousies, but only generous appreciation and soldierly magnanimity. Sherman wrote: "General Grant's letter of April 4th formed the basis of all the campaigns of the year." In a communication to Grant he frankly and naturally said: "I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me." The heartiest congratulations which Sherman received on his victory came from Grant. The folly of the North could not come between them.

Meanwhile Grant lay before Petersburg. The clamor in the rear did not disturb his placid temperament. He had heard it once before, and had drowned it in the shouts of triumph which went up when Vicksburg fell. The politicians in Washington whispered and looked dubious, but he cared nothing for their lugubrious time-serving. At no time had he missed an opportunity to express his contempt for political interference in military affairs. Lincoln believed in him, and this was enough.



The President was his strong arm, and read the situation thoroughly. But for this the depression might have reached a point which would have resulted in Grant's removal and the indefinite prolongation of the war.

There had been mishaps and delays, but these belonged in a campaign the object of which was so comprehensive and final. Of ultimate success he had not the faintest doubt. He knew that it was purely a problem in mathematics, and that if he worked the necessary time the answer would be obtained. But he disliked to see the enemy strengthened in spirit by the fears and follies of the North, and he said so. His self-reliance and confidence were supreme. He never allowed himself to doubt for a moment that Lee's army would escape him. He had started in to "whip out the rebellion"—to use his favorite expression—and he intended to do so.

And he did do so. Any other man would have been overwhelmed by the storm behind him; but he could see beyond a few months, and he knew that a victory would still it. He had no vanity to be hurt, but only his duty to do; and his consistent recognition of this is what kept him from being swerved into rashness in the days when the nation was trying to plan a campaign by caucus and end a rebellion by stump-speeches. But never was the cause of the Union in greater peril than during the depression and despondency of 1864.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE GREAT GAME.

Lee loses the Weldon Railroad—Touching Lee's lines here and there—Movements north of the James—The battle of Chapin's farm—Capture of Fort Harrison—General Stannard's story of Grant's fearlessness in battle—General Sherman's visit—Capture of Fort Steadman—Breaking Hill's lines—President Lincoln comes to review the army and witnesses a battle—The beginning of the end.

IN the early part of August the Army of the Potomac was in front of Petersburg with many weary months of conflict yet before it. It consisted of the Second corps, with Hancock, who had returned; the Fifth, still under Warren, and the Ninth, with Parke, Burnside having been assigned to other duty. The Eighteenth corps had been withdrawn to Butler's lines, and two divisions of the cavalry had gone with Sheridan to the new campaign in the Shenandoah valley.

The dust at the explosion of the crater had hardly settled back to its old bed before Grant directed Meade to "send a corps of infantry and a couple of divisions of cavalry" around to the left to cut again the Weldon Railway. The Second corps did the work, for, before the movement could be made, the necessities of the situation before Early had sent the cavalry away to Washington.

Grant had gone during the first week in August to the Monocacy to put Sheridan formally in his new command, and returned August 9th to City Point. He at once began a series of movements to divert Lee's attention and keep him from sending help to Early's

front, and the battles at Deep Bottom and Newmarket Heights followed. Hancock was ostentatiously placed with his corps on transports to move down the James the afternoon of August 13th, but when night fell the steamers turned, and before dawn had joined Terry, of the Tenth corps, at Deep Bottom, where, two days later, was fought as sharp and gallant an action as any during the war. Grant went to the field himself in this operation and directed the movements in person.

The charging was across full two miles of low, marshy ground defended by numerous rifle trenches, fronted by dense lines of brush, like abatis. This was carried and the heights beyond swept over, before day had faded into night. Hancock held the right and Terry was on the left, while Kautz, of Butler's command, pushed well out, headed by the Fourth Massachusetts, led by the gallant Moylan. Grant had been informed that Lee had sent three divisions away to help Early, but found from this fight that only Kershaw's had gone, with Anderson in charge. Others were prepared to go, but this dash held them, and the Second corps was swung back to the Army of the Potomac to make a movement to the left, for Grant instinctively turned to Hancock whenever he needed work requiring a combination of nerve, energy and dash—so rarely found in one man; and it is a singular fact that Badeau, General Grant's chosen biographer, does not find an opportunity for criticizing Hancock, while he has more or less of fault to find with almost every other general in the army.

By the movement on the north side of the James Grant had attracted a large part of Lee's force there, and now came the time to hit them hard. Warren reached out to the left, and struck the Weldon Railroad again, destroying half a dozen miles of track. Mahone,

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who commanded a division of A. P. Hill's corps of Confederates, however, struck him on the flank on his thin line, and rolled him back for a moment. Here, when disaster seemed imminent, Warren's talent shone at its best. Swinging round his line, he gave the Confederates a thrashing that lost them for all time the posses-



GENERAL WARREN.

sion of the Weldon Railway. The Federal loss was very heavy in prisoners, as well as the killed and wounded, but the gain more than balanced the account. Lee could no longer receive supplies from the south, except by a wide detour by rail that practically cut him off.

Hancock then, with the gallant Second corps, was

sent down to the left, and fought the third battle at Ream's Station, where he met a much larger force than he looked for, but struggled there for four days before giving way. The Confederate force returned when he did. The price paid in men was horrible, now that the reader may look at it after these long years; but the Confederate lines were hemmed in to within three miles of the town they were fighting so hard to hold. Very speedily the military railway was built from City Point around to the Weldon road. This relieved General Ingalls, chief quartermaster (Grant's classmate), of much more than half his work of supplying the army.

Petersburg was now well-nigh besieged, and the work of investment went on. Day in and day out guns on Grant's front shrieked out loud inquiries to Lee that were promptly answered from the well-armed Confederate bastions. The history of one day told the story of each succeeding one during the long months when the two great chieftains confronted each other at Richmond's outwork. Yet Grant was not idle during all that weary time of anxiety to the impatient North and the struggling Southerners.

Leaving in September but a light line along the front of Bermuda Hundred, Grant moved Butler to the north of the James again, with Terry and the Tenth corps, and Ord, with the Eighteenth corps. This was a part of Grant's plan to prevent Lee from sending reinforcements to harass Sherman, who was in the enemy's country with no communication behind him for one hundred and fifty miles, and none in front for three hundred miles, and to prevent fresh forces being sent to Early in the valley to annoy Sheridan. Besides this intent to help Sherman and Sheridan, the earthworks north of the James were the only obstacles to an easy

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entry into Richmond. Therefore, Grant made his play with two objects in view, the most important, of course, being the capture of the Confederate capital. His orders to Butler were very explicit, and after wiring Sherman and Sheridan, "I will give them another shake here before the end of the week," he notified Butler that "the object of this movement is to surprise and capture Richmond, if possible. This cannot be done if time is given to the enemy to move forces to the north of the river. Should the outer line be broken the troops will push to Richmond with all promptness."

Then he gave directions to Butler as to what he should do in case he succeeded in getting into Richmond. But while he was encouraging him with the idea that his army might capture the Confederate capital, he said to Meade, "It is hardly expected that so much can be accomplished."

He ordered the Army of the Potomac, however, to be ready to move in any direction at four o'clock on the morning of the 29th of September, 1864, and the night before directed that the Tenth and Eighteenth corps be moved under cover of the darkness to the north side of the James, to march from Deep Bottom to the attack before dawn.

The Eighteenth corps, under Ord, with Stannard's division in the advance, struck the enemy at Chapin's farm, and the seventeen regiments under command of General Stannard fought the battle there and captured Fort Harrison, the strongest Confederate works north of the James river. Ord was wounded early in the advance and taken from the field, and Birney, with the Tenth corps, which was on the right, carried the intrenchments on the New Market road, but halted at a time when he should have pushed forward with renewed

energy. The only real achievement of the day therefore and the only result of the movement was the capture of Fort Harrison by Stannard.

The cares and responsibilities that were at that time pressing upon Grant were something enormous. Besides arranging the details of this movement, Sheridan's operations in the valley were under his scrutiny, as well as Sherman's in the centre of the Gulf States. Consultations with Secretary Stanton in relation to the semi-political features of the war were at this moment also under way, yet this did not prevent the Lieutenant-General from keeping a watchful eye over the important movement which he had directed against the fortifications in front of Richmond on the north side of the James river. But the best witness to these operations and the part Grant took in them is General Stannard, who led the assaulting force:

"The battle of Chapin's Farm," says he, "was a very severe engagement, and would have resulted in the capture of Richmond if the divisions behind me had gotten up in time to have pushed forward our first success. The seventeen regiments under my command had fought a desperate battle, made a most gallant assault, and had captured Fort Harrison, the chief fortification in front of Richmond on that side of the James. General Ord, my corps commander, had been wounded during the progress of the assault. My division carried the works completely, and I was inside re-forming my force after the charge. There was still a sprinkle of musketry firing, but the enemy's shells were flying through the air thick and fast. While practically the battle was on, so far as danger was concerned, I was astonished to see General Grant himself come right into the fort. He rode up to me and asked for the day's results. I said:



COOLNESS OF GENERAL GRANT AT THE CITY POINT EXPLOSION.



'We have captured the works, taken fifteen guns, and several hundred prisoners.'

"I stammered this out before I stopped to think of the danger General Grant was in. When I did gather myself, I said:

"'General, this is no place for you. Get behind the traverse.'

"'Well, what are you doing out here?' was his short reply.

"'It is my duty to be here,' I said; 'I am rallying my troops after the charge.'

"'Well, I can stand it if you can,' was his calm reply.

"I insisted that he should go behind the traverse, but it was with difficulty that I induced him to withdraw from the front and go to a more protected place. I could only do it then after he had mounted the works and looked over the situation. He could see through the smoke of the battle the church spires in Richmond, and got a nearer view of the Confederate defences about their capital than ever before. He finally went where there was less danger, and began writing his despatch to General Meade, giving what I had told him of the day's work, and making an order for another advance. I remember that right in the midst of his writing a shell burst almost directly over him. While every one around him dodged and got closer under the traverse, Grant continued his work with as much composure as though he had been sitting a hundred miles from the battle-field. I never saw a man in my life so utterly unconscious of personal danger without some show of ostentation, but Grant seemed to be perfectly composed and to take the dangers of a battle-field as a matter of no moment. He was the most quietly fearless man of his personal safety I ever saw.

"During the visit he made to Fort Harrison I conceived that General Grant held Butler more or less responsible for the failure of the other troops to come to my support. One of the first questions he asked me on arriving inside the casement was:

"'Where is General Butler?'

"'I don't know,' I replied.

"'Well, hasn't he a staff-officer here with you?'

"'No, sir,' said I; 'there was one with me, but I have not seen him since we crossed the river.'

"He expressed an earnest disapproval at the absence of the commanding officer and then rode away. He was a man of very few words, and what he said meant a great deal. He tried another advance, but it was too late. Lee's reinforcements had come up and our opportunity was lost. The next day Lee was in command in person, and they made desperate attempts to retake the fort we had captured. I lost my arm while defending it. During this expedition Kautz with his cavalry on our right got within three miles of Richmond, and generally we gave the Confederates a big scare. We should have captured their capital. But what I principally wanted to illustrate by this narrative was Grant's fearlessness in battle and his plain common-sense way of doing everything."

While Butler was still holding on north of the James, Parke and Warren had moved down past the Union left, and had a sharp fight at Peeble's farm, which resulted in serious loss, but all these movements developed the fact that Lee had sent no reinforcements to oppose Sherman or Sheridan.

The loss of the Weldon road constantly worried Lee, and he at once abandoned all attempts on the

Deep Bottom line, throwing his forces again to his right, and vigorously assaulted Warren and Hancock, but without serious effect.



THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

So, on through September and October went the struggle. Assault and counter-assault; Grant gaining

inch by inch in his immediate front, while the concentrating armies of Sherman and Sheridan were sweeping things before them. Sherman announced, September 4th, his capture of Atlanta, and Grant ordered a shotted salute from every gun in his front; Sheridan had "gone in" in the valley and rode down from Winchester to Cedar creek to crush all further opposition out from Early's force. Toward the middle of October Grant suspected Lee's intention to increase Early's force, but checked him with a demonstration north of the James, and in the last of that month set out with the whole of Meade's command to feel Lee's right.

The Confederates, on losing the Weldon road, seemed to have concluded that all their hopes depended on holding the Boydton plank-road, and they at once covered it with a line of works extending out from the Petersburg right to Hatcher's run. The movement began the morning of October 27th, and early the next day Hancock was at Burgess' mills across Hatcher's run, and only six miles from the Southside Railroad; Parke was on the right and Warren on the left, but the flank was not reached, and, finding the enemy held such strong advantage, the force was withdrawn after Hancock had gallantly repelled a heavy attack on his flank.

Early in December Gregg was sent with his cavalry to Stony creek on the Weldon road, where the Confederates had begun a branch road across to the Southside road, and destroyed the buildings and material collected, but was sharply pressed by Hampton on his return. Other small affairs occurred; but everything was so quiet along the line that leaves of absence and furloughs were plenty.

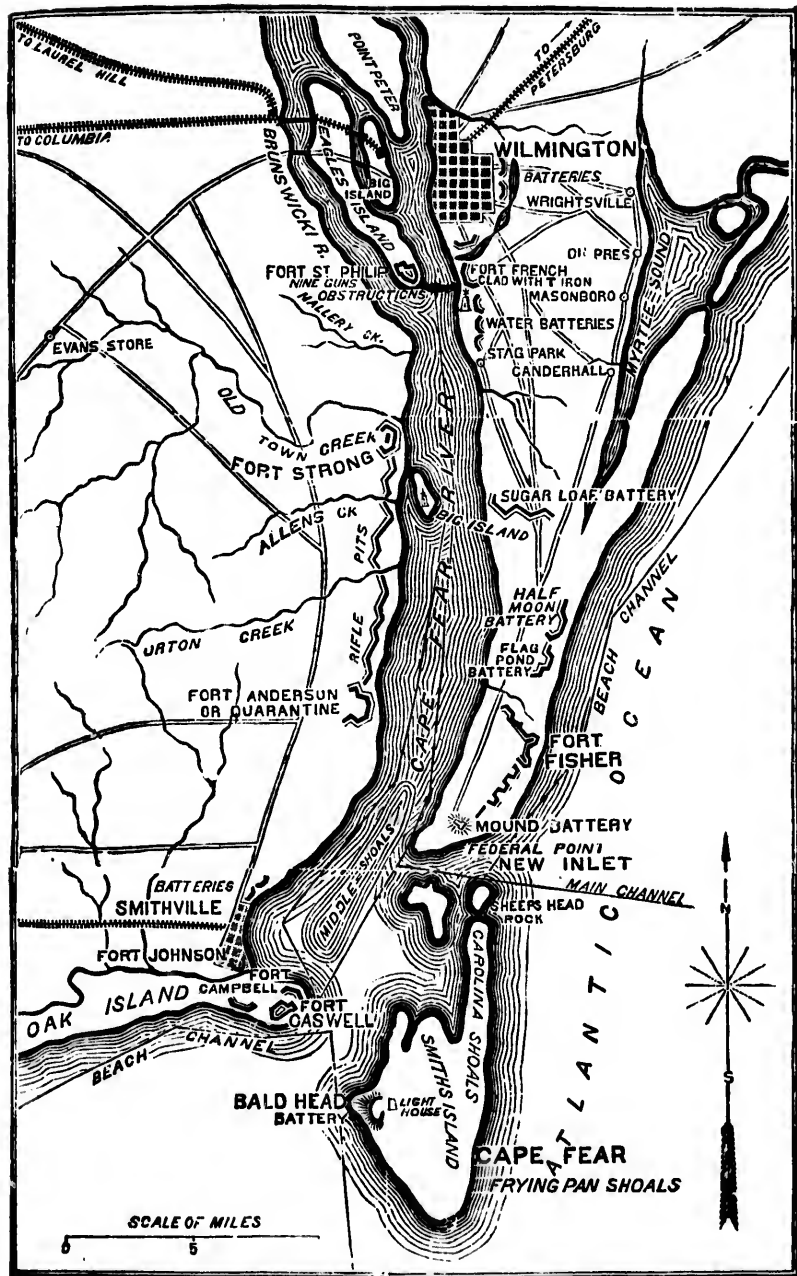
As the year drew near its close Sherman presented Savannah to the grateful nation as its Christmas gift

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MAP SHOWING THE APPROACHES TO WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.  
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after his "grand gallop through Georgia" from Atlanta; and, at Nashville, Thomas had hammered to fragments all that remained of the army that Hood believed would sweep across the Ohio to the North. General Butler had gone to Fort Fisher to close Wilmington to the blockade-runners, but "nobody was hurt," and a new expedition was organized under Terry that succeeded, in the next month, in doing the work.

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### A. H. STEPHENS AND LONGSTREET.

The Peace Commission—What Ben Hill said—Mr. Stephens' narrative—How the commissioners met the commander—Grant's rude head-quarters—A pen-picture of him—Interesting incidents of the meeting—Longstreet—Grant's anxiety for peace—Lee's position in the matter.

GENERAL GRANT'S real quality as a soldier did not penetrate into the Confederacy so far as Richmond until he was appointed lieutenant-general and grappled with Lee in the Wilderness. To be sure, he had given it some hard knocks in the West, but the general prediction among Southerners was that when he came East and met General Lee and the flower of their army there would not be much of him. But as each successive day passed after he crossed the Rapidan, and there was constant fighting and no disposition shown to yield an inch from the plan of campaign mapped out at the beginning, indifference changed to interest, and interest to concern, among the officials and statesmen gathered at the Confederate capital.

Before Grant was made lieutenant-general it would have been impossible to have induced Mr. Davis to have consented to the Peace Commission which met at Hampton Roads in 1865. But after he had pounded Lee's army from the Rapidan to the James, changed his base south of the last-named river, and began his investment of Petersburg, a thorough respect for his fighting capacity induced Mr. Davis to agree to the commission



which Francis P. Blair had opened the way for by his visit to Richmond.

Senator Ben Hill, then the leader of the Davis party in the Confederate Senate, however, once said to the writer that "It was not Grant's capacity as a warrior that induced Mr. Davis to create the commission, but he did it to keep Alexander H. Stephens' mouth shut." Be that as it may, the causes which brought Mr. Stephens inside the Federal lines at a critical moment in our national history are of little or no moment, so far as this narrative is concerned, but his story of the meeting with General Grant is just now of intense interest as illustrating a Confederate view of his character.

"Long before I was appointed as one of the commissioners," said Mr. Stephens, "I had conceived a great desire to see the new Federal commander, and when we started for his lines on the 29th of January, one of the greatest pleasures of the trip was the anticipation of seeing and conversing with General Grant. Before his promotion we had always reckoned that when General Lee beat the Union commander in the first engagement, as he usually did, we would have no more trouble with him for some time. But Grant had changed all this, and by this time had by his resolute ways and tenacious methods of conducting his campaign enforced a wholesome respect among us for his quality as a soldier, and awakened a decided interest in the manner of man who could match General Lee in tactical movements and keep up a contest with him over a battle-field sixty miles long.

"I had given up all idea of the success of our commission before we started, on account of the publicity that had been given to a matter that should have been kept the profoundest secret until the negotiations had been



concluded. It was extremely cold weather for our section of the country when we started for the Federal lines by rail. We arrived at Petersburg in good time and immediately communicated our purpose and presence to General Grant's head-quarters. We were two days in getting a reply. Lieutenant-Colonel Hatch accompanied the commission as its secretary, and he was constantly endeavoring to get some information from General Grant. I remember one day of his returning to us laughing heartily and saying that it was reported along the line that the general was on a big spree and could not be reached; but this we soon found to be a matter of fiction.

"It was the 31st of January before Grant notified us that he would communicate the fact of our presence to Washington and advise us later.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, General Babcock, of General Grant's staff, arrived and we were taken by rail to City Point. My interest in our first interview with Grant had naturally been heightened by the delay and the gossip of the camp. Judge Campbell and Mr. Hunter, who were the other two commissioners, also felt some interest, if not concern, as to the reception that awaited us.

"It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening when we reached our destination, and a very few moments after we were taken direct to General Grant's head-quarters. I was greatly surprised at finding them located in a rude log hut, lacking adornment or any evidences of that style and military show so generally found about the quarters of our Confederate generals. Even before we reached them I was struck with the fact that there seemed to be no guards to obstruct our progress. We usually found them three deep before we got into the presence of a

Confederate brigadier, but here we were able to walk without hindrance right up to General Grant's headquarters.

"General Babcock was leading the way, and as he knocked a voice inside answered:

"'Come in.'

"We entered and found General Grant sitting alone at a table strewn with papers. He was writing. A common coal-oil lamp furnished a rather dim light, and a huge wood fire blazed in an old-fashioned fireplace. The simplicity of his dress and surroundings was the first thing that attracted my attention. As soon as we had reached the inside the general arose to receive us, and without any more ceremony than he would have given to the simplest caller, said:

"'Gentlemen, be seated.'

"The conversation between us for a time turned upon the weather, our journey, and finally upon the object of our visit. He talked with us with perfect freedom and expressed himself as very anxious that our mission might end the conflict. We sat for quite a time talking upon various subjects, during which time officers and orderlies were coming and going, and the general transacted his business with each and every caller with as much facility as though we had not been present.

"When any person would knock he would say, 'Come in,' then conclude his business with him, and afterward turn to us and renew the conversation. Occasionally he would go to the door, call an orderly, and ask him if he knew the location of such a brigade or division or corps and despatch him with a message.

"The utter absence of style about him was a marvel to me. He was dressed in a short frock coat without a single insignia of military rank, and his manners were

very easy. His clear and forcible way of putting his words and his quiet method of doing business astonished us all. In speaking to any one his sentences were short and to the point, and his manner was that of a perfectly self-possessed and eminently practical man.

"I could not help contrasting him with some of our Confederate officers. He seemed to treat everybody alike. In our army even General Lee in a very great degree demanded and enforced a recognition of the distinctions in military rank.

"We had not been long in his presence before I was impressed, as I think all the commissioners were, with the fact that we were dealing with a high order of man. We found that instead of his having been on a spree, as had been reported, that he had been for two days in the city of Washington, which was the real cause of the delay.

"We were naturally very much pleased with our reception and gratified to find that our mission had a warm and earnest friend in General Grant. He seemed very anxious for peace, and during all our stay went to a great deal of trouble to make us comfortable, and assumed much responsibility in bringing about the meeting between President Lincoln, Mr. Seward and ourselves.

"We spent perhaps an hour or more with him in his quarters immediately after our arrival, during which time it seemed to me that he had sent messages to every division of his army. Finally, after arranging with him the details of our movements the next day, I suggested that if he would furnish us an orderly to show us to our quarters we would not interrupt his business further. He said:

"'Oh, no! I will show you myself.'

"To our great astonishment he arose, turned down the light in his office with the same air that a country lawyer would when going out upon a small attachment case, and then said:

" 'Gentlemen, we will go down to the boat.'

"He led the way, and we passed out into the darkness, following him to his despatch boat, which lay in the James river. Judge Campbell walked by his side, while Mr. Hunter, Colonel Hatch and myself followed. It was a very dark night, and this great soldier, commanding nearly half a million of men, was walking alone with us, apparently perfectly unconcerned under the pressure of the greatest responsibility that could have been put upon a man.

"During our walk from his head-quarters to the boat where we were to spend the night we passed two or three sentries. Each of them would challenge:

" 'Halt! Who goes there?'

"General Grant would reply in a very quiet undertone:

" 'The commanding officer, sentry,' and then we would pass on.

"When we got aboard the boat and were ushered into the cabin we found there fully fifty general officers, nearly all of the corps, division and some of the brigade commanders in General Grant's army. It just then dawned upon me that the orderlies he was despatching from one point to another while we were at his quarters were for these generals. He had congregated them for the purpose of meeting us. The whole affair had been so quietly arranged that none of the commissioners had imagined what was going on until we reached the cabin and were being introduced by General Grant to his lieutenants. After a short time devoted to pleasant

conversation among them we all sat down to a splendid meal which General Grant had ordered to be prepared for us.

"Another surprise was in store for me here. Grant mingled and associated with his subordinate commanders with perfect freedom, and I was absolutely amazed at the familiarity with which he received them all. Every general present appeared to be on perfectly good terms with him, and there was not the slightest evidence of that restraint in his presence that was apparent among most of our Confederate generals.

"He remained with us for a time, mingling in the conversation that was going on around the table, but finally excused himself, saying that his business demanded his attention, and departed entirely alone for his head-quarters.

"I shall never forget the impressions made by his manner and his perfect lack of personal pretension that a man in his important position would have been justified in always having about him.

"The entertainment which he had so quietly arranged for us lasted until a late hour, and we were very much delighted to find in every word and act that Grant had impressed his own spirit upon all of his officers and that they were all very favorable to the success of our mission.

"The quarters General Grant had arranged for us for the night were very comfortable indeed, but the next morning there was a great deal of trouble in getting satisfactory news from Washington—so much trouble, indeed, that we had almost made up our minds to abandon the trip and return home. Doubtless we would have done so and the Hampton Roads conference would never have been held had it not been for General Grant. When we proposed to return he said:

“‘No, I will take the responsibility. If I do not get authority to send you to Hampton Roads I will send you to some other point towards Washington, for I am very much interested in your meeting our authorities upon the subject of peace.’

“The next day, however, while we were still General Grant’s guests on the boat, he came down with a long ribbon despatch in his hand and held it up to us before he got on board the boat and said :

“‘It is all right, gentlemen, it is all right ; you shall go up at once.’

“He had received from Mr. Lincoln the following despatch, which he handed to us as soon as he got on board :

“‘Send the three gentlemen to Fortress Monroe and tell them I will meet them there.  
A. LINCOLN.’

“We were naturally very much relieved by this message, but as the despatch had only mentioned the three commissioners, we were anxious about Colonel Hatch, our secretary, and at once inquired :

“‘General, what about our secretary?’

“General Grant thought a moment and then said :

“‘Well, gentlemen, we have had too much trouble in this matter to try any experiments. The three commissioners will go.’

“Turning to Colonel Hatch he said with as much consideration as though he had been an officer of equal rank :

“‘Colonel, we will send these gentlemen to make peace, and you and I will go up the river to look after the exchange of prisoners.’

“This easy and gentlemanly disposition of a vexed question which would have irritated most men clearly demonstrated what a master Grant was not only of men but of great affairs. Although our mission to Mr. Lin-

coln and Mr. Seward resulted in nothing, General Grant's part of it was handled with such dignity and character as to leave upon my mind the impression that he was a man possessing a great practical mind. I have followed him since through the storms of politics, frequently differing with him upon important matters; but I have always held him to be an honest man, a true friend, possessing a much higher character than that of a great military leader."

After the visit of the commissioners and the failure of their mission, General Grant's mind turned towards making peace without more fighting; but he did not relax in his preparations for the spring campaign. He was greatly disappointed that some agreement was not reached at Hampton Roads that would end the war without more bloodshed. Finally reaching the conclusion that if he and General Lee could be brought into contact something would result that would bring the war to an end, he determined to cast an anchor in that direction.

General Longstreet had been one of his most intimate friends at West Point. He was an officer in the same regiment during their early army life on the frontier and in Mexico. To him he decided to suggest a plan by which he and General Lee might meet and converse upon the subject. Longstreet's close social relations with him and his family made the task an easy one. Grant's wife was his kinswoman. The Southern general had introduced them.

When the war broke out it found them on opposite sides of the issue, but their troops never met each other in battle except in the Wilderness on the second day's fight. It was here that Longstreet struck Hancock so hard and was himself wounded. Speaking of General

Grant and his association with him, General Longstreet now says :

"I am certain that General Grant was very anxious for peace long before it came. During the winter of 1864-'65, General Ord was commanding the troops immediately in my front. During the rest both armies were having, the men were in the habit of trading with each other various articles of food, etc. One day a flag of truce from Ord brought me a message. It requested an interview for the purpose of putting an end to the too great familiarity which had sprung up between the soldiers of the two armies. Ord wrote me that my men were driving a lively trade in tobacco, while his men were doing as well with their sugar. I agreed that this had better stop, and we had a conference, which, by the way, was a mere incident of Ord's request. It took but a few minutes to come to an agreement as to the barter among the men, and then Ord stated to me the real object of his request for an interview.

"General Grant," said he, "believes that the politicians on both sides are afraid to make a definite move in the direction of peace. He thinks that a plan might be agreed upon by the general officers of both armies, which will have the effect of showing the politicians that the men in the field are tired of carnage. It is his desire to talk this matter over with General Lee, so that a concert of action may be secured. As a beginning in this direction, he requests that you send for Mrs. Longstreet to come and pay a visit to Mrs. Grant, who is now with him at City Point. She may be accompanied by as many of your officers as you desire. These officers may move freely about in association with ours. After her visit is at an end and she has returned to your lines, Mrs. Grant will visit Mrs. Longstreet at your head-



quarters, accompanied by a number of Federal officers. During these meetings General Grant and General Lee can be thrown together inadvertently, and the subject of peace be talked over. These consultations between the military leaders will compel the politicians to meet the question in the same way.'

"I stated to General Ord that I had no authority to act in so important a matter, but that I thoroughly approved of the plan. Moreover I promised to report the matter to Richmond and secure immediate action if possible.

"The proposition found warm advocates in the cabinet. General Breckinridge, who was then Secretary of War, was especially earnest in behalf of the effort, and urged me to have Mrs. Longstreet to make the proposed trip. She readily agreed to perform her part of the service, and was soon prepared to start. General Lee gave her a letter which I was to read before she went on the mission. In that letter he asked for a direct conference for the purpose of considering definite articles of peace. As this was not in accord with General Grant's request, and as I knew he had no authority to consider such articles, I went to General Lee and urged such a modification of his letter as would give Grant a chance to act.

"'No,' replied General Lee, 'I will assign none but the real reason. I am opposed to diplomacy.'

"The letter was sent just as General Lee wrote it. Just as I predicted, General Grant replied that he had no authority to act in the manner proposed, and the whole matter dropped.

"While we were waiting for General Grant's reply, General Lee said to me: 'Unless this plan succeeds there is nothing ahead of us but to surrender.' General

Lee was right, and I did not meet General Grant that time, as I had hoped.

“My last meeting with him before Appomattox was in 1858. I was in St. Louis on business and there met a number of old army chums. It was a cold, dreary day and a game of brag was proposed as most likely, to recall old memories. We were one hand short when my friend Captain Holloway went out to find some one. He soon returned with a civilian rather poorly dressed in the garb of a farmer. We soon recognized our old friend Grant, who had resigned from the service a few years before and was at the time making an unsuccessful battle for existence in civil life. The next day, while I was standing in front of the Planters' Hotel, Grant stepped up and placed a five-dollar gold-piece in my hand. He said it was a debt of honor from our association in the old Texan days.

“‘I will not take it,’ said I. ‘You are now out of service and need it.’

“‘But you must take it,’ said Grant, determinedly ‘I will not have what does not belong to me.’

“Seeing that he was thoroughly in earnest, and to save him from mortification, I accepted it, and shaking hands, we parted. Is it any wonder that I hoped to meet him again after he had become a great general and made this appeal to me to help him toward a peaceful settlement of the war?

“But we never met after our parting on the steps of the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis until after the surrender. I was one of the Confederate commissioners to arrange the details of the capitulation. General Grant treated us with great kindness. He acted as though nothing whatever had happened to mar the relations which existed in the long-ago by the camp-fires in Texas and Mexico.

"As we stepped aside after the formalities, he put his arm within mine, and the first thing he said to me was—

" 'Pete (my army sobriquet), let us return to the happy old days by playing another game of brag.' "

"Grant was an honest, simple man, who always did his duty. He never schemed and was above small things. He will stand in history as the foremost man of his time."

So it appears that, while waging relentless war, Grant was anxious for peace and was holding out the olive branch to the enemy while preparing to strike them the final blow.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### THE FEDERAL TROOPERS.

The Spirit of the Cavalry—The Consolidation under Sheridan—The First Raid—The Hunt for Hunter—Wilson's Raid—In the Shenandoah—Sheridan's Officers—A Grant Incident—Early's Destruction—The Move South—Five Forks—The Character of the Service—The End.

"KEEP the enemy always in sight." This was the order which General Grant sent to Sheridan just before he started for the Shenandoah Valley. This epitomizes the spirit of the cavalry operations after Grant took charge of the wider range of operations in the East.

In conducting his campaign in Virginia, he devoted especial attention to the co-operating factors, and cavalry was one of his strong reliances for courageous, intelligent and ruthless, but necessary, warfare. They were everywhere. With a daring that was extraordinary, they dashed into the enemy's country, harassed his flanks, destroyed his bridges, flung themselves across his roads, tore up his railroad tracks, burned his supply depots, and tracked his armies to discover his designs. They constituted the eye of the Federal force, of which the main army was the brawny arm. With meteoric-like rapidity they flashed from point to point, now attacking greatly their superior numbers, now picking up moving troops, now dashing upon isolated guns and carrying them off in the very face of an annoyed and bewildered enemy.

"Take what you need for your own consumption, and destroy what you cannot use."

This was the substance of Grant's orders to this branch

of the service, and they were literally carried out. There was desolation, of course, but desolation is a constituent element of war. Non-combatants had their stock driven off and their fields laid waste, but the supplies would go to the enemy if not destroyed, and the time for leniency and individual right had gone by on both sides when the cavalry was first brought to an active realization of the real work which it had to do. When General Grant went to Virginia the day of sentiment in the struggle was over. The war had been fought for three years from a half stand-point of compromise. Now it had reached the bloody but necessary plane of fact. Henceforward it meant ruin, death and flame. The rebellion was to be crushed, and all means, however dreadful, were to be utilized to crush it. The heroic method was the merciful one, and there was to be no more hesitancy or sacrifice of time in experimental policies.

On the 24th of March the cavalry of the entire Army of the Potomac was consolidated under General Sheridan, who had distinguished himself in the Southwest. He was peculiarly fitted for the command. He was the "rough rider" of fiction. With quick military instincts, readiness to grasp a situation, the power of rapid execution and exceeding concentration of purpose, he was eminently equipped for the duty which was assigned him.

He possessed, too, General Grant's confidence in a supreme degree, and there was never any fear that he would embarrass the commander with doubts as to his capacity in critical moments. Under him were General Wilson, in command of the Third Division, General Merritt, with the First Division, and General Gregg, with the Second.

In May, 1864, the cavalry, with the main army, lay on

the north bank of the Rapidan watching Lee, who was encamped on the south bank. The work of the cavalry began the day Grant crossed the river, and the battle of horsemen was fought at Todd's Tavern. It ended on the April morning of the next year, when Sheridan and his full staff rode into Gordon's lines an hour or two before the final terms of the surrender were arranged.

Sheridan moved for the protection of the flank of the body which crossed nearest to the enemy. But, in the wild region in which the first battle under Grant was fought by the Eastern army, there was little chance for his troopers except for scouting away from the fighting infantry men. By reason of a conflict of orders, no great things were accomplished until Sheridan sent General Whittaker, of Custer's staff, to request permission to throw his force between Lee's army and Richmond. Whittaker found Grant and Meade together as he delivered his message.

"What do you think of it?" asked Grant, turning to Meade.

"I hardly know," replied Meade doubtfully; "how is he going to protect our wagon trains?"

General Grant smiled, and replied. "With Sheridan between Lee and Richmond, Jeb. Stuart will have all that he can attend to. He will have no time to trouble our wagon trains."

There was no more discussion. Grant gave the permission Sheridan asked, and he started on his march. He made a move as though going towards Fredericksburg. Then, continuing southward, he met Fitzhugh Lee at Yellow Tavern. In the fight that followed, Stuart, the corps commander, was mortally wounded and died the next day. He was one of the most notable soldiers in the Confederate service, and his loss was severely felt.

He was a daring military leader, and had shown much discretion in extremely hazardous positions. He had occupied, practically the same relation to Lee that Sheri-



GENERAL STUART.

dan did to Grant. Following up the fight, Sheridan dashed on towards Richmond, and Custer attacked the

first line of the fortifications, capturing a section of artillery. But the country about was much too warm for the Federal cavalry and they turned back again, winding in and out of the enemy's strongholds, and reached Haxall's, where they rested.

The raid was one of singular boldness, and Sheridan was admirably aided in it by the splendid services of Generals Custer and Wilson. It was the first of the striking and apparently reckless ventures into the Confederate country which afterwards became such a marked feature of the closing campaign of the war.

On the 17th Sheridan left Haxall's and rejoined the main army, virtually making his return another raid, in which he inflicted considerable damage. At no time on the return did the cavalry know the locations of either Lee or Grant. In the fight at Cold Harbor, the cavalry again did splendid service. There Wilson met Wade Hampton and forced him to retreat, and later on in the fight he saved Burnside from being surrounded.

Then Sheridan was sent to the relief of Hunter, whose position was not at the time known to Grant, and about whom there was considerable anxiety. Having penetrated far into the interior, he was thoroughly detached from the main army. Sheridan was directed on the 7th to find him, and to destroy as much as he could of the James River Canal and the Virginia Central Railroad.

Failing to find him, he returned. Hunter, after making his famous raid up the valley, during which his troops had undergone such hardships as had rarely been known in war, turned off into the Kanawha country.

Meanwhile, in the operations against the Weldon road, General Wilson did magnificent service, although at a heavy loss. His raid was one of the most daring of the war. With his own division and four regiments of infantry,



numbering about six thousand men in all, he marched over three hundred miles, directly into the line of the enemy, destroying railroad communication with Richmond and doing great material damage to the Confederates. He fought almost constantly during the ten days he was out. He was virtually surrounded, and at every turn he met the enemy in superior force. It had been his expectation to find Meade's left at the Weldon road, but in this he was very startlingly disappointed, and he was compelled to literally fight his way out. The infantry who had accompanied him were cut off, and he discovered that he was in a trap.

He had accomplished the object of the raid, however, great as the loss had been, and when he reached Cabin Point, and went into camp in safety, General Grant said that the damage inflicted upon the enemy was worth the cost. Indeed, it was his opinion that if a raid accomplished what had been intended, it must be called successful, no matter how great the disasters had been in loss of men. He held that it was as necessary a part of war to destroy the supplies of an enemy, to cut off his communications, and to retard his progress or retreat by burning bridges and tearing up railway tracks, as it was to meet him in the open field, and this was service for which the cavalry was especially fitted.

The danger was always great to those employed in it, and even with great celerity and the exercise of much sagacity, the comparative loss was, whenever the conditions were in the slightest degree unfavorable, greater than in any other branch of the service. Yet its value to both sides in the contest was very marked. While the two great armies moved about slowly, watching each other with wary eyes, the troopers of the opposing forces were

carrying on a miniature campaign of their own, which was a great deal more exciting, if not quite as massive.

While Hunter was off in the mountains of West Virginia Early came down the Shenandoah Valley threatening Washington. In the midst of the political panic which followed, the Confederate General reached the gates of the national capital, just as Sheridan with his cavalry and the Sixth Corps, which had been hastily brought up from Grant's army by boat, marched out and repelled the further invasion of Northern soil. In following Early up, Sheridan found himself in the beautiful country beyond Harper's Ferry, the rugged gateway to that fertile land lying between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain, and stretching away to Stanton, one hundred and twenty-six miles to the southward.

The fighting in the valley of the Shenandoah was somewhat a struggle of troopers. It was the granary of the Confederacy, and Early had command of it and was furnishing supplies to Richmond. To lay it waste and deprive the Confederate army of this great source of strength was of vast importance to the Federal cause. Accordingly, the Middle Military Division was formed and Sheridan was placed in command of it, with instructions to attack Early, destroy his army and devastate the rich country upon which it had subsisted for so long a time.

General Lee recognized the importance of the threatened disaster, and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry and Kershaw's division of infantry were sent to Early's aid. Sheridan had about eight thousand cavalry besides his infantry, and the opposing forces were nearly equal. Early fell back before the Federal troops for several days and then encamped, awaiting the reinforcements which came.

The national cavalry, meanwhile, was doing all the damage to the valley it could. The troopers were out constantly, destroying crops, driving off stock and tearing up track. The negroes were taken off also to prevent fresh planting. Meanwhile, Grant had pushed Lee so closely about Richmond that he felt it necessary to recall Anderson, who had been sent to Early's assistance.

On the 3d of September Anderson started back, but, by an error, he managed to stumble into Sheridan's lines. The reception he received was an exceedingly warm one. He retreated hastily towards the Opequan, and remained there until Early came up and took him to a place of safety across the river. On the 13th he moved away finally, and Sheridan prepared to attack.

On the 19th the first assault was made near Winchester, but the enemy was reinforced from Martinsburg, and it failed. The broken lines were instantly reformed, however, and a new attack was made. Crook made the assault on the left and forced the enemy back, and, in the confusion, Torbett's cavalry dashed upon Early's left and added to the demoralization. Almost at the same time Wilson, with his division of cavalry, pushed to the left and gained the roads to Winchester, and a final cavalry charge in the evening by Torbett entirely routed the panic-stricken Confederates, who fled from the field. Early retreated to the breast-works at Fisher's Hill, where he was surprised on the 22d and defeated with heavy loss, and by the 25th that portion of the Valley of Virginia was clear.

Reinforcements were again sent to Early, and his cavalry was placed in command of General Rosser. On the night of the 8th of October, Torbett, in command of the Federal troopers, struck the Confederates again, routing them utterly, and driving them across the north

fork of the Shenandoah. Early was in despair, and in his report to Lee he said: "The fact is that the enemy's cavalry is so superior to ours, both in numbers and equipment, that it is impossible for ours to compete with his."

Upon his officers, Wilson, Torbett, McKenzie, Devin, Merritt and Gregg, most of whom were young men, General Sheridan had succeeded in impressing his own dashing personality. They were a very strong group of men. But Custer, particularly, seemed imbued with the spirit which animated him. He had all the qualifications which belong in the make-up of a successful and chivalric trooper, and he held the supreme confidence of his commander. He was always ready and he always did his best.

Early's confidence in himself had been a fatal confidence. He had feasted too long upon the milk and honey of the Shenandoah. The apparent hesitancy of Sheridan at the beginning of the campaign had made him over-brave. He did not appreciate what had been done during that time of rest. The daring move towards Washington, up through the rich corn-fields, almost to the threshold of the frightened capital, had made him believe in the invincibility of his force.

Therefore, when he operated, he did so with an underestimate of his enemy, and the storm burst upon him with unexpected force. Sheridan swept the valley, a whirlwind in blue. He struck the Confederates with a force that was irresistible. He broke and shattered his army, and drove it, a huddled demoralization, to the nearest place of refuge, and there he remained awaiting assistance.

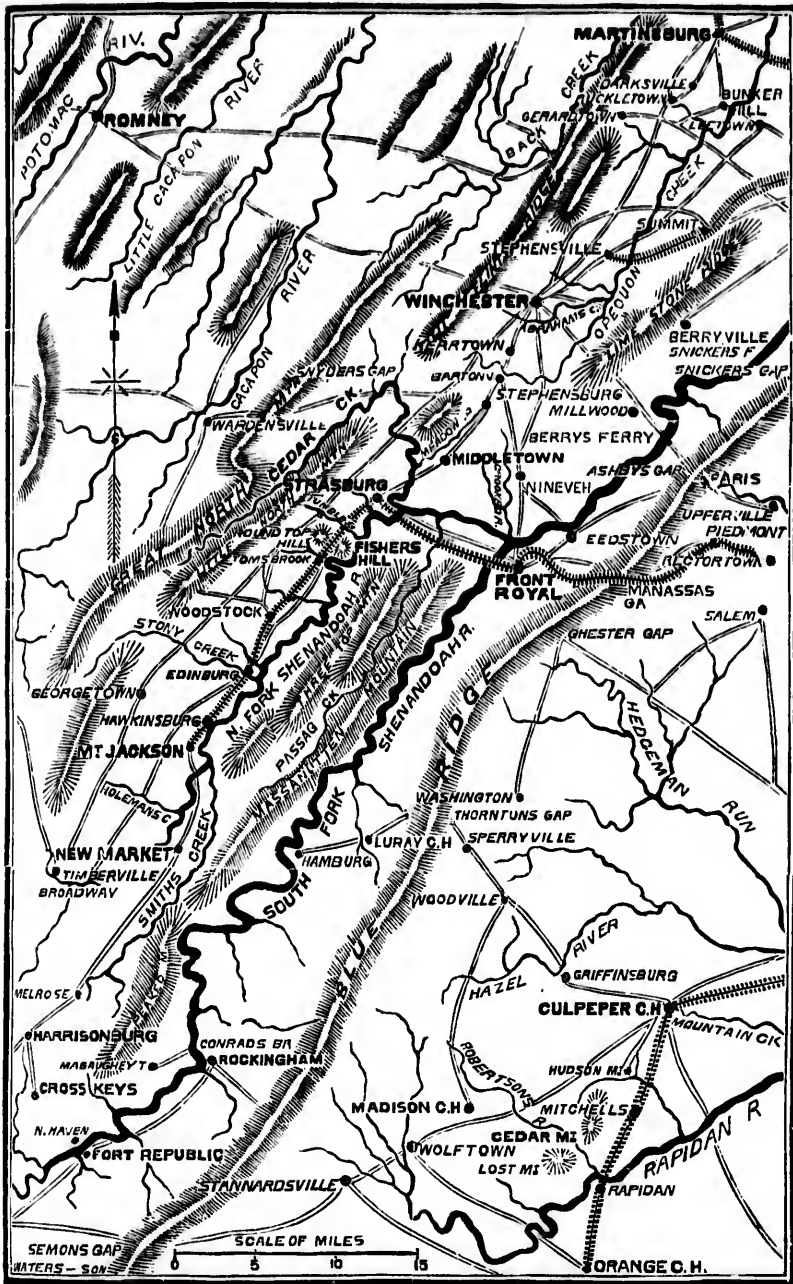
In his final effort to get out of his difficulty and crush Sheridan he almost redeemed himself, however. The Federal General had left for Washington. The Con-

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THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, THE SCENE OF SHERIDAN'S GREAT RAID.

federate information was that he had detached a portion of his force. His main army was encamped on Cedar Creek. The situation seemed a favorable one for attack.

Early had been strongly reinforced, and his new numbers were as great as they had been before the fight at Winchester or Fisher's Hill. The plans were carefully laid. There was to be a night attack and a surprise. The National army was to be cut off in the rear, and the annihilation was to be complete. The keen course outlined just escaped success. At daylight on the 19th the Federal left was attacked, turned and thrown into an inextricable confusion. The Sixth Corps, which was on the right, was forced back, and a general retreat was ordered.

The expedition of Merritt and Custer prevented the Confederate cavalry from seizing the Winchester road, and the retreat was not cut off. But the army was in the wildest confusion, and the men were strung along the road towards Winchester in demoralized flight. Sheridan was at Winchester that morning on his way to the army. He heard the booming of the artillery, and rode rapidly in the direction of the sound. After a desperate ride he reached the field to help rally the mob of fugitives that had pushed to the rear when the Federal left was swept away. The cavalry had done splendid service, and was threatening the enemy's left. The Federal lines were reformed, and at three o'clock an attack was made by the National soldiers, and Custer turned the right flank of the enemy, and the left also gave way. He then made a brilliant cavalry charge, and, concentrating upon the enemy, routed him absolutely. They fled in worse confusion than the Federals had been in in the morning, and the Shenandoah campaign was ended. Early had escaped from the shipwreck of Win-

chester upon a raft; Cedar Creek destroyed the raft. The troopers were his ruin.

To follow the movements of the cavalry closely would be to follow the pathway of a streak of lightning. It flashed suddenly into the obscurity of the unknown country, and was lost to sight quite as suddenly. But every bolt told. It made its stroke, and lit up the course it had taken for future movements. It was the unexpected which always happened. It was a quick fate which appeared, destroyed and disappeared. It was the Argus of the army, and its hundred eyes were always open. In the storm of general attack it was an irresistible force which kept up the spirits of the army, and imbued it with its vigorous courage and daring hopefulness.

The last blow was to be struck. There was no longer any doubt but that Richmond must fall, and the only fear in Grant's mind was that Lee might escape to the mountains. All his plans were now directed to preventing this. On the 27th of February, 1865, Sheridan left Winchester with ten thousand cavalry, and proceeded south, destroying bridges, tearing up tracks and ruining the locks of the James River Canal. He reached White House on the 19th of March and communicated with General Grant.

Ten days afterwards Grant instructed him to "cut loose and go over the enemy's roads." He started for Five Forks from Dinwiddie Court-House in the mud and the rain. He seized Five Forks, but the enemy was reinforced and he was compelled to fall back. The cavalry was dismounted and deployed, and the retreat was made in a masterly way. McKenzie's division of cavalry and one division of the Fifth Corps were sent to his assistance by Grant, and the other division



soon followed. Sheridan again took the offensive, and progressed again to Five Forks, which the Confederates had greatly reinforced. It was the 1st of April, and Merritt was instructed to make a feint on the Confederate right flank while the infantry was to assault the left. Much depended upon the result, because the defeat of the Confederacy at Five Forks would force Lee out of Petersburg.

It was expected that Custer would be attacked at daylight, and Warren was ordered to assault in full force. The night before had been an exceedingly anxious one. Sheridan was virtually in a state of siege, and Devin's division was ordered on the right in the morning, while Custer was on the left. Crook was given the care of the roads. Custer was on the Scott road and Devin was on the main road to Five Forks. The fighting went on on this plan until nearly sundown, but little effect resulted. Warren was behind, and his delay was embarrassing. Sheridan rode to the front himself. Merritt's men made a break in the front lines, and the Confederates fell back to the Forks.

Here they were struck by Griffen and the battle was decided. The cavalry rode into their broken ranks, and every effort to rally the Confederates was in vain. The troopers pursued and cut them down, and six thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Federals. It was at this battle that Warren was relieved on the field. There was no doubt of his patriotism and good intent, but the situation did not admit of investigation then. His humiliation was the saddest feature of the victory, and it was undeserved.

After the failure of Lee in this movement, Grant rested about Richmond in the calm patience of assured power. The failing army against which his firm and



fateful operations were directed was simply a vitalized desperation. It was at the mercy of time. It had hopes, but the hopes were only a pathetic disbelief of the inevitable. The swift annoyance of the Federal cavalry was everywhere. It flashed upon the Confederate flanks, it laughed past its front, it picked up the stragglers. It was the materialized sneer of fate at the hopelessness of further opposition.

The lines were closing, but, where there were gaps, the hoof-beats of the horses were heard and the sabres of the troopers fell. Every time they advanced farther and more recklessly into the lines, the doomed army knew that the great cordon which was to crush it was closing more tightly and menacingly around it. Their daring was an anticipation of the end; an indication and an expression of the magnificent confidence that was behind it.

Grant kept Lee under siege; the cavalry cut off the supplies which made a prolonged resistance possible. In the later days Lee knew, months before he surrendered, that the war was ended. The cavalry had whirled through the Shenandoah a cyclone of war, and had left a ruined country and a shattered army of rebellion behind it. It had throttled the last hope at Five Forks. It had spun through all the lower roads of supply and left them barren. Wherever the Confederacy turned its eyes upon some new path for escape or succor, Sheridan dashed down it, or Wilson held it, or the yellow locks of Custer streamed in the wind.

The man on horseback was everywhere; across fields, down highways, through by-paths, he was ever present. In the rush and rout of Winchester, in the doubt and disappointment of Cedar Creek, in the storm and terror of Five Forks, on the road below Appomattox, the

cavalryman had been the vivid personification of defeat to the discouraged and broken soldiery in gray. And in the last hours, when but one chance appeared, and the disheartened Confederates strove to make a juncture with Johnston, the sound of the hoofs on the roads beyond Gordon's advance was the knell which tolled the failure, leading the way for the lines of infantry which were quietly waiting for their prey.

Tired, worn out, and defeated, the Confederacy laid down its arms, and then the restless men on horseback rode quite entirely into the lines, were transformed into very kindly American citizens, and divided their rations with the vanquished men whose ruin they had been. In the last doubtful moments of the strife, when no one knew very clearly where any one was, the roll of musketry sounded from the road below Appomattox. "Thank God, there is Sheridan!" cried Grant. The cavalry had found and closed the final gap. Its work was well done and when on that fateful morning the footmen after a terrible night's march, swung into line, the rebellion was throttled. The troopers were, as usual, the pioneers in the final gap. Their record on the last morning was a fitting finale to a long series of remarkable achievements and every man from Sheridan down felt a warm glow of satisfaction over their part in the restoration of peace. What was true of the cavalry that faced Lee's shattered army on the morning of the 9th of April, fits in a great degree those far away from that particular field. There is no brighter page of the history the horsemen made than Wilson's raid South to the capture of the Confederate President. This was the final work of clearing the wreck. Kilpatrick's raid on Richmond more than a year before was a famous adventure. Averill's jump through the Valley of Virginia, about midway in the war

was a severe test of the genuine quality of the cavalry. Custer, with his troopers, was for three years a busy-  
bee that stung Confederates often and hard. Other  
commands of horse added their blows to the general  
record of well-doing, and when it is all reckoned and  
stated it will be found that the cavalry had its full share  
in the glory of the war, if it did begin its best work  
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## CHAPTER L.

### GORDON BACK WITH LEE.

Gordon ordered back to Richmond—Success of Grant in cutting off Confederate supplies—A historical conference—Lee's profound depression—A message from Grant—The assault on Fort Steadman—The last desperate battle before Petersburg is evacuated—A characteristic incident—The failure—Gordon wounded—Death of Hill.

GORDON had been sent to the valley of the Shenandoah with Early, but that officer seemed to be the favorite *protégé* of misfortune. Assistance never did him any good. On the contrary, those who came to his aid were generally involved in the disasters which were sure to happen. Gordon, splendid soldier though he was, could not escape the fatality of the connection.

After the rout at Cedar Creek Gordon was ordered by General Lee to come to Richmond with Jackson's old corps, the Second, and he was placed upon the extreme right of the army. Things were in *statu quo* at the time, there being little change in the relative positions of the foes. Grant was waiting calmly and Lee was keeping up his resistance with no hope of ultimate success. Sheridan, meanwhile, had been scouring the country with his cavalry and had ridden clear down to the fortifications about Richmond. General Gordon in the conversation says:

"When I got to Petersburg I was placed on the right, and we were in almost constant battle with varying results. Finally, about the latter part of February, our rations were nearly exhausted. The policy of Grant to starve us was having its effect. Our lines of road were in a large measure in the hands of the enemy. Thomas

was on the line from Tennessee to Lynchburg, and all the roads southward in the direction of Norfolk were in the hands of General Grant. We still had the Weldon line, running into North Carolina, but it required incessant fighting to hold it. The men must have something to eat, but they had to buy their food with blood.

"One dark night in March, General Lee sent for me. His headquarters were at a little frame house in Petersburg, and when I rode there I found him in an extremely melancholy mood. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning. He stood leaning against the mantel, his head upon his hand, and his sad, thoughtful face lined with sorrow, a pathetic type of the cause to which he had given up the great years of his life. He was not a man given to displaying emotion, but on this occasion he seemed much depressed. However, when I entered, he straightened up and asked me take a seat. He explained that he wished to confer with me about the situation. It seemed to him most serious. Producing his reports from his different commands, he laid them before me. The showing was not an encouraging one. There were, according to the best of my recollection, about 50,000 or 55,000 infantry in all and a very small number of cavalry—between 12,000 and 15,000, I think. He then said:

"General Gordon, you know the situation of the army so far as food and clothing are concerned. General Hill's corps (which was nearer to Petersburg than I was, and had less chance to gather forage from the country around) is on one-sixth of a pound of beef now. Six men are being fed on one ration. While I have this mere starving remnant, I estimate General Grant's force at 150,000 men. Besides, our men are dying in the hospitals from very slight wounds.'

"I answered that I had just been in the hospital, and

that it was a most horrible picture. The men were so emaciated and had so run down in physique, that they could not resist anything. The slightest wound would kill a man when gangrene sets in.

"General Lee continued sadly: 'The horses are dying in the trenches, and if General Grant were to tell me that I could move away if I wanted to, we could not carry off one-half of our artillery on account of the condition of the horses. You know how our cavalry is placed. Every time a horse is killed, I might as well have a man killed, because I cannot replace the horse. General Grant can mount as many men as he chooses,' General Lee continued.

"Our men are desperate because of sheer hunger and despair. They are breaking open mills and seizing provisions wherever they can get them. They are willing enough to fight, but, under the circumstances, we can not hold them together very much longer. The discipline of the army is broken. Look at the general situation: General Early is in the valley, with a very small force of cavalry. General Thomas is coming East with, I suppose, about 30,000 men. General Hancock is in the valley with 20,000 men, against whom I have not a vidette. General Sherman is moving up through North Carolina and, when he joins Schofield, will have from 75,000 to 100,000 men. General Johnston has telegraphed me to this effect: 'What can we do?'

General Gordon, continuing his narrative, said: "The picture was indeed a gloomy one. All the hopes and enthusiasm with which we entered the struggle had ended in this. Discouraged, desperate and famishing, fighting hopelessly against what was beyond avoidance, we were the ghosts of the Confederacy, going through our parts after we knew the curtain had gone down, and

the play was, for all the meaning there was in it, over. General Lee saw that I was affected by the sombre picture, and he brightened up a little :

“By the way General Gordon,’ he said, ‘I received a message from General Grant to-day.’

“How did you get that?’ I asked.

“Under a flag of truce sent out to arrange an exchange of prisoners. General Grant told the officer who carried it to tell me that he knew what I had for breakfast every morning. I sent back word, that there must be some mistake about it, for he must be a man of too much heart not to divide with me, if he really knew what I had. Besides, I added, that I knew quite as much about his dinner as he did about my breakfast.’

“There was silence for awhile, and then General Lee came back to the object of the conference.

“What do you think ought to be done?’ he asked.

“One of two things,’ I replied. ‘We must either make terms at once, and get the best we can, or we must fight. We cannot stand here.’

“This conversation,’ General Gordon continued, ‘led to my transfer into Petersburg to fight, at Fort Steadman, the last desperate attack we made there. General Lee asked me to take command, and he moved out the other troops and put me in with my corps. I devoted a week to studying the lines, and then I told him that I could take Fort Steadman by a night attack. He asked me what I could do afterwards. I replied that I did not know about that. I then explained my plan, which was to concentrate a heavy force at Colquitt’s salient, which was the salient opposite Steadman, to organize three or four commands of a hundred men each, with courageous officers in charge, to lead the assault, and making a rush across the intervening space, capture the works

before the Federals could fire their artillery, which was always kept loaded with double canister at night.

"I had received, through deserters and prisoners, the names of prominent Federal officers along that line. McLaughlin was commanding in front of us, but I have forgotten who was behind. My plan was to take Steadman, then put the cavalry in the rear, and, after capturing the three forts which commanded Steadman—I expected to take them by strategy—cut the wires which General Grant used along his lines, take the pontoon across the Appomattox, and concentrate the whole army



INTERIOR OF FORT STEADMAN.

upon that wing of General Grant's force, keeping those beyond Appomattox off while we defeated the left wing, and then march to General Johnston in North Carolina and fight Sherman. This was our last hope, and a most desperate one. Neither General Lee nor myself felt very hopeful, but it was at least worth the risk. It was the only thing between us and surrender, and even if it failed, we could not be very much worse off.

"I got my men ready, and tied a white cloth around each one which Mrs. Gordon had torn into strips for us so that they would know each other in the night. I had twenty stalwart axemen with each hundred men to cut down the abatis. They did their work well, and the

upon that wing of General Grant's force, keeping those beyond Appomattox off while we defeated the left wing, and then march to General



rush was made across. We captured General McLaughlin and eight hundred or nine hundred prisoners, eleven pieces of artillery and nine mortars. The entire business did not take longer than twenty minutes, and we lost in the charge only one man, who was killed with a bayonet. The prisoners were sent to the rear.

"There were three forts behind Fort Steadman which commanded it. It was absolutely necessary for us to gain them before daylight; but it would have to be done by strategy. They were impregnable to assault, but there was a way of getting around behind and going in. The three bodies of a hundred men were each to move back through the reserves which were behind Fort Steadman. I selected guides who knew the country well, and put one with each command. To the leading officer of each of the bands of one hundred men I gave the name of some Federal officer doing duty in my front. My recollection is that I named one of them Lieutenant-Colonel Pendergrast, of the One-Hundred-and-Seventeenth Pennsylvania. At any rate, there was a Lieutenant-Colonel Pendergrast among those who were in my front, and there was a Colonel Somebody, of the Fourteenth Heavy Artillery.

"I said to one of these officers: 'You are Lieutenant-Colonel Pendergrast, of the One Hundred and Seventeenth Pennsylvania. We are going to take that fort, and when it is taken, you are to rush behind through the Federal lines, shouting that the rebels have carried everything in front. Say that you are Lieutenant-Colonel Pendergrast, and that you are ordered to take your regiment and occupy the fort, and then do it. Say that you have no time for explanations, but must go right ahead.'

"We first took Fort Steadman by a bold dash. Then the three commands of a hundred each went back

and through the rear line. They were not stopped, except by a question as to where they were going. But they did not take the forts. They lost their guides, who either deserted or became frightened, and, when daylight came, they were all captured or shot down.

"When dawn broke, we were watching the forts anxiously to see if they had been taken, but the message we got was not an agreeable one. As soon as the sun gave its first light, the artillery was brought out on the hills behind, the guns of the forts were turned loose, and the slaughter began. We lost I think fifteen hundred men in getting back to our lines, and I was myself wounded in the leg. Several things made the movement a failure. The select bodies failed to capture the rear forts. General Pickett, who was to be added to my command, failed to get there because the train broke down, and the cavalry could not be used because of other troubles.

"The night on which we took Fort Steadman was an ordinary March night. There was starlight, but no moon. Just before the charge was made, I was standing on the breastworks, trying to move my own obstructions out of the way, secrecy being the essential part of the movement, when one of the Federal pickets, very close to us, said:

"'Hallo, Johnny, what are you making all that noise about? What are you doing there?'"

"It disconcerted me very much. I expected that the artillery would open on us the next moment. I had my men on the breastworks ready for the rush. Just then a soldier whom I had instructed to fire a musket as the signal to dash forward came to my relief.

"'Oh, never mind, Yank,' he said. 'Lie down and go to sleep. We are just gathering a little corn. You know rations are mighty short over here.'

"All right, Johnny; go ahead and gather your corn," replied the picket; "I am not going to shoot."

"There was silence for a minute, and then I gave my order, 'Fire your musket.'

"The fellow's conscience seemed to hurt him, and he hesitated.

"'Fire your musket!' I repeated sternly.

"'Wake up, Yank,' he cried, 'we are going to shell the woods,' giving the picket time to get out of the way.

"Then the onset was made. Our axemen cut down the abatis, made of rails, wrapped with telegraph wires. We entered the fort and captured the men asleep at the guns.

"From that time until the surrender I never had my boots off. I was on horseback most of the day and much of the night, until the final break-up. The fighting was incessant from then on. Grant immediately assumed the offensive, and finally broke through A. P. Hill's lines. The heaviest attack was made there, and Hill was killed in trying to stop it. They also broke through mine, but did not get any distance in. Then our retirement began. Five Forks and Sailor's Creek were the next two battles of significance. My command was the last to come out of Petersbrug. I brought up the rear until the 7th, fighting continually. We had almost nothing to eat, and I must have lost thirty pounds in the time between the fight at Fort Steadman and the surrender."

The attack upon Steadman illustrates the desperate straits in which the Confederacy was. It was merely a forlorn hope inspired by the dream of joining Johnston. It was hard to give up after all the hardships they had endured, and the most remote chances were taken. The fates had ruled otherwise, however. The sands were running out rapidly, and further resistance would be a wanton waste of life.

## CHAPTER LI.

### THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

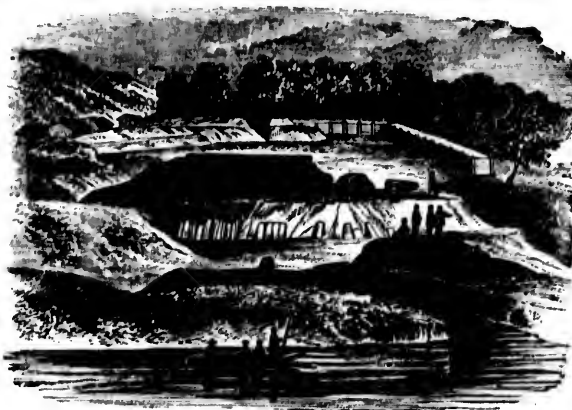
The armies of co-operation—The instructions to Sherman—"Penetrate the interior as far as you can"—Moving on Johnston—The evacuation of Dalton—Resaca—The assault on Kenesaw—McPherson killed—Fall of Atlanta—"Go as you propose"—The march begun—Buoyancy of the soldiers—Fright of the inhabitants—Arrival at Milledgeville—On to Savannah—Wheeler in the rear—At last.

GENERAL GRANT'S leading idea in accepting the command of all the forces of the United States was that it would secure the necessary concentration of the armies for a common aim. In the past there had been too much hap-hazard and desultory work. The national forces had been spendthrift of strength, and the results reached were out of proportion to the number of soldiers and wealth of resources employed. The lieutenant-general felt that the surer way would be to have all the leading-strings in his hand, and make a campaign of the whole, instead of relying upon the unconnected efforts of fractions. He did not contract the usefulness of his generals in carrying out the plan, however. He simply gave the general outline, and left them free to execute. "So far as possible," he wrote to Meade on April 9, 1864, "all the armies are to move together and towards a common centre." In his letter of the 4th of the same month to General Sherman he detailed what he wanted done. Banks was ordered to finish up his expedition to Shreveport and move on Mobile. Gilmore was to join Butler and operate against Richmond from the south side of the James. Sigel and Crook were instructed to move against the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. The

most important order was sent to Sherman. It ran: "I do not propose to lay down for you a plan of campaign, but simply to lay down the work it is desirable to have done, and leave you free to execute it in your own way. You I propose to move against Johnston's army, to break it up and get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources."

That famous military picnic had all the elements calculated to catch the popular heart. It was a daring inspiration, and

it was thoroughly successful. Its moral effect was great in the North, and it filled the South with gloom and foreboding. It closed the last port



FORT DE ROSSY.

which the national blockade could not control, and it kept the Confederates so busy that they could not send any reinforcements to Richmond. But it was not as great in military achievement as the preliminary campaign which made the march possible. The fighting before and immediately after the fall of Atlanta was of much larger importance, and displayed Sherman's generalship in a far higher degree. The march to the sea and its results were the natural sequence.

This great campaign of co-operation was opened on the 5th day of May. Sherman had accumulated sup-

plies, and the army was lightened as much as possible. No unnecessary baggage was allowed, and the commander himself set the example of taking only what he absolutely needed.

General Joe Johnston was at Dalton. To say that he was one of the great Confederate chieftains would not do him justice. He was very much more than this. His



GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON.

military sagacity was unusual. Grant himself held him to be the great Southern general of the war. He combined prudence with daring. He possessed a comprehensive intelligence which did not sacrifice a great stake for transitory glory. He did not fight for dra-

matic effect, but for practical results. When it was necessary to retreat, he did not hesitate to do so because of a fear that his movement might be misconstrued into a defeat. He recognized fully that it was his part to take care of his army, and to use it when it could be used in a way which would secure advantage. He was a splendid

exponent of intelligent war. Thus Sherman, at the beginning of his campaign, had a man before him who was far-seeing, cool and calculating.

The enemy were encamped in Buzzard's Roost, the approach to Dalton, a wild gorge which was admirably adapted for defence. The creek which ran through it had been dammed up and the roadway was covered with the waters of an artificial lake. On the heights on either side the guns were placed, black and silent threats against intrusion.

To attack such a position would be madness, and Sherman had no intention of doing so. He knew that he had a large advantage in numbers, and he determined to utilize this. McPherson was sent to the rear to capture the railroad which furnished the Confederate army with its supplies. He had about twenty-three thousand men with him, and Hooker was close at hand to assist. He stopped just short of Resaca, refraining from making an attack because he believed the enemy to be too strongly intrenched. Johnston saw that he was in a trap and determined to get out as soon as possible. He was not strong enough to assault, and his only object was to act on the active-defensive. On the 11th he evacuated Dalton and, by a quick and exceedingly well-executed movement, got his army into Resaca before they could be struck in the confusion of the retreat. On the 14th Resaca was invested and the day following there was fighting all around it. McPherson gained a ridge which overlooked the town and trained his field artillery upon the bridge across the Oostenaule, and all efforts to drive him away were unsuccessful. Again Johnston was alert. He knew that to stay in Resaca longer would be folly, and, on the same night, by another masterly movement, he got his army across the river and left Resaca clear for Federal occupation.



The Confederates retreated to Kingston, making a show of fighting all the way. There Johnston drew up in hostile form, but, when the Federals came up again, he fell back upon Cassville in splendid order, and parapets were thrown up. All the appearances indicated a battle at Cassville, and Sherman brought up his available forces, but when the day broke the wily Confederate was nowhere to be seen. He had slipped away again and gotten beyond the Etowah river. At Cassville Johnston had intended to give battle and had made all preparations, but a lack of confidence in the good faith of his corps commanders made him change his mind.

After this avoidance Sherman found himself some distance from his base of supplies, and he stopped where he was for ten days. Then he moved towards Dallas, through a wooded and mountainous country. The rain was falling heavily and marching was very difficult. At New Hope the enemy was found and there was a week of strong skirmishing. Then Sherman pursued his favorite tactics of outflanking the Confederates and they fell back to Kenesaw. From the beginning of the campaign until that time Johnston had retreated a hundred miles.

It was the optimistic theory of the Confederacy that Johnston was simply drawing Sherman on; that it was his intention to decoy him into the interior and there crush him. But this was absurd. At Cassville Johnston had about sixty thousand men, while Sherman had a hundred thousand. The Confederate was too shrewd a general to fight against such odds. He did not fight for the sake of fighting, but because he wanted to win, and he would not enter a battle unless he felt some surety of a victory. He fell back before the Federal army because he was forced to, and his retreat was



made in good form because he had miles of fortified positions behind him.

June had come. A rainy spell had set in and it continued with dreary persistency. There were no roads and they had to be made for the supply trains. The enemy occupied three hills, of which Kenesaw was the extreme, and ten miles of irregular intrenchments were thrown up in front of them. From their lofty perch the Confederates could overlook every movement made in the Federal camp. Chance firing went on between the two lines, and a stray shell killed General Polk, one of Johnston's corps commanders. The Confederate line, as formed, was too long and too much weakened, but before the 20th two of the hills had been abandoned and Johnston had concentrated at Kenesaw.

On the 27th of June an effort was made to make a breach in the fortified lines, but it was a failure, although the Federals made a considerable advance and held their ground. The intrenchments were too strong to be carried by assault, and Sherman at once decided to move the army to the Chattahoochee river, ten miles below, and cut Johnston off. But the wary Confederate could not be caught in this way. During the night he abandoned Kenesaw and retreated to an intrenched camp on the west bank of the Chattahoochee river. The movement was made with great skill.

The forward advance of the Federal army had now brought it within ten miles of Atlanta, the principal railroad centre of that portion of the South. The greatest alarm prevailed among the citizens. They were surprised and startled at the close proximity of the national troops. Johnston was warmly denounced for not having given battle before, and a cry went up for his removal. His friends attempted to stem the popular

clamor, but in vain, and, in the midst of it, he was relieved and Hood placed in command.

Hood was put in to fight and he did fight. On the 20th of July he made his first attack on the Federal right, but was repulsed after two hours of hard combat. Sherman at once advanced his lines much nearer Atlanta and close to the Confederate intrenchments. Two days later another attack was made and the battle continued all day. The brunt of it was borne by the Army of the Tennessee. The Confederates were again repulsed; but, early in the day, General McPherson was killed. The investment of Atlanta continued for some days, during which time the city was shelled. Then the Federal army moved below it to occupy the railroad. The old tactics were again successful. Almost immediately the enemy evacuated Atlanta and General Slocum entered it. The aggregate loss in killed, wounded and missing during the three months' campaign was 31,687 on the Federal and 34,479 on the Confederate side.

The fall of Atlanta was a great victory. It had been accomplished with less loss of life than might have been expected under the circumstances. Sherman had advanced for more than a hundred and twenty-five miles through a thoroughly fortified country. He now held the city which was known as the "gateway of the South," and whose loss to the Confederacy could hardly be overestimated. He had shown the best genius of generalship in his conduct of the campaign, and he merited the enthusiasm with which the news of the victory was received in the North. He struck the enemy a severe blow.

The general orders to Sherman had been to penetrate into the interior of Georgia and inflict as much damage as he could upon the Confederate resources, but he im-

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MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF SHERMAN'S ARMY THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA.

proved upon these. In his letter to Grant, on September 20th, he said: "The more I study the game, the more I am convinced that it would be wrong for us to penetrate farther into Georgia without any objective beyond. It would not be productive of much good. I will therefore give it as my opinion that I should keep Hood employed and put my army in fine order for a march on Augusta, Columbia and Charleston."

As soon as the idea of getting to the sea came into Sherman's mind it remained there. He insisted upon it in all his despatches, but the authorities at Washington and General Grant were slow to acquiesce. They believed that Hood should be crushed out first, but Hood was hard to get at. Sherman insisted that Thomas had enough men to take care of Hood, and subsequent events proved that he was right. It was not until November 2d that Grant telegraphed him, "Go on as you propose," and ten days later he was ready.

The supplies were sent to the rear, the railroad was destroyed, the wires were cut and all communication with the North abruptly ended. The army was purged of sick men and non-combatants, and only the absolute essentials were to be taken. The force aggregated about sixty-two thousand.

On the 15th the army started. It was divided into two columns—one moving towards Madison and the other to follow the railroad towards Jonesboro.' The point of junction was to be Milledgeville, a hundred miles away. It was a glorious day. The air was brisk and bracing and the men were in splendid spirits and impatient to be off. Every one was full of hope and the army believed that it was going to end the rebellion as once. It had been uniformly victorious and it felt great confidence in its prowess. It had complete trust in its

commander and little fear of Hood's columns that were moving aimlessly far to the northwest. The able-bodied negroes who had been allowed to accompany the expedition frisked about joyously, seeing freedom in the swinging and confident step of their blue-coated friends.

The first night was spent near Lithonia mountain. Miles of railway had been torn up and huge fires were built of the ties, at which the rails were heated and twisted out of all semblance of utility. The volatile commander was anxious that this part of the work should be well done, and he moved about among the men, encouraging them at their work. They were full of the *abandon* of the daring move, and laughed and jested to their hearts' content. They were buoyant and confident. There was no thought of danger or failure. Just beyond, the mountain loomed up solemn and dignified, looking down with sombre indifference upon the scene below. In the very heart of a hostile country, with all their communications in the rear cut off, marching away from the possibility of reinforcement, they were joyous and light-hearted.

Covington was the first town they passed through. The negroes could hardly conceal their delight. To them the long, dusty columns were material evidence that the day of Jubilee had come. They saw the proclamation of emancipation moving by in the careless, confident soldiery. But the whites were sadly startled. Their leaders had been very boastful in pronouncements, and this was a sorry vindication of them. The invasion was a surprise which was not kindly received.

The Federals were on the direct way to the State capital. They had been ordered to subsist off of the country, and they were helping themselves as they went along. At the capital the legislature was huddled in

terror. It passed an act calling upon the people to repel the invader, and then packed its baggage and hurried out of the way. General Beauregard issued a proclamation appealing to the citizens to obstruct and destroy all the roads, and starve the enemy out, but the proclamation came too late. One minor attack was made upon the Federal right, near Griswoldville, but it was repulsed with great slaughter.

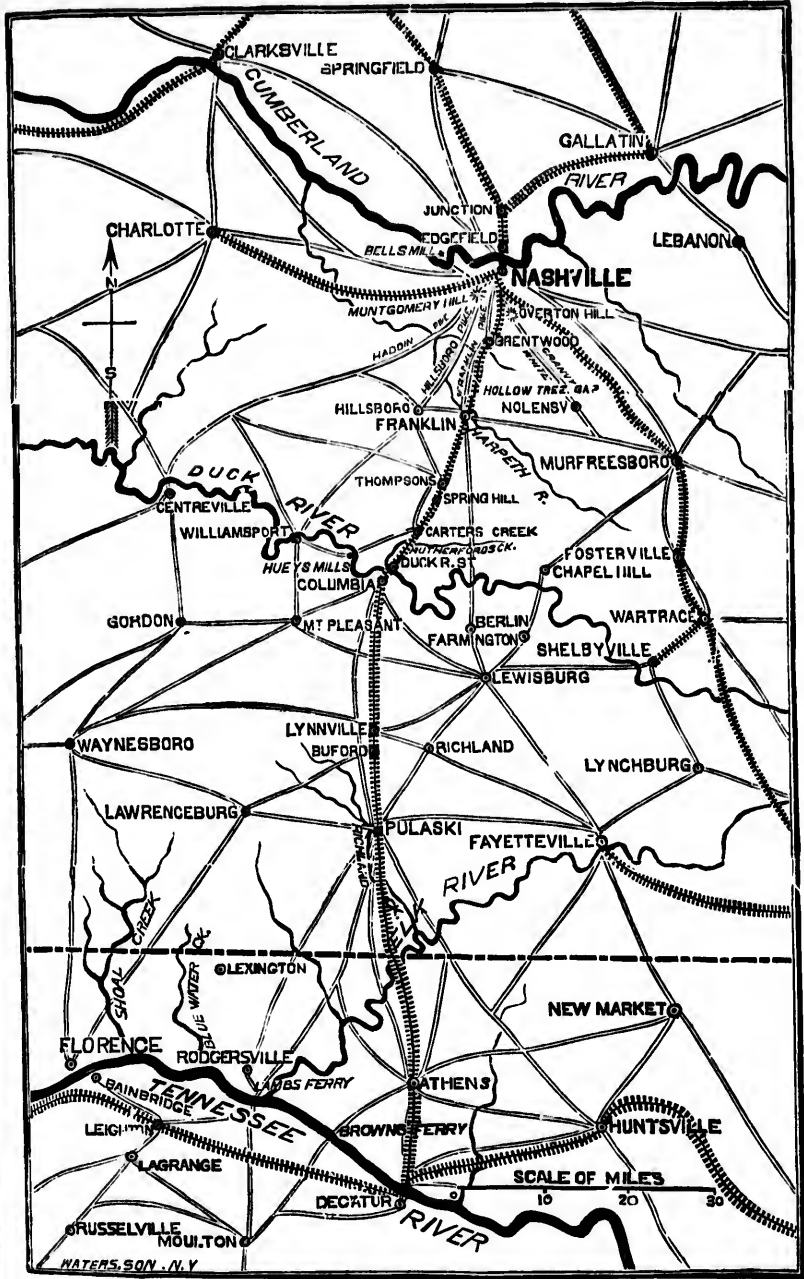
Sherman reached Milledgeville and rested. The State authorities had hurried out. There was nothing to do but to take account of things and go on. So, on the 24th, he took up the march again. Detached portions of the army were attacked by Wheeler, who was following behind with cavalry, but the fighting did not amount to much. Kilpatrick once got too far behind and the enemy came between him and the army, but he cut his way through. At Reynolds' plantation there was a sharp, heavy skirmish, but Wheeler was repulsed. Some brisk fighting of a minor character followed afterwards, in which Wheeler was more than worsted.

On December 3d the army reached Millen, and cut the railway communications between Savannah and Augusta. From this time on there was virtually no opposition. The Confederates hovering in the rear had become cautious, and refrained from attack. The march was nearly at its end. The soil was sandy, and forage was not so easy to obtain. There was a scent of salt in the air, and a consciousness of a great feat accomplished in the face of the leader. Five days later Savannah was invested, communication opened with the fleet, and the last railway cut. The march had been accomplished, the country had been devastated, five hundred miles of railway had been destroyed, and the forage had been consumed on a broad swath of country at least fifty miles across. Sherman had cut the Confederacy in two.

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MAP SHOWING COUNTRY FROM NASHVILLE, TENN., TO DECATUR, ALA. (715)

Savannah did not last long. Resistance was hopeless. On the 21st Hardee moved out, and Generals Slocum and Howard moved in. Thorough communication with the Federal fleet in the harbor had been established before. The Confederate army had escaped, but the victory was a pronounced one. It was especially important in its moral effect. It confirmed the deep depression which had fallen upon the South with the capture of Atlanta, and it encouraged the North to send forward assistance for the accomplishment of the main work at Richmond. Comparatively no resistance had been offered to Sherman on his march, and yet the movement was full of far-reaching consequences. It was a victory won without the shedding of much blood, and yet it inspired the nation more than did Vicksburg or the fall of Atlanta. It was a stroke of genius, and its execution was followed by results of importance.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to who was the author of the idea which led to the march, but the immediate credit certainly belongs to Sherman. No sooner had he occupied Atlanta than he looked to the east. Grant's general orders had been that he should penetrate the interior; but, at the time, the authorities were afraid of Hood's operations. Sherman was not. He believed that Thomas could take care of Hood. He felt that at Atlanta his army would be idle, and that to leave Georgia would have a bad effect. He saw only one thing to do, and this was to go forward; and in every despatch he sent to either the commander or to Washington he insisted upon it. And finally the answer came, "Go as you propose." And he went. It is evident that the march to the sea was the result of conditions which grew as Sherman advanced through Georgia.



## CHAPTER LII.

### THE LAST YEAR, OF STRIFE.

How the armies were placed—Sheridan in the valley—Ord's movements—Visit of President Lincoln—He sees a battle instead of a review—Sherman arrives—His conversation with Lincoln—The understanding between them—Another great battle certain—Lincoln desires to avoid it—Sherman returns to North Carolina—Sheridan.

THE last year of the war opened well for the Union forces and badly for the Confederates. Grant's grip was every day tightening upon the waning lines of the enemy about Petersburg, and Sherman was resting his army at Savannah. Sheridan was preparing for his last move up the valley, and all the co-operating forces were arranging for the final blow. Grant suggested to Sherman that he bring his forces by sea to join the main army; but Sherman said he preferred to march overland through the Carolinas and would form a junction with Grant near Burksville. Thus Lee's army would be between the upper and the nether mill-stone. This plan was agreed upon, and the result is familiar history.

While Sherman was making ready Grant was not idle. Late in January a movement to the left was planned, and on the 5th of that month the Second and Fifth corps were sent out, with Gregg's cavalry leading, to Dinwiddie Court-House, and the next day the Sixth corps (which had returned from the Shenandoah valley in November), and the Ninth were also moved in reserve. Some heavy fighting ensued, but no general engagement, and on the 15th all was quiet again. But the Union line had been extended further westward and now rested along

the Vaughan road to the lower part of Hatcher's run, to which point the military railway had been extended from City Point.

Sheridan left Winchester February 27th with his cavalry, and the third day after chased Early into his intrenchments at Waynesboro', and captured the whole command—men, guns, flags and supplies. Early himself narrowly escaped and was never given another important command. The next day Sheridan reached Charlotteville and waited two days for his trains, while his busy troopers destroyed the railway each side, and then divided his command. One division reached James river canal and destroyed its locks, while the other column pushed to Amherst Court-House toward Lynchburg, and thence to New Market, where the divisions reunited. Here, the high water prevented the crossing of the James, so Sheridan turned eastward, and after a brilliant march reached White House on the Pamunkey on the 19th. In his track there had been nothing left undestroyed that was of value to aid the Confederate force, and Sheridan was now free to join Grant for the last struggle.

Hancock was assigned to the middle military division and Humphreys was commanding the Second corps, while the cavalry was again given to Sheridan.

The end was drawing very near, and Grant's only fear was that so skilful a soldier as Lee might make an effort to break away and join his force with that of Johnston in Sherman's front, when it would be easy to reach the mountains.

With this contingency in view he prepared, on the 24th, extended orders in detail for a movement to begin March 29th. General Ord, with three divisions of the Army of the James, was ordered to the extreme left of

the Army of the Potomac. The Ninth corps, with Parke, was directed to hold the line of fortifications, while Sheridan was to swing in advance. General Godfrey Weitzel was left in command of what remained of the Army of the James.

Ord's movement to join was fixed for the 27th, but Lee precipitated matters by assuming the offensive. Very early in the morning of the 25th, the divisions of Gordon and Bushrod Johnson, under General Gordon, massed quietly in front of the Ninth corps, at the redoubt known as Fort Steadman, and rushed just at day-break on that work, capturing it handsomely, with the flanking works known as batteries Nine, Ten and Eleven, and turned the guns on the expelled men. The dash was only excelled by Hancock's charge at Spottsylvania salient, but Gordon failed, with all his gallantry, to hold his prize.

The men of Wilcox's division caught themselves at Fort Haskell, not far away, and, reforming, went back as troops seldom go that have just met reverses. Hartman's division, also of the Ninth corps, advanced at the same time with Wilcox, and Gordon was thrust out from his prize to ground so swept by a cross-fire that Hartman was left with nearly two thousand prisoners. The counter-assault had been so sudden and heavy that the retaking was as brilliant as the first.

The whole thing was over in a brief time, but the affair acted on Grant like a pre-arranged signal, and Meade was instructed to send in the whole line. The commander seemed to be as well aware as was Lee that Gordon's movement was a sort of forlorn hope, the success of which meant a juncture with Johnston. The effect on the troops had been magnetic, and the proposed review for which they were found preparing was

changed to the operation of a great general engagement.

President Lincoln was present to witness the review, but saw a battle and a victory, which he declared was much better. Hill's line was broken. The beginning of the end was started, and four days before Grant had planned for it.

Wright dashed in with the Sixth on Parke's left and seized the Confederate advanced line. The Second corps moved forward still further to the left and grasped the picket line in front, and President Lincoln saw his promised review after all, for as Crawford's division trotted past to go into action, they gave him a marching salute. The advantage rested with the Union army all that day.

Two days later, while the arrangements were still under way, Sherman came to City Point from Goldsboro', North Carolina, where his army had arrived and was resting while being supplied, and Grant explained to him in detail the plans he had adopted.

This was the first time that Grant had met Sherman since he had bidden adieu to the Army of the Tennessee, and, as may be imagined, the meeting was a cordial as well as an important one. President Lincoln was still at City Point, and General Sherman took occasion to have a conference with him. Speaking of that interview, General Sherman now says:

"From the looks of things it was very evident that the end was near. It was also apparent that either Grant or myself would have to fight at least one more great battle. Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly anxious that further bloodshed should be avoided if possible. He said that he hoped that the war might end without another battle. He continued, that what he wanted Grant and I

to do was to stop the fighting, send the Southern soldiers home and get them at work as soon as possible. Mr. Lincoln's feelings, as expressed to us at the time, were exceedingly kindly, and they found expression in the terms I accorded to Joe Johnston. His ideas, as outlined during this meeting at City Point, comprehended the restoration of the existing State administrations as governments *de facto* until Congress could pass upon the question.

"His entire conversation suggested a broad and liberal treatment of the Southern people. I said to him:

"'Mr. President, there will be no trouble about the soldiers; but what about the civilians?'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'we will leave a way open for them to get out.'

"'What about Jeff Davis and men of that character?' I inquired.

"He said he could not commit himself on that subject, but he felt a great deal like the man who had sworn off drinking. A neighbor invited him to have a glass of lemonade. A bottle of brandy stood near, and the host suggested that a little liquor in it would not hurt. The abstainer remarked, 'No, I don't mind the liquor, if you can slip it in unbeknownst to me.'

"I clearly understood the application and replied, 'Very well; I think there will be no difficulty about the restoration of peace, but we will have to have at least another bloody battle. Both Generals Johnston and Lee are soldiers of superior quality and are not going to surrender without a fight.'

"I then anticipated that Lee would try to make a junction with Johnston and that their combined forces would strike me about Raleigh. I had 80,000 as fine troops as were ever marshalled, and was thoroughly able

to repel any attack that could be made by Lee and Johnston combined.

"Mr. Lincoln said he was glad to hear it, but wished very much that I was back with my army in North Carolina.

"I told him that no emergency could arise that General Schofield was not competent to meet.

"'Well,' he replied, 'that may be true, but I should feel very much easier if you were back.'

"I told him that I intended to return that day, as soon as my boat was ready.

"The protocol with Johnston, submitted to the government for approval, was within range of Mr. Lincoln's policy, as he then mapped it out to me. If there was any change in Mr. Lincoln's plans after he communicated them to General Grant and myself at City Point I was not advised."

Grant and Sherman parted that day, after this interview with Mr. Lincoln, and their subsequent meeting is treated of elsewhere. Grant at once continued preparations for the spring campaign, and Sherman did the same.

The afternoon of March 29th, Sheridan, with his nine thousand cavalry under Crook and Merritt, had moved past Ream's station to Dinwiddie Court-House, and Grant was at Gravelly run, whence he wrote Sheridan not to cut loose from the army, as had before been intended, but to push round the enemy's right.

The next day Sheridan seized upon Five Forks, making the move in a fierce storm of rain that halted everything on wheels, and had a sharp fight. Warren was attacked and checked and then slowly but steadily forced back, division by division, and finally the enemy

turned his whole attention to Sheridan and forced him back to Dinwiddie, where another battle was fought which resulted in victory for the Union cavalrymen. The latter at once followed up his advantage and again advanced to Five Forks, which he held.

The Fifth corps was now added to Sheridan's immediate command, this being on the 1st of April. Warren did not satisfy his new chief and this day was relieved on the field and Griffin succeeded in command of the corps.

General Grant formed a very high estimate of Sheridan from his operations of the past two days, and declared that his conduct showed great generalship. When he had pressed the Confederates back within their works, he ordered Merritt to demonstrate as if to attack their right, while he swung round with the Fifth corps and struck the left flank and wholly crushed it, driving the opposing lines in rout. The pursuit was kept up for half a dozen miles, until darkness put an end to the work of the tired troops. Between five and six thousand prisoners had fallen into Sheridan's hands and the remainder continued their flight westward.

Grant now considered Sheridan's position very hazardous. The enemy might concentrate and overpower him unless their attention was fully occupied along the whole line. Miles, with a division of the Second corps, was sent to his aid, and, attacking under Sheridan's direction, gallantly drove the enemy back. In order further to relieve the cavalry, Grant ordered every corps to endeavor to pierce the enemy's lines in his front so as to prevent Lee from further weakening his defences in order to concentrate an overwhelming force and defeat the flanking movement. The orders issued at this time showed the desire of the commanding general to im-

press upon each subordinate commander the necessity for the utmost vigor and pertinacity in their attacks. Having instructed them thus minutely he spent the remainder of the evening awaiting reports from Sheridan, about whom his anxiety was intense.

It was at this time that Sheridan made his greatest reputation as a co-operating commander upon whom every dependence could be placed. He seemed to have an anticipatory idea of every move which Grant intended, and he showed the greatest confidence in his manner of carrying out what he knew his chief would approve. Perhaps the greatest part of Sheridan's army career will be considered that which included his operations about Richmond in the closing days of the war.



## CHAPTER LIII.

### THE ARMY BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Failure to carry Petersburg by assault—Despondency in the North—Enormous death-roll—Grant farther from Richmond—President Lincoln's firm confidence—His predictions—He visits City Point—Operating against the Weldon Road—Butler's move on Deep Bottom—Battle of Reams' Station—Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry beaten—Southside railroad at Banksville torn up—Narrow escape of the Union cavalry—The army resting—The siege begun.

THE very night of the last assault Grant expressed to Meade his opinion that all had been done that could be done to carry the works, and that they would thereafter endeavor to gain advantage without assaulting fortifications. The men were wearied from their seven-weeks' campaign of hard fighting and marching, and needed repose. He had concluded to rest the command, "and use the spade for their protection until a new vein can be struck."

One unfortunate result of the failure to grasp Petersburg was the feeling of depression that pervaded the North. The public did not penetrate the strategic value and importance of the move across the James River, and only understood that Grant had moved twenty-five miles farther away from Richmond, and that Lee was in his front and fortified. They believed that Grant had been out-generaled by Lee and forced to his present position. None realized the value of Beauregard's action to the Confederate cause in throwing troops into Petersburg, nor the strange failure of Smith to take what he had won. Already the heavy losses in the almost-continuous fighting from the Wilderness to this point had depressed the public, and the corresponding losses of Lee, even while

he fought for the most part in intrenched positions, were not known to the people.

The war had grown so heavy a burden, and the list of dead and maimed roll was so large, that prayers were offered up for the ending of the struggle, for peace; many wanted it at any price, so that bloodshed might cease. To the people the possession of the Confederate capital meant peace, and that was the goal desired; yet here was Grant farther from Richmond than he had been a month before.

Many lost faith in the man of victory, who came less than six months before from his triumphs in the West to battle with Lee; but President Lincoln was never one of these. He was stanch in his belief in Grant, and came at once to the rescue. He sent an approving dispatch to him, and on June 18th addressed a public meeting in Philadelphia, where he said: "We are going through with our task, so far as I am concerned, if it takes us three years longer. I am not in the habit of making predictions, but I am almost tempted now to hazard one. It is, that Grant is this morning in a position, with Meade and Hancock, of Pennsylvania, where he will never be dislodged by the enemy until Richmond is taken."

This, of course, was telegraphed to all quarters, and was a great help in cheering the public heart. President Lincoln did still more to show Grant and the country how strong and abiding was his faith in his chief captain. On the next Tuesday, the President visited General Grant at City Point. During the day both rode to the front, and visited the lines at Petersburg and Bermuda Hundred, where they were received with great enthusiasm by the soldiers, especially by the colored troops, who had so distinguished themselves at Cold Harbor and Petersburg.

The rest proposed by Grant for his men was of short

duration, for he at once began operations to envelop the enemy. Smith and the eighteenth corps were sent back to Butler, on the north side of the Appomattox, and Wright's divisions returned to Meade. One of Hancock's old wounds had forced him to leave the field, and Birney was commanding the second corps. Butler extended his line to the left, so that the sixth, where Smith had been, was relieved, and that corps, with the second was withdrawn from the line and moved to the extreme left, pointing at the seizure of the Weldon Railroad, with the Appomattox west of Petersburg as the objective. Brooks had relieved Gilmore, in command of the Tenth corps under Butler, and Ferraro's division of colored troops was added to the Ninth corps.

On the morning that Lincoln visited the armies the position was: Smith was pushed across the Appomattox and held the extreme right where Wright had been, with the Fifth and Ninth corps occupying the line of intrenchments across the City Point and Norfolk railways and to the Jerusalem Plank road. The same morning Birney and Wright pushed rapidly out for the Weldon railroad, which remained the chief artery of



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

supply for the beleagured enemy. The second corps movement was to connect beyond Warren with Wright, who was expected to extend to the desired point. The enemy detected the movement and its object, and acting quite as rapidly the advance had only reached Davis' farm on the Jerusalem road when it was attacked sharply by A. P. Hill's troops and checked. The next day, Wednesday, A. P. Hill found a fatal gap on Birney's flank and doubled up his left forcing Barlow's division back on Mott (Birney's) and Gibbon, but a new line was formed and held. Thursday, Wright pushed to the Weldon road and cut the telegraph, but hardly had he placed three regiments in position, when Anderson's division of Hill's corps struck them on the flank, crushing them back with the loss of many prisoners. The country was very much broken and difficult to move in and was besides unknown to the Union commanders, while the Confederates were familiar with every inch of the ground. The possession of the road was of vital importance to Lee and his blows were struck heavily and with no uncertain hand. Here Lee for the first time since the Wilderness abandoned his strict policy of defensive fighting in works and struck quick and sharp to save the last means of feeding his army. The Union lines were withdrawn to the Jerusalem road. Meantime while Lee was so busily engaged in protecting his right, Grant had directed Butler to throw a force across into the low broad stretch of swale known as Deep Bottom. This was successfully done by a brigade of the tenth corps under General Robert S. Foster, and a new road was opened to Richmond by the north bank, and only fourteen miles away.

While the unsuccessful effort was being made to occupy and hold the Weldon road, General Wilson with his div-

ision of cavalry, and that of Kautz's from Butler's command, moved rapidly South the morning of June 22d, to Reams' Station on the Weldon road, where they destroyed the depot and tore up a long stretch of track. Thence moving west without delay, the command struck the Southside railway at a point about fifteen miles west from Petersburg, and tore up the track for twenty-two miles near Nottaway station.

General W. F. Lee, with the enemy's cavalry, was encountered, defeated, and brushed away. Kautz was sent on to the junction of the Southside with the Danville road at Burksville, which he reached and destroyed Thursday evening. That night and the next day he tore up the track as far as Meherrin station, where he rejoined Wilson, and the united command then destroyed the Danville road as far south as Roanoke Bridge, where they struck the enemy posted in force, so that he could not be dislodged. The enraged Confederates were gathering like wolves about the gallant cavalymen, and they were forced to start rapidly back. The following Tuesday Wilson met a large force at Stony Creek, on the Weldon road, and after a hard fight, was forced to make a detour to Reams' Station, which he supposed was still in Union hands. This was a terrible mistake, for the enemy, in their efforts to close every avenue of escape, had re-occupied that point with a large force of infantry and cavalry. In his efforts to escape, Wilson lost all his artillery and trains and became separated from Kautz, who made his way into the Union lines independently, and finally came in himself by crossing the Nottaway River. He was in a pitiable condition and had lost many prisoners, in addition to his guns and wagons. He had made one of the most magnificent raids of the war, and though almost de-

stroyed himself, had succeeded in breaking the railway communication with Richmond for several weeks. General Grant said: "The damage done to the enemy in that expedition more than compensated for the loss sustained."

Thus it was, that after three months of hard and almost continuous fighting, the Army of the Potomac had reached a point where, for a time, no more field operations were feasible, and the siege of the great stronghold where Lee rested must begin. The losses during the campaign had been enormous. Between sixty and seventy thousand killed, wounded and missing was the number. Grant had lost six hundred officers killed, more than two thousand wounded, and three hundred and fifty missing. These were veterans, and could not be replaced readily; brigades were in many cases commanded by majors, and regiments by lieutenants. New troops had come to replace the losses, but it was long before they would fill the gap made by the death and disablement of many of the veterans who crossed the Rapidan.

Meanwhile all had not gone well in the Valley of Virginia. After some sharp fighting, Hunter who had succeeded Sigel, effected a junction June 8th at Staunton with Crook and Averill. Thence the combined force moved to Lexington and then back to Lynchburg, which was invested June 16th—too late. Lee's communications being all open to the westward had enabled him to throw about a corps of troops into Lynchburg, and Hunter was forced to retire for safety. He had run out of ammunition, but instead of retiring along the Valley line, so as to interpose between Lee's army and the North, he fell back to the Kanawha River, and his troops were lost to use for a number of weeks.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### IN THE DEADLY CRATER.

"Lee cannot feed Reinforcements"—Grant has no Fear of Johnston Aiding Virginia—The Siege Train at Petersburg—Within Short Cannon Range—Grant Reinforcing—The Trans-Mississippi Campaign Discontinued—Preparing the Mine—Its Frightful Destructiveness—Fatal Delay of the Assailants—Slaughter in the Crater—The Troops Withdrawn—Trying to Fix the Responsibility—No One to Blame—The Confederate Description.

GRANT at this time, while matters looked so dark to the eyes of the loyal North telegraphed to Halleck to inform Sherman, who was pushing through Georgia toward Atlanta, that he might go ahead on the original plan and to pay no attention to an effort to keep Joe Johnston from loosening reinforcements to help Lee. He said tersely that "Lee can not stand reinforcements, as he has all he can do to supply the force he has here now." Lee was then dispatching to the Confederate Secretary of War that "the Weldon road is constantly in danger of interruption and trains can not be run safely." The only lines of supply were to the westward, over the Southside and Danville roads, which Wilson had already struck so severely. In the mean time Grant was organizing. "The Weldon road we can keep destroyed," he said to Halleck, June 28th. Lee's prediction was right. He was then in the grasp of the man who knew the art of war,—a grasp which was never to be loosened until the end came at Appomattox Court-House. The siege-train had arrived at Petersburg and been placed in the rapidly-constructed fortifications along Lee's front. And while the Union troops were recovering from the physical exhaustion of the strain of the past two months, Grant reported "All

is quiet here now, except from our guns, which are firing into the Bridge at Petersburg from a distance of two thousand yards."

The position was such, however, that Lee could hold his own with the thinnest of lines and the siege of Richmond—Petersburg being practically a mere outpost—bade fair to be tedious. Grant informed the authorities at Washington that a larger than an ordinary force was needed to successfully envelop Petersburg. He felt safe against Lee, and acting defensively against Lee and Johnston's forces combined, but he felt that the situation called for the concentration of all energies against the two principal armies of the enemy. Said he, "Johnston should be pushed in Georgia, while west of the Mississippi [then Kirby Smith commanded the trans-Mississippi Department] I would not attempt anything until the rebellion east of it is entirely subdued." General Canby was, therefore, directed to let Kirby Smith alone, and the Nineteenth Corps, under General Emory, was ordered to join Grant while the Sixteenth Corps under General A. J. Smith was sent into West Tennessee to repair the damage done by Sturgis' defeat by Forrest, and check attempts on Sherman's line of communication.

Immediately after settling down in Lee's front and erecting works, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, who was a mining engineer by profession, proposed a plan for mining under the main work on Burnside's front, to blow up that strong point, under cover of which the interior line might be carried by a combined assault. Practical miners in Pleasants' regiment began the work under his supervision. Other officers in high command, not including Grant, however, had little faith in the scheme, and it was found so difficult to secure co-operation that



there was great difficulty in procuring ordinary working tools. The work was begun June 25th, and completed July 23d. Ten days later four tons of the best powder known were placed in position in eight magazines or chambers, and the explosion fixed for 3.20 in the morning of July 30th. It was not until an hour later, however, that the terrible rumbling was heard. The assault was to be made by the Ninth Corps, and Burnside wished to send in Ferrero with his black division first. Meade objected to this, and was sustained by Grant. The division commanders finally drew lots for the lead of the assault. General Ledlie won the lead, and was to be flanked by Wilcox and Potter, on the right and left respectively, while Ferrero was to follow Ledlie. Ord, who had succeeded Smith in command of the Eighteenth Corps, was to move forward on the right, and Warren, with the Fifth Corps, on the left. Every gun bearing on the immediate front was to open at the instant of the explosion, to keep the ground clear.

The Confederate garrison, under Colonel Fleming, comprised the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-second South Carolina Regiments, and had sixteen guns in position.

An eye-witness says that "When the explosion occurred, the whole works seemed to be upheaved in a mass like a vertical cone. Dead and dying men, parts of gun-carriages and guns, great masses of earth, pieces of timber and *débris* were hurled in the air, and could be seen by the lightning gleams of the burning powder." Then began the terrible noise of one hundred and ten guns, abetted by fifty mortars, and for a moment the whole Confederate line seemed paralyzed by the unexpected shock. The frightened troops of the enemy gave way almost voluntarily to the right and left, and their artillery was for the moment deserted and silent.

Grant was on the ground with Meade watching for the expected instantaneous attack that did not take place. It was ten minutes after the shock before Ledlie's division moved, led by the gallant Bartlett. It swept into the big crater formed by the explosion, but went no farther, halting there a whole hour. Meade heard of this fatal tardiness and ordered Burnside to push forward all his other troops and to call on Ord to support his flank. Potter and Wilcox had gained their positions, but could do but little while Ledlie blocked the way for Ferrero, who, however, pushed his brave blacks into the crater, where they only furnished targets for the merciless guns of the enemy. The scene in that crater never has, never will be, nor can ever be faithfully described. The Confederates had by this time roused from their stupor and from the Cemetery Ridge in the rear and from the right and left began pouring in a storm of shells that pitilessly swept the whole front and made it certain death to remain there, and to retrace their way back was almost as bad. Mahone's Confederate troops rushed to the defense of their works with irresistible fury, compelling Burnside, at 9 o'clock A. M., to retire. The well-planned attack, from which so much was expected, had miserably failed through somebody's blunder, and four thousand and three officers and men had been uselessly sacrificed. A court of inquiry, of which Hancock was president, placed the principal blame of the needless disaster on the halting of the first column in the crater.

The siege of Petersburg progressed steadily, and Lee was given no rest nor opportunity to detach reinforcements to aid any of his own lieutenants. The disaster at the mine explosion, however, made Grant feel that thenceforward he must thrust aside the feelings of delicacy that had before made him refrain from interfering

with Meade's direct command of the Army of the Potomac. The court of inquiry found that no directing head was present at the time of the mine explosion, and that neither of the division commanders were with the troops—Burnside was near, but failed in the emergency, and Meade was too far away to be of any value. Burnside did not tell Meade of all the details of the disaster, and was as severely censured as was Ledlie for his neglect to be with his command while it was in action. Burnside smoothed his hurt feelings by going away on leave, and Parke succeeded him in command of the Ninth Corps.

A magnificent description of the explosion from the Confederate stand-point is that of W. Gordon McCabe. He says:

"Burnside held an advanced position, carried in the assaults of the 17th and 18th of June, by his own troops and Griffin's division of Warren's corps, and had succeeded in constructing a heavy line of rifle-pits, scarcely more than one hundred yards distant from what was then known as the Elliot Salient. Immediately in rear of this advanced line the ground dipped suddenly and broadening out into a meadow of considerable extent, afforded an admirable position for massing a large body of troops, while working parties would be effectually screened from the observation of the Confederates holding the crest beyond.

"Now it happened that the second division of the 9th corps guarded this position of the Federal front, and as early as the 24th of June, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, commanding the first brigade of that division, a man of resolute energy and an accomplished mining engineer, proposed to his division commander that he be allowed to run a gallery from this hollow and blow up the hostile salient.

“Submitted to Burnside, the venture was approved, and at twelve o'clock the next day Pleasants began work, selecting for the service his own regiment, the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, most of whom were miners from the Schuylkill region. But though Burnside approved, the Commanding-General of the Army of the Potomac and the military engineers regarded the scheme from the first with ill-concealed derision. Meade and his Chief of Engineers, Duane, declared that it was all clap-trap and nonsense; that the Confederates were certain to discover the enterprise; that working parties would be smothered for lack of air or crushed by the falling earth; finally, as an unanswerable argument, that a mine of such length had never been excavated in military operations.

“‘I found it impossible to get assistance from anybody,’ says Pleasants, with indignation almost pathetic; ‘I had to do all the work myself.’ Day after day, night after night, toiling laboriously, he came out of the bowels of the earth only to find himself in the cold shade of official indifference; yet the undaunted spirit of the man refused to yield his undertaking. Mining picks were denied him, but he straightened out his army picks and delved on; he could get no lumber for supports to his gallery, but he tore down an old bridge in rear of the lines and utilized that; barrows were wanting, in which to remove the earth taken from the mine, but he bound old cracker boxes with hoops of iron, wrenched from the pork barrels, and used them instead; above all, he needed an accurate instrument to make the necessary triangulations, and although there was a new one at army headquarters, he was forced to send to Washington for an old-fashioned theodolite, and make that answer his purpose.

"Despite all this and more, he persevered, working on until the busy hammering of the Confederates overhead, engaged in laying platforms for their guns, assured him that he was well under the doomed salient.

"By July 23d, the mine was finished. It consisted of a main gallery, five hundred and ten and eight-tenths feet in length, with lateral galleries right and left, measuring respectively thirty-eight and thirty-seven feet, and forming the segment of a circle, concave to the Confederate lines. From mysterious paragraphs in the Northern papers and from reports of deserters, though these last were vague and contradictory, Lee and Beauregard suspected that the enemy was mining in front of some one of the three salients on Beauregard's front, and the latter officer had, in consequence, directed counter-mines to be sunk from all three, meanwhile constructing gorge lines in rear, upon which the troops might retire in case of surprise or disaster. Batteries of eight and ten inch Coehorn mortars were also established to assure a cross and front fire on the threatened points. But the counter-mining on the part of the Confederates was after a time discontinued, owing to the lack of proper tools, the inexperience of the troops in such work, and the arduous nature of their service in the trenches.

"The mine finished, official brows began to relax, and Pleasants asking for 12,000 pounds of powder, got 8000 and was thankful, together with 8000 sand-bags, to be used in tamping. On the 27th of July, the charge, consisting of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing twenty-five pounds, were placed in the mine, and before sunset of the 28th the tamping was finished and the mine ready to be sprung.

"General Grant, meanwhile, in his eagerness for the coveted prize so long denied him, resolved to tempt for-

tune by a double throw, and not to stake his all upon the venture of a single cast. To this end, he dispatched, on the evening of the 26th, Hancock's corps and two divisions of horse under Sheridan to the North side of the James, with instructions to the former to move up rapidly next day to Chaffin's and prevent reinforcements crossing from the South, while Sheridan, making a wide sweep to the right, was to attempt from the North a surprise of the thinly garrisoned fortifications of Richmond. Meade was to spring the mine and assault from Burnside's front on the same day, General Grant stating in the telegraphic order, with his habitual reliance on sheer weight of numbers,

“ ‘Your two remaining corps, with the 18th, make you relatively stronger against the enemy at Petersburg than we have been since the first day.’

“ But the cautious Meade replied that he could not advise an assault in the absence of the Second Corps, while the rough treatment experienced by Sheridan indicated that the Confederate capital was secure against surprise.

“ But although the movement North of the James was not, as commonly represented, a skillful feint which deceived Lee, but a real attempt to surprise Richmond, which he thwarted by concentrating heavily on his left, yet to parry the stroke the Confederate commander had been compelled so to denude the Petersburg front that there was left for its defense but four brigades of Bushrod Johnson's Division and the divisions of Hoke and Mahone, which together with the artillery made up a force of little over thirteen thousand effective men.

“ The conjuncture was still bright with success to the Federals, and it being now decided to spring the mine before daylight of the 30th, Hancock's movement

was treated as a feint, and that officer was directed on the night of the 29th to return with all secrecy and dispatch to take part in the assault, while Sheridan was to pass in rear of the army, and with the whole cavalry corps operate towards Petersburg from the South and West.

"On the evening of the 29th Meade issued his orders of battle.

"As soon as it was dusk, Burnside was to mass his troops in front of the point to be attacked, and form them in columns of assault, taking care to remove the abatis, so that the troops could debouch rapidly, and to have his pioneers equipped for opening passages for the artillery. He was to spring the mine at 3.30 A.M., and moving rapidly through the breach, seize the crest of Cemetery Hill, a ridge four hundred yards in rear of the Confederate lines.

"Ord was to mass the Eighteenth Corps in rear of the Ninth, immediately follow Burnside and support him on the right.

"Warren was to reduce the number of men holding his front to the minimum, concentrate heavily on the right of his corps, and support Burnside on the left. Hancock was to mass the Second Corps in rear of the trenches, at that time held by Ord, and be prepared to support the assault as events might dictate.

"Engineer officers were detailed to accompany each Corps, and the Chief Engineer was directed to park his pontoon train at a convenient point, ready to move at a moment's warning, for Meade, having assured himself that the Confederates had no second line on Cemetery Hill, as he had formerly supposed and as Duane had positively reported, was now sanguine of success, and made these preparations to meet the contingency of the meagre

Confederate force retiring beyond the Appomattox and burning the bridges; in which event, he proposed to push immediately across that river and Swift creek and open communication with Butler at Bermuda Hundred before Lee could send any reinforcements from his five divisions North of the James.

"To cover the assault, the Chief of Artillery was to concentrate a heavy fire on the Confederate batteries, commanding the salient and its approaches, and to this end eighty-one heavy guns and mortars and over eighty light guns were placed in battery on that immediate front. Burnside had urged that Ferrero's negro division should lead the attack, declaring that it was superior in morale to the white divisions of his corps, but in this he was over-ruled by Meade and Grant. He therefore permitted the commanders of the white divisions to 'draw straws' as to who should claim the perilous honor, and, fortune favoring the Confederates, the exacting duty fell to General Ledlie, an officer unfitted by nature to conduct any enterprise requiring skill or courage.

"This settled, Burnside, in his turn, issued his orders of assault.

"Ledlie was to push through the breach straight to Cemetery Hill. Wilcox was to follow, and, after passing the breach, deploy on the left of the leading division and seize the line of the Jerusalem plank road.

"Potter was to pass to the right of Ledlie and protect his flank, while Ferrero's negro division, should Ledlie effect a lodgment on Cemetery Hill, was to push beyond that point and immediately assault the town.

"Long before dawn of the 30th, the troops were in position, and at half-past three, punctually to the minute, the mine was fired.

"Then the news passed swiftly down the lines, and the



dark columns standing in severed masses, awaited in dread suspense the signal—knowing that death awaited many on yonder crest, yet not animated by the stern joy of coming fight, nor yet resolved that though death stalked forth with horrid mien from the dreadful breach, it should be but to great victory.

“Minute followed minute of anxious waiting—a trial to even the most determined veterans—and now the east was streaked with gray; yet the tender beauty of the dim tranquillity remained unvexed of any sound of war, save one might hear a low hum amid the darkling swarm as grew the wonder at delay. Nor was the cause of hindrance easy to ascertain; for should it prove that the fuse was still alight, burning but slowly, to enter the mine was certain death. Thus time dragged slowly on, telegram upon telegram of inquiry meanwhile pouring in from Meade, who, unmindful of the dictum of Napoleon, ‘that in assaults a general should be with his troops,’ had fixed his headquarters full a mile away. But these were all unheeded, for Burnside knew not what to answer.

“Then it was that two brave men, whose names should be mentioned with respect wherever courage is honored,—Lieutenant Jacob Douty, and Sergeant Henry Rees, both of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania,—volunteered for the perilous service and entered the mine. By crawling on their hands and knees, groping in utter darkness, they found that the fuse had gone out about fifty feet from the mouth of the main gallery, relighted it and retired.

“‘In eleven minutes now the mine will explode,’ Pleasants reports to Burnside at thirty-three minutes past four, and a small group of officers of the Forty-eighth, standing upon the slope of the main parapets, anxiously awaiting the result.

" 'It lacks a minute yet,' says Pleasants, looking at his watch.

" 'Not a second,' cried Douty, 'for there she goes.'

" A slight tremor of the earth for a second, then the rocking as of an earthquake, and with a tremendous burst, which rent the sleeping hills beyond, a vast column of earth and smoke shoots upward to a great height, its dark sides flashing out sparks of fire, hangs poised for a moment in mid-air, and then hurtling downward with a roaring sound, showers of stones, broken timbers and blackened human limbs, subsides—the gloomy pall of darkening smoke flushing to an angry crimson as it floats away to meet the morning sun.

" Pleasants has done his work with terrible completeness, for now the site of the Elliot Salient is marked by a horrid chasm, one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, ninety-seven feet in breadth and thirty feet deep; and its brave garrison, all asleep, save the guards, when thus surprised by sudden death, lie buried beneath the jagged blocks of blackened clay—in all, two hundred and fifty-six officers and men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina, two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg Battery.

" The dread upheaval has rent in twain Elliot's brigade, and the men to the right and left of the huge abyss recoil in terror and dismay. Nor shall we censure them, for so terrible was the explosion that even the assaulting column shrank back aghast, and nearly ten minutes elapsed ere it could be reformed.

" Now a storm of fire bursts in red fury from the Federal front, and in an instant all the valley between the hostile lines lies shrouded in billowing smoke. Then Marshall, putting himself at the head of the stormers, sword in hand, bids his men to follow.

"But there comes no response befitting the stern grandeur of the scene—no trampling charge, no rolling drums of Austerlitz, no fierce shouts of warlike joy as burst from the men of the 'Light Division' when they mounted the breach of Badajos, or from Frazier's 'Royals' as they crowned the crimson slopes of St. Sebastian.

"No, none of this is here. But a straggling line of the men of the Second Brigade, First Division, uttering a mechanical cheer, slowly mounts the crest, passes unmolested across the intervening space, and true to the instinct fostered by long service in the trenches, plunges into the crater, courting the friendly shelter of its crumbling sides.

"Yonder lies Cemetery Hill in plain view, naked of men, and, hard beyond, the brave old town, nestling whitely in its wealth of green.

"Silence still reigned along the Confederate lines; yet Ledlie's men did not advance, and now the supporting brigade of the same division running forward over the crest, and with an incredible folly crowding in upon their comrades, already huddled together in the shelving pit, all regimental and company organization was lost, and the men speedily passed from the control of their officers.

"If we except Elliot, who, with the remnant of his brigade, was occupying the ravine to the left and rear of the crater, no officer of rank was present on the Confederate side to assume immediate direction of affairs, and a considerable time elapsed before Beauregard and Lee—both beyond the Appomatox—were informed by Colonel Paul, of Beauregard's staff, of the nature and locality of the disaster.

"But almost on the moment, John Haskell, of South

Carolina, a glorious young battalion commander, whose name will be forever associated with the artillery corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, galloped to the front, followed by two light batteries, and having disposed these pieces along the Plank road, and opened Flanner's light guns from the Gee House, passed to his left to speak a word of cheery commendation to Lampkin, of his battalion, who was already annoying the swarming masses of the enemy with his Virginia battery of eight-inch mortars. Passing through the covered way, Haskell sought Elliot, and pointing out to him the defenseless position of the guns on the Plank road, urged him to make such dispositions as would afford them protection. Essaying this, Elliot sprang forward, followed by a mere handful of brave fellows, but almost on the instant fell stricken by a grievous hurt and was borne from his last field of battle.

"The fire of the enemy's artillery was now very severe, owing to their superior weight of metal, and the guns on the Plank road, exposed in addition to the fire of sharpshooters, were suffering such loss that it was determined to retire all but six pieces, and, as the situation seemed rather hopeless, to call for volunteers to man these. To Haskell's proud delight, every gun detachment volunteered to remain.

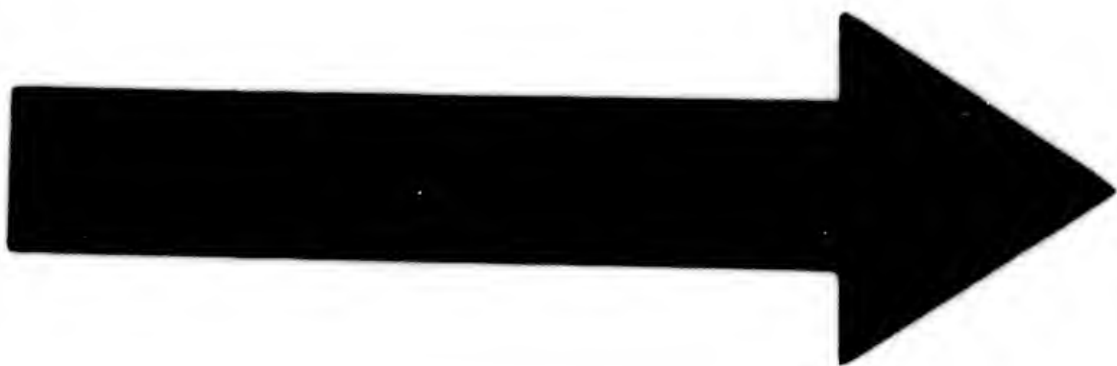
"Nor did the artillery to the right and left fail to bear themselves with the resolution of men conscious that for the time, the hope of the army was centered in their steadiness, and that their guns alone barred the road to Petersburg; for, let me repeat, Cemetery Hill was naked of men. The officers of one battery, indeed, misbehaved, but these were promptly spurned aside, and the very spot of their defection made glorious by the heroic conduct of Hampton Gibbs, of the artillery, and Sam Preston,

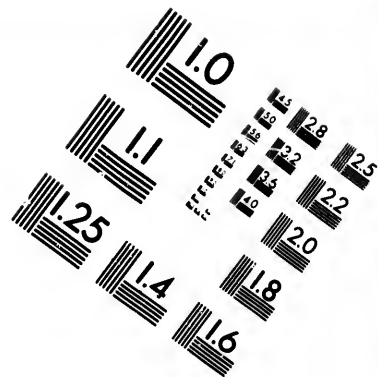
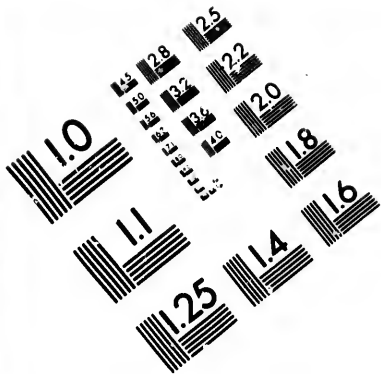
of Wise's brigade, both of whom fell desperately wounded. While spurring hard from the hospital, with the fever still upon him, came Hampden Chamberlayne, a young artillery officer of Hill's corps who so handled these abandoned guns that from that day the battery bore his name, and he wore another bar upon his collar.

"Frank Huger, who, like 'Edward Dreer, of the Forty-third,' had 'seen more combats than he could count years,' was, as always, to the fore, working as a simple cannonier at his heated napoleons, cheering and encouraging his men by joyful voice and valiant example.

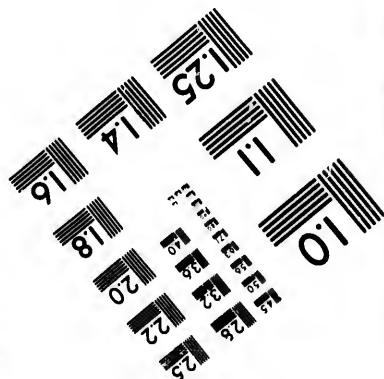
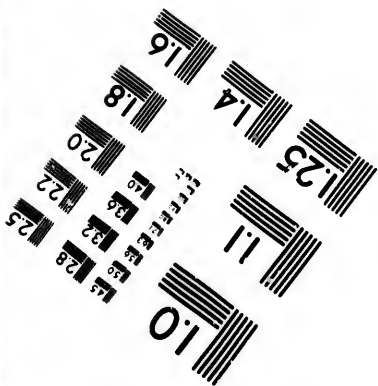
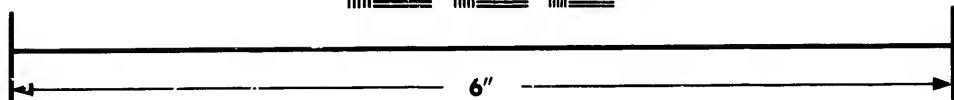
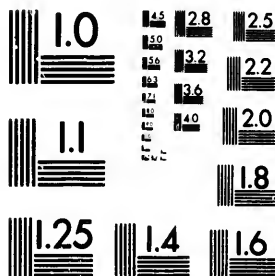
"Wright, of Halifax, opened too a withering fire from his light guns, posted on a hill to the left, nor could he be silenced by the enemy's batteries, for his front was covered by a heavy fringe of pines; and now the eight inch mortars in rear of Wright, and Langhorne's ten-inch mortars, from the Baxter road, took part in the dreadful chorus.

"On the Federal side, Griffin, of Potter's division, not waiting for Wilcox, pushed forward his brigade and gained ground to the north of the crater, and Bliss's brigade of the same division, coming to his support, still further ground was gained in that direction. But his leading regiments, deflected by the hostile fire, bore to their left and mingling with Ledlie's men swarming along the sides of the great pit, added to the confusion. Wilcox now threw forward a portion of his division and succeeded in occupying about one hundred and fifty yards of the works south of the crater, but estopped by the fire of Chamberlayne's guns, and, whenever occasion offered, by the fire of the infantry, his men on the exposed flank gave ground, and pushing the right regiments into the crater, the confusion grew worse confounded. Some of the men indeed, from fear of suffocation, had already





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emerged from the pit and spread themselves to the right and left, but this was a matter of danger and difficulty, for the ground was scored with covered-ways and traverses, honey-combed with bomb-proofs and swept by the artillery. Others of them pressed forward and got into the ditch of the unfinished gorge lines, while not a few, creeping along the glacis of the exterior line, made their way over the parapet into the main trench. In all this, there was much hand to hand fighting, for many men belonging to the dismembered brigade still found shelter behind traverses and bomb-proofs, and did not easily yield.

“Meanwhile, General Meade, ‘groping in the dark,’ to use his own phrase, sent telegram upon telegram to Burnside to know how fared the day, but received answer to none. At fifteen minutes to six, however, one hour after Ledlie’s men had occupied the breach, an orderly delivered to him a note in pencil, written from the crater by Colonel Loring, Inspector-General of the Ninth Corps, and addressed to General Burnside. This was Meade’s first information from the front and was little cheering, for Loring stated briefly that Ledlie’s men were in confusion and would not go forward.

“Ord was now directed to push forward the Eighteenth Corps, and the following dispatch was sent to Burnside :

“ ‘ HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JULY 30, 1864, 6 A. M.  
“ ‘ Major General Burnside :

“ ‘ Prisoners taken say that there is no line in their rear, and that their men were falling back when ours advanced, that none of their troops have returned from the James. Our chance is now. Push your men forward at all hazards, white and black, and don’t lose time in making formations, but rush for the crest.

“ ‘ GEORGE G. MEADE,

“ ‘ *Major-General Commanding.*’

“ But Ord could not advance, for the narrow debouches

were still choked up by the men of the Ninth Corps, and by the wounded borne from the front, and although Burnside promptly transmitted the order to his subordinates, the troops in the rear moved with reluctant steps, while no general of division was present with those in front to urge them forward.

"Again did Meade telegraph to Burnside. 'Every moment is most precious, the enemy are undoubtedly concentrating to meet you on the crest.' But not until twenty minutes past seven did he receive a reply, and then briefly to the effect that Burnside 'hoped to carry the crest, but it was hard work.'

"Then Meade's patience seems fairly to have broken down. 'What do you mean by hard work to take the crest?' he asks:

" 'I understand not a man has advanced beyond the enemy's line which you occupied immediately after exploding the mine. Do you mean to say your officers and men will not obey your orders to advance? If not, what is the obstacle? I wish to know the truth, and desire an immediate answer.

" 'GEORGE G. MEADE,  
" 'Major-General'

"To which Burnside in hot wrath, straightway replied,—

" 'HEAD QUARTERS NINTH CORPS, 7-35 A. M.

" 'General Meade:

" 'Your dispatch by Captain Jay, received. The main body of General Potter's division is beyond the Crater. I do not mean to say that my officers and men will not obey my orders to advance. I mean to say that it is very hard to advance to the Crest. I have never in any report said anything different from what I conceive to be the truth. Were it not insubordinate, I would say that the latter remark of your note was unofficerlike and ungentlemanly.

" 'A. E. BURNSIDE,  
" 'Major-General.'

"Griffin, it is true, in obedience to orders to advance straight for Cemetery Hill, had during this time attempted several charges from his position north of the crater,

but his men displayed little spirit, and, breaking speedily under the fire of the artillery sought their old shelter behind the traverses and covered ways. The rest of Potter's division moved out but slowly, and it was fully eight o'clock—more than three hours after the explosion—when Ferrero's negro division, the men beyond question, inflamed with drink, burst from the advanced lines, cheering vehemently, passed at a double quick over the crest under a heavy fire, and rushing with scarce a check over the heads of the white troops in the crater, spread to their right, capturing more than two hundred prisoners and one stand of colors. At the same moment, Turner, of the Tenth Corps, pushed forward a brigade over the Ninth Corps parapets, seized the Confederate line still further to the north, and quickly disposed of the remaining brigades of his division to confirm his success.

“Now was the crisis of the day, and fortunate was it for maiden and matron of Petersburg, that even at this moment there was filing into the ravine between Cemetery Hill and the drunken battalions of Ferrero, a stern array of silent men, clad in faded gray, resolved with grim resolve to avert from the mother town a fate as dreadful as that which marked the three days' sack of Badajos.

“Lee, informed of the disaster at 6.10 A. M., had bidden his aid, Colonel Charles Venable, to ride quickly to the right of the army and bring up two brigades of Anderson's old division, commanded by Mahone, for time was too precious to observe military etiquette and send the orders through Hill. Shortly after, the General-in-Chief reached the front in person, and all men took heart when they descried the grave and gracious face, and 'Traveler' stepping proudly as if conscious that he bore upon his back the weight of a nation. Beauregard was al-

ready at the Gee house, a commanding position five hundred yards in rear of the crater, and Hill had galloped to the right to organize an attacking column, and had ordered down Pegram, and even now the light batteries of Brander and Ellett were rattling through the town at a sharp trot, with cannoniers mounted, the sweet, serene face of their boy-colonel lit up with that glow which to his men meant hotly-impending fight.

“Venable had sped upon his mission, and found Mahone’s men already standing to their arms; but the Federals, from their lofty ‘lookouts,’ were busily interchanging signals, and to uncover such a length of front without exciting observation, demanded the nicest precaution. Yet was this difficulty overcome by a simple device, for the men being ordered to drop back one by one, as if going for water, obeyed with such intelligence that Warren continued to report to Meade that not a man had left his front.

“Then forming in the ravine in rear, the men of the Virginia and Georgia brigades came pressing down the valley with swift, swinging stride,—not with the discontented bearing of soldiers whose discipline alone carries them to what they feel to be a scene of fruitless sacrifice, but with the glad alacrity and aggressive ardor of men impatient for battle, and who, from long knowledge of war, are conscious that fortune has placed within their grasp an opportunity, which by the magic touch of veteran steel, may be transformed to ‘swift-winged victory.’

“Halting for a moment in rear of the ‘Ragland house,’ Mahone bade his men strip off blankets and knapsacks and prepare for battle.

“Then riding quickly to the front, while the troops marched in single file along the covered way, he drew

rein at Bushrod Johnson's headquarters, and reported in person to Beauregard. Informed that Johnson would assist in the attack with the outlying troops about the crater, he rode still further to the front, dismounted, and pushing along the covered way from the Plank Road, came out into the ravine, in which he afterwards formed his men. Mounting the embankment at the head of the covered way, he descried within one hundred and sixty yards a forest of glittering bayonets and beyond, floating proudly from the captured works, eleven Union flags. Estimating rapidly from the hostile colors the probable force in his front, he at once dispatched his courier to bring up the Alabama Brigade from the right, assuming thereby a grave responsibility, yet was the wisdom of the decision vindicated by the event.

" Scarcely had the order been given, when the head of the Virginia Brigade began to debouch from the covered-way. Directing Colonel Weisiger, its commanding officer, to file to the right and form line of battle, Mahone stood at the angle, speaking quietly and cheerily to the men. Silently and quickly they moved out, and formed with that precision dear to every soldier's eye ; the sharpshooters leading, followed by the Sixth, Sixteenth, Sixty-first, Forty-first and Twelfth Virginia ; the men of Second Manassas and Crampton's Gap !

" But one caution was given, to reserve their fire until they reached the brink of the ditch ; but one exhortation, that they were counted on to do this work, and do it quickly.

" Now the leading regiment of the Georgia Brigade began to move out, when suddenly a brave Federal officer, seizing the colors, called on his men to charge. Descrying this hostile movement on the instant, Weisiger, a veteran of stern countenance, which did not belie the

personal intrepidity of the man, uttered to the Virginians the single word—Forward.

“ Then the sharpshooters and the men of the Sixth on the right, running swiftly forward, for theirs was the greater distance to traverse, the whole line sprang along the crest, and there burst from more than eight hundred warlike voices that fierce yell which no man ever yet heard unmoved on the field of battle. Storms of case-shot from the right mingled with the tempest of bullets which smote upon them from the front, yet was there no answering volley, for these were veterans, whose fiery enthusiasm had been wrought to a finer temper by the stern code of discipline, and even in the tumult the men did not forget their orders. Still pressing forward with steady fury, while the enemy, appalled by the inexorable advance, gave ground, they reached the ditch of the inner works.

“ Then one volley crashed from the whole line, and the Sixth and Sixteenth, with the sharpshooters, clutching their empty guns and redoubling their fierce cries, leaped over the retrenched cavalier, and all down the line the dreadful work of the bayonet began.

“ How long it lasted none may say with certainty, for in those fierce moments no man heeded time, no man asked, no man gave quarter; but in an incredibly brief space, as seemed to those who looked on, the whole of the advanced line north of the crater was retaken, the enemy in headlong flight, while the tattered battle flags planted along the parapets from left to right, told Lee at the Gee house, that from this nettle danger, valor had plucked the flower, safety for an army.

“ Redoubling the sharpshooters on his right, Mahone kept down all fire from the crater, the vast rim of which frowned down upon the lower line occupied by his troops.

“And now the scene within the horrid pit was such as might be fitly portrayed only by the pencil of Dante, after he had trod ‘nine circled hell.’ From the great mortars to the right and left, huge missiles, describing graceful curves, fell at regular intervals with dreadful accuracy and burst upon the helpless masses huddled together, and every explosion was followed by piteous cries, and oftentimes the very air seemed darkened by flying human limbs.

“Mahone’s men watched with great interest this easy method of reaching troops behind cover, and then, with the imitative ingenuity of soldiers, gleefully gathered up the countless muskets with bayonets fixed, which had been abandoned by the enemy, and propelled them with such nice skill that they came down upon Ledlie’s men ‘like the rain of the Norman arrows at Hastings.’

“At half-past ten, the Georgia brigade advanced and attempted to dislodge Wilcox’s men, who still held a portion of the lines south of the crater, but so closely was every inch of the ground searched by artillery, so biting was the fire of musketry, that, obliquing to their left, they sought cover behind the cavalier trench won by the Virginia brigade, many officers and men testifying by their blood how gallantly the venture had been essayed.

“Half an hour later the Alabamians, under Saunders, arrived, but further attack was postponed until after 1 P. M., in order to arrange for co-operation from Colquitt on the right. Sharply to the minute agreed upon, the assaulting line moved forward, and with such astonishing rapidity did these glorious soldiers rush across the intervening space that ere their first wild cries subsided their battle-flags had crowned the works. The Confederate batteries were now ordered to cease firing, and forty volunteers were called for to assault the crater, but so

many of the Alabamians offered themselves for the service that the ordinary system of detail was necessary. Happily before the assaulting party could be formed a white handkerchief, made fast to a ramrod, was projected above the edge of the crater, and, after a brief pause, a motley mass of prisoners poured over the side and ran for their lives to the rear.

"In this grand assault on Lee's lines, for which Meade had massed 65,000 troops, the enemy suffered a loss of above 5,000 men, including 1,101 prisoners, among whom were two brigade commanders, while vast quantities of small arms and 21 standards fell into the hands of the victors. Yet many brave men perished on the Confederate side. Elliot's brigade lost severely in killed and prisoners. The Virginia brigade, too, paid the price which glory ever exacts. The Sixth carried in 98 men and lost 88, one company—'the dandies,' of course—'Old Company F,' of Norfolk, losing every man killed or wounded.

"On the Federal side, crimination and recrimination followed what General Grant styled 'this miserable failure.' There was a Court of Inquiry and a vast array of dismal testimony, which disclosed the fact that of four generals of divisions belonging to the assaulting corps, not one had followed his men into the Confederate lines. Nay, that the very commander of the storming division, finding, like honest Nym, 'the humor of the breach too hot,' was at the crisis of the fight, palpitating in a bomb-proof, beguiling a Michigan surgeon into giving him a drink of rum, on the plea that 'he had the malaria and had been struck by a spent ball.' Legends of a broad antiquity, whereof, let us humbly confess, we ourselves have heard."



## CHAPTER LV.

### THE CONFEDERATE TROOPERS.

The peculiarity of the Confederate cavalry—Fitzhugh Lee's recollections—The fight at Todd's Tavern—The move towards Richmond—Yellow Tavern—General Stuart mortally wounded—Major J. R. McNulty's recollections of the affair—The fight at Five Forks—What Fitzhugh Lee advised his men—The surrender at Farmville.

THE peculiarity of the Confederate cavalry was that it was efficient from the beginning of the war. There were many reasons for this. In the first place every trooper was required to furnish his own horse. This, of itself, involved a certain property-standing at home. Then the breeding of fine horses entirely for speed and endurance had been a business in the South long before it attained any importance in the North, and the general grades of the Confederate horses were, in consequence, much higher than those used in the Union service. Nearly every Southerner, too, was a natural horseman, and had lived a large portion of his life in the saddle. Besides, he had a thorough knowledge of the country ridden over. Therefore when the civil war was precipitated upon the country this branch of the Confederate service entered the strife unusually well equipped for it.

In the early years of the war, the Southern cavalry was rather superior to that of the national army, and it continued to maintain a high degree of excellence to the close. Later on, however, the Federal cavalry became educated in the dash and horsemanship necessary to successfully compete with it.

Jeb. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Rosser, Forrest, Wheeler and others were born troopers. They had the courage

and the daring necessary for such service, and were possessed of a storj order of military sagacity.

General Fitzhugh Lee, who succeeded to the command of the Confederate cavalry after the death of General Stuart, contributes these recollections of the campaign from the Rapidan :

" Just preceding the crossing of the river by General Grant, our cavalry had taken its station near Hamilton's Crossing, about three miles from Fredericksburg. We occupied the extreme right of the line of battle. The occasion was a vital one, for the enemy intended an important advance. The first orders we received directed us to move towards the fords which the Federals were using.

" We met the advance of one of his columns a little over half a mile beyond Todd's Tavern, and fell back and made the fight at Todd's. The day following my cavalry disputed the Federal advance from that point to Spottsylvania Court-House. It was important that Lee should secure the strategic position of Spottsylvania, and it was my task to retard the advance of the enemy as much as possible so that this might be accomplished.

" Just before my arrival at the Court-House, however, I learned that it was occupied by the Federal cavalry, and, when about making my dispositions to attack them to secure my own rear, I found that they were retreating in front of the Confederate infantry, which had arrived at the same point by a different road. This offered a chance for a fight, and the preparations were made instantly. The infantry formed a line of battle, and my cavalry was placed upon their right. Shortly afterwards General Jeb. Stuart notified me that the Federal cavalry was passing still further to my right and in the direction of Beaver Dam on the Virginia Central Railway, which

was one of our bases of supplies. He directed me to take my division and move after them, and I started out at once and struck the road.

“The Federal column had passed about an hour before. I followed them, until information was received that the head of the column had turned down towards Hanover Junction, and that the movement was in the direction of Richmond. Immediate action was necessary. I at once left the rear of their column, taking a nearer and more direct route for Richmond, and, by rapid movement, was enabled to get to Yellow Tavern, a point six miles from Richmond, about an hour before they arrived there. A line of battle was at once formed across the road to intercept them, and the battle of Yellow Tavern followed.

“The Federals, I have understood, with Sheridan in command, had three divisions of cavalry under Wilson, Merritt and Gregg respectively. I had two brigades only under Wickham and Lomax, with a total of seven regiments—four in one brigade and three in the other. General Gordon, of North Carolina, with another brigade, was in the rear of the Federals. The fighting was sharp and ugly at Yellow Tavern, and we maintained our position for several hours. But we were finally forced to withdraw, which we did by moving off to one side, leaving the Richmond road clear to Sheridan.

“The saddest incident of the battle was the killing of General Stuart, the Confederate corps commander. He was mortally wounded just as the Federals had struck, in overwhelming numbers, both Lomax's and Wickham's brigades. As they were breaking, quite a cloud of Federals advanced with a rush to capture our artillery, and he, rallying a few men, dashed up and began firing his revolver at the rapidly approaching enemy. I was on another part of the line at the

moment, but came up just as he had been shot, and gave directions to have him taken to the rear. He died the next day, and the command of the cavalry corps devolved on me.

"We were compelled to retreat but, still the fight did some good. But for it I am not at all sure but that the Federals would have succeeded in getting into Richmond. As it was, the delay gave General Bragg, who was then commanding the Confederate capital and its lines of defenses, time to bring up troops from the other side of Richmond so as to meet Sheridan's approach and offer an effective bar to his further progress."

Of the fight at Yellow Tavern, which led to the death of General Stuart, Major J. R. McNulty, says:

"Towards noon the firing was of a desultory character, and we had a pretty heavy skirmish. Sheridan was then on the turnpike, and it was there that the firing continued at intervals. Gradually the Federals worked around to our right, and about four o'clock in the afternoon they concentrated a very heavy force on our front. We were lying on an old road and our Baltimore battery was ordered in position to cover it. On our side of the road there was an old brush fence, which had two gaps in it; one where we entered, and the other to our left and front up nearer the turnpike.

"The enemy put into position on a high eminence six pieces of artillery and opened on us heavily. They had rather a plunging line of fire and succeeded in killing two men, wounding five and disabling one gun. Immediately after this firing ceased the column of cavalry came down the turnpike and turned up the old road. We entered the gap in the brush and immediately charged guns. We got in probably two shots at the head of the column, but the onslaught was so sudden and heavy

that it rather demoralized my men and we overshot them.

“The enemy immediately surrounded my guns and charged past. There was a little squad of cavalry in the rear of the pieces and it made a countercharge and attempted to drive the Federals back, but it was unsuccessful. Finding the artillery apparently lost and our cavalry repulsed, we came through the gap out on the road. The Federals remained on the inside and followed us along the line of the fence, firing as they followed.

“This fence was just on the crest of a hill. On the opposite side was a piece of timber. There was quite a descent to a branch that ran at right angles across the road. General Jeb. Stuart had the colors of the first Virginia Cavalry and, as the few men who had escaped from the plateau were retreating down the road, he stood with his horse near the edge of the branch and, in the din and confusion, he was giving some command. I could not hear what he said, but my impression was that he was trying to rally the men around the colors.

“Whatever it was several of those who were mounted halted at the branch and, in a moment, General Stuart started with a few men up the hill, followed by perhaps thirty or forty more. I drew my sword and, returning, joined the party.

“When we reached the crest the timber I have referred to was discovered to be filled with the enemy, all acting in concert with the charging column. The first sounds that struck our ears were the cheers of the Federals over their success in charging the guns. Just at the crest of the hill General Stuart was shot. A very large man named Buck Childs, belonging to a Maryland company in the First Virginia Cavalry, caught him at one side and a smaller man, whose name I do not know,

caught him by the other and the two led him back. My impression is that one of his arms was broken and that he was shot in the neck. Others said that he was shot through the body. Some of my men, I think, assisted him into the ambulance.

"Not more than thirty or forty men went up the hill. The rest were retreating back some four or five hundred yards from the bridge where some of the officers in reserve had formed a line either for the purpose of preventing pursuit or an attack from the rear. Stuart was trying to rally his column to save his guns when he was shot."

Fitzhugh Lee's story continues: "I saw very little of the surrender. The night before, when we had gotten very nearly to Appomattox, my cavalry was instructed to leave the rear of the main column and pass to the front. The Federals were then in General Lee's front, and I was ordered to report to him in person. This was on the night of the 8th of April. I came up along the road and asked where General Lee's headquarters were. They were pointed out to me and simple enough they were. He had no tent. In a little cluster of pines across an open field there was an ambulance wagon, and his bed, mattress and blankets were on the ground. It was a cool night and a camp fire was burning, its smoky flame casting a weird light upon the scene about. The military chiefs of the Confederacy were there and I joined them. General Lee was dejected. He stood by the fire for a time in profound contemplation. Then he turned to us and the conference began which resulted in the effort to get to Lynchburg the next morning.

"At daylight Gordon and I opened the fight. I was on his right. At first we were pretty successful. We

drove Sheridan's cavalry out of the way and captured a battery which we succeeded in bringing in. Then the great, long lines of Federal infantry appeared, and I turned and said: 'The thing is up.' Gordon stopped his advance, there was a cessation of firing, and the flag of truce went out.

"While the conference had been in progress the night before, I had said to General Lee: 'If we surrender to-morrow morning and I can get a chance, I would like to get my cavalry out of the way. Each man owns his own horse and I think he ought to be allowed to keep it.' In the Confederate service we would not put a man in the cavalry unless he could supply his animal. The government would not furnish horses.

"He did not say anything one way or the other, but he gave me to understand that, after a flag of truce went out, things must remain in *statu quo*. The white flag stopped everything. So just before the climax I took my cavalry, moved still further to the right and formed my men there. I told them that, as they owned their horses, my advice to them was to keep them. I suggested that they separate in small bodies and go home. They were mainly from that part of the State and were familiar with the roads. I got away with my staff and rode clear around the lines, with the intention of joining General Johnston. But at Farmville I surrendered.

"Of course it is impossible to depict the cavalry operations about General Lee's army in a few pages. Taking everything into consideration it did remarkable service with the lack of equipment and forage with which it often contended.

## CHAPTER LVI

### THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

The cavalymen standing to horse—An all-night vigil—The morning of the last day—Moving forward to the attack—The Confederate army at sunrise—Custer in the advance—The flag of truce—A ride to the Confederate lines—Col. Briggs' graphic description of its coming and going—Meeting Longstreet and Gordon—Custer and Sheridan.

THE night of the 8th closed upon a day of hard work and exciting events. By a forced and rapid march Sheridan's cavalry, with Custer in the van, had placed itself in front of the retreating Confederate army, and by stubborn fighting until after dark had forced back upon the main body that portion of its advanced guard not captured. The night passed amidst distant sounds of preparation for an early renewal of hostilities on the morrow and the hurried march of Ord's, Griffin's and Gibbon's infantry to support the troopers, which had gone around the enemy.

The Seventh Michigan Cavalry, well in advance, was, like the rest of the mounted men, held in readiness for instant service, and Colonel George G. Briggs, its gallant commander, here takes up the narrative of the surrender as he saw it:

"In open order of column by squadrons we stood to horse all night. The long hours were passed in silence, as neither lights nor fires were permitted. The deep shadows of the woods in which we were posted, and the chilly air of early spring that settled around and over us, were not calculated to inspire a sense of comfort or contentment;



so amid the gloom we thought of the morrow and the chances of battle. The gray of morning was just giving place to the stronger light of full day when orders came to move forward at once. Only a short distance to the west, and almost directly in front of our former position, a line of the enemy's skirmishers was seen advancing. My command at once deployed and was soon hotly engaged. Under the steady and rapid firing of our 'Spencers' the advance of the enemy was checked, held for a time, and then forced slowly back.

"While the engagement was in progress I rode to the top of a slight eminence to the front and right of my line, and from this elevation I was enabled to see what I took to be the entire Confederate army. It was going into position in a sort of valley with higher land upon either side. There seemed to be great confusion in their midst. Squads of men were running in various directions, and artillery, foot, and horse appeared badly mixed up in their effort to form a line of battle.

"The scene thus presented was alike startling and suggestive. Scattered over the plain and along the inner sides of the bordering elevation was the army of Lee, cut off from further retreat and hurrying its preparations for defence. Its advance seemed to have been suddenly arrested, and, recoiling from danger in front, was moving in masses rather than by well-defined lines or columns to different portions of the field.

"At this sight of the enemy, in apparent confusion and without the necessary formations to repel an attack, I instinctively took off my hat and waved it above my head in exultation over the discovery. Here was the opportunity for delivering a crushing and final blow to the war, and I exclaimed aloud: 'Oh for Sheridan and his cavalry now!'

"Turning to observe the progress of my own command, I saw to my left and rear, as if in answer to my



CAVALRY CHARGE.

wish, General Custer's approaching column. Knowing the general well, I rode with all speed to join him, and

hurriedly informed him of what I had seen, and the splendid opportunity for a charge that at the moment presented itself.

"Turning to his staff, he gave, in his quick, nervous way, orders to have the command closed up and pushed forward with all possible haste. Away dashed the officers with these orders to his brigade commanders, and at the same time he said to me:

" 'Show me the way.'

"Custer's command on this occasion presented a most striking and beautiful effect in color, as also in concentrated power for action. Following the general and his staff, and thrown to the morning breeze, floated not less than twenty-five rebel battle-flags captured from the enemy within ten days. These, with division, brigade, and regimental colors of the command, the red neckties of the men, and the blue and yellow of their uniforms, made a picture—as with flashing sabres they moved into view—at once thrilling and beautiful.

"By this time the rapidly advancing column had reached a point from which its approach could be seen by the enemy, and while preparations were being made to send forward a dismounted party to let down some fences, a battery of the enemy opened fire, but the shells passed over without damage.

"Custer, from a hasty glance of the enemy's position, evidently thought a better point of attack could be had by the flank and farther on. Therefore he changed direction and moved to the right—a movement that soon hid his forces from the enemy and carried them by a road or opening through a piece of woods.

"When I first met General Custer at the head of his division I had said to him:

" 'General, if you charge the enemy I want to go in with you.' To which he replied, 'All right.'

"That he would soon strike a favorable point for such a charge I felt confident, and as he moved away I rode back to my regiment, which was still exchanging shots with the enemy.

"As my command was deployed and engaged, it could not be used to join a charge, which I felt certain would soon be made. I gave it in command of the next officer in rank, and rode rapidly away to join Custer. Before I reached him there suddenly emerged out of a piece of woods three or four horsemen, the leader of whom was waving a white object over his head. This was the famous flag of truce by which the desire of General Lee to surrender was *first* communicated to the Union forces, and by me it was first seen.

"This flag, which terminated the civil war, was a common towel, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Custer, having been presented to her gallant husband in recognition of his brilliant services, and also from the fact that to him it was first directed.

"Halting a moment to observe this approaching squad, I soon determined by the speed at which they were riding and the direction from which they came that their mission was one of importance. Satisfied, from my brief observation of this party and its movements that no trick for my capture was intended, I put spurs to my horse and dashed towards them, and was soon face to face with the approaching party. Drawing rein for a moment, as we neared each other, the leader hurriedly asked:

"'Where is the general commanding? We have despatches of importance.'

"Pointing in the direction, I said:

"'General Custer is at the head of his column right over there.'

"Changing their course to the point indicated, away

they dashed. From the rapid riding I had done, the jumping of fallen timber as well as two or three fences, my saddle girth had become loosened, the cloth had slipped back, and I was about to lose it. Dismounting to adjust this difficulty, I was delayed a few minutes.

"In the meantime the party I had directed to General Custer had reached him, and by the time I came up they were starting to return with Custer's answer, General Whittaker, his chief-of-staff, accompanying them.

"Things were moving very rapidly then. What takes much time to write occupied very little time in fact. To arrest the further spilling of blood and prevent a collision of troops liable to occur at any moment was the object of Lee, and this his messengers understood. They had ridden hard with a message intended to arrest the farther advance of the Union troops, and with equal speed did they return with the answer.

"From General Custer I obtained permission to accompany this returning party, but there was no opportunity for conversation with those composing it, for it was little less than a race, and one so hot that, with a horse already pretty well blown from hard riding, I was barely able to keep up. Indeed, on this occasion, and for the reason named, I might have been called a 'rear guard.' In explanation of my poor mount on this occasion, it may be well to say that during the seven preceding days I had lost three horses—killed in battle—and thus it happened that on the morning of the 9th my steed was not a thoroughbred. He was unequal to the work that day given him, and was never fit to ride again.

"Dismounting at Lee's head-quarters, I was met by several officers, who inquired:

"'What's up?'"

"Stopping to make reply, I soon became an object of interest and the centre of quite a group of anxious and animated men, most of whom seemed unaware of what was then transpiring. When, in answer to an inquiry as to what the meaning of this flag of truce was, I answered, 'I think about your terms to surrender,' the proposition was promptly rejected.

"Numerous expressions of dissent were made, and one officer in particular was quite indignant—felt personally insulted and wanted satisfaction. He was at once suppressed, one of his brother officers saying to him:

"'This officer is here under a flag of truce, is entitled to its protection, and you should not insult him.'

"Than the army of Lee none I believe was ever more loyal to its chief; and from the temper and disposition of his officers even on the day of surrender I am confident if he had directed they would have cheerfully gone into battle to the death.

"During the short time I was observing these things—say twenty minutes—officers were continually coming and going, and several prominent generals were pointed out. Among such as I remember were Longstreet, Hill, and Gordon. While thus engaged, and having my attention directed to other matters, I had not noticed the reappearance of my party until after it had mounted and was moving away. My 'Good-day, gentlemen,' and military salute as mounting I rode away, were politely but not very cordially returned. I did not attempt to overtake the now rapidly riding party returning to General Custer, but after following their course through the enemy's lines I changed direction and rode back to where I had left my regiment.

"Once there, I told the officers the story of my adventures, and we congratulated each other upon the pros-

pect of a speedy termination of the war. The appearance of the flag of truce and the request of Lee were rapidly communicated to the army, and while it arrested all further fighting, no one knew whether those in consultation would agree or not; and so our forces were massed, and we again stood to horse awaiting results. All were nervous and excited. The final and official notice of the surrender was not received until about three P. M., if I remember aright, and then followed a scene that I can no more describe than I can forget. The tension of a mental strain, such as those who hourly face danger and death can only know, was suddenly loosened. Visions of home and loved ones appeared, and joy alone dimmed many an eye, and from lips the power of speech was often taken."

## CHAPTER LVII

### STOPPING THE FINAL CHARGE.

Custer at Appomattox—Across Lee's line of retreat—Cavalry preparing to charge—A brilliant morning pageant—A flag of truce—Custer's reply—Whittaker hunting for Lee—Longstreet and Gordon's answer—Efforts to stop the firing—A South Carolina regiment's determination—How the surrender was received—Elation of the Federal troops.

THE fatigues, dangers and desperate work of Sheridan's cavalymen from Five Forks to Appomattox can never be described or appreciated by any one not a member of that famous band of troopers. Night and day it was on the march and in the fight, pursuing Lee's flying columns with a relentlessness that only a vision of the expiring fires of war could kindle.

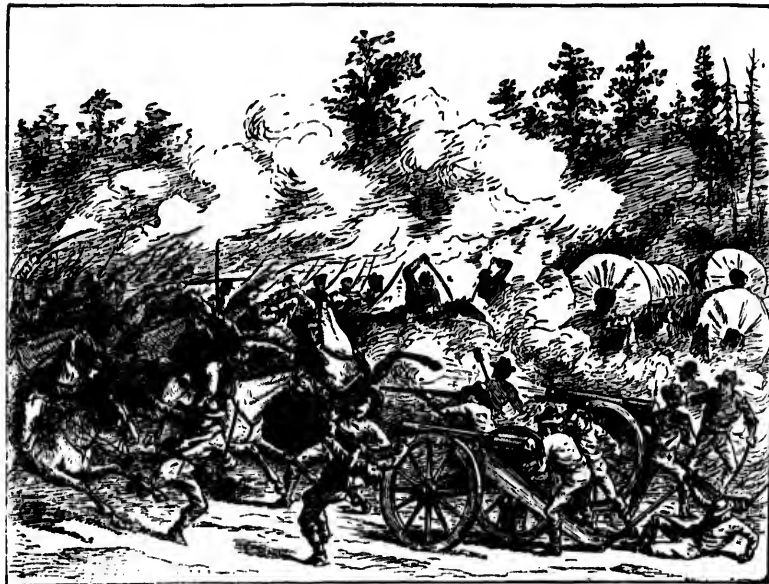
Grant, feeling that the end was near, was constantly filling Sheridan with enthusiasm, and he in turn was imparting his impulsive spirit to Custer, Devens and Merritt, who handled the three divisions of his command.

Only the night before the surrender Custer enveloped Appomattox station with his famous cavalymen, and captured three heavily-laden railway trains of supplies which the Confederate leader had ordered up from Lynchburg to provision his army. He also took a supply train of 200 wagons, twenty-five pieces of artillery in action, and many prisoners. Then he stood his command to horse all night to march again at daybreak. The honor of receiving the flag of truce from Lee early that morning could not have been more fittingly conferred. No general officer below Sheridan in all that army had



done more than the famous leader of the Third cavalry division to hasten the end. General Whitaker, his chief of-staff, whom Colonel Briggs introduces as the officer charged by Custer with the delicate duties of determining the attitude of the Confederates in relation to the surrender, can give the best testimony in relation to the final scenes.

"It had been little more than a running fight ever since April 1st, at Five Forks," he relates, "and our hard cav-



THE LAST CAVALRY CHARGE OF THE WAR.

alry battle on the night of the 8th at Appomattox station left the men well worn and tired; yet their spirits were good, and every one seemed imbued with the faith that the war was rapidly nearing its close. There was no extra effort asked of them that was not promptly responded to. All night we were ready for service at any moment, and by daylight on the morning of the 9th were moving toward the enemy, around the

right flank of the infantry line of battle, which had been formed just before daylight to relieve the cavalry. The infantry had been brought up by forced marching during the night, and Sheridan was on the ground personally directing the massing of his entire cavalry corps under General Merritt. I don't know how it happened, unless it was because we were first ready, that Custer's division led again that morning. The sun was just about showing its face in the east when our column halted to close up just after crossing a ditch. At this moment from General Custer's side I rode to the top of a small hill in front of us and there I beheld the grandest scene of the war. Gordon's final charge had just been repulsed. The two lines were exchanging rifle shots only. The entire Confederate army seemed to me to be drawn up in a line of battle upon a broad and beautiful plain, with a range of sloping hills on either side. Artillerymen stood to their guns, the infantry was in perfect line, with colors flying, and all the pomp and show that one would have hardly expected to find upon the verge of a surrender. I cast my eyes over the spirited scene for a moment, and then rode back to Custer with all possible haste, saying:

"Lee's army is in line just beyond the plain in front of us, and in full view from the crest of the hill yonder."

"Custer's eye brightened, and he sent his aides back with orders to close up rapidly in column by squadrons. There was but a moment's delay, and then he rode rapidly forward. As soon as his practised eye took in the situation, he moved to the right to find a more favorable lay of the ground for a charge. Our force had hardly come in sight before the enemy's guns opened on us and we ran a fire of artillery, each successive battery in turn, as we moved eastward along the line, taking a shot at us. Yet the force following Custer moved on as his

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aides carried the order for sabres to be drawn, and the tramp of our horses and the light artillery, six guns to each brigade, seemed to make the very earth shake. The Third division presented a beautiful sight; sabres flashed in the morning sunlight, colors were flying, and every man seemed imbued with the spirit of the occasion. There were no mules or wagon trains about, and every soldier on the field was a fighting man, feeling that the charge Custer was preparing to make, supported by Sheridan and the entire corps, would terminate the war, and as it was the ambition of all to be in at the death, there were no stragglers.

“At the very height of the military pageant, and amidst the hurried preparations for the onset, an officer came rapidly riding toward us just as we were beyond the point near a skirt of the woods Custer had selected at which to charge. He was waving about his head a flag of truce. He rode up and asked for the commanding officer. General Custer responded, when he presented General Lee’s compliments and asked for an immediate cessation of hostilities. General Custer replied :

“‘I am not in sole command upon this field, but will report the request to General Sheridan, and I can only stop the charge upon an announcement of an unconditional surrender.’

“The officer assured him that such was the meaning of the truce.

“General Custer then turned to me and said :

“‘Whitaker, return with this officer and say to General Lee that I cannot suspend hostilities or stay this charge without the assurance that his army is to be here unconditionally surrendered, and get me his answer soon as possible.’

“I started with the officer toward the Confederate

generals. We hurried as fast as our horses would take us and soon entered General Lee's line. I found the infantry ready for battle, and the artillerymen standing at their shotted guns.

"The officer with whom I was riding said nothing to me or I to him, but as we passed through the lines the artillerymen, seeing a Confederate and Yankee riding together, wanted to know what was up; one soldier, I remember, asked:

"What's that Yankee doing in here with his arms on?"

"Upon our inquiry for Lee we learned that he had gone to the rear in search of General Grant. Desiring some assurances from the next in command, we struck a road which we followed for a short distance, and came upon General Longstreet and General Gordon on a knoll under some large trees—there were no tents, house, or evidences of head-quarters.

"Major R. M. Sims, of Longstreet's staff, was the officer who bore the truce to Custer, and he now reported to his chief what Custer had said. Longstreet turned to me and stated that General Lee was not there in person, but had gone to the rear to confer with General Grant. 'General,' said I, 'General Custer desires the assurance that this truce means the surrender of this army in order that he may be justified in stopping the charge he is about to make. In other words, he desires to know what is meant by asking for a suspension of hostilities?'

"Both Longstreet and Gordon assured me that it meant a surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that I could so assure General Custer.

"Just at this instant I heard rapid firing in the direction where Custer was in line. General Gordon ex-

plained that it was being done under the command of a South Carolina officer who had not yet been reached with the order for no more firing. In Lee's haste to leave the field for the rear is indicated a desire to get terms from Grant before the latter knew Sheridan had built a wall in front. It appeared that Lee started back where he hoped to reach Grant immediately when he knew that Gordon's charge had failed. A strong infantry line across his retreat to Lynchburg forced him to write his letter of April 9th, which did not reach Grant in several hours, as he had swung around in the wake of Sheridan on that thirty-seven mile flank movement, and turned up with him in the front of Lee's army.

"I deprecated the useless sacrifice of the lives of so many brave men, and was told by Longstreet and Gordon that they were and had been for several days exceedingly anxious to stop the further shedding of blood, but that General Lee was determined to get to Lynchburg and would not believe it possible that we were in his front in force. While we were talking Ord and Chamberlain's infantry moved out from the west for the charge in line of battle in splendid order.

"The Confederate generals begged me to take the truce, ride forward and stop it. I replied:

"'I will if the officer who accompanied me here will go with me.'

"Captain Sims now informs me that he was obliged to go upon some other service, and Major Brown, of Longstreet's staff, was designated to take his place. I had supposed myself correct in the belief that Captain Sims aided me in halting the infantry, but as it is more probable that I should forget who went with me than that he who went should forget it, of course Captain Sims is cor-

rect on that point. The infantry line was moving forward as we passed through the Confederate forces and rode out toward our advancing troops. Naturally it was a moment of intense excitement. Unless we could soon stop Ord's infantry, it and the Confederate force behind us might open fire at any moment. At this juncture, having taken the flag of truce from the officer accompanying me I waved it over my head as frantically as possible, and we rode forward at a break-neck speed toward the centre of the moving line.

"Here I found General Ord, and assured him that Lee's army had surrendered. In an instant he passed the news to his subordinate generals. The officer with me returned to Longstreet's head-quarters, and our line halted with the knowledge that their fighting days were over. Cheer after cheer went up from the men but a moment before advancing to the deadly charge, and the great War was ended.

"Amidst these scenes of rejoicing, with my heart in my mouth by reason of the excitement I had been under, I rode off with the truce still in hand to find Custer. I went alone at much risk of getting shot, as some South Carolina troops did not like to stop fighting, and reaching the division learned that General Custer had become so impatient at my delay in returning and so excited with the dramatic events then transpiring, that he borrowed a white handkerchief from one of his orderlies, and using it as a truce went in himself to try and find General Lee.

"As soon as I had time to recover myself from the intense strain that had been upon me, I put the flag of truce, which had come to Custer to announce General Lee's surrender, and which I had used to stop Ord's advance, into the breast of my coat. Later, when General

Custer returned, I cut a small piece off the towel and handed the priceless relic to him, saying:

“This trophy, which is the emblem of the peace you have done so much to secure, rightfully belongs to you.”

This, Mrs. Custer, the wife of the famous cavalry officer, has at this time. The relic and the compliment had been magnificently earned by her gallant husband. His services to the Union during the war had been of a very valuable character. He was really the great cavalryman of the Federal armies, and will always be so regarded. He was as picturesque a figure as the Confederate cavalry officer Stuart, and there were many points of resemblance between them. Each reached the cavalier type of English history.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### LEE'S ARMY SURRENDERED.

Sheridan's Cavalry on the War-Path—Attacking the Enemy's Communications—Brilliant Cavalry Manœuvres—The Battles at Dinwiddie—Breaking over the Petersburg Trenches—Gallant Assaults by the Infantry—The Lines Pierced—The Battle at Five Forks—Lee's Right Wing turned—Confederate Retreat toward Petersburg—The City Evacuated—Richmond Falls—Lee in Full Retreat—Grant Pursues to Intercept—Swift Marching and Hard Fighting—Grant proposes to Lee to Surrender—The Correspondence—Closing Battles—Lee's Army Surrounded—The Surrender at Appomattox.

THROUGHOUT the morning of April 1st a furious bombardment had been kept up along the whole line of the Petersburg defenses. This was merely preliminary to the general and combined onset which had been ordered for four o'clock on April 2d. Wright's corps, which was on the centre, struck vigorously and at the appointed time, driving the enemy at all points and sweeping all in his front beyond Hatcher's Run, taking many prisoners and guns. Ord was equally successful, and the two corps, wheeling to the right, closed upon the devoted city as far as the Appomattox, seizing the Southside Railroad. Parke also had captured the outer works in his front, and the most salient and important works south of the city were in the besieger's hands. Wright at this time was confident that he could break through the enemy's lines, and all the corps commanders were splendidly confident; but Grant thought that the hour for the finishing stroke had not yet come. Lee's army driven out of Petersburg might all be concentrated against Sheridan and the Fifth Corps, now several miles distant from the extreme left of Meade's and Ord's armies. But the enemy were driven



at all points. With Meade hammering at their right, and Sheridan and the Fifth Corps riding through them on their left, they broke in confusion and were soon streaming towards Petersburg. It seemed as though the hostile armies must enter the city together. Lee saw the defeat of his army with the composure of despair. "It has happened as I thought," he said; "the lines have been stretched until they broke."

The discomfited army took refuge in the interior line of works immediately around the city. All the outer works had been carried, excepting Forts Gregg and Baldwin. They lay in front of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and it became necessary to carry them by assault. Three brigades of Ord's were given the task. The enemy fought with determined valor, repulsing the assaults repeatedly, but at last the parapet was gained, and, after fighting half an hour with clubbed muskets, the gallant remnant of Fort Gregg's defenders surrendered, and Fort Baldwin was evacuated. Brief as this check was, it gave Lee time to rally his disheartened men. Longstreet also came to the rescue, with his ten thousand comparatively fresh troops.

Grant, after the victory at Five Forks, ordered Sheridan to cross the Appomattox west of Lee's army with the Fifth Corps and cavalry. He was strongly impressed with the opinion that Lee would make every effort to evacuate Petersburg, and endeavor to escape with the remnant of his army by way of the Danville road. If he succeeded in joining Johnston's forces, then confronting Sherman in North Carolina, he might keep up a desultory warfare for months. With a view of preventing Lee's escape, he ordered a furious bombardment upon the city, and especially upon the railroad bridge, early on the morning of April 3d. This was, in fact, kept up

throughout the night, and at 2 A.M. General Parke pushed forward his skirmishers to feel the enemy. They were opposed by a strong picket line, but by daylight he discovered that the pickets were all of the enemy left in his front. The sounds of explosions in the city were additional indications of evacuation. Parke accordingly pressed forward rapidly and entered the city without resistance. Wright and Ord also advancing, soon afterwards discovered the works in their front vacant. The enemy had fled during the early hours of the previous evening, and was already far on his road westward.

To President Lincoln, who was at City Point visiting the army, Grant telegraphed: "Petersburg was evacuated last night. Pursuit will be made immediately." The President was expected to visit the lines on April 3d, and witness the assault which Grant two days before had confidently expected would be required before the stronghold was surrendered. He, however, now had no time for mere military displays. The defenders were in full flight, and his aim was to intercept, not merely to pursue. The orders to the various corps were all given with this aim. Lee was endeavoring to escape by the roads north of the Appomattox. He hoped to be able to cross that river some twenty miles west of Petersburg, and thence, seizing Burksville, on the Richmond and Davnville Railroad, to find a way to join Johnston near the North Carolina line. Instead of following in the same track, Grant's dispositions all looked to reaching Burksville first. He knew that Sheridan was in a neck-and-neck race with the fugitives, and felt confident that he would be able not only to throw his cavalry across their front, but to maintain himself there until the remainder of the army arrived to support him.

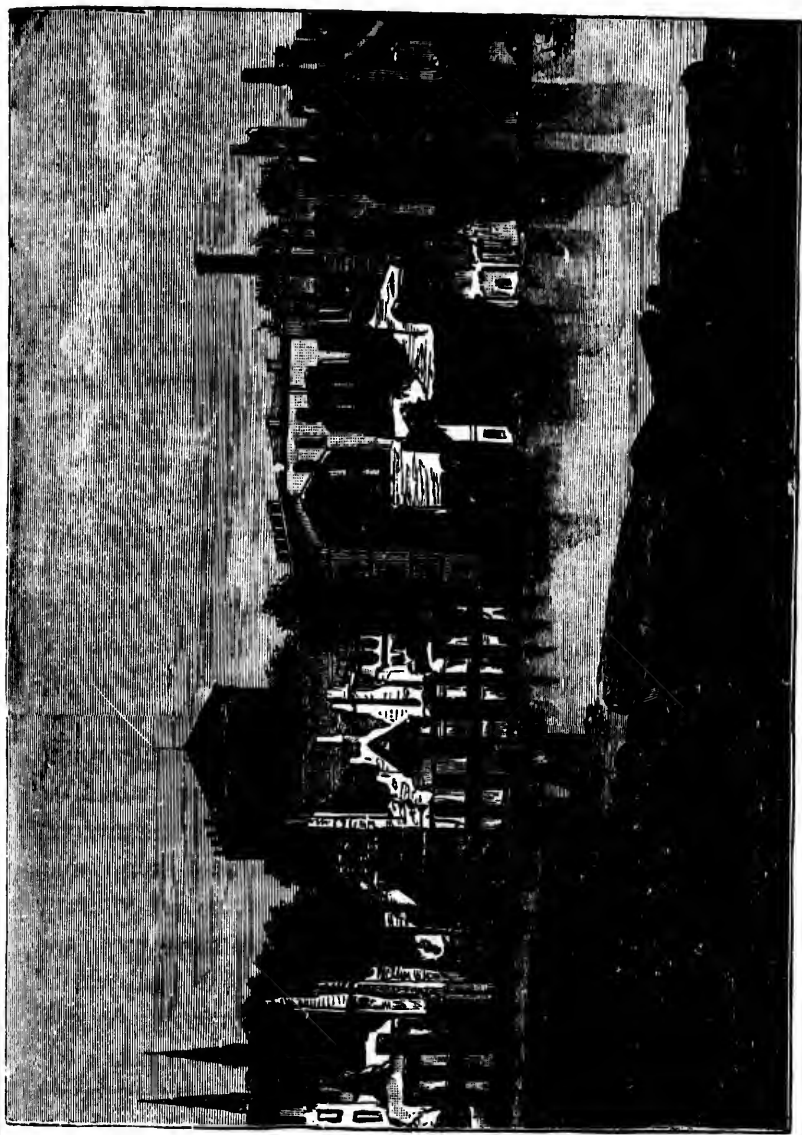
The entire army were in splendid trim for fast march-

ing. Every victory had been announced to them, and their enthusiasm was wrought to such a pitch that nothing could quench their ardor. During the following three days they marched mile for mile with the cavalry through muddy roads, often without their rations. There was no enemy in sight, but they knew he was within a few miles, making for the same point, and his reaching there first might prolong the war indefinitely. If they got there first, they might look for a speedy end of their hardships. Even as they marched they were further cheered by the news of the capture of Richmond. "Richmond is taken," was shouted along from column to column. And cheering to the echo, the men pressed forward to catch the Army of Northern Virginia.

The news was indeed true. On the morning of April 3d, General Weitzel, pressing forward under orders, found no resistance to his occupation of the late Confederate capital. The day before, with the first news of the breaking of Lee's lines, President Davis and his Cabinet made haste to pack up the archives, and loading them on a special train, and escaped. Theirs was one of the last trains that left the city over the Danville road. The leaders of the Confederacy had left the city to take care of itself. Weitzel's advanced guard had encountered nothing more terrifying than hundreds of the disreputable classes, who had made the most of the license of anarchy to rifle the liquor-stores and pillage the tradesmen of all sorts. Indeed the latter, more devoted to the fortunes of their fallen cause, had in many instances given their stocks of goods to clothing the retreating soldiers and had provisioned them for at least a stage or two of their flight. The military authorities, too, had applied the torch to all the arsenals and other military buildings. All supplies for which they had no transportation were included in the

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THE RUINS OF RICHMOND AT THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

burning. The flames had communicated to long rows of warehouses, and the machinery of the Fire Department having been damaged wantonly, the city was exposed to the horrors of a general conflagration without any organized means of fighting it. Nearly a third of Richmond was destroyed before the flames were subdued, and General Weitzel spent several days in reducing the turbulent element of its demoralized population to decent respect for law and order.

Meanwhile, the race between the hostile armies continued. On April 4th, Sheridan's advance division of cavalry reached Jetersville, which lies about half-way between Burksville and the Richmond and Danville Railroad bridge over the Appomatox. He found that part of Lee's army had already arrived at Amelia Court-House, a few miles nearer the river. At the telegraph-office in Jetersville Sheridan had found a dispatch from Lee, not yet sent, ordering two hundred thousand rations to be sent at once to Farmville. This was at once evidence that he had no idea that the Union cavalry had cut the Danville road, and that he was making for Farmville. He was evidently under the delusion that he was being pursued, not headed off. Sheridan had the telegram transmitted and next day captured the trains.

The difficulty in the way of the dashing cavalryman was that his forces might prove too small to successfully meet the enemy. He had only ten thousand men, and the whole of Lee's army was at hand. A determined attack of infantry would scatter his comparative handful of mounted men and thus open the road for retreat to Danville. But the Confederates, starting with but a single day's rations, had already been nearly two days on the road and Sheridan was across the only road by which he could get supplies. Lee had scattered his men

through the country to forage, but two ears of corn per man was all the impoverished region afforded. Although Sheridan did not know why he was not attacked, he lost no time in throwing up rude breastworks and preparing to hold his position to the last. On April 5, he discovered that the retreating army was pushing forward toward Farmville on the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad. General Davies, with one of Sheridan's brigades, struck the escort of a wagon-train at Painsville, five miles from Jetersville, and swooping down, destroyed the train, capturing many of its escort and five pieces of artillery. Infantry sent out to relieve the escort was also badly handled by Sheridan's men.

The occupation of Jetersville was notice to Lee that escape by way of Burksville was impossible. Accordingly, on the morning of April 6th he turned the head of his weary and disheartened army toward Farmville, seemingly hoping to reach Lynchburg, disperse his regiments and begin a partisan warfare in the mountains. The evidences of the demoralization of his men were now multiplying hourly. The thickets were full of half-starved stragglers, who had thrown away their weapons and were glad to reach the Union lines and share the rations of their late adversaries. They reported that the Confederates, with scarcely a show of organization, were breaking their muskets, and burying their cannons along the line of their flight.

Already Grant's splendid combinations had drawn the net very close around the fugitives. There was now but one avenue of escape open, and toward it Lee's men hurried with all the speed their almost famished condition permitted. There was just a possibility that the ubiquitous cavalymen had not closed up the roads along the Appomattox running to Farmville, and at that place

he had ordered and hoped to find rations for the temporary relief of his hungry comrades. Pressing forward, he found not Sheridan, but Ord's headquarters escort and two regiments of infantry disputing the possession of the bridges, while the remainder of his corps was farther south, sufficiently entrenched to prevent any rupture in his lines. As the baffled fugitives turned again north-west, they ran against Sheridan's cavalry at Sailor's Creek, a small southern tributary of the Appomattox.

The opposing force here being only cavalry, Lee moved up his grim legions, hoping to brush away their light-armed opponents. Crook, acting under Sheridan's orders, attacked the flank of a heavily-escorted train, while Merritt, moving northwestward, placed himself across the road by which the enemy was flying. Meanwhile, the Sixth Corps, pressing forward on the Deatonville road, struck the rear and flank of Lee's tired men. Under his advance they retired hastily, but reformed across the marshy banks of Sailor's Creek, and presented a front with something like the determination that had always characterized the Army of Northern Virginia. As the old Sixth charged across the swamp, driving the enemy before them, Crook's and Merritt's men charged from the opposite hillside and eighteen guns opened upon the demoralized men in the middle. There was nothing to do but yield; seven thousand men and seven generals, including Ewell, surrendered. Fourteen guns were captured by the cavalry. Part of the wagon-train had got away, but nearly a fifth of Lee's army laid down its arms in the open field. The remainder of the army kept up its flight, still hoping to reach Farmville and the coveted rations.

The Federal corps reached Farmville early the next morning. Here, not far apart, were two bridges across the Appomattox; and Lee strained every muscle to reach



them first. Humphreys had already crossed the river, when Grant arrived and ordered Crook's cavalry to cross at once to his support. Crook, however, encountered a heavy force of infantry guarding trains, and charging them gallantly, was repulsed, leaving General Gregg a prisoner. Nevertheless, the columns of the pursuers were converging everywhere, and following the enemy so close that the bridges fired when they crossed, were possessed so quickly by the Union forces that they were never wholly destroyed. A couple of hours sufficed to repair the damage, and the troops were again at the heels of their quarry.

Sheridan seemed to anticipate the wishes of his commander. When, on the day after Sailor's Creek, it seemed desirable to Grant to direct the cavalry farther westward to intercept the fugitives, his orders found Sheridan with the movement already half executed. He had heard that there were eight trains of provisions at Appomattox station, and he proposed to get there first, and destroy them before they could refresh the men for whom they were intended. Throughout the night of April 6th the several corps marched on. It was nearly a week since they made the assaults which broke the lines at Petersburg, and from that early morning charge they had been marched and fought nearly eighteen hours a day, often hungry, owing to the difficulty of keeping the trains well up during their swift movements. Still, they responded to every new demand upon them with undiminished alacrity. They recognized this as the crisis which, in all probability, would make further demands upon them unnecessary.

From Farmville, on the morning of April 7th, Grant dispatched this note to Lee:



"*General*: The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

Lee's commanders had already suggested that the time had come when further marching and fighting was unavailing. His soldiers were weary, footsore and famished. For days no return of them had been made, and his ranks were depleted by thousands of stragglers and deserters, who, finding themselves further from their homes, had faltered and gone back. They still had the pugnacity of desperation, and when attacked turned upon their assailants with the fierce energy of a wounded and dying beast of prey. Lee, however, did not think "the time had come to surrender," and determined to prolong the struggle in hopes of better terms.

On the night of April 7th he replied thus to Grant's note of the morning:

"*General*: I have received your note of this day. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender."

Grant was still at Farmville, when this note reached him the following morning. The days of incessant anxiety and straining responsibility had made him so ill that exhausted nature demanded a day of rest from physical exertion at least. Under date of April 8th he wrote: "Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, *peace* being my greatest desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely: that the men and officers surrendered

shall be disqualified from taking up arms again against the government of the United States, until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received."

Although Lee's first reply on its face looked like a willingness to surrender, there was no relaxation in the military dispositions to compel that result. With Meade north of the river on the heels of the retreating army, and with Sheridan's cavalry, and the Sixth and Ninth Corps in the south hurrying on toward Appomattox, Grant felt satisfied that all doubts of the Confederate Commander would speedily be removed. To Sheridan he wrote: "I think Lee will surrender to-day. I addressed him on the subject and received a reply this morning, asking me the terms I wanted. We will push him until the terms are agreed upon." His dispatches to the President and Secretary of War indicate his confidence that the end was very near.

During the night of the 7th, Lee withdrew from the front of the Second Corps, but by daylight the next morning the pursuers were again on his heels. It was a stern chase throughout the 8th. Sheridan was still urging forward his cavalry in the effort to head off the fugitives. Custer in the advance came up with four loaded trains at Appomattox station four miles south of the town. It was nearly dark, but Custer throwing his men in the rear of the trains captured them and their freight of supplies. Destroying one and sending three of them back to Farmville in charge of train crews of volunteers from his own command he pushed on toward the Court-House, driving back a force of Confederate infantry, which had got

almost in sight of the provisions of which they were in such dire need. As he pushed the demoralized foe back, he captured twenty-five pieces of artillery and a hospital train coming up from the direction of Farmville, which was greatly surprised to find the inevitable cavalry again in the front. Skirmishing continued until late in the night when they had all been driven into Appomattox Court-House. A reconnoissance across the river developed the fact, that the whole of the remnant of Lee's army was on the Farmville road awaiting the dawn to continue their flight. Sheridan at once sent word to Grant: "If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night, we will perhaps finish the job in the morning. I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so." About midnight of the 8th, while resting in a farm house unable to sleep by reason of pain and exhaustion, Grant received the following communication from Lee: "April 8th: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday, I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army: but as the restoration of peace should be the whole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the army of Northern Virginia: but, as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, I should be pleased to meet you at ten A. M., to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies."

Controversy over the various details of such an important event naturally arises from many sources. How many and who bore the flags of truce that were the pre-

cursors of the end of the gigantic struggle, have been most fruitful subjects of discussion and clash of opinion. It is certain that a flag of truce reached the Union lines on the evening of April 8th, and Mr. C. E. Sears, now editor of the Louisville Post, was one of the Confederate officers who bore it. He thus describes his experiences during that important duty as well as his observations as an eye witness of the dramatic events which followed:

"It was on the morning of April 8th, that a flag of truce was sent to the enemy's lines bearing the first letter relating to a surrender from General R. E. Lee to General Grant. Sharp skirmishing had been going on between our rear guard and the advanced columns of the enemy. So closely were we pushed throughout the day that the roadside was literally strewn with broken or abandoned wagons, disabled artillery, camp chests and cooking utensils. On every hand might be seen memorials of disaster which, if not so ghastly as those that marked the track of the Tartar tribe across the *steppes* of Asia, pursued by the vengeful Kalmuck cavalry they no less indicated the wreck of a once powerful and victorious army.

"It was about twilight on the evening of the 8th that an officer of General R. E. Lee's staff rode up to General Fitzhugh Lee and handed him a letter with instructions that it be sent at once to the Federal lines. General Fitzhugh Lee gave the letter to his Quartermaster, Major Robert Mason, with the necessary instructions. Major Mason turned to me and asked me to accompany him. A private from one of the Virginia cavalry regiments was detailed to bear the flag, which consisted of a very dirty handkerchief that looked more like a black flag than a white one. But, tying it to a stick, we started back along the road we had just come over. As the enemy

had pushed us hard all day, we thought his lines must be near ours. So, after passing our pickets, we expected every moment to encounter them. A dense mist commenced falling. It became very dark. I raised my hand before my eyes and could hardly see it. But on we rode through the chill rain and the darkness, expecting a volley instead of a summons to halt, as the enemy must have anticipated some effort on the part of General Lee and his little army to break through and escape.

“After riding about two or three miles we heard a tramp of troops just ahead of us. They had doubtless caught the sound of our rattling accoutrements and were preparing to give us a bloody reception. Major Mason spoke and told them we were under a flag of truce ‘bearing a letter from Gen. R. E. Lee to Gen. Grant.’ We thought they heard him, but they either did not hear or did not comprehend what he said. Thinking there was no further danger, we walked our horses on and in a moment we heard the heavy rattle of a regiment forming across the road. I then distinctly caught the sound of a voice saying, ‘Let drive at ’em boys; by G—d, let ’em have it!’ We even heard the click of their cocking guns. But, as fortune would have it, the order ‘to let drive’ was immediately countermanded by an officer who seemed to arrive just in time, and, being better informed, thought it probable we were under a flag of truce. At all events, he saved us, as we were only thirty steps off and would have been riddled had the line opened fire. He ordered us to dismount and advance ‘one at a time.’ This was done until we found ourselves seated in a corner of the fence on the roadside. The officers chatted pleasantly for an hour, while we waited to get a reply to the letter. At the expiration of that time an officer rode up with the information that General

Grant was 'on another part of the line,' and a reply could not be sent in before next morning.

"Taking leave, we mounted and started back. It was a dreary ride. Sometimes our horses would stumble among the debris of a broken wagon. An obstruction caused me once to dismount and feel my way. It was a rifle gun, with broken wheel. It had belched forth its last thunder against the advancing enemy, and would soon be in their hands. We passed a strip of woodland. Here and there was a small camp fire, with three or four wearied and silent forms crouching around the blazing fagots, for the night wind was chill and damp. They were "stragglers"—footsore, weary and hungry. They had dragged their limbs as far as possible, and, though they were not within our lines, they had done their best. The spirit was still willing. Their faces depicted despair. Poor atoms of suffering, they were perhaps, thinking of their starving loved ones at home, while they were starving here upon the wayside. These were men, too, who had fought at Manassas and at Spotsylvania, and whose camp fires had more than once blazed in the foreground of Washington!

"After considerable search we found the headquarters of Gen. R. E. Lee. They consisted of two rubbish fires and two ambulances. As we approached the first fire we heard the heavy and hard breathing of some one in sleep. It was Longstreet, who still suffered from the effects of the wound in his throat. At the other fire Gen. R. E. Lee was lying upon an oil-cloth and a blanket. I know not whether he was asleep, but think not. As we approached he rose to a sitting posture, and the fire-light fell upon his face. Never had nature and misfortune combined to cast a countenance so sad and so noble. I thought of Charles on his litter after the Rus-

sian charge at Pultowa, and Napoleon after the dreadful day at Waterloo. I wished for an artist to catch the features of that bronzed and mournful face. The iron entered the soul of Gen Lee that night. But when such natures fall they break into gold and diamond dust, "the proper metal of a perfect star." A few days I was with General Fitzhugh Lee at Saylor's creek when the enemy interrupted our retreat and cut off our left wing. Our cavalry had gone ahead, and we were riding to overtake the column when we encountered the obstruction. The fight soon raged fiercely. As soon as General Fitzhugh Lee realized the seriousness of the situation, he ordered me to find General R. E. Lee and advise him of it. The enemy had taken possession of the road for some distance ahead of us, and, to escape his fire, I had to ride through yards and fields, over ditches and fences, and several times, when I thought I could safely turn for the main road, I was warned by the whistle of numerous bullets that his line was longer than I expected. At last I found Gen. Lee. I hurriedly told him of the disaster at Saylor's creek. He turned to Longstreet and said: 'General, the enemy have completely isolated our left wing; we must go and try restore the connection.'

"Mahone was there, looking as shriveled as a shrimp and when he got orders to move he merely rode to the head of the column and said, 'Come on with me, men,' in a squeaking voice that seemed in sympathy with his elfish figure. It was then late in the afternoon and we had not gone far before we met a stream of stragglers. They were the fragments of Picket's regiments. They recognized Gen. R. E. Lee and when he said, 'Men, you must form a line here whether you have arms or not,' they gathered about his horse, their faces begrimed with the smoke of battle and their limbs wearied with the

labor of combat. But they threw up their hats and made an effort to cheer, crying out, 'Gen. Lee, we have fought for you for four years and we are willing to fight four more. If you say so, we will stay here and die.' General Lee turned his face away. He could not stand the sight of these battle-scarred heroes in despair.

"An irregular line was formed. In the valley below we could see the dark, serried lines of Federal infantry massing like a black cloud. The sun was setting.

"On the morning of April 9th we made an effort to cut through the lines that surrounded us. The enemy were driven back for some distance by the ferocity of our charge, but they were too heavily massed behind for us to hope to carry out any considerable body of men. In a short while Custer was seen riding toward us bearing a flag of truce, his long hair streaming in the morning wind. The letter he brought was in answer to the one Major Mason and myself had carried to the Federal lines the night before. We knew now what was meant. The wagon trains and artillery were being parked. Desultory firing was heard here and there, but there was no volley, no charging of cavalry, no cheering of voices. We turned away. General Fitzhugh Lee and staff rode off toward James River for the purpose of crossing and working our way toward Johnson. At least such was my purpose. We had gone about a mile when he turned to me and asked where was his division. I did not know. 'Ride back, see if you can find it, and bring it in this direction.' He was crying bitterly when he gave me this order, and his voice was choked. We were all crying; and there are few sights in nature more pathetic than tears upon the face of a soldier. I rode back and saw the infantry stacking arms. I could see no traces of the cavalry division. I rejoined General Fitzhugh Lee. He said: 'Did you find my division?'



“ ‘No, sir.’

“ ‘What did you see?’

“ ‘The infantry were stacking arms!’

“I could hardly speak. We saw a squadron of cavalry on a hill in front. Thinking it was a detachment sent to intercept us, Major Jim Breathed, commanding the horse artillery of our division, and as gallant a soul as ever poured out its blood on a battle-field, drew his sabre and wanted to charge them. There were only six or eight of us and it would have been folly. But he insisted, and we drew to charge the squadron, no one expecting to survive it. It proved, however, to be Confederates. That night we crossed James river and got the first food and the first sleep we had for many hours.”

Throughout Lee's three first replies to Grant's proposals, runs a vein of disingenuousness which subsequent events sufficiently interpreted. He was merely treating in the hope of gaining time and outwitting his antagonist. He had not yet despaired of getting a portion of his army out of the toils, even if it required another clinch to be made with all the desperation of a dying effort. It might spare him the humiliation of surrender. Grant seems to have fully apprehended his opponent's design. His reply sent April 9th reads: “Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M., to-day, could lead to no good. I will state, however, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of

another life, I subscribe myself, etc: U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General." This dispatched, he hastened on to join Sheridan.

The marching of the Union armies at this juncture, was as glorious as any fighting they had ever done, Ord's men had marched all but three of the twenty-four hours before 9 o'clock, April 9th, when they reached their appointed place in the plan of enmeshing Lee. Griffin after a march of twenty-nine miles, reached Sheridan's position at 6 A. M., on the morning of the ninth, just as Lee's heavy mass of infantry were about to fling themselves upon the Union cavalry, and fight their way through. This they must do or surrender. They had made their onset upon Crook, who was gallantly disputing every foot with his dismounted cavalry who were far outnumbered. The troopers gave ground gradually, and the enemy taking fresh heart gave their yell and quickening to a charging gait, redoubled their musketry volleys. When they thought the troopers beaten, they suddenly found themselves in contact with Gibbon's and Griffin's men and a division of colored troops. Their charge was stopped, their line halted. So sudden and disheartening was this discovery that they forgot to fire and wavering, broke to the rear. Sheridan reforming his troopers had again moved far to the Union left, and was about giving the order to charge when a flag of truce issued out of the confused masses. The emergency had arisen which demanded the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Sheridan, riding at once to the Court-House, there met Generals Gordon and Wilcox, who informed him that negotiations for surrender were then in progress between Generals Grant and Lee. The fiery cavalryman, suspicious lest it was merely a ruse to gain time

and prevent the death-stroke which he was prepared to deliver, said that he would not stay his intended charge unless he had definite assurance that surrender was intended. Gordon personally gave him this assurance, and at a subsequent interview half an hour later General Longstreet also declared that Lee was only awaiting the arrival of General Grant to make the surrender complete. Accordingly there was a temporary cessation of hostilities in that quarter.

The dispatch to the Union commander which stayed the Federal charge was written by General Lee on April 9th. It ran: "I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose."

Grant, however, was then on Meade's line, and the communication did not reach him until near noon. He at once replied: "Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg roads to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward in front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me."

Colonel Babcock, of Grant's staff, carried this reply through the enemy's lines to Lee. It was Colonel Babcock who found General Lee sitting by the roadside that has since become famous. His first anxiety was to have the truce extended all along the Union lines, so that no further hostilities should ensue.

Grant sought Sheridan before proceeding to this momentous interview, and learned from him how completely the Confederate army was involved in the meshes. He then rode on to the place appointed for the meeting. This was the McLean house, which stood somewhat apart from the remainder of the village of Appomattox. General Lee met his conqueror on the threshold, and conducted him into a little parlor, in which were a table and two or three chairs. Into this narrow apartment were gathered besides Grant and his staff, Generals Sheridan and Ord. General Lee was attended only by Colonel Marshall.

The contrast between the appearance of the two commanding generals was most striking. General Grant, in one of his numerous conversations with John Russell Young, and described by the latter in his entertaining work, "Around the World with General Grant," thus relates this interesting incident of this famous conference: "I received word that Lee would meet me at a point within our lines near Sheridan's headquarters. I had to ride quite a distance through a muddy country; and remember that I was concerned about my personal appearance. I had an old suit on, was without my sword, and without any distinguishing mark of rank except the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general on a woolen blouse. I was splashed with mud in my long ride, and was afraid Lee might think I meant to show him some discourtesy by so coming—at least I thought so. But I had no other clothes within reach, as Lee's letter had found me away from my base of supplies. I kept on riding until I met Sheridan. The general, who was one of the heroes of the campaign, and whose pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy, told me where to find Lee. I went up to the house where Lee was

waiting, and found him in a fine, new, splendid uniform, which only recalled my anxiety as to my own clothes while on my way to meet him. I expressed my regret that I was compelled to meet him in so unceremonious a manner, and he replied that the only suit he had available was one that had been sent him by some admirers in Baltimore, and which he then wore for the first time."

Other circumstances in this remarkable conference will be related more in detail in subsequent chapters. After some brief chat upon previous army experiences, Lee almost abruptly adverted to the object of the interview.

"I asked to see you, General Grant," he said, "to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army." General Grant replied that officers and men must become prisoners of war, and give up all munitions, weapons and supplies, but that a parole would be accepted by releasing the men upon their binding themselves to go home and remain there until properly exchanged. Upon Lee's remarking that he expected some such terms, Grant asked,

"Do I understand that you accept these terms, General Lee?"

"Yes," General Lee replied, "and if you will put them into writing I will sign them."

General Grant sat down at the little table and wrote the following:

"APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA, }  
April 9, 1865. }

"*General*: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United

States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*"

"GENERAL R. E. LEE.

Grant handed this paper to General Lee, who read it carefully and remarked that the terms were magnanimous and would have a good effect upon his army. He remarked however that the horses of the cavalry and artillery were the property of the men; would they be allowed to retain them? Grant replied, that the terms did not allow this, but continued:

"I believe the war is now over, and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of the others. I know that the men, and indeed the whole South are impoverished. I will not change the terms of the surrender, but will instruct my officers who receive the paroles, to allow the cavalry and artillery men to retain their horses and take them home to work their little farms."

Lee again remarking that this clemency would have a very happy effect, directed Colonel Marshall to write his acceptance of the terms, which done he signed. The following is the document.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }  
April 9, 1865. }

"*General*: I received your letter of this date containing the term of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to appoint the proper officers to carry them into effect.

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

While these conditions were being signed, the Union officers present were presented to General Lee, who bowed to each but did not shake hands. His final request was for rations for his starving men. This was promptly accorded and the necessary orders for distributing them given. Grant and Lee then shook hands, and the latter mounting his horse rode off to his army. The demonstrations of his men will be described elsewhere, by men who were participants in that most pathetic scene.

Grant when returning to his own lines, saw that the artillery were preparing to fire salutes, and issued orders to stop them at once. "The war is over," he said; "the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory, will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." This order was faithfully obeyed.

Remembering that he had not yet reported the capitulation to his superiors, Grant sitting on a stone by the roadside wrote this dispatch on a leaf out of the notebook of one of his aides:

"APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, *April 9, 1865.*

"HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War, Washington:* General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying correspondence shows the conditions fully.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*"

It was Grant's intention to set out for Washington at once, leaving the details of the surrender and subsequent movements to his subordinates. It was found however that the Petersburg and Lynchburg railroad could be put into condition for travel in a few hours and he concluded to wait for that. Grant the next day found time to arrange a conference with his great antagonist. They met on a hillock between the lines and conversed long and with animation upon the great subject of the pacifi-

cation of the country. Lee expressed the opinion that the war was now over and slavery was dead. The South, he thought, was prepared to acquiesce in this as the consequence of the triumph of the Union arms. Johnston, he thought, would soon surrender to Sherman, and the sooner all the armies were surrendered the better for the South. General Grant earnestly urged Lee to present his views to the Confederate officials and generals, so as to bring about the speedy pacification of the country.

On the following day, April 12th, the Army of Northern Virginia stood in serried ranks for the last time. Under the direction of the appointed commissioners they were marched to a spot near the Court-house, where they stacked their arms, laid down the colors and deposited their accoutrements, and then went to the provost marshal's tent for their paroles. This completed they started for their homes. The war, as far as Virginia was concerned, was ended.

Grant's anxiety during the week of pursuit was intense, and it was not until long after the war that he declared how near Lee's army came to escaping with at least enough organization and material to have prolonged the war by joining Johnston. Speaking of this in the conversation with Mr. Young above quoted Gen. Grant said: "My anxiety for some time before Richmond fell, was, that Lee should abandon it. My pursuit of Lee was hazardous and I was in a position of extreme difficulty. You see I was marching away from my supplies while Lee was falling back toward his supplies. If Lee had continued his flight another day I should have been compelled to abandon the pursuit, fall back to Farmville, build the railroad and feed my army. So far as supplies were concerned, I was almost at my last gasp when the surrender took place."



## CHAPTER LIX.

### THE EXPIRING GLANCES OF STRIFE.

Gordon's story of the final days—The Federal anxiety to prevent the juncture with Johnston—The Confederate conference—The deep aversion to surrender—One last attempt—Its failure—The flag of truce—Sheridan rides into the Confederate lines—Gordon saves Sheridan's life—The emotion of the Confederates at the surrender—Lee talks to the soldiers—His profound dejection.

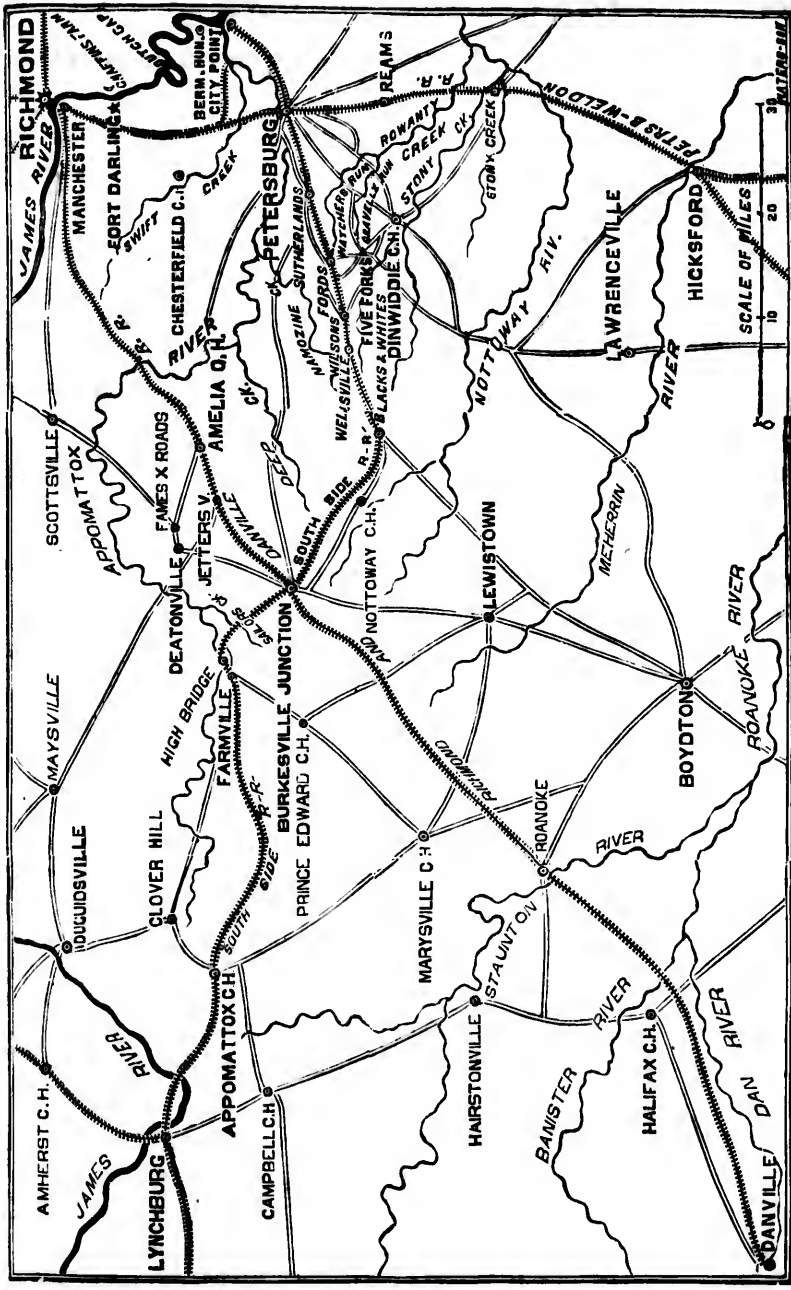
THE war was in its sunset. The joining lines of the great armies of the North were choking out its waning life. The one hope for a brief continuance lay in the chance of a juncture with Johnston, and the well-laid plans of the commander of the Union forces had already destroyed the possibility of this. Nevertheless, the armies which were still playing hide and seek in the network of roads to the southward were not fully aware how near the end was.

On the Federal side there was a desperate anxiety to prevent the juncture, and upon the Confederate side there was deep depression and little hope of escape. With magnificent energy General Lee was striving to avoid the closing cordon. Sheridan was not in direct communication with Grant, while Gordon was in close communication with Lee. To a certain extent both men were acting independently of the main armies, although their movements were in harmony with a concerted plan. Added to their anxiety was the doubt as to what was happening when, on the 7th of April, General Gordon, who had been bringing up the rear ever since the retreat from Petersburg began, was now ordered to the front. Here we quote again from General Gordon's

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MAP SHOWING MOVEMENTS OF GRANT'S AND LEE'S ARMIES FROM RICHMOND TO APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE.

conversation, giving the thread of the narrative on the Confederate side to the final scene :

“The day that Generals Lee and Grant began the correspondence which led up to the surrender I was ordered from the rear to the advance. The Federal army was pressing us with great vigor at all points. Its cavalry was harassing our flanks, and our line of march was strewn with the broken *débris* of a dissolving army. Men were falling by the way-side,—killed, wounded, sick and starving. On the night of the 8th of April, General Lee called a council of war at his bivouac by the roadside. It was the last one he ever called. There were present at this conference Generals Lee, Longstreet, Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the cavalry, and myself. Most of the time General Lee stood up in front of the blazing camp-fire, a grand figure. Longstreet sat on a log near by, while I reclined on General Lee’s pallet spread under the tree. When General Fitzhugh Lee came up he found a seat near me, on the commander’s blanket.

“General Lee said that he had sent for us to read to us the correspondence which had taken place between himself and General Grant up to that time. It was evident that he was discouraged, and that he recognized that we were in the last chapter of the struggle. He talked the situation over in his quiet and dignified way, telling us plainly that while he was very averse to surrendering the troops, yet that our situation was such that he could not see how it could be avoided. He intimated that he saw no prospect of success ahead and his desire now was to avoid any further bloodshed. It was the general impression of all present that there was nothing but cavalry in our front. We knew very well that Sheridan had thrown his force across our line of march. After some delibera-

tion it was decided, as the last chance, that I should attack the enemy the next morning, and endeavor to open the way for our advance.

"In the very nature of things the conference was intensely dramatic. None of us wanted to surrender. To give up went bitterly against the grain. We felt that it



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

was a forlorn hope, but we all wanted to make one last desperate effort. Surrender was one of the things that a soldier would always feel like putting off. The assumption was that if we could not break through the Federal lines it would be time enough then to consider the question of capitulation.

"General Lee asked me, 'Do you think you can cut your way through?'

"'Yes,' said I; 'I can force a passage against any number of cavalry; and it was generally believed that nothing but cavalry was in our front.'

"Longstreet, who was in the rear, was to follow me, keeping the artillery and our ammunition wagons between us.

"I had about eight thousand effective muskets. I do not remember the strength of General Longstreet's force. He was then commanding one wing of the army and I the other. The plan agreed upon at the council was for us to move towards Lynchburg, and from thence reach a protected position in the mountains, from whence we could form a junction with Johnston. We all felt that if we could get there we could do something.

"At daylight the next morning we were advancing, and about six o'clock we were hotly engaged. General Fitzhugh Lee, with his cavalry, had been sent with me for this final attempt to break through the Federal lines, and was placed on the right. We first encountered Sheridan's cavalry below Appomattox Court-House, and fought them for an hour or two, capturing two pieces of artillery. I thought we were getting along well, and kept sending word back to Longstreet to move forward. Meanwhile the enemy were after him in the rear, and he had to face about to fight, so that every step I took increased the distance between us. Our advance was proceeding so well that I was beginning to believe that there was a good chance of our accomplishing the object aimed at, but I soon found that I was mistaken. While I was advancing in line, engaging the enemy at every step, I was suddenly brought to a halt by the appearance of tremendous bodies of infantry on both my

flanks. I at once sent word to General Lee of my discovery, and informed him that unless Longstreet came up any further attempt would be futile, and only involve an unnecessary waste of life. He replied that there was a flag of truce in existence between himself and General Grant, and that I could take my own course about notifying the officer in command of the forces in my front of this fact. I called an officer, Colonel Green Peyton, I think, my chief of staff, and said to him: 'Colonel, take a flag of truce and ride to the front. Find the commander, whoever he is and inform him that I have a letter from General Lee advising me of a flag of truce between General Grant and himself. Deliver him this message only, and say no more.'

"General, we have no flag of truce,' he replied.

"Tie your handkerchief on a stick,' I said.

"He answered, 'I haven't any handkerchief.'

"Well,' I said, 'tear your shirt.'

"But I have no white shirt,' he exclaimed.

"Well,' I said, 'then find a shirt. At any rate get something and go.'

"He looked around and got something and rode away. A cavalry officer came back with him, and we had a remarkable conversation. He was a handsome fellow and very polite. Saluting, he said:

"Is this General Gordon? I am the bearer of General Sheridan's compliments, and he demands your unconditional surrender.'

"Well, Colonel,' (or whatever I saw his rank was), I answered, 'you will please return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say that I shall not surrender.'

"Then,' he said, 'you will be annihilated in half an hour. We have you completely surrounded.'

“‘Very well, sir,’ I replied. ‘I am probably as well aware of my situation as you are, but that is my answer.’



GENERAL SHERIDAN.

“‘You don't mean that!’ he exclaimed.

“‘Yes I do, sir,’ I said; ‘the only thing I propose to

say is what I have already said through my staff officer—that a flag of truce is in existence between General Lee and General Grant. I was not going to surrender, because I knew it was coming. I was not going to let Sheridan capture me in that way.'

" 'Then you will be annihilated,' he said, and rode away.

" While I had been sitting there, waiting, the firing had almost ceased. The infantry on my flanks had not changed their position much, as they had been moving up very slowly. I was firing artillery at the time so as to check them. In a few minutes, Sheridan himself came up with his staff. He was riding an immense black horse. I will never forget how he looked with his short legs sticking out on either side. We had very much the same sort of parley as had occurred between the other officer and myself. Indeed, the language was almost a literal repetition. Finally, I said to him, 'Well, General, I hardly think that it is worth while for us to parley. I have made up my mind not to surrender, and I shall accept any consequences which may follow this determination. I wish simply to give you the information which was sent me by General Lee. All I know is that there is a flag of truce in existence, and I only know the bare fact.'

" 'Did you say that you have a letter from General Lee?' he asked.

" 'I handed him the letter.

" He looked over it and said: 'I suppose, then, that the only thing we can do is to cease firing.'

" 'I think so,' I replied.

" 'He then said to me: 'If you will withdraw your forces to a certain place, I will withdraw mine, and wait to see what happens.'

" We got down off our horses, and taking a seat on the



grass, talked there for some time. In the mean time, I had forgotten that, early in the morning, I had detached a force to go back and over on the brow of a hill to prevent the cavalry from coming around between Longstreet and myself. While we were sitting on the grass I heard a roll of musketry, and looking over to where the force had been placed, saw them firing into some cavalry that had ridden down in that direction.

“‘Hell, sir, what does this mean?’ cried Sheridan.

“‘I am very sorry about it,’ I replied, as I explained the circumstances, and he and I each sent an officer over to the hill to stop the firing.

“I saved Sheridan’s life that morning beyond question. One of my sharpshooters was a sour sort of fellow, and his only idea was that when he saw a blue coat it was his duty to shoot at it. I had the sharpshooters around me when Sheridan came up with the flag of truce, and I saw this fellow draw his gun. ‘What do you mean?’ I cried, ‘this is a flag of truce.’ He did not pay the slightest attention to me and was just about firing when I knocked up his gun and it went off, over Sheridan’s head. ‘Let him stay on his own side, General,’ he muttered.

“General Sheridan and I sat on the ground close to the brick house where Lee and Grant met, and in the orchard. I had passed the house in the morning. We chaffed each other a little in the course of the conversation. Sheridan saying: ‘I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before.’ I replied that we had had some little acquaintance in the valley of Virginia. He turned the thread of the conversation to some guns he had received in the valley. Sheridan had captured nearly all of Early’s artillery, and some more had been sent to him from Richmond. Some wag had written with chalk on

one of these guns: 'Respectfully consigned to Major-General Sheridan through General Early.' Sheridan had heard of this, and he was very much amused at it; but whether he ever saw such words upon a gun I do not know. When he was through with his story, I suggested that I also had two guns which I could consign to him, and with the more grace because they had come from him that very morning.

"Sheridan came with a full staff, and remained with me about an hour and a half. My recollection is that we stayed at that place until we received information that Generals Lee and Grant had agreed. I heard afterwards that Custer had demanded Longstreet's surrender. I have heard from three or four different sources that Custer did ride between Longstreet and myself, but my interview was with Sheridan. Colonel Green Peyton, whom I sent with the flag of truce, now writes:

"General Gordon directed me to ride forward and inform General Sheridan that there was a flag of truce out between Generals Lee and Grant, and request a temporary suspension of hostilities. Not having a white handkerchief, nor even a white shirt, to wave, I was in quite a dilemma until some officer, whose name I cannot now recall, pulled a towel from his haversack, and suggested going with me and using it as a flag of truce. We soon encountered a staff officer of General Custer, whose name I also forget, who took us in charge. We had a long and fruitless ride hunting for General Sheridan, but finally met General Custer sweeping along a country road at full gallop, followed by what appeared to me a very large body of cavalry. He halted when he saw us, and demanded our errand, which I briefly told him. "Nothing but unconditional surrender," he exclaimed; "I am now about to surround your army." I modestly

replied that that was a matter in the hands of Generals Lee and Grant ; all I wished was a suspension of hostilities until the question was settled. " Nothing but unconditional surrender," he again exclaimed, put spurs to his horse, and that was the last I ever saw of Custer. There being nothing else to do, I returned to General Gordon. In the mean time General Sheridan had become aware of the state of affairs, and when I got back to Gordon I found him there with a large body of staff officers, etc., all mingling and talking very pleasantly.'

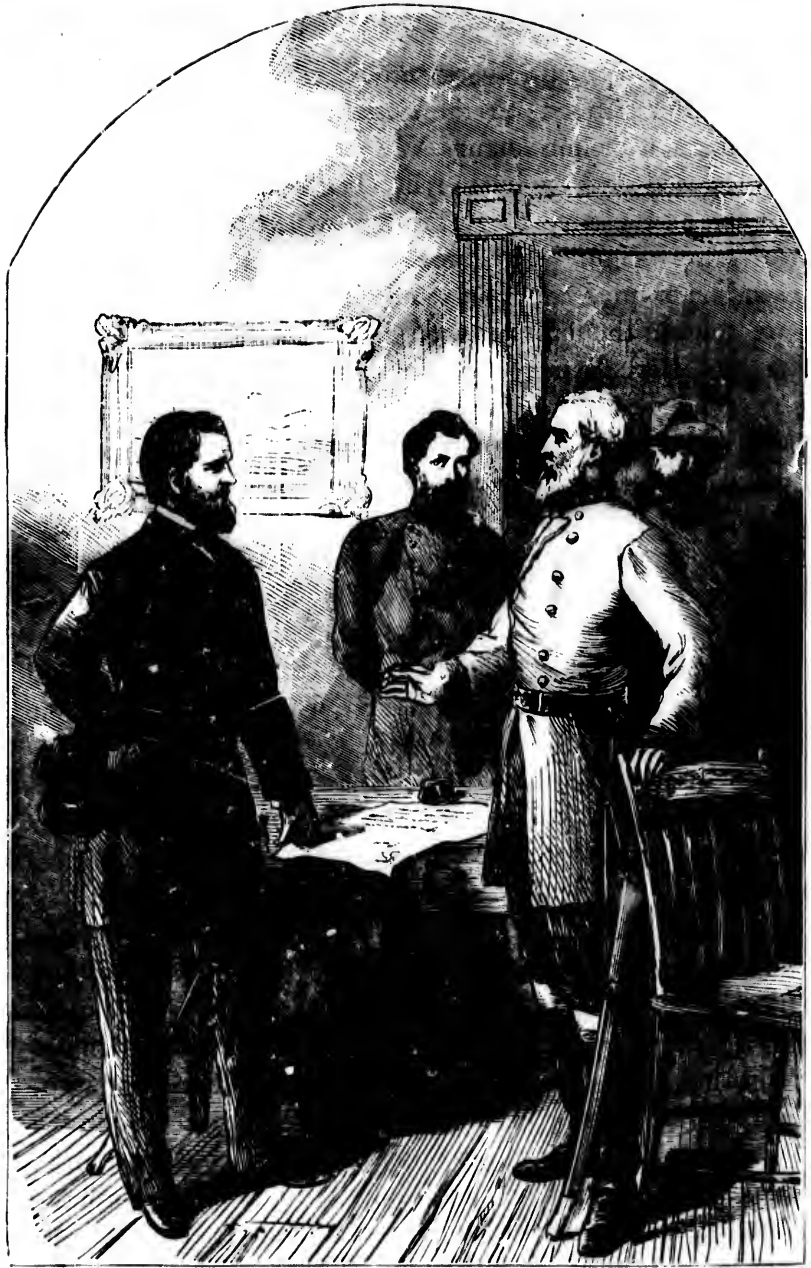


THE MCLEAN HOUSE.

"General Gordon continues: 'After awhile General Lee sent for General Longstreet and myself, and told us of the agreement to surrender. He named three of us to meet at the McLean house, three officers to be appointed by General Grant, we six to agree upon the details. It had been generally arranged between Generals Grant and Lee, and the understanding had been reached that the officers were to keep their side-arms, but the routine had not yet been decided upon. Longstreet, Pendleton and my-

self were appointed for the Confederate side, and I remember Gibbon on the Federal side because he was a North Carolina man. We met at the McLean house and proceeded to business. The Federals had champagne and plenty to eat, things which we had not seen for a long time. The most striking feature of the surrender to me, excepting only the deep sorrow which we felt at the failure, was the behavior of the Federal troops. I shall never cease thinking and talking about it. The general disposition was to fraternize, and it was difficult to keep the opposing soldiers apart. There was great distress among our men, and there was hardly a dry eye. Men hid their flags in their bosoms. But, beyond the patriotic emotion which the Federal soldiers naturally felt but never showed, and the deep humiliation of the Confederates, the men seemed to wish to mingle with and talk to each other. The thing which touched my heart very much at the time was the action of the Union soldiers in opening their haversacks and dividing their rations with the defeated. This was done independently of the order of General Grant to feed our men. After we had agreed to all the terms, the successful commander came to the McLean house, but he had very little to say. We wrote out the form of parole, and designated the place where the men were to stack their arms.

"I had never seen General Grant until that morning. What impressed me most was his modest demeanor. There was nothing in the expression of his face or in his language or general bearing which indicated exultation at the great victory he had won. He had no uniform on, and sat quietly, never saying much, but very kind, very gentle and very unobtrusive. These characteristics I noted in him often afterwards. For a man who reached



LEE SURRENDERING TO GENERAL GRANT.

such an altitude of civil and military renown his manner was charmingly simple.

"It was a bright April day when we attempted to cut through. I had been moving before daylight, but the day was just breaking when I struck the temporary breastworks where the two pieces of artillery which went back to Sheridan were captured. I ran over the breastworks in my first charge. The last stroke of the war was that morning assault. It wound up the conflict so far as our army was concerned.

"I rode with General Lee from the McLean house back to his headquarters immediately after the men had been drawn up to surrender their arms. They had stacked their guns for the last time, and General Lee was profoundly dejected. After a time of silence he said sadly: 'It would have been better if I had fallen in one of the last fights. I could wish that I had.'

"'You should not feel that way, General,' I expostulated.

"'But that is my feeling,' he said.

"'The country will sustain you in what you have done,' I said, but he shook his head and replied that the army would, but that the country would think that he should have done better. He believed that the terms of surrender were all that could be asked, and added that there was nothing for us to do now but to return and rebuild our homes. It never occurred to me at the time that Grant came to the surrender without side-arms to emphasize the fact that he came to offer peace to his countrymen. I supposed it was true that he was not in the habit of wearing side-arms, and that, in the rush of events and the great pressure upon his time, he had no disposition to appear in the garb of a conqueror. General Lee, on the contrary, out of respect to the dig-

nity of the occasion, had dressed himself in his best uniform."

Colonel T. H. Carter, who was Gordon's chief of artillery, tells this incident of the day: "When General Lee returned from his interview with General Grant, and all was over, the men, who had stacked arms and parked the cannon in a field to the east of the Court-House, crowded to the road along which he was riding and cheered him again and again. Finally, he dismounted from his horse and, with his eyes swimming in tears, said in substance: 'I have done what I thought best and believed to be right. Go to your homes and conduct yourselves as good citizens and you will not be molested.'

"Old men wept like children and sobbed in an agony of grief. I tell you this because there was a report at the time that the cheering at Lee on his return from his interview with General Grant was supposed to be the rejoicing of the Army of Northern Virginia at the surrender. Nothing could be further from the truth. It would have been an ungenerous demonstration to say the least and they were not guilty of it. The remnant of Lee's army had even thrown away their very blankets and clothes to carry their muskets and ammunition, and but for their starved and wearied condition were unsurpassed by any troops in the world, and could be relied upon to do anything that flesh and blood could accomplish."

There are in these graphic recitals of the final hours of our civil strife the saddest of pictures in all the tragedy of war; yet, they have their lights as well as shades. Never before in the history of conflict had surrendering soldiers been treated with such generosity by the victors. Nor was it a conventional generosity. It was genuinely felt from the commander to



the private. The action of the men in dividing the contents of their haversacks with those who, but an hour before, had been bitter foes was a great paradox which could not have belonged to any but such a conflict in such a country. The first hand that was stretched out in the dawn of the new nationality contained succor and comfort.

On the morning of the 9th of April, while General Gordon was making the last forlorn attempt to break through Grant's lines, General Lee and General Longstreet were together. When the information was brought to them that Gordon was enveloped in a cloud of infantry, as well as cavalry, they parted—General Lee to find General Grant and agree upon terms of capitulation, and General Longstreet to command the army until his return. Writing of the events of this April morning after this long lapse of years, General Longstreet says:

“General Lee, upon starting to see General Grant at Appomattox, left me in charge, and forgot to inform General Gordon, who was in our advance, of his movements and purpose. Before passing to the rear of my line, where he supposed General Grant to be, he sent a message to me informing me that he had failed to give notice to General Gordon, and asking me to send him notice. Upon receiving this notice General Gordon sent my staff officer forward to communicate the order for the firing to cease. This, I believe, was the first flag of truce, and was borne by an officer of my staff, though actually sent by General Gordon.

“General Lee, on reaching my rear, sent his flag back with a communication to General Grant. In reply he was informed by General Meade that General Grant had left him and gone around to the front. So General



Lee had to ride back to the front. Passing back he called me to ride with him. He was, of course, deeply impressed by the situation, not to say grieved, and our conversation partook of the feelings of our hearts in ejaculations rather than conversation. Arriving at our front line we dismounted to relieve our horses, whilst he sent his flag forward to meet General Grant. About forty feet from the point where we stood, whilst awaiting the return of his flag, there was an apple-tree, one of the remnants of an old orchard. Whilst waiting General Lee turned to me and said that he felt apprehensive that General Grant might be inclined to be severe in his terms, after his having refused the day previous to meet his (Grant's) summons for surrender. I replied that I knew General Grant well enough to assure him that he would act in this matter just as he (Lee) would act under similar circumstances. That he would act as his duty demanded, but would go no further.

"General Lee was disposed to dwell upon the point of his first refusal to listen to terms as likely to provoke harsh feelings and severe conditions. After reassuring him as well as I could on this point, I said, 'If you find Grant inclined to be unreasonable and determined to humiliate us, tell him that we reject all terms and will make our last effort as honorable as possible.'

"I think that these were the last words that passed between us up to his mounting and riding up the hill, with one or two of his staff, to the court-house. Upon his return he seemed satisfied as one could be under the circumstances, and directed me to prepare to meet the commissioners, who were to be appointed to draw and arrange the terms of capitulation."

## CHAPTER LX.

### THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE WAR.

*General Grant's indifference to entering Richmond—Difference between him and other commanders—His interview with the Secretary of War—Goes to Washington—Assassination of Lincoln—Recalled to the Capital—Sherman's Protocol—Grant's interview with Stanton—Admiral Ammen's recollections—Grant's Delicacy towards Sherman—The war ended.*

RICHMOND was the chief prize of the war. For four years the Confederate capital had stood, a menace to American nationality. Millions of money and thousands of lives had been spent in the efforts of Union commanders to reach and subdue it. From the earliest days of the bitter conflict the cry of the North had been, "On to Richmond." It was the centre of the Confederacy, and there was a passionate longing that it should be grasped and crushed. To the popular mind Vicksburg was an incidental; Atlanta was but a momentary encouragement; Gettysburg was merely a desperate trial of desperate forces, in which the Federal army had been victorious. None of these seemed decisive. After the first flush of rejoicing, when the tidings of victory came in, the eyes of the North would again turn with terrible fascination to the Old Dominion city, where the chief of the Southern armies and the chief of the Federal armies were fighting their desperate duel to the death.

Of course, the strategic value of the place was greatly overestimated. It was clothed in importance which did not belong to it. Yet public sentiment, on both sides had decided that it was the pivotal point of the conflict, and this sentiment could not be argued down. In the South, the determination was to protect it at all hazards.

In the North, the determination was to take it at all hazards. And so it came about that the first public misconception grew less as the war advanced. Each section, feeling that the fall of Richmond would be the fall of the Confederacy, concentrated its greatest numbers at the now vital point, and when it was wrested from the South, the feeling was general and strong that the rebellion had ended. In all ages and in all wars, this fictitious importance has been attached to the seat of government. To a conquering commander the cap-sheaf of his triumph is to march through the streets of the city upon which all eyes had been bent with anxiety and apprehension.

General Grant did not do so. He delegated the occupation of Richmond to a subordinate, just as he would have delegated any other minor authority, and General Weitzel entered the Confederate capital on the 3d of April six days before Lee surrendered, while Grant was pursuing his adversary. He seemed to have no curiosity to see the city whose capitulation had been the object of his best efforts during a year of battle and bloodshed. No thought of posing as a victor entered his mind. He was moved by no hunger for self-glorification. He had no aspirations for a florid and pictorial triumph. His well-balanced nature recognized only that a great duty had been done, and his eyes turned naturally to the work which was still left for him.

There is probably no parallel to this in the life of any great commander. The entrance to a city which has fallen after a long siege seems to round up the story of the investment. To ride down the conquered streets, with drums beating and flags flying, while the sullen-eyed inhabitants look on with humiliation and dread,

seems to be the natural apotheosis of a successful siege. But General Grant had neither thought nor inclination for these ornamentals of triumph. After Appomattox, he hastened to the national capital, and never, in his after life, did he visit this dead heart of the Confederacy.

His one recollection of its appearance was confined to the frowning fortifications which had surrounded it, and which he had subdued. In after years, General Grant, in speaking of this, said that he did not enter Richmond because Mr. Lincoln had gone there, and there was no need for him. It was his duty to go on until Lee surrendered, and then to Washington, stop recruiting, and retrench the expenses of the war, which, at the moment of the surrender, were taxing the resources of the Government at the rate of four million dollars a day. His plain, simple mind saw only the practical necessities of the time.

On the 12th of April, Grant had his memorable interview with the President and the Secretary of War, in which the details which were to take the army from its war footing were arranged. The day following the announcement was made, which, in twenty-four hours, was to remove all restrictions from commerce, and stop the recruiting of soldiers and the purchase of supplies. These were the first definite steps towards peace. The same day, with his wife, the victorious General hastened to Burlington, N. J., where his children were at school. His tender solicitude for his family saved his life.

That night the ominous report of John Wilkes Booth's pistol sounded in Ford's Theatre. There was a sudden bustle and a quick hurrying of feet. The dazed eyes of the audience saw a lithe figure spring upon the stage from the President's box, gesticulate grandiloquently and disappear. Then the truth hissed its way into the



FRONT VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

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ears of the bewildered people. In the hour of triumph, when the republic was gathering up the broken threads of its unity, when the cannon were booming their boasts and the flags were rippling their exultation, when the lost cause was lost indeed, and the union that had been born nearly a century before had vindicated its right to live, the bullet of a maniac struck down the great, warm-hearted, tender man who had been raised by the times and for the times on the Western frontier, to be the great civil leader in the hour of the republic's peril. After the weary trials, and doubts, and anxieties of the war had ended, when the problem of a century had just been solved, when the republic had established the great truth that the idea which inspired it was greater than any section or any institution, irresponsible assassination snatched the cup of fulfillment from Lincoln's lips, and his blood climaxed the terrible carnage of the civil strife. Death, that had claimed so much, claimed him too, and from a vivid figure in the hurry of events, he passed into a majestic memory. At once the tear-dimmed eyes of the nation were turned to Grant.

The excitement and apprehension were profound. The Lieutenant-General, who had escaped assassination by his absence, was instantly telegraphed for, and he hastened back to the Capital. That day was the darkest of his life. In his own vivid language, the rebellion which had been put down in the field seemed to be starting anew in the gutters. The act was so incomprehensible. There was nothing to be gained and much to be lost if this sneaking figure of murder were to become the substitute for the manly front of war. It was a pitiful effort to reach the melo-dramatic, which had neither cause nor courage behind it. It was cowardice shooting



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

down an unarmed man, and forging the name of patriotism for a palliation. It is to the honor of America, that it can be said that the shot sounded as harshly in the ears of the South as it did in those of the North. The South had fought for disunion, but it had contended openly and boldly. It had not disguised its sentiments, and it had won its spurs of manliness in defending them. It would not round up four years of war with a moment of assassination.

The hours after the tragedy, while the great life was ebbing away, were sombre and disturbed ones. There were rumors of conspiracies, and disorder, and murder. Instinctively the republic turned towards the great military leader, who had been Lincoln's right hand. He seemed to be the sturdiest oak in that forest of storm. Thus, in the most sorrowful mood that had ever wrapped his mind in gloom, General Grant re-entered Washington. And when it was known that he was there, the nation drew a long breath of relief, and with sad eyes turned again to the work which was before it.

The impression which the sudden death of President Lincoln made upon General Grant was probably the deeper because of a reason of which he was not entirely conscious. Both were from the West. The rugged vigor of the frontier was in their sinews. They had the practical force which becomes a part of men in the rough country which has no illusions. To an extent the same conditions had formed them. Emergencies had developed them both. Each had grown strangely and strongly to the stature of new and mighty demands. Each was a splendid vindication of the opportunities of American citizenship. All through the war there seemed to be an occult understanding between them. When the North clamored for Grant's removal, Lincoln



answered: "I rather like the man. I think I will try him a little longer." And as Grant progressed, Lincoln's faith in him grew. He supported him in every way he could. When there were murmurs at the apparent delays in the military movements which seemed interminable, the President would speak words of encouragement and revive the sinking national spirit. He was the civil leader, supporting with his strong influence the military chief of the republic. This made the bond between them. Stranger than all is the fact that these two citizens of one State did not meet until 1864, and then by one of those curious incidents only possible in American life, one was Lieutenant-General of the armies and the other was President of the United States. It is little wonder that the death of Lincoln affected Grant so deeply.

The final surrenders of the detached forces of the Confederacy were yet to be received. Sherman and Johnston were still playing hide and seek through the pine woods of North Carolina, and Wilson was making his famous raid, which resulted in the capture of Jeff Davis. Grant rested but little. He was watching the military operations, while, at the same time, being a central figure in the chaos that lifted Andrew Johnson into the Presidential chair.

As early as the 5th of April Grant had put Sherman on his guard in relation to Lee's attempt to join Johnston, and Sherman was even more active than ever. On the night of the 11th, he received Grant's despatch announcing Lee's surrender at Appomattox. On the 12th he announced it to his army, and the men, who had marched more than four hundred miles through a hostile territory, gave themselves up to rejoicing. Sherman immediately prepared an order detailing the movements

of his command, and made ready to strike Johnston a final blow. Of this there was no need, for on the 14th Johnston sent him a communication asking a temporary



ANDREW JOHNSON.

suspension of hostilities to "permit the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the

existing war." Sherman replied that he was fully empowered to make terms, and proposed, as a basis of negotiations, Grant's terms to Lee. On the 16th, Johnston replied that he would meet him the next day at a point midway between his advance at Durham and Johnston's rear at Hillsboro. On the morning of the 17th of April Sherman ordered a locomotive and car to convey him to Durham.

This April day was filled with mighty events for the great soldier whose life for four years had been crowded with dramatic situations. From his breakfast-table, which he left full of joy that the war was so near at an end, he went to the train. Just as he was about to get on, he was met by the telegraph operator, who handed him a dispatch, in cipher, announcing the assassination of Lincoln and the attempts upon the lives of Seward and other men high in the national councils. In that time of consternation and confusion, the wildest rumors were sent out as fact, and the North was absolutely bewildered as to what might come next. How much more apprehension, then, for the future must have been felt by Sherman, cut off, as he was, from immediate communication, and with but a skeleton of statement to clothe with the probabilities which suggested themselves. He saw instantly what an effect such a message, coming at such a time, might have upon the army, and the operator was imperatively directed not to furnish the dreadful tidings to any one. He did not even tell his personal staff of the tragedy.

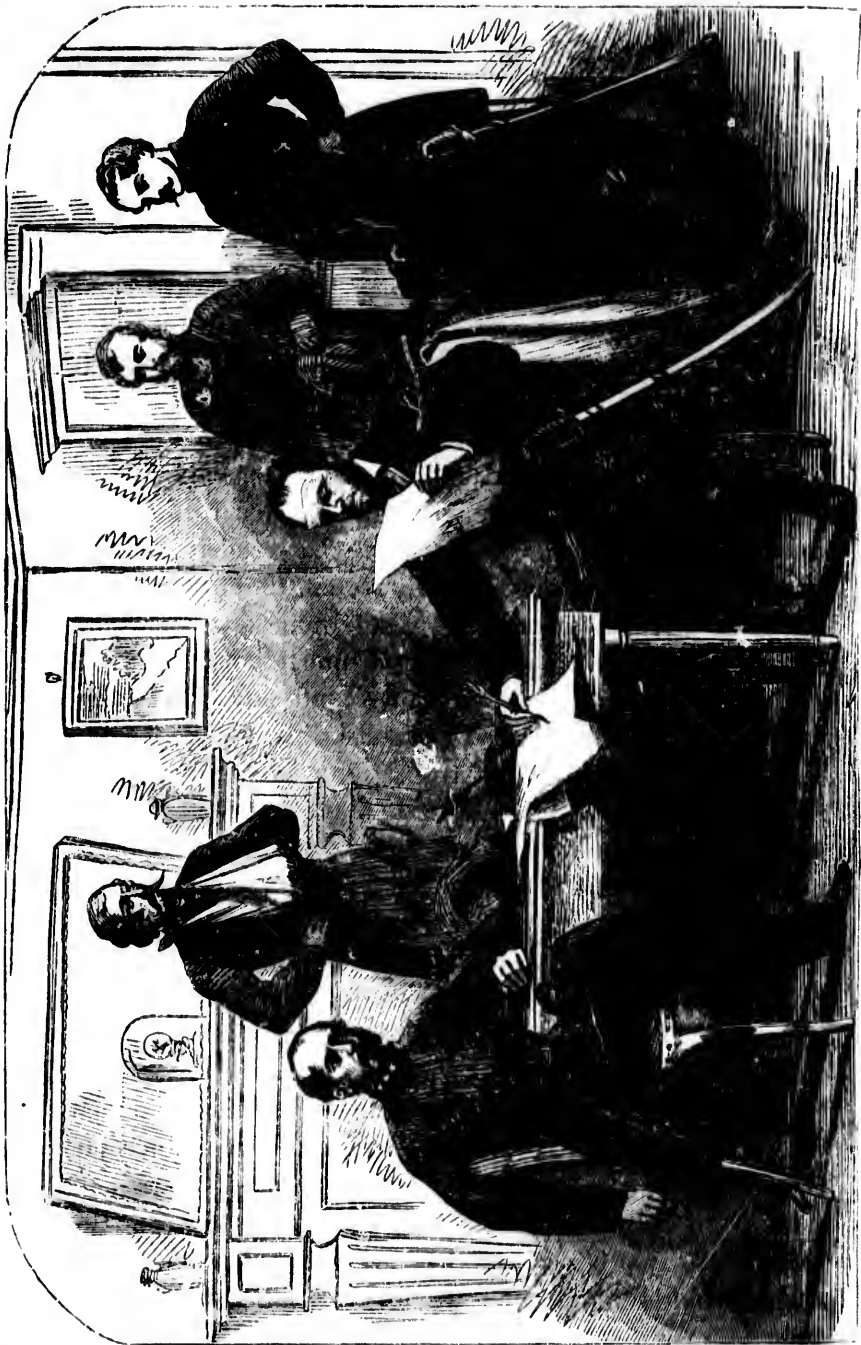
So the train pulled out towards the meeting with Johnston, and the officers who accompanied the commander laughed and jested, light-hearted at the culmination of all their hardships, so soon to come. They did not know that it carried with it also a terrible secret,

and that, beside the white flag of truce which waved from the car, there floated another, black and spectral and sombre with foreboding. It was a strange blending of triumph and tragedy.

When the train stopped General Sherman was met by the Confederate cavalry, who were there to escort him to the meeting place. They went forward, and soon the word was passed along that General Johnston was coming. The men fell back and the two great rivals met and shook hands. Then they rode away together to the Bennet house, where the terms of surrender were to be agreed upon.

As soon as they were secluded General Sherman showed Johnston the dispatch he had received from Washington. Oddly as it may seem, the first one to whom he gave the message was the man against whom he had been fighting for so long a time. The effect was electric. Beads of perspiration stood out upon Johnston's brow and he looked inexpressibly shocked. He saw in an instant how disastrous the assassination might prove to the South. He felt that it would arouse Northern sentiment to a dangerous pitch and that there might be broad and indiscriminate reprisal. He expressed himself freely upon the act and denounced it as a disgrace to the age, and said he hoped that General Sherman did not hold the Confederacy responsible for it. He evidently felt very deeply on the subject.

The question of terms was then discussed. General Sherman urged Johnston to capitulate, and told him that it would be folly to fight any longer. Johnston conceded this, but he wished to arrange terms for the surrender of all the Confederate armies still in the field. It was his belief that he could get authority which would enable him to do so. Sherman insisted



SURRENDER OF GENERAL JOHNSTON—CLOSE OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

that he should accept the terms which Grant had given Lee; but while Johnston acknowledged that they were fair enough, he asked for time to communicate with his government for the purpose of ending the war. Finally a delay of one day was given.

That evening Sherman discussed the matter with his general officers, and they agreed that some conclusion should be reached. The next day Sherman and Johnston again met. Breckinridge was present, and Johnston stated that he had received the authority to surrender all the armies, but that the troops felt very uneasy about their political rights. Finally, after a long discussion, Sherman, with a conversation he had had with Lincoln in his mind, wrote out a pretty broad protocol which virtually guaranteed the Confederates their political rights. The protocol was sent to Washington for approval and an armistice arranged until an answer could be obtained from the capital.

General Sherman, very recently, in speaking to the writer of this important meeting, said:

"I had in my mind constantly during this interview, my conversation with Mr. Lincoln, in March, at City Point. I explained to General Johnston that it was the desire of the Government that the men in arms who surrendered should be got home and at work as soon as possible. That there was no desire to be harsh even with the political leaders of the Confederacy. Recalling Mr. Lincoln's story which he told me to illustrate his position in relation to Jeff Davis and others, I said:

"General, I feel justified in saying that if Jeff Davis can escape to Charleston I will charter a steamer to send him to Nassau."

"Turning then to General Breckinridge, I said:

"I will not be responsible for you if you remain.

You were the Vice-President and declared Mr. Lincoln duly elected. The State of Kentucky did not secede. Yet you cast your fortunes with the Confederacy. You have not the merit of consistency to shield you in your course.'

"General Breckinridge replied that he would give us no trouble, and would find his way out of our reach without help. He was as good as his word. He left the country and did not return for several years."

As soon as the protocol reached Grant, he saw that the terms which Sherman had made could not be agreed to. He sent the paper to the Secretary of War and urged upon him to have a cabinet meeting called at once to discuss the matter. This was done. The meeting was a very important one, and the protocol was rejected, and the resumption of hostilities ordered immediately.

General Grant, recognizing the fact that Sherman had only committed an apparent error of judgment, at once came generously to the rescue of his subordinate. He met the Secretary of War after he had been ordered to go to Sherman's army and in person assume direction of the military operations there. The Secretary was very angry and very unreasonable. But General Grant's language after leaving Mr. Stanton is the best index to what transpired. Admiral Ammen, in speaking of it, says:

"He told me of his meeting with the Secretary, and said: 'Ammen, absurd as it may seem to you and to me, the Secretary of War absolutely believes that General Sherman and General Johnston have entered into an agreement that seriously menaces the civil authority of this government.'

"He was then just going down, in obedience to the orders of President Johnson, to Sherman's headquarters

in North Carolina. In the short time we had for conversation he spoke to me freely upon the subject of Sherman's protocol and his disapproval of Stanton's manner and suspicions. From what he said to me I feel sure in saying that he regarded General Sherman's action as a more pronounced type of his own terms to Lee—terms intended only to assure the soldiers of the South who surrendered that they could return home and till their fields in all confidence. He was very much in earnest that General Sherman should not be misunderstood, either by the Secretary of War or the people of the United States.

“From his conversation I felt assured that he regarded the liberal terms given by General Sherman only as an earnest of the good intentions and kind feeling of the government and the people of the North towards those whom they had conquered. Sherman was accepting the surrender of all the Confederate forces then in arms. He had absorbed his views of the policy of the Government towards the surrendered forces from President Lincoln, in their interview at City Point in March. The modification of this, which was communicated to General Grant had not been sent to Sherman. He therefore proceeded upon the original understanding between the President, General Grant and himself, and made the broader terms, which embraced all the Confederate soldiers then in arms.

“He had also been misled by General Weitzel's order reconvening the Virginia Legislature and restoring its State government, which he did not know at the time had been disapproved, and the magnanimous terms Grant had accorded to Lee. This, I am certain, was General Grant's view of Sherman's action, while Stanton was fretting and fuming and making charges against Sher-



man, which Grant did not hesitate to denounce as infamous."

Grant hastened to Raleigh and told Sherman as delicately as he could that he could only treat for the surrender of the army and had no authority to arrange matters which belonged to the civil authorities. General Sherman at once notified General Johnston of this, and the Confederate commander succumbed to the inevitable, and, on the 26th of April, surrendered his entire army.

Grant's course throughout was that of a generous friend. Although all the orders issued after his arrival had to go to him for approval, Sherman still continued in command. And, when the surrender was made, Grant telegraphed to Washington that Johnston had "surrendered to Sherman." At the time Johnston had no idea that Grant was in the vicinity, as he had kept himself secluded and done nothing whatever to show his disapproval of Sherman's course. Whether the protocol was too fat or too lean we will not discuss here, but that it was made in accordance with an understanding previously had with Mr. Lincoln, does not admit of doubt.

The two main armies having surrendered, the scattering detached commands this side of the Mississippi soon accepted the terms and laid down their arms. The President of the Confederacy was shortly thereafter captured. The Confederates west of the Mississippi also gave up the now hopeless revolt. One of the odd coincidences of the rebellion was the fact that General Buckner, whose surrender at Donelson had been General Grant's first great victory, fought the last battle of the war.

The war was ended. There only remained to the

North the duty of disbanding the great armies. They had sprung from the peaceful walks of citizenship. The soldiers were to fade back again to material pursuits. The muskets which they had carried for four years were to be laid down. The single mass was to break into thousands of individualities. There was joy all over the restored Union at the happy conclusion.

The armies of Meade and Sherman were called to Washington, and there, in magnificent pageant, they marched down Pennsylvania Avenue to be reviewed by the President and the Secretary of War. It was a touching and magnificent sight. The shot-torn flags, telling in their tatters the mute story of many a hard battle, floated over the long lines of dusty veterans. Men who had gone out from shop and office were bronzed and burned. The lines of privation were in their faces. They had the swinging step born of many a weary march. Yet the recollection of all that had been endured was lost in the joy of the home-coming. They had marched away when the fate of the Republic was in doubt and darkness. They were returning to a Union which their courage had saved. They had conquered a great peace, and its fruits and its glories were to be theirs and their children's for long years.

There was one incident of the day that was characteristic. As General Sherman, at the head of his column, rode up and took his place on the grand stand, where the President and the Secretary of War were standing, Sherman saluted the President and deliberately ignored the Secretary. Stanton's harsh proclamation was still fresh in his mind, and he resented the insult by putting an affront upon the Secretary in the presence of the army.

"I wanted to show my army that there was one man

in the country who was not afraid of Mr. Stanton," he explained very recently, speaking to the writer of this incident. "Naturally I was indignant at the manner in which Mr. Stanton had spoken of my terms to Johnston. But after I had preserved my self-respect before those splendid troops who had marched with me from Chattanooga to Washington, I renewed my relations with the Secretary and never had any after-feeling about it."

It is perhaps well to record here that President Johnson denied all knowledge of the publication in relation to General Sherman's terms which Mr. Stanton gave to the public, until he saw it in print. He said to many persons that he never affixed his signature to the proclamation which expressed disapproval of Sherman's action. It was done without his authority, although he did object to his protocol.

For two days the review was continued, and then the veterans again became private citizens and returned to the avocations which they had left at the call of their country. The complete manner in which the army was at once blent and lost in the quieter ways of peaceful life was striking evidence of the splendid qualities of our citizenship. There is no other instance of the kind in history.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### THE MEXICAN PERIL.

The French attempt to establish a Mexican Empire—Grant's vigorous objections—

His letter to Johnson on the subject—Admiral Anmen's recollections of the situation—A query as to the strength of the navy—Seward's energetic note—Sheridan sent to the Southwest—The French evacuate Mexican soil—A war with France averted.

GENERAL GRANT had always been deeply impressed with the danger of the attempt to establish Maximilian in the Republic to the South of us. The French were still attempting their effort at an abortive empire in Mexico, and many of the reckless and irresponsible in the Confederate army had crossed the line. The establishment of a monarchical power so near us and so inimical to our institutions would present a constant menace to the republic, and General Grant's quick eye had measured all the possibilities of danger. So deeply did the situation impress itself upon his mind that he addressed the following letter to President Johnson :

“ WASHINGTON, June 19th, 1865.

“ HIS EXCELLENCY, A. JOHNSON,

“ *President of the United States:—*

“ The great interest which I feel in securing an honorable and permanent peace whilst we still have in service a force sufficient to insure it, and the danger and disgrace which, in my judgment, threaten us unless positive and early measures are taken to avert it, induces me to lay my views before you in an official form.

“ In the first place, I regard the act of attempting to establish a monarchical government on this continent in Mexico, by foreign bayonets, as an act of hostility against the Government of the United States. If allowed to go on until such a government is established, I see nothing before us but a long, expensive, and

bloody war ; one in which the enemies of this country will be joined by tens of thousands of disciplined soldiers, embittered against their government by the experience of the last four years.

“As a justification for open resistance to the establishment of Maximilian’s Government in Mexico, I would give the following reasons :

“*First.*—The act of attempting to establish a monarchy on this continent was an act of known hostility to the Government of the United States ; was protested against at the time, and would not have been undertaken but for the great war which was raging, and which it was supposed by all the great powers of Europe, except, possibly, Russia, would result in the dismemberment of the country and the overthrow of Republican institutions.

“*Second.*—Every act of the Empire of Maximilian has been hostile to the Government of the United States. Matamoras and the whole Rio Grande, under his control, has been an open port to those in rebellion against this Government. It is notorious, that every article held by the rebels for export was permitted to cross the Rio Grande, and from there go unmolested to all parts of the world ; and they, in return, to receive, in pay, all articles, arms, munitions of war, etc., they desired. Rebels, in arms, have been allowed to take refuge on Mexican soil, protected by French bayonets. French soldiers have fired on our men from the south side of the river in aid of the rebellion. Officers acting under the authority of the would-be Empire, have received arms, munitions, and other public property from the rebels after the same has become the property of the United States. It is now reported, and I think there is no doubt of the truth of the report, that large, organized, and armed bodies of rebels have gone to Mexico to join the Imperialists.

“It is further reported, and too late we will find the report confirmed, that a contract or agreement has been entered into with Duke Gwin, a traitor to his country, to invite into Mexico armed immigrants for the purpose of wrenching from the rightful government of that country States never controlled by the Imperialists. It will not do to remain quiet and theorize that by showing a strict neutrality all foreign force will be compelled to leave Mexican soil. Rebel immigrants to Mexico will go with arms in their hands. They will not be a burden upon the States, but, on the contrary, will become producers, always ready, when emergency arises, to take up their arms in defense of the cause they espouse.

"That their leaders will espouse the cause of the Empire, purely out of hostility to this Government, I feel there is no doubt. There is a hope that the rank and file may take the opposite side if any influence is allowed to work upon their reason; but if a neutrality is to be observed, which allows armed rebels to go to Mexico, and which keeps out all other immigrants, and which, also, denies to the Liberals of Mexico belligerent rights—the right to buy arms and munitions in foreign markets and to transport them through friendly territory to their homes, I see no chance for such influence to be brought to bear.

"What I would propose would be a solemn protest against the establishment of a monarchical government in Mexico by the aid of foreign bayonets. If the French have a just claim against Mexico, I would regard them as having triumphed, and would guarantee them suitable award for their grievances. Mexico would, no doubt, admit their claim if it did not affect their territory or rights as a free people. The United States could take such pledges as would secure her against loss. How all this could be done without bringing on an armed conflict, others who have studied such matters could tell better than I.

"If this course cannot be agreed upon, then I would recognize equal belligerent rights to both parties. I would interpose no obstacle to the passage into Mexico of emigrants to that country. I would allow either party to buy arms or anything we have to sell and interpose no obstacle to their transit.

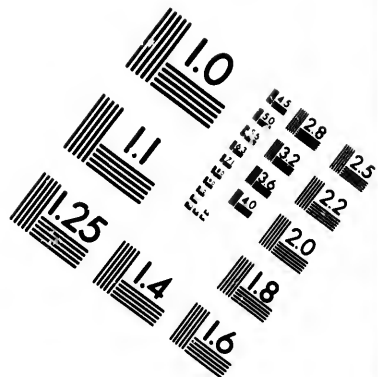
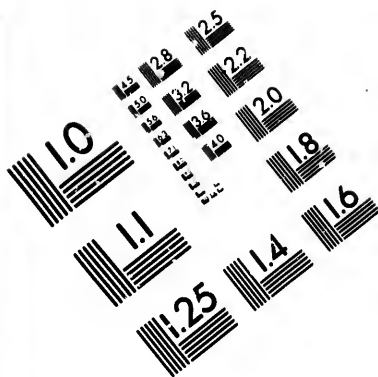
"These views have been hastily drawn up, and contain but little of what might be said on the subject treated of. If, however, they serve to bring the matter under discussion, they will have accomplished all that is desired.

"U. S. GRANT,

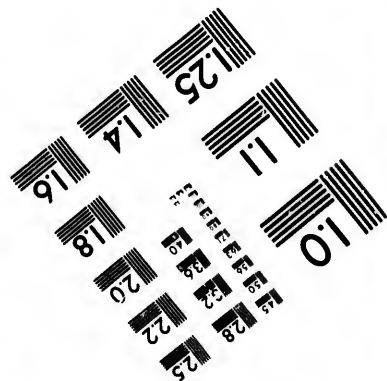
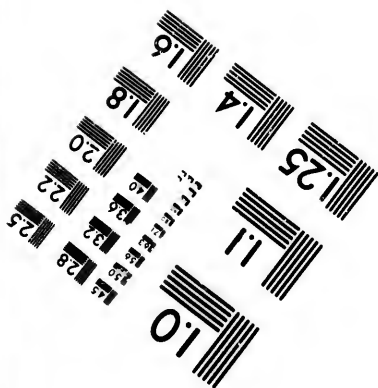
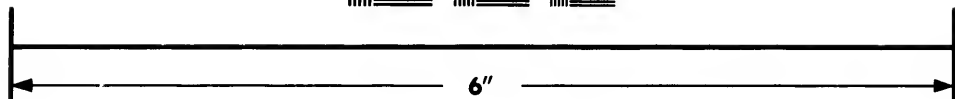
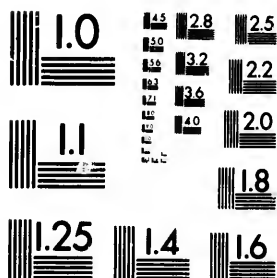
*"Lieutenant General."*

Thus, almost immediately, he displayed his power to grasp civil questions. He fully appreciated the relation which a foreign monarchical institution so established would have to this country, and he showed breadth of judgment and keen foresight in his reasons for objection. But the government was not heartily in sympathy with him. It did not see the danger as clearly as he did, and its action upon the subject was not, at the first, char-





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acterized by the force and vigor which he thought were necessary. Grant saw the necessity for acting before the army was disbanded, and he constantly impressed this upon a dilatory administration.

It is difficult to unravel the meshes of cabinet discussions and to pass beyond the secrecy that is ever thrown around the consultations inside the President's political household. Therefore it is probable that General Grant's controversies with Andrew Johnson and



HON. W. H. SEWARD.

his cabinet will never be fully revealed. They can only be made up from circumstances and whatever actors in the scenes may have said to friends. The Mexican question, which General Grant began to press upon the President's attention almost immediately after the restoration of peace, constantly gave him more or less difficulty. He

induced the President to act in a half-hearted sort of a way upon the letter herein presented upon that subject, but it must be remembered that Mr. Seward was then at the head of the State Department. He was jealous of every encroachment upon his domain, fully aware of his powers of State craft and ever anxious and ready to use them.

Therefore General Grant's desire to deal sternly with the French in Mexico was very much curbed by Mr. Seward's position. As soon as he had written the letter to the President, he sent to the Southwest a strong force under Sheridan, numbering something like 70,000 men, ostensibly after Kirby Smith, but really for the investment of the Mexican border. He wanted it to be ready to strike in behalf of the liberals of Mexico at the first occasion. General Grant's attitude towards Mexico, and the presence of this force, gave fresh heart to the Juarez government, and the action he pressed upon the State Department induced a note to be sent to the French Emperor, protesting against the establishment of a foreign government on this continent.

The emperor had appointed a day for the evacuation of Mexico, but, when the time arrived, no movement was made, and General Grant became very much irritated at the delay and began considering in his mind new plans for forcing the imperialists to leave the country to the south of us. Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen thus pictures the situation at this moment:

"One morning, just after the French had failed to evacuate Mexico in accordance with their promise, I was with General Grant, when the subject came up for discussion. He seemed to feel very earnestly about it, and, after stating some points, he turned to me and said:

"What do you think of the strength of our navy?"

"The newspapers call it the strongest in the world," I replied; "but this is not true. A great number of our vessels are mere scare-crows, and we have not a great number of real war vessels. But we have some surprisingly strong patches for special work, such as the "Monadnock" and sister vessels, that can meet successfully any vessel afloat."

“‘But should we have a war with France can we control the coast of Mexico?’ the General inquired.

“‘Beyond a doubt,’ was my prompt reply. ‘Our monitors have been exaggerated into sea-going vessels, but they are defective in many points, yet they are sufficiently strong, and we have enough of them to hold the coast of Mexico against the whole French navy.’

“The General seemed gratified at what I had said, and the tendency of his mind towards France can be gathered from what he said to me. I have reason to believe that the form of an ‘energetic note’ was discussed in the cabinet meeting about that time, a discussion which resulted in the almost immediate evacuation of Mexico by the French, and a few weeks later General Grant remarked to me, with a humorous expression, that he supposed no one was more surprised than Mr. Seward at the result of this ‘energetic note.’ The notice was so ‘energetic,’ and General Grant’s attitude made so plainly manifest to the French Government, that the troops were withdrawn forthwith.

“General Grant had little respect for Mr. Seward’s dallying policy. He was so direct himself that he hated the deceit of State craft, and he saw so much of it in the councils of Andrew Johnson’s administration that he once said to me :

“‘I shall never go to see Mr. Seward again. If I do I fear I shall learn to dislike him, and I do not wish to hate a single human being.’

“I was living at Grant’s house, and was in daily communication with him at the time that he made his inquiry as to the strength of the navy with a war with France in view. The ‘energetic note’ was predicated upon the question as to whether we had a force strong enough to attack the French in Mexico and drive them out of the

country. The query had a very important bearing on the matter. Grant was then in supreme command of the army, and the note had an official significance. I am not quite certain as to the date, but I think it was written in February following the close of the war.

"It was this action of General Grant's on behalf of Mexico which created the strong friendship that has ever existed between the citizens of that republic and the dead hero. There was no one thing at the time the Mexican question was pending about which General Grant felt more deeply than about the attempt of the French government to get a foothold there, and there is no possible question but that he was constantly pressing upon Andrew Johnson's administration an energetic policy which would prevent a foreign government from seizing a sister republic on this continent as the price of a war between the sections of a country adjoining it. With Sheridan on the border and the French government still holding on in Mexico, there is no possible question but that General Grant intended to destroy the power of the imperialists in Mexico, even to the point of rendering them military aid, and this, too, if it should provoke a war with France."

## CHAPTER LXII.

### GRANT'S TROUBLES WITH JOHNSON.

He stands like a stone wall between the ex-Confederates and punishment—His insistence upon the power of his parole—An incident told by Attorney-General Garland—Swinging round the circle—His disgust—The proximity of a revolution—Grant's reply to Johnson—Sherman sent for—The effort to get Grant to Mexico—His refusal to go—His regret at his first nomination to the Presidency.

THE troubles of Andrew Johnson's administration did not end with the conclusion of this Mexican trouble. Every day the breach between himself and the Republican party was growing wider and wider. Angry discussions in Congress followed, and for a long time grew in intensity until almost a point of open rupture was reached. During this time General Grant's position was an exceedingly trying one. The President was anxious to arrest the civil leaders of the late Confederacy as well as General Lee and some of the higher military chieftains. In this desire he was upheld by Secretary Stanton and other members of his cabinet, and between both the President and Secretary of War General Grant stood in absolute opposition to any disturbance of the terms of his conference with the Confederate soldiers. In one or two warm conferences between himself and Secretary Stanton he boldly announced his determination to resist any effort to arrest any of the soldiers, high or low, who carried his parole. In behalf of those who had surrendered to him he threw his great influence into the balances, and would have flung his commission into the face of the administration which sought to undo for peace all that he had accomplished. It was after one of these conferences that he

wrote the following memorable opinion, which was included in a letter to the Secretary of War to be transmitted to the President :

"My opinion is that the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court House and since, upon the same terms given to Lee, cannot be tried for treason so far as they observe the terms of their parole. This is my understanding. Good faith, as well as true policy, dictates that we should observe the conditions of that convention. Bad faith on the part of the Government of a construction of that convention, subjecting the officers to trial for treason, would produce a feeling of insecurity in the minds of all the paroled officers and men. If so disposed they might even regard such an infraction of terms by the Government as an entire release from all obligations on their part."

General Grant in this same paper notifies General Lee that he has forwarded his application for amnesty to the President with an earnest recommendation that it be granted.

In November of 1865, General Grant made a tour through the Southern States, to report on the condition of affairs in the section lately in rebellion. He talked with many of the prominent men of the South, and in a brief report, made in December of the same year, he gave his views as to what course should be taken. They were in accordance with those he had constantly expressed, but in the temper of the country, it was called a white-washing report. It was a wise, practical statement of the situation however, and time has vindicated his judgment.

During the year 1865 his position at the national capital was not an enviable one. Without making any publicity about it he was constantly clashing with Secre-

tary Stanton in relation to his treatment of the Confederate soldiers, and was in more or less difficulty with the President in relation to various matters of the Government. Attorney-General Garland, in speaking to the writer of General Grant's treatment of the South, and of his acts of personal kindness to the Southern people, relates the following circumstance as typical of many similar ones during that troubled time :

"I was in Washington," said he, "on business in relation to the test oath cases before the supreme court. Mrs. Clement C. Clay came on for the purpose of getting her husband released from prison. He was in very bad health, and every day's confinement was hastening his death. She asked my opinion as to what she should do. She was a very brilliant woman, had seen a great deal of public life and public men, and was fully capable of holding her own anywhere. Therefore I advised her to go and see the President, explain the situation and ask for his release.

"She accepted my advice, drove to the White House, and not long after returned to the hotel with her intelligent face showing her success and beaming with happiness. She had from the President an order for her husband's release upon his furnishing the proper bond. All of us shared in her pleasure. After a short time she took a carriage and drove to the War Department, and after some difficulty obtained access to the Secretary of War, to whom the President's order was directed.

"She presented it, and was struck dumb to see the Secretary crumble it in his hand, throw it into the waste basket, and abruptly inform her that her husband could not be released. As might have been expected, she came to the hotel in the depth of despair. I do not think I ever saw a person suffer more acute mental agony than Mrs. Clay on her return.



"We all tried to comfort her as much as possible, sharing, of course, in a measure, her sorrow. Finally, I happened to think of General Grant, and remembering that when I was in the Confederate Senate I had assisted in making her husband a brigadier-general, I advised her to go and see the General of the army. She thought it would do no good, and expressed her belief that there was no power now that could prevent her husband from dying in prison. After a good deal of persuasion, however, she finally decided that she would go and see General Grant. She went to his office, but not finding him there, drove to his house. He was just preparing to leave home, but he received her kindly and said:

"'What can I do for you, madam? I am just about leaving.'

"She told him her story, much as I have told it to you. He called for one of his secretaries, and inquired if the name of Brigadier-General C. C. Clay was on the roll of Confederates surrendered at Appomattox. The secretary consulted the records, and in a few moments returned with the information that Clement C. Clay was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and was on the rolls of those surrendering with the Army of Northern Virginia. General Grant at once took a small piece of paper and wrote:

"'Brigadier-general Clement C. Clay is included in the terms of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-House. He will be released upon giving the proper bond, and I will see that this order is carried into effect.'

"Mrs. Clay thanked the general warmly, took the order, and came back to the hotel very much relieved. But she was still apprehensive about her husband's release, for Secretary Stanton yet stood in the way. I

quieted her with the assurance that she would have no trouble with Stanton now, but with some misgivings she again drove to the War Department, secured an audience with the Secretary and presented General Grant's order. The secretary glanced at it, shut his teeth together firmly, showing his evident displeasure, and sullenly gave the order for Mr. Clay's release, and his wife returned to the hotel overjoyed at the result of General Grant's kindness.

"This is the most striking example I can give, but he was constantly doing acts of individual kindness just like it. In his relations with the southern people he was always frank and honest, and the disputed questions which arose in Arkansas he decided with satisfaction to our people. Whenever it was possible to get the real facts before General Grant in relation to almost any subject, you were sure of getting a just decision."

Many instances of General Grant's differences with Secretary Stanton and President Johnson in relation to the treatment of southern soldiers could be cited, but this one, told by the present attorney-general of the United States, is significant enough to stand as the evidence of General Grant's loyalty to his word, and his kind-heartedness toward the people who had but then just re-entered the nationality.

It was in 1866 that General Grant wrote his letter to General Ingalls, presented elsewhere in *fac-simile*, urging that Senator Nesmith be returned to the Senate from Oregon. Nesmith was a democrat, but he was doing good service for the cause of harmony, and Grant had only this in view. He was not a partisan, but was always anxious that the best interests of the country should be first consulted.

The next summer after this occurrence President John-

Head-Quarters Armies of the United States,  
Washington D. C. Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> 1860

Dear Ingalls,

My office was crowded yesterday up until I left it so that I had no chance to write the letter you requested. This morning however I have written the enclosed to Cotterman who I know instead of to Ainsworth who I do not know. It would really look like taking sides in politics to write to a stranger on such a subject. Had I want to avoid and would like at the same time to help Merritt if what I can say will do it.

I hope sincerely that he  
will be returned to the U. S.  
Senate for another six years  
because he has been a good  
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that can neither benefit it  
or those intended to be  
benefited.

If the letter which  
I have written does not  
answer send it back with  
suggestions.

Yours &c.  
A. S. Grant

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7th, 1866.

DEAR INGALLS:—My office was crowded yesterday up until I left it, so that I had no chance to write the letter you requested. This morning, however, I have written the enclosed to Eckerson, who I know, instead of to Ainsworth, who I do not know. It would really look like taking sides in politics to write to a stranger on such a subject. That I want to avoid, and would like at the same time to help Nesmith if what I can say will do it.

I hope sincerely that he will be returned to the U. S. Senate for another six years, because he has been a good friend to the country without running wild after matters that can neither benefit it nor those intended to be benefited.

If the letter which I have written does not answer, send it back with suggestions.

son made his famous swing around the circle. He took as his guests General Grant and Admiral Farragut.

"In response to a telegram," says Admiral Ammen, "I met General Grant at a station on the road, and had quite a talk with him. He told me of the differences between himself and the President, and I shall never forget his expressions of disgust at the proceedings of which he was then seemingly a part. His habit was always one of entire composure, but on this occasion he broke out in strong condemnation of the actions of the President, and of the character of speech he was making to the people who went to see him.

"I did not see him again after this expression until he was appointed secretary of war *ad interim*. I was then in Washington as his guest, and he came over to his house almost immediately after his conference with the President upon that subject. He said to me ;

"I have been offered and have accepted the position of acting secretary of war. I do this with great reluctance, and mainly from the conviction that if I do not accept, some objectionable man would be appointed. Under the present laws, the signature of the Secretary of War can permit the treasury to be robbed of hundreds of millions of dollars. I can at least prevent that. And then perhaps I can do something in the way of trimming down the expenses of the army establishment, and in quieting the troubles which are just now agitating the country on account of these differences between the President and Mr. Stanton."

It would appear that General Grant's interest in Mexican affairs kept coming back to plague him during all the boisterous times of Johnson's administration. General Sherman and Admiral Ammen both tell a most interesting story. Admiral Ammen takes up the narrative by saying :

THE UNITED STATES.  
D. C., Feb. 7th, 1866.  
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U. S. GRANT.

“While I was still the guest of General Grant at his own house, General Sherman appeared one morning before breakfast, when General Grant, with a twinkle in his eye, asked:

“‘What are you doing here, Sherman? Do you know that under existing laws your leaving your station without my authority subjects you to grave penalties?’

“‘Yes,’ replied Sherman, ‘that is very true; but I have come on here upon a telegram from the President and have called to see you to find out what is in the wind.’

“I never inquired of either party the status which seemed to me to be explained by subsequent events.”

Gen. Sherman now, in speaking to the writer of this incident, says: “I recall very clearly being called to Washington by a telegram from President Johnson. My headquarters were then at St. Louis, but I was down in New Mexico among the Indians. I did not know what was going on, but I came to Washington as rapidly as possible and immediately went to Gen. Grant’s house to find out. When we were together I asked him what was up. His reply was that he did not know but that there was something in the wind. He said that there was a disposition in the cabinet to get rid of him. The proposition had been made to send him to Mexico, but he had determined not to go. He said he would stand a court-martial first.

“He then told me that Mr. Seward formulated some sort of a paper which had been read and agreed upon at a recent cabinet meeting. He remarked that he had said at the time that he was not in the habit of receiving orders from the Secretary of State, whereupon they had said that that could be very easily remedied, that it could be made to read as an order from the Secretary of War. Gen. Grant then urged that it was a diplomatic mission

and one under which he could not be sent under the law. He said that if they wanted to send the army down there with him at its head that was a very different thing, but that he could not be ordered by the Secretary of War upon any diplomatic mission.

"After this explanation I said:

"'Well, what do they want of me?'

"'I do not know,' was his reply.

"After this conversation I went over immediately and called upon the President without visiting Secretary Stanton or any of the other cabinet officers. The President told me frankly that they were going to send Lew. Campbell as minister to Mexico, accredited to the Juarez government and that it was thought best to send Gen. Grant along with him; that his high position and his known friendship for Mexico would give this act of the government high standing and place our minister in a high position with the government with which he was accredited. I asked where Juarez was. The answer came that he was either at El Paso or near Monterey. I then said:

"'Mr. President, why do you want to send Gen. Grant upon this service?'

"'Well,' said the President, 'he has a great reputation and will properly introduce our representative.'

"I said: Mr. President, this is a diplomatic mission and Gen. Grant will not go upon it. He will disobey the order if it is issued.'

"The President seemed very much surprised and said that he had very great regard for Gen. Grant, and would not like to do anything that was distasteful to him, yet he thought it would be to the interest of the government if he would go down with Mr. Campbell and present him to the Juarez government. After some further conversation I replied:

“ ‘Well, Gen. Hancock’s command extends to El Paso and Gen. Sheridan’s south of that to the gulf. Either of them would escort our minister to Mexico to his proper destination and present him to the government to which he is accredited. But if it would relieve the executive of any embarrassment, my command includes both of theirs and I will go down myself.’

“ ‘Very well, if you will go that settles it,’ said he, ‘and it will be just as well.’

“ He asked me to call upon the Secretary of the Navy, which I did, and five days later took the steamer for the gulf. Thus was the difficulty, so far as Grant was concerned, bridged over, and he was kept from an open rupture with the executive. My opinion is, they desired to get rid of him, and keep him from being a candidate for the Presidency. What they wanted of me in case Grant was sent out of the country I do not know. The discussion between President Johnson and myself never got that far.”

General Grant’s differences with Andrew Johnson were continuous without an open conflict during all of his term as President. As the difficulties between Johnson and the President grew, General Grant was informed that an arrangement was being made in Maryland for an organization of a force to support the President in case there was an open rupture between himself and Congress. He directed the officer commanding in Washington at the time to send a trusted officer into Maryland to ascertain the strength of the force and what was being done in the way of arming and drilling it. It was the duty of the first officer sent to only report as to the strength of the force, and he performed that duty; and his present recollection is that the militia force of the state did not exceed five thou-



sand. After this officer had reported upon the strength and location, another officer was dispatched who reported upon its operations, how it was being handled, etc.

Both of the officers are still living who were sent upon this duty. Only a day or so after the report of the officer upon this subject, Governor Tom Swan of Maryland made a requisition for all the field artillery to which the state was entitled. This requisition General Grant pigeon-holed, and remarked to a friend, an officer of high standing and who was sitting near :

"I have a mind to write to the Governor of Maryland and notify him that I am fully aware of what is going on, and intend to keep my eye upon it."

After a moment's thought he said :

"No ; I think I had better keep still."

Only a day or two after this President Johnson came over to his office and spent an hour talking about commonplace matters, but just before he started to go he turned to General Grant and said :

"General, I am very anxious to know, in case there should be an open rupture between myself and Congress, with which side you will be found."

"That will depend," said the General, with some earnestness, "upon which is the revolutionary party."

While all this was transpiring General Grant was made aware of the fact that in the city of Washington there was an organization of three thousand veteran soldiers under the command of a major-general who is still living, and is one of the most conspicuous volunteer officers of the late war. This organization was well officered and ready to be armed at the declaration of hostilities between Congress and the President. Mr. Stanton was the master spirit of the organization, and its purpose was to be ready to meet any emergency that

might arise. The President was commander-in-chief of the army, and neither side was able to find out what General Grant would do in an emergency, whether he would obey Congress or the President. So each side had its little hostile force prepared for the clash, and General Grant, fully aware of this state of things, stood between the two like an impassable barrier, warning both sides to keep the peace. It was well known that about the time President Johnson asked General Grant the important question above described, confidential letters were sent by the Secretary of the Navy to leading naval officers, several of whom are still living. The letters asked for much the same information.

Grant regretted his first nomination to the Presidency, I am quite sure. He would have preferred anything but that. He accepted it because he thought it would be advantageous to the country from the confidence which people had in him rather than from any assumption of ability. He said this much in his inaugural. Of course he felt a certain amount of gratification, but he was full of regret at having to leave the army. Still, after the four years of agitation which had grown out of the dispute between Johnson and Congress he felt that it was his duty to do what he could to give the country a season of peace.

The quiet confidence of his inaugural was greatly commented upon throughout the country, but it exactly expressed his feelings. He looked without apprehension to the future. He felt that it was sufficiently assured. Still his mode of expression exasperated politicians. They thought that he was too sure of himself, while the people who knew General Grant simply read in his inaugural an honest regard for the country and a determination to do the best he could for it.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### GRANT AS PRESIDENT.

Grant's nomination in 1868—The last States readmitted to the Union—"Let us have peace"—The fifteenth amendment—Condition of the South—The Force bill—The Republican revolt—Defeat of Greeley—The panic of 1873—The inflation period—Bill for the resumption of specie payments—The Geneva award—The Centennial—The Electoral Commission—Review of his civil career.

IN 1868, while the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson was still in progress, General Grant was unanimously nominated for the presidency by the Republican party, assembled in national convention in the city of Chicago. His personal desire was to remain in his position as the active head of the armies; but he held himself absolutely at the call of the will of the people, and the nomination was at once accepted. All through his public career General Grant had conscientiously met every responsibility honestly thrust upon him, and he did not hesitate now. He believed that, to a large extent, the exercise of the chief executive power would enable him to complete the work he had begun during the war, and it was his confidence in himself and in his great experience with the people and soldiery of the conquered section which led him to think that there was a great task for him to accomplish in the presidential office. "Let us have peace"—the famous closing sentence in his letter of acceptance—was the measure of the spirit with which he entered upon his duties.

The election was held, and he was chosen by an overwhelming majority. He received two hundred and

seventeen of the electoral votes, while Seymour, his opponent, received only seventy-seven. The country was clearly with him, but the task ahead was not the less a severe one. Johnson's administration had been one of turmoil and conflict. It had aroused the bitterest opposition in his own party. Its effect had been bad upon the South, because it had resulted in a confusion of politics and a vacillation of conduct not at all tending

towards the settlement of the political chaos in which the country found itself at the close of the war.



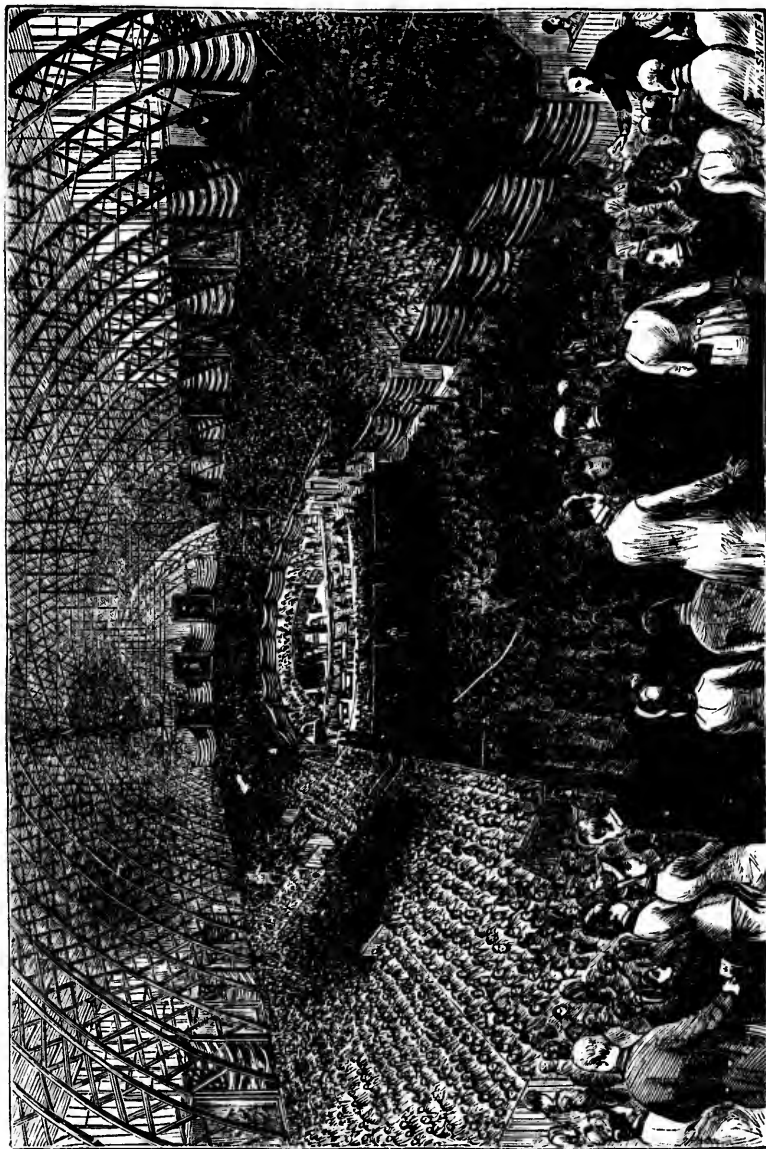
GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY

Grant was stronger than any other man with the States lately in rebellion, because of the decisive stand he had taken in insisting that the Confederate soldiers whom he had paroled should not be held liable to civil arrest

for their participation in the rebellion; but even he was regarded with suspicion. Between the surrender and his accession to office the first flush of gratitude at the terms which had been given to Lee's army had died away. Delicate questions had arisen for adjudication, and the South had grown sullen over discouraging decisions. The negro was a free laborer, and it was hard for his former master to conform to the new social sys-

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THE CHICAGO CONVENTION NOMINATES GENERAL GRANT FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

tem. The fifteenth amendment, making the late slave a voter, had been passed, and upon the ratification of the amendment depended the political life of the States but recently in revolt. They must ratify it to regain their positions in the Union, and the necessary alterna-



GRANT'S ARRIVAL AT THE WEST WING OF THE CAPITOL.

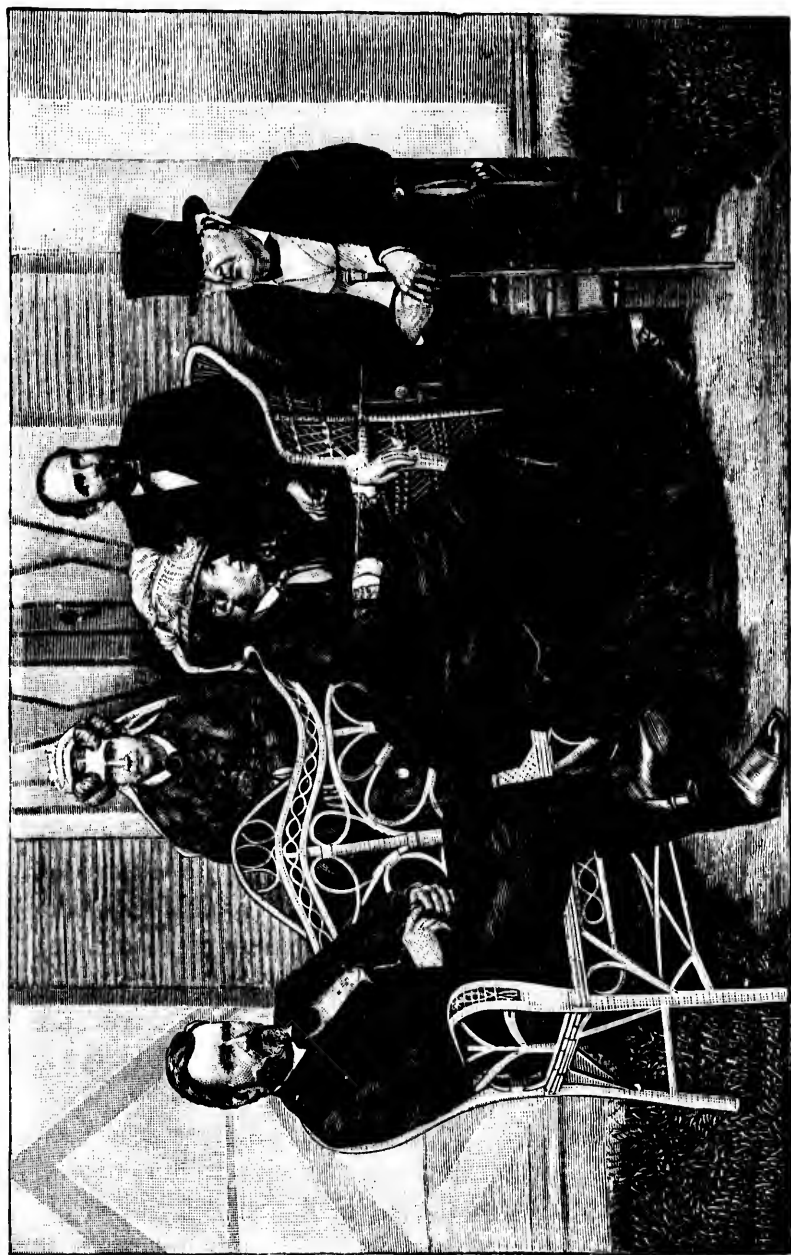
tive was a bitter one. Out of it grew a general coldness and resentment in the South towards the national government.

But Grant took the situation in his strong hand with

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GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND HER FATHER, AT THE LONG BRANCH COTTAGE.



confidence. From the first he had had the statesman's idea of how reconciliation should be secured. He insisted primarily upon absolute respect and obedience to the laws of the land. He was willing, within this limit, to concede everything that could be conceded with dignity to old growths of prejudice that could not at once be uprooted. He wanted the South to control its local governments as far as possible and he made advances towards ex-Confederate leaders to this end, but the advances were not met with cordiality. The South found it difficult to look upon the negro in his new dignity as a citizen. The change was too sudden. For generations he had been a bondman and a chattel, and the bitterest sequence of the war was his elevation to political equality. Planters insisted that black labor should live in quarters as before and dine at a common table. That what wages were earned should be paid only at the end of a year. That the term of service should always extend for twelve months, and that to leave before the expiration of the term would forfeit all that the laborer had earned during the time he had been at work. That he be compelled to have a pass from the planter himself before being allowed to go from one plantation to another, and that he be debarred from assembling for religious services unless the minister preaching had been regularly ordained. There was little advance upon actual slavery in this, and yet the Southern whites firmly believed that it was necessary for their social and commercial protection.

Congress was at work upon the question, however, and the most important measures looking to the enforcement of recognition of the new element of citizenship were adopted in the early days of Grant's term. The Civil Rights Bill was passed in April, 1869. In 1870



Texas, the last of the Southern States upon the outside, was readmitted to the Union. On the 20th of March of the same year the announcement that the fifteenth amendment had been ratified was made, and two months later the enforcement act was passed. The main steps had now been taken and the problem had to work itself out.

How it did so is a history which does not belong here.

There was much riot, much bloodshed, many appeals for national interference. After the war there had been a considerable immigration to the South from the North, and not all of the new element was of a good quality. It in-



CHARLES SUMNER.

cluded political adventurers who went solely for purposes of plunder, and these had little difficulty in using the newly enfranchised negroes as tools. They obtained possession of many of the State governments, and, in some cases, their conduct of affairs was infamous. But force and malfeasance were natural outgrowths of the existing conditions, and time was needed to allow

the turbid stream to fall to its natural channel. General Grant's part in the disturbances was that of an impartial executive who insisted upon what was right from both elements. As well as he could he sifted the cloud of petitions and protests which belonged to the time, and ruled as seemed to him just. Difficult as was his position he maintained it with dignity and equity.



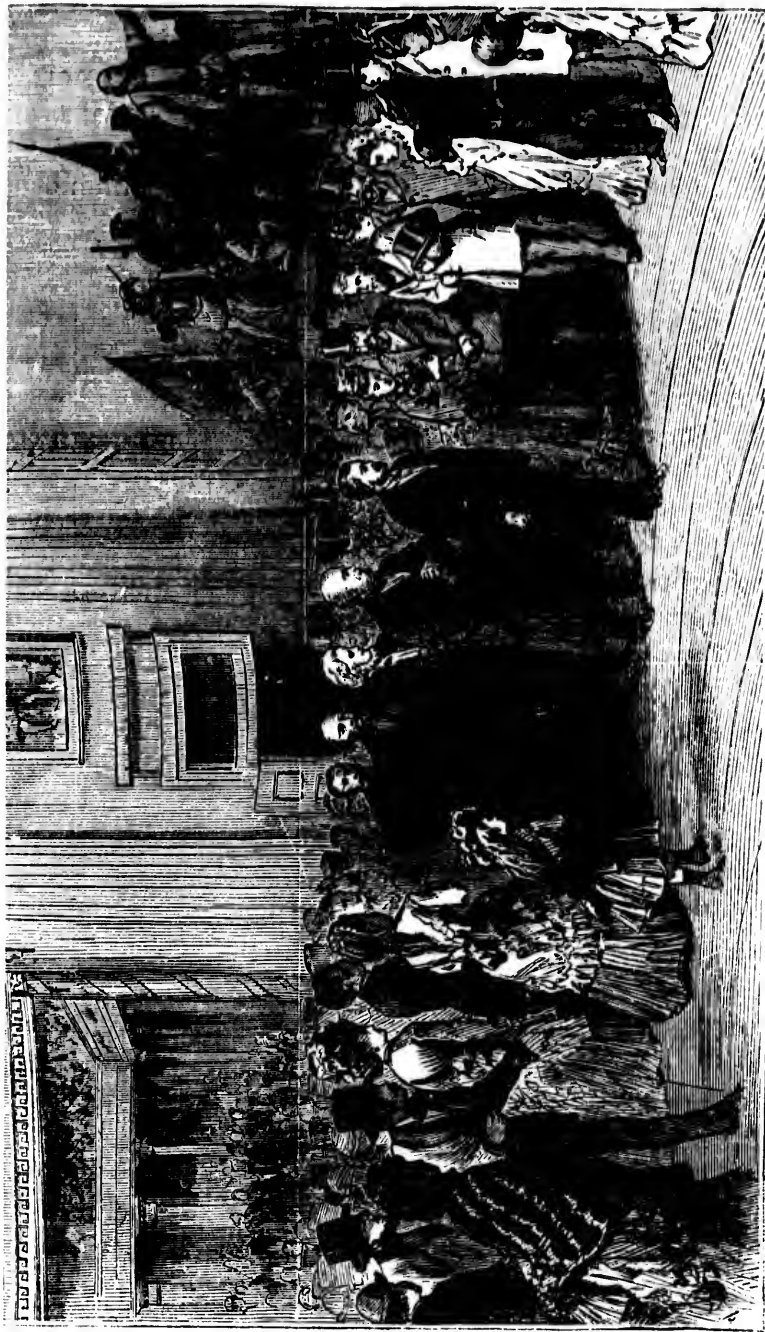
HORACE GREELEY.

His first term wore on. As it progressed there developed symptoms of dissatisfaction among the old party leaders, notably Senators Schurz and Sumner. The murmurs grew until they became clamor. A

number of Republican papers joined in the cry, until it developed into what seemed a potent revolt in the Republican ranks. It had no definite policy or issue for its basis, but was founded solely upon personal opposition to General Grant. The air was dense with slander, and vituperation took the place of argu-

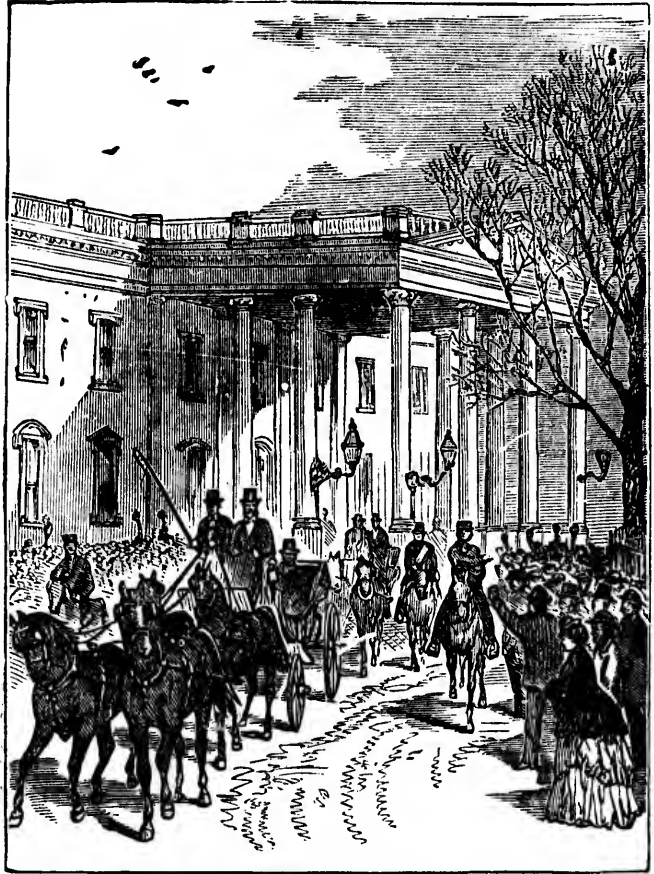
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PRESIDENT GRANT PASSING THROUGH THE ROTUNDA TO TAKE THE OATH OF OFFICE.

ment. The wildest and most reckless accusations were made against the President. Every patriotic act of his career was distorted into a semblance of conspiracy for self and against the republic. There was a delirium of



GENERAL GRANT LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE TO ATTEND  
THE INAUGURATION.

detraction which has never had a parallel in the republic's history.

He was quiet through it all. The malcontents held a convention in Cincinnati in 1872 and nominated Horace

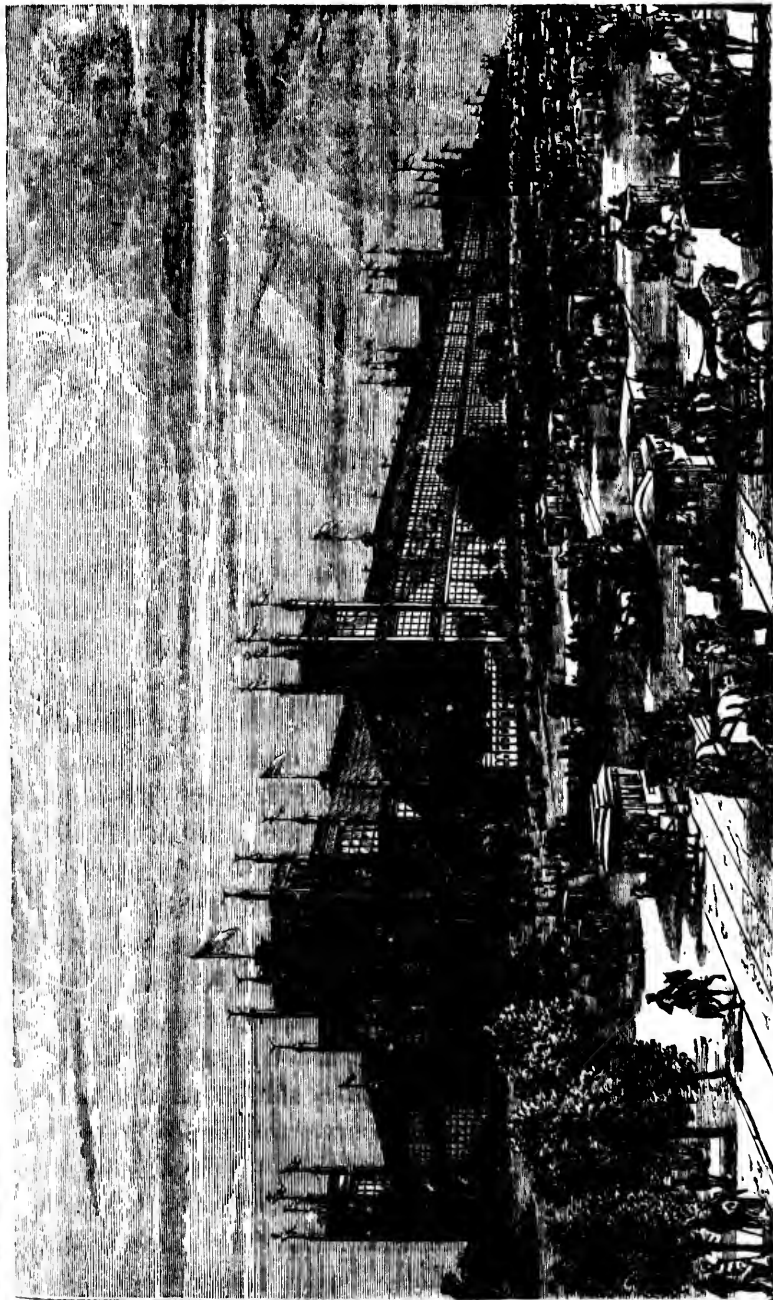
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OPENING OF MAIN BUILDING OF CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION—GENERAL GRANT STARTED THE ENGINE.

Greeley for the presidency. The Republican convention again met in Chicago and re-nominated General Grant. The Democratic convention met at Baltimore and ratified the nomination of Greeley, and the lines were drawn. An Appomattox followed. The people sustained Grant by an extraordinary uprising. He received two hundred and eighty-six electoral votes to forty-seven for the other ticket—the greatest majority ever received by a president in later years. Greeley died shortly after the election, and his votes in the electoral college were divided among a number of persons whose names had not been mentioned in the conflict.

General Grant's second term was an eventful one. Scarcely had he entered upon it when the panic of 1873 burst upon the country. Speculation in railway stocks had reached the extreme limit, and a collapse came which beat down fictitious values almost to nothing. A period of severe financial strain followed. In January, 1875, against fierce opposition, Congress passed the bill requiring the resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1879. In November of the same year Vice-President Wilson died of paralysis at the capital. In the year following the Centennial of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated at Philadelphia, and, as his term dwindled towards the end, the series of great historical events was closed by the fierce contest for the presidency between Hayes and Tilden. At one time the dispute bade fair to involve the country in another civil war, but the firmness of the soldier at the helm was sufficient, of itself, to preserve the peace.

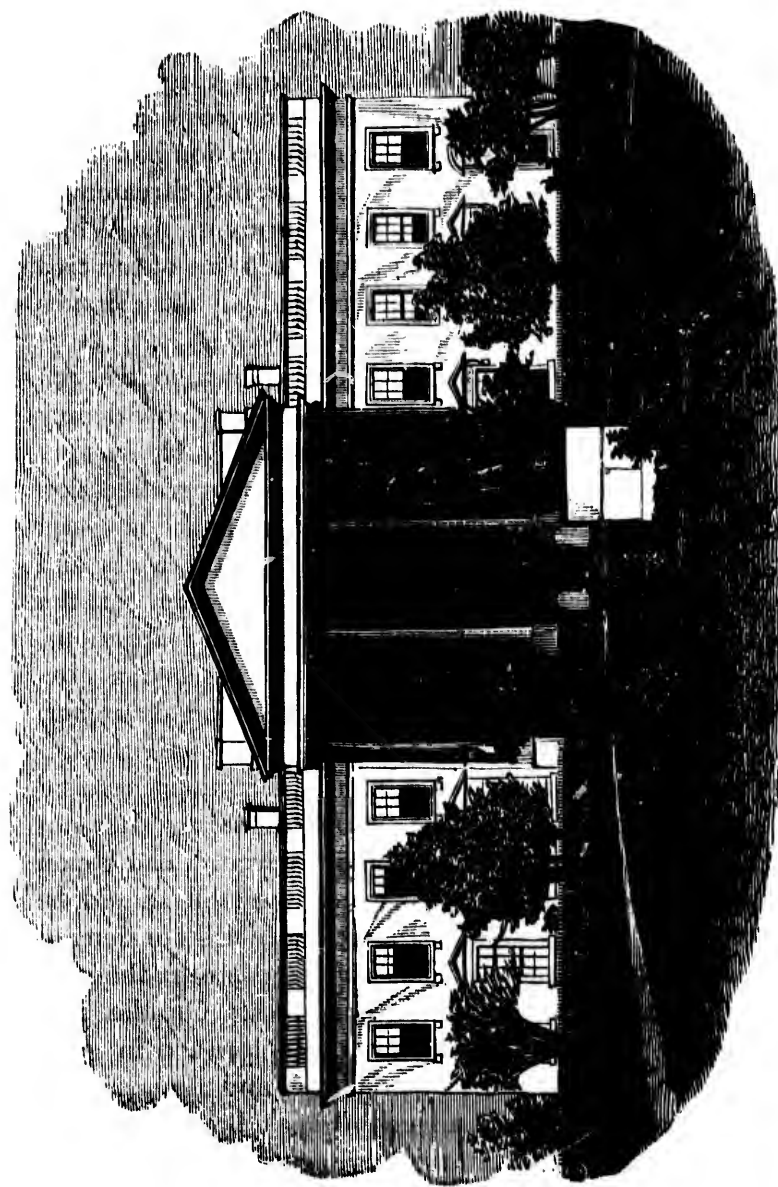
When he left the presidency every State was in the Union and under a local government. The fifteenth amendment was an established fact. The enforcement act was in operation. The Geneva award had been



made. The wave of inflation had been beaten back. The resumption bill had been passed. The boundary-line question between this country and England was settled. The greatest and most dangerous problem which ever arose over a presidential election had been solved peacefully and without permanently threatening agitation. He had gone from the army to the White House with every issue which had arisen out of the civil strife a living issue. When he retired all these issues belonged to history.

His famous speech at Des Moines, Iowa, to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee shows how deeply he felt the great questions of the republic. He said:

"COMRADES: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms ten to fourteen years ago, and to live over again in memory the trials and hardships of those days—hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then and believe now that we had a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifices be ever green in our memory. Let not the results of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that like trials will never again befall



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON CITY. THE RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT GRANT FOR EIGHT YEARS.

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our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and battlefield, on whichever side he fought.

"I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics, but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battle. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason's and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our national existence, I believe it is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments and of equal rights and privileges to all men irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the state or nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good

common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

Men must be judged by results, and not by partisan and transitory prejudices. Analysis, and not impression, is the secret of accurate history. When the future historian studies calmly and impartially the story of General Grant's presidential terms, he will place him among the great civil rulers of the nation. He made errors of judgment in men, but never errors of judgment in policy. In the doubtful and complicated perplexities of his position he was uniformly right. He had not sought the office, and it was in many respects distasteful to him. He was a soldier, and not a politician. But, in time, when his clearness of vision, honesty of purpose and genuine spirit of nationality are more fully studied, it will be seen that he fitted the times in the presidential chair as well as he fitted the times in the bitter days when he was at the head of the national army.

He entered the office with the stirring declaration, "Let us have peace!" In the days when inflation seemed about to win he announced that "the national credit must and shall be preserved." He cleared the mists in the time of the whiskey-ring episode with the single sentence, "Let no guilty man escape." And when, in the last hours of his civil power, he was asked what course he would take as between Tilden and Hayes, he answered, "I shall do right. Whoever is elected will be seated." These terse, epigrammatic sentences epitomize his presidential career.

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## CHAPTER LXIV.

### GRANT AND THE SUPREME COURT.

Grant and the judiciary—Justice Miller's recollections of him as President—His judicial appointments—Grant in society—An interesting companion—His quality of silence—The value of his appointments—His simplicity—An interesting estimate of his character.

MEN under the influence of passion or interest often act unwisely, and the storms of politics breed more malice than all the tempests that sway the human mind. Those who deal largely with money matters are especially apt to make reckless charges of maladministration against the executive power when their wishes are not complied with. So through the whole line of human interest prejudice is awakened when success in any given direction is not achieved. It was, therefore, not strange that General Grant's dealings with the Supreme Court of the United States and other judicial officers of the government should be severely criticised and commented upon; but now that a calm judgment upon his treatment of this branch of the government can with propriety be invoked, it is well that what is here presented may come from a man of the highest distinction and largest opportunities, and Justice Samuel F. Miller is asked to speak. He was once upon the verge of the chief-justiceship. His legal quality is of the finest, and his testimony is of prime value as establishing the views the judicial mind takes of the hero's relations with the highest court of law in the land.

“General Grant's conduct toward and relations with the judicial power of the government were eminently

appropriate. He paid the Supreme Court of the United States the full measure of respect and courtesy that custom has prescribed since its organization, and I think he was on good terms personally with all the judges. No President was ever more considerate in his manner of treating judicial officers than General Grant, and the country and the Supreme Court are under obligations to him for his judicial appointments.

"Soon after his elevation to the Presidency Judge Greer resigned, and he filled the vacancy by the appointment of Edwin M. Stanton. Mr. Stanton was a very able man and lawyer, but I have always doubted whether he would have made a very satisfactory judge. He died soon after confirmation, and Judge Strong, of Pennsylvania, was named in his place. Judge Bradley was appointed soon after, and still later Judge Hunt and Chief-Justice Waite.

"The high judicial as well as personal character of these men is well known, and the suggestion that any one of them was appointed by General Grant to influence a decision upon the legal tender act is too absurd to be discussed. The action of the court upon that question was one of absolute judgment. At the time the first decision was made in the case of Hepburn against Griswold it was very well understood that the question would soon again come up for consideration.

"About the time that General Grant appointed Stanton, Strong, and Bradley, the law went into effect creating nine Circuit Judges. Next to the Justices of the Supreme Court these were the most important judicial offices in the United States. I venture to say that no such nine judges for character and ability have ever been selected at one time by any nominating power. It is now nearly twenty years since they were commissioned, and the

career of those men has been such as to be a most wonderful indorsement of the capacity, skill, and fidelity with which they were selected. The President had the aid of Judge Hoar, who was then Attorney-General, whose sagacity and sound judgement were invaluable; but the fact will stand for all time that Grant's judicial appointments were of the very highest character. His nomination of George H. Williams for Chief-Justice has been much commented upon. Mr. Williams has suffered very unjustly in public estimation. At the time of his nomination I had known him for twenty years very intimately, and I embrace this opportunity of bearing my testimony to his ability as a lawyer and his uprightness as a man. We lived together in the city of Keokuk for several years, and I practised law before him while he was Judge of the State Court. Although my friends were pressing me strongly for the Chief-Justiceship, I should have been well satisfied had Mr. Williams been confirmed. Therefore, not only in the nominations I have named but in the selection of Judge Williams, General Grant in my opinion acted wisely and for the public good.

"The social life of the National Capital, in which General Grant moved freely, was where he was seen at his best. He went out more than any other President had ever done before, and I met him upon these pleasant occasions, where his best characteristics were developed. He was a ready and fluent talker. I have not met many men who, under circumstances that were calculated to draw them out, could talk more agreeably, readily, or sensibly. I have seen him sit in a room with eight or ten gentlemen whom he knew well, and chat as freely as among a lot of college boys. I have seen him the centre of a brilliant company, when some man

whom he did not know or trust would appear, and he would close up and say no more during the balance of the evening. To have General Grant speak at his best and freest, he must feel sure that his listeners were his personal friends. I think he had the peculiarity of silence in the presence of strangers, or among those in whom he lacked confidence, greater than any man I ever met. This indicated one of his strongest qualities. To a man he personally did not know or like he was the silent man; but to one or many who had found their way under his reserve he was freedom itself.

“Grant was a vigorous thinker and clear-headed man. The extent of his information and general learning was not as great as that of many men who attained celebrity and exalted public station. But for vigorous common-sense and the exercise of sound judgment on subjects with which he was familiar I think he was excelled by few men I ever knew. His observations on men and things always showed a discerning, strong, well-balanced mind. He was a great character, and I regard him as entitled to a higher place than that of a mere military leader. In the first place, he possessed an eminently practical mind. He was doubtless less profound than many men, but upon all subjects to which he brought his attention, and with such elements as he had before him upon which to make up a judgment, his action was likely to be sound and wise. Perfect candor was one of his striking traits of character. I do not believe he ever attempted to deceive, simulate, or mislead in any statement he had to make, public or private, and I believe that he honestly endeavored to do what was for the public good in the exercise of power.

“He had some of the most pleasing characteristics of any public man this country has produced. He was less

jealous of his rivals than any person I ever knew. He was ready to do justice to those who might come in competition with his reputation as a general, and I believe that at any time he would have been willing to run the risk of marring that reputation rather than enhance it by withholding just praise in regard to the acts of any of his subordinates, or, indeed, of his equals. He possessed a high degree of moral courage and firmness, and was always prepared to follow his convictions to his own hazard, and often to that of his party, by the misconstruction that might be put upon his acts.

"It is my judgment that from want of experience in public life and in general business affairs he was often misled by men in whom he had confidence, for when he put his faith in an individual he relied implicitly on his honesty. Being so thoroughly honest himself, he believed every one else to be so. This led him into errors of administration which might have been avoided had he sought information outside of the circle which surrounded him. He had the misfortune of not having the ablest of cabinets, and one of the errors of his life, and perhaps the greatest one, was the confidence he gave to men whose only recommendation was their wealth. But mistakes are inseparable from greatness, and no man is so well rounded out into perfectness that he is free from them. General Grant was a noble character, with high qualities of mind and heart, and his name will pass into history along with the best and bravest the world has ever produced."

This estimate of the commander comes from a judicial source. It is a conservative and carefully considered one. It deals with him not from the point of eulogy, but from that of fact. It is a plain statement of how he was regarded by those best situated to judge his acts.

It is too early yet to fully estimate the value of General Grant's civil career. The questions with which he dealt are still in the transition stage. But it is the best opinion of those who have thought most deeply on these subjects, and who have watched current history unfold, that he displayed a grasp of civil polity which was extraordinary when his inexperience in civil affairs is considered. The best tribute to the general results of General Grant's two presidential terms is the fact that it has not been necessary, since his incumbency, to take any backward steps. The best judgment of the republic has sustained his positions upon the various great questions which crowded upon his administration, and when his civil career is fully analyzed it will prove him as great in the cabinet as he was in the field.

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## CHAPTER LXV.

### TOUCHING DIPLOMACY.

The international questions during Grant's terms—His admirable choice of a secretary of state—Mr. Fish's recollections of his chief—His desire to conciliate the South—Grant's leading traits—His trustfulness of character—His readiness to yield to proper influences—Belief in Christianity—Love and tenderness for his family—Who our new military leaders would be.

MANY international questions of high moment came up for settlement during General Grant's Presidential terms and the manner in which the interests of the nation were guarded by Mr. Hamilton Fish, who was at the head of the State department, showed a fine genius of diplomacy. The treaty of Washington, the Geneva Tribunal, the ever-present and always vexatious fisheries question, and the tragedy of the *Virginius* were all of exceedingly international delicacy, and the trained diplomats of Europe found in this quiet country gentleman an antagonist whose polished courtesy was the sheen of a mind alert in his country's service.

In his contribution to the general understanding of General Grant's character he is necessarily contracted by the fact that many of the questions which held the attention of his department are still unsettled. Diplomacy is a serial story whose chapters march towards a conclusion with much deliberation, and, until the end is reached, they are in an atmosphere of grave mystery whose etiquette forbids discussion. Therefore the estimate which Mr. Fish makes of his dead friend and former chief must deal largely with detail which already belongs to the nation. He was the sheet anchor of General Grant's civil career. Essentially

a conservative, and a striking combination of the best qualities of the fine old Knickerbocker type, he was strong in his friendship and invaluable in counsel. He had dignity, patience, the foresight of careful thought, and a strength of character which harmonized in a striking degree with the finer traits of General Grant's own mental and moral constitution.

General Grant ranked Mr. Fish as third in the list of the world's diplomats, and said: "He is such a straightforward, upright, able man, no head of the State Department, in fifty years, has approached him in dignity and capacity. Marcy, in some respects, was his equal, but Marcy, at times, strove for effect, which Fish never did. He was so upright that he almost leaned backward."

All through the stormy episodes of the second term Mr. Fish stood quiet and reserved, holding the confidence of the country and sustaining his chief with dignified loyalty. It is the habit of the country to form quick judgments on half information, and therefore the full services of the State Department, during the period when Mr. Fish was at its head, have never received proper general recognition. The same sturdy commonsense and desire to attain exact justice which ruled General Grant's character obtained in the treatment of matters of international dispute, and at no time was the national self-respect ruffled in the slightest degree. It was always safe in the hands of the administration.

Mr. Fish says: "The country is just beginning to appreciate that General Grant was more than a military man; that, as a civil officer, he had foresight and judgment of the highest kind. When he said 'Let us have peace,' he meant the phrase to its uttermost. It was the after expression of what had always been his dominant idea. He knew that the results of the war meant

that the people of the North and South would have to live together under the same government, and he believed that the establishment of thoroughly amicable relations was as much of a necessity as the arbitrament of war had been. The first he held to be the natural sequel of the second. The war had been prosecuted to defend the Union and had succeeded, and he believed that there should be re-established a Union of national sentiment as well as a Union of law. The war was one step; generous magnanimity in the treatment of the defeated section was another step and quite as necessary.

“He looked further ahead than the nation did. He saw beyond the turmoil and the chaos which followed the dissolution of the Confederate armies. He recognized the historical strength of the fact that when General Lee surrendered he surrendered an idea as well as an army, and with the surrender of the idea, the late combatants again necessarily became applicants for admission at the door of nationality. In the South there were bitter disappointment, profound depression and discouragement, desolated homes, poverty and material ruin. He would not add to these by a florid and vulgar expression of triumph. It never crossed his mind that he had done anything but a duty which was a painful but imperative one, and he regarded the rehabilitation of the South as a part of the work of which its defeat had been the beginning.

“His earliest movement in this direction began with the surrender, when he dictated the terms of Lee's capitulation, and his report to the country of the condition of the South after the war was the next. Throughout he maintained his consistency upon this subject. His convictions as to the value of the policy never wavered at any time,

and to him, more than to any other man, the growth of good feeling between the two sections is due.

“When he became President he recognized that the fact that the South had been virtually debarred, since the close of the conflict, from the civil conduct of its affairs was a source of exasperation, and he desired to remedy this. But the course of the Johnson administration had made Southern men cold and indifferent, and his advances, even in the cases of Moseby and Longstreet, were not met.

“After the war, many Northern men went South to reside. In the majority of cases they were moved only by an honest desire to become citizens of the states lately in rebellion, and to cast in their lots with those with whom they had been so recently in opposition. Unfortunately, however, this new element of population was not cordially received. With them had come a class of political adventurers whose sole intent was to speculate upon place and get rich upon the peculiar condition of politics in the conquered section. Gross wrongs were committed on both sides, and the press was full of stories of outrage which were sometimes true and sometimes the exaggerated injustice of a political campaign. The South drew no distinction, however. It confounded the men who had come to work with the men who had come for a home, and out of this grew a necessary policy of Federal interference which added to the bitterness existing between the opposing elements. General Grant, as President, was always anxious to change this order of things, and make the relations natural and pleasant; and I believe that the South now fully recognizes and does justice to his motives.

“It is hard to answer a question as to what General Grant's prominent traits were. He was a constantly-

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growing man, and he developed new and unexpected power for every emergency. The fundamental elements of his character were his steady determination, his serene simplicity, his splendid force, his unwavering loyalty to his high ideal, and his generous magnanimity. He was a constant surprise to his friends. I think I never knew a man with more sides to his character, and yet every new phase was in thorough harmony with the whole. He had strong likes and dislikes. His nature was singularly trustful when he had given a friend his confidence, but he would feel a vigorous energy of resentment when that confidence was betrayed. His anger did not last long, however, and he was always accessible to any explanation. When an explanation was impossible, his anger would cool down into contempt. He rarely kept it alive for any long period, and was without any feelings of revenge.

"He was an entirely unostentatious man. At no time did he ever seem to appreciate his own greatness. During the war his relations with the other Generals of the army were characterized by the greatest and most unselfish generosity. With him the war was not a struggle for personal glory but a definite desire to accomplish a great national end. When Sherman accepted terms of surrender from Johnston, the government disapproved of them and sent Grant to supersede him. New terms were arranged which were more satisfactory to the nation, and in announcing the fact to the authorities at Washington Grant said in his dispatch "Johnston has surrendered to Sherman." This is an illustration of the generosity of his character. Selfish advantage he never aimed for.

"During his civil career his judgment of the right policy to be pursued in moments of doubt and emergency

was always correct. A striking example of this was his veto of the inflation bill. The general sentiment of the Cabinet favored the approval of the bill. The discussion of the currency question had been a long and bitter one, and there was a great division in the Republican party as to the policy to be pursued. When the measure came to the President for action his best judgment was opposed to it, but the pressure brought upon him was very great and he finally announced to the Cabinet that he would approve it. Accordingly he prepared a message in which he endeavored to give reasons for this course and, a day or two before it was to be presented, he sent for me and read it to me. Having done so, he remarked: 'The more I have written upon this, the more I don't like it, and I have determined to veto the bill and am preparing a message accordingly.'

"He had decided to rely upon his own judgment, and, as in other great emergencies, it did not fail him. He read his veto message to the next Cabinet meeting and it was subsequently sent to Congress and to the country.

"His action concerning the treaty of Washington and the Geneva tribunal furnishes two other illustrations of his firmness and readiness to yield to what he finally concluded was the better plan. When appointments for commissioners for the treaty of Washington were under discussion I suggested to him the advisability of appointing a Democrat and thus prevent the body from having a partisan complexion. At the first he did not recognize the importance of this and many of his close political friends advised him against it, but he finally saw that it would strengthen the dignity of the commission by making the appointments from a national instead of a party standpoint, and Judge Nelson was accordingly named.

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“So in the appointment of an arbitrator to the Geneva tribunal the logic of the situation made Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who had been Minister to England during the troubles which were to be arbitrated, the most fit man to be named. General Grant had been greatly prejudiced against Mr. Adams, however, and he was seriously disinclined to make the appointment. Mr. Adams was also bitterly opposed by many prominent Republicans who were close to Grant and the opposition was continuous and active. When the full situation was laid before the President, and it was explained to him that Mr. Adams had shown admirable discretion in his conduct of the legation at London during the war and had, at much personal trial, sustained the dignity of the nation, he immediately recognized his claims to the honor and Mr. Adams was sent.

“This readiness to alter a preconceived notion, when he was satisfied that he was in error, was always a strong trait of his character. He surrendered his prejudice against Mr. Evarts when Evarts was appointed counsel, in the same way.

“General Grant did not take much interest in politics until after his election to the Presidency. Prior to that time he had paid little or no attention to questions of government, but after he was elected he applied himself carefully to the study of them. He had a quick, alert mind, and he had the power of concentrating it upon any subject that interested him. He had voted for Buchanan in 1856, and after that time he seemed to take no interest in parties or candidates until he became active in civil life himself. He was in the habit of saying that ‘his first attempt in politics was a great failure.’ He did not read much, and he took no one as his historical model. He wrote tersely and well, and with great fluency, but the

faculty of public speaking did not develop in him until after he had retired from the Presidency. To strangers, he did not talk much, and this created the impression that he was habitually reticent when quite the contrary was true. In conversation with friends whom he trusted, he talked with the greatest freedom. He was lavish in his expenditures, and he gave away a great deal of money in charity. For his family, he had the most supreme love and tenderness. He believed firmly in Christianity, and while President attended the Metropolitan Church in Washington, of which Dr. Newman was the pastor. The moral side of every question always had its influence upon his conclusions.

"I asked him once: 'General, in case we should get into another war, how about our armies?'"

"'Well,' he said, 'we have the best men in the world to lead them. No three men living are more capable of leading an army, or conducting a campaign, than the men we have. There is a difference between fighting, and planning and conducting a campaign; but there are no three men living better fitted to plan a campaign, and to lead armies, than Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield.'

"You ask: 'What position will General Grant take in the history of this country?' I hope that it will not be considered irreverent to say that Washington, Lincoln and Grant will be regarded as a political trinity—the one the founder, the second the liberator and the third the saviour of the United States. It is admirably illustrated in that medallion in which they are represented as the *pater*, the *liberator* and the *salvator*. The work of each was necessary to the completion of the whole."

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## CHAPTER LXVI

### GRANT AROUND THE WORLD.

His desire for travel—Mr. Childs' parting hospitalities—The departure—Arrival at Liverpool—Reception in London by the Queen of England—Trip to the continent—Among the working classes of Great Britain—Visit to the Paris Exhibition—In Egypt—Sight-seeing among the ancient tombs—To the Holy Land—In Constantinople—Grant and the Pope at Rome—Through Venice and Milan—To Holland—Grant's historic interview with Bismarck—With the Emperor of Russia—At the Court of Vienna—Visit to King Alfonso of Spain—In India, China and Japan—Among the emperors—Homeward bound—Grand ovation of welcome at San Francisco.

No one ever accused Grant of curiosity, and yet a desire to see everything for himself possessed him through life. Just as he expressed his own opinions in his own way, so he formed them, and for this purpose his perceptive faculties were keen, and lines of concentration deepened between his eyes every year.

This peculiar mark gave, at times, an expression of scrutinous intensity to his face, which, in commonplace features, would have been misjudged as inquisitiveness. Grant saw always for himself. Other eyes never did for him. In the field, the council chamber, and in general society this capacity demonstrated itself; and once seen, a face, a situation was never forgotten by the silent man of memory.

To the common observer he saw nothing. The truth is, he saw everything. Moreover, objects were limned upon his brain with wonderful correctness. There was no faltering in his conclusions as to what he saw. The celerity of his mental photography was amazing.

While the average observer was taking in a situation, he had absorbed its significance, decided upon it, and was ready for a new impression.

Perhaps this accounted, in a measure, for his accuracy in movement upon the battle-field. Some of his happiest victories were wrung, so to speak, from present conditions of apparent failure. He swept his eyes over the *locale* of vision, comprehended in a flash, and acted, as, for instance, at Fort Donelson, where at his order the left wing of his disordered army suddenly charged upon the rebel works, wresting a victory out of the enemy's victorious movement upon the right. This was the result of lightning-like perception.

"I will give my orders on the field," Grant was apt to say. That is, he would act dependent upon his concentrated power of vision.

Ears he had none, so far as cultivation went; eyes he relied upon as his never-failing allies. To him music was a bore. The national hymns he recognized because they were dinned into his sense of hearing, repeated scores of times in his own honor all over the world. But he never could "turn a tune," and abominated the oratorio and opera. Sound was neglected in favor of sight.

Grant seldom made mistakes in his observation. Perceptively he knew men and women, formed likes and dislikes quickly, and acted understandingly when State and social duties devolved upon him. He was never diffusive in thought or deed. His friendships, his tastes, his inclinations were few and strong. A false friend was hardest for him to bear, because his sympathies were intense, and trusting implicitly to his own judgment in choice, falsity was unexpected. He always doubted himself first when the hour came to doubt a friend.

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Great and extraordinary experiences, in field and council, naturally strengthened and developed Grant's perceptive faculty, and when leisure came, after sixteen years of ceaseless action, he was well prepared to go abroad to observe other peoples, their institutions, and their novelties.

He was as pleased in anticipation of his trip around the world as a school-boy. He talked it over with his friends; he grew positively young before he started. He was going on a tour of simple observation, than which nothing could have been more congenial. It had been one of the desires of his life. He had neither wish for nor expectation of formalities abroad; indeed, the unprecedented attention bestowed upon him in every quarter of the civilized world, seemed altogether astonishing to him. He said, in his own simple way, in response to one of the first complimentary addresses offered him in England:

"I know that it is my country that is honored through me."

Much to the surprise of those who had never seen the talkative phase of his many-sided character, he did his duty in the uncongenial way of speech-making and social entertainment wherever he was received; but this was not his motive, neither his wish, in going from home.

The parting compliments of his own country he accepted with unfeigned pleasure. The demonstrations of friends seemed in keeping with his own delight in so pleasurable a tour. They were bidding him "God-speed" as he started on his holiday.

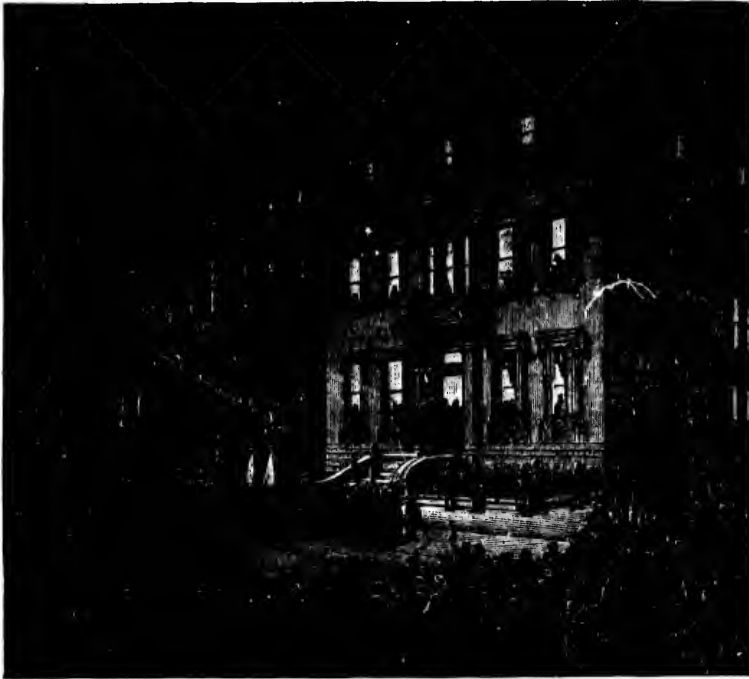
"On the other side," said he, "I shall give myself up to sight-seeing."

So he sailed away with his wife and son, and a company of congenial friends; simple man that he was in

his tastes, without even a dress-coat in which to receive the greetings of kings and queens.

As the guest of George W. Childs for a week prior to his departure from Philadelphia, he was the recipient of varied and delightful attentions. The hospitalities of prominent citizens were showered upon him.

The Union League gave him a reception and he re-



GRANT'S RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIEND, MR. GEO. W. CHILDS.

viewed the First Regiment National Guards. At the residence of his host the soldiers' orphans, wards of the State, received his greeting and advice. The old soldiers and sailors, many of whom followed him in the East as well as in the West, paid their respects. Many of the most eminent men of the nation gathered to enjoy Mr. Childs' hospitality and say kind words of parting to

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the distinguished soldier and citizen. A reception at the house of his host was the most magnificent private entertainment ever given in the country. After a week of pleasure and preparation the morning of departure came, and about the board gathered distinguished men who had been his friends and aids both in peace and war. General Sherman, his great lieutenant in many battles, was by his side. Ex-Secretary Hamilton, who was equally near to him in the demands of peace made



GENERAL GRANT SAILING DOWN THE DELAWARE BAY.

upon him, was also there, with General Simon Cameron and a company in perfect keeping with this notable trio. After leaving Mr. Childs' roof-tree he became the guest of the city, and Mayor Stokley, with the Councils and many friends, accompanied the departing General down the river to the Indiana. Thousands crowded the riverbanks while the Magenta was steaming down the Delaware to the ship that was to bear him away. Thus Grant took his leave of friends and country from the

hospitable city where "friends" dwell and many of the best of his life's friendships were made and held.

Hard-won peace in his native land behind him, rest and pleasure awaiting him, in vigorous health, the illustrious traveller gave himself up to pure enjoyment during the trip across the Atlantic. His fellow-passengers were amazed and delighted at his brilliant conversational powers. He came out from behind his cloak of silence, which he always wore in seasons of responsibility, and was as outspoken in thought and opinion as any of them. His friends beside him, his cigar between his lips, with no care for the day nor the morrow, Grant proved himself anything but the unsocial, taciturn man the world at large believed him to be.

That the military commander, of wide renown, was unprepared for an ovation upon landing on foreign shores, we take his own word for, from a letter addressed to Mr. Childs. He says:

"But what was my surprise to find near all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing-room, and the streets leading to our hotel were packed."

Like scenes, with more or less enthusiastic manifestations of welcome, met the would-be quiet American every mile of his way, until the "sight-seeing," so joyously anticipated, was merged into the disappointing state of being seen.

In two matters connected with Grant's sojourn among foreign nations, his countrymen found themselves happily disappointed. He suddenly developed a faculty, almost a genius, for speech-making. He always said

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the right thing in the right place. At home his silence had passed into a proverb. Brief and to the point his efforts were on all occasions, but often singularly apt and graceful, with now and then a bit of humor cropping out, to the delight of those who had come to believe the reticent man of destiny had no fund of mirth in his nature.

It was no trifling ordeal to be called upon to respond to the great and ready intellects of the earth at a moment's notice; but Grant bore it bravely, and did lasting honor to his country

and countrymen, to whom he never failed to attribute the honors so lavishly bestowed upon him. Dinners—regal, municipal, social—dinners of every sort, were set before the American commander, whose gastronomic tastes were as simple as a child's. Receptions by the score, visits of ceremony, military and civic displays, and every honorable

attention that could be offered to a guest, he was the recipient of, accepting all in a quiet, dignified manner, responding appropriately, and remaining always the unpretentious republican gentleman.

In the matter of intelligently representing his country, also, Grant will be gratefully remembered. The vast and varied amount of information required to satisfy foreigners of note who took occasion to interview him



AT SEA.

as to the condition, resources, and prospects of the United States, was of itself a trial to an extraordinary brain. It is now well known no American ever went abroad better prepared to respond to intelligent minds in the matter of home interests. Grant had not only fought for them, he had been all his life a close student of agricultural and manufacturing affairs, and had made himself familiar with all matters connected with the commercial growth and welfare of his country. Received enthusiastically by the working-classes of England, he was able to meet them on their own ground. They hailed him as a man of the people, and a representative American.

Vast bodies of working-men and women demonstrated their admiration for him, not as a great and successful commander of armies, but as "a sincere friend of labor." He, in return, expressed much satisfaction in the opportunities afforded to observe for himself the workings of English labor systems.

Grant made the most of his golden occasions while abroad. Wherever great statesmen were to be seen, there inclination led him. His conferences with Bismarck and Gambetta are features for history.

He avowed himself as having been favored beyond men, during his memorable sojourn abroad, not because he was the guest of royal personages, but that he was allowed the privilege of meeting with great and potent minds.

Greatness of mere birth or place failed of impression. Grant avoided all unnecessary display. He shrank from military pageants devised for his pleasure, or in his honor, escaping into the homely by-ways of foreign places whenever he could consistently do so. "The ordinary things I can only find out for myself," he said.

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On a fair May morning (the 28th) the *Indiana*, after a somewhat rough voyage, arrived at Liverpool. General Grant had proven himself a good sailor. He was physically at his best and his spirits were undiminished. He was all eagerness for the continuance of his foreign journey. At Queenstown, where a tug boarded the steamship, a large mail awaited him, many of the letters being from leading statesmen of England, conveying invitations to a round of festivities in his honor. At

this point he was met by J. Russell Young (whose charming journalistic letters will ever be connected with this trip around the world) and a deputation of prominent citizens. At Liverpool flags floated from the shipping, and the mayor waited to extend to the illustrious American the courtesies of the great city, saying: "I am proud that it has fallen to my lot, as chief magistrate



ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

of Liverpool, to welcome to the shores of England so distinguished a citizen of the United States. You have, sir, stamped your name on the history of a world by your brilliant career as a soldier, and still more as a statesman in the interests of peace."

This was the first of a long series of complimentary formalities which awaited General Grant in every important city in England.

At Manchester the party was met by members of Parliament and other dignitaries. Here the General was the guest of the mayor, and every opportunity was afforded him to inspect the celebrated manufactories of the place, in which he evinced the keenest interest.

From city to city the journey of the would-be quiet traveller was filled with surprises. The very unexpectedness of the situation was favorable to his enjoyment of the continuous ovation. It is to be doubted if Grant would ever have consented to such a foreign experience had it been made known to him in advance. It was certainly a revelation to Americans at home, and has hardly, to this day, come to be understood by many.

Immediately upon his arrival in London he met the Prince of Wales at the Oaks at Epsom. The Duke of Wellington entertained him at dinner at Apsley House. Dean Stanley made known his presence in England in a sermon in Westminster Abbey. The American minister, Mr. Pierrepont, gave a reception in his honor in Cavendish Square, which was attended by leading representatives of both parties. Among those present were the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Hertford, Earl Derby, Earl Shaftesbury, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, the Marquis of Ripon, the Marquis of Lorne and a throng of representatives of English social life. There was a dinner given to him by Lord Caernarvon. He was presented at court, and Queen Victoria showed him graceful attention. At a reception given by Consul-General Badeau large numbers of the nobility were present and many persons of eminence in the world of art and letters. He dined with Lord Granville, and upon the following evening with Sir Charles Dilke.

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After the General's return from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, at Southampton, there was a renewal of festivities, and one of the most important events connected with his visit to London took place—the conferring upon him of the "freedom of the city." No higher honor than this remains to be proffered by this ancient and honorable corporation. Great ceremony attends this presentation. Hundreds of guests sat down to the



GRANT MEETING THE PRINCE OF WALES.

magnificent banquet of the occasion. It was here, in response to a speech of welcome, that General Grant expressed himself in these memorable words:

"Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it, except as a means of peace."

Entertainments followed each other like a ceaseless

panoramic display: a dinner at the Crystal Palace, a dinner given by the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, at the Kensington Palace, and, on the following day, one by Mr. Morgan, the banker. Mr. Smalley, of the *New York Tribune*, entertained the General at breakfast. There were present Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, A. W. Kinglake, Anthony Trollope, Professor Huxley, Thomas Hughes and other eminent and noted



GRANT'S RECEPTION AT AMERICAN LEGATION.

persons. Lord Granville gave a dinner at the Reform Club, at which General Grant said: "Never have I lamented so much as now my poverty in phrases—my inability to give due expression of my affection for the mother country." The General dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and on the 27th of June with the Queen, at Windsor Castle. He met at dinner, at the Grosvenor Hotel, many of the prominent journalists of London, an opportunity afforded to few Americans, not of the "ilk," and one thoroughly appreciated by the honored guest. The United Service Club gave a dinner to the General, "to meet the officers of the army and navy," the Duke of Cambridge presiding. An immense

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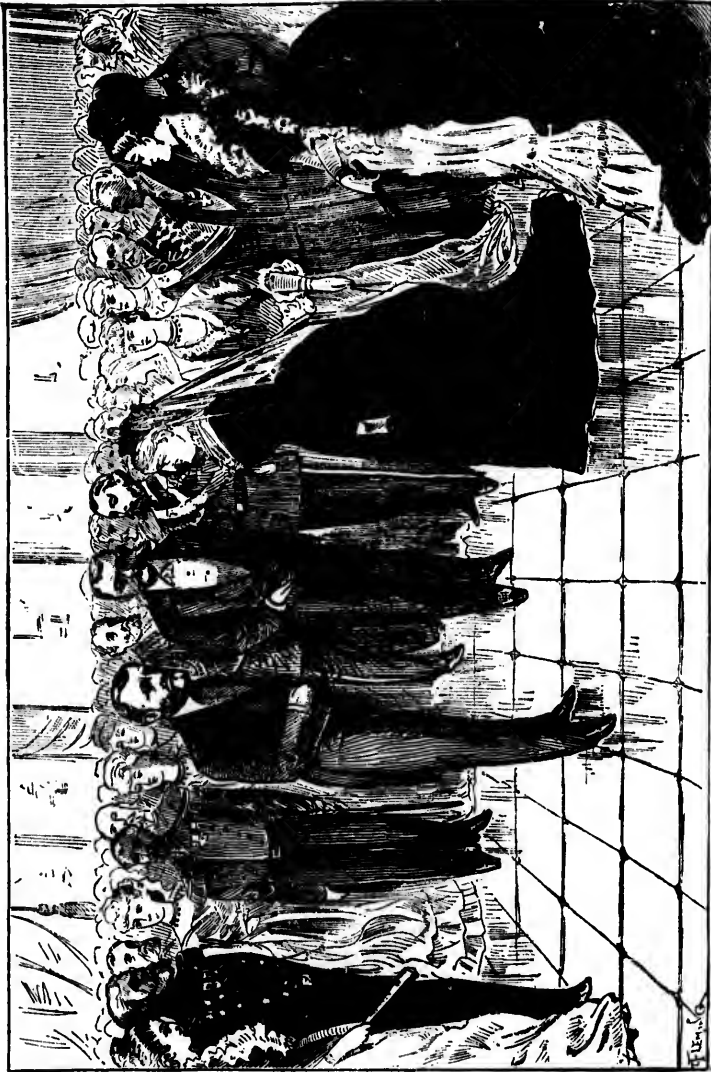
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reception took place at the American Embassy on the 4th of July, at which large numbers of resident Ameri-



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

cans were present, General and Mrs. Grant holding a levee which savored of the characteristics of their



GENERAL GRANT'S PRESENTATION TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

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republican home. Beside these festal occasions mentioned, many others of more or less private nature occurred to add to the novel brilliancy of the American's tour abroad. From London to the Continent every step of the way was accompanied with welcoming honors; and, arriving at Brussels, the traveller was met at his hotel by King Leopold, of Belgium, for whom he formed the warmest friendship, and of whose character and intellect he had the most exalted opinion.

Through Switzerland his progress was still an ovation, during which he found time to enjoy the scenery of that picturesque land and to observe the customs of its people. Thence he proceeded to the war-affected provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Grant was not lacking in a keen sense of the beautiful and romantic in nature, although few persons, even among his near friends, gave him credit for sentiment beyond that of the natural home affections. His description, graphic and appreciative, of a certain picturesque portion of East Tennessee recurs to me. Visiting the spot afterward, his power of quick and sure observation, and his keen sense of the grand and beautiful in landscape, were readily accorded to him who has been rated as among the most prosaic of men.

Through Scotland, where the "freedom" of the great cities was presented to him, and incessant attentions pressed upon his acceptance on every hand, General Grant continued his journey, leaving little of interest unvisited by the way. He was the guest of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, where a sincere and lasting friendship was cemented between the two remarkable men. He visited the ancient homes of his earliest ancestry, and the Highlanders greeted him with song and bumper as their clansman.



In dwelling upon his tour through Great Britain, Grant commonly spoke of his visits to the manufacturing districts as the most significant and interesting of his experiences. He was received enthusiastically by the workmen. Personally, they looked upon him as one of themselves, and the position to which he had attained in statesmanship and socially (an honored guest of the aristocracy of the world) aroused their profoundest respect and admiration for his force of character, as well as serving to suggest a possible bond of true unity between the widely-severed classes of their own country. At Newcastle, Sunderland, Sheffield and Birmingham, thousands of workmen and women thronged the streets and wharves for a glimpse of the ex-President. At Newcastle nearly eighty thousand people were present at an out-door demonstration. Processions, resolutions, addresses, greeted him everywhere, as he went among the laboring men. In an address presented him in the name of the working-classes of Northumberland and Durham, he was greeted in this wise :

"In those hard-fought battles, in which your great abilities as a soldier were displayed, you had the entire sympathy of the working classes of England." And also in the same address: "Though you are skilled in the art of war we are pleased to regard you as a man of peace; but the peace which commands your sympathy must be founded on the eternal laws of equity and justice. Having attested again and again your deep solicitude for the industrial classes, and having also nobly proclaimed the dignity of labor by breaking the chains of the slave, you are entitled to our sincere and unalloyed gratitude."

It is noteworthy to observe that Grant was received by the aristocracy of England as the great military man

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of modern times ; by the laborers of the kingdom, as the representative of peace. A two-fold character, of unusual and universal power.

The monarchists and imperialists of France were pleased to be displeased with the Ex-President of the United States. During the Franco-Prussian war his sympathies had been defined, in so far as he guarded watchfully, through his minister, Mr. Washburne, the in-



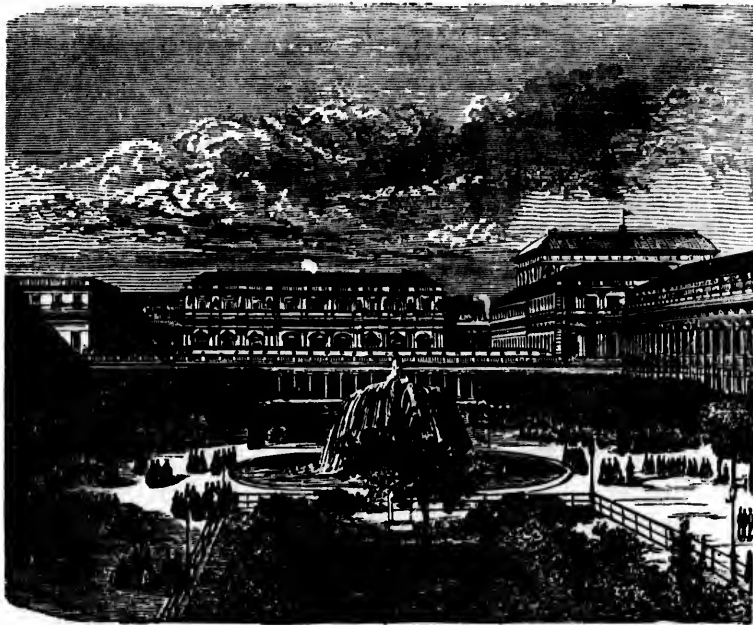
GRAND HOTEL—THE HEAD-QUARTERS FOR AMERICANS IN PARIS.

terests of the German residents intrusted to his care. Upon his arrival in Paris he became, naturally, the guest of Marshal MacMahon, an event which added fuel to the fire of imperial feeling following a republican victory.

There was no political significance attached to Grant's trip abroad, but the enemies of republican government

in France chose to consider it in that light, and even after death lay their bit of *rue* upon the bier of the great General.

The American colony in Paris extended a hearty welcome to their illustrious compatriot. Festivities followed fast, one upon another; among them a notable dinner given by the entire colony, presided over by General Noyes, the American minister. Here were met, among



GENERAL GRANT VISITS THE GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, PARIS.

many eminent persons, Emile Girardin, Edmond About, and Laboulaye. A superb entertainment was given by Madame Mackay, of California, one by the aristocratic Marquis Talleyrand-Perigord, a descendant of the great Talleyrand, and one by M. Laugal, at which General Grant was made acquainted with the Count of Paris. A meeting with M. Gambetta was arranged. It was of mutual pleasure and interest. Grant recurred to it as

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one of the important events of his visit to the old world, speaking of the French leader as "one of the foremost minds of Europe."

The party of tourists remained long enough in Paris to ransack most of the public and many of the private treasures of the beautiful and interesting city. Grant was tireless in sight-seeing. As one of his friends said: "He had a persistent way of getting at things which he was desirous of seeing."

His linguistic qualities were not largely developed; his life had been too busy for such accomplishments; but he managed to make himself understood, as he had made himself effective in greater scenes—by using others in a masterly manner. His comprehensive vision served him far better than his guides.

Until he was ready to quit France, he had not determined to extend his tour to India, China and Japan; but while at Pau he received letters from General Sherman and Rear-Admiral Ammen which determined him, from pure personal reasons, to extend his tour. It was current gossip at the time that this action was influenced by the politicians who desired to keep him out of the country until just before the campaign of 1880. The autograph letter here produced in fac simile shows how groundless this assumption was.

In December the party left for the south of France, embarking on the man-of-war *Vandalia*, placed at his disposal by the American government.

Warmly received at Naples, the trip was continued through Italy. Every possible object of interest was visited by the indefatigable sight-seer. He ascended Vesuvius, and witnessed an excavation at Pompeii. The scenery, the costumes of the people, their houses and modes of life, even the beggars, were studied, and laid

Plan, Manner

Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> 178

My Dear Adm<sup>l</sup>,

On my arrival here, last night, I found a very large Mail, and in it two letters from you. This is my first Mail since leaving Gibraltar from where I wrote you. At that time I had fully determined not to go by India, China and Japan, and so wrote the Sec. of the Navy, saying however that if I determined otherwise before the departure of the Richmond I from America I would call

him. This morning I sent  
him a dispatch that I would  
accept his offer of a passage  
on that steamer. I could not  
say much in a dispatch, but  
I hope we will be able to  
join the steamer on the  
North side of the Mediterra-  
nean, some where between  
Marseilles and Palermo. This  
will extend my trip and make  
my arrival in America some  
months later than I had expect-  
ed, probably extending the time  
into late fall. Of course going by  
San Francisco I shall want to  
spend at least a month going  
over old ground with which I was  
familiar a quarter of a century

ago. That quarter of a century  
does not seem half so long  
as the one which preceded it,  
and I fear, since you and  
I first received instruction  
under John H. White, and  
a long bench switch, cut  
generally by the boys for their  
own entertainment.

Mrs. Grant wants me to  
say now that she regrets her  
your retirement ~~from~~ because  
you might accompany us,  
and she has every confidence  
in you in your native elements &  
believe you are a first-class  
farmer besides.

I have not yet received your  
paper on the "Liber Oceanic Canal";

yet but will read it with great interest when it reaches me.

I have preserved with great care a letter you wrote me as much as nine months ago giving the route, and places to visit on Naval Vessels, after leaving the Red Sea, until since leaving Gibraltar. But I destroyed it a few days ago. I would be very glad to get a repetition of it now.

I am very sorry, with Mrs. Grant that you cannot be the Commander in our proposed <sup>and</sup> ~~help~~ that Mrs. Amman is not to be with us.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Amman, Mrs. Atch and the children, and best regards to you. I join in love to the children, regards to Mrs. Atch and yourself.

Very Dear, Yours  
W. H. Grant

Adm! W. Amman

away for future reference and interest by the man of memory. There never lived a man who could make himself more impersonal in studying others. Grant was mental absorption itself; the process was a delight, and he knew well how to utilize the material absorbed. At the stronghold of Malta, before which the *Vandalia* anchored, a salute was fired, which brought on board the Duke of Edinburgh. This visit was followed by an invitation to his royal highness' palace of San Antonio,



GENERAL GRANT MEETING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

where the duke and duchess received the American party. Every possible military honor was bestowed upon the General at this point.

Egypt was next visited. The Khedive received the party with great ceremony, a palace in Cairo was offered to General Grant, and a special conveyance up the Nile placed at his disposal.

This trip was made about the middle of January. The party was composed of the General, Mrs. Grant





NAPLES, SHOWING MOUNT VESUVIUS, AS SEEN BY GENERAL GRANT.

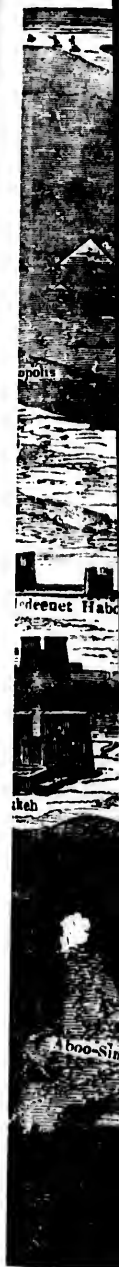
and their youngest son Jesse, ex-Secretary Borie, of Philadelphia, three officers of the *Vandalia* and the correspondent, John Russell Young. An officer of the Khedive's household, Sami Bey, a Circassian gentleman, who spoke English fluently, accompanied the expedi-

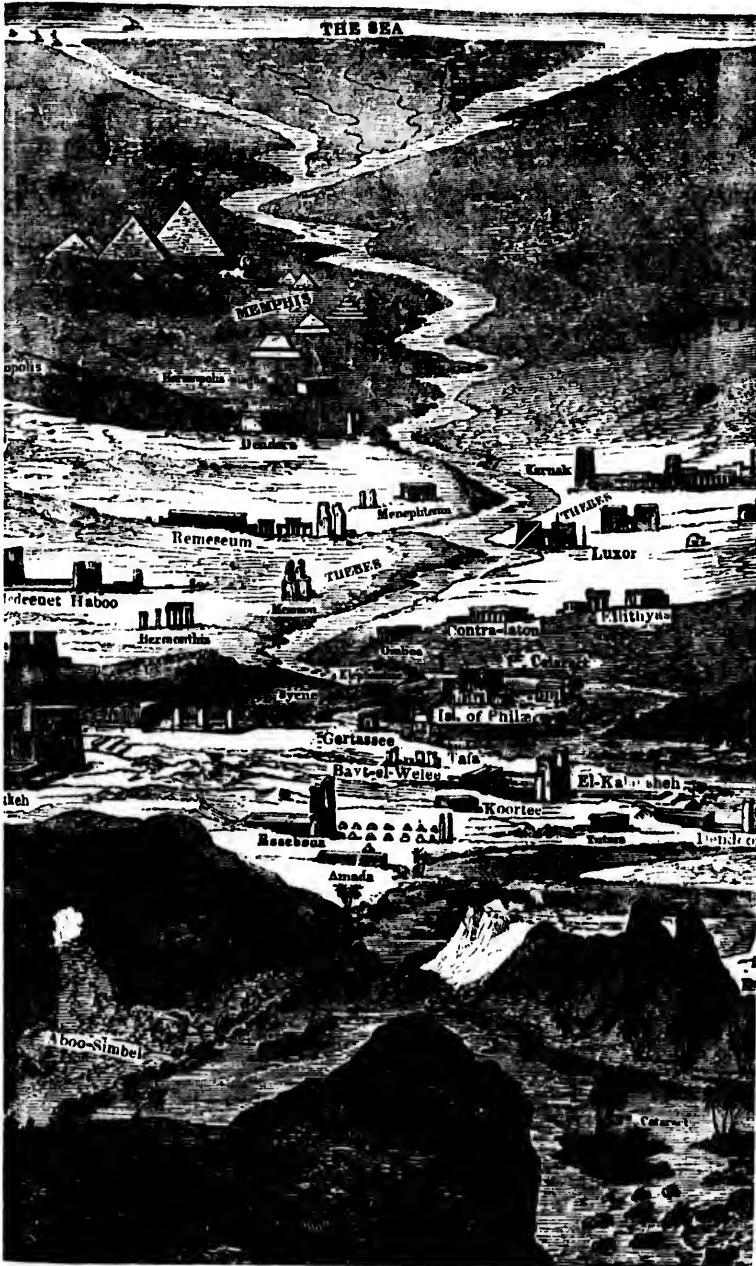


GRANT'S VISIT TO THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

tion; also Mr. Emile Brugsch, one of the learned directors of the Egyptian museum.

"What a blank our trip would be without Brugsch!" the General is reported to have exclaimed, as he stood surveying, behind his cigar, an ancient ruin.





BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF EGYPT, SHOWING PLACES VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

To be baffled by an undecipherable inscription must have been intolerable to Grant's persistent nature. Mr. Brugsch knew every temple, tomb and ruin in the land, and proved invaluable to the curious travellers. Life for three weeks on the Nile vessel was restful as well as novel. Nothing escaped the General's notice, and wherever a landing was interesting and possible he went ashore. At the town of Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, demonstrations of welcome were made, and the vice-consul, a rich Syrian, received the party in true Oriental fashion. An Arab entertainment was given at his house which was attended by all the Americans, except General Grant, in full uniform. A display of fireworks and torches illuminated the narrow streets of the town, and a multitude of the people followed the visitors to the river bank as they took their departure. The next landing was at Girgel, where the General was eager to view the temple of Abydos on the edge of the Libyan desert. Brugsch declared this to be "the cradle, the fountain head of all the civilization of the world." This temple stands partly buried among the ruins of the oldest city in Egypt.

The town of Keneh was next visited, and the pottery manufactories inspected. Here the General was entertained by the pacha, who governs the province and lives in oriental splendor. The cups provided for his guests were said to be "of the finest porcelain, in cases of gold and silver;" the pipes offered having "stems of amber thickly garnished with diamonds."

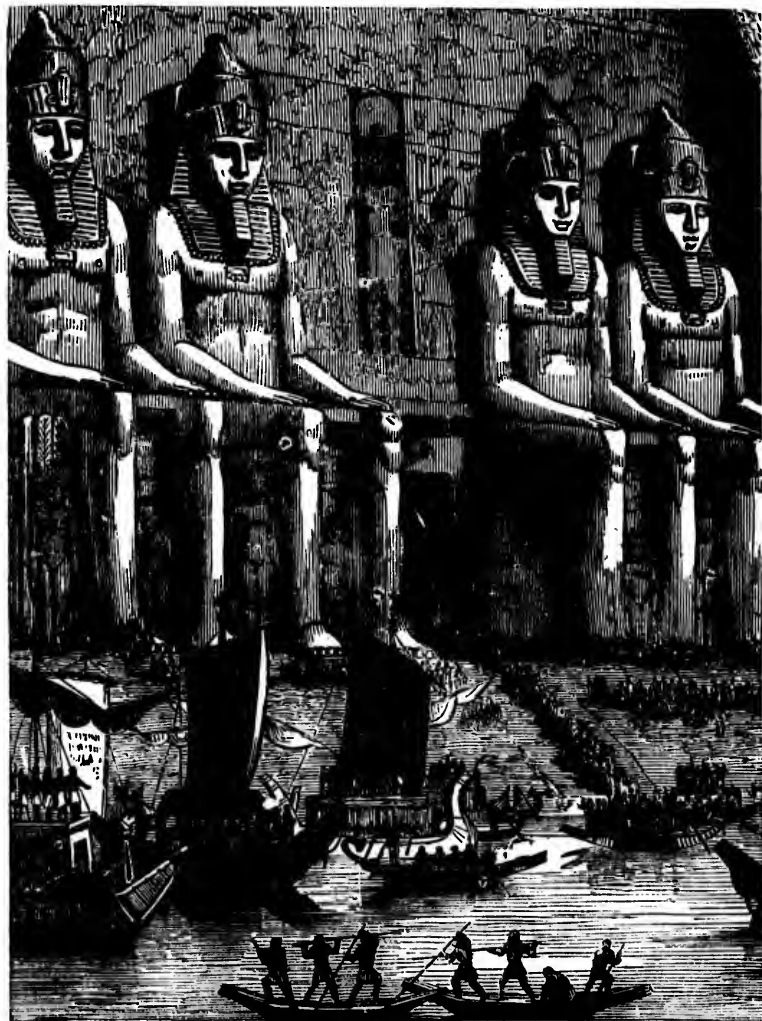
The expedition continued on to Luxor, where a reception was prepared by the Arabian vice-consul. Here the party remained several days, visiting the ancient temples and ruins, and the famed statues of Memnon. From there Karnak was visited, the party making the

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Karnak  
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Rameses  
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trip on donkeys. The walls of the famous temple of Karnak are covered with inscriptions in hieroglyphic language, stories of battles, and the glories of the king



TEMPLE OF IPSAMBUL—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

Rameses, all of which Mr. Brugsch was called upon to decipher for the General, who evinced the greatest interest. At Assouan, the frontier station of Old Egypt,

the vessel was turned again toward Cairo, the travellers landing here and there, as objects along the shore attracted their attention, and on the 3d of February they reached Memphis. Here the ruins were inspected, and the tourists proceeded to Cairo, where friends awaited them.

On the 15th of the following month the General re-embarked on the Vandalia for his trip to the Holy Land.

After a stormy passage the vessel arrived at Jaffa. The town was decorated in honor of Grant's coming, and the American consul received the party at his own house. Some hours were spent in sight-seeing at this point, and preparations were made to go to Jerusalem. A distance of forty miles was to be travelled over, and the only conveyances to be secured for the journey were three springless wagons, without tops to shield the occupants from the sun.

Grant's good nature under all difficulties passed into a proverbial saying. He clambered—his cigar between his teeth—into his seat, and jolted along over the irregular roads, apparently enjoying every mile of the way. The first stop was made at Ramleh. The rain poured in torrents, and the travellers were glad of shelter and supper. At seven in the morning they were again *en route* for the holy city. At this point the General was provided with a horse and managed to make the rest of the journey in comparative comfort.

Mr. Russell Young tells us "that an escort of lepers" insisted upon accompanying the wagons, much to the dismay of the occupants, and they were glad to hurry away from them.

After leaving the "plain of Sharon," the way leads into the "country of Joshua and Samson." One of the party describes it as follows:

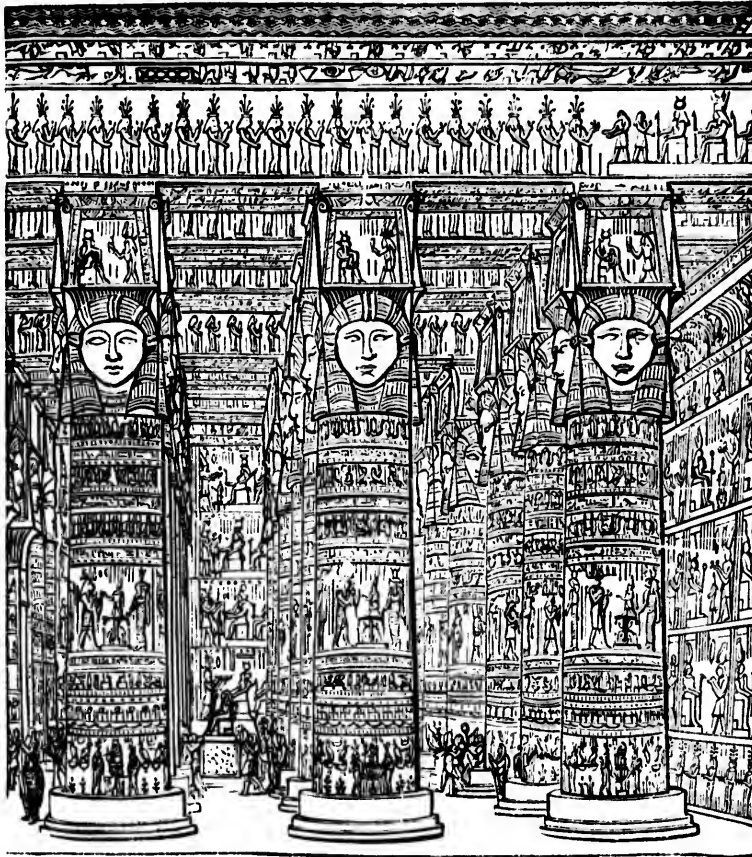
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"The road becomes rough and stony, and we who are in the carts go bumping, thumping along over the very worst road, perhaps, in the world. But there is no one who, in the spare moments when he is not holding on to the sides of the cart lest there might be too pre-



INTERIOR OF PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH, EGYPT.

cipitate an introduction to the Holy Land, does not feel, so strong are the memories of childhood, that it is one of the most comfortable trips ever made. We are coming into the foot-hills. We are passing into the country of rocks. The summits of the hills glisten with the white

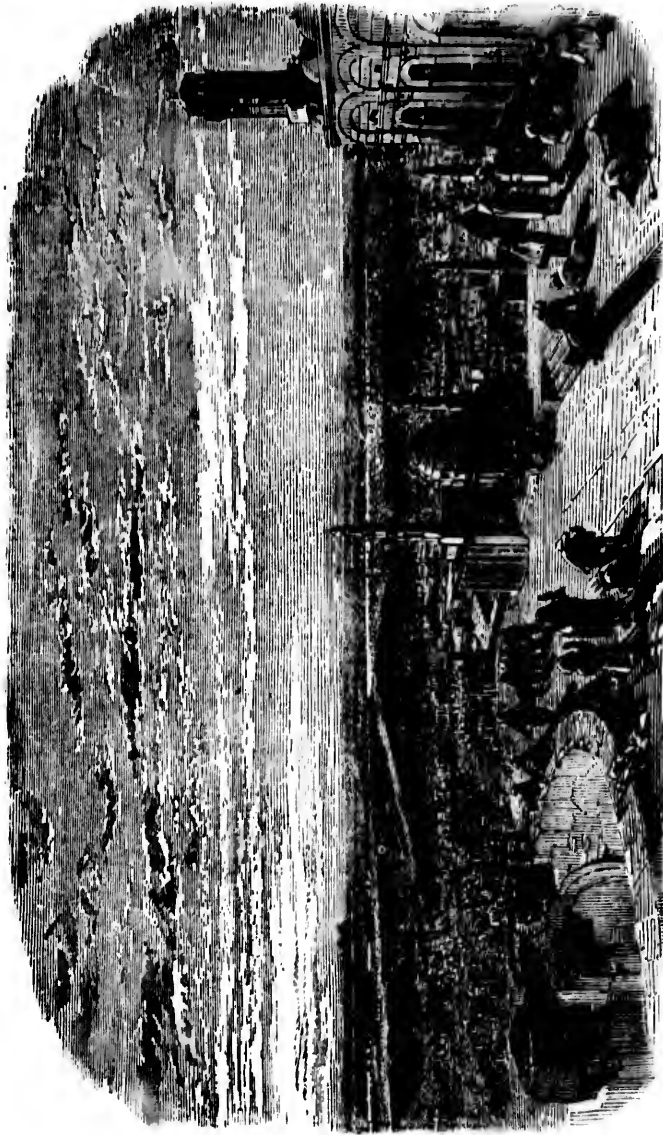
shining stone, which afar off looks like snow. In some of the valleys we note clusters of olive trees. The fertility of Palestine lies in the plain below. Around and ahead is the beauty of Palestine—the beauty of nature in her desolation. No houses, no farms, no trace of civilization but the telegraph poles. The hills have been washed bare by centuries of neglect, and terraced slopes that were once rich with all the fruits of Palestine are sterile and abandoned.”

The General remarked that “the valley seemed the richest he had ever seen;” and he believed “that the plain of Sharon alone, under good government and tilled by such labor as could be found in America, would raise wheat enough to feed all that portion of the Mediterranean.”

The ruins of Gezer—once a royal city of Canaan—passed, most of the party left the wagons and proceeded on foot, hoping to enter the city gates at sundown. Beyond them, half hidden by the mist, lay Joshua’s “Valley of Ajalon;” they passed through the scene of the conflict between David and Goliath, and finally paused on the banks of the “very brook where David found his pebbles for his sling.” Here a line of troops was drawn up awaiting Grant’s approach—representatives from the consulates and from the pacha—and a throng of Americans, all impatient, eager and demonstrative.

Here again, through this region of sacred veneration, Grant’s progress was an ovation. His dismay was immense when he discovered that the city of Jerusalem could not be entered without demonstrations in his honor. Flags were floating, inscriptions raised, and a long line of cavalry escorted the dragomans of all nations picturesquely attired. To the sound of martial music and the loud acclamations of the people, General





CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL—VIEWED BY GENERAL GRANT AND HIS PARTY.

Grant entered Jerusalem, "seated upon the pacha's own white Arab steed, in housings of gold." Multitudes of people pressed along the highways to do him honor, and, later, the dignitaries of the place assembled to serve him with hospitality in true Turkish fashion.

The party were quartered at the one comfortable hotel in Jerusalem, but the quarters were of minor importance to the indefatigable sight-seers, who were constantly moving about the country from one interesting point to another; the General well mounted on horseback, Mrs. Grant satisfied with a patient, reliable donkey.

The distinguished travellers did not escape the usual ceremonious attentions in the Holy City; these were persistently pressed upon them. The pacha entertained them, and insisted upon "sending his band of fifty pieces and a large guard of honor, to be in constant attendance." This well-meant attention the General declined resolutely, but he was obliged to attend state dinners, and accept such marks of hospitality as the pacha felt inclined to bestow upon him and his party during their brief stay.

Escaping from ceremony the visitors walked over the sacred places within the Holy City, following, with feelings of reverence, the footsteps of the Christ, by the brook Kedron, to the Garden of Gethsemane "without the gates," and up the Via Dolorosa, which leads to the hill of Calvary.

The narrator of the party says:

"The good monks gathered some flowers for Mrs. Grant, and for the others twigs and leaves from the Tree of Agony"—the tree beneath which Jesus knelt and prayed, making "holy forever the Garden of Gethsemane."

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Visits were made to Bethlehem, Bethany and other places.

From Jerusalem the tourists travelled northward to Damascus, passing through Nazareth and across the great plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of Palestine. The route lay by the Sea of Galilee, Tiberias, Lake Huleh, Philippi and Mount Hermon. The sojourn at Damascus was brief. By the 5th of March Constantinople was reached. Here the General was formally received by the Sultan, who expressed great pleasure in meeting the "distinguished American." As evidence of his cordial feeling he ordered the master of ceremonies to present the General with a pair of beautiful Arabian horses from the imperial stables.

The writer well remembers hearing General Grant tell of the Sultan's presentation of these animals. He was sitting with General Simon Cameron, relating to him many of the interesting incidents of his tour, when one of the party asked him about these Arab horses. He then spoke of their wonderful powers of endurance and said that his attention had been attracted to them by the ease with which they travelled long distances with heavy loads. He had, therefore, had a great desire to see the famous stables of the Sultan, which contained the rarest of these horses.

"After my visit to the Sultan was over," said General Grant, "a member of the royal household was deputed by his majesty to show us the points of interest about the palace and its surroundings. In due time we reached the royal stables where a large number of these horses were kept, and the official of the government who was accompanying us asked me which two of the horses in the whole stable I liked best. I had looked them over carefully, and my fancy had been caught by the two that

were finally sent to America. After I had expressed my preference, he said: 'I am directed by the Sultan to present them to you.'

"I was very much taken aback and expressed my regret at my inability to accept them, or to get them to my own country if I should. The Turkish official and others acquainted with the customs of that country explained to me that it would not do for me to refuse them. It would be regarded by the Sultan as a direct and unpardonable affront to himself to refuse, which no explanation of mine could satisfy. This being made clear, I accepted with expressions of pleasure.

"As good luck would have it, just at that moment an American vessel was in the port of Constantinople, loaded with arms brought from the United States for Turkey, which was then engaged in war with Russia. Arrangements were made to ship these horses upon that vessel. This was done, and in due time they arrived in this country and were turned over to my friend General Beale."

Among the many notable visits made to the General was that of Sir Austen Henry Layard, the British ambassador, famed as an archæologist, as well as traveller and diplomatist.

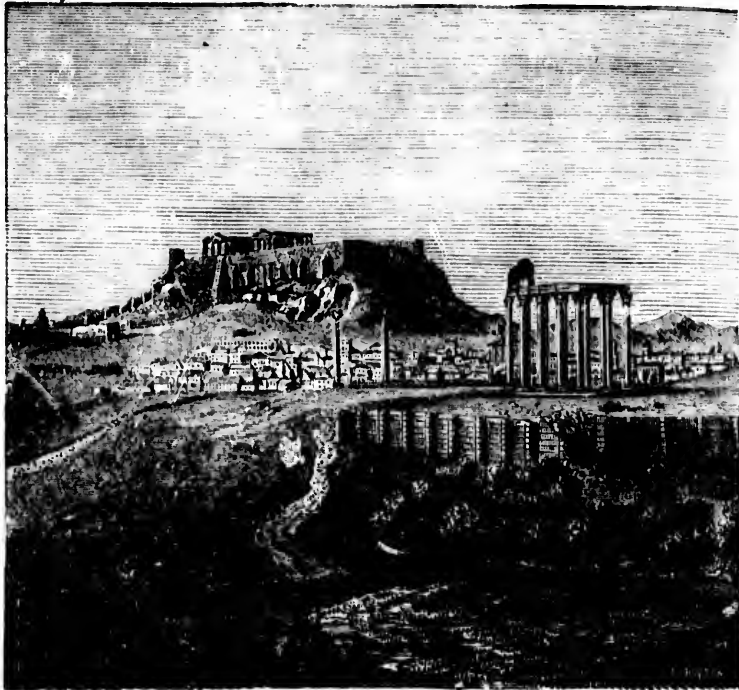
From Constantinople the tourist proceeded to Greece. At Athens a grand reception awaited him. The king and queen gave a *fête*, which was attended by all the celebrities of the country—an opportunity to study the higher social characteristics of the romantic land not lost upon the *fêted* guest.

General Grant's visit to Rome occurred just after the election of Leo XIII. The excitement consequent to the change of pontiffs had died away, and the time was propitious for an interview with the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church. This was accomplished through



ARABIAN HORSES PRESENTED TO GENERAL GRANT BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

the kindness of his reverence Cardinal McCloskey, the representative prelate of the Catholics in the United States. Grant expressed the greatest satisfaction in connection with this meeting. King Humbert paid every possible courtesy to his republican guest, and, as everywhere, opportunities were pressed upon him to take advantage of the pleasures and hospitalities of the city.

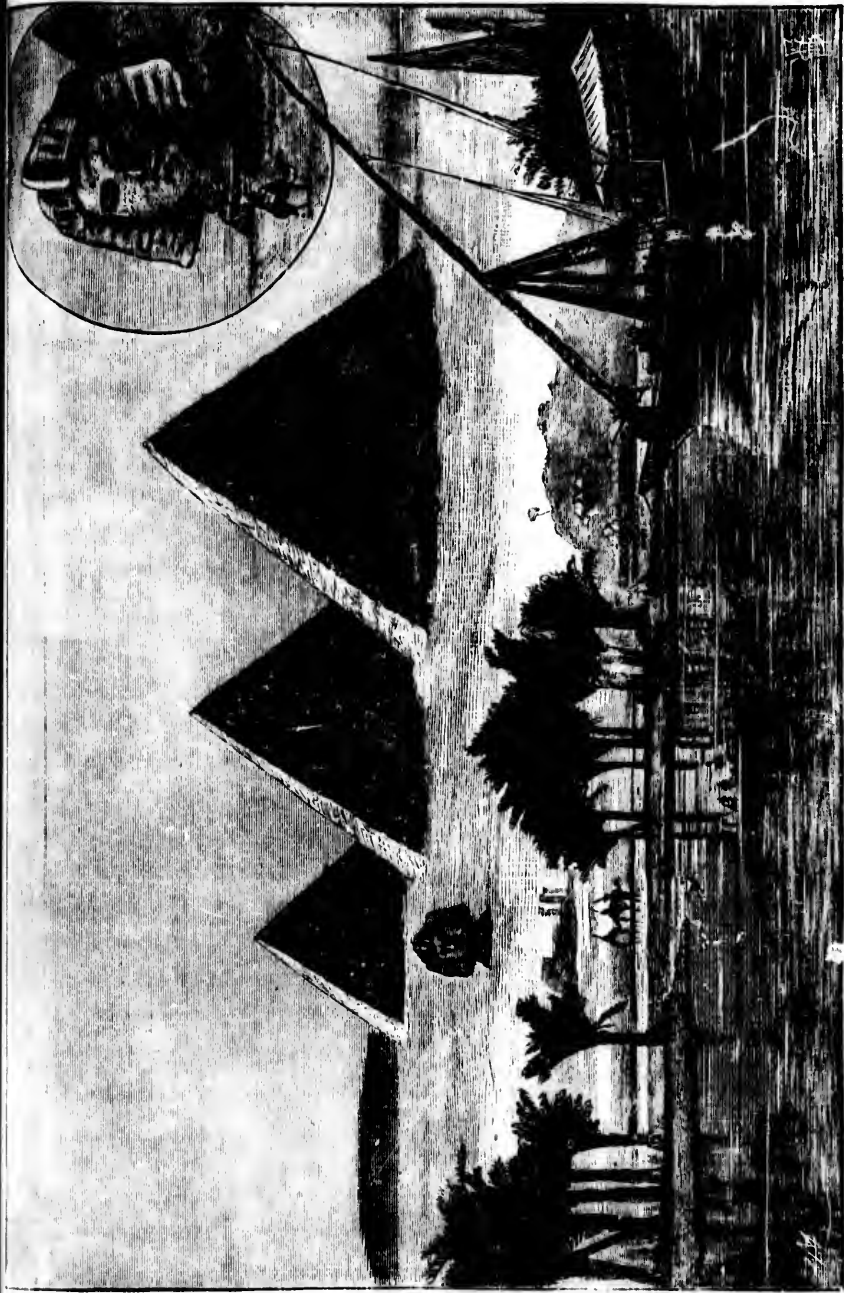


RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

After visiting Venice and Milan, where the most flattering attentions were bestowed, Grant visited the Paris Exhibition. On the 7th of May the party arrived, remaining about three weeks—a period of constant social festivity and unremitting sight-seeing on the part of the General.

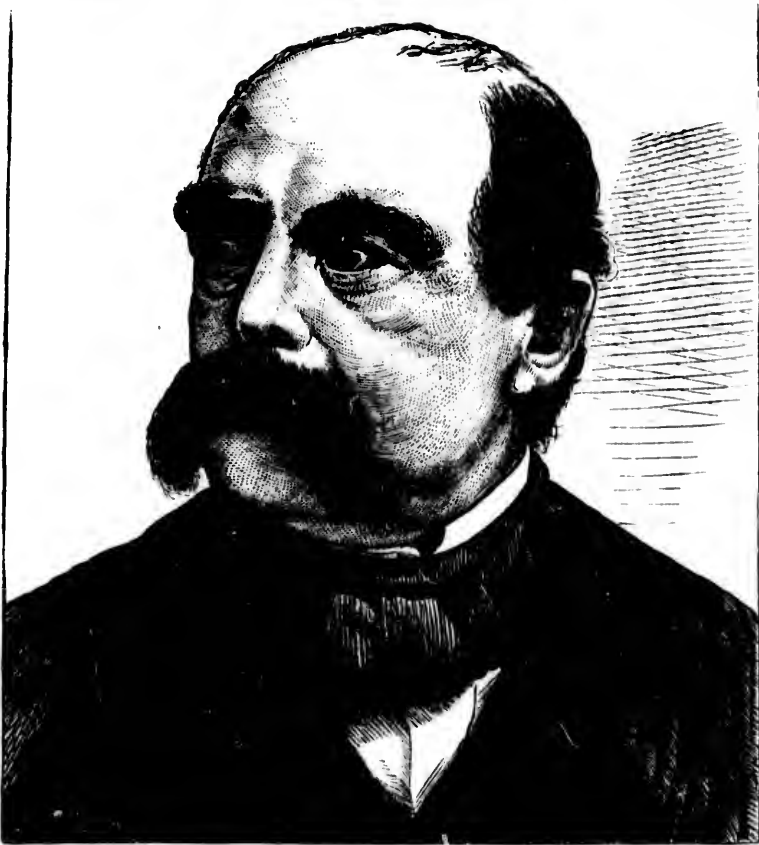
A visit to restful Holland followed. Here the trav-





GRANT ASCENDING THE NILE IN THE KHEWIV'S YACHT—LANDING NEAR THE PYRAMIDS.

eller, with his stolid face and manner, his endless clouds of cigar smoke, his calm appreciation of the hearty attentions bestowed upon him, was a great favorite. At Amsterdam a magnificent banquet was given him by the merchants of the city. It was attended by all the digni-



PRINCE BISMARCK.

taries of the city. His speeches, terse and to the point, were pronounced models.

The important event of Grant's visit to Prussia, which followed his departure from Holland, was his meeting with Prince Bismarck. This statesman was among the

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first of the eminent personages to call upon the ex-President. An interview between the two great men took place on the following day at Bismarck Palace, the residence of the famous diplomat. The prince met Grant upon the threshold, extending both hands in hearty welcome, saying :



INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERAL GRANT AND PRINCE BISMARCK.

"Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany."

The General replied :

"There is no incident in my German tour more interesting to me than this opportunity of meeting Prince Bismarck."

And so these two world-renowned men sat together



TOWN HALL, BERLIN—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.  
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in the library of the Prussian, an open window before them looking into a beautiful park lending its cheerfulness to the informal interview. The room itself was rich but simply furnished. Bismarck carried on his conversation in English, which he has mastered.

Among the complimentary expressions of Bismarck he took occasion to present the regrets of the Emperor of Germany, who was under his doctor's orders to see no one. This was just after the attempt at assassination upon the old emperor's life. "He commands me to say," Bismarck said, "that nothing else should prevent his seeing you."

Many questions in regard to the late American war on the part of the prince, asseverations as to good feeling between the two countries, interspersed with cordial personal remarks, constituted the interview. Grant afterward expressed himself as having experienced one of the greatest pleasures of his life in this meeting with the famous statesman, for whom he had so long held a favorable opinion. Bismarck called, the day after his interview with the General, upon Mrs. Grant.

Hospitalities of every sort were proffered the American in Berlin. Not a moment of his time was left unoccupied. Physically, the subject of these attentions seemed able to cope with a world. He grew younger and fresher, apparently, as his romantic tour continued through Denmark, Norway and Sweden into Russia.

At St. Petersburg his imperial highness, Alexander, granted an audience to the General, and at the royal meeting introduced Prince Gortschakoff, with whom Grant afterward held many pleasant conferences.

During the interview between the ex-president and the emperor, the latter said, pressing the hand of his guest warmly :

"Since the foundation of your government the relations between Russia and America have been of the friendliest character, and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue that friendship."

The General replied that although the two governments were directly opposite in character, the great majority of the American people were in sympathy with Russia, and would, he hoped, so continue.



ST. PETERSBURG—REVIEW IN HONOR OF GENERAL GRANT.

All the pomp and splendor of court ceremony (so pre-eminently magnificent in the Russian realm) was heaped upon the simple, imperturbable American. It is not chronicled of him that he ever committed a *faux pas*, or blundered into difficulty in the face of foreign custom. Grant under all circumstances was simply natural.

The Grand Duke Alexis took occasion to pay especial attention to the General, whose guest he was during his

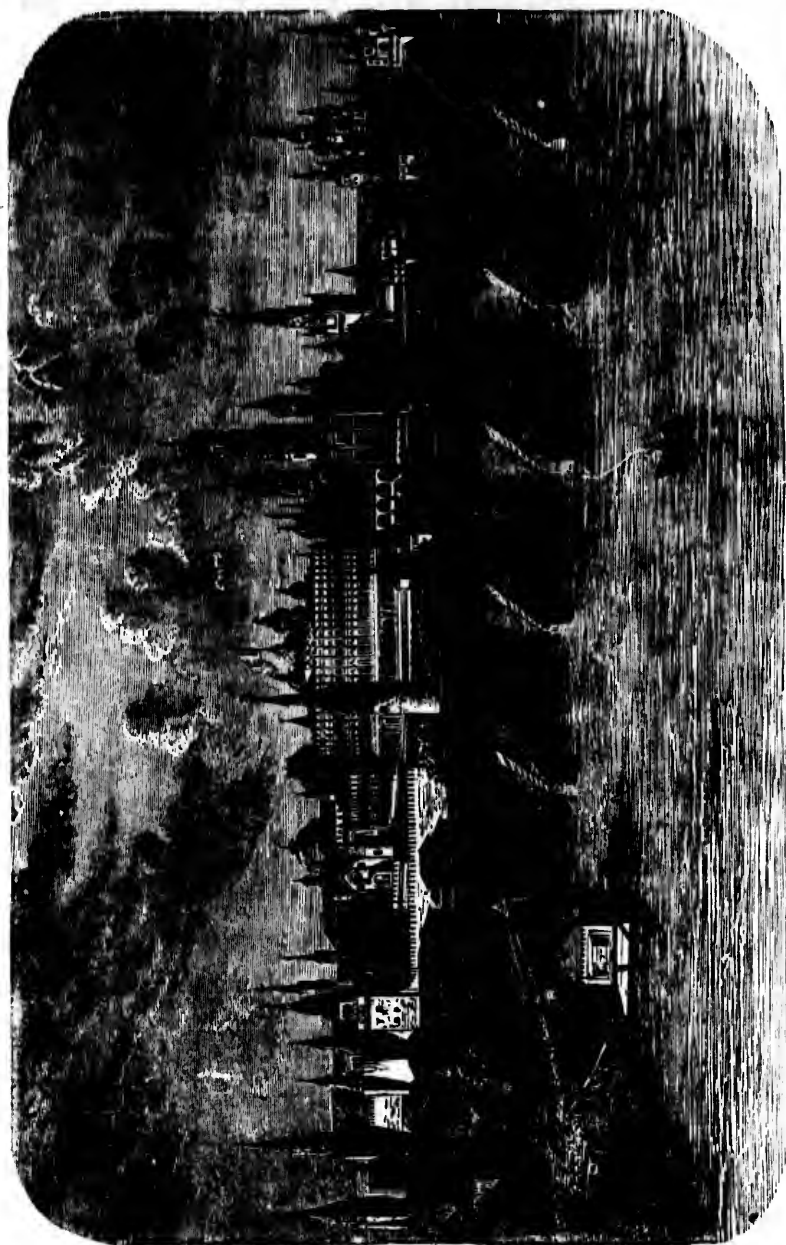
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visit to the United States. An imperial yacht was placed at the disposal of the distinguished visitor to Russia, and a delightful trip was made to Peterhoff—the Versailles of St. Petersburg. A visit was also made to the Russian man-of-war Peter the Great, where the General received a salute of twenty-one guns. Every possible social attention was paid to him during his brief stay, the Czarowitz giving him special audience, and the French ambassador a dinner in his honor. There was also a review of the fire brigade of the city for his especial benefit. Dinners, banquets and balls followed each other in quick succession, as in all the great cities through which the travellers hastened.

On the 8th of August the tourists proceeded to Moscow, the old capital of Russia. They travelled over the famous straight-line railroad, built by two American contractors, Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, and Harrison, of Philadelphia, a distance of four hundred miles. John Russell Young says of this remarkably direct road:

“When the engineers had devised their line, with its gradients, it had certain inclinations to the right and left, so that the iron road should tap some of the adjacent towns between the new and the old capitals. When the map was shown to Nicholas he simply shook his head.” He would have no such twisting road in his dominions! Taking a ruler, he placed it between Moscow and St. Petersburg, drew with a pen a red line as straight as could be between the two points, remarking, “Make your road so as to follow precisely this tracing. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and that is all there is about it. Good-day, gentlemen.”

The carriages used on this road are of superior American make. One of the handsomest was placed at



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

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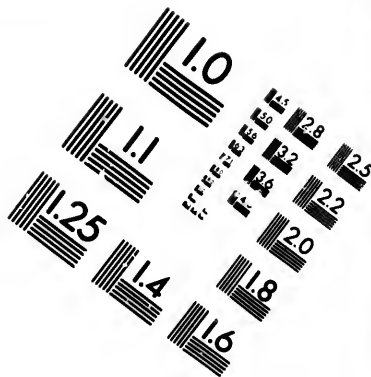
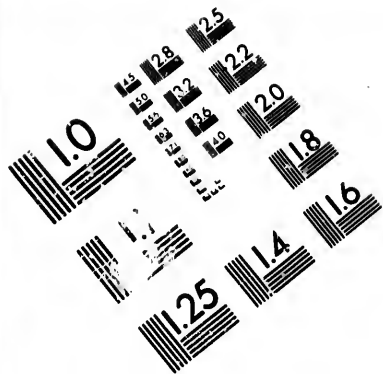
the disposal of General Grant. A large throng of Russian officers and civilians, as well as Americans, were in attendance at the station when the General reached Moscow. He was greeted with cheers and enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. Every opportunity was afforded him to see the city, which is beautifully adorned with trees and gardens, and contains a number of magnificent churches, and several gorgeous palaces. The General remained several days sight-seeing before taking his departure for Warsaw in Russian Poland. Here the party rested a few days before starting for Vienna, which place was reached on the 18th of August. Minister Kasson received the General at the station, accompanied by all the secretaries and attachés of the American legation. On the 20th of August there was an audience with his imperial highness, Francis Joseph, at the Palace of Schoenbrunn. The following day the General and Mrs. Grant dined with the imperial family. On the 22d a grand diplomatic dinner was given by the American minister, followed by a reception and ball. Every point of interest was visited in the city, and the party left for Munich, the capital of Bavaria, highly delighted with Vienna.

Several days were passed in viewing Munich and its wonderful art treasures. A day was spent at Augsburg, from which place the tour was continued through Ulm into Switzerland. There was a brief sojourn at both Schaffhausen and Zurich. From this point General Grant proceeded to Paris by way of Lyons. At Bordeaux the party remained long enough to partake of its hospitalities, which were generously proffered. One of them said:

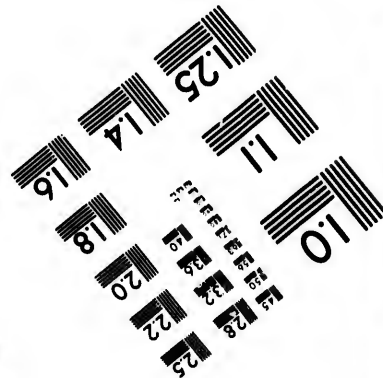
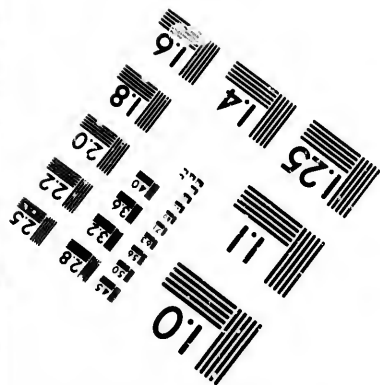
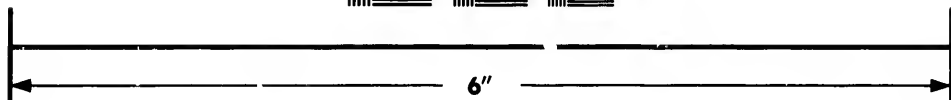
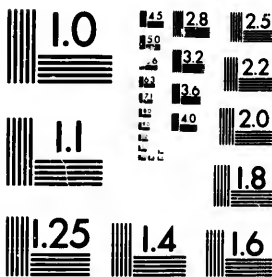
“Bordeaux gave us the idea of being one of the most prosperous cities we had visited; as the centre of a vast







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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Sciences  
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agricultural interest, controlling a product of great value, it has done its best to take advantage of the situation, and kept its commercial supremacy."

At Bordeaux General Grant received a message from his majesty, the King of Spain, who was at that time with his troops at Vittoria. The message requested the honor of a visit from the distinguished American traveller, and the General prepared without delay to respond to so high and courteous a compliment. "It was the intention of General Grant when he left Paris," says Mr. Young in his correspondence, "to make a short visit to the Pyrenees, and especially Pau.

"When General Grant reached Vittoria there were all the authorities out to see him, and he was informed that in the morning King Alfonso would meet him. Ten o'clock was the hour, and the place was a small city hall or palace, where the king resides when he comes into his capital. At ten the General called, and was escorted into an ante-room where were several aides and generals in attendance. He passed into a small room, and was greeted by the king. The room was a library, with books and a writing-table covered with papers, as though his majesty had been hard at work. When the General entered, the king gave him a seat and they entered into conversation. There was a little fencing as to whether the conversation should be in English or Spanish. The General said he knew Spanish in Mexico, but thirty-five years had passed since it was familiar to him, and he would not venture upon it now. The king was anxious to speak Spanish, but English and French were the only languages used. At eleven o'clock General Grant, King Alfonso, and a splendid retinue of generals left the king's official residence to witness the manoeuvres which were to take place on the historic field of Vittoria,

where the French, under Joseph Bonaparte and Jourdan, were finally crushed in Spain by the allies under Wellington on June 21, 1813.

“ King Alfonso and General Grant rode at the head of the column, side by side, his majesty pointing out the objects of interest to the right and the left ; and, when the vicinity of the famous field was reached, halting for a few minutes to indicate to his guest the location of the different armies on that famous June morning. As they proceeded thence, General Concha was called to the side of the king and introduced to General Grant. Several other distinguished officers were then presented. The weather was very fine, and the scene was one of great interest to the American visitor. General Grant spent the day on horseback, witnessing the manœuvres.”

On the following day a grand review was held in his honor. The king had expressed himself as very curious to see General Grant, and was pleased that their meeting had been at Vittoria. Dinners, receptions and other social festivities were given in the General's honor before his departure for Madrid, which occurred on the 28th of October. At this place he was met by our minister, James Russell Lowell, who was accompanied by Colonel Nolli, a Spanish officer of distinction, detailed to attend him. A dinner and reception was given to General Grant, and crowds visited him to pay their respects. There was a dinner at the presidency of the council, the first state dinner given since the young queen's death. In Madrid there were the picture galleries to be visited, the royal palace and the royal stables, and many places of interest and novelty to the Americans. The General had a satisfactory interview with Castelar, whom he had expressed himself as most eager to meet.

General Grant and his party visited the Palace of the Escorial, just outside of the city. "This mammoth edifice, second only to the pyramids of Egypt in size and solidity, was commenced by Philip II., to fulfil a vow made to San Lorenzo, that if the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought on the saint's day, should result favorably to him, he would erect a temple to his honor; and also to obey the injunctions of his father, the Emperor Charles V., to construct a tomb worthy of the royal family, and most magnificently did he carry out both purposes."

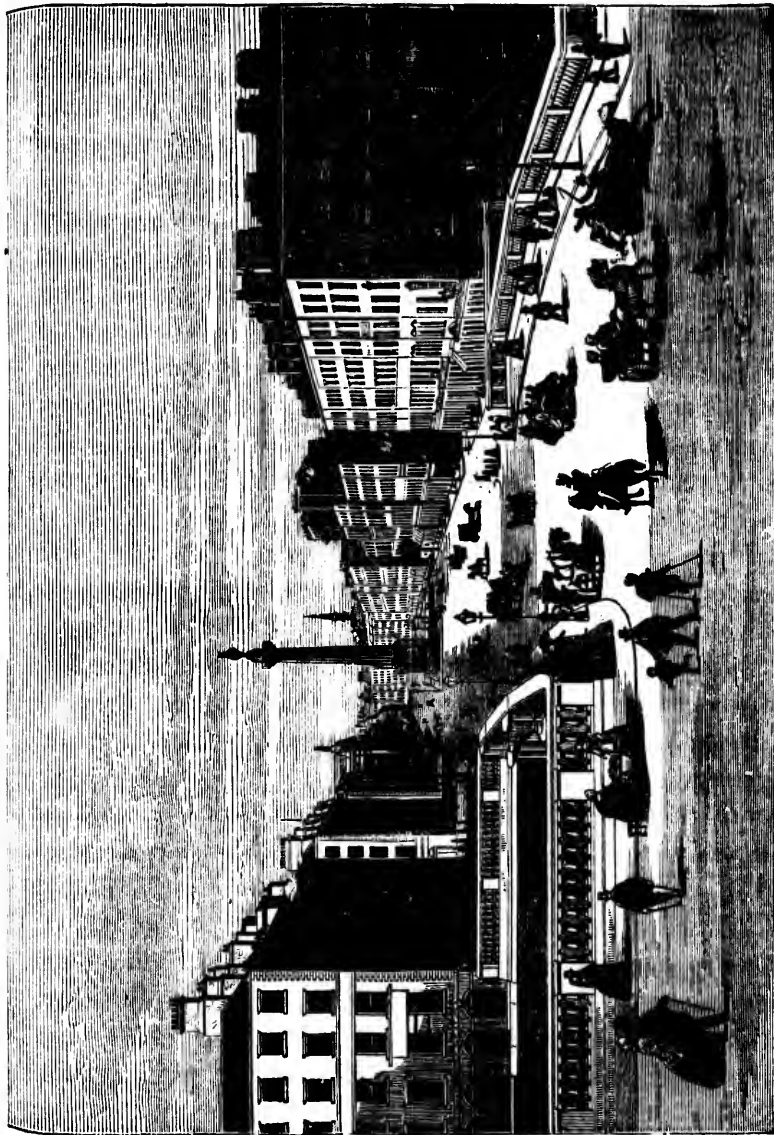
From Madrid General Grant proceeded to Portugal, where he was received by the king, Don Louis I., who came to Lisbon to welcome him.

There was an audience at the palace, the General and his wife meeting the king and queen. The king, after greeting the General in the splendid audience chamber, led him into an inner apartment away from the ministers and courtiers who were in attendance on the ceremony. They had a conversation relative to Portugal and the United States, the resources of the two countries, and the means to promote the commercial relations between Portugal and America.

The king invited him to go on a hunting expedition, among the many other modes of diversion pressed upon him, but the General was forced to plead want of time. There were several meetings between the king and the General, and a pleasant friendship grew up between them. They parted with sincere regret.

From Lisbon the tourists returned to Spain, proceeding directly to Cordova, and from thence to Seville.

A correspondent says: "Our stay in Seville was marked by an incident of a personal character worthy of veneration—the visit of General Grant to the Duke



CARLISLE BRIDGE AND SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

of Montpensier. The day after General Grant arrived in Seville the duke called on him, and the next day was spent by the General and his party in the hospitable halls and gardens of St. Elmo. The duke regretted that, his house being in mourning on account of the death of his daughter, Queen Mercedes, he could not give General Grant a more formal welcome than a quiet luncheon party. The duke, the duchess and their daughter were present, and after luncheon the General and duke spent an hour or two strolling through the gardens, which are among the most beautiful in Europe. The duke spoke a great deal of his relations with America, and especially of the part which his nephews had played in the war against the South."

From Seville the General went directly to Cadiz. He arrived at this point of his journey on the 6th of December.

After visiting Gibraltar, the party returned to Spain, thence proceeding north to Paris. Leaving Mrs. Grant with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, in England, General Grant made his trip to Ireland.

On the evening of July 2d General Grant arrived at Dublin. He was met by the lord mayor and conducted through every place of interest in the city. All the dignitaries assembled to do him honor. The freedom of the city was presented to him. All through Ireland his appearance was the signal for general enthusiasm. Multitudes thronged every station. All the towns were in gala dress, and the shipping in the harbors gay with flags.

The city authorities gave him a handsome banquet, the lord mayor presiding. On the 4th the General breakfasted with the Duke of Marlborough, and spent the rest of the day strolling about Dublin. On January

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6th, the party left for Londonderry. Here, as at Dundalk, Armagh, Strabane and other places, large crowds were assembled, and enthusiasm was general. Belfast was next visited. "The reception at this place was imposing and extraordinary. The linen and other works had stopped work, and the workmen stood in the rain by thousands. The platform of the station was covered with scarlet carpet. The mayor and members of the city council welcomed the General, who descended from the cars amid tremendous cheers. Crowds ran after the carriages, and afterward surrounded the hotel where the General was entertained."

General Grant visited all the large mills and industrial works of the city.

Every now and then the General would be greeted by an old soldier who had fought with him in the American war. "I was with the South. Hurrah for Grant!" said a man from Ulster. Thousands of working people stood hours in the pouring rain to get a glimpse of him. Indeed, his tour through Ireland was one great ovation.

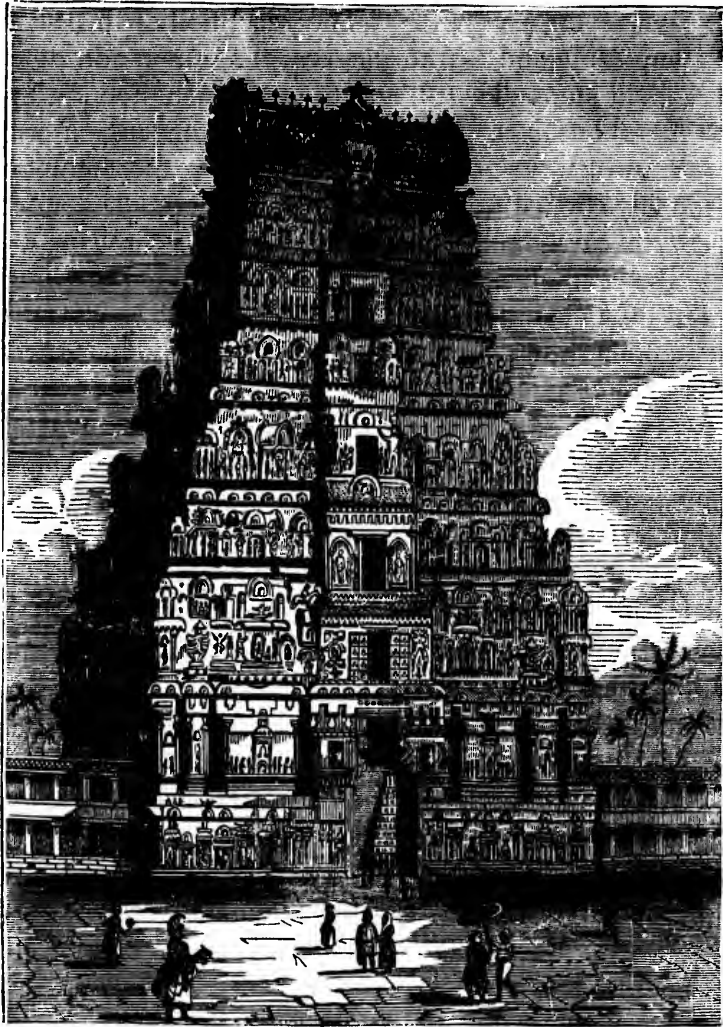
Returning to Dublin the General left his Irish friends, on the 8th, reaching London on the 9th, which day was spent as the guest of Mr. John Welsh, the American minister.

On the 13th of January the party arrived in Paris, where immediate preparations were made for a trip to India. Before departing the General was entertained by President MacMahon at a grand dinner at the Elysée. On the 21st he left Paris for Marseilles, to embark for his eastern journey.

That Grant should have been received with all the honors known to diplomatic courtesy among European potentates is not so much to be wondered at, but that his unofficial presence in the Orient called forth such



homage is astonishing, when one considers the scenes through which he passed as anything more or less than a fairy-tale. Domiciled in gorgeous palaces, taking part



PAGODA OF CHILLENBAUM, INDIA—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

in oriental receptions, riding elephants, attending religious ceremonies, hobnobbing with barbaric princes over strange dishes, at banquets indescribably magnificent

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and outlandish—all this, to which were added great military reviews and social formalities without numbers, Grant calmly passed through during his stay in India, treating each new experience as if it were a matter of course, and losing not an opportunity to add to his increasing stock of information as to the world and its devious ways.

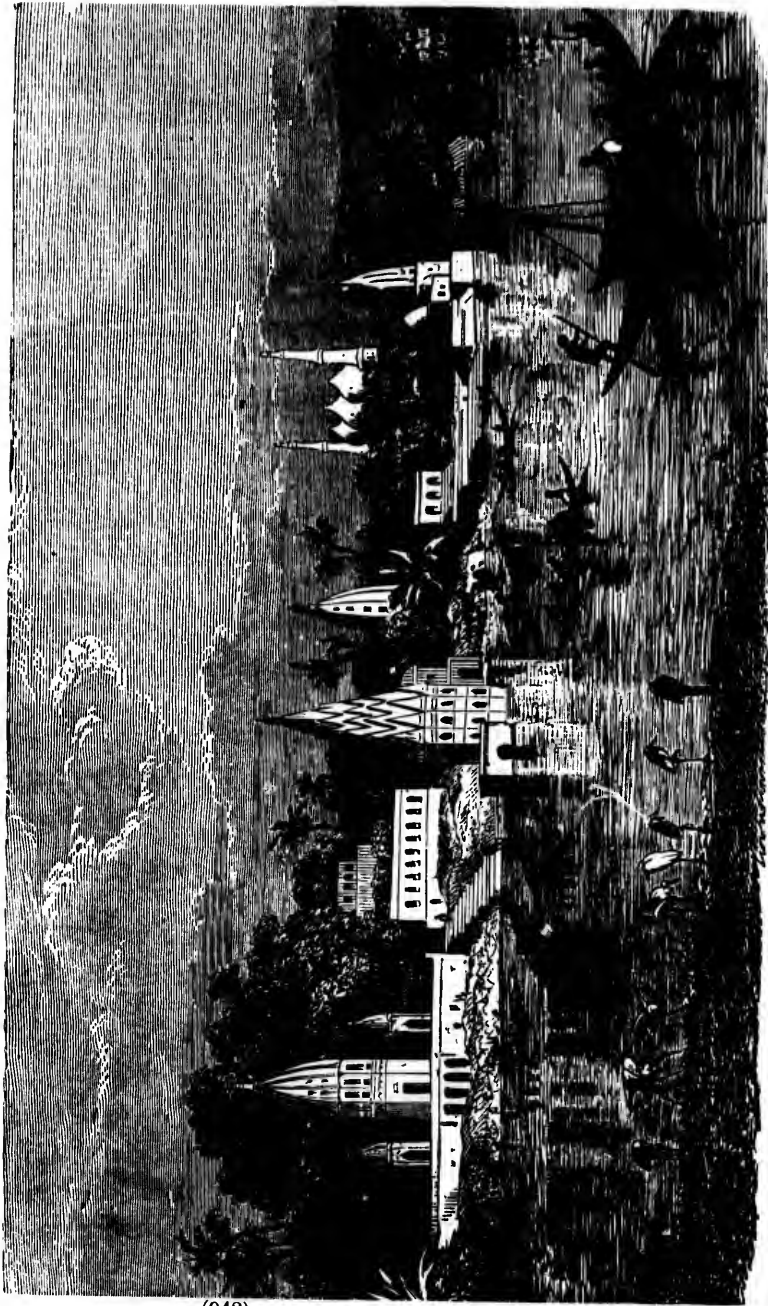
The party for the trip to India was composed of General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Mr. A. E. Borie, Dr. Keating, of Philadelphia, a nephew of Mr. Borie and John Russell Young.

On the 25th of January the last farewells were spoken, and the party went aboard the government yacht, landing at the Apollo Bunder—the spot where the Prince of Wales landed. At Bombay General Grant was entertained at the Government House on Malabar Point. This point was in “other days a holy place of the Hindoos. Here was a temple, and it was also believed that if those who sinned made a pilgrimage to the rocks there would be expiation or regeneration of soul.”

The party visited the Marble Rocks at Tatulpur; thence Allahabad and Agra, arriving at Jeypore on the 24th.

At Jeypore he was royally entertained by the Maharajah, an Indian prince of wide renown, and every opportunity afforded him to view the country. An immense elephant was placed at his disposal, and attendants by the score bidden to anticipate his every wish.

Native bands performed as he dined, and dancing-girls were sent to divert the American mind from serious thought. One can imagine the utterly irresponsible demeanor of the recipient of these playful services. But these customs of a foreign land were to be witnessed as



THE GANGES, THE SACRED RIVER OF THE HINDOOS—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

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a part of the programme, and the resigned spectator laid the curious sights away in his receptive brain for future reference.

At Bhurtpoor the Maharajah also received General Grant as his special guest. The British officers attached to the court were with the prince. There was a blare of trumpets and roll of drums, and all the ceremony attendant upon a native prince who was in uniform and glittering with jewels.

It would take volumes to describe this journey through the land of ruins, tombs, and palaces. The tourists proceeded on through Lucknow, Calcutta, Delhi—"the city of sorrow and desolation"—through Benares, sacred to the Hindoos, as also to the Buddhists (the city of priests), and, finally, across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon, leaving Hindostan and its customs to come upon an entirely different people. A special invitation from the King of Siam drew the illustrious traveller to the strange city of Bangkok, sometimes termed the "Venice of the East." Here he was received at the palace of the "Supreme King of Siam." Music and salvos of artillery met him as he landed, and he was escorted into the presence of his highness by the king's private secretary, a nobleman of high rank. A royal dinner and effusive ceremonies followed.

The tour led on to Hong-Kong, for which point General Grant sailed from Singapore on the 23d of April. The usual hospitalities of a ceremonious land followed. Thence the journey was continued to Canton, where honors never before bestowed upon a foreigner were received. Forts blazed a welcome, and long lines of Chinese gunboats were drawn up to fire the national salute. The celestial kingdom was enjoying a novel sensation, and the emperor, having made a "new departure,"

seemed bent on showing his guest every attention that could honor and astonish a western barbarian.

A gorgeous and characteristic reception was given by the viceroy, succeeded by entertainments of various kinds, among them banquets quite as prolific of curiosity as of appetite. Magnificent presents, according to the custom of the country, were bestowed upon the distinguished traveller. At Shanghai a *fête* unparalleled in magnificence awaited him. At Tientsin he met the famous viceroy Li Hung Chang, sometimes called "the Bismarck of the East."

This "great viceroy took the deepest interest in the coming of General Grant. He was of the same age as the General. They won their victories at the same time—the Southern rebellion ending in April, the Taeping rebellion in July, 1865. As the viceroy said: 'General Grant and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history.' Those who have studied the Taeping rebellion will not think that Li Hung Chang coupled himself with General Grant in a spirit of boasting.

"The General formed a high opinion of the viceroy as a statesman of resolute and far-seeing character. This opinion was formed after many conversations—official, ceremonial and personal."

The viceroy could think of no attention too great to bestow upon his brother warrior. Enthusiastic demonstrations were made upon his arrival. A royal chair, such as is used only by emperors, bore him into the presence of the viceroy, who stood awaiting him among his mandarins.

It must have been a curious scene, this meeting between these two extraordinary men, types of Eastern and Western civilization. Long conversations took

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GENERAL GRANT AND LI-HUNG CHANG, VICEROY OF CHINA.

place between the statesmen during Grant's stay. The viceroy seemed never to tire of asking questions concerning the United States, and no man was better prepared than the ex-President to afford information. They parted, having formed a high mutual opinion of each other.

To say that this unusual opportunity for exchange of intelligent ideas concerning the two great antipodal nations was merely interesting is but a half expression of its importance. The result could be nothing less than an advance in civilization.

From Tientsin the party proceeded to Peking, where Chinese attentions were lavished profusely upon the General.

"On the 3d day of June, shortly after midday, we saw in the distance the walls and towers of Peking. As we neared the city the walls loomed up and seemed harsh and forbidding, built with care and strength as if to defend the city. We came to a gate and were carried through a stone arched way, and halted, so that a new escort could join the General's party."

General Grant was met at Peking by a message from Prince Kung, saying his imperial highness would be glad to see General Grant. The interview took place on the following day. The prince "expected to see a uniformed person, a man of the dragon or lion species, who could make a great noise. What he saw was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman in evening dress, who had ridden a long way in the dust and sun, and who was looking in subdued dismay at sweetmeats, dishes of birds' nest soup, sharks' fins, roast ducks, bamboo sprouts and a tea-pot with a hob, insipid tippie made of rice, tasting like a remembrance of sherry, which was poured into small silver cups. The dinner differed



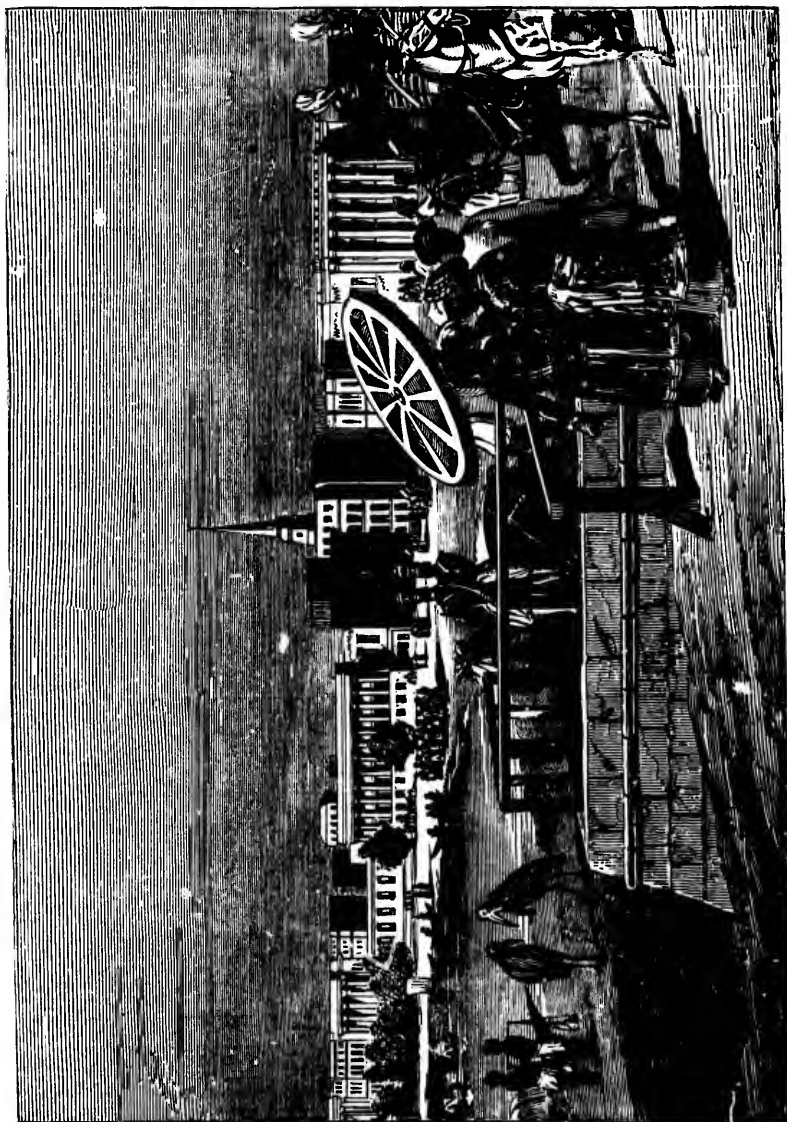
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CALCUTTA—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.



from those in Tientsin, Canton, Shanghai, in the fact that it was more quiet. There was no display of parade, no crowd of dusky servants and retainers hanging around and looking on, as though at a comedy."

General Grant's interview with Prince Kung was a ventilation of republican views, his highness seeming desirous also of "making hay while the sun shone." He desired to secure the General's good offices in regard to a difficulty with Japan, adding "that he knew General Grant would always have a vast influence upon all nations." Grant responded that he was going to Japan, and that "if the opportunity occurred of presenting the views of China to the Japanese cabinet he would do so." Such was the influence of the undemonstrative American, whose force had borne him irresistibly into the confidence of the ancient and conservative nations of the world.

The General had looked forward to his visit to the great wall of China with curiosity and pleasure. Sailing along the northern coast of the China sea, the end of this wonderful structure was seen jutting out into the water. Landing, a flight of stone steps were ascended, and the party found themselves in a temple, from which was enjoyed a magnificent view of the surrounding sea and country. The General, practical always, "believed," as he inspected the unique work, "that the labor expended on this wall would have built every railroad in the United States, every canal and highway and most, if not all, of our cities."

It was late in the afternoon before the party were again under way. Crossing the gulf, morning found the vessel at Cheefoo, a summer resort for European residents of Shanghai and Tientsin. Here a fleet of gunboats were awaiting the arrival; flags streamed upon



A CHINESE PAGODA, AS SEEN BY GENERAL GRANT.

(949)

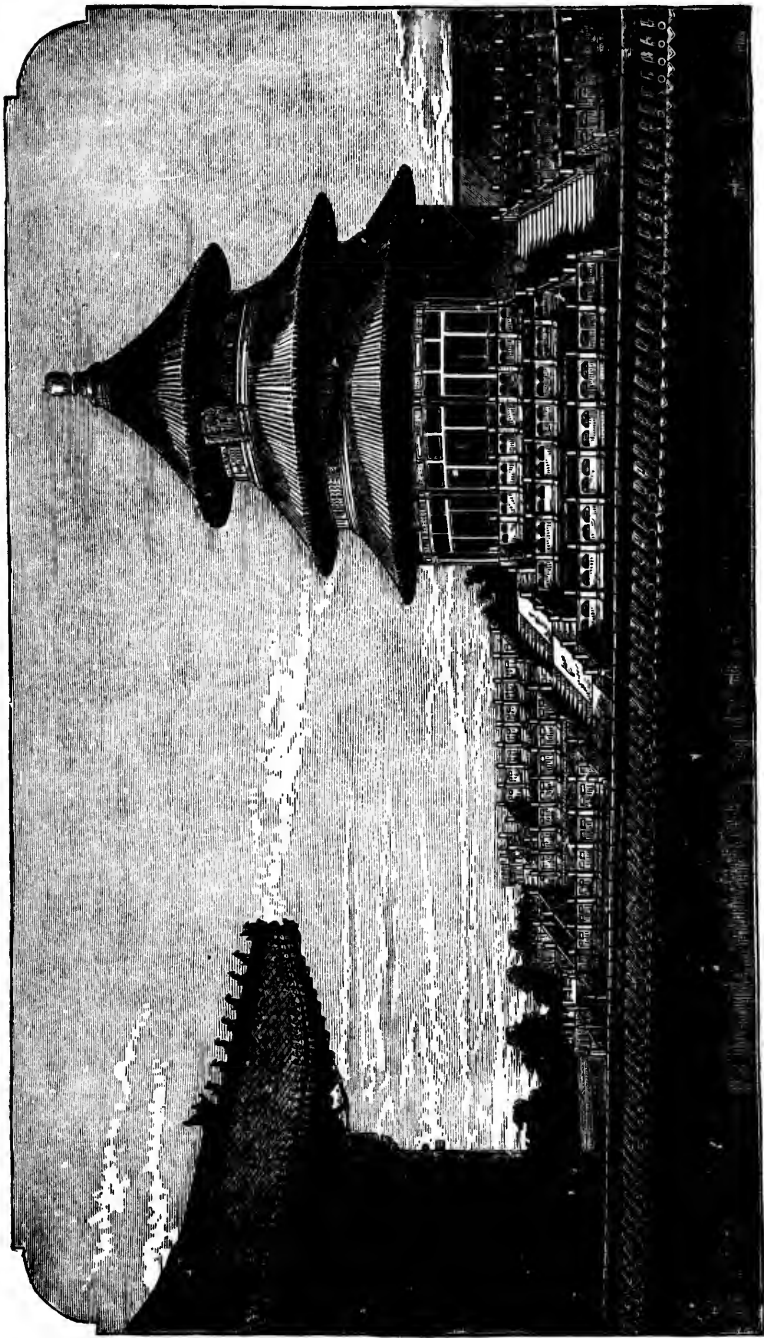
the warm air, native music struggled with American national airs, and a throng awaited Grant's landing. He was borne in a yellow satin chair of honor, preceded by mounted Chinese officers into the town, where a grand reception was prepared for him. In the evening there was an illumination and fireworks, and a native procession followed as he took his departure. As the vessel moved out into the stream the novel demonstration of a midnight salute took place.

The Chinese gunboats thundered forth gun after gun. The General's vessel responded, as it slowly disappeared in the midst of dense clouds of smoke. This was Grant's last farewell to China.

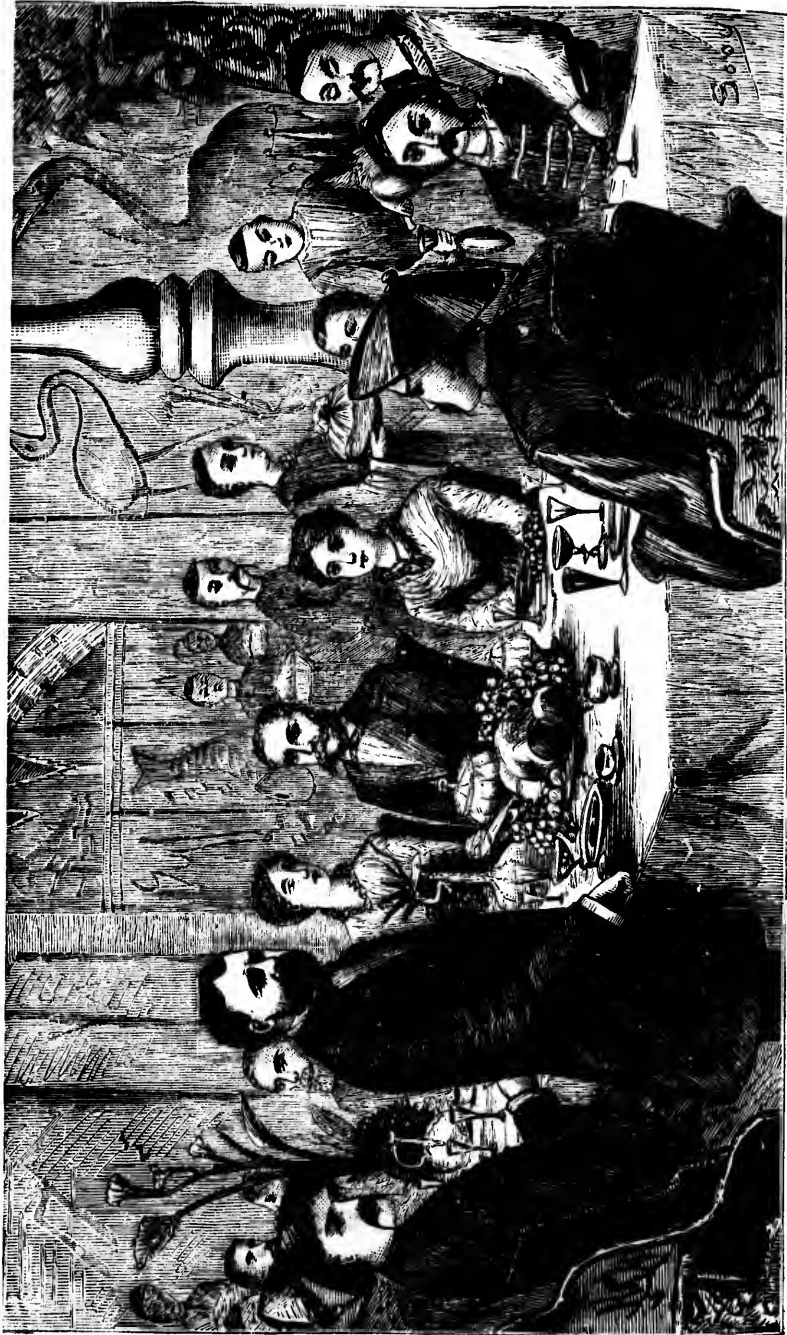
The rapidly-strengthening friendship between Japan and the United States called forth an enthusiastic demonstration of welcome to the General from that country.

The party was received by a salute of twenty-one guns. The royal barge approached, bringing to the vessel Prince Dati, a dignitary of the very highest rank, as representative of the emperor. He was attended by Mr. Yoshida and the governor, all attired in the richest of court costumes. The reception was purely Japanese. Long lines of native troops were drawn up along the way to the quarters prepared for the distinguished guest, and all the principal citizens of the town came out to give him welcome. The entire road was decorated with flags, American and Japanese, entwined with floral arches.

After the national greeting, the foreign consuls were presented in a body by the American consul, Mr. Mangum. After these a delegation representing the foreign residents of all nationalities in Nagasaki. Addresses were made, and a visit paid to the Fair, which was in progress. The General and Mrs. Grant planted



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN, CHINA—VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.



GENERAL GRANT DINING WITH PRINCE KUNG OF CHINA.

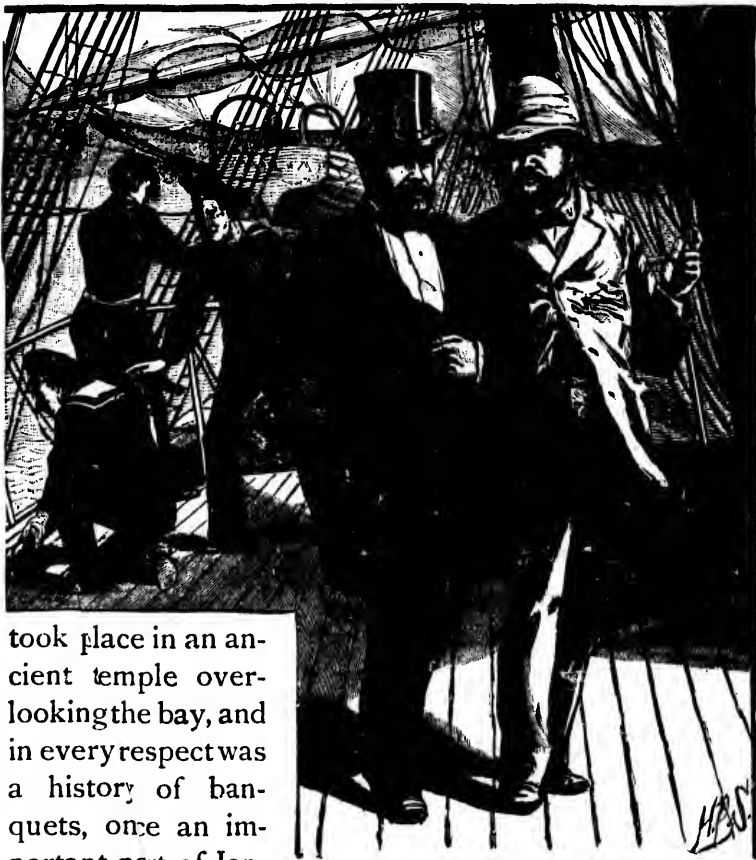
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trees, by request, in the grounds. A monument is said to be erected near in honor of the illustrious visit.

The most interesting entertainment afforded the General, during his stay in Nagasaki, was a dinner given him in the style of the feudal lords of Japan. The *fête*



took place in an ancient temple overlooking the bay, and in every respect was a history of banquets, one an important part of Japanese ceremonial.

GENERAL GRANT TAKING A MORNING WALK ON BOARD THE STEAMER RICHMOND.

There were more than fifty courses strange to America; and, as in the days of the daimios, native music accompanied the banquet. A revival of a peculiar custom brought in the daughters of the leading merchants and



citizens of Nagasaki as singers. They were costumed according to the departed days of fast-changing Japan. The song, an original composition, was in honor of General Grant and his warrior deeds, sung in the native tongue.

Every one of the five days spent in Nagasaki was filled with attention and pleasure. All places of interest were visited, the citizens vying with each other in hospitality.

General Grant's visit to Sumida was most interesting, because it enabled him to get a glimpse of Japan untouched by foreign habits. The bay of Sumida is not open to the world, but, as the guest of the emperor, Grant was cordially received. His arrival was celebrated by a *fête*, a Japanese breakfast and the usual curious display of fireworks. All the town followed him to the beach as he took his departure. The following day he arrived at Yokohama.

The landing of Japan's distinguished guest was upon Japanese territory. The imperial barge bore him from the Richmond amid salutes from all the vessels in the harbor. An eye-witness says:

"The scene was wonderfully grand—the roar of cannon, the clouds of smoke wandering off over the waters; the stately, noble vessels streaming with flags; the yards manned with seamen; the guards on deck; the officers in full uniform gathered on the quarter-deck to salute the General as he passed; the music and the cheers which came from the Japanese and the merchant ships; the crowds that clustered on the wharves; the city; and, over all, a clear, mild, July day, with grateful breezes ruffling the sea. In waiting upon the Admiralty wharf were the royal personages of the Japanese empire. After the reception the party proceeded to Tokio. Upon





JAPANESE MUSICIANS PLAYING FOR GENERAL GRANT.



the arrival of the train an address of welcome was read by the citizens, after which the General was conveyed, in the emperor's private carriage, to his temporary residence—the emperor's summer palace of Enriokwan.



GENERAL GRANT MEETING THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

Dense throngs of people lined the way, music sounded, and arches of floral welcome met the sight on every hand.

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The General was, soon after his arrival, granted an audience with the emperor. The empress was with him, the cabinet being also present. It was significant that the emperor shook hands with General Grant, an act of amenity hitherto unknown to the empire. A royal address of welcome from the Emperor was read, and responded to by the General. This was followed by a pretty little address of greeting to Mrs. Grant from the empress, to which the lady responded gracefully:

"I thank you very much. I have visited many countries, and have seen many beautiful places, but I have seen none so beautiful and so charming as Japan."

"The emperor and empress have agreeable faces, the emperor especially showing firmness and kindness. The solemn etiquette that pervaded the audience-chamber was peculiar, and might appear strange to those familiar with the stately but cordial manners of a European court. But one must remember that the emperor holds so high and so sacred a place in the traditions, the religion and the political system of Japan, that even the ceremony of to-day is so far in advance of anything of the kind ever known in Japan that it might be called a revolution."

General and Mrs. Grant during their stay in Japan were the recipients of many and unusual attentions from the emperor and empress.

During the Fourth of July the General held a reception attended by all the dignitaries of the empire. The emperor reviewed his troops for the benefit of his guest, and at the close of the brilliant pageant received the General and his party at dinner in the Shila palace.

Notwithstanding the torrid weather endured, ceremonies followed fast during the travellers' sojourn in Yokohama. The General gave several entertainments,

dining the native princes, the prime ministers, Japanese officials, and many prominent citizens.

The emperor sought a lengthy personal interview with General Grant. After a discussion of governmental matters, the General took occasion to redeem his promise to the Emperor of China on the question of



GENERAL GRANT VISITS THE JAPANESE POTTERY.

Loochoo. The prime minister responded that "Japan would do what she could, without yielding her dignity, to preserve the best relations." An interesting and informal political discussion followed.

This opportunity for direct communication with the emperor gave Grant pre-eminent advantage as a peace

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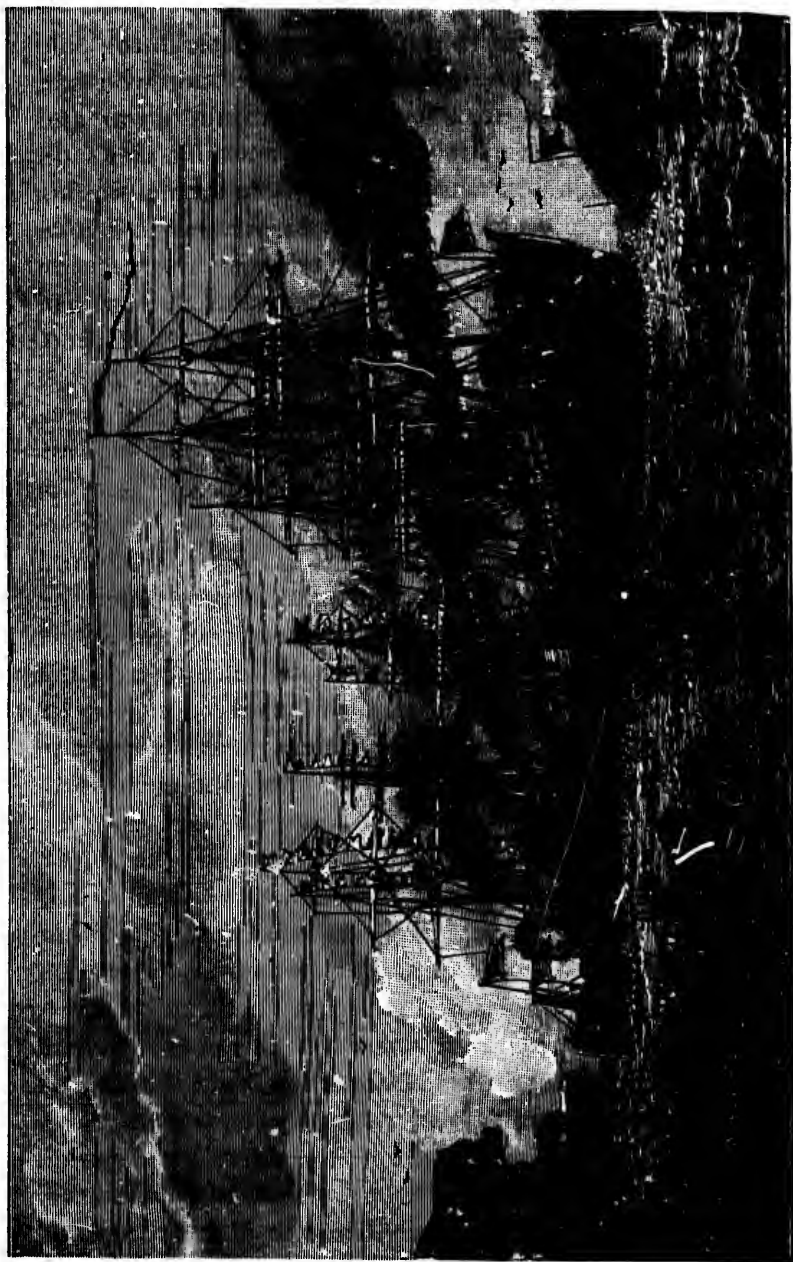
maker between the Eastern countries. Without the pale of official life, a disinterested adviser, and one who had proven his own high ability to rule through war and peace, he was urged to give expression to his views on government policy in whatever kingdom or empire his wandering steps led him. Japan was as eager to invoke his good offices in the matter of securing the revision of treaties which crippled her revenues in the interest of British trade as China was in the matter of Loochoo. Grant never sought the responsibilities which foreign rulers strangely expected him to incur. They were thrust upon him, giving a weighty meaning to his pleasure trip, the result of which will undoubtedly bear its fruit.

The General made a visit to the ancient shrine and temple of Nikko. It was at this point that he met the representatives of the Japanese Government, holding a conference with them concerning the difficulty on the Loochoo question. Upon separating, the commissioners, on behalf of Japan, expressed thanks and gratitude for his interest and advice. A number of interesting and novel *fêtes* were given at Nikko. The priests of the temple escorted the General to the end of the town.

At Nyeno a grand public festival was given in honor of the American visitor. The emperor's presence lent royal brilliancy to the event. It was computed that "hundreds of thousands" lined the roadway by which General Grant's carriage passed. This was the final entertainment given in his honor: the highest mark of public esteem possible.

After a short visit to Hakone, the traveller prepared for his homeward trip.

A dinner, given by Prince Uati, at Tokio, preceded the departure; also, several entertainments by Ameri-



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO IN THE STEAMER CITY OF TOKIO.

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can and English residents. Admiral Patterson, as a "farewell," dined the officers of various foreign vessels on the Richmond. In great splendor and formality the General took his leave of the emperor. The addresses were significant and carefully prepared, and the *adieux* on both sides affectionate and sincere. The departure was attended with great display and ceremony. The demonstrations on land and sea were of the most flattering nature. Surely never has such homage been paid to man by the nations of the world. The tour is a romance that will grow more astonishing with time. Its rare significance is the drawing together of the peoples of the earth; its moral in the life of the man who loved his fellowman beyond himself.

General Grant proceeded directly to San Francisco. The reception upon his arrival is yet fresh in the remembrance of Americans. The city blazed with illuminations, cannon reverberated along the brown hills; plaudits rent the air; the entire populace came out to greet the returned traveller. It was a home-coming that can never be surpassed in true and heart-felt welcome.

General Grant remained for several weeks the guest of San Francisco, receiving numerous and flattering attentions. "On the 23d of September General and Mrs. Grant were formally presented by the municipal authorities to the citizens of San Francisco. The ceremonies took place at the city hall, and were elaborate and imposing." The General and his party made a trip to the famous Yosemite valley, returning to San Francisco on the 8th of October.

After visiting several western cities, where he was handsomely entertained, the General returned to San Francisco for his leave-taking. A magnificent banquet was given in his honor at the Palace Hotel.

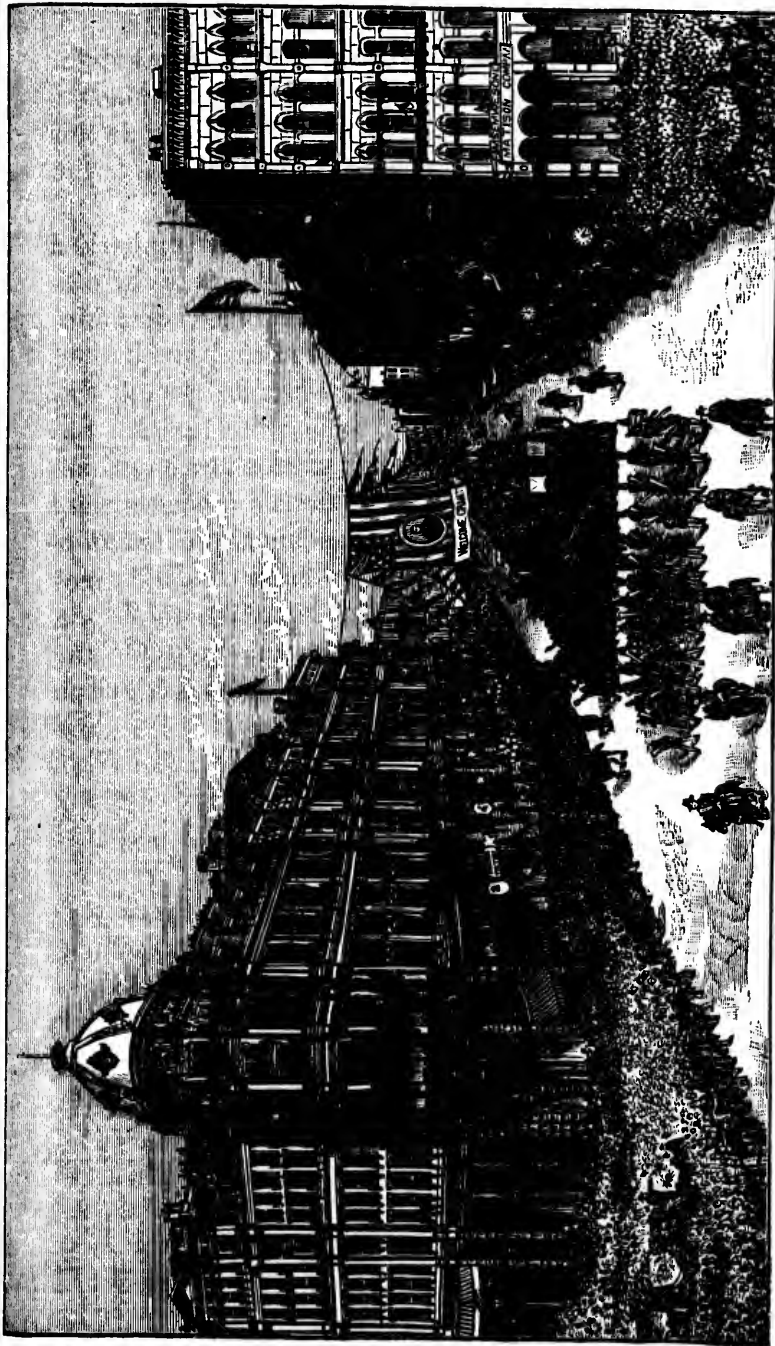
On the 3th of November he was enthusiastically welcomed by his friends in his own home at Galena, Ill. Here he enjoyed a few days' rest, starting on the 12th for Chicago, to attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. Great demonstrations were made in his honor; and on the morning of the 13th an immense reception was given him by the Union Veteran Club, at McVicker's Theatre. General Grant was welcomed with unusual honors by the cities of Logansport, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg.

"General Grant and his party passed the night on board of the special train at Harrisburg. An early start was made for Philadelphia, at which point the General's journey around the world came to an end. The great city had made the most magnificent preparations for the reception of its distinguished guest, and there can be no question that the reception was one of the most tremendous ovations ever tendered any man in the United States." There was a moving column of over twelve miles in length, which occupied six hours in passing any given point. The city was magnificently arched and decorated, and the vast throng that welcomed him manifested the heartiest cordiality. "General Grant's carriage was heralded blocks ahead—to the ear by the shouts of applause, and to the eye by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. As his carriage reached the front of Independence Hall, a round of applause greeted him, the bell tolled forth a salute, and this was the signal for a general outburst of enthusiasm all along the line."

The General remained two weeks in Philadelphia, the recipient of the most cordial attentions on the part of the citizens.

General Grant continued his trip through the southern





GRANT'S RECEPTION IN CHICAGO—REVIEWING THE PROCESSION FROM THE PALMER HOUSE.



States, finally embarking on the steamer Admiral for Havana. At Havana he was the recipient of the heartiest hospitality. An official banquet was given in his honor at the palace. Many distinguished persons were present.

On the 13th of February General Grant embarked for Vera Cruz, where he was cordially received by officials and citizens. While here the General visited Molino del Rey. "It was at the portal in the surrounding wall of these buildings that the desperate assault was made by the Americans which drove the Mexicans out like rats toward Chapultepec, half a mile away, and immortalized the spot in our national annals. The ancient walls plainly show the marks of bullets and of cannonballs. A plain monument upon the crest of a hill gives due token of the event. It was here that General Grant, then a young lieutenant, won his captaincy." On the 20th of March General Grant bade adieu to his Mexican friends, retracing his route homeward.

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## CHAPTER LXVII.

### THE CONVENTION OF 1880.

General Grant on a third term—His return from Europe—The movement for his nomination—The acrimony aroused—The convention—Conkling's masterly oration—The 306—Garfield nominated—Blaine's State lost—Grant to the rescue—What the result proved—An interview with the General on the subject.

TOWARDS the close of General Grant's second term as President there were many absurd newspaper publications charging him with an ambition for another term. Nothing could have been farther from the truth, yet persistent dwelling upon the subject had almost convinced the country that he really had longings in that direction. Therefore, a discussion sprang up, which was idle enough, yet which created much interest at the time. To a great many very good, yet quite mistaken people, a third term was a Pandora's box full of evils. It meant Cæsarism, and tyranny, and a life tenure of office, and a reigning family, and self-election and a great many other similar things. So warm did the discussion become that at last, in reply to a letter, General Grant was led into an utterance on the subject. In it he said:

"It may happen in the future history of the country that to change an executive because he has been eight years in office will prove unfortunate, if not disastrous. The idea that any man could elect himself President is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing possible. Any man can destroy his chances for an office, but no man can force an election, or even a nomination. To recapitulate: I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for renomination. I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise."

General Grant showed that he meant this thoroughly

by not allowing his name to go before the national convention, which met shortly after. But he also put on record his opinion that a third term for any President, if his re-election seemed demanded by the exigencies of the times, would be neither alarming nor unconstitutional. He had too much confidence in his country to be alarmed by such a bugaboo. At the same time he felt no desire for any further public service. To use his own language when his second term was ended, "I feel like a boy out of school."

When the General returned from his trip around the world he was at the height of his popularity. His splendid bearing before the nations of Europe had made the country very proud of him. He was, at the time, the most conspicuous man in the world. He had acquired a knowledge of international affairs under circumstances unparalleled. He had a broad experience of his own country behind this. He was a man singularly equipped for the duties of the executive chair, and, irresistibly, the eyes of the country were turned to him.

His party had a distinct reason of expediency in asking for his nomination. Every Southern State voted the Democratic ticket and the majority of the Northern States voted the Republican ticket. This made the political division also a sectional division, and the best interests of the country demanded that it should be broken up. It placed the republic in a situation dangerously similar to that which had preceded the Rebellion, and the national instincts of patriotism were opposed to it. General Grant was the only man who could accomplish the change. He had a record of undeviating friendship for both sections, which was possessed by no other man in public life.

Out of these causes grew the movement for Grant's re-nomination in 1880. Without his knowledge and without any consultation with him, the agitation began. It extended rapidly until it reached formidable proportions. It was supported by the great leaders of his party, and it was sustained by the majority of the masses. It was a logical idea and it grew to powerful proportions almost in a day.

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But it had its opposition too. There were candidates for the office who had waited long and anxiously. They were willing to use all the weapons of politics against the friends of General Grant, but the ordinary ones would not do. The exploded scandals of past campaigns could not be revamped. He had been lifted so high that scurrility would injure those who used it. Something new must be found.

In this situation the baseless fear of the danger in a third term naturally suggested itself. It could be used effectively and under a mask of patriotism. It involved a new experiment and republics are most conservative in their regard for precedents and traditions. It was recruited. The sole plan of campaign of those opposed to Grant was to manufacture sentiment against a third term. They worked constantly and vigorously. The campaign grew acrid and bitter. The complexion of every delegation was watched with the most intense interest. Rarely before had the country been wrought to such a pitch of excitement.

Meanwhile General Grant remained silent. He could not refuse the nomination because it had not been tendered him. He had already expressed himself on the subject of a third term, and there was absolutely nothing further for him to say. Perhaps he did have an ambition for four more years of the Presidency. Since his last term he had learned a great deal and he knew that he could bring to the duties of the office a full knowledge, which would be of advantage to his country. It is probable, too, that as the struggle advanced, and he saw his motives misconstrued and a position attributed to him which he had never held, that a natural desire to overcome his detractors was born in his breast. However this may be, it is quite certain that he finally became disgusted with the struggle and the morning of the meeting of the convention, telegraphed a leading Republican, then at Chicago, not to allow his name to go before the body. This telegram was suppressed.

In June, 1880, the Republican National Convention met in Chicago. It was in many respects one of the

most striking assemblages ever gathered in this country. Never were so many party leaders brought together. The excitement ran very high and the most intense anxiety was felt in the result. Conkling, Cameron and Logan constituted the triumvirate which led the Grant forces. His opponents were divided among different aspirants, of whom Blaine was the most prominent. Sherman, Edmunds, Washburne and Windom were also put in nomination.

Senator Roscoe Conkling naturally was chosen to place General Grant in nomination, and when he arose there was the greatest enthusiasm. In his slow, measured tones he delivered the following magnificent oration:

"When asked whence comes our candidate, we say from Appomattox. [Applause.] Obeying instructions, I should never dare to disregard expressing also my own firm conviction, I rise in behalf of the State of New York to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win. The election before us will be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide whether, for years to come, the country shall be Republican or Cossack. The need of the hour is a candidate who can carry the doubtful States, North and South, and believing that he, more surely than any other can, can carry New York against any opponent, and can carry not only the North, but several States of the South. New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. He alone of living Republicans has carried New York as a Presidential candidate. Once he carried it, even according to a Democratic count, and twice he carried it by the people's votes, and he is stronger now; the Republican party with its standard in his hand is stronger now than in 1868 or 1872. Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by living man. His services attest his greatness, and the country knows them by heart. His fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done, and dangers and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for

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any other on whom the Nation leans with such confidence and trust. Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, and having filled all lands with his renown, modest, firm, simple and self-poised, he has seen not only the titled, but the poor and the lowly in the uttermost ends of the earth rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and the defects of many systems of Government, and he comes back a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense which so conspicuously distinguished him while the fierce light beat upon him throughout the most eventful, trying and perilous sixteen years of the Nation's history. Never having had a policy to enforce against the will of the people, he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never betray or desert him. Vilified and reviled, ruthlessly aspersed by numberless presses, not in other lands, but in his own, assaults upon him have strengthened and seasoned his hold on the public heart. The ammunition of calumny has all been exploded; the powder has all been burned once. Its force is spent, and Grant's name will glitter as a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the Republic when those who have tried to tarnish it have moldered in forgotten graves, and their memories and epitaphs have vanished utterly; never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever in peace, as in war, shown the very genius of common sense. The terms he prescribed for Lee's surrender foreshadowed the wisest principles and prophecies of the true reconstruction; victor in the greatest of modern wars, he quickly signalized his aversion to war and his love of peace by an arbitration of international disputes, which stands as the wisest and most majestic example of the kind in the world's diplomacy. When inflation at the height of its popularity and frenzy had swept both houses of Congress, it was the veto of Grant which, single and alone, overthrew expansion and cleared the way for specie resumption. To him, immeasurably more than to any other man, is due the fact that every paper dollar is as good as gold. With him as our leader,

we shall have no defensive campaign, no apologies or explanations to make; the shafts and arrows have all been aimed at him, and they lie broken at his feet. Life, liberty and property will find a safeguard in him. When he said of the black men in Florida, 'Wherever I am they may come also,' he meant that had he power to help it, the poor dwellers in the cabins of the South should not be driven in terror from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their murdered dead. When he refused to receive Dennis Kearney in California, he meant that lawlessness and Communism, although it should dictate laws to a whole city, everywhere would meet a foe in him, and that popular or unpopular, he will hew to the line of right, let the chips fly where they may. His integrity, common sense, his courage and unequalled experience are the qualities offered to his country. The only argument against accepting them would amaze Solomon. He thought there could be nothing new under the sun. Having tried Grant twice and found him faithful, we are told we must not, even after an interval of years, trust him again. What stultification does not such a fallacy involve? The American people exclude Jefferson Davis from public trust. Why? Because he was the arch-traitor and would-be destroyer, and now the same people are asked to ostracize Grant, and not to trust him. Why? Because he was the arch-preserver of his country; because, not only in war, but afterwards twice as Civil Magistrate, he gave his highest, noblest effort to the Republic. Is such absurdity an electioneering juggle or hypocrisy's masquerade? There is no field of human activity, responsibility or reason in which a rational being's object to an agent because he had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, and because he has unequalled experience, making him exceptionally competent and fit. From the man who shoes your horse to the lawyer who pleads your cause, the officer who manages your railway or your mill, the doctor into whose hands you give your life, the minister who seeks to save your soul, what man do you reject because you have tried him, and by his works have known him? What makes

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the Presidential office an exception to all things else in the common sense to be applied to selecting its incumbent? Who dares to put fetters on the free choice and judgment which is the birthright of the American people? Can it be said that Grant has used official place and power to perpetuate his power? He has no place, and official power has not been asked for him. Without patronage or power, without telegraph wires running from his house to this convention, without election contrivances [Cries of 'Oh! Oh!' and laughter], without effort on his part, his name is on his country's lips, and he is struck at by the whole Democratic party, because his nomination will be the death-blow to Democratic success. He is struck at by others who find offense and disqualification in the very services he has rendered, and in the very experience he has gained. Show me a better man; name one and I am answered; but do not point as a disqualification to the very facts which make this man fit beyond all others. Let not experience disqualify or excellence impeach him. There is no third term in the case, and the pretense will die with the political dog-days which generated it. Nobody is really worried about a third term except those hopelessly longing for a first term, and the dupes they have made. This Convention is master of a supreme opportunity. It can name the next President of the United States, and make sure of his election and his peaceful inauguration. It can break the power which dominates and mildews the South. It can speed the Nation in a career of grandeur, eclipsing all past achievements. We have only to listen above the din and look beyond the dust of an hour to behold the Republican party advancing to victory, with its greatest Marshal at its head. [Tremendous applause.]"

Mr. Conkling's nominating speech, unparalleled in political oratory, was received with the wildest delight. The great building fairly shook with the transports of applause, and, had the balloting taken place then, General Grant would unquestionably have been nominated.

But it was not to be. The resources of other ambi-



tions were too great, and the acrimony which had grown up during the preliminary campaign was too bitter. Upon the thirty-sixth ballot James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was nominated, both the leading candidates having been defeated. Upon the first ballot Grant had received 305 votes. On the last he received 313. His average vote throughout was 306. His supporters had never deserted their colors.



GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The campaign opened gloomily. Mr. Garfield had not been the choice of his party. The anti-convention struggle had been so bitter that Republicans felt that either Grant or Blaine should be nominated. There were grave factional differences and both factions were disappointed. There was apathy everywhere, and defeat seemed inevitable. To add to the threatening aspect of

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the situation, Mr. Blaine lost his own State, Maine, for the first time in twenty years in a Presidential election.

This catastrophe created general alarm in the party. It seemed to foreshadow final disaster, and Republicans turned at once to Grant. He answered immediately. Coming out of his retirement, he delivered his remarkable speech at Warren, Ohio, which turned the tide and secured the election of Garfield. The popular response to that speech proved beyond peradventure that General Grant was the choice of the masses of his party for the Presidency.

In reviewing the extraordinary contest of 1880, the most captious critic must concede that General Grant maintained his dignity throughout. The question of a third term was thrust upon him by his friends. He was in no wise responsible for the inception or progress of the movement. It was continued absolutely without his knowledge or consent. Yet the after-results seem to prove that the Republican leaders who conducted it read correctly the wishes of their party.

In this connection an utterance by General Grant, after his return from Cuba and Mexico in 1880, may not be uninteresting. It is the testimony of Mr. Joseph G. Brown, the first reporter who interviewed him after the convention. He says:

"I was introduced to General Grant in a Denver and Rio Grande train and he said: 'I have not allowed a newspaper man to approach me since the Chicago Convention. You say you don't want to interview me. You are welcome to publish anything I say. No, I never get tired of traveling. I see new country, new faces, new things and learn something all the time. What are my reflections on the Chicago Convention? I have nothing to say about politics; but one thing you may put in your paper: I feel more proud of the support of that 306, more proud of their loyalty to me, than I would have felt had I been elected President of the United States.'

"Thus General Grant talked freely for half an hour, when at last I asked: 'General, do you sometimes meet an old rebel soldier of the private ranks who fought against you in any particular battle?'

“‘Yes, sometimes, seldom,’ and he gazed meditatively out of the window, as he placed his cigar between his lips.

“‘I asked the question because I was a rebel soldier and fought against you in the battles of Fort Donelson and Champion Hill.’

“The General became serious. ‘I honor all Confederate soldiers as I do all brave, conscientious men. You were not at fault; your leaders were. They knew that a Southern confederacy was impossible and ought not to be. I was fighting not *against* the South, but *for* it. In every battle I felt a sympathy for you, and I felt that I was fighting for North and South—for the whole nation. The result of that war proves my words. Suppose the South had established a confederacy; the poor men there would have been the menial subjects of an oligarchy. As it was before the war, every day’s labor of the poor man was in competition with slavery, and, in public estimation, he had little or no estate. How much worse it would have been had you retained slavery with a separate government! But now see the difference. From all over the South your poor young men have gone out or stayed at home and made for themselves fortune and fame, just as you are doing in Colorado. You find them bankers, millionaires, famous merchants, rich miners, Congressmen, Senators, and otherwise filling the most important positions in the councils of the nation. With a Southern confederacy and slavery no such blessings could come to the poor of the South.’

“He talked at length on this subject, and in all that he said there was not an unkind word toward the Southern people; but that which seemed uppermost in his mind was the desire for harmony between the sections.”

That this harmony would have been quickly completed had General Grant been elected to the Presidency in 1880 the scenes at his funeral fully attest.

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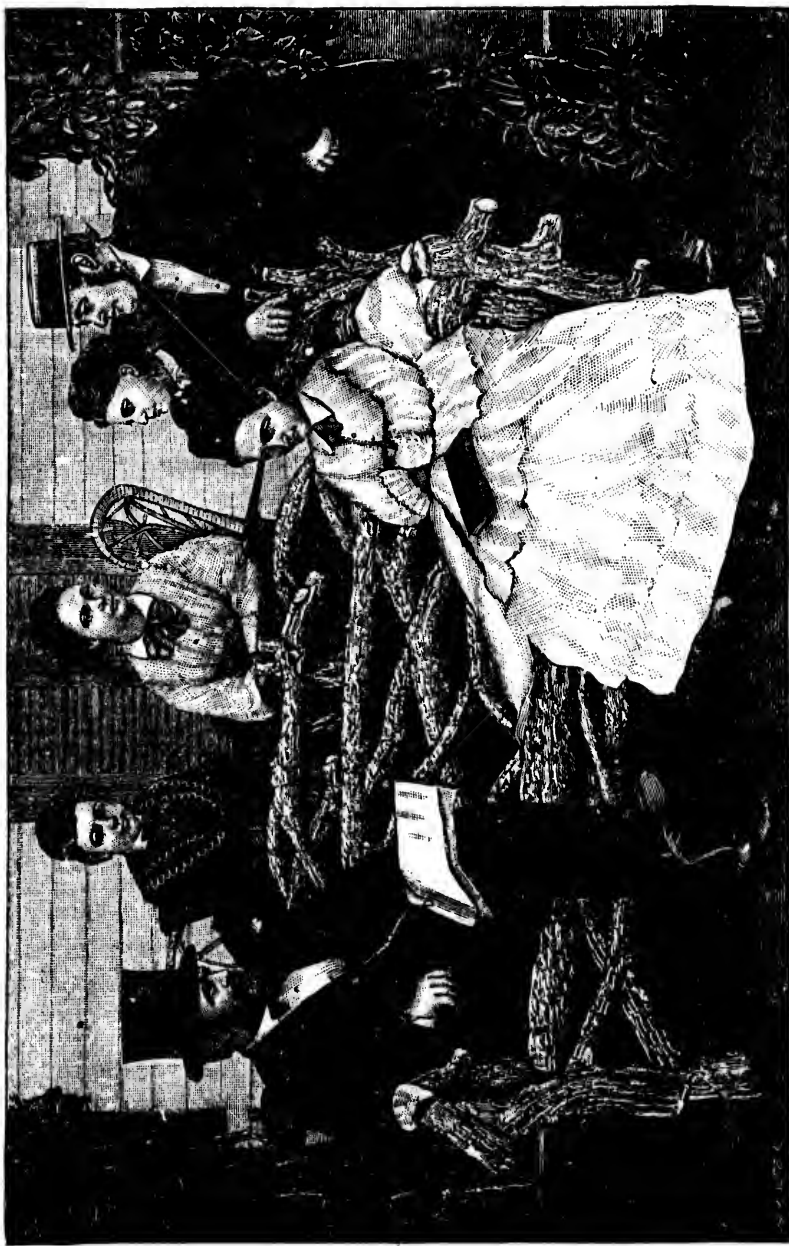
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## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### MR. CHILDS'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Grant's relations with Mr. Childs—No formalities between them—Early associations—Grant as an artist—A new trait in his character—His friendly relations with Confederates—What he said about Tilden—The Electoral Commission—The discovery of his fatal illness—His smoking habits—His memory—General reminiscences.

It is not an extravagance of language to say that Mr. George W. Childs was General Grant's most intimate friend. A thoroughly genuine man, the generous instincts of Mr. Childs's nature found quick companionship in the plain and unassuming, yet great military chieftain. They had so many parts in common that intimacy followed hard upon the heels of first acquaintance-ship, and it grew with the years. In the days of Grant's triumph, when the flatterers were many and obtrusive, Mr. Childs was not among them, but, in the after twilight, he was the friend to whom he always turned. In shine or in shadow he was the same. He felt for the great leader a strong, manly, earnest regard, and the feeling was returned. There were no formalities or pretences between them. They met and talked as men who knew and appreciated each other. Their friendship began when General Grant's career was only a probability. It continued through the years when he was the idol of the republic. But never was it stronger than when, in the bitterness of the last gloaming, the chieftain's eyes looked with sad pathos through the mists of Mount McGregor, through the half-swung curtains of the hereafter, to where futurity stood with "present arms" to welcome the soldier who was to pass into its mystery. Therefore Mr. Childs's recollections of General Grant have especial value, and the story which follows has been given by



GENERAL GRANT AT THE COTTAGE OF MR. GEO. W. CHILDS, LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

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him for this work that it may be preserved in enduring form. He says:

"General Grant and I first met after the victory of Vicksburg, in 1863. The General and Mrs. Grant came to Philadelphia to make arrangements to put their children at school in Burlington, N. J. From that time our intimacy grew until his death. There were three characteristics that were prominent in his life—justice, kindness and firmness. He was the most modest of men.

"Seeing him, as I did, for nearly twenty years, or such portions of the year as he was in the country, I had ample opportunity to notice these qualities. We lived on adjoining properties on the same land without any division, and I might say there never was a day when we were at Long Branch together but what I was either in his house or he in mine. I never saw him in the war, and never saw him in the field. I corresponded with him during that time, and every opportunity he would get he would come on to Philadelphia for the purpose of seeing his family, and in that way he made a great many friends. That was as early as 1863. He always seemed to enjoy his visits there, as they gave him rest during the time he was in the army, and also when he was President.

"Much has been published about General Grant, but there are some things I have not seen stated, and one is that he had considerable artistic taste and talent. He painted very well. One of his paintings, twelve by eighteen inches, he gave to his friend, Hon. A. E. Borie, of Philadelphia, who was secretary of the navy. That picture is, I believe, the only one that he painted which is known to be in existence. Of the others there is no trace. He stood very high with his professor of drawing at West Point, and if he had persevered in that line might have made a good artist. He was always apt in mathematics and drawing. The picture I referred to was of an Indian chief, at a trading-post in the Northwest, exchanging skins and furs with a lot of traders and trappers. The Indian stood in the foreground, and was the central object. He was a noble figure, and was well

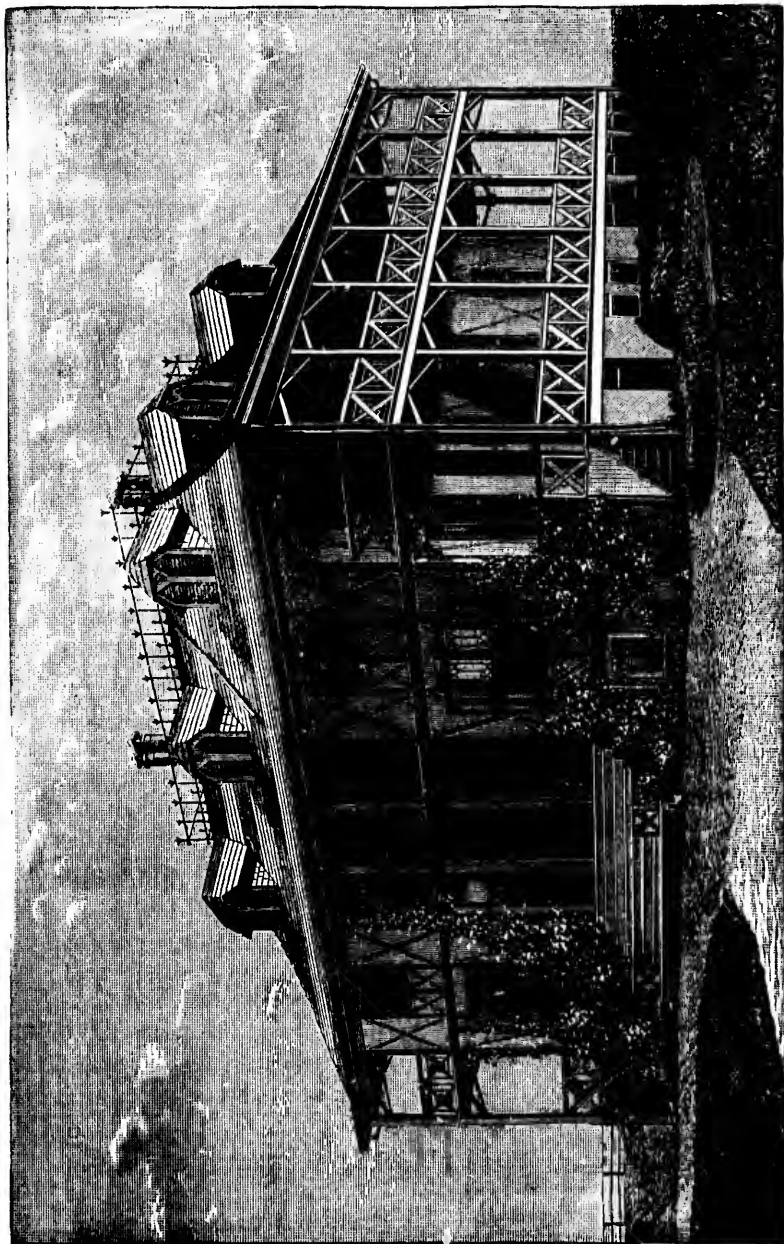
painted and in full and correct costume. I have seen the painting often, which has been very much admired, and he took a good deal of pride in it himself. He gave it to Mr. Borie, as that gentleman was, perhaps, one of his dearest friends, and the intimacy was kept up until the latter's death.

"General Grant was not an ardent student. Early in life he was somewhat of a novel reader, but more latterly he read biography and travels. He was a careful reader and remembered everything he read, but he had nothing which could be distinctly called literary taste. He was a great reader of newspapers. I remember once his coming down here when Sherman's work had just been published and I asked him if he had read the work. He said 'no,' he had not had time to read it, and one of the persons present observed, 'Why, General, you won't find much in it about yourself. He doesn't seem to think you were in the war.' The General said: 'I don't know; I have read some adverse criticisms, but I am going to read it and judge for myself.'

"After he had read the book over carefully and attentively, I asked him what he thought of it. 'Well,' he said, 'it has done me more than justice. It has given me more credit than I deserved. Any criticism I might make would be that I think he has not done justice to Logan, Blair and other volunteer generals whom he calls political generals. These men did their duty faithfully and I never believe in imputing motives to people.' General Sherman had sent the proof-sheets of that portion of the work relating to General Grant to me before the full book was published, and asked if I had any suggestions and if I thought it was just to the General. I then told Grant that the proofs were sent to me, and I thought as he did that General Sherman had done him full justice. It will be seen by this that General Grant was always magnanimous to every one he came in contact with, particularly his army associates. He was a man who rarely ever used the pronoun I in conversation when speaking of his battles.

"There is one amusing little incident I recall, apropos





**GENERAL GRANT'S SUMMER RESIDENCE AT LONG BRANCH.**

From a photograph presented to the author by Mr. George W. Childs.



of a large, full-sized portrait of General Sherman on his 'March to the Sea,' which hangs in my hall, and which was painted from life by Kauffmann. Sherman sits in front of the tent in a white shirt, without coat or vest. The picture shows a camp-fire in front, and the moonlight in the rear of the tents. The criticism of General Grant when he first saw it was: 'That is all very fine. It looks like Sherman, but he never wore a boiled shirt there, I am sure.'

"While living in Long Branch there was hardly a Confederate officer that came to the place without visiting the General. He was always glad to see them, and with those men he invariably talked over the war. The General had a very high opinion of General Joe Johnston, and always spoke of him as being one of the very best of Southern generals, and at one of my dinners I had the pleasure of getting Johnston, Grant and Sherman together.

"In regard to election matters General Grant was a very close observer and had a wonderful judgment in regard to results. One particular case may be cited. During the canvass of his second term (toward the latter part) there began to be doubts throughout the country about the election. Senator Wilson, who was then running on the ticket for vice-president, who was a man of the people and had a good deal of experience in election matters for forty years, made an extensive tour through the country, and he came to my house just after the tour, very blue. He went over the ground and showed that the matter was in a great deal of doubt. I went to see General Grant and I told him about this feeling, particularly as coming from Senator Wilson. The General said nothing, but he sent for a map of the United States. He laid the map down on the table, went over it with a pencil and said: 'We will carry this State, that State and that State,' until he nearly covered the whole United States. It occurred to me he might as well put them all in, and I ventured the remonstrance: 'I think it would not be policy to talk that way; the election now is pretty near approaching.' When the election came

the result of it was that he carried every State that he had predicted, and that prediction was in the face of the feeling throughout the country that the Republican cause was growing weaker, and in spite of the fact that the vice-president, who was deeply interested in the election, had visited various parts of the country, south and west, and had come back blue and dispirited.

“He was staying with me in Philadelphia during the canvass of the election between Tilden and Hayes, and on the morning of the momentous day after the election, when the returns gave Tilden a majority of all the electors, he accompanied me to my office. In a few moments an eminent Republican senator and one or two other leading Republicans walked in, and they went over the returns. These leaders, notwithstanding the returns, said, ‘Hayes is elected,’ an opinion in which the others coincided. General Grant listened to them but said nothing. After they had settled the matter in their own minds he said: ‘Gentlemen, it looks to me as if Mr. Tilden was elected.’ He afterwards sent for me in Washington and said: ‘This matter is very complicated, and the people will not be satisfied unless something is done in regard to it which will look like justice. Now,’ he continued, ‘I have spoken of an Electoral Commission, and the leaders of the party are opposed to it, which I am sorry to see. They say that if an Electoral Commission is appointed you might as well count in Mr. Tilden. I would sooner have Mr. Tilden than that the Republicans should have a President who could be stigmatized as a fraud. If I were Mr. Hayes I would not have it unless it was settled in some way outside the Senate. This matter is opposed by the leading Republicans in the House and Senate and throughout the country.’

“President Grant invited the leading Republican senators to dine with him to meet me that day and to get their sentiment. He said to me: ‘You see the feeling here. I find them almost universally opposed to anything like an Electoral Commission.’ I named a leading Democrat in the House, who was, perhaps, one of the

most prominent men in the country, a man of great influence and of great integrity of character, whom it would be well for General Grant to see in the matter, and the suggestion was acted on. I sent for this gentleman to come to the White House and put the dilemma to him in President Grant's name as follows: 'It is very hard for the President and very embarrassing as to men on his own side that this matter does not seem to find favor with them, as well as to have Democratic opposition. Republicans think you might as well count Tilden in, but as the feeling throughout the country demands as honest a count of the thing as possible, this Electoral Commission ought to be appointed.'

"The answer at once was that the Democrats would favor it, and it was through that gentleman and General Grant that the matter was carried through. He sent for Mr. Conkling and said, with deep earnestness: 'This matter is a serious one and the people feel it very deeply. I think this Electoral Commission ought to be appointed.' Conkling answered: 'Mr. President, Senator Morton (who was then the acknowledged leader of the Senate) is opposed to it and opposed to your efforts; but if you wish the Commission carried I can do it.' He said: 'I wish it done.' Mr. Conkling took hold of the matter and put it through. The leading Democrat I have spoken of took the initiative in the House and Mr. Conkling in the Senate. General Patterson, of Philadelphia, who was an intimate friend of President Jackson, and a life-long Democrat, was also sent for. He had large estates in the South and a great deal of influence with the Democrats, and particularly with Southern Democrats. General Patterson then was upwards of eighty, but he came down there and remained one or two weeks with General Grant, working hard to accomplish the purpose in view. After the bill had passed and was waiting for signature, General Grant went to a State fair in Maryland the day it should have been signed, and there was much perturbation about it.

"I was telegraphed by those interested that General

Grant was absent, and they were anxious about the signing. I replied they might consider the matter as good as signed, and the General came back at night and put his name to the document. Just before General Grant started on his journey around the world he was spending some days with me, and at dinner, with Mr. A. J. Drexel, Colonel A. K. McClure and myself, General Grant reviewed the contest for the creation of the Electoral Commission very fully and with rare candor, and the chief significance of his view was in the fact, as he stated it, that he expected from the beginning until the final judgment that the electoral vote of Louisiana would be awarded to Tilden. He spoke of South Carolina and Oregon as justly belonging to Hayes; of Florida as reasonably doubtful, and of Louisiana as for Tilden.

“General Grant acted in good faith throughout the whole business. It has been said that the changing of the complexion of the court threw the matter into Hayes’s hands, and, if the court had remained as it was, Tilden would have been declared President. General Grant was the soul of honor in this matter, and no one ever accused him or ever hinted that he was untruthful in any way. I, for one, don’t believe that he could possibly tell a lie or act deceitfully. There is another point of politics not generally known. During Garfield’s canvass, Garfield became very much demoralized. He said that he not only did think that they would not carry Indiana, but he was doubtful if they would carry Ohio. During that emergency strong appeals were made to General Grant, and he at once threw himself into the breach. He saw his strong personal friends and told them they must help. There was one very strong man, a senator, whom General Grant sent for and told him that he must turn in, and, though he first declined, at General Grant’s urgent solicitation he entered the field and contributed handsomely to the victory. General Grant went into the canvass with might and main. The tide was turned, and it was through General Grant’s personal efforts, seconded by his strong personal friends,

who did not feel any particular interest in Garfield's election, that he was elected.

"As to General Grant's third term, he never by word or by any letter ever suggested to any one that he would like to be nominated for a third term. Neither Mr. Conkling, General Logan nor Senator Cameron had any assurance from him in any way that he would like the nomination, and they proceeded in that fight without any authority from him whatever. His heart was not on a third term at all. He had had enough of politics. After his second term he told me, 'I felt like a boy out of school.' At first Grant intended to decline. In his conversation with me he said: 'It is very difficult to decline a thing which has never been offered;' and when he left this country for the West Indies I said: 'General, you leave this in the hands of your friends.' He knew I was opposed to a third term; and his political friends were in favor of it, not merely as friends, but because they thought he was the only man who could be elected. There is not a line of his in existence where he has ever expressed any desire to have that nomination. Towards the last, when the canvass became very hot, I suppose his natural feeling was that he would like to win. That was natural. But he never laid any plans. He never encouraged or abetted anything towards a third term movement.

"He was very magnanimous to those who differed from him, and when I asked him what distressed him most in his political life he said: 'To be deceived by those I trusted.' *He had a good many distresses.*

"Apropos of his power of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, he wrote with great facility and clearness. His centennial address, at the opening of the Exhibition in 1876, was hastily prepared at my house, and there were only one or two corrections in the whole matter. When he went to England he wrote me a letter of fourteen pages, giving me an account of his reception in England. The same post that brought that letter contained a letter from Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the *London Times*, saying that he had seen our mutual friend, General

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Grant, on several occasions, and wondering how he was pleased with his reception in England. The letter which I had received was so apropos that I telegraphed it over that very day to the *London Times*—fourteen pages of manuscript—without one word being altered, and the *London Times* next morning published this letter with an editorial. It happened that the cablegram arrived in London the very night the General was going through the *London Times* office to see the establishment. In the letter he said he thought the English people admirable, and he was deeply sensible of the unexpected attention and kindness shown him; the letter was written to a friend, he not supposing that it would ever be put in print, and not one word had to be altered. I cite this to show General Grant's facility in writing.

“In illustration of his perception of financial matters I remember an instance. On one of the great financial questions before Congress he was consulting with Mr. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, whom he regarded as one of his strongest personal friends, and the General expressed certain views, saying that he had contemplated writing a message. Mr. Drexel combated his views, and the General reconsidered the matter and wrote a veto, showing that he was open to conviction. Here was a matter he had considered, he thought, fully, and when this new light was given to him by Mr. Drexel he at once changed and wrote a veto instead of favoring it. A great many people had an idea that General Grant was very much set in his opinions; but while he had his opinions, at the same time he was always open to conviction. Very often in talking with him he wouldn't make an observation, and when you had got through it would be difficult to tell exactly whether he had grasped the subject or not, but in a very short time, if you alluded to the matter again, you would find that he had grasped it thoroughly. His power of observation and mental assimilation was remarkable. There was no nonsense about him. He was always neat in dress, but not fastidious. He said he got cured of his pride in regiments when he came home from West Point.

"Speaking on one or two occasions of the burial of soldiers, he observed that his old chief, General Scott, was buried at West Point, and that he would like to be buried there also. This was several years ago and mentioned merely in casual conversation. And I think once or twice afterwards it might have been alluded to incidentally.

"There was a paragraph in the newspapers recently referring to the speech of Hon. Chauncey Depew that Grant had saved the country twice. I don't know what could have been meant by that paragraph. In the Electoral Commission he saved a great deal of trouble, but whether he saved the country or not is another question. I don't know whether or not that could be the implication. What I have said about the Electoral Commission I have said of my own knowledge.

"General Grant, surrounded by those he knew well, always did two-thirds of the talking. He was a reticent and diffident man in general company, and it was not until he was out of the Presidency that he became a public speaker. He told a story that he was notified once that he was expected to make a speech in reply to one which was given him, and he looked it over and wrote his answer carefully, but when he got up he was stricken dumb. He utterly lost himself and could not say a word. After that he did not want to hear what was going to be said, and never prepared anything. A gentleman told me that, in going to Liverpool and Manchester, a committee came down to meet him, and brought an address of what they were going to say to show it to him. He said, 'No, I have had one experience. I don't want to see it.' The last speech he ever made, the last time he ever addressed the public, was last summer, a year ago this month, at Ocean Grove. Governor Oglesby was staying with him at his cottage, and George H. Stuart, who was one of his earliest and dearest friends, came up to ask him if he would not come down to Ocean Grove, being the first time he appeared in public since his misfortunes. He was then lame, and was compelled to use his crutches. He found



ten thousand people assembled. They cheered him, and he arose to make a few remarks. After saying a few words he utterly broke down, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. That was the last time he ever appeared in public.

"A year ago this month attention was first directed to his disease. He told me he had a dryness in his throat, and it seemed to trouble him, and whenever he ate a peach, of which he was very fond, he always suffered pain. I said Dr. Da Costa, one of the most eminent physicians of the country, was coming down to spend a few days with me. He was an old friend, and would be glad to look into the matter. Dr. Da Costa, on arriving, went over to the General's house, examined him carefully, gave a prescription, and asked the General who his family physician was. General Grant said Fordyce Barker, and he was advised to see him at once. I could see that the General was suffering a good deal, though uncomplaining, and during the summer several times he asked me if I had seen Da Costa, and seemed to want to know exactly what was the matter with him. General Grant, after he got worse, said to me: 'I want to come over and see you, and have a talk with Da Costa.' He was not afraid of the disease after he knew all about it, and the last time I saw him, just before he went to Mount McGregor, he said: 'Now, Mr. Childs, I have been twice within a half a minute of death. I realize it fully, and my life was only preserved by the skill and attention of my physicians. I have told them the next time to let me go.'

"The General had great will-power, and the determination to finish his book kept him up. He quickly made up his mind that it was a fatal disease, but he was resolute to live till his work was done. He said: 'If I had been an ordinary man I would have been dead long ago.'

"In good health General Grant would smoke a dozen very large, strong cigars a day; but he could stop smoking at any time. He told me that, towards the latter part of last summer, he was smoking fewer and milder cigars, perhaps two or three a day. In Feb-



ruary of this last year he expected to pay me a visit. He wrote, saying: 'The doctor will not allow me to leave until the weather gets warmer. I am now quite well in every way, except a swelling of the tongue above the root, and the same thing in the tonsils just over it. It is very difficult for me to swallow enough to maintain my strength, and nothing gives me so much pain as to swallow water.' I asked him about that, and he said: 'If you could imagine what molten lead would be going down your throat, that is what I feel when I am swallowing.' In that letter he further said, 'I have not smoked a cigar since about the 20th of November; for a day or two I felt as though I would like to smoke, but after that I never thought of it.'

"I remember a year ago a number of the scientists wrote that they would meet in Montreal from all parts of the world. Sir Wm. Thomson and others asked whether I would present them to General Grant. Some of them had met him. Of course, I was very glad to present them. I said to him in the morning: 'General, the scientists from Canada are coming down here, and they are very anxious to pay their respects to you.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I have met some of these people abroad. I will be very glad to see them.' They came to my house, and we walked across the lawn to the General's. He sat on the piazza and could not stand alone, but was on his crutches, and was presented to every one of them, shaking hands with each one. He would say to one gentleman, 'How are you, Professor? I met you in Liverpool;' and to another, 'Why, how are you? I met you in London,' and, 'I am glad to see you; I met you in Manchester.' So he recognized each of these visitors as soon as he laid eyes on them, and they told me afterward, 'Why, I only met him casually once with a party of people.' This power of recognition was remarkable. I asked him afterwards whether he had lost the power. He answered, 'No, I have not lost the power. If I fix my mind on a person I never forget him, but I see so many that I don't always do it.' I can illustrate an instance of his memory of persons.

During one of the times he was staying in Philadelphia we were walking down Chestnut street together, and in front of a large jeweller's establishment a lady came out of a store and was entering her carriage. General Grant walked up to her, shook hands with her, and put her in the carriage. 'General, did you know that lady?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'I know her.' 'Where did you see her?' 'Well, I saw her a good many years ago out in Ohio and at boarding-school. She was one of the girls there.' 'Did you never see her before or since?' He said, 'No.' The lady was the daughter of a very prominent Ohio man, Judge Jewett, and the next time she saw me she said: 'I suppose you told General Grant who I was.' I said I did not. 'Why, that is very remarkable,' she answered, in a surprised tone; 'I was only one of two or three hundred girls, and I only saw him at school. I have never seen him since.'

"The man who was, perhaps, nearer to him than any one in his cabinet was Hamilton Fish. He had the greatest regard for the latter's judgment. It was more than friendship—it was genuine affection between them, and General Grant always appreciated Mr. Fish's staying in his cabinet. Mr. Fish, if he had been governed by his own feelings, would have left the cabinet. It was General Grant's desire to have Mr. Fish as his successor in the Presidency.

"Apropos of the Indian matter, he told me that, as a young lieutenant, he had been thrown among the Indians, and had seen the unjust treatment they had received at the hands of the white men. He then made up his mind if he ever had any influence or power it should be exercised to try to ameliorate their condition, and the Indian Commission was his idea. He wished to appoint the very best men in the United States. He selected William Welsh, William E. Dodge, Felix Bruno, of Pittsburgh, Colonel Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, and George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia. They were a portion of the Indian Commission which he always endeavored to establish, and they always could count upon him in aiding them in every possible way.

He took the greatest interest always, and never lost that interest. Even to his last moments he watched the progress of the matter, but it was a very difficult matter to handle at any time, and then especially, as there was a great Indian ring to break up.

"He was of a very kindly nature, generous to a fault. I would often remonstrate with him and say, 'General, you can't afford to do this,' and I would try to keep people away from him. In the case of one subscription, when they wanted him to contribute to a certain matter which I did not think he was able to do, I wouldn't let them go near him. Some injudicious person went there and he subscribed a thousand dollars.

"General Grant loved his family, and seemed happiest in his home circle, surrounded by his devoted wife, their children and grandchildren. I have never seen a case of greater domestic happiness than existed in the Grant family. Perfect love had indeed 'cast out all fear,' and it was delightful to see his grandchildren romping with him and saying just what came uppermost in their thoughts in their childish innocency.

"General Grant always felt that he was badly treated by Halleck, but he rarely ever spoke unkindly of any one. In fact, I could hardly say he spoke unkindly, but he did feel that he was not fairly treated by Halleck. During one of my last visits to him he showed me his army orders, which he had kept in books. He had a copy of everything he ever did or said in regard to army matters. He was very careful about that, as he had written all the orders with his own hand. He pointed to one of this large series of books and said that it was fortunate that he had kept these things, because several of the orders could not be found on any record at the War Department. But during my long friendship I never heard him more than two or three times speak unkindly of Halleck, although he was very unjustly treated by him—a fact which I think will be borne out by the records. I told him of something that occurred to me in connection with one of the parties in charge of the records at Washington. He had been a strong friend of Halleck,

and prejudiced against General Grant in the office, where all these things passed through his hands. But, after twenty years of examination, he said there was not a line relating to Grant that did not elevate him in the minds of thinking people.

"It was through me that General Grant first came to Long Branch. He always enjoyed being here. He was totally unspoiled by all the honors conferred upon him. He was simple, unaffected, and attached all the people to him. He drove out twice a day, and knew every by-way within twenty miles. It was his habit to drive out every morning after breakfast for a long distance, and then he would come home and read the papers or any books he might have in hand. He was very careful in answering his correspondence. Most of his letters were begging letters of some kind or other, and I remember an incident showing his justness and tenderness of heart. Once he had two cases of petition. He said, 'I did a thing to-day that gave me great pleasure. There was a poor Irishwoman who had a boy in the army that came down from New York and had spent all her money. She had lost several boys in the army, and this one she wished to get out of the service to help support her. I gave her an order and was very glad to do it,' but he did not add that he gave her also some money. 'In contrast to that there was a lady of a very distinguished family of New York, who came here and wanted me to remove her son from Texas. He was an officer in the army, and I told her I could not do that. My rich petitioner then said, "Well, could you not remove his regiment?" at which, you can guess, I could hardly help laughing.' Grant didn't hesitate a moment to refuse a rich woman's unreasonable request, but it gave him pleasure to grant the petition of a poor Irishwoman.

"He was very kind to the poor, and, in fact, to everybody, especially to widows and children of army officers. I gave him the names of quite a number of army officers' sons for appointment in the navy or army. He said, 'I am glad to have those. I like to appoint army and navy men's children, because they have no political influence.'

One-tenth of his appointments were the children of deceased army or naval officers, young men without influence to get into West Point. There was hardly an army man, Confederate or Union, who was not a friend of General Grant. For General Sheridan he had an affectionate regard, and I have often heard him say that he thought him the greatest fighter that ever lived, and if there was another war he would be the leader. He never excited the jealousy or enmity of these people, he was so just. When he was mistaken there was no man more ready to acknowledge a mistake. He showed a great tenacity in sticking to friends longer than he ought to have done. When I spoke to him about this he would answer, 'Well, if I believed all I hear, I would believe everybody was bad.' General Grant would say there was nobody who came in contact with him but that he was traduced, and secondly, he very often had to depend upon his own judgment in the matter. One of his expressions was, 'Never desert a friend under fire.'

"General Grant rarely alluded to those who had abused his confidence, even to his most intimate friends. No matter how much a man had injured him, he was wont to say that he felt to the end what he might have felt in the outset.

"Grant had the greatest admiration for Joseph Johnston, and Johnston for him; and when it was first proposed to bring up the retiring bill, Johnston, who was then in Congress, was to take the initiative in the matter. The passage of that bill gave great gratification to the General. I happened to be with him on the 4th of March, and was talking with him, and said: 'General, that bill of yours will pass to-day.' 'Mr. Childs,' he said, 'you know that during the last day of a session everything is in a turmoil. Such a thing cannot possibly be passed.' 'Well,' I said, 'Mr. Randall assured me that that thing would be passed.' He answered: 'If anybody in the world could pass that bill I think Mr. Randall could. But I don't think it is at all likely, and I have given up all expectation.' While I was talking (this was about 11.30 A. M.) I got a telegram from Mr.

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A. J. Drexel, saying the bill had passed, and the General seemed exceedingly gratified. I remarked, 'General, the part that some of the men took in that matter was not justified.' 'Oh, perhaps they thought they were right. I have no feeling at all; I am only grateful that the thing has been passed,' he answered. Mrs. Grant came in and I said, 'Mrs. Grant, we have got good news; the bill is passed.' She cried out, 'Hurrah! our old commander is back.' In answer to a remark that it would be very good if it could be dated from the time of going out, he said, 'Oh, no; the law is to date from the time one accepts. In the early part of the war I saw in the newspapers that I was appointed to a higher rank, and I wrote on at once and accepted on the strength of the newspaper report. In about two months' time, through red tape, I got my appointment, but I got my pay from the time I wrote accepting the newspaper announcement, and I saved a month's pay by that.'

"As to Fitz-John Porter, I spoke to him during the early stages of it, at a time when his mind had been prejudiced by some around him, and when he was very busy. Afterwards, when he looked into the matter, he said he was only sorry that he had so long delayed going at the examination as he ought to have done. He felt that if ever a man had been treated badly Porter was. He had examined the case most carefully, gone over every detail, and he was perfectly well satisfied that Porter was right. He wanted to do everything in his power to have him righted, and his only regret was that he should have neglected so long and have allowed him to rest under injustice.

"There are few men that would take a back track as General Grant did so publicly, so determinedly and so consistently right through. I had several talks with him, and he was continually reiterating his regrets that he had not done justice to Porter when he had the opportunity. He ran counter to a great many of his political friends in this matter, but his mind was absolutely clear. Not one man in a thousand would go back on his record in such a matter, especially when he was not in accord

with the Grand Army or his strong political friends. Grant went into the matter most carefully, and his publications show how thoroughly he examined the subject, but he never wavered after his mind was fixed. Then he set to work to repair the injury done Porter. If Grant had had time to examine it while he was President he would have carried it through. That was his great regret. He felt that while he had power he could have passed it and ought to have done it. When Grant took pains and time to look into the matter no amount of personal feeling or friendship for others would keep him from doing the right thing. He could not be swerved from the right.

"Another great trait of his character was his purity in every way. I never heard him express or make an indelicate allusion in any manner or shape. There is nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women. If a man was brought up for an appointment, and it was shown that he was an immoral man, he would not appoint him, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear upon him.

"General Grant would sit in my library with four or five others talking freely and doing perhaps two-thirds of the talking. Let a stranger enter whom he did not know, and he would say nothing more during that evening. That was one peculiarity of his. He wouldn't talk to people unless he understood them. At a dinner party with a certain set that he knew all well he would lead in the conversation, but any alien or novel element would seal his tongue. This great shyness or reticence sometimes, perhaps, made him misunderstood."

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## CHAPTER LXIX.

### COLONEL MCCLURE'S ESTIMATE.

The great men of the war period—Lincoln, Stevens and Thomas—Comparative estimates of the three—The Lincoln cabinet and its jealousies—General Grant's position in history—An incident of the early days of the war—Grant's recognition of the situation—What Stanton said.

THERE are few public men whose true position in the accepted history of the world can be defined, either during their lives, or until the generation in which they achieved distinction has passed away. All greatness must be attained by sharp conflict with the prejudices, passions and interests of others. There is no victor in peace or in war, in the forum or field, without vanquished, and the presence of greatness always dwarfs itself by the inevitable presence of the infirmities which are the inheritance of all, and which are often least restrained in those who overshadow others in the race of life. I can recall but three men, of all the chieftains and civilians who shed the richest lustre on the annals of the history of human achievement in our civil war, who steadily grew larger in stature as they were more closely approached. They were Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens and George H. Thomas, and the one man who never exhibited the weaknesses common to all was General Thomas; but that he was not exempt from them was told in the silent but impressive eloquence of his death.

The victor of Nashville, like the victor of Gettysburg, fretted his great life away. Lincoln and Stevens wore their infirmities on their sleeves, and they were as different as their opposite characteristics of greatness, but their infirmities were dwarfed, even on the closest inspection, by the rare intellectual power which could subordinate all things to great ends. Lincoln is secure in history as statesman, patriot, emancipator; Stevens is yet the ungainly statue



that will attain symmetry and grandeur only by the distance of the pinnacle of the temple on which time alone can place him. He was the Commoner of the nation in its sorest trial, and in the greatest triumphs of man for man, and that is the only position born of a free government that favoritism or fortuitous circumstance cannot gain. Presidents, Cabinets, Senators are often accidents, but the Commoner of the people in the popular branch of the government must be single from all his fellows in merit.

It was my fortune to know all the great actors in the late civil war, and to see many of them in the green and in the dry. They were much as other men of lesser note in all but their achievements, and their infirmities were often as conspicuous as their greatness. In civil and military circles, ambition, jealousy, intrigue and all the passions of littleness were almost as common as in the ward political conclave. There were generals who in some measure share the honors of the Union arms, whom justice would have shot by loyal platoons, and there were statesmen whose fervency in the cause of patriotism will be noted in history, to whom the banishment of Valandigham would have been less than half-way justice. Military and political necessities saved many weak and bad men from just obloquy, and they have forged lies which will be crystallized into history.

I recall the Lincoln Cabinet as unable to meet in full conference for weeks, because of the petty jealousies and bickerings of great men, and at a time when they were administering the government in a practically beleaguered capital. I have heard commanders of the Army of the Potomac and their chief lieutenants accuse each other of incompetency and treason, and there never was a great campaign of that army until 1864, when there was even an approach to harmony in the councils to which were entrusted the safety of the Republic. Success was made impossible by the internal conflicts of greatness, but success came at last to the Union arms by a harmony in authority that was enforced, and not voluntary. The man and the occasion came

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together; the necessity was the life of the nation that had made ambition and interest bow before it; the man was Ulysses S. Grant.

General Grant's position in history can be as well defined to-day by the intelligent observer of public events and public sentiment as it will be when all who knew his infirmities shall have passed away and memory of them shall have perished. "None but himself can be his parallel." There is no one of his fellow-chieftains within reach of comparison.

There are those living who believe that others could have succeeded as well or better had they reached Grant's opportunities; but neither the ruling sentiment of the present nor the records of history take pause for such remote possibilities. There is nothing successful but success in war, and that tells the whole story. General Grant met the full measure of the nation's sore necessities, and he is the only warrior who did it. His personal weaknesses or his military errors were effaced by Vicksburg and Appomattox, and the pages of history will crystallize into imperishable fame his distinction as the first soldier of the world in his day.

Had General Grant been called to Washington in 1861, or at any time before 1863, another than Grant might have enacted the final drama that he enacted at Appomattox. When war first appalled the country, Grant's methods would have doomed him to dismissal and possibly dishonor, if in command in Washington.

I can best illustrate the education that was necessary to prepare the country for Grant's bloody campaign from the Rapidan to Richmond by recording two expressions from General Burnside. In the fall of 1861, General McClellan was in front of Washington, facing Manassas, with an army of probably 150,000 men. It was a rare Virginia autumn, and until late in December the roads were dry and the weather genial. There was unusual impatience for McClellan to advance, but he tarried until winter came.

Why he did it, and whether wisely or unwisely, I do not discuss; but at a social gathering at Willard's

Hotel, late in the fall of 1861, I pressed inquiries on the subject with earnestness upon Generals Burnside, Heintzelman and others, to which Burnside finally made this frank reply,—“Yes, he could march upon Manassas at will and he could take Richmond, but it would cost 10,000 lives to do it.” I was appalled into silence, as were all present, at the sacrifice named as necessary to capture Richmond by Manassas, and the country would then have been sickened at such a cost for the possession of the Confederate Capital. On the morning of the second day after the battle of Fredericksburg I saw General Burnside at the War-Office, and, in answer to my inquiry about the loss sustained by that disastrous conflict, he answered, “Our loss, including killed, wounded, missing and even scratched, is *only* 17,000.”

The sacrifice of that battle shocked the country, and did much to dispirit the loyal sentiment of the North; but even then the fruitless sacrifice of 17,000 men was not weighed for a moment against the great issue of the Union of the States, while the sacrifice of 10,000 men in 1861 for the capture of Richmond would have flung the pall of mourning and despair over the land. But after Fredericksburg came Chancellorsville, with its greater loss and greater defeat, and after that came Gettysburg with more than 45,000 of blue and gray warriors strewn upon the field, and then, and only then, was the nation schooled to the sacrifice necessary to call Grant and Grant's military methods to supreme command.

When 1864 came there had been great victories in the West, and the Father of Waters again went “unvexed to the sea;” but Lee's army was the heart of the rebellion and it had never suffered a great defeat. Gettysburg stood alone as a claimed Union victory, but the measure of that victory was not then known by the nation. It was, in fact, the decisive battle of the war but only the South appreciated the completeness of Meade's triumph for his cause.

The hunger-cry of the country was for peace by the speedy destruction of Lee's army, and all questions

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of cost of life and treasure were overlooked in the demand for a restored Union by conquered rebellion. The occasion had fully ripened, for the man; the man, had fully ripened for the occasion, and Grant assumed command of the army with but one purpose, and of him was expected but one achievement,—the annihilation of Lee's army, regardless of cost. Instead of calculating the loss of 10,000 men as all calculated it in 1861, Grant lost more than 10,000 men in consecutive battles day after day, and often in fruitless conflict, until he left behind him between the Rapidan and the James, in killed, wounded and missing, more men than Lee ever had on his front.

But the wide, bloody gaps in his ranks were promptly filled up, and as the dead and wounded were borne back to Washington, other tens of thousands of fresh warriors passed them in the march to take their vacant places. Secretary Stanton fairly expressed the sentiment of the country that sustained Grant, soon after Grant had passed the Wilderness. In discussing the campaign with the writer, the War Minister pointed out Grant's position on a large map and said:

"Grant is now there; he will soon be supplied from the James; he will have every fallen man promptly replaced; Lee must grow weaker with every battle, and Lee's army won't survive the campaign. Grant will have all the men he wants without question; he will plan and execute his own movements without hindrance; he is the greatest General of the world, and he will soon give us the final victory we should have had years ago."

Grant had grown even above Stanton's imperious command, and that was an achievement that no other commander had dreamed of. He was a thoroughly trained soldier. He had no taste for dress parade or for the ephemeral fame sought by newspaper Generals; but he had the one quality that distinguished him from all other commanders,—he rose to the full measure of every enlarged duty and responsibility and fully trusted his own power to meet their requirements.

He never lost faith in his army or in himself. He was

no more self-reliant as a Brigadier than he was as Lieutenant-General, and he never confessed defeat. Defeated he was time and again, but when others would have fled from Shiloh, or from Vicksburg, or from the Wilderness, he had only one order—advance! It was his matchless pluck that saved Shiloh, that saved Vicksburg, that saved the Wilderness campaign, that captured Lee and Richmond, and he wrote a volume of history in the Wilderness dispatch that only one man could have written, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

That one brief sentence sums up the military attributes of the man, and it tells the whole story of Grant's ever-brightening star while others faded in strategic hesitation. That he erred at times in his military movements is doubtless the truth, but he must have been more than mortal to, have escaped mistakes. The conviction is general that he erred at Shiloh and that he erred at Cold Harbor, but who recalls it in analyzing him as the first soldier of the Republic? When the nation was ready for him, he came; he gave the nation victory and peace, and he was crowned in fadeless chaplets as the Chieftain of the first government of the peoples of the earth.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### THE COMMANDER'S LAST DAYS.

General Grant's last sickness—The pathos of his twilight days—His sufferings over the failure—The beginning of the end—The work upon his book—The coming of Nellie—His sixty-third birthday—The attack of April—Taken to Mt. McGregor—General Buckner's visit—National grief—Reunion of the sections—His last pathetic letter—Death.

THE rich, splendid rhythm of General Grant's character was never broken. The serene fortitude held to the end. Through the profound pathos of his twilight days, when the sombre shadow of death fell ominously across the summer brightness, he was still the same. Patient, with the patience of tenderness; considerate, with the thoughtfulness of love; resigned, with the dignity of a soldier, he turned his wasting face calmly towards the one foe to whom he must surrender his unstained sword. He buoyed himself with no false hopes. He allowed no momentary fancy of returning vigor to blind his eyes. He knew that life lay behind him and that the dews of the great mystery were gathering upon his brow. The wonderful record of his career—of white-souled patriotism, of earnest manhood, of fierce events, of generous kindness, of great honors—was almost made up, and God stood with waiting pen to write *finis*.

The great commander's final days were not happy ones. What should have been the mellow gloaming of his great life had sharp and bitter recollections. There was an ever-present memory in his mind of a trust that had been betrayed. There was in his ears the sound of the crash of a delusion that had been built upon the sand. Back to haunt him again came the poverty, which had lingered by his hearthstone during his youth and early manhood. Ingratitude and dishonesty had taken advantage of his confiding nature, and the disease that was destroying his body was not nearly as pregnant with

suffering as the disease which was eating away his heart. Yet he struggled under it nobly and strongly. His magnificent sense of duty still ruled him. The bolt of financial ruin fell upon him in his later days and his first thought was for his family. The ruin that had overwhelmed him included those whom he loved best. The splendid sense of domestic tenderness was still paramount, and the last months of his life were spent in



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

writing the story of his career, that those who depended upon him should have something for their support after he had laid down the now heavy burden of living and had passed into history. Never was a book written under circumstances more pathetic. Never was there shown a finer instinct and realization of self-sacrifice. Never was a great life ended as greatly.

It was in December of 1884, that the fatal cancer made its appearance. He was placed at once under medical treatment, and seemed to grow better. Still his sufferings were very great. For a quarter of a century he had lived under a terrible strain, and his constitution had been so insidiously, but dangerously undermined, that it could not readily throw off an attack



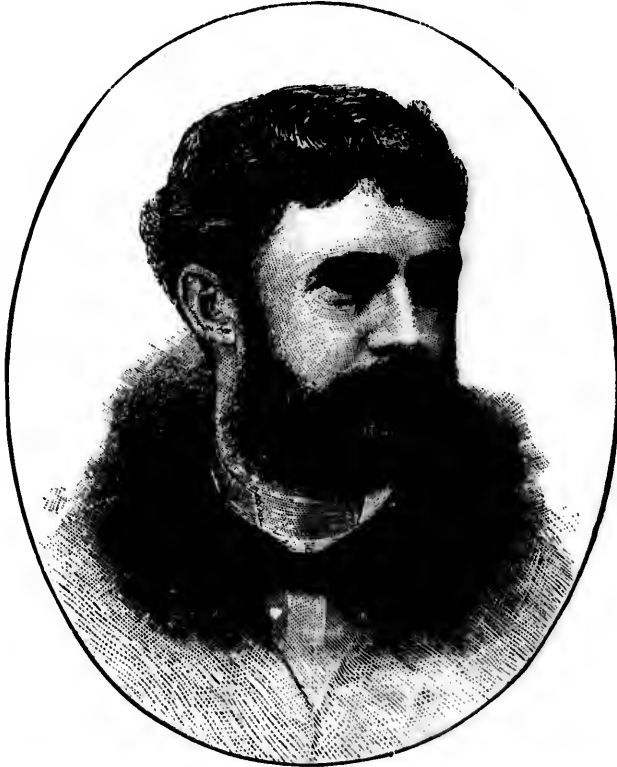
COL. FREDERICK D. GRANT.

that might have lain dormant for a long time under more fortunate circumstances. Then came the crash of the failure, and mental discouragement was added to do its deadly work upon a failing physical vitality. Mind was exercising its occult but mighty influence upon the dissolution of matter. The hopelessness that would not



resist disease but for an object was assisting the great destroyer.

Yet he was not to pass away quickly. He had found the object in his memoirs, and he worked away upon them constantly. Not from any greed of gain, not from any vanity in past achievement, but from the practical sense of duty which was always foremost in his mind.



ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR.

In fighting death the dying man was also fighting want away from the darkened and lonely door of the true wife who had been at his side through all his trials and all his triumphs. For her sake he struggled against the inevitable, and lived on, and wrote on, when the *Shadow* was dark upon the pages.

He was no longer the man he had been. His sturdy frame had lost its strength. His voice had died to a whisper. His face was emaciated, and his eyes were sunken and dim. He was walking down the last path, bending under the burden of a great weariness. Yet



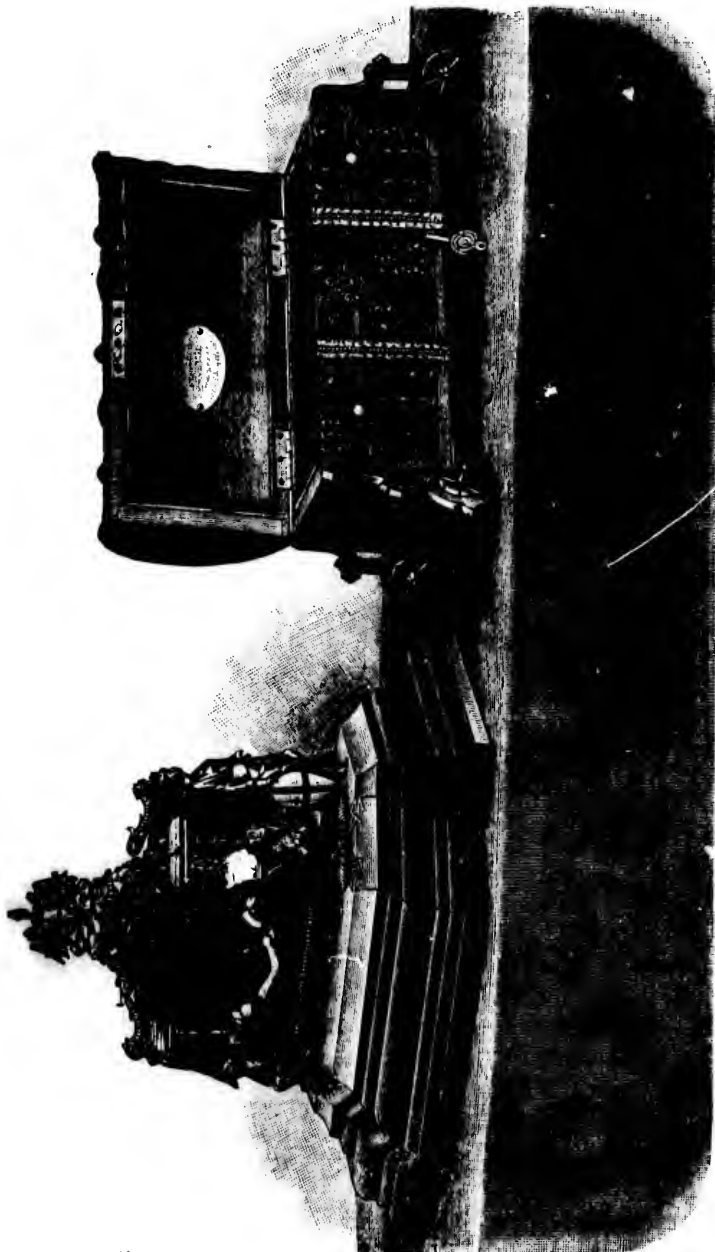
JESSE R. GRANT.

his memory and his mind were as clear as ever. His marvelous will was still unbroken. The soldier of many battles was fighting his last and greatest. It was not until his book was completed that his longing for an end to the suffering came. And then he wrote upon his tablets with trembling hand: "I want to go!"

For nearly a year before the cancer at the root of his tongue fully developed itself General Grant had been virtually a cripple. He had sustained a fall on the sidewalk, in front of his house, the winter before, from the effects of which he never recovered. His hip had been seriously injured, and he was compelled to go about on crutches. The cancer was first discovered by Dr. Da Costa, who advised him to see his physician, Dr. Fordyce Barker at once. Subsequently, Drs. Shrady and Douglass were called in. When the treatment first began the disease seemed to yield to it, but on May 6th, 1884, the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward occurred, and, after that, the General's only desire was to provide for his family and die.

The failure was a great and bitter shock to the chief. He had been ignorant of the affairs of the firm, and believed that it was in the most prosperous condition. When it closed its doors, he was consumed with the fear that the name which he had made so great, and which he had guarded so carefully, would be dragged in the dust. He felt that those who had betrayed him had used his friendship for despicable purposes, and he was bewildered at the devious mazes into which they had dragged him. Exceedingly sensitive to criticism upon his motives, with a past experience of the quick judgment of a cruel public, he feared that he might be included in the general condemnation which followed the fall. The fear was not realized, but it preyed upon his mind night and day. His hours were full of painful thought. The sleep which used to come so readily to his pillow in times of the greatest responsibility was now no longer his friend. The splendid vitality which had sustained him in past trials was gone. There was no hope ahead and much anguish of brain in the present. He was a broken old man, with little recuperative power, and a bitter cup had been held to his lips.

It was at this time that the disease took its strong hold. It found the advantage in his weakness and mental depression, and pushed it with deadly effect.



PRESENTS RECEIVED BY GENERAL GRANT WHILE IN EUROPE

Stunned as he was, at first, by the greatness of the calamity which had fallen upon him he did not resist. He longed for death and its dreamless peace. The world, outside, seemed a vague whirl of wicked suspicion and falsity, and he wanted to get away from and out of it to the sombre silence which would never be broken by its murmurs.

The cloud lifted slightly, however. From every side came condolence and sympathy. In the great darkness of the moral tragedy he had misjudged it. He had been "too clear in his great offices," too long in the fierce light of public discussion, to be entirely misunderstood. Slander ventured not near his sick room, and foes became friends. There came a universal reaction of generosity and justice, which told him that the republic had not forgotten; that it was not ungrateful. His name was not to go into the dark shadow of the grave with the darker shadow of dishonor upon it. In the days of the nation's despondency he had sent to it many a message of cheer from the battle-fields of his advancing armies; in the time of his own depression the old debt was repaid with interest. Every voice was full of hope and assurance. North and South joined to bid him be of good cheer.

It was then that he began upon his book. The idea grew out of the writing of a series of articles for the *Century* magazine. This experience taught him that he could still do something for the loved ones he must leave behind him. Each day brought him warmer greetings, and he knew that again the country was behind him. It had not even allowed an argument upon the subject of his connection with the ill-fated firm. The old love for the great commander had grown stronger in his affliction, and it was with a clearer mind and with higher spirits that he entered upon his literary labors. How he continued them through all the pain-thrilled months which followed the world knows.

The winter wore away, and the first raw, gusty days of March came. There had been intervals of exhilara-



tion in the monotony of depression. At times he almost believed that he would get well, but the country had begun to understand that he was a very sick man. The nation had lost all hope in his ultimate recovery, and it was virtually a death-watch. The pain and irritation were always in his throat. Rest did not refresh him. His voice had lost its tone, and was but a husky ghost of what it had once been. The swelling at the back part of his tongue became aggravated and his physical torture was unceasing. Stimulants or anodynes were constantly used. The ulceration and inflammation increased. There were brief flickerings in which the light flared brighter, but the steady tendency was towards the socket. The slightest exposure to a draught would bring on serious consequences and overcome the apparent improvement which had been the slow growth of days.

Then came a fictitious revival from a gratifying cause. There had been for some time before Congress a bill to place General Grant on the retired list of the army with the full pay of such rank. The session was rapidly nearing its close, and there was much business to be disposed of. Besides, the House was Democratic while the Senate was Republican. There seemed little hope for the passage of the bill, yet small as the hope was it was fully realized. The bill had passed the Senate and was in the Democratic House. There it was in the practiced hands of Ex-Speaker Randall, as great a parliamentarian as the country ever had. Opposing interests clamored for recognition, but Mr. Randall passed the bill by a practically unanimous vote. It was immediately sent to the Senate and the announcement made that the House had concurred in the bill authorizing the President to nominate one person as General on the retired list of the army. A storm of applause greeted the announcement. Then Mr. Ingalls arose and said:

"Mr. President, the nation knows who that one person is. I ask unanimous consent that the reference of the

bill to the committee be waived, and that it be now considered by the Senate."

Senator Garland, who was presiding, stated that the bill was a Senate bill, and that only the proper signatures were necessary to make it a law.

The clerk then read President Arthur's nomination of General Grant to be General on the retired list, and the President *pro tem* announced that the nomination would be considered in open session. Then came the statement in usual form:

"The question is, 'Will the Senate advise and consent to this appointment?' All Senators in favor will say Aye."

There was a storm of ayes.

"All opposed, No."

There was dead silence.

"The ayes have it unanimously," said the president *pro tem*.

The nomination was the last message sent by President Arthur to the Senate. President Cleveland's signature to General Grant's commission was his first official signature as President, except to the message nominating the members of his cabinet.

In the family home in New York there was anxious waiting for the tidings. General Grant did not believe that the bill would pass. When the telegram came announcing it he was astonished and deeply gratified. "Hurrah!" cried Mrs. Grant, "we have the old commander back again." It is a striking illustration of the General's character that of the first thousand dollars he received from the government all but twenty-five dollars was immediately given away.

The month of March brought him another great joy. Nellie Grant Sartoris, his only daughter, whom he loved with a tenderness that was womanly, had been sent for and she hastened to her father's bedside. The meeting between her and her father was very beautiful. The General, who had been buoyant with hope and full of apparent vigor when she parted from him a little more than a year before, was now sadly changed. Sor-



row and suffering had touched his hair and beard and left their whiteness behind. He was pale and emaciated. And yet, with the tender instinct which was so natural to him, he had been dainty with his toilet that morning, and upon his face there was no trace of the pain which racked his frame. The old thoughtfulness for others was ever present. There was no querulous complaining, no recitation of woes. Brightly and cheerily and tenderly he clasped his daughter to his breast, and the picture of the dying soldier and his bit of sunshine was a very pathetic and a very lovely one. Of this incident the poet wrote—

“ His listening soul hears no echo of battle,  
 No pæan of triumph nor welcome of fame.  
 But down through the years comes a little one's prattle,  
 And softly he murmurs her idolized name.  
 And it seems as if now at his heart she were clinging  
 As she clung, in those dear, distant years, to his knee;  
 He sees her fair face and he hears her sweet singing—  
 And Nellie is coming from over the sea.

“ While patriot hope stays his fullness of sorrow,  
 While our eyes are bedimmed and our voices are low,  
 He dreams of the daughter who comes with the morrow,  
 Like an angel come back from the dear long ago.  
 Ah! what to him now is a nature's emotion  
 And what for our love or our grief careth he?  
 A swift-speeding ship is asail on the ocean  
 And Nellie is coming from over the sea!”

But the disease was stronger than love. It had passed beyond the possibility of defeat by intervals of brightness. As the month waned it took a stronger hold. The General's feebleness increased. His periods of depression became deeper and more profound. The splendid fortitude was not breaking, but there was a profound longing for the end. “Every hour is a week of agony,” he said.

On the morning of the second of April the Shadow grew very dark. He was so low that his death seemed to be a question of only a few minutes. The nation

was hushed and silent. It stood with unbarred brow before what it believed to be a death-bed. But just as life had reached the last ebb it began to flow again. He grew a little better, and then a great deal better. His magnificent constitution had made its last desperate rally and won for the nonce. In the evening it was



MRS. SARTORIS (NELLIE GRANT).

believed that he would live for some days longer. The Shadow had again been driven back.

A day or two later he awoke from a refreshing slumber, and related to his physicians a dream:

"It seemed to me," said he, "as though I had been traveling in a foreign country. I had only a single satchel, and I was only partially clad. I found to my

surprise that I was without any money and separated from all my friends. While I was traveling I came to a fence. There was a stepping stile, but it led up to only one side of the fence. I climbed over, however, and then found that I had left my satchel on the other side. I went to go back, but had to pay duty for each step in the stile. Then I thought I would go back home and borrow the money from Mrs. Grant. I asked her for it, but she said she only had seventeen dollars, and that was not enough, so just then I woke up and was very glad."

Easter morning broke. It was a beautiful day, fresh with the fragrance of Spring. His mind was bright, and he seemed free from pain. He sat in his chair at the window while the warm fullness of the sun shed its glory over him. There was a great longing in his heart to go out and breathe in the sweet air, but this was no more for him. In the afternoon he said: "I want to send an Easter greeting to the people." At 5,15 the bulletin was issued. It read:

"General Grant has just awakened from a short nap, and expresses himself as feeling very comfortable. He wishes it stated that he is very much touched and grateful for the prayerful sympathy and interest manifested in him by his friends and by those who heretofore have not been regarded as such. He says: 'I desire the good will of all whether heretofore friends or not.'

"GEORGE F. SHIRADY."

On April 7th there was another alarm of immediate death by the rupture of a small throat artery, but again he rallied, and the 27th of the month, which was his sixty-third birthday, found him greatly improved. The congratulations which poured in upon him were many and warm, and in the evening he acknowledged them in the following general telegram:

"To the various army posts, societies, cities, public schools, State corporations, and individuals, North and South, who have been so kind as to send me congratu-

lations on my sixty-third birthday, I wish to offer my grateful acknowledgments. The despatches have been so numerous and touching in that it would have been impossible to answer them had I been in perfect health."

He felt these tokens of popular regard very deeply. They were soothing balm to his lacerated spirit. They told him that the nation believed in him as never before. In all the triumphs of his brightest days he never received such general and hearty homage as now. The name which he feared might be smirched shone more clearly than ever.

The breath of Summer was hot upon the earth. The sun beat pitilessly upon the flags of the great city, and the stirless air was heavy with heat. Many offers of a cooler resort had been made, but he at last decided to accept the Drexel Cottage, at Mt. McGregor. On the 16th of June he left his house and was taken to the train. Thousands were there to see the sad departure. Thousands who were to look upon him in life for the last time. His walk was a totter. The old, familiar high hat was now so large that it rested upon his ears. Folds of silk were about his neck to hide the swelling upon it. His clothes were too large for his shrunken frame. In his hand was a heavy stick, and he leaned upon it to help himself along. It needed no physician's eye to tell that he was walking in the valley of the shadow of death.

Out of the station the locomotive flashed. The river was a stretch of dancing ripples. The foliage was green with the tenderness of Summer. Past the sand-pits of Sing-Sing, past where the sun touched with glory the glistening heights of Tappan Zee, into the gate of the Highlands the train rushed. West Point! The name was spoken in a whisper, but the General heard it. He looked out with sad, pensive, loving eyes. There his great career had been born. There had begun his supreme loyalty for the flag he had saved. There had been his birth as a soldier. The past and the present were together for one brief moment as the train rumbled



GENERAL GRANT SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT MT. MCGREGOR.

(1016)

and roared by. With pathetic gaze the end looked through the car windows at the beginning.

The mountains at last. There was purity in the air. There was the rugged grandeur of nature all around. The pine trees bowed a solemn welcome. From the green mountains came fresh breezes to greet him. The battle-field of Saratoga, not far away, gave the place an historical foreground. Yet still there was a sombre tone in all the brightness. The moody mountains seemed to know that the hero had come among them to die. He was not the only guest. The Shadow had come, too.

The first gush of the higher air revived him, but only for the time. He slept peacefully, and the weariness was not so near. But the disease had taken its final grasp, and there was no hope. He was absolutely at its mercy. Its terrible coquetry with life could last little longer. The victim was tired and anxious for the end. Still he breathed more freely in the purer atmosphere. Day after day he would sit on the veranda of the cottage, his melancholy eyes turned down the valley. Visitors would pass with uncovered heads. Children would come and bring him flowers. Broken and bent and weary, there yet floated up to him in the fastnesses the incense of a life well lived. And yet the Shadow was still at his side, more eager now and surer of its prey.

At last it won. The early morning hours of the 21st of July were cool and refreshing. There was a hint of dread in the air. The lights at the cottage flickered and burned dimly. Suddenly they flared up. There was a hurrying of feet and a sound of suppressed sobs. Now and then the harsh note of a cough would be heard. Still there was no unusual alarm. Bitter warnings had come before then.

The night grew on towards daybreak. The grey gloom of dawn was on the mountains. The wind rustled down the valley in soft zephyrs. Far away outlines were forming in the mass of darkness. The sick man turned and asked for a light. A candle was brought, and by its flicker he wrote a message to his family. The



DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.

(1018)

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physicians gathered about and gave him stimulants. Still he sank. The morning passed into the glory of noon, and noon into the after. The family were grouped in the darkened room in deep sorrow. The dying soldier observed it, and whispered: "I do not want any one to be distressed on my account."



REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

Another night came. The respirations had increased greatly, although the temperature was still normal. He asked to be carried from his chair to his bed, and it was done. Then the last hours of watchfulness and prayer began. His hands and feet became cold and clammy, and there was an icy moisture upon his brow. The pulse was fluttering, and, at frequent intervals, would sink



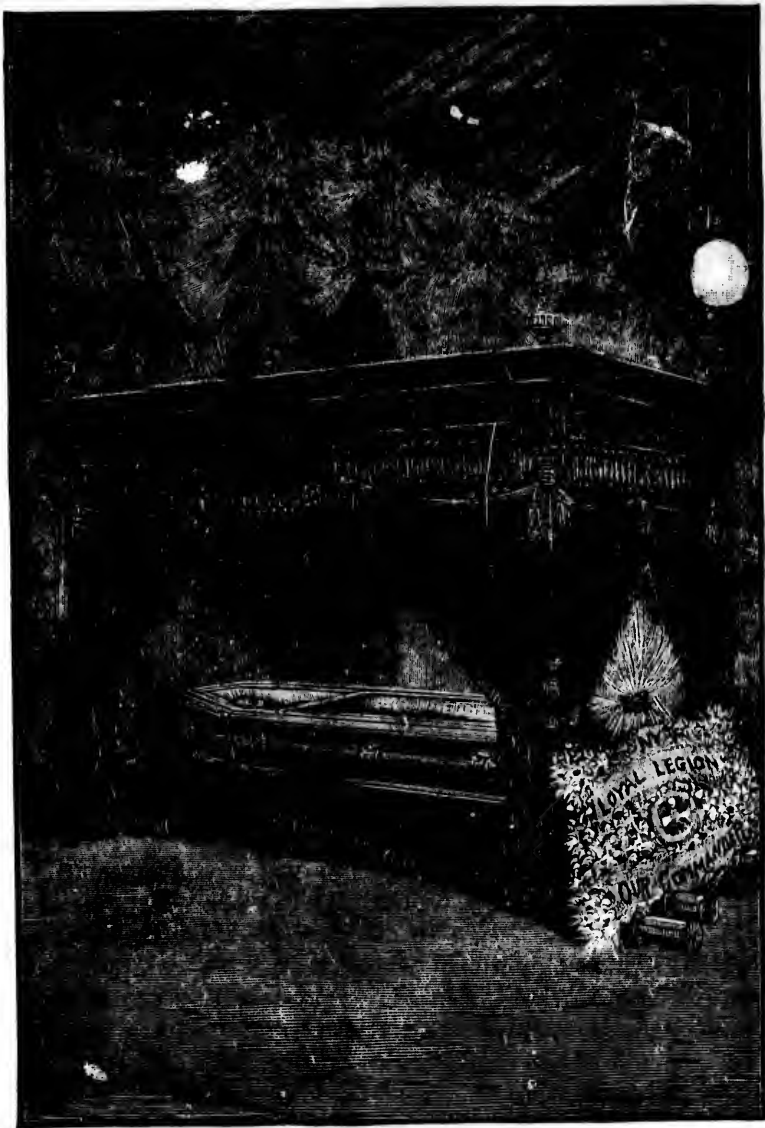
altogether at the wrist. The weakness became greater, and restoratives had no longer any power. The Shadow was very close now.

The day broke again, but he was unconscious. The watchers about the bed stood in silent agony. The weary struggle was near its end. White and gasping he lay as the sands of life ran lower and lower. At a little after eight they ran out entirely. The hero and the martyr had passed out of the shadows of the present into the sunlight of the hereafter. The flag was at half-mast. The soldier was dead. The Shadow had conquered.

What more fitting end than those last months of sorrow and agony patiently borne? Never before had the world seen such a picture of manly fortitude. The indifference to suffering, the fight with pain until he could finish the book which meant death to him yet life to his family, the great joy that went out from his broken heart, that the North and South would clasp hands over his dead form. He was greater upon his death-bed than he was at Appomattox. And still he was the same simple, plain, honest, manly man. He who had been shoulder to shoulder with the times through all the turmoil of his crowded life had arisen to its supremest emergency.

Many came to see him during his days of sickness, and history was made near the historical chair in which he sat. But of all the incidents that happened that of the visit of General S. B. Buckner was the most striking. They had been friends long years before. Buckner had surrendered to him at Donelson—his first great victory—and he had fought the last battle of the war. His old rival and older friend came many miles to see the sick commander, and their conversation was a long and confidential one. In the course of it he gave General Buckner this message to send to the nation:

“I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if



THE GREAT COMMANDER LYING IN STATE IN THE CITY HALL, N. Y.

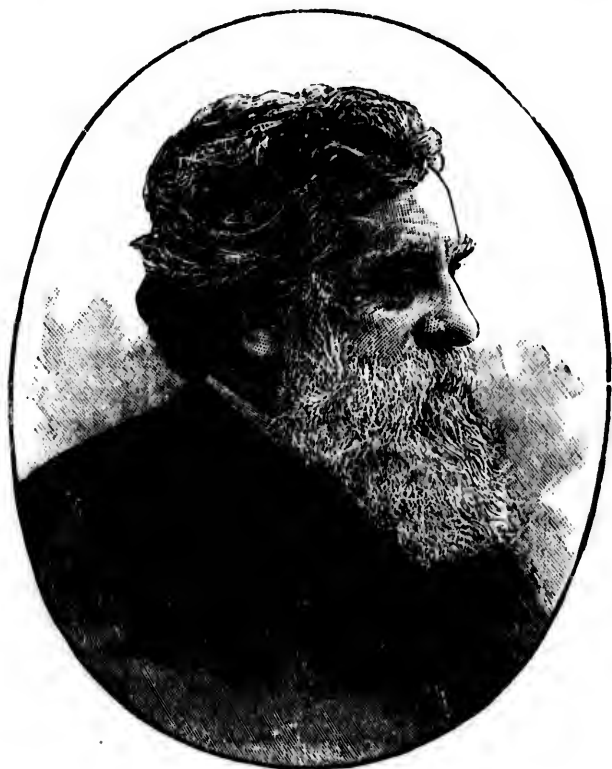
there had been nobody left but the soldiers we would have had peace in a year. — and — are the only two that I know who do not seem to be satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up in the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority, too, of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe, myself, that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every State in Europe, and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our inheritance."

The splendid inter-sectional loyalty of the soldier never shone more greatly than in this utterance. Peace and harmony between the sections had always been his hope. His broad statesmanship had ever held this to be the one supreme question. He did not look at it with the eyes of a time-serving politician, but with the full gaze of a man eager for his country's welfare. It was the first idea which came to him when the war ended. That he had assisted in its accomplishment was his last happy thought when death was upon him.

Immediately after his decease a guard was placed around the cottage. The mourning was universal. Messages of sympathy came from all portions of the habitable globe. His words, "Let us have peace," had been answered. The monarchs of Europe laid their wreaths upon the tomb of the man who was a greater monarch than them all. The generosity with which he had ever treated the South bore rich fruit. There was regard and regret for him for whom strife and disquiet were no more, and thousands of ex-Confederates flocked to his funeral. Among the pall-bearers were Generals Johnston and Buckner. General Gordon rode second in rank to General Hancock, who was in command of the arrangement of the obsequies. General Fitzhugh Lee

was among the mourners who followed him to the grave. The funeral was the grandest in American history.

Riverside Park was chosen for the place of interment. For two days the body lay in state, at the capitol at Albany, and then with pomp and solemnity it was taken to New York. The day was a gloomy one and the rain



DR. J. H. DOUGLASS.

fell almost constantly. At the City Hall the body was again placed in state. Thousands of people visited it to obtain a last look at the dead hero's face. All classes of society came to see him, and it is estimated that not fewer than a quarter of a million of people passed in review before the casket. On the morning of the 10th of August he was buried.

No better close for a chapter like this can be found than the letter which General Grant wrote and handed to Dr. Douglass twenty days before his death. It is a perfect mirror of his thoughtfulness for his family and patriotic love for his country. It runs:

"I ask you not to show this to any one, except the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it and they (the family) will see it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex, would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but, when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your keeping me alive until the change of weather towards winter. Of course, there are contingencies that might arise at any time that might carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under the circumstances life is not worth the living.

"I am very thankful to have been spared this long because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it, and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to suggest themselves to others.

"Under the above circumstances I will be the happiest the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say, therefore, to you and your colleagues, to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery.

"As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree

thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expression towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederates and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not effected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to witness these things.

*"Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 2d, 1885."*

"U. S. GRANT.

To this may be added the last lines which he wrote on matters pertaining to the war :

"I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federals and the Confederates. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that this is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last seems to me the beginning of the answer to 'Let us have peace.' The expressions of these kindly feelings were not restricted to a section of the country nor to a division of the people. They came from individual citizens of all nationalities ; from all denominations, the Protestant, the Catholic and the Jew, and from the various societies of the land—scientific, educational, religious or otherwise.

"Politics did not enter into the matter at all. I am not egotistic enough to suppose all this significance should be given this matter because I was the object of it. But the war between the States was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life before it could be brought

to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was, no matter whether deservedly so or not, a representer of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end."

The tenderness and patriotism in this is greater than could be crowded into a hundred eulogies. It is a glimpse at the pure, simple heart of the great soldier.

The writer has avoided, in this chapter, dwelling upon General Grant's commercial troubles, as the civil trials in the firm's cases were still in progress while the book was in the press. It may be well to say, however, that the united voice of the country acquitted him entirely of all blame in the disastrous failure of Grant & Ward. The truth is that, while the Great Commander was a mere child in the business world, he had a curious delusion that he was possessed of great financiering ability. He seems to have fallen into the hands of a lot of sharks in New York city whose only aim was to trade on his name, and his confidence and trust were sorely misplaced. He and the members of his family were financially ruined, but the betrayal was more bitter to him than the loss of the money. This was to him the saddest memory during his illness.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### THE LAST TATTOO.

'Tis written that the dead shall rise at last  
From their forgotten places and find life :  
But he who loved the people in their need,  
Though given back to nature, dieth not ;  
He shall continue with us to that day.

Great soldier who didst never break our trust  
But kept it well,—if that strong hand of thine  
Which led the nation upward into peace  
May draw the darkness fall'n twixt us and thee,—  
View these sad hosts here gathered from thy fields  
To watch thy bringing home. Pass into rest :  
For thou from that high place thy worth has wrought  
Above the troubles of dead time, hast seen  
The last red ember of the camp-fire quenched,  
The battle-cloud blown seaward, and the land,  
Whose once dividing furrows thou didst smooth,  
Quiet in harvest.

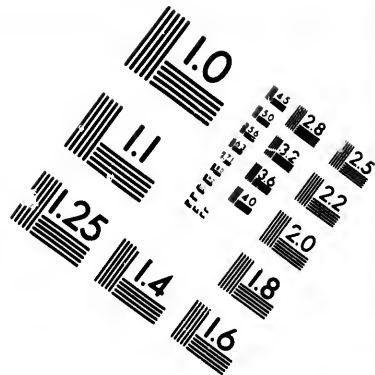
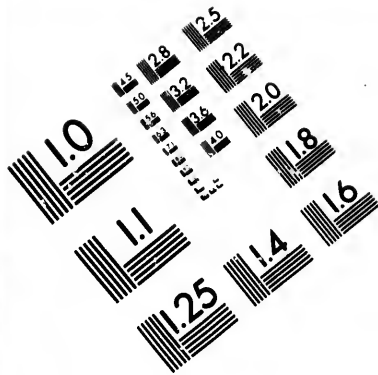
Sound the last tattoo :

Roll, war drums ; colors, dip ; and ye grim throats  
That spoke his iron menace, wake again  
To chant a requiem to the answering hills :  
Our captain sleeps.

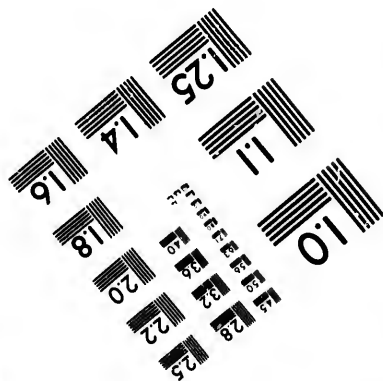
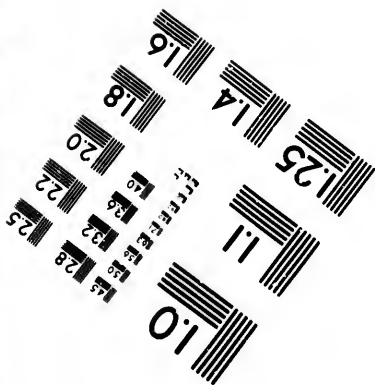
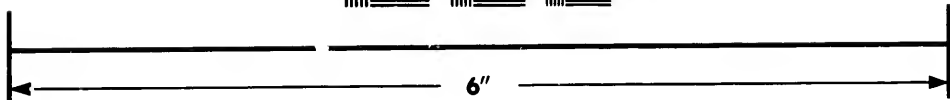
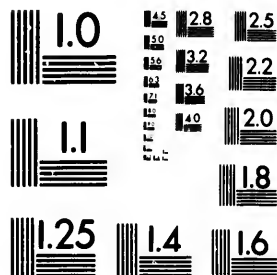
The day broke heavy and sullen, as though the smoke of his battles yet hung in the sky. There was a city of black, and through a hundred miles of thoroughfare the symbols of death fluttered and swayed. Here the portals of a millionaire, sable and gold, with cashmere and precious lace ; there a bit of dingy cambric dangling from a tenement window ; arch, cornice and pillar of great buildings veiled ; spires of marble scarfed and hidden ; the doorways of the temple shrouded ; shops stripped of their tinsel and thick with shadows ; the avenue heavy with streamers of gloom ; on ten thousand







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breasts in the hurrying crowd the badges of grief; carriage and car, van and dray rumbling by with dusky trappings; in the parks the statues of great men were enfolded; crape on the lintels of home and the altars of God; everywhere the same sombre curve, or loop, or pall,—save against the lowering sky, gray with fast moving vapor, where glanced and rippled the glories of our flag—thus was the great city—the million mourning for the one.

There were sounds and sights of war. On every side closed doors told that the wheels of commerce had stopped. Uniformed men hurried to their armories, and the blare of bugles and the shrill voice of the fife rose above the roar of wheels and hurrying feet. Twenty-four years ago the first shell from Moultrie cast just such a cloud and awakened the same echoes. The minds of men went back to those days of trial, saw all their terrors and fierce glories again, and all hearts beat to that same wild rhythm which had measured the march of millions to the shock of arms and the judgment of the sword.

A hundred cities had sent out their peoples to witness this last review, and to the hosts already gathered the busy ferries and trains brought their myriads; there were 1,500,000 gazers in the street of his journey before the great hour was tolled. Broadway moved like a river into which many tributaries were poured. At first the flow was downward and rapid, but the long channel filled to its limit, and the incoming streams were turned back and set like a tide to the north, where they swept up Fifth Avenue to the Park, and thence along the winding route to be traveled, until but one great flood of life was at rest from where the dead lay in state, to where, through miles of the city, the gates of Riverside were open to receive him.

New York had never held such a crowd in density and vastness. It was orderly, quiet, respectful; eager to secure a place of vantage, yet obedient to the sway of those who guarded the dignity of the occasion. By nine o'clock every balcony, window and door commanding the

line of march was teeming; the roofs and cornices swarmed. There was not an accessible point but had its observer: men climbed the statues in the squares; boys were high in the trees; wires swayed and trembled between poles, where perched a score of the adventurous; the houses of the city elsewhere were tenantless; the course of the pageant was choked with the people.

From the Fifth Avenue Hotel a ceaseless stream of carriages departed, conveying delegates to their appointed places. At nine o'clock the police made a concerted movement; the throng, inch by inch, was forced back; and to the quick treble of the fife a regiment swung on right into line and stood at parade rest. Now the last cloud parted, and the sunlight streamed. A battery of artillery rumbled heavily by, the gunners perched upon the jolting caisson and the stout horses straining at their burden; a whirl of flashing metal and angry red, and it had passed. Detachments of the Grand Army in sombre garb came with the old step to the measure of muffled drums, and were aligned upon the crape-shrouded tatters of their flag. An aide galloped down, scabbard swinging and aiguillette rising and falling as he rode. Then restful expectancy—the vast scene motionless save where the trees swayed their branches in the freshening wind.

Suddenly came a bugle note of warning. The captains spoke sharply and a thousand lifted muskets glittered together. Every eye turned southward.

Hancock, commanding, proud and erect as on that deadly day at Spottsylvania. With him Wesley Merritt, Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, Ingalls, Porter, Rodgers, Barnum, Stevens—what a list of glories they summoned—a score of other heroes in his train. Then from Fourteenth street poured a ceaseless river of light and of color, at first tremulous and soft as the rippled shining of wind-swept waters, but brightening and stronger as it neared, until a sunburst rolled by in that pageant of war. The sparkle of buckle and breastplate, the musket's blue ray, the shimmer of helmet and scabbard, the howitzer's burnish and the gatling's cold gleam; masses of scarlet

and yellow and blue and gray ; plume, spike and lance head glittering in the maze ; guidon and standard glowing ; a wealth of splendor poured with the dirges that swelled from tubes of silver and of brass ; all the glory of arms swept by. First the regular troops, many a gray beard among them, with the swinging tread begotten of years ; artillery first and the solid ranks of infantry supporting. Then the naval brigade of white and blue, sturdy arms and bronzed faces, dragging their cannon. After these the troops of New York, young and with their fields and honors before them, regiment on regiment. The soldiers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, Georgia, Connecticut and District of Columbia followed, rivals of the best in numbers and martial bearing. Some had seen service on long-ago fields of glory and death, but for most part they were the youth of the States that sent them, untried yet, but of such stuff as those upon whom the brunt of great battles has rested.

So went they by, division on division, in this last review. Never since the white flag fluttered at the surrender, had so much of the nation's power been gathered, but no greeting acclaimed the display, and its pomp was unnoticed. The onward thousands and the million that watched were alike silent, and no voice cheered the favorite commands as in their holiday marches. For two hours, to the rhythm of the dead march in Saul, the platoons passed upward and over the hill, standards shrouded, arms reversed, the saucy marker a flutter of crape. A regiment trod by to the throb of muffled drums, then an emptiness in the great street, every head uncovered, and there was a hush.

The dead Conqueror.

There where the sun kissed the purple and silver that hid him, he came, not leading, but led ; not victorious, but himself surrendered. The Chief Magistrate and the honored of the people hedged him about ; men whose lives are history thronged before and after ; the great captains he had launched like thunderbolts against the

foe were with him again, but the eye saw only that reverent blackness which bore him as a cloud. In softest music that went and came in whispers, the grief of the nation was voiced, and the folds of the flag he loved so well were above and around him, and so onward into the valley of the shadow he went, with the last gaze of the peoples following till distance shut her gates upon the view.

Now the rattle of many wheels as the carriages of delegates and ambassadors, ministers and companions joined the line. Then strode the comrades of his camps and battles.

From every field of the nation's glory came these to honor him. That gray sergeant loaded the howitzer which the young lieutenant trained from the belfry at Chapultepec; that sleeve had been empty since the recoil of the gray billows hurled upon Thomas at Chickamauga; yonder a red scar burns in proud memory of that hour at Aldie when Kilpatrick rode down with a whirlwind of death; that veteran limps still from Hugér's last shell at Manasses; his companion pulled the lanyard of Rickett's first gun; that proud-eyed giant planted the color on the summit at Mission Ridge; that drummer beat the rally on the river bank at Shiloh. All heroes, all worthy the man.

And thus to every mind again, after many years and for the last time, came the great war as a dream. Again the restless contention of orators and statesmen, the bitterness and insult, the rebuke and injury, the hot spirit of trouble fanning the land to a blaze. Then the lowering of the storm, the stealthy hum of preparation, and the echoes and shock of Moultrie's first gun. Again the ranks of resolute men, shoulder to shoulder, with steadfast pace to the front. Again the wild drums beat down the sobbing and moan of desolate homes, and the trumpet's fierce blare directed the charge. The dust and grime rising and shrouding the murder beneath, the trample of hoofs, the hissing of the hail of death, the rush to the color, the yells of the pursuer and the cries

of the helpless—these rose as phantoms and moved again. Then somewhere from the blackness came a flutter of white, like a dove from a thundercloud, and men welcomed the emblem of peace. A few words uttered, a name tremblingly traced on a scanty page, and the tumult was hushed forever. One sword pointed the issue, one calm will commanded the storm, and it obeyed. All this passed in review again with this army, and in the honors thus paid to the master in his rest, the grave of every soldier of the cause was remembered.

The march had reached the final camp, and the old commander's last home was open to receive him. The trumped shrilled out to halt, and through the ranks of his resting soldiers, as many a time before when he had approved them for their valor, he passed to his couch.

Then through the hush, to the God of Battles and the God of Peace, ascended a prayer that after his vigil and toil, his long suffering and patient endurance, this sentinel might find rest.

Hark! the low sweet notes of the last tattoo. Good-night. Put out the lights. All's well.

Now from the mouths of a hundred guns, the red gleam and thunder and cloud of the salute. From the hill the angry muzzles shot their clamors and the battle mist billowed and rolled above the spars and pennons of the answering river. Land and sea spoke their highest tribute. The soldier was at rest.



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