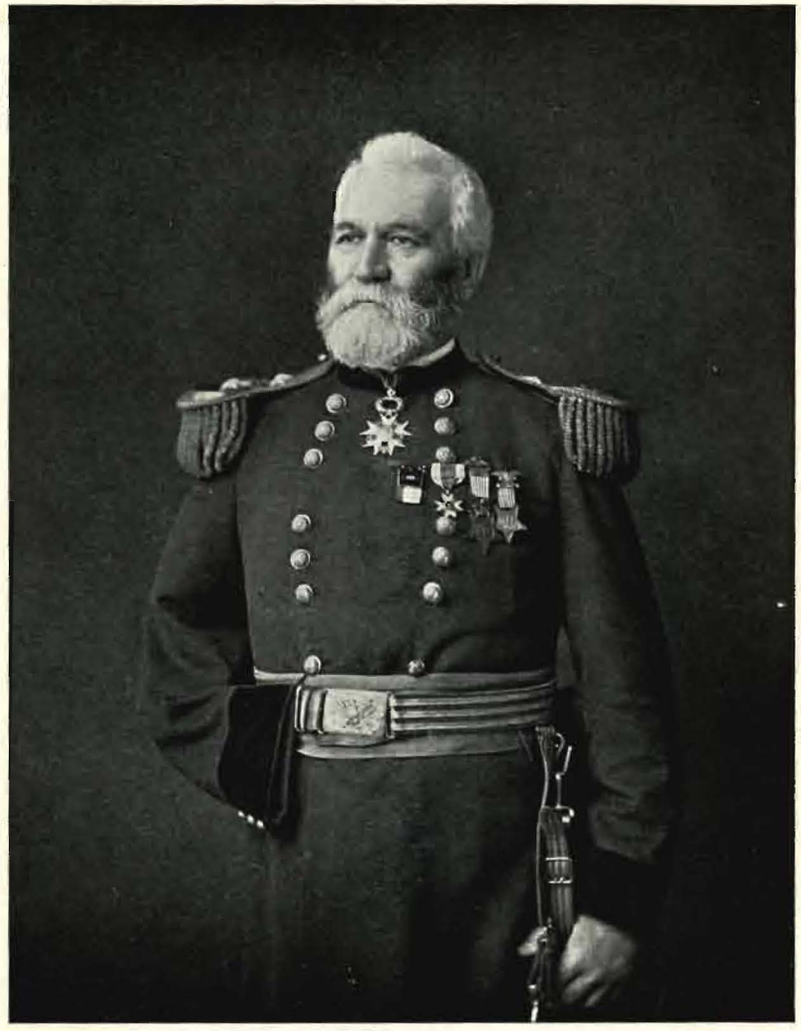

General Howard.

(From a photograph taken upon his retirement from active military duty, November 4, 1894.)

Autobiography

of

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

MAJOR GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

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Dedicated

TO

M Y W I F E

WHOSE ABIDING INFLUENCE FOR SIXTY YEARS
HAS SUPPORTED MY EFFORTS
TO UNDERTAKE AND ACCOMPLISH THE
WORK GIVEN ME TO DO.
CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN HAVE ALREADY
RISEN UP TO CALL HER BLESSED;
AND HER HUSBAND HONORS HER AFFECTION
AND STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

CHAPTER XXIII

CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG

PROBABLY there was no gloomier period during our great war than the month which followed the disasters of Chancellorsville. Then I entered with fuller understanding into the meaning of "the valley of the shadow of death." On May 26, 1863, an officer, high in rank and claiming to be a warm personal friend, wrote me with great apparent frankness and urged me to leave the Eleventh Corps. I have his letter before me, in which occur these remarkable words: "The first thing they [the men, Germans and Americans] will do when placed in position will be to look behind them, and the accidental discharge of a musket in the rear will produce another panic, another disaster, another disgrace to yourself, to the troops, to all of us," etc.

I would not believe it; I courted another trial for the command other than that of the terrible Wilderness. I was then obliged to raise my eyes above the criticisms and well-meant advice of my companions in arms; I looked to the Great Shepherd for his care and guidance. As a result, in the end, nay, in the very campaign so soon to begin, my judgment was justified.

The feeling of the country at that time, North and South, was far from satisfactory to those patriots who had struggled the hardest and suffered the most.

The three months' and two years' men at the end of May were going home to be mustered out, making the army of Hooker some 25,000 less than that of Lee. The raid of Stoneman had been severe upon the cavalry horses; the terms of enlistment of many cavalrymen had expired; so that, when General Pleasonton, succeeding Stoneman, assumed command, our cavalry had been depleted at least one-third.

As to the outlook for the cause itself, when was it ever worse? I remember well the feelings displayed and the opinions entertained by our military men at General Hooker's council of war just before we returned from Chancellorsville. General Sickles, then the able commander of the Third Corps, was very frank. Though our army was still so strong, much of it as yet unhurt, and though the other general officers thought it wise to give the foe another trial before retiring, he said, substantially: "No! the last election went against the administration; the copperheads are gaining in strength; the enemies of the Republic everywhere are jubilant. It will not do to risk here the loss of this army. We have gone far enough. I do not speak as a military man from a military standpoint—you, gentlemen, are better fitted for that—but from my view of the political arena." We returned, as everybody knows, to the old camps. Then came the fever to go home, the terrible newspaper abuse of us all—sometimes of the officers and sometimes of the conduct of the soldiers. With it were the old animosities, envies, and jealousies, and the newly awakened ambitions. There was a constant rushing to Washington for the purpose of interviewing Halleck, Stanton, and Lincoln. The committee of Congress, sitting to look after the conduct of the war, had hosts of voluntary witnesses

from the army, and the foundations were then laid for unusual fame, for extraordinary reputations. It is refreshing to-day to review the batch of wise plans and critical statements which were evolved, having been made after the events which they deplore.

We could gather little hope from the splendid condition of Lee's army. It had been reorganized. Its numerous brigades were grouped into divisions and the divisions into three army corps, and cavalry. Stonewall Jackson, it is true, was no more, but the three lieutenant generals—Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Ewell—were not wanting in ability or experience. They were trusted by Lee and believed in by the troops and people.

J. E. B. Stuart was cut out for a cavalry leader. In perfect health, but thirty-two years of age, full of vigor and enterprise, with the usual ideas imbibed in Virginia concerning State Supremacy, Christian in thought and temperate by habit, no man could ride faster, endure more hardships, make a livelier charge, or be more hearty and cheerful while so engaged. A touch of vanity, which invited the smiles and applause of the fair maidens of Virginia, but added to the zest and ardor of Stuart's parades and achievements. He commanded Lee's cavalry corps — a well-organized body, of which he was justly proud.

It took each army some time to get its artillery into practical shape. It was sometimes attached to divisions and distributed here and there as might be required, but finally, General Lee gave to his artillery a form of organization; putting together, for one battery, four guns instead of six, the usual number, he constituted a battalion of sixteen pieces. He placed fifteen such battalions under the command of Pendle-

ton, who, in his own arm, rivaled Stuart in energy and experience. Habitually, as I understand it, one artillery battalion was assigned to a division of infantry, making three to each corps. This placed six battalions in the reserve. Besides these guns there were thirty of light artillery or horse artillery attached to the cavalry. The total number of guns for Lee's service with his army in the field was then 270 pieces.

I am inclined to believe that Lee's aggregate in the outset reached the number which General Hooker gave it, by comparing several counts, viz., 80,000 men of all arms.

In the midst of our depression it was not deemed possible to cut out and cut down our reduced brigades and regiments. It might have destroyed our existing *morale*. And I think General Hooker, like McClellan, enjoyed maneuvering several independent bodies. At any rate, he had the awkward number of eight small corps, besides his artillery. John F. Reynolds commanded the First, Hancock the Second, Sickles the Third, Meade the Fifth, Sedgwick the Sixth, Howard the Eleventh, Slocum the Twelfth, and Pleasonton the cavalry; while Hunt had general charge of the artillery. We had then, in May, 1863, an average of about 11,000 in each infantry corps, in the neighborhood of 10,000 cavalry ready for the field and 4,000 artillery with 387 guns—making an effective force of about 102,000 of all arms. The armies thus organized stood on opposite sides of the Rappahannock.

Rumors had reached us soon after our defeat that the Confederate authorities proposed another effort to turn our flank, similar to that of the year before which ended in the battle of Antietam. General Hooker, however, seems to have had no valid evidence from his

scouts till about May 28th, that Lee contemplated a movement. Even then, opposite our pickets everything appeared to be *in statu quo*. On June 5th I rode from my headquarters, then near Brooks's Station on the Aquia Creek Railway, to Hooker's headquarters, and, returning, made a note that the day before there was cannonading near Fredericksburg—a sort of a reconnoissance in force on our part, with an attempt to lay a bridge; that some brigades of the enemy were reported moving off, but that as soon as our troops began to show signs of making a crossing their brigades reappeared. It was the very afternoon of my ride to headquarters (June 5th) that the bridges were thrown over the Rappahannock, near Franklin's crossing. There was some resistance, but only by skirmishers. The same method was pursued as at the Fredericksburg battle, and the sending over soldiers in boats served to dislodge the enemy's pickets and secure the crossing.

Early June 6th, General Howe, of the Sixth Corps, moved his division to the enemy's side and made ready to advance, but orders from Halleck were so positive not to move over to attack in that quarter that it was impossible by a simple demonstration long to deceive Lee. At first, Lee did bring back some troops, put them in readiness to withstand Howe, and sent checking orders to other of his forces which were already *en route* toward the west. But very soon Howe's movement was plainly seen to be but a demonstration, and, so believing, General Lee went on to carry out his purpose.

Lee's forces had for some days been in motion. Stuart with his cavalry was watching the Rappahannock, with his headquarters not far from Culpeper;

Longstreet's corps was concentrated there, and Ewell *en route*. Lee himself started, after Howe's demonstration, for the same point. Culpeper was to be to him the point of a new departure. Besides Howe's reconnoissance, General Hooker determined to make another by cavalry supported by infantry. A scouting party had been organized. General Adelbert Ames, commanding an infantry brigade, departed to proceed up the Rappahannock and attack Stuart or intercept one of his raids. Underwood's regiment (Thirty-third Massachusetts) formed part of Ames's command. His wife and little daughter had just arrived in camp. But I was obliged to choose his regiment, deeming it the best fitted for the work to be done. I wrote June 10th: "An engagement is now in progress between our cavalry and that of General Stuart, not far from Culpeper. General Ames with his brigade must be there. I do hope this affair will be a success worth the mention. I understand that Stuart was completely surprised just as he was getting ready to go on some expedition to the north of us. Particulars of the engagement have not yet come to hand. One brigade of General Sedgwick's corps (Russell's) is also with Pleasonton, who now commands our cavalry. A division of the same corps is still across the river below Fredericksburg. Our own guns cover these troops, and they can stay there in safety as long as they please. Harry Stinson, my aid-de-camp, went with General Ames."

Stuart, having spent much time in putting his cavalry into excellent condition, had written General Lee entreating him to come and give it a review. On June 7th Lee joined him near Culpeper, when with a smile he said, as he pointed to Longstreet's corps, "Here I am with my friends, according to your invitation."

The next day, in the open country, not far from Brandy Station, upon ground well fitted for the purpose, Stuart caused his whole cavalry force to pass in review before his general-in-chief. It is said that Stuart, in such presence, was not content with a simple review, but drilled his brigades and exercised them in a sham fight, freely using his light artillery.

After these exercises, Stuart placed his headquarters upon a knoll called Fleetwood Hill, situated to the north of Brandy Station, and here followed the battle of Brandy Station between Stuart and Pleasonton, where the latter developed the fact that not only was Stuart's command in the neighborhood of Culpeper, but also an entire corps, and probably more of infantry; and, further, he had the captured plan of Lee's campaign in his possession. Therefore, Pleasonton now slowly withdrew across the Rappahannock, reaching the other side before dark and sending his important report to Hooker. He had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, about 600 men, and also two pieces of artillery. Stuart's loss was fully equal to ours. This conflict, mainly a cavalry engagement, at the beginning of the campaign, hard as it seems to have been, was of decided advantage to our cavalry, for, under good leadership, it had been able to take the offensive and hold its own against equal if not superior numbers of the well-handled and enterprising Confederates. Ever after, during the campaign, the brigades of cavalry rivaled each other in desperate charges, and in often meeting and withstanding bodies of infantry that were undertaking to turn our flanks.

It now appears that General Hooker, after obtaining the information which he had desired from Pleasonton's reconnoissance, urged upon General Halleck

and the President the wisdom of crossing the Rappahannock at Falmouth and striking Hill's corps with his whole force. He believed that this course would give him a successful battle, if Hill should wait for him on the Marye Heights; or, otherwise, at the worst, would force a return of Hill and a recall of all the Confederate forces intended for the invasion of Pennsylvania.

In my judgment there was at that time no possible success for our Republic except in a great victory to be gained by the Army of the Potomac; not in fighting for position, not for Richmond, but in encountering and defeating the confident Army of Northern Virginia.

What Mr. Lincoln evidently desired was that General Hooker should consider Lee's army as *the objective;* strike it in its weakest point; divide it and fight it in detail, if possible; but not ignore it.

Lee's movements in his northward march are not very plain to us, but just what they would be could not then be predicted. He used his lively cavalry as a curtain, supporting it by one corps; appearing here and there with it, as if moving on Washington or Baltimore, and thus drawing our whole attention to this work; while the remainder of the Confederates steadily kept on their way through Chester Gap, across the Shenandoah, down the valley of that river, and picked up our small armies which we always kept carefully separated and ready for Confederate consumption!

It was some time, and after reiteration, before I came to comprehend at West Point what our old Professor Mahan meant by "common sense." At last I defined it, "a state of mind the result of careful observation." There was certainly a want of this kind of common sense at the War Office in June, 1863.

There had already been given us several lessons in sight of the Shenandoah. Hooker was to cover Washington and Harper's Ferry, yet the troops at and beyond Harper's Ferry were not under his command.

On June 10th (the very next day after the bloody combat of Brandy Station) Stonewall Jackson's old corps, now under General Ewell, began its march from Culpeper into the Shenandoah Valley, and there defeated Milroy at Winchester.

The evening of June 17, 1863, I made this pencil note: "Goose Creek, near Leesburg.—The weather has been very hot and dry. We have marched as follows: twelve miles, nineteen, eighteen; rested two days, and then marched seventeen. I was a little feverish at Centreville, but am now quite recovered. This corps (the Eleventh) has marched in very orderly style and all my orders are obeyed with great alacrity. June 18, 1863.—Almost too hot for campaigning. I am waiting for orders. General headquarters (Hooker's) are thirty miles away just now, at Fairfax Court House. Charlie (Major C. H. Howard) is quite well, and so is Captain Stinson, aid-de-camp. Charlie has just at this time gone to General Reynolds's camp, and Captain Stinson to that of General Meade. I have a new officer on my staff—Captain Daniel Hall, additional aid-de-camp, formerly John P. Hale's private secretary—a very fine young man. He has been sick and I am afraid he will not stand the fatigue."

When in permanent camps our notes and letters were kept up with much regularity, but when the long marches began they became few and short. We first, setting out the next day after Ames's return from Brandy Station, came to Catlett's Station. General J. F. Reynolds was given a wing of the army, just then

the right; it consisted of the First (his own corps), the Third (Sickles's), and the Eleventh (mine). When I was at Catlett's, the First was a little west of south of me at Bealton Station, and the Third Corps, which had begun its march on June 11th, was above the Rappahannock Station and near the famous Beverly Ford. These three bodies were facing Culpeper and in echelon. Should Lee attempt a close turn of our position, we could quietly form line facing southwest, or even to the north, and become at once the nucleus for the whole army.

Hooker obtained information that Ewell's entire corps had passed Sperryville. This news came during June 12th. He then hesitated not a moment, but issued the necessary orders to place his army farther north. We marched on the 14th to occupy Manassas Junction and Centreville, while three other corps—the Second, Sixth, and Twelfth—had set out the 13th, aiming for the neighborhood of Fairfax Court House; the Fifth (Meade's), which had been nearly opposite the United States Ford, on the Rappahannock, followed us toward Manassas, to reënforce Reynolds if the occasion should arise. It was there at Centreville that he remained two days, the 15th and 16th.

On June 17th Reynolds's wing, including the Fifth Corps, was pressed still farther northward and grouped substantially about Leesburg, while General Hooker's headquarters remained near Fairfax Court House. In this way it will be noticed that our wing—about one-fifth of the army — was first grouped in echelon facing south. The next move brought it in the same order facing west. The third move carried it to the northwest and uncovered the other corps, which were looking westward from positions nearer Wash-

ington. A division of cavalry under General Stahl, who had been scouting this region from Leesburg to Manassas, was released by the presence of an army and enabled to unite with Pleasonton and increase his force. Pleasonton with his cavalry had carefully watched the Rappahannock to its sources and then followed up the movements of Stuart and Longstreet, whose forces he usually kept in view at least by his scouting parties and outposts. Lee's rear corps, under A. P. Hill, left Fredericksburg as soon as Hooker's troops disappeared from his front, June 14th, and pushed on with great rapidity across the Rapidan, through Culpeper, Chester Gap, and Front Royal into the Shenandoah Valley, keeping upon Ewell's track. His peril was over. He had quickly placed two ranges of mountains, a river, Longstreet's infantry, and Stuart's cavalry between his command and our army. Longstreet, with his large and effective army corps, was designated to march down the eastern bank of the Shenandoah River as a cover to the other troops and *materiel* of Lee's army, while Stuart acted as a body of flankers to Longstreet, keeping upon the ridges or in the valleys nearer still to our command. Pleasonton and Stuart often came into contact.

The two armies were then (on June 17th) pretty well concentrated and much alike—Lee, in the Shenandoah Valley, with one corps (Longstreet's), and Stuart's cavalry near the crest of the Blue Ridge; Hooker, in the valley of the Potomac, between Lee and Washington, with one corps (the Fifth), and his cavalry (Pleasonton's) on the crest of the Blue Ridge Range. Stuart and Pleasonton were crossing the east and west road, and but few miles apart.

During that day (June 18, 1863), while the greater

part of the army was waiting to see just what Lee would attempt next, and when the weather was so warm in the Goose Creek Valley that I considered it too hot for campaigning; while aids and orderlies were skipping from corps to corps, with great difficulty and danger to life, through a country infested by Mosby's guerrillas, in order to keep us mutually informed and properly instructed, Pleasonton and Stuart were acting like two combatants playing and fencing with small swords. Neither wished to hasten a battle. Stuart took a stand at Middleburg. Pleasonton cautiously approached, skirmished, and moved as if to turn Stuart by the left. Stuart declined the close quarters, and fell back southward. But, as if a little ashamed of backing off, the early morning of the 19th found Stuart in a good defensive attitude west of Middleburg.

Pleasonton made a vigorous attack. For eight miles there was a running fight till Stuart had concentrated his forces on the last ridge at Ashby's Gap—the pass of the Blue Ridge. Here he saw the columns of Lee slowly in motion toward the north.

My pencil note dated June 22, 1863, indicated the position of the Army of the Potomac to be: the Eleventh Corps at Goose Creek, not far from Leesburg, Va.; the Fifth, still under General Meade, somewhere near Adlie. The Second Corps had been pushed out from Centreville to Thoroughfare Gap. The remainder of the army was not far from the Eleventh Corps. General Hooker was endeavoring to get from Halleck and Stanton another fair-sized corps. It was to be a coöperating force, to move up rapidly on the eastern side of the Potomac. It could check cavalry raids like those of Jenkins, who, having preceded

Ewell in Pennsylvania, had gathered horses, cattle, and other supplies from Chambersburg and its neighborhood, securing them from the fleeing and terrified inhabitants. This corps should be strong enough to meet and hold back any small or sizable body of the enemy's infantry, should Lee decide to send Early, Rodes, or even Ewell across the Potomac into Cumberland Valley with a view of scattering the troops, so as to live on the country and bring together and send to him much-coveted and much-needed contributions of food for his large command. But for some reason there was at Washington a want of confidence in General Hooker. Troops which were promised for this purpose were never sent; some which had been ordered and had set out for the rendezvous were stopped by Heintzelman's or Halleck's subordinates. Schenck furnished a few—a single brigade—under Colonel Lockwood; but these were insufficient for the avowed purpose, and what was worse to Hooker than the withholding was the manner in which it was done. Hooker was, at that time, suffered to be overridden by subordinate commanders, whom, to his chagrin, his seniors in authority sustained.

On June 24th we were still at Goose Creek. The day before, my brother, the Rev. R. B. Howard, a member of the celebrated Christian Commission, reached our camp after a ride of forty-five miles and some little exposure to "bushwhackers." The word "bushwhackers" comprehended scouts, spies, and all partisan insurgents who were never really made part of the Confederate army. They penetrated our lines in spite of every precaution, picked off our aids and messengers on their swift journeyings from corps to corps, and circulated every sort of false story that might be made

use of to mislead us. In this Goose Creek region we were much annoyed by them. It was near here that Mosby with his peculiar force of guerrillas came near capturing me. In a small thicket which had grown up not far from the road a part of Mosby's men were concealed. They saw horsemen approaching, at first at a slow pace, but we outnumbered them, so their leader decided not to attack. I was glad of that decision, for I had then simply orderlies, servants, and spare horses, with but few armed soldiers.

The Confederate Corps Commander Ewell, as early as June 20th, withdrew from Winchester and marched on above Harper's Ferry. Edward Johnson's division crossed the Potomac at Sharpsburg and encamped on our old battlefield of Antietam; Rodes's division went on to Hagerstown; but Jubal Early's division was detained on the western bank of the river. This disposition of the enemy's leading corps when reported to Hooker puzzled him, as it did the War Department. What was Lee, after all, intending to do? This occasioned the singular multiplicity and sudden changes of orders. For example, on the 24th, the Eleventh Corps was first ordered to proceed to Sandy Hook, just below Harper's Ferry; next, before setting out, it was to cross the Potomac instead, at Edwards' Ferry, and report from that place to the headquarters of the army; next, to cross over there and push at once for Harper's Ferry. Soon after General Hooker directed me to go into camp on the right bank of the Potomac, and before that was fulfilled the orders were again changed to pass to the left bank of the river and guard the bridges. Surely somebody was nervous!

At last, on this same day, General Tyler, who was still the commander at Maryland Heights, gave Gen-

eral Hooker some definite information: that *Longstreet was crossing* the Potomac at Shepherdstown. In a letter, which must have been sent before Tyler's dispatch came, General Hooker explains to General Halleck briefly his thoughts and plans. He says that Ewell is already over the Potomac; that he shall endeavor, without being observed by Lee, to send a corps or two to Harper's Ferry, with a view to sever Ewell from the remainder of Lee's army. This he would attempt in case Ewell should make a protracted sojourn with his Pennsylvania neighbors.

Of course, Tyler's report about Longstreet changed all this. It was now too late to cut off Ewell—too late to think of dividing Lee's army by way of Harper's Ferry. It was evident also that Lee proposed to put his whole force east of the Potomac. Washington and Baltimore would be passed, and Harrisburg menaced.

My instructions the morning of June 25th became clear and positive: "Send a staff officer to General Reynolds to report to him; move your command in the direction of Middletown instead of Sandy Hook." Reynolds still commanded the wing, viz., the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps, and was ordered to seize the passes of South Mountain, and thus confine the Confederate general "to one line of invasion." I do not suppose this reason thus given amounted to much. If Lee had taken several lines of invasion he would have divided his forces and enabled us the better to strike him in detail; but, indeed, it was a wise move of Hooker to thus threaten Lee's line of communication, while he completely covered and protected his own. Of course, had he pressed on hard and close in that quarter, Lee would have been forced to stop all invasion and turn his attention constantly and completely

to his adversary. Middletown was quickly reached; Harper's Ferry (or rather the Maryland Heights) was held, and the lower passes of the South Mountain were within our grasp.

In one day the army could at last be concentrated in that vicinity, because our wing under Reynolds had been followed up by the other corps. Slocum, with the Twelfth Corps, having crossed at Edwards' Ferry the 26th, had moved rapidly toward Harper's Ferry. The other three, with the artillery reserve, hastening over the Potomac the same day—for there were two good pontoon bridges for their use—moved up to Frederick and vicinity. Thus the Army of the Potomac was the morning of June 27th well in hand, in good condition, and rather better located for the offensive or the offensive-defensive operations than the year before under McClellan, when it approached the field of Antietam in about the same locality. Hooker had gone off to Harper's Ferry to see if it was feasible to begin a movement from his left. He had asked for Tyler's command near there. He now proposed the abandonment of Harper's Ferry as a garrison or station after the stores should be withdrawn. He could not afford to hold the works in that neighborhood at the expense of losing the services of 11,000 men, just then changed to General French. Halleck rejoined, in substance, that Harper's Ferry had always been deemed of great importance, and that he could not consent to its abandonment.

Hooker then sent this famous dispatch: "My original instructions were to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me in addition an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully, but firmly, that I

am unable to comply with these conditions with the means at my disposal, and I earnestly request that I may be relieved at once from the position I occupy."

As if at once abandoning his own plan, General Hooker, after sending this dispatch, sent the Twelfth Corps to Frederick and went there himself. The next day, June 28th, General Hardie, a staff officer from the War Department, arrived at Frederick with the formal orders which relieved General Hooker of his command, and appointed in his place the commander of the Fifth Corps, General George G. Meade.

A comrade feels less and less inclined to criticise with any severity Hooker's intended work. There were jealousies; there were ambitions; there was discontent, and often insubordination in our army. General Hooker had formerly severely criticised McClellan. He had accounted for his own want of success at his own first attempt at supreme command by blaming others. Reactions would come. McClellan's friends and many others somehow impressed our large-hearted and frank-spoken President with the feeling that Hooker was not fully trusted in the army; so he wrote him at the outset of this campaign, June 14th: "I have some painful intimations that some of your corps and division commanders are not giving you their entire confidence."

From facts in my possession I am sure that this was a mild statement of the case, and I think it more of a reflection upon those who manifested the distrust than upon Hooker. But now, taking everything into account, I believe that, ill-timed as it seemed, the change of commanders was a good thing—especially good for that unexplainable something called the "*morale* of the army."

Lee and his officers did not rejoice when they learned that the able, upright, and well-reputed Meade had succeeded Hooker.

As soon as Meade took command of the Army of the Potomac he exhibited a mind of his own, and immediately changed the plan of our march. My corps (the Eleventh) turned at once from Middletown, Md., to Frederick, arriving there on the evening of June 28th. The army was at this time concentrated around this pretty little city. As soon as I reached the town I went at once to headquarters full of excitement and interest, awakened by the sudden changes that were taking place.

I had known Meade before the war, having met him and traveled with him on our northern lakes when he was on engineering duty in that region, and I had seen him frequently after the outbreak of hostilities. But he seemed different at Frederick. He was excited. His coat was off, for those June days were very warm. As I entered his tent, he extended his hand, and said:

"How are you, Howard?"

He demurred at any congratulation. He looked tall and spare, weary, and a little flushed, but I knew him to be a good, honest soldier, and gathered confidence and hope from his thoughtful face. To him I appeared but a lad, for he had graduated in 1835 at the Military Academy, nineteen years before me. He had served in the artillery among the Indians; in the Topographical Engineers on our rivers and lakes; in Mexico, where he was brevetted for his gallantry, and had become favorably known at Washington for good work in the lighthouse service. Then, finally, in the rebellion all our eyes had been turned to him for the completeness of every work that he had thus far un-

dertaken with his Pennsylvania reserves. He won me more by his thoroughness and fidelity than by any show of sympathy or companionship. To me, of course, he stood in the light of an esteemed, experienced regular officer, old enough to be my father, but like a father that one can trust without his showing him any special regard. So we respected and trusted Meade from the beginning.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG BEGUN

GENERAL MEADE at once began the sending of his forces so much eastward that we knew that any movement against Lee's rear or the Confederate communications via Harper's Ferry had been given up.

The evening of June 28, 1865, the whole army was at or near Frederick, Md. In his dispatch that evening Meade said: "I propose to move this army to-morrow in the direction of York."

By a glance at the map it will be seen that this plan was the precise opposite of that of Hooker, as indicated by his dispatches two days before. The reason for the change was that Lee was reported not only on our side of the Potomac, but as already occupying Chambersburg, Carlisle, and threatening Harrisburg, and having at least a brigade in the town of York. He did not just then seem to care greatly for his communications, any more than did Hannibal of old after he had once obtained his strong foothold on the Continent of Europe. Lee had now corn, flour, cattle, and horses in abundance, and the farther north he pushed, the more sumptuous would be his supply. Lee's position in Pennsylvania gave ominous threats to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, caused real fright to the loyal people of Baltimore, and to the administration at Washing-

ton. The life of the Nation was in its greatest peril—it appeared to hang upon but a thread of hope, and, under God, the thread was *Meade and his army.*

A little later information determined our general to cover more ground, to stretch out in line of corps as he moved forward. An army line in a campaign is now a day's march or more long. After our marches of June 29th, the First and Eleventh Corps were on the left of that extended line at Emmittsburg; the Third and Twelfth at Taneytown, where was General Meade himself; the Second at Frizelburg; the Fifth at Union, and the Sixth at New Windsor.

This grand army line looking northward had most of its cavalry under Pleasonton, well forward—one division under Buford aiming for Gettysburg, and the others fighting and chasing the Confederate cavalry, which daringly swept around our army between us and Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia. The army of Meade was also well supported by a fine reserve; for Halleck, strange to tell, had given to Meade what he had withholden from Hooker, namely, the force at Harper's Ferry. French moved it, now 11,000 strong, to Frederick, Md. It here constituted a cover to our depots, to Washington communications, and a ready help for any contingency.

The infantry and artillery extended over a large area. Military experts ask: "Was not this an error of Meade's, to so move forward his command, exposing his left to be attacked by at least two-thirds of Lee's army?" Meade's answer is in his own words: "If Lee is moving for Baltimore, I expect to get between his main army and that place. If he is crossing the Susquehanna, I shall rely upon General Couch holding him until I can fall upon his rear and give him battle."

But Lee was already drawing back his scattered forces to the neighborhood of Chambersburg and watching toward Gettysburg, to see what could be behind the bold pushing of John Buford's cavalry division in that neighborhood. He began his concentration before Meade could do so, and upon the flank where he was not expected to concentrate.

On the last day of June a few changes in our position took place. The First Corps, under John F. Reynolds, went to "Marsh Run," about five miles from Gettysburg; the Eleventh, under my command, remained at Emmittsburg for that day; the Third (Sickles's corps) moved from Taneytown to a point near Emmittsburg; the Twelfth (Slocum's) went forward and encamped near Littlestown. The headquarters and remaining corps did not change. Buford's cavalry was kept ahead of Reynolds, in the vicinity of Gettysburg.

On June 30th the Confederate army formed a concave line (concavity toward us), embracing Chambersburg, Carlisle, and York. Ours formed an indented line, extending from Marsh Run to Westminster, the left of that line being thrown far forward. If Lee could bring his men together east of the South Mountain, near Cashtown, it would appear that he might strike us in the flank—before we could assemble—blow after blow, and beat us in detail. Of course, it was a bold undertaking. The safe course of a cautious mind would have been different—probably to have concentrated beyond the South Mountain as Lee had done at Antietam; but Longstreet was at hand, and urged Lee to adopt more risky measures with the hope of obtaining grander results.

So, then, while we were feeling around in the dark-

ness of conflicting rumors and contradictory information, Lee, June 29th, designated a point east of South Mountain, behind Cashtown and Gettysburg, for the grand gathering of his forces. When the order came Ewell was near Harrisburg; he had already drawn back Early's division from York. Early's and Rodes's, with the corps chief, coming together, succeeded in reaching Heidelsburg, about ten miles north of Gettysburg, the evening of the 30th, but Johnson's division, obeying the same orders, had gone from Carlisle back toward Chambersburg. He, however, took a left-hand road by the way of Greenwood, and encamped the same night near Scotland, a hamlet west of the mountain. The other two corps—Longstreet's and Hill's—were not far in advance of Ewell's; for, though they had shorter distances they had fewer routes from which to choose. Hill's corps led, and was at or near Cashtown the evening of the 30th.

Longstreet, with two divisions, remained that night near Greenwood, at the west entrance to Cashtown Gap. One division only—that of Pickett—caring for Lee's transportation, remained behind, at Chambersburg. The Confederate commander then had, the night of June 30th, the bulk of his army—probably between 50,000 and 60,000 men—within fifteen miles of Gettysburg. His leading division (Heth's of Hill's corps) had already encountered our cavalry. After Heth had arrived in Cashtown, eight miles from Gettysburg, he sent, on the 30th, Pettigrew's brigade with wagons to that town for shoes and other supplies. Pettigrew was just entering the suburbs at 11 A.M., when he discovered Buford's division rapidly approaching. Pettigrew, who expected only detached militia, being surprised by meeting our cavalry, imme-

diately withdrew and marched back four miles toward his own division, halted at Marsh Run on the Cashtown road, and reported to his chief that Meade's army in force was near at hand.

At that time Stuart's Confederate cavalry was not with the main army to bring him information, but was hastening to Lee's left flank.

In this irregular manner, on the last day of June, the two great armies, each in the aggregate near 100,000 strong, came so close to contact that Lee's right and our left had exchanged shots at Gettysburg.

In the subsequent operations of our army and in the changes of commanders incident to the coming bloody conflicts, the left (three army corps) was still called *the Right Wing;* but the corps were really located on the extreme left of Meade's general line. Buford's division of cavalry coöperated with this wing, brought its chief all the information it gathered, and handsomely cleared its front. The Comte de Paris remarks of the cavalry leader and of the commander of the wing:

"Meade intrusted the task of clearing and directing his left to two men equally noted for quickness of perception, promptness of decision, and gallantry on the battlefield—Buford and Reynolds." This is just praise.

There were several kinds of officers to serve under, as every man who was in the army for any considerable time as a subordinate will admit. A few were simply tyrants; some were exacting as commanders, but always fair and ready to recognize work; some were courteous enough in deportment, but held subordinates to an extreme responsibility, striving to do so in such way as to clear themselves of all adverse

criticism. Others belittled the aid rendered them, and absorbed the credit to themselves and threw all faults at another's door; others, still, who had a steady hand in governing, were generous to a fault, quick to recognize merit, trusted you and sought to gain your confidence, and, as one would anticipate, were the foremost in battle. These generally secured the best results in administration and in active campaigning. To the last class belonged General Reynolds. From soldiers, cadets, and officers, junior and senior, he always secured reverence for his serious character, respect for his ability, care for his uniform discipline, admiration for his fearlessness, and love for his unfailing generosity. He was much like General George H. Thomas, not, however, so reticent and, I should judge, not quite so tenacious of purpose. It was always a pleasure to be under the command of either. I had been for some time during this campaign reporting to Reynolds.

At Emmittsburg, June 30th, I had only changed the position of my corps from the east to the northwest of the village. There was an establishment (probably we should call it a college) under the care of several Jesuit fathers. On my arrival the 29th, in the neighborhood, these met me very pleasantly, and begged me to make my headquarters with them. That day had been cold and rainy, the roads heavy, and the march very tiresome. I yielded to the tempting offer of hospitality, and instead of pitching my tent or stretching my "fly" as usual, I went to enjoy the neat and comfortable bed which was offered me. Here, too, I was to pass the night of the 30th. It was about dark when a message came from Reynolds. He desired me to ride up to his headquarters, situated about six miles off on

the Emmittsburg and Gettysburg road, where the Marsh Run crosses it.

Taking Lieutenant F. W. Gilbreth, my aid-de-camp, and an orderly, I set out immediately, and in less than an hour found my way to the little house which Reynolds occupied. It was near the run, on the right-hand side of the road. Dismounting, I was at once shown into a back room near the south end of the house. Reynolds rose to meet me; he was here occupying a room which had in it but little furniture—a table and a few chairs. The table appeared to be laden with papers, apparently maps and official dispatches. After the usual cordial greeting, he first handed me the confidential appeal which General Meade had just made to his army commanders. In this Meade expressed the confident belief that if the officers fitly addressed the men of their commands, they would respond loyally to their appeal. He urged every patriotic sentiment which he felt assured would arouse to enthusiasm and action his whole army, now on the threshold of the battlefield—a field which he felt might decide the fate of the Republic. After reading this communication, we next went over the news dispatches of the day. They were abundant and conflicting. They came from headquarters at Taneytown, from Buford at Gettysburg, from scouts, from alarmed citizens, from all directions. They, however, forced the conclusion upon us, that Lee's infantry and artillery in great force were in our neighborhood.

Longstreet's corps, which had been with General Lee himself at Chambersburg, had come toward us; Hill's, which was lately at Fayetteville, had already passed the mountain and his nearest camp was not more than four miles from Gettysburg.

We spent the entire evening together, looking over the different maps, discussing the probabilities of a great battle, and talking of the part our wing would be likely to play in the conflict.

Reynolds seemed depressed, almost as if he had a presentiment of his death so near at hand. Probably he was anxious on account of the scattered condition of our army, particularly in view of the sudden concentration of the enemy.

At about eleven I took my leave of the general, and rode rapidly back to headquarters. I retired to my comfortable bed in the college and was soon fast asleep. It could not have been an hour before a loud knocking at the door aroused me.

"What is it, orderly?" I asked.

"Orders from army headquarters."

I took the bundle of papers in my hand. The address was to Reynolds as the wing commander. To forestall the possibility of their loss between Emmittsburg and Marsh Run, I opened the dispatches, as was customary, read them, and sent them forward with a note.

The orders were as follows: "Orders—Headquarters at Taneytown — Third Corps to Emmittsburg; Second Corps to Taneytown; Fifth Corps to Hanover; Twelfth Corps to Two Taverns; First Corps to Gettysburg; Eleventh Corps to Gettysburg (in supporting distance); Sixth Corps to Manchester; cavalry to front and flanks, well out in all directions, giving timely notice of positions and movements of the enemy."

With these orders came a clear indication of Meade's opinion of the location of Hill and Longstreet, as between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, while Ewell was believed to be still occupying Carlisle and York.

He closed his circular letter with these significant words: "The general believes he has relieved Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and now desires to look to his own army and assume position for offensive or defensive, or for rest to the troops."

The town of Gettysburg covers about one square mile, and is situated in an undulating valley, through which runs Rock Creek. This small stream, fed by three or four smaller ones, courses from the north and flows southeast of the town. The Cemetery Ridge, so often described, begins at Culp's Hill, broadens out on the top westerly to take in the cemetery itself, and then turns to trend due south to Zeigler's Grove; then bends a little south, to ascend gradually a rugged, rocky knoll—Little Round Top. Farther on is a rougher, higher, and larger prominence called Big Round Top. Four important wagon roads traverse the region; the road due east from Bonaughton, just showing Benner's Hill on its north side; the Baltimore pike from the southeast, crossing White Run and Rock Creek, and after passing the cemetery enters the village; the Taneytown road skirting the east slope of the main ridge, going near the Round Tops and entering Gettysburg along one of its main streets; and the Emmittsburg road, which passes by the west side of the Round Tops and Sherfy's peach orchard, and makes a westerly sweep well out from the ridge, comes back to cut the Taneytown road, and ends at the Baltimore pike just below the cemetery and near the town.

The Seminary Ridge lies toward the west, and is nearly parallel with the Cemetery Ridge, and about one mile from it. It is, however, a third longer, and passes considerably beyond the village. The Willoughby Run, with a southern flow bearing off with the

ranges of heights, courses between the Seminary Crest and the next higher western ridge.

As the day dawned that memorable July 1, 1863, with somewhat less than 5,000 cavalry, Buford was fully ready. General John Buford was a healthful, hardy cavalry officer, born in Kentucky, a graduate from the Military Academy of the class of 1848. He especially distinguished himself during the war for boldness in pushing up close to his foe; for great dash in his assaults, and, at the same time, for shrewdness and prudence in the presence of a force larger than his own. The night before, he had deployed his brigade beyond Gettysburg so as to cover the approaches from the west, pushing his pickets and scouting far out on the different roads. He knew that he must contend against infantry, so he dismounted his men and prepared them to fight on foot. Devin's brigade held the right and Gamble's the left. Devin was between Chambersburg Railroad and Mummasburg road. Gamble extended his lines so as to cover the space leftward as far as the Middletown road.

The Confederates were early in motion. This time Pettigrew was reënforced by the remainder of Heth's division. Their head of column reached Buford's pickets a little after sunrise, and their skirmishers came within sight of the seminary and Buford's artillery before nine o'clock.

Without hesitation Buford's command opened fire upon them, enfilading the roads with his horse artillery, and confidently breasting against them with small arms from his extended line. Doubtless, Confederate Heth thought there must be something besides a cavalry division in his front, for at once he put his command in order of battle. The cavalry, showing the

tenacity of infantry, prolonged the struggle until even the leading corps commander of Lee, A. P. Hill, arrived with Pender's division.

It is said that watchers from the Lutheran Seminary, who could from that high point look westward far out toward Cashtown along the Chambersburg pike and behold the thickening columns of Lee, could also at that moment toward the south see our own bright flags approaching amid the rising mists. The sun in its heat was clearing the valleys, and Reynolds with his First Corps was on the field and soon met Buford near the seminary.

It appears that Reynolds, who commanded our wing, gave that morning the immediate charge of the First Corps to his senior division commander, General Abner Doubleday, who set out for the front with the main body. Reynolds, going rapidly to the position of Gamble, encouraged Buford's weary cavalrymen to hold on a little longer, then he sent his officers as guides to conduct Wadsworth directly from the Emmittsburg road across the fields to the Seminary Hill. He also at this time sent an officer to meet me on the road from Emmittsburg.

Doubleday had now come up, so that there were together the wing, the corps, and two division commanders, yet thus far only two brigades of infantry and the weary division of cavalry to withstand the large corps of A. P. Hill. But Wadsworth's division was well commanded. He himself, of large frame, always generous and a natural soldier, had under him two reliable brigades, Cutler's and Meredith's; the latter, for its tenacity, was dominated the "Iron Brigade." In these were some notable regimental commanders who gave strong character to their regiments.

We noticed how Heth of the Confederates had deployed his columns. Davis's, his right brigade, extended north of the Chambersburg pike and railway, seemed to be aiming for Devin's right, while Archer's, on his (Davis's) left, deployed southward and advanced toward the Seminary Ridge. The firing was brisk and our skirmishers retiring. Archer had reached the edge of a handsome grove of trees that stretched along south of the pike and near Willoughby Run.

Reynolds quickly made his dispositions. Meredith was sent against Archer. He deployed and endeavored to take the grove in front. Wadsworth, with Cutler's brave troops, and Buford still there to help him, deployed, pressed forward, and opened his lively fire upon the enemy's right. Just as General Reynolds beheld the movement of his "Iron Brigade" going into action, he himself, not far in the rear, on the south side of the pike, on a spot now pointed out to every traveler, fell, pierced through the head with a rifle ball.

On July 1st, weary as I was after having been awakened by the ominous orders of the night, it was necessary to be at work again at dawn. I resolved to send Barlow's division by the direct road to Gettysburg; the distance is eleven miles. Steinwehr's and Schurz's were to follow a road, clearer and better, a little farther to the eastward, passing Horner's Mill and entering the route from Taneytown. Being obliged to wait for Reynolds's order of execution, the columns did not start till 8.30 A.M.

Barlow that day, always vigorous and pushing, owing to the heat of the weather, a road full of ruts and stones, and still obstructed by the supply wagons

of the preceding corps, made an average of but two and one-half miles per hour.

With my staff and a small escort of horsemen I set out, as the march began, toward Gettysburg, taking the fields and woods, in order to avoid the trains and columns which occupied the roads. Many officers remember the rapidity of that ride. By 10.30 A.M., according to my own time, I was in sight of the village of Gettysburg, when the staff officer which Reynolds had dispatched on his arrival met me. He gave me information of the commencement of the battle.

A battle was evidently in progress, judging by the sounds of the cannon and small arms and the rising smoke, a mile and a half to my left. I could then see the divisions of Doubleday, moving along northwesterly across the open fields toward the seminary. My previous orders were to keep within supporting distance. When neither corps was in action this was interpreted to be an interval of four or five miles, but the aid who met me said: "Come quite up to Gettysburg." I remember distinctly, as if it were but yesterday, asking him where the general desired to place me and the aid replied: "Stop anywhere about here, according to your judgment, at present." The spot where this remark was made was on the Emmittsburg road, near Sherfy's peach orchard. The aid left and the firing continued. I sent Captain Daniel Hall to find Reynolds and bring me word that I might go to him.

Then with my staff, as was my habit in coming to a new field, I began to examine the positions with the view of obtaining the best location in that vicinity for our troops. I rode from place to place, first visiting the high portion of a cross ridge to my left, near the

Emmittsburg road. Not finding a point from which I could get an extended view and noticing higher ground eastward, I turned and rode to the highest point of the Cemetery Ridge. Here was a broad view which embraced the town, the seminary, the college, and all the undulating valley of open country spread out between the ridges. There was a beautiful break in the ridge to the north of me, where Culp's Hill abuts against the cemetery, and touches the creek below. It struck me that here one could make a strong right flank.

Colonel Meysenberg was my adjutant general. We sat on our horses, side by side, looking northward, when I said: "This seems to be a good position, colonel," and his own prompt and characteristic reply was: "It is the only position, general." We both meant *position for Meade's army.*

After observing the whole sweep of the country, I then made up my mind what I would do with my troops, or recommend for Reynolds's wing, or for the army, should my advice be sought, that is, use that Cemetery Ridge as the best defensive position within sight.

Recognizing that one's mind is usually biased in favor of his own theory, I have taken great pains to ascertain the impressions of others who were associated with me as to whether I received any instructions or intimation from any quarter whatever touching the selection of Cemetery Ridge and Hill. The testimony, both direct and indirect, points all one way: that I did not; that I chose the position and used it throughout the first day of the battle, as we shall see. The aid-de-camp of General Reynolds (Captain Rosengarten), who thinks he heard General Reynolds tell my aid-de-camp that I must occupy Cemetery Ridge, is certainly

in error. Captain Daniel Hall was the only aid of mine sent to the general; the only one who saw him at all, and he never brought me any such order or intimation. In this connection I may quote Captain Hall's own words in a letter to me: "You directed me to ride forward as rapidly as possible, find General Reynolds, report to him the progress of the Eleventh Corps, and ask for his orders. I followed with all speed and overtook him nearly at the extreme advance of our troops, where the skirmishers and some regiments were already hotly engaged. I spoke to General Reynolds, reported to him the approach of the Eleventh Corps, as directed, and told him you had sent me to obtain his orders. In reply he told me to inform you that he had encountered the enemy apparently in force, and to direct you to bring your corps forward as rapidly as possible to the assistance of the first. General Reynolds gave no order whatever in regard to occupying Cemetery Hill, nor did he make any allusion to it.

"I immediately left him to return to you. Retracing my steps, I met you hurrying into the town, and not far from the cemetery. I communicated to you the order of General Reynolds to bring up your column as rapidly as possible to the assistance of the First Corps, and the order was dispatched immediately back to the columns of Schurz and Barlow. Riding into the town at your side I remember that, as we passed along the road at its base, you pointed to the crest of Cemetery Ridge on our right and said: 'There's the place to fight this battle,' or words to similar effect."

Speaking of the same thing in another letter to a friend in February, 1877, Hall says: "The impression has always been firmly fixed in my mind that the first

suggestion that I ever heard about occupying Cemetery Hill was from General Howard."

Once more, in a subsequent letter to me, Captain Hall used these words: "I know to a certainty that nobody anticipated you in seeing the importance of Cemetery Hill, and immediately acting upon that conclusion."

Major E. P. Pearson, of the Twenty-first Infantry, who was then Captain Pearson, commissary of musters, avers the same thing in a letter that lies before me. And certainly there is no official communication or testimony from any quarter whatever that has ever reached me which even claims that any orders for me to occupy Cemetery Hill or Ridge were delivered to me.

After my first visit to the cemetery with my staff, I rode into the village, and we were trying some method of getting into the belfry of the court house, when my attention was called by Mr. D. A. Skelly to Fahnestock's observatory across the street.

Mounting to the top, I was delighted with the open view. With maps and field glasses we examined the battlefield. Wadsworth's infantry, Buford's cavalry, and one or two batteries were nearest, and their fighting was manifest. Confederate prisoners were just then being sent to the rear in large groups from the Seminary Ridge down the street past my post of observation.

We were noting the numerous roads emerging from Gettysburg and from our charts comparing the location and names, when a young soldier riding up the street below, stopped, and looking up, saluted me and said: "General Reynolds is wounded, sir," and I re-

plied to him: "I am very sorry; I hope he will be able to keep the field."

It was not many minutes afterwards that an officer (I now believe it was Captain Hall) stood in the same street and, looking up, said sadly: "General Reynolds is dead, and you are the senior officer on the field." This, of course, put me in the commander's place.

I realized the situation. We had here, deducting our losses, in Lee's front, not to exceed 12,000 men; my corps was yet many miles back and our other troops were very much scattered, and the majority of them far away—too far for this day's work. My heart was heavy and the situation was grave indeed! but I did not hesitate, and said: "God helping us, we will stay here till the army comes," and quickly dictating orders, assumed command of the field; Schurz to take the Eleventh Corps; Doubleday to hold the First, and the cavalry of Buford to remain with him. Reynolds's last call for help had gone through me back on the Emmittsburg and Taneytown roads, to Barlow, Schurz, and Steinwehr. The new orders were carried to them again by Captain Hall to Schurz and to the reserve artillery under Major Osborn; by Captain Pearson to Barlow; then on to Sickles, ordering him up from Emmittsburg. Thence the news was borne to General Meade at Taneytown. A message was also sent to General Slocum, who was my senior. He was, judging from Meade's orders by this time at or near the two taverns.

Under my orders Osborn's batteries were placed on the Cemetery Ridge and some of them covered by small epaulements. General Steinwehr's division I put in reserve on the same heights and near the Baltimore pike. Dilger's Ohio battery preceded the corps,

and soon after Wheeler's, the two passing through the town at a trot, to take their places on the right of the First Corps. Schurz ordered General Schimmelfennig (who had Schurz's division now) to advance briskly through Gettysburg and deploy on the right of the First Corps in two lines. Shortly after that the first division, under Barlow, arrived by the Emmittsburg road proper, and advanced through the town on the right of the third division. I rode with Barlow through the city, and out to what is now Barlow Hill.

The firing at the front was severe and an occasional shell burst over our heads or among the houses. When I think of this day, I shall always recall one incident which still cheers my heart: it was that a young lady, after all other persons had quite disappeared for safety, remained behind on her porch and waved her handkerchief to the soldiers as they passed. Our living comrades who were there will not forget this episode, nor the greeting which her heroism awakened as they were going to battle. How heartily they cheered her!

Leaving Barlow to complete his march and deployment near the upper waters of Rock Creek, and sending my senior aid, Major C. H. Howard, to visit Buford, I rode off to the left, passing in the rear of Robinson, had a few words with Wadsworth, and stopped a short time with Doubleday farther to the west. Doubleday's left flank was near the Willoughby Run, and his artillery actively firing at the time.

The first brilliant incidents of the engagements in this quarter were over, but the movements made by General Reynolds did not cease at his death. Meredith under Doubleday's eye made a charge straight forward which resulted in the capture of a Confederate

brigade commander (General Archer) and several hundred of his men; but Cutler, farther to the right, was not so fortunate. A charge from Confederate Davis's brigade broke his line; the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, near the railway cut, was badly handled and lost much ground; the Fourteenth Brooklyn, Ninety-fifth New York, and Hall's battery were cut off, and in danger of capture; the horses of one gun were all disabled, so that the best thing to do was to retire and leave that gun to the enemy. Just here the corps commander (Doubleday) took the offensive farther to the left; using Fairchild's Second Wisconsin and a piece of artillery, he pressed them forward; then bearing to the right, they fired rapidly into the exposed flank of the Confederate commander Davis, who was too hotly in pursuit of Cutler's men to notice these flankers. Of course, Davis turned upon his new enemy, but Cutler's men, recovering from their temporary discomfiture, pushed forward into action. Two Confederate regiments were thus caught between two fires and in the railroad cut and soon surrendered with their brigade commander.

Immediately after this movement General Robinson, of the First Corps, posted his division more strongly northward of Wadsworth, drawing back his right so as by the aid of Buford to make there a strong flank. It was a little after eleven o'clock and this primary work of the First Corps was over. There was artillery firing and skirmishing, but just then no active effort by either army. The temporary repulse of Cutler and the defeat of Archer and Davis had produced a feeling of caution on both sides, so that there was a period of delay before any organized assault was again attempted.

I returned to my headquarters feeling exceedingly anxious about the left flank. I believed, as soon as Lee should deploy the entire corps of Hill and support his line by Longstreet's men, who could not be far behind, that Doubleday's weak left would be overlapped and pressed back; so, in order to relieve the threatened pressure against the First Corps and at the same time occupy the enemy's attention, I ordered Schurz to push out a strong force from his front and seize a wooded height situated some distance north of Robinson's position; but the order had hardly left me when Major Howard brought me word that Early's division of Ewell's corps was at hand; in fact, the entire corps was coming in from the north and east. Reports from Schurz and Buford confirmed the alarming intelligence.

Barlow against a shower of bullets made a strong effort to advance his lines, but as soon as I heard of the approach of Ewell and saw that nothing could prevent the turning of my right flank if Barlow advanced, the order was countermanded, except to press out a skirmish line. The skirmishers on their arrival found the heights already occupied by Rodes's division of Ewell's corps.

Our lines were much extended, and there was quite an interval between the Eleventh and First Corps, occupied only by the two batteries and skirmishers which I have named, yet Robinson, aided by Schimmelfennig (Forty-fifth New York Regiment), captured in that space another Confederate brigade (Iverson's).

I sent again to General Slocum, hoping that he would be able to come to my relief. After a short time, probably within one hour after I had returned from Doubleday to the cemetery, a lively skirmish

arose all along the front. At 3.30 P.M. the enemy renewed his attack upon the First Corps, hotly pressing the first and second divisions. There was a similar movement of Ewell's deployed lines against Schurz. The fighting became severe and reënforcements were called for. I sent from the reserve all that I dared. Steinwehr had then at my instance put one brigade—Coster's—in the edge of the town, behind barricades and in houses, prepared to cover the anticipated retreat. At 3.45 the calls to me for help from Doubleday and Wadsworth were stronger than ever. Schurz was instructed to send one regiment to Wadsworth, as his front was the place at that moment of the hardest pressure. It was only a few minutes after this when the firing, growing worse and worse, showed me that the front lines could not hold out much longer.

I will not attempt to describe the action further. It saddens me to think of the losses on that front. The order that I sent to Doubleday then was this: "If you cannot hold out longer, you must fall back to the cemetery and take position on the left of the Baltimore pike."

But it was not long before I was satisfied that the men were giving way at different points of the line, and that the enemy, who overreached both flanks, were steadily and slowly advancing. I then sent positive orders to Schurz and Doubleday to fall back to the cemetery as slowly as possible and take post—the Eleventh on the right and the First on the left of Baltimore pike. I instructed Buford to pass to the extreme left and extend the new line, making with his cavalry all the show possible.

Speaking of the retreat of the two corps Doubleday remarks: "I think the retreat would have been a very

successful one, if it had not been unfortunately the case that a portion of the Eleventh Corps, which had held out very well on the extreme right, had been surrounded and fallen back at the same time that my right flank fell back."

The two corps were entangled in the streets. There was much straggling there for a time, and doubtless many men leaving their ranks found their way eastward along the Taneytown and Baltimore routes. The brigade in the front of the town, put there to help the retreat, lost heavily.

When the men were reaching their new position on the heights, and at the time of the greatest confusion between 4 and 5 P.M., General Hancock joined me near the Baltimore pike; he said that General Meade had sent him to represent him on the field. I answered as the bullets rent the air: "All right, Hancock, you take the left of the Baltimore pike and I will take the right, and we will put these troops in line." After a few friendly words between us, Hancock did as I suggested. He also took Wadsworth's division to Culp's Hill and we worked together in prompt preparations until sundown, when, after Slocum's arrival at that time, Hancock returned to meet General Meade. Slocum's troops had been previously placed in the line.

Gratified by the successes of the day, General Lee made but one more attempt against us that night. This, to turn our right in column, our well-posted batteries thwarted. As the darkness fell General Sickles, having at once heeded my call, had arrived from Emmittsburg, and the remainder of the army, with General Meade at its head, was already *en route*. The First and Eleventh Corps and General Buford's cavalry did their duty nobly that first day at Gettysburg

—fought themselves into a good defensive position for the army, especially good when the whole Army of the Potomac had come up to occupy the Cemetery Ridge.

General Lee, mistaking our numbers from the vigor of our defense, and beholding the great fortification-like appearance of our new stand, contented himself with what he had gained, and postponed further attack till the next day.

When the broken regiments were emerging from Gettysburg upon the open ground just north of the cemetery, my aid, Lieutenant Rogers, was standing by my side, both of us dismounted; a colonel passed by murmuring something in German—his English was not at his command just then; fragments of his regiment were following him.

Seeing the color sergeant and guard as they came between me and the stone wall, near the edge of the city, I called out: "Sergeant, plant your flag down there in that stone wall!" Not recognizing me the sergeant said impulsively: "All right, if you will go with me, I will!" Thereupon I took the flag and accompanied by Rogers, the sergeant and his men, set it up above the wall. That flag served to rally the regiment, always brave and energetic, and other troops.

Ames, who succeeded Barlow, formed his entire division to the right of that regiment. After the battle Slocum, Sickles, and I took our headquarters on the ground near the gatekeeper's cottage. Mrs. Peter Thorn, whose husband was a soldier, with her daughter was caring for the cottage. I had been all day from breakfast at sunrise without food and was nearly famished. Mrs. Thorn, before we had time to ask, brought us some bread and cups of coffee. Those refreshments have never been forgotten.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG; THE SECOND AND THIRD DAY

WHEN the troops that had gathered on Cemetery Hill went to sleep the night of Wednesday, July 1, 1863 they anticipated that Lee would renew the attack upon them very early the next morning from the direction of our right, for two reasons: one that reports showed that Ewell's men had been working off into that quarter, where they had the shelter of trees. And the other reason was, that we thought that greater immediate results to the Confederates could be expected by promptly crushing our right flank, seizing Benner's, Culp's, and Cemetery hills, and so dislodging us from our strong position embracing those hills and the Round Tops.

Now we know several reasons why General Lee did not do this. He had meditated that plan; in fact, he had given the order to attempt it, provided that Culp's Hill could be carried without too much cost. But, undoubtedly, he was influenced by a reconnoissance of Ewell, who reported an assault impracticable, and by his finding a Union dispatch concerning Slocum's arrival, which showed not only Culp's Hill, but the rough-wooded ground eastward to be already completely occupied. So that though every preparation, even of issuing orders to his officers, had been made to make our extreme right the main point of attack,

yet Lee, before daylight of July 2d, had completely changed his mind and plan.

General Lee says: "The preparations for the actual attack were not completed till the afternoon of July 2d."

Ewell occupied the left of his line, Hill the center, and Longstreet the right. The morning of July 2d, when Lee's attack was expected by us, Law's brigade of Longstreet's corps was behind at Guilford for picket duty; and Pickett's division was not yet up from Chambersburg. Longstreet, thinking his present force too weak for attack, determined upon waiting for Law's brigade.

Among the preparations of the forenoon were the locating of the batteries. Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, had worked hard during the night. Ewell's batteries were posted, Latimer's holding the easternmost height available. A. P. Hill's guns were mainly on Seminary Hill, within comfortable range. All this was already done by daylight. But General Lee now planned to attack our left, so that General Pendleton, about sunrise, was over there surveying. So close was he to our lines that he captured two of our armed cavalrymen.

Somehow, Pendleton and several other officers—engineers and artillery—spent all the morning in surveying and reconnoitering. Probably the nearness of our troops made the work slow and embarrassing.

Longstreet and Pendleton got together opposite our flank about twelve o'clock. There was now much sharpshooting, and at last, as the Confederate artillery of Longstreet was moving into its selected positions, a "furious cannonade" was opened from our side. This necessitated a quick removal of the marching col-

umn—the artillery column—farther off to a better cover.

But, finally, about 4 P.M., Longstreet, having made a long march from his camp, began the battle of the second day in earnest. And, indeed, all this delay was good for us. For one, I am glad that Lee chose our left as his point of attack; glad that Longstreet had considerable marching to do before he could bring his excellent troops into position; glad that Pendleton had much trouble in surveying and spent much time at it, and glad also that General Hunt, our artillery chief, had sharp eyes and quick apprehension, and succeeded for hours in disturbing that artillery so essential to the enemy's success. We could better understand the situation from our side, for we had high points of observation and could take in the field. There was no shrubbery then to obstruct our view.

At 7 P.M. the evening of July 1st I received the first intimation that Hancock, junior to me in rank, had been placed in command. When I read the written order of General Meade, I immediately wrote him asking him if he disapproved of any of my actions during the first day's battle. It is a little surprising how much historic statements differ, and often about the least important affairs. Take the statements of generals made at different places; for example, in the reports in the committee rooms of Congress, and in subsequent writings, often executed far from their records. Those of the same officer, as to time and place, often vary strangely. Others catch up these discrepancies and impute untruth and false intent, till much bad blood is stirred up. Even the time of Meade's arrival at the cemetery gate is a point of controversy; one officer putting it at 1 A.M. of July 2d, an-

other at a later hour. I have been confident that it was about 3 A.M., because the time seemed so short to daylight. He was riding at the head of his escort. I met him just inside the gate. The first words he spoke to me were very kind. I believed that I had done my work well the preceding day; I desired his approval and so I frankly stated my earnest wish. Meade at once assured me that he imputed no blame; and I was as well satisfied as I would have been with positive praise from some other commanders. General Sickles joined us as we were talking. I told Meade at once what I thought of the cemetery position. We could have held it even if Lee had pressed his attack the evening before, for Slocum's division had come up and been placed. Sickles had heeded my call and was on hand with a part of his corps. He and Geary and Buford's cavalry together then took care of the left. Out batteries had been placed, and then the simple fact that so much help had already arrived gave heart to our officers and men, who had become discouraged in losing the Seminary Ridge. Therefore, I said to Meade with emphasis: "I am confident we can hold this position."

Slocum expressed himself as equally confident: "It is good for defense."

Sickles, who had been able to get a glimpse of the Round Tops as he marched past them, and of the ridge, flanked by Culp's Hill and supported by Wolf's Hill, which Slocum's batteries firmly held after his arrival, was prepared with his opinion:

"It is a good place to fight from, general!"

Meade's reply to us pleased me: "I am glad to hear you say so, gentlemen, for it is too late to leave it."

There was a bright moon, so the dawn of day crept

upon us unawares. Before sunrise I rode with General Meade along our lines toward the left. These lines, much extended, with long intervals, did not appear very favorable; a sleeping army, at best, suggests weakness; the general saw the needs. He sat upon his horse as the sun was rising, and with his field glass took a survey of the Cemetery Ridge and its environments. We were upon the highest ground within the cemetery inclosure.

The Confederate artillery was occasionally firing. The skirmishing at intervals was a restless, nervous fusillade near the town and off to the right in the woods. I stood at that same point of observation during the most exciting epoch of the great battle. I was there when the cornerstone of the soldier's monument was laid. I stood at the same center some years later amid a group of friends and explained some of the varied scenes of the conflict, and never without emotion; but the impression of that beautiful morning is ineffaceable. The glorious landscape, with its remarkable variety of aspect, in the fresh morning light, like a panorama was spread before our eyes. I need not rehearse its pictorial summary, for I hardly think Meade was considering the panorama at all — the mountains, the groves and the valleys, with their variety of productions, or the streams of water— except in their evident relationship to his military plans.

What he soon did, after he had ridden away slowly and thoughtfully, is the true key to his thought. For, by his direction, Slocum's entire corps went quickly to the right to hold the rough-wooded slopes from Culp's Hill to McAllister's Mill. Ames, Steinwehr, Schurz, Robinson, and Doubleday, with their respective divi-

sions, remained substantially the same as I had located them on their arrival at the cemetery the day before. These continued their line from Culp's Hill southward to near Zeigler's Grove. Hancock now brought the Second Corps to occupy a short front on the highest ground by Zeigler's Grove. Sickles gathered the Third Corps and tried to fill the whole space from Hancock to the Little Round Top. His formation, finally, was to push far out to the peach orchard and draw back his left to the Devil's Den, and then put Humphreys's division forward beyond the Emmittsburg road, well to the right.

From Humphreys in front of Hancock's left the ground was occupied by Birney's division. These divisions formed an angle at the peach orchard. For a time the Fifth Corps arriving, was placed in reserve; and all the army reserve of artillery Hunt carefully placed in the angle between the Baltimore pike and the Taneytown road. Buford's cavalry had gone to the rear for rest and to protect the trains, and, by some unaccountable misunderstanding, no cavalry whatever was in the vicinity of our left during July 2d. Sickles's position was questioned; it was outside of the natural line from Zeigler's Grove to the Round Tops. But, as there was no cavalry there and no masses of other troops to protect his left, it was a fortunate circumstance that Sickles had pushed out as he did, simply that it gained time for General Meade and secured Little Round Top against capture.

I, myself, from the cemetery could not see the Confederates' attack, for their objective was the rough and precipitous Little Round Top. It took Longstreet over two hours to dislodge and drive back Sickles and the supports Meade sent him, and caused a most dread-

ful general contest amid this mass of rock and stony hillock.

As soon as the firing began in earnest, Meade rode near his left flank, and ordered up the Fifth Corps, which entered the battle, led by the vigilant Warren, Meade's chief engineer, and held Little Round Top to the end. The grand old Sixth Corps, having made its thirty-two miles, continuing its march through the night, had filed into position in our rear. It was then the strongest corps, well commanded and ready for use. Hancock's corps, too, was well concentrated and near at hand. As the fight waxed hotter, Meade sent for Slocum's two divisions, leaving only Greene's brigade, beyond Culp's Hill, to face the eastern half of Ewell's corps.

Sickles, like Hood, was at last badly wounded and carried from the field. Then Birney took his place.

The battle was almost over when, just before sunset, a Confederate regiment crossed our line through an open space. Colonel Willard was killed there and his men were falling fast. Hancock himself led the First Minnesota to the exposed point, and they drove back the intruders. Williams's division from Slocum had now come to reënforce the Minnesota men.

During this second day my own command played but a small part in the engagement, except the artillery of the Eleventh Corps, which was incessantly at work from the commencement of Lee's assault.

During the afternoon and evening of July 2d General Ewell, who had succeeded Stonewall Jackson, enveloped our right with his corps, Rodes in and near the town, Edward Johnson opposite our right, and Early between the two. Ewell certainly had instruc-

tions to attack at the same time that Longstreet opened his fire opposite Little Round Top.

First, neither he nor his generals could distinguish Longstreet's firing; second, a portion of his command was sent off, far to his left and rear, to meet a force of "Yankees" reliably reported to be turning his left flank. Naturally he delayed a while to get back these troops, because, at the best—judging by natural obstacles and artificial hindrances behind which were the bravest of our infantry and a mighty concentration of artillery—he had assigned to him a task not easy to perform. Under these circumstances few generals ever succeed in getting many brigades to act simultaneously, especially where the ground is exceedingly broken and wooded, where few of the troops can see each other.

On the Confederate side, just about the time when the last of Slocum's column was disappearing and the diligent Greene was endeavoring to so extend his one brigade as to occupy the roughly fortified line just vacated, Johnson, the Confederate, was moving forward his division, astonished to meet with almost no opposition. Johnson went into the woods, stumbled over rocks and stones, forded Rock Creek, drove in and captured a few skirmishers and small detachments, and quietly took possession of Ruger's works; but suddenly from the direction of Culp's Hill he encountered a most annoying fire.

Greene had drawn back his line, turning a little on his left as a pivot, until he could bring an oblique fire. Johnson, perceiving this danger menacing his right, turned and attacked Greene's front and right near the Culp's Hill with those two brigades nearest and immediately available. Again and again the assault was re-

newed with a sort of angry fury and always as coolly repulsed. Greene's men were sheltered and lost but few. The Confederates piled up their dead and wounded to little purpose. One brigade commander fell among the assailants, and the other was obliged at last to discontinue the useless onslaught, but not until between nine and ten at night.

Wadsworth had so extended his lines as to strengthen Greene's, giving him perhaps one regiment of his own for reserve. As soon as the attack commenced, Greene sent to Wadsworth for assistance, to which he readily responded. Afterwards, Greene came and thanked me for the good service done in his night fight by the Eighty-second Illinois, Forty-fifth New York, and Sixty-first Ohio, sent by me to his assistance from the Eleventh Corps. Lieutenant Colonel Otto, of Schurz's staff, who led this detachment, was also highly commended.

I remember well when Otto promptly volunteered to guide these troops into position. Somehow it always affected me strongly to behold a hearty and fearless young man, after receiving an order, set forth without reluctance to execute it under such circumstances that there were few chances of ever seeing him again. So I felt as Otto went forth that night into the gathering gloom.

I count among the remarkable providences at Gettysburg the want of concert of action among the Confederate commanders. When Edward Johnson gave the command "Forward!" it was understood that Jubal Early would move at the same time; yet it was at least an hour later before Early began his attack. He had waited for the return from the flank march of his two brigades. Yet as soon as one had

arrived he set his troops in motion. Early's first and second brigades, having been long in position, lying quietly under the cover of the Cemetery Hill on its north side, suddenly, after a new spurt of artillery, and just at dusk, sprang forward to assault my corps. He was governing himself by the adjoining brigade of A. P. Hill's corps on the right. Certainly this was fortunate for us, for the two large brigades that did attack —the one of Louisiana and the other of North Carolina troops—were quite enough. It was after seven o'clock when the first cry, shrill and ominous, was heard in front of Ames's division. The Louisiana men, well named "Louisiana Tigers," came on with a rush, broke through the front of Von Gilsa's brigade and other points of my curved front, and almost before I could tell where the assault was made, our men and the Confederates came tumbling back together. Quickly they were among the intrenched batteries of Major Osborn, whose fire was intended strongly to support that bastioned front of the cemetery. Schurz and I were standing near, side by side. At my request he faced Colonel Krzyzanowski's brigade about, now not over 800 men, and double-quicked them to the relief of Wiederich's battery. When they arrived the battery men had not left their guns. Ames's men were assisting them with their rifles, they were wielding hand spikes, abandoned muskets, sponge staffs, or anything they could seize, to keep the enemy from dragging off their guns. The batteries were quickly cleared and promptly used, but the broken lines were not yet restored. Hancock, quick to understand—not more than a quarter of a mile away—"hearing a heavy engagement" on my front, and judging the firing to be coming nearer and nearer to his position, caused Gibbon

to detach the brigade of Colonel S. S. Carroll to my support. Colonel Carroll was at that time a young man of great quickness and dash. His brigade was already deployed in the darkness at right angles to the general front, and swept along northward to the right of Krzyzanowski, past the cemetery fence and batteries, and on, on, with marvelous rapidity, sweeping everything before it, till by his energetic help the entire broken front was completely reëstablished. General A. S. Webb, a generous and coöperative commander, also sent two of his regiments to my aid. The lines were thus reëstablished; then, by the help of General Newton, who commanded the Fifth Corps, I was enabled to shorten my front and have sufficient reserves to prevent the possibility of such a break again.

Early made a few desperate attempts to regain what he had just lost. One of his brigade commanders, Colonel Avery, was killed, and his men were falling rapidly, so that he at last gave up the struggle. Every effort against Culp's Hill, on either flank of it, had come too late to be of any avail in Lee's main attack against the Round Tops, and had been vigorously and promptly met with plenty of troops. But yet, as Geary, next to Greene, and Ruger, nearer McAllister's Mill, began to skirmish back in the night with the hope of resting within their strong barricade, they found to their surprise that these strong lines were held by at least two brigades of the enemy under Edward Johnson. Taking up excellent positions for defense so as to bring an abundant cross fire into those woods and ravines east of Culp's Hill and west of McAllister's Mill, the troops threw themselves on the ground for a brief rest. Meanwhile General Slocum

was diligently preparing, determined to regain the stony and log barricades, which an incident of the terrible battle of July 2d had caused him to lose. So ended that day's and that night's conflict.

Thus far it was a drawn battle. We had barely held our own recovered ground temporarily lost at the center, fought desperately and prevented extreme disaster on the left; but we had gone to sleep—Confederates and Union men, many in different parts of the same intrenchments.

The ground was covered with the groanings and moanings of the wounded. While the soldiers were sleeping, the medical men with their ambulances, their lanterns, and their stretchers, aided here and there by a chaplain or a member of the Christian Commission, were going from point to point to do what little they could for the multitude of sufferers. Imagine, then, how we corps commanders felt in view of all this as we came together at Meade's headquarters (on the Taneytown road) for a brief council of war. Two questions were asked: First, "Shall we remain here?" Second, "Shall we remain on the defensive or shall we take the offensive?" We voted to remain and fight, but not to begin an attack. Lee, on his side, indicates his thought in the report of the campaign in his quiet way of writing, as he says: "These partial successes determined me to continue the assault next day."

It is not always the case that the characteristics of a young man at school or college remain the same in after life, but in the case of my classmate, Thomas H. Ruger, the marked characteristics of his school days followed him, to be even more observable in his active manhood. Deliberative, cautious, and yet fearless; persistent, and, if unfairly pressed, obstinate to the

last degree; it was a good thing that a division fell to him at Gettysburg.

It was a wise order given by Williams, the corps commander, to send Ruger back to hold the extreme right of Slocum's line, it being the right of our main line, after his troops could be of no further use in rear of Hancock's Second Corps.

It must have been after nine o'clock in the night, when, moving along the Baltimore turnpike, Ruger cautiously covered the left of his column by flankers or by skirmishers, "to ascertain if the enemy held any part of the breastworks, and if not, to occupy them at once." The breastworks held an enemy, so several of Ruger's skirmishers were captured. But Ruger, finding a little farther on, beyond a swale which makes into the Rock Creek, that a portion of his barricaded line which he had left in the morning had not been discovered by Johnson's men, reoccupied it at once and strongly posted his division so as to bring an oblique fire upon the sleeping enemy's stronghold. Geary by midnight had worked himself into a corresponding line near Culp's Hill, prolonging that of Greene's, where the early night battle had been fought. Geary faced so as to take the same sleeping enemy with an oblique fire from the other side of the swale. Ruger's and Geary's lines, when prolonged southward, met somewhere beyond the Baltimore pike. Batteries were located on Power's Hill near that point, in the actual interval between the lines, so as to sweep all the approaches; and, besides, two regiments (the Twentieth Connecticut and the One Hundred and Seventh New York) were deployed in the same interval, so that there should be some little direct opposition should the Confederate general, Edward Johnson, endeavor

to seize the famous turnpike, which at daylight he was bound to discover through the slight opening in the wood, the turnpike being only about 700 yards distant.

It appears that the Union commander (in spite of the council of war) and the Confederate had each ordered an attack at daylight. Geary first opened fire with his artillery, continuing it for ten minutes. Then, Geary's troops, or a part of them, began to advance, when the Confederates, also taking the offensive, made a rapid charge along Geary's entire front, shouting as they came; but the Union troops cheered back defiantly, fired rapidly, and yielded no ground.

At last, with Slocum's abundant artillery at Power's Hill and following up Geary's victorious shouting, Ruger's entire division swept forward and, in conjunction with Geary's men, reoccupied those barricades which had by that time cost five hours of hard fighting and carnage which pen cannot describe.

After returning from Meade's headquarters the evening before, as everything was quiet, I made my bed within a fenced lot of the cemetery and took this opportunity, after extraordinary and prolonged effort and want of rest, to get a good sleep, not minding a grave for a pillow. I heard nothing till I was startled by combined artillery and musketry which I have just described, and which appeared near at hand. The roaring of the cannon seemed like thunder, and the musketry may be compared to hail striking a flat roof, growing louder as the storm increases, or lessening as it subsides. I sent immediately to General Meade to inquire what the combat meant. The answer was: "The Twelfth Corps is regaining its lines." Five years afterwards I walked over that rough battlefield. The breastworks of logs and stones, though dilapi-

dated, were still traceable. Trees and old stumps were full of holes made by rifle bullets and enlarged by the knives of relic seekers. Quite sizable trees were fully cut off, some broken and falling or shattered as with lightning bolts. Even the large rocks, partially covered with moss, by the thousands of discolored spots showed how they had been exposed to the leaden storm. It would not be strange if Slocum and his officers felt that the main Gettysburg battle had been there.

On July 3d the time from the cessation of Slocum's battle to the beginning of Longstreet's last attack was about three hours. During this time, when Lee was making his best preparations for a last effort, our cavalry was doing us good service on the flanks. Stuart, after his raid, had returned, to be sent by Lee to so place himself beyond our right as to do us the greatest possible damage in case of our defeat. But the vigilant General Gregg, with his veteran brigades, was in that quarter. A severe battle, involving cavalry and artillery, occurred well out of town and in the vicinity of the Bonaughton road. Judging by all accounts, it seems to have been a fierce duel, where both parties suffered greatly, losing nearly 1,000 men on each side; but Gregg had the satisfaction of defeating the purpose of his adversary, who was, of course, soon obliged to withdraw to guard the flanks of his own defeated army.

On our left, where General Farnsworth fell, Kilpatrick's division contended—often at great disadvantage—with the different portions of Longstreet's infantry. There were only two brigades—Merritt's and Farnsworth's. They seem to have been intent upon capturing sundry supply wagons that hove in sight,

when they were obliged to meet and hold in check the best infantry troops of the South. They were badly injured, with heavy losses.

The final effort of General Lee against our left had two parts or periods: first, the work of his artillery; second, the assault of his infantry. He chose for his point of attack not Little Round Top, but "the umbrella trees," a landmark near Zeigler's Grove, which was easier of approach, and he believed would give even better fruits to his hopes if once firmly seized and manned with abundant artillery. It was not easy for our glasses to determine the new position of Lee's guns.

Near the ground occupied by Sickles at the beginning of the battle of July 2d, extending along the Emmittsburg road was a semicircular line of about forty pieces, farther south a few more, and on higher ground, as if in tiers, the remainder of that portion of Lee's artillery assigned to Longstreet, who was to attack the command. There were concentrated in this neighborhood at least 140 cannon. The ranges to the point of attack would vary from 1,000 to 2,000 yards.

Pickett's division of three brigades was to make the main attack. It was formed with Kemper on the right, Garnett on the left, and Armistead in rear. Pickett's main force had in support Willcox's brigade on its right and Pettigrew's six brigades on its left.

On our side, Hunt had arranged the artillery into four divisions:

1. On Cemetery Heights, under Osborn, having a large sweep of the front and right of my positions, 50 cannon.

2. Hazzard had 30 finely located close to the crest near Zeigler's Grove.

3. McGilvery about 40, near Little Round Top, favorable for a direct or oblique fire; and

4. The reserve, which Hunt kept ready under shelter, for quick replacement of any which might become disabled.

The infantry had changed place but little.

The brigades now most exposed to direct assault were those of Smyth and Willard (Hays's division), and Webb, Hall, and Harrow (Gibbon's division).

At last two signal guns were fired. Then, after just interval enough to mark well the signal, the cannonading began in good earnest. At first the hostile fire was unusually accurate, neither firing too high nor too low, and the projectiles were showered upon the space between Zeigler's Grove and Little Round Top about the center of our line.

But as soon as Osborn set his guns in play from the cemetery, and McGilvery had opened up his forty pieces from Little Round Top, the Confederate artillerists undertook to give blow for blow, striking blindly toward the most troublesome points. We concentrated our aim more than they. Over 200 heavy guns now fired as fast as men could load and fire; they filled the whole region of mountain, hill, and valley with one continuous roar, instantly varied by sudden bolts at each lightning flash from the cannon's mouth, and by the peculiar, shrill screech of the breaking shells. Then the crash of destruction, the breaking of carriages, the killing and wounding of men—in one of my regiments twenty-seven fell at a single shot. General Meade's headquarters were for a time in the hottest place; the house was riddled with shot, the chimney knocked in pieces, the dooryard plowed with them, officers and men wounded, and the many patient horses

killed, and, what seemed worse, others dreadfully wounded. My horses and those of my staff were nearer the cemetery behind a projecting cliff. The German boy, Charley Weiss, then Colonel Balloch's orderly, was holding a number of them; a fragment of an iron missile struck him, clipping off his left arm. Mrs. Sampson, caring for him, said: "Poor boy, I'm sorry for you!" Weiss sprang up in bed and, lifting his remaining arm, said with vigor: "I'm not a poor boy. General Howard has lost his right arm and I my left. That's all there is about it!"

So every part of that field was visited. Men were killed while straightening their teams; while carrying orders; on horseback; on foot, while talking, eating, or lying down. The lowest ground in our rear was quickly cleared of noncombatants, camp followers, and overcurious civilians. No orders were needed after the first bombshell exploded there. The air was so full of terror and death-dealing fragments that every man at first must have doubted if he should ever see the light of another day. Yet the majority in both armies were now well accustomed to artillery, and, shielding themselves by every possible cover at hand, quietly waited for this firing to cease. We stopped first. We did not want to waste ammunition, and knew what would follow that extraordinary cannonade. Many of the Confederate leaders thought that their fearful artillery had disabled ours and silenced the batteries.

During this artillery duel I had been watching the events, sitting in front of my batteries on the slope of Cemetery Hill. Feeling that my greatest danger came from the strippings of the shells as they flew over my head, I had cracker boxes piled behind us—affording protection from our own cannon. In the lull I sud-

denly observed beautiful lines of regiments as on parade emerging from the woods in rear of the enemy's cannon. I seemed to see a mile of frontage. The flags, still bright in the thinning haze of the sunlight, waved prettily, and looked like ours. This was Pickett's division and came forward at a rapid pace. Our artillery began with round shot and shells to make openings in their ranks, but they were quickly closed. Nearer, nearer the Confederates came; the front was narrower now and the flanks traceable. It was more like a closed column, and bore to its left and aimed for Zeigler's Grove front. Hays, Gibbon, Doubleday, and their brigade commanders and all their commands, in two lines, were behind the slight barricades and the walls, waiting the word. Hancock was on hand, and General Stannard placed the Vermonters brigade among the trees at an angle so as to fire obliquely. Pickett's right flank was now plain to McGilvery; his 40 guns poured in their deadly shot, and suddenly the whole front of Hancock's line was ablaze with small arms. The Confederates were mowed down like the wheat in harvest; yet not all, for they did not stop.

They advanced in the face of a "galling fire" of both infantry and artillery "to about 20 paces from our wall, when, for a few moments, they recoiled under a terrific fire"; then were "rushing forward with unyielding determination and an apparent spirit of laudable rivalry to plant the Southern banner on the walls of the enemy."

The fighting over the wall became hand to hand, but Pickett's force was too weak. It looked for and "hoped for support, but hoped in vain." The end must come to such an unequal contest. As a sample, one brigade went into action with 1,427 officers and

men, and came off with only 300. General Garnett, always cool and self-possessed, was shot from his horse, just in front of the fatal wall. Willcox and Perry, with their supporting brigades, blinded doubtless by the storm of shot and shell, had veered toward the right and Pickett had borne toward the left; thus the right support was lost to the main charge. The support of Pettigrew and others on Pickett's left was more real, but in such a sudden change and quick repulse this force came up only to suffer losses with no substantial result.

The heaviest blow struck Webb's brigade. Armistead reached the wall with about 100 men, but fell inside mortally wounded. Beyond that wall Garnett and Pettigrew had already fallen. The most of that part of Webb's brigade posted here abandoned their position, but fortunately were not put to rout altogether. Webb, with a rifle in his hand broken by a shot and a bleeding head, rallied them to reënforce the rest of his brigade. Plenty of help soon came. I saw our own brigades quickly, in some apparent confusion, with flags flying, charge upon the weakened foe. The Confederates were everywhere beaten back; many became prisoners; many others threw away their arms and lay upon the ground to avoid the firing, while the whole front was strewn with the dead and dying.

The last operation on the evening of July 3d was a sweep over the field in front of Little Round Top by McCandless's brigade and some few other troops. This was ordered by Meade himself. By this movement the whole of the ground lost the previous day was retaken together with all our wounded, who, until then, mingled with Confederates, were lying on the field uncared for.

It is sometimes said to me that writing and speaking upon the events of the war may have a deleterious influence upon youth. I can conceive of two reasons for such a warning—one, that a soldier by his enthusiasm may, even unconsciously, infuse into his writing and speech the war spirit, and thus incite strong desires in younger minds for similar excitements and deeds; and, secondly, a soldier deeply affected as he must have been in our great struggle for national existence, may not take sufficient pains in his accounts of historic incidents to allay any spirit of animosity or dissension which may still exist.

But with regard to the first, I think there is need of a faithful portraiture of what we may call the after-battle, a panorama which shows with fidelity the fields covered with dead men and horses; with the wounded, numerous and helpless, stretched on the ground in masses, each waiting his turn; the rough hospitals with hay and straw for bedding, saturated with blood and wet with the rain; houses torn into fragments; every species of property ruthlessly demolished or destroyed—these, which we cannot well exaggerate, and such as these, cry out against the horrors, the hateful ravages, and the countless expense of war. They show plainly to our children that war, with its embodied woes and furies, must be avoided, except as the last appeal for existence, or for the rights which are more valuable than life itself.

When I dwell on the scenes of July 4th and 5th at Gettysburg, the pictures exhibiting Meade's men and Lee's, though now shadowy from time, are still full of terrible groupings and revolting lineaments.

There is a lively energy, an emulous activity, an exhilarating buoyancy of spirit in all the preparations

for an expected battle, and these feelings are intensified into an increased ardor during the conflict; but it is another thing to see our comrades there upon the ground with their darkened faces and swollen forms; another thing to watch the countenances of friends and companions but lately in the bloom of health, now disfigured, torn, and writhing in death; and not less affecting to a sensitive heart to behold the multitude of strangers prone and weak, pierced with wounds, or showing broken limbs and every sign of suppressed suffering, waiting for hours and hours for a relief which is long coming—the relief of the surgeon's knife or of death.

Several years ago I wrote: "I saw just before leaving the cemetery, on July 5th, a large plat of ground covered with wounded Confederates, some of whom had been struck in the first and some in the second day's battle, not yet attended to. The army surgeons and the physicians, who now flocked to their aid by every incoming railroad train from the North, were doing their best, yet it took time and unremitting labor to go through the mass. The dirt and blood and pallor of this bruised mass of humanity affected me in a manner I can never forget, pleading pathetically for peace and good will toward men."

As to the second reason, any feeling of personal resentment toward the late Confederates I would not counsel or cherish. Our countrymen—large numbers of them—combined and fought us hard for *a cause*. They failed and we succeeded; so that, in an honest desire for reconcilement, I would be the more careful, even in the use of terms, to convey no hatred or reproach for the past. Such are my real convictions, and certainly the intention in all my efforts

is not to anger and separate, but to pacify and unite.

That morning (the 5th) I made a reconnoissance with a company of cavalry, the Eleventh Corps headquarters escort. It was immediately commanded by Captain Sharra. Major C. H. Howard, then my senior aid, was to accompany me. As we were moving out westerly, toward the Cashtown road, Captain Griffith, of Philadelphia, another staff officer, who being for that time in charge of making provision for the headquarters mess, had ridden out to see what he could find. Noticing our party in motion he rode quickly up to me and said: "General, you are going toward the enemy; please allow me to accompany you?"

I answered: "Very well, if you desire to do so."

The Confederates had already left the village and the Seminary Ridge. We passed on at a rapid pace till we came to a ridge fringed with trees. We saw the gray coats among the trees. The escort under Captain Sharra formed in order and charged quickly to the crest, and I followed on with my orderlies to find that the men had overtaken a number of stragglers from the Confederates and had taken them prisoners. The same thing was repeated at the next ridge, only this time, from the grove bordering the road, Sharra found a well-set ambuscade. The men in waiting fired upon the too eager horsemen. Major Howard and Captain Griffith had charged with the cavalry.

In my next letter home, written from Emmittsburg the next day (the 6th), I spoke of this scene and of Griffith: "I made a reconnoissance yesterday with some cavalry. We saw some men ahead that looked like stragglers. A dash was made by the cavalry, led

by Charles (Major Howard), Captain Griffith, and other officers. Poor Griffith was very badly wounded by a sudden fire from the woods and thickets; also two or three of his men. We all love Griffith very much. He is a pure-minded, noble man; has a wife in Philadelphia. The ball went quite through him. He is at Mrs. Taylor's in Gettysburg, and is quite comfortable. I talked with him, got strong expressions of his faith in God through Christ; read and prayed with him before leaving. I told him his wound (which afterwards proved fatal) was a punishment to me and not to him. Charles (Major Howard) is well, but we are all pretty well tired out. I long for rest."

Before I left Gettysburg, with Professor Stoever, of the Lutheran Seminary, I paid a last visit to Captain Griffith. I read a few verses from the fourteenth chapter of John. When I said, "That where I am there ye may be also," Griffith with his moist eyes looking in my face, said gently: "I am not afraid to die, General, and only regret to leave you and the dear ones at home."

A member of the Christian Commission who was with Griffith until his good wife came, wrote: "I attended Captain Griffith's funeral on Wednesday (July 8th). I could speak with confidence of his Christian character and hope. He died triumphantly!"

My brother Rowland, of the Christian Commission, looked up our cousin, Major S. P. Lee, of the Third Maine. Lee's arm was shattered and had to be amputated at the shoulder. Lee had first served acceptably in the naval force, but concluded to change into the army, entering my old regiment as lieutenant after I left it by advancement. His gallantry and ability soon won him promotion. When found on the field the

major was unconscious and very low. It was not believed that he could recover. Yet by great care and good nursing, first by the friend I have named, and then by his wife, he gradually regained his health and strength.

So each family had its own sorrows and woundings after Gettysburg. Hancock, Gibbon, Webb, Butterfield (Meade's chief of staff), and so many others were wounded that commands changed hands. Meade did not immediately commence the pursuit, and when he did it was not made straight after the foe, but worked off to our left. My command in this moving was, part of the time, the Eleventh and the Fifth Corps combined. For some reason not at the time plain to me we were halted at Emmittsburg. Yet the halt was not long, for July 7th the two corps (the Fifth and the Eleventh) marched thirty miles to the Middletown Valley. The 8th, Schurz's division, was dispatched to Boonsboro. This preferred to support Buford's cavalry, which had some time before met the retreating Confederates and been engaged for hours. My other divisions guarded the mountain pass there till the arrival of other corps. I wrote the next day from Boonsboro (July 9, 1863): "We are near the enemy. Lee has not yet crossed the Potomac and we must have one more trial. God grant us success in the next battle. He has preserved us so many times, I begin to feel that He might do so to the end."

It was six miles from Funkstown, where I then was the evening of the 12th, when Meade brought together his corps commanders and counseled with them with respect to the position, strength, and intention of Lee, who was intrenched facing us with his back to the river at Williamsport, and with respect to the wisdom of our

making an attack upon him there. Meade read us Lee's proclamation, apparently fresh and hearty, wherein ostensibly he courted an opportunity for another trial of strength under more favorable circumstances than those which caused him his reverse at Gettysburg. All regarded that proclamation as something to keep up Confederate courage, and allowed to come to us for "strategic" effect.

We had present, I think, nine corps commanders; six were of the opinion that we had better not assault Lee there. The other three, Wadsworth, Pleasonton, and I, pleaded for an immediate attack. Wadsworth had the First Corps temporarily and Pleasonton the cavalry corps.

A reconnoissance ordered by me on the 13th was made by one of Schimmelfennig's regiments, and Kilpatrick's cavalry, which Pleasonton had sent to Lee's left flank; as soon as the cavalry skirmishers had approached the enemy's line, he opened a brisk fire from infantry or dismounted cavalry. One or two pieces of his artillery also fired at random from a battery near the Williamsport road. After this reconnoissance, and on the information I could collect, I was impressed with a belief that the enemy would retreat without giving us battle, and it was with a hope of being able to make a lodgment on the enemy's left that I asked permission to make a reconnoissance at 3 A.M. of the next day (the 14th). Subsequently the commanding general's order for several simultaneous reconnoissances at 7 A.M. reached me. I also received word, in answer to my request, that orders had already been sent out, which would probably effect the purpose I proposed. But it happened that 7 A.M. was too late.

In a letter of July 14th, dated at Funkstown, Md.,

where we had abutted against Lee's intrenched position till he effected a crossing by the deep ford and by a hastily constructed rickety bridge of boats, I wrote just after the works were emptied of his troops: "The enemy has got away from us again and gone back to the Potomac, having left a strongly fortified position. We do not know yet whether the Confederates have all crossed. . . . Senator Wilson and Vice-President Hamlin visited us while here."

I remember meeting them in the belfry of a large church on July 13th, in Funkstown, from which we could see what appeared to be Lee's extreme left flank. The letter further says: "Captain Harry M. Stinson—good, true, and faithful and brave as ever—has just reported that he had been in the enemy's evacuated works." We hastened on that morning, after we found Lee's lines empty, to Williamsport.

En route I reproached an elderly, gray-haired Pennsylvania volunteer, belonging to a regiment of a very high number, for leaving his regiment and straggling. He said that he didn't think that officers who could let Lee escape that way should say much. In heart I then rather sympathized with his growl. He further remarked that we who rode on horses had a good deal to say. I asked him if he wanted to ride. He said that he would not object to that. I dismounted from my horse, which, by the aid of an orderly, the complaining soldier mounted, not removing his full equipments. It was not long before he found out where he was, and becoming very weary with trying to keep his seat, he begged to be allowed to walk and join his regiment. This was granted.

At the river the inhabitants told us that part of Lee's command had crossed the Potomac at Falling

Waters on a new bridge of boats; a part on flatboats at Williamsport, and more at a deep ford a little above that place; that many horses and men were drowned while fording the river.

The loss of Meade's army at Gettysburg is set down at 23,186, made up as follows: 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing. According to the hospital record we had 7,262 wounded prisoners and 13,621 aggregate. I have been under the impression that Meade, who always had strong objections to overstate, has left an underestimate of the actual number of prisoners taken. General Lee's killed were over 5,500. The number that escaped as stragglers, as slightly ill, or having light wounds—many of whom went back to Virginia or farther south—is reckoned as about 10,000. Taking these figures, the aggregate loss of General Lee caused by the battle of Gettysburg is 29,121 from all causes.

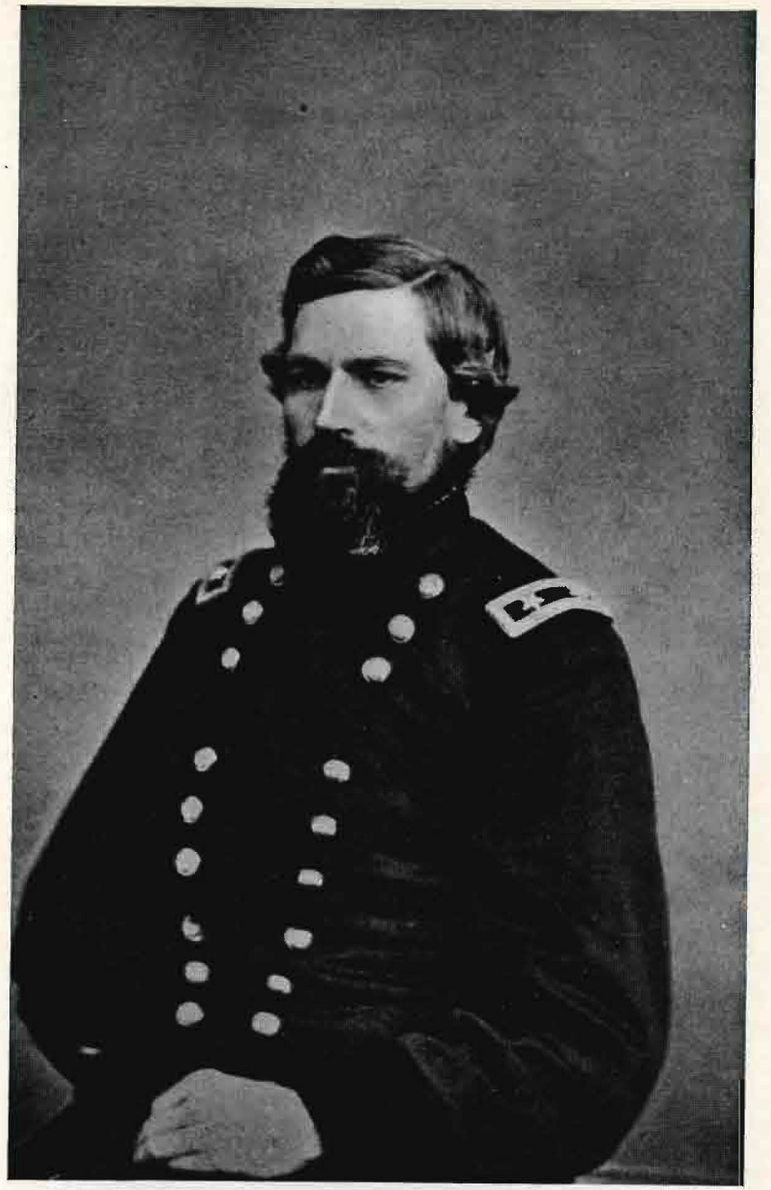
If we put the two sums together, 23,186 and 29,121, we have 52,307 *hors de combat.* Aggregating the wounded, we have 20,971 men to be cared for—a large number even for our active and efficient hospital department. More than 20,000 men, a strong army corps in itself!

(For notice of General Stannard see Appendix.)

CHAPTER XXVI

TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST; BATTLE OF WAUHATCHIE

I CONTINUED with the Army of the Potomac till General Meade had not only recrossed the Potomac and marched back southward, following up, by the inside lines, the retreat of the Confederates, but till Meade had crossed the Rappahannock also, established his headquarters at Culpeper Court House, Virginia, and put his forces into good positions for watching every point of the compass. The Eleventh Corps, which I then commanded, spread itself out north of the Rappahannock, in fan-shaped order, facing the rear, with its center near Catlett's, a station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. My tents were pitched on Mr. Catlett's farm; and we were suffered to remain so long in one place that we became quite domesticated. By the letters which I have preserved I recall the fact that the officers of my staff and myself had much sympathy and friendship with Mr. Catlett's family. They remained at home in a neighborhood quite overrun by both armies and one already very destitute of comforts and quite barren of vegetation. Writing from this camp to my child, I said: "Little Lottie Catlett, who looks something like yourself, gave me a good, hearty welcome when I returned, and showed me her nice, new doll. . . . One time she understood somebody to say that I had been killed, and she cried very heartily." The monotony of camp life had many reliefs this hot sea-



MAJOR GENERAL HOWARD.

(From a photograph taken after the battle of Gettysburg.)

son. At one time a German chaplain preached, and the Thirty-third Massachusetts band came to the service and played the hymns. The band remained at Catlett's over Monday, and we all had a delightful musical treat. At another time, Saturday, September 4, 1863, returning from Manassas Junction, where I had been to review troops, I found Meade, Humphreys, and Pleasonton at my headquarters.

Meade took dinner with me under our fly; he admired the ability of our cook in making strange devices upon an admirable cake. Our German cook's ability exceeded anything found in cities.

At another time, in the same month, my staff rode with me to the village of Greenwich, where I had one regiment. The principal citizen was Mr. Green. He appeared heartily glad to see us. His premises afforded an exception to the prevailing desolation. They were, indeed, in fine condition. He extended to us cordial and abundant hospitality. With fervor and simplicity he asked God's blessing. His neighbors spoke of his charities. His character much impressed me. He was an Englishman, and "British property" was inscribed in plain letters on his gate posts. There were large stacks of good hay untouched, and good-sized beehives full of honey! War had spared nobody else in that region.

At that time, too, as to many others around me, there came news of illness at home.

While we were in the midst of such surroundings and circumstances, which were making up the woof and web of our daily life, with little apparent prospect of change, on September 24th, without previous intimation, the following orders suddenly made their appearance at my headquarters:

"The commanding general directs that you have your command (Eleventh Corps) in readiness to proceed to Washington to-morrow morning by railroad.

"You will at once notify Mr. J. H. Devereux, superintendent of the railroad, Alexandria, at what points you desire to have the trains take up your troops, and the number at each place.

"Your command must have five days' cooked rations. You will not wait to be relieved by other troops, but proceed to Washington the moment the trains are ready to take your command. Please acknowledge.

"By command of Major General Meade.

"S. WILLIAMS, *Asst. Adj't Gen.*"

General Slocum, commanding the Twelfth Corps, had received substantially the same orders. These two corps were placed upon trains of cars and put under the command of General Joseph Hooker, for it had been resolved to recall General Hooker from his retirement to which General Halleck's influence had consigned him the preceding June 28th. These two corps were intended as reënforcements to the Army of the Cumberland at that time still under General Rosecrans.

The battle of Chickamauga had been fought, ending September 21, 1863. The place of this hardly contested field was in Tennessee, east of Lookout Mountain, and several miles south of Chattanooga. It had resulted, notwithstanding our heavy losses and partial defeats, in a substantial success; for Rosecrans had gained that strong place of arms, Chattanooga, and thus firmly seized the left bank of the Tennessee. By the date of our orders, September 24th, he had rendered his position stronger by his forts and intrenchments. There was little present danger of losing this

important advantage by assault or by battle; but Bragg had seized the mountains which hemmed in Chattanooga, the range above (that is, Missionary Ridge) and the ranges below (Lookout and Raccoon), and by his cannon and his outposts so controlled the Tennessee River above and below, that there should be no communication with Chattanooga by the usual routes on the same side with the town.

Rosecrans's wagons with supplies came up the convex road on the opposite bank. When they used the river road there, the route was bad enough, being over forty miles in length from the Nashville & Bridgeport Railroad to the pontoon bridge which led into Chattanooga. Soon even this rugged way was shut up by the boldness of the enemy's sharpshooters posted on the south bank of the river and firing across the narrower stretches.

After a longer and safer road had been selected, the supply trains were "raided upon" by guerrilla bands and by smaller bodies of the enemy's cavalry, which at the time ranged wildly through that portion of Tennessee. Soon the question of supplies became a serious one, so it was necessary either to strengthen Rosecrans's hands, so that he could clear himself from a partial siege, or withdraw his army and so lose advantage of a position which had been secured at a costly sacrifice.

It was, therefore, determined to detach us from Meade and make a transfer to Rosecrans. The two corps (the Eleventh and Twelfth) quickly started up from their scattered camps in regiments, loaded up their tents and luggage, and marched to the nearest railway station. We, fortunately for our subsequent comfort, were to leave our army wagons behind as

soon as they had been unloaded at the cars. Our artillery and horses went with us. Instead of having a single long train, Mr. Devereux furnished us with several short ones. As soon as the first one was loaded to its full with our material, animals, and men, it moved off, to be followed by the second, filled in like manner. As several stations were used at the same time, it did not take long, with our multitude of helpers, to embark everything which was allowed.

At first our destination was a secret to everybody. By Halleck's instructions I went to Washington and reported to Hooker. I found him at Willard's Hotel. He at once informed me that my corps and Slocum's were to move by rail to the west and join Rosecrans as soon as it could be done. I remember, years afterwards, just after the completion of the Northern Pacific, I waited a day and a night for a train at the junction of the Utah Northern with that railroad. Mr. Henry Villard, the president of the road, and his guests from Europe and from the Eastern States were returning from the occasion of the driving of the "golden spike." It was making a trial trip. Train after train whizzed past my station, keeping regular intervals apart. These had the road all to themselves. They reminded me forcibly of our manner of moving troops during the war. However, we never went as Villard did, at forty or fifty miles an hour. We did well to average fifteen.

After an interview with my commanders I paid a visit to the President. It was during that visit that Mr. Lincoln pulled down his map from the wall and, putting his finger on Cumberland Gap, asked: "General, can't you go through here and seize Knoxville?" Speaking of the mountaineers of that region he de-

clared: "They are loyal there, they are loyal!" Then he gave me his mounted map, better for campaigning, and took my unmounted one, saying: "Yours will do for me." In answer to the President's question I replied: "We must work in with Grant's plans, as he has three armies, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio." And that is what Mr. Lincoln actually did.

With my headquarters I took the rearmost train. Many men mounted, from choice, on the tops of the freight cars. It gave them better air to do so, but it was dangerous at the bridges and in passing through the tunnels. A few men were swept off and hurt. When times of excitement, like the present, came on, some of our men developed an extraordinary desire for whisky, and citizens were never wanting who would be prepared, at any station, to press a bottle into their pockets. This increased the danger to life. After several fatal falls were reported, I succeeded in effecting, by telegraph, an arrangement with the town authorities where we were to stop, even for a few minutes, so that the liquor shops were closed during the passage of the trains. When we caught an eager vender, selling bottles secretly in spite of all precautions, we found it a good policy to give him a free ride for some distance, and then permit him to walk back.

All the way along through Indiana and Ohio we received an enthusiastic welcome. Multitudes—men, women, and children—filled the streets of the towns as we passed and gave us refreshments and hearty words and other demonstrations of their appreciation. At Xenia, for example, little girls, gayly attired, came in flocks and handed up bouquets of flowers to the soldiers; the children and the ladies, too, were the bearers of little housekeeper bags, needlebooks, and bright

flags, each bringing some small thing for use. Nothing ever inspirited our men more. True, these lovely faces and these demonstrations were reminders of home; but with our soldiers generally such reminders did not depress and cause desertion, but awakened them to fresh energy and exertion to struggle on, and to preserve to their children an unbroken heritage.

Among our people, anywhere from Maine to California, during the great war, when the Nation's life was the issue, we encountered every variety of opinion. There were those who were able to turn everything into money, and who were, at the same time, always unfriendly to President Lincoln and his administration. There were others, not worse, but more blatant in their opposition. We heard from these in every crowd; they called us cutthroats, Lincoln hirelings, nigger savers, or by some other characteristic epithets. Our loyal soldiers denominated them "copperheads," and when there was opportunity for a more forceful rejoinder it was quick to come.

During this trip, however, the loyal feeling, sympathy, and kind words prevailed. At Dayton, Ohio, all discordant voices were drowned quickly by the vast multitudes who came together and shouted their approval. At last, these warm greetings, mingled with tears from those who were mourning for losses already suffered; these presentations of flowers and useful articles; these upturned faces and extended hands were all passed by. We came again to the Ohio, opposite Louisville, Ky.

For some reason, perhaps to save the soldiers from several hours of hard work, our quartermasters and railroad officials decided to move the horses, artillery, the camp and garrison equipage, and all other luggage

entirely independent of the help of the soldiers or their officers. Everything was then taken over the river in small transports and put upon freight cars which were in waiting. The provision was a mistake. It took much longer to do the work, and too often this moving was as destructive as fire. Such confusion as resulted I will not undertake to describe. Tents, bedding, clothing, mess kits belonging to one regiment or battery were thrown together or badly mixed with those of another. There was little separation even between the corps, division, and brigade property; so that one can imagine the difficulty of unraveling this wretched entanglement when we reached our journey's end.

It taught every officer who was on those trains to see to it in the future that each organization kept the management of its own material to itself. Let the helpers help, but not control, particularly in such hurried transfers.

On October 1, 1863, I wrote a letter from the Galt House. My infantry was then ahead, and part of my artillery. I had sent back my aid-de-camp (Major Howard) as far as Richmond, Ind., which I pronounced a "gem of a place." He was to bring up some stragglers. I spoke of the move in this way: "I feel that I am sent out here for some wise and good purpose. I believe my corps will be better appreciated. Already the good conduct of the soldiers excites wonder. We shall go straight on to Chattanooga. God grant us success and a speedy close to the war!" It was the prayer on many lips.

After passing over the Ohio we were upon the soil of Kentucky—upon that soil which I had at the outbreak been forbidden by a Kentuckian to touch or cross. But here the battles *pro* and *con* had been

fought. Both armies, Northern and Southern, had swept the State. Her citizens, divided, had given their allegiance to the South or to the Government; many hoping vainly to preserve neutrality. Much of this land of superb fertility had become waste and barren, like the battle grounds of Virginia. We thought of Buell and Bragg, of George H. Thomas and Van Dorn, and of other opposing leaders, as we coursed along through this border State. Crowds of welcoming citizens were not at the stations. War had become a desolating curse and terror. For each family the question of existence was uppermost. How shall we live? How can we provide for our own? And, thanks to the armies of the Tennessee and the Cumberland, we could easily go beyond Kentucky and her proud Bowling Green. For Stone River had been fought, and Rosecrans had chased Bragg beyond the Tennessee. So we went peacefully, train after train, through Nashville, Murfreesboro, Wartrace, Tullahoma, Decherd, the tunnel, and Stevenson (Ala.), 120 miles to the southeast, till we intersected the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. We there turned to the east, and steamed away ten or twelve miles farther, till we stopped at a burned bridge—the bridge that once spanned the Tennessee—which Confederate necessities had caused to be destroyed. This point, with its hamlet, was Bridgeport, Ala. The railroad, which crosses at the bridge, keeps up the Tennessee Valley on the other side, without following the curvature of the river, and makes its way through gaps in the mountain ridges and across deep canyons, and, touching the Lookout range at its base and close to the water of the Tennessee, passes into the Chattanooga basin. From Bridgeport to Chattanooga the distance by this railroad route is but

twenty-eight miles. On the evening of October 3d, at 9 P.M., my train arrived at Stevenson, a poor town with some half dozen miserable houses. Here we found an accumulation of supplies for Rosecrans's army. He was then obliged to transport everything by wagons from that point by roads north of the Tennessee River to Chattanooga. The next morning, October 4th, we passed on to Bridgeport, where the greater portion of the Eleventh Corps had already arrived and bivouacked as well as it could without wagons and with its mixed-up baggage. The artillery was there, but the horses had not yet arrived. It was a singularly rough country — nothing but abrupt hills and mountains, nothing except the broad river and the crooked railway! Though early in October, the air was very chilly; and the old camps left by the Confederates as they withdrew to the south shore were, as old camps mostly are, very uninviting.

We found left by Rosecrans's army a small guard over a subdepot, a few workmen laboring to build a little steamer (which there was a faint hope might some time be used to take bread to our half-famished comrades at the front), an old broken-down mill, and some quartermaster's shanties. This was about all. At first everybody was homesick. The feeling was not diminished when the next day we heard of a Confederate cavalry raid in our rear. Major Howard, who was now coming forward, was detained by it at Nashville. On October 8th he noted: "The Confederate cavalry has destroyed several bridges below here, and I could not go on to join the corps and the General, who had already reached Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River, his destination for the present. I found Colonel Asmussen, chief of staff, and other officers here. Some of our

freight and artillery horses had not yet passed this place. The rear of the corps is all at Nashville now, and we will march by land next Saturday morning, in order that the railroad, as soon as open, may be free for supplies."

Colonel Asmussen—a most energetic worker—had, after many troublesome delays, secured the wagons and artillery horses at Nashville, and was coming on. We had with us ten days' rations for the men, but my poor friends at headquarters were obliged, as Major Howard wrote, "to go a-begging for their food," because the headquarters-mess furniture had all been kept back at Nashville in consequence of the brilliant conduct of the inhospitable raiders. General Slocum, too, was still at Nashville, and his command stopped *en route* and repaired the breakages along the railway.

By these recitals one may form some idea of the anxieties of the commanders in those times. Was it wonderful that General Sherman estimated that 200,000 men would not be too many to hold this long line in safety and still enable us to go forward and conquer the hostile army which was beyond?

I saw General Hooker after he had received his instructions from Grant to cross over the Tennessee at Bridgeport and march to form a junction with General Hazen, who was the officer selected by General Thomas to come out from Chattanooga, seize the foot of Lookout Valley, lay a pontoon bridge over the Tennessee, and defend it until our arrival. I never saw Hooker apparently so apprehensive of disaster. He said: "Why, Howard, Longstreet is up on that Lookout range with at least 10,000 fighting men. We will be obliged to make a flank march along the side and base of the mountain. I shall have scarcely so many men,

and must take care of my trains. It is a very hazardous operation, and almost certain to procure us a defeat."

I did not share Hooker's apprehensions at that time, for I believed that the coöperating forces, both at Brown's Ferry and the remainder of Thomas's army beyond Lookout Mountain, would be on the watch; that if any considerable force of the enemy came against us, he would thus hopelessly divide his army. But a few days later, after a nearer survey of the country around Chattanooga, I saw that Hooker had good reasons for his surmises; for Lookout was like the Grecian Acropolis at Athens—a place for the most extended observations, quite unassailable if defended by a few men well posted, and fine grounds for well-chosen sorties. Neither Brown's Ferry nor Chattanooga could have struck a blow up there. In all this region the hills and mountains are very high, and the valleys are comparatively narrow. The smaller force in the valley was, therefore, always at a great disadvantage.

The early morning of October 27, 1863, found my command full of exhilaration and in rapid motion. We already knew the country pretty well, for we had held a grand guard at Shell Mound, six miles out on the main Bridgeport & Chattanooga Railroad, and had scouted the country to the front and the right much farther. No matter what the danger may be, the men in marching always brighten up and appear happy after remaining for considerable time in a disagreeable camp. The chills and the fevers had begun to worry our men not a little, particularly the bridge guards which had been on the south side of the Tennessee. Many poor fellows who became sallow and

shivering in the low grounds, where they were forced to camp, will remember with gratitude the indefatigable surgeon, Dr. Sparling, sometimes called the Charley O'Mally of the Army of the Cumberland, who lived with them in the low ground and cheered them by his jolly stories as well as by his medicines.

The forward movement was caused by a visit of General U. S. Grant, then commanding the military division. One day I was at Stevenson and, while at the railroad station, the Nashville train brought Grant, Rawlins, and one or two more of his staff. On his car I was introduced to him. He gave me his hand and said pleasantly: "I am glad to see you, General." Then I had to do the talking. In a few minutes a staff officer from Hooker came in and offered Grant a carriage to take him to Hooker's headquarters, a quarter of a mile distant—extending also an invitation to the general to stay and partake of Hooker's hospitality. Grant replied: "If General Hooker wishes to see *me* he will find me on this train!" The answer and the manner of it surprised me; but it was Grant's way of maintaining his ascendency where a subordinate was likely to question it. Hooker soon entered the car and paid his respects in person. Grant that day went on with me to Bridgeport and stayed with me in my tent overnight. It was there he said to me: "If I should seek a command higher than that intrusted to me by my Government I should be flying in the face of Providence." Grant was very lame then, suffering from a fall of his horse. The next day at sunrise Rawlins lifted him into his saddle. Then with a small escort Grant rode off by the most dangerous route via Jasper and along the shore of the Tennessee to Chattanooga.

By this journey he set in motion the entire fall campaign against Bragg.

At last we were escaping from this dangerous soil; from the old camps of the Confederates; from guarding long lines of railway; from the work in mud and water to corduroy the roads and lay the bridges. Just what was before us nobody knew. It was at least a change.

My two divisions took the lead. Ahead of my infantry skirmishers I sent out cavalrymen. I had but few horsemen—only two companies at that time. The policy prevailed of organizing as many regiments as possible from each State which had attempted secession, when we came near them, particularly in the West; so we had in the army our First Alabama Cavalry and our First Tennessee. These regiments afforded an asylum to "loyal refugees." In Tennessee the people at home who were full of sympathy for the rebellion were called "Southern men," while in retaliation the others were usually denominated "renegades," or designated by worse names.

From them I obtained two companies, one from each, and it was these who cleared, as well as a few men could, my front and right flank; the near river sufficiently covered my left. General J. W. Geary was in charge of the division of the Twelfth Corps, which was to follow mine. Slocum had sought and obtained a command on the Mississippi; therefore, before this he had left Hooker's command. The remainder of the Twelfth Corps besides Geary's division, in conjunction with some other troops, were to take care of our long line of communications. We made that first day a comfortable march—for it is not wise the first day out of camp to press the men too hard—and met no oppo-

sition. We were early at Whiteside's, having marched about fifteen or sixteen miles. One can hardly imagine a rougher country. There were the steepest mountains, abrupt and rocky heights, and narrow canyonlike defiles. We found mines of coal at the summits of high peaks. They were worked with queer tramways and cars so arranged by ropes and machinery as to let down the coal hundreds of feet. The railway bridge had been supported by wooden frames, built like high scaffolding, story by story. This bridge was nearly destroyed. We found at the old Whiteside's Station one poor family consisting of a woman and several children. I then wrote in my notes, referring to this family and others in that mountain region: "How poor and how ignorant all the people are." The poverty and the squalor was pitiable. The actual cause of the war was not known among them. They were made a prey to any unbelievable tale which made its way to the coal mines. One said to me that he had heard that a battle had been fought among the congressmen in the Capitol at Washington, and that the great war had come from that. There was one abandoned house which presented a respectable appearance; it had two fair-sized rooms. We had the rooms swept and fires lighted in the large, open chimney places and then headquarters moved in to enjoy a reasonably comfortable night. Before taking positions for the ordinary guards and outposts we encountered and chased off some of the enemy's cavalry which approached too closely and gave us annoyance. To add a little to our store of information we had captured two cavalrymen, who were held as prisoners. My inspector general, Colonel Asmussen, probed them with questions. By their reluctant accounts the posi-

tion and strength of the enemy was made more clear. The next morning, October 28th, the command was on hand in good time. At daylight we pulled out of camp and marched in the same order as the day before. Ascending toward Raccoon Divide we soon came upon the Confederate cavalry pickets, who fled before our advance. In the excitement of a slight skirmish and quick movement of the leading troops the ascent was soon made to the highest ground between Whiteside's and the Lookout Valley. The troops becoming somewhat scattered, a halt was called until my division was closed up. During this halt the enemy's watching forces prepared an ambush for us. They seized and occupied a wooded spur of Lookout Mountain, around the foot of which our roadway wound.

It was, perhaps, one mile south of the Wauhatchie depot. Suddenly, as our skirmish line began to feel its way along over the rough ground among the rocks and trees, there came a few rifle shots, and then in a few minutes a brisker fire. I was obliged to send forward an entire regiment before these persistent shooters could be induced to stop their fighting and fall back. We had in this affair one poor fellow killed and a few wounded. The Confederates then fled down Lookout Valley, and our advanced men, now full of excitement, like hunters in the chase, followed their trail as fast as their feet could carry them. But, as my main column shortly after emerged from the thicket and were marching along in the valley, with the lofty range of Lookout on its right, there was, as if we needed it, a new source of inspiration. From the crest of the high mountain Longstreet and his men were taking a good view of us. Just above the perpendicular rocks which crown the highest part of the range,

we could discover the Confederate signal officer waving and dipping his small ensign of Stars and Bars in a most lively manner, and then we saw a flash and a volume of smoke, which was soon followed by a double explosion. This at once revealed to us the position of the hostile cannon.

The cannonading began about the time we passed that intersecting road which led south from Brown's Ferry road to a landing on the Tennessee; the firing continued while we were making about two miles more of our march. My column at that time, with the best closing up which could be effected in that rocky country, must have been at least six miles in extent. This included my usual ammunition and baggage train. The Confederate gunners, therefore, had a lengthy artillery practice. They found it difficult to sufficiently depress their cannon to touch our position. At first the screaming shells went far beyond us. Owing to the echoes and reverberations caused by the mountains, the resounding of the artillery was remarkable. Some missiles fell short, but a few came near enough to make our men long for shelter, and to cause them to hasten their steps in order to gain a safer distance. Under this spectacular and noisy cannonade another man was killed and another wounded.

Being ignorant of the country, we were startled to see a considerable force crowning some round hills which suddenly rose up in our pathway. Field glasses were in demand. We could see bright flags — red, white, and blue. The Confederates had in colors the same as we. We could catch the bright gleam of gun barrels and bayonets. But while preparing to approach with great care, to be ready for war or peace, as the case should resolve itself, we heard a welcome

sound; it was just like our own sturdy shout; it was Hazen's men who, excited by the cannonading, had left their brigade camp and had come out to meet us. As we neared them and could catch their accents, we took in the memorable words: "Hurrah! hurrah! you have opened up our bread line!" It was a glad meeting; glad for us, who felt that we had accomplished the difficult march; glad for them, who had for some time been growing thin on supplies; for at times they were living only on parched corn, and not enough of that. It is always hard for a soldier or sailor in active service, who is put on half rations and is forced to resist hunger by shortening his waist belt, to continue this weakening operation too long. The slow starvation of a siege is properly more dreaded by them than the exposure in campaign and in battle.

After a few moments of kindly interchange and greeting of those who came together, Hazen's men and mine resumed their ranks. The former returned to their positions, and my command, resting its right at the foothills of Raccoon Range and in echelon with Hazen, faced toward Lookout Mountain and went into camp for the night. General Hooker, who had come on with Geary's division, joined me and established his headquarters near at hand.

Geary, who had in charge a long train of wagons, was instructed to stop back at Wauhatchie, three miles at least from my camp. As he had but little more than one division of the Twelfth Corps, it was for him a hazardous thing to do. General Hooker deemed this necessary to the holding of Lookout Valley, and he further desired to cut off and catch a small force which Bragg had been keeping on the Tennessee River. Those were the hostiles who had been so enterprising

and annoying as to break up our roadway on the opposite shore. The Wauhatchie crossroad was the only practicable pathway for their exit from that place, usually called Kelly's Landing. The Tennessee must be clear from Confederates, for Thomas's little steamer — the *Chattanooga* — was at last finished, loaded with hard bread, and already slowly winding its way up the river to supplement our venturesome march.

Still, important as Wauhatchie undoubtedly was, it was like throwing bait without hook and line before a hungry fish, to have a large train of wagons parked there, defended by so small a force as a division, in plain view of Longstreet and his observing army. For he could dart upon the bait, swallow it, and make off to his sheltered nook without much danger to himself.

Longstreet had quickly apprehended the situation and sent a force, as soon as it was dark enough to conceal its movements, to descend from his stronghold, pass westward along the Chattanooga wagon road, cross Lookout Creek, so as to secure a quick retreat in case of any miscarriage or to hold back the Eleventh Corps and Hazen, should we attempt a flank march along that front to succor Geary. All this was done. The low hills were manned and to some extent barricaded, for there were plenty of rocks and trees covering them. A Confederate division was then dispatched to attack Geary.

Some time after midnight, when our weary men were in their soundest sleep, undisturbed by the friendly moon, which was shining brightly that night, and free from apprehensions—for our march had been completed and we had a good, strong position—of a sudden the extreme stillness was broken by the roar

of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Everybody who was fully awake said at once: "Our men at Wauhatchie are attacked." Instantly I sent to my division commanders (Schurz and Steinwehr) to put their troops under arms. The word of command had hardly left me when Hooker's anxious message came: "Hurry or you cannot save Geary. He has been attacked!"

The troops were quickly on foot. Schurz's men were that night especially alert and the first under arms. The road ran along at the base of the low hills which I have described, and which the Confederates were already quietly holding. Schurz was ordered to go on to Geary's relief, but he had hardly set out over the rocks and through the thickets, feeling his way to the west and north of the wagon road in the uncertain light, probably not very clear in his own mind just how to get to that heavy and continuous firing, when a skirmish fire began, coming upon his advance troops from those low hills which skirted Lookout Creek.

Just at that time I joined Hooker, who was sitting with Butterfield, his chief of staff, on the side of a knoll, where a fire had been started; for the night was cold. He was evidently disturbed, but not impatient. He thought my command was not pressing on fast enough, but agreed with me that the first thing to do was to clear those low hills along Lookout Creek. Steinwehr was coming up rapidly along the road. He designated Colonel Orland Smith's brigade for this work for his division. A little farther on, Schurz sent General Tyndall's brigade to carry the hills on his left.

As soon as these primary arrangements were effected, I said to General Hooker: "With your approval, I will take the two companies of cavalry and push through to Wauhatchie."

The general answered: "All right, Howard; I shall be here to attend to this part of the field."

Then immediately, with my small squadron, I set out, moving toward our right till beyond range of the enemy's shots. I picked my way along the foothills of the Raccoon Mountain.

I had been gone but a few minutes when Colonel Orland Smith succeeded in deploying his brigade parallel with the road and facing toward the little hills from which a fitful and annoying fire was kept up by the Confederates; they were concealed along a ridge, and doubtless delivered their fire at random, as they fancied, by the noise, that our men were simply trying to march past them in the valley below.

Smith's men then marched with fixed bayonets across the valley road, up the woody slope, through the thickets and over the hindering rocks, still receiving a fire, but not returning it until the crest was reached. The Confederate soldiers were evidently surprised at this bold movement, and as soon as they saw in the moonlight the shimmer of bayonets they gave way at every point.

In a similar way, and at about the same time, Tyndall's brigade cleared the heights near him. What was known as Ellis's house, beyond the low hills, fell between Smith's and Tyndall's brigades. The road being now clear, Colonel Hecker, of the Eighty-second Illinois (the same who was wounded at Chancellorsville, and was now commanding a brigade), made his way as rapidly as possible toward General Geary.

While the brisk work was going on and I was pushing for Wauhatchie as fast as I could, the firing on Geary's front suddenly ceased. As I emerged into an

open space I could see numbers of men moving about. I called to the nearest squad: "Who goes there?"

"We are Jenkins's men," was the prompt reply. I knew that we had no such commander there, so I said: "Have you whipped the Yankees?" The same voice replied that they had tried; had got upon the Yankees' flank, but just then their men in front had given back, so that they had lost their way. Meanwhile, we drew near enough and, suddenly revealing ourselves, took them prisoners. We broke through the enemy's cordon and reached Greene, who commanded Geary's left brigade. He was frightfully wounded through the face. I knew him and his excellent work at Gettysburg; his wound now, bad as it looked, did not prove fatal. After a word, I passed on to Geary. He was a vigorous, strong, hearty and cool-headed man, who was astonished to see me suddenly appear at his side in the smoke of battle, and I was surprised to find that as he grasped my hand he trembled with emotion. Without a word he pointed down and I saw that Geary's son lay dead at his feet, killed at his father's side while commanding his battery in this action.

Shortly the complete junction was effected by my troops, and I hastened back to General Hooker to make my report.

Our loss in the Eleventh Corps was put, before the accurate count could be obtained, at 15 to 20 killed, and 125 wounded. Colonel Underwood, of the Thirty-third Massachusetts, was supposed to be mortally wounded. I soon had a conversation with him during his extreme weakness and prostration, and wrote to a friend these words about him: "He has a clear and decided Christian faith; he is a healthy and temperate man and may get well." He was promoted for this action at Wau-

hatchie, and did recover, though with a shortened limb, and has lived many years to be useful to his city (Boston), and to be a comfort and a help to his family.

General Thomas said in orders: "I most heartily congratulate you, General Hooker, and the troops under your command, at the brilliant success you gained over your adversary (Longstreet) on the night of the 28th ult. The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep and difficult hill, over 200 feet high, completely routing the enemy from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Geary's division of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of the war."

The mules tied to park wagons became very restive under the noise of the night firing. Many of them as soon as the cannon began to roar broke away and, strangely enough, rushed straight for the enemy. Doubtless in the dim light this was taken by the Confederates for a cavalry charge. This is the battle in which occurred the "charge of the mule brigade!"

CHAPTER XXVII

CHATTANOOGA AND THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE

THE movements which resulted in the battle of Wauhatchie were but the preliminary steps to the execution of Grant's plan of operations.

This embraced a battle with the Confederate General Bragg, who continued to sit threateningly before Chattanooga, and the freeing of East Tennessee of all the Confederate occupancy.

To effect his purpose Grant ordered Sherman to come to us from the vicinity of the Mississippi with as many troops as possible. Two days before our Lookout Valley battle, which took place the morning of October 29, 1863, Sherman received Grant's dispatch while on the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, to wit: "Drop everything at Bear Creek and move toward Stevenson with your entire force until you receive further orders."

Instantly Sherman began his march with four army divisions having infantry and artillery—some 20,000 strong. We had then, during the first week of November, to operate, or soon should have, the old Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, under General George H. Thomas; Hooker's two small army corps in Lookout Valley with a part back to protect our lines of communication toward Nashville; Sherman's approaching column and a few small bodies of cavalry.

With one line of railway, and that often broken; with the animals weakening and dying, and with the men badly supplied with even the necessities of life, everything for a time at Chattanooga was out of joint.

Still, Grant, in spite of these impediments, pushed on to the front and hurried Sherman to our neighborhood. Of course, many croakers found fault with this and prophesied disaster; yet the most of us were inspired by Grant's quiet confidence and plans. Little by little great regularity and thorough system covered us all. Supplies came on train after train and boat after boat to Kelly's Ferry; the military railroad men, who should have abundant praise, began to rebuild our railroad from Bridgeport to the front; new mules were found to haul everything from Kelly's Ferry or Landing to Brown's Ferry and thence across the two pontoon bridges into Chattanooga; medical stores came up; the mails began to appear with regularity, and even luxuries found their way to the camps, brought from loving hands at home by the indefatigable agents of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions.

While waiting for Sherman, we had our downs as well as our ups. For example, the Confederates kept hurling shells into the valley at our trains and camps. They could see us better in the morning, when the sun was at their backs. They turned around and shelled Chattanooga in the afternoon.

One Sunday, the afternoon of November 15, 1863, at 4 P.M., Colonel Balloch, Captain Pearson, Captain Stinson, Surgeon Hubbard, and Major Howard accompanied me to our corps hospital in Lookout Valley. The orderly took along a basket of grapes. The distance was about a mile from my own tent. We found

the religious service in progress on our arrival. The poor sick ones who could leave their beds had gathered near the largest hospital and kept their hats off reverently while the chaplain was praying. The sick inside the different tents could hear everything, as canvas obstructs the sound but slightly. We sang a hymn and then the chaplain preached a sermon about giving our bodies and spirits a living sacrifice. He made many earnest appeals, and I think left a good impression on the men and officers who were present. While he was speaking the Confederates made themselves heard by an occasional shell from Lookout Mountain. The Thirty-third Massachusetts band came near and, as soon as the service was over, struck up some familiar hymns and airs that were sweet and cheering. As I went through the hospital afterwards, I asked the men —ill and wounded—if they liked the music. "Oh, yes; I wish they would play often," was the burden of the responses.

Sherman marched rapidly. By November 13th his advance had reached Bridgeport. He had already obtained the further orders to keep in motion until he found himself in the vicinity of Chattanooga. As soon as he reached that point, Grant requested him to have his troops close up and come on as fast as the bad roads would permit, but hasten in person for an interview and consultation at Chattanooga.

Grant was already there. Sherman arrived the evening of the 14th. Several officers and I among them were present with Grant when Sherman came into the room.

Grant's greeting was cordial and characteristic. He rose, stood still, and extended his hand, and, while his face lighted up with its cheeriest smile, paid Sher-

man some compliment on his promptitude; then being about to resort to his habitual cigar, offered one to his new guest. Sherman took the cigar, lighted it, and never ceased to talk in that offhand, hearty, manly way which everybody who knew him will remember. He had not even stopped to take a seat. Grant pointed to an old high-back rocking-chair, and said:

"Take the chair of honor, Sherman."

"Oh, no," the latter rejoined; "that belongs to you, General!"

Grant humorously remarked: "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age."

Sherman instantly took the proffered chair and laughingly said: "Well, then, if you put it on that ground, I must accept."

There were no formal introductions. It was assumed that all who were present were acquainted. Sherman quickly took the lead of the whole party and brought on a discussion of the military situation or other topics to which the consultation tended.

My real acquaintance with Sherman began that evening. It was a privilege to see these two men, Grant and Sherman, together. Their unusual friendship—unusual in men who would naturally be rivals—was like that of David and Jonathan. It was always evident, and did not grow from likeness, but from unlikeness. They appeared rather the complements of each other—where the one was especially strong, the other was less so, and *vice versa*. It was a marriage of characters, in sympathy, by the adjustment of differences.

Grant in command was, as everybody then said, habitually reticent. Sherman was never so. Grant meditated on the situation, withholding his opinion

until his plan was well matured. Sherman quickly, brilliantly gave you half a dozen. Grant, once speaking of Sherman in cadet phrase, said: "He bones all the time while he is awake; as much on horseback as in camp or at his quarters." It was true. Sherman had remarkable topographical ability. A country that he once saw he could not forget. The cities, the villages, the streams, the mountains, hills, and divides—these were as easily seen by him as human faces, and the features were always on hand for use. It made him ever playing at draughts with his adversary. Let the enemy move and Sherman's move was instant and well chosen.

Grant appeared more inclined to systematize and simplify; bring up sufficient force to outnumber; do unexpected things; take promptly the offensive; follow up a victory. It was a simple, straightforward calculus, which avoided too much complication. It made Grant the man for campaign and battle. Sherman was always at his best in campaign—in general maneuvers—better than in actual battle. His great knowledge of history, his topographical scope, his intense suggestive faculties seemed often to be impaired by the actual conflict. And the reason is plain; such a mind and body as his, full of impulse, full of fire, are more likely to be perturbed by excitement than is the more ironbound constitution of a Grant or a Thomas.

Sherman, patriotic all through, was very self-reliant. He believed in neglecting fractions and was not afraid of responsibility. Grant, probably much influenced by his earliest teachings, relied rather on Providence than simply on himself; he gathered up the fragments for use, and was also strong to dare, because

somehow, without saying so, he struck the blows of a persistent faith.

As I watched the countenances of those two men that evening I gathered hope for our cause. Grant's faculty of gaining the ascendency over his generals without pretension or assumption then appeared. He chose, then he trusted his leaders. They grew great because he did not desert them even in disaster.

After this interview with his commander Sherman returned to Bridgeport to bring up his troops by the same route over which my command had marched two weeks before. On November 23d he finished his march with a part of his army and had three divisions on the north side of the river nearly opposite Missionary Ridge, not far from the Tennessee. Jeff. C. Davis's division was sent to him for a reënforcement, while my two were brought over into Chattanooga and put into camp near Fort Wood to be ready to coöperate with Sherman after he should lay a bridge.

There were, owing to rains and floods, constant breakages in our bridges, particularly in the one at Brown's Ferry. On account of it, Osterhaus's division of Sherman's corps was completely cut off. Grant changed his first plan, then made up a new command for Hooker—probably was compelled to do so—for it did look like wasting strength to put much force against the impregnable Lookout Mountain. This force consisted of Osterhaus's, Geary's, and Cruft's divisions, eight brigades, with the batteries which belonged with them, and a reserve from my corps of two batteries—Wiedrich's New York and Heckman's Ohio. This force thus organized was gathered together in Lookout Valley, and during November 23d Sherman was getting his bridge boats well out of sight near the

North Chickamauga, opposite Missionary Ridge. Hooker was reconnoitering, perhaps for the fifteenth time, the west face of the huge Lookout Mountain.

The rest of this battle front was the Army of the Cumberland and its indomitable commander, General George H. Thomas, on the Chattanooga side.

This part of Grant's triple force was destined to commence the battle. Some days before, several deserters from Bragg's army had been brought to my headquarters. They reported that after the battle of Wauhatchie Longstreet had been sent away from our front with his corps. This information was afterwards confirmed from other sources. Our dispatch came from Bragg directly, brought in by a flag of truce. It was taken to Grant. It advised the immediate sending away from Chattanooga of all noncombatants, as he (Bragg) proposed the next day to commence a regular bombardment of the town. The officers who had been there for two months under Bragg's bombardments thought that it was a little late for the Confederate general to be filled with compassion and give his warning. Grant smiled as he read the message, and said: "It means that Bragg is intending to run away."

Longstreet's departure to assail Burnside's force, then at Knoxville, and the fear that Bragg might go, had induced Grant to order an attack some days before he was ready; but as Thomas, for want of horses, could not then move his artillery, Grant delayed his order. But now (November 23d), as Hooker on our extreme right and Sherman on our extreme left were in position, Grant concluded to occupy the attention of the enemy while he himself was making ready for his main attack, and so ordered Thomas to make a reconnois-

sance in force. The Fourth Corps, then commanded by General Gordon Granger, was selected for this duty. It had three divisions under Stanley, T. J. Wood, and P. H. Sheridan. The Fourteenth Corps, under Palmer, was to watch and support the right of the Fourth, while mine (the Eleventh Corps) was kept in reserve near at hand ready to support, should the exigencies of reconnoissance require it, the left, right, or center. There was a considerable hillock or knoll about halfway from Fort Wood to the foot of Missionary Ridge, a third the height of the ridge, called "Orchard Knob." Confederate Bragg held this eminence as an outpost, and had a line of intrenchments well filled behind it, running along the base of the ridge.

Granger was in his element. He deployed Wood's division in plain view, Sheridan's a little farther to the right; and Baird's (of the Fourteenth) was in echelon with that. After the deployment a cloud of skirmishers quickly covered the whole front. I stood near my corps at Fort Wood, where were Thomas and Grant.

We never looked upon a livelier scene—a finer parade. The enemy were attracted by this bold maneuvering, and stood up in groups on their works to look at the Yankee parade. Immediately after the rapid formation the forward movement began. Away the skirmishers went over the rough broken ground, appearing and disappearing among rocks and trees, or emerging from small ravines and hollows; and the main lines followed on at equal pace. The Confederates this time were really taken by surprise. They, however, did not run away; they hurried into position, and commenced their fire. Some of our men fell, but there was no check, no delay; firing, without halting,

was opened by our skirmish line. Sheridan and Baird came up abreast of Wood, and all rushed together over the detached rifle pits and over the intrenchments of Orchard Knob. Many of the enemy were killed or wounded or taken prisoners. The remainder ran precipitately to help their comrades at the foot of Missionary Ridge. The march was stopped at Orchard Knob. It had developed artillery and infantry. It had put Bragg on his guard, and secured his fixed attention. It was but a reconnoissance and the troops were under orders to move back. Rawlins, his adjutant general, appeared to us to be pleading earnestly with Grant. He was overheard to say: "It will not do for them to come back." The general for a time smoked his cigar peacefully and said nothing. At last quietly he said: "Intrench them and send up support."

His orders were promptly obeyed. Palmer came up to secure the right, and I reported to Granger at the Knob, while he was expending a little of his extra enthusiasm by showing a battery commander how to point and serve his guns. Soon all the divisions were in place. Very quickly I passed into the woods to our left from brigade to brigade of Schurz and Steinwehr, and brought them up through the thickets to the Citico Creek. In truth, we of the Eleventh Corps were soon ahead of our neighbors and proud of it, for by my direction Von Steinwehr sent out a regiment—the Seventy-third Ohio—which swept the front beyond the creek of all Confederate sharpshooters who were inclined to loiter in that region. Granger was pleased, and, the hard work of the morning being over, he gathered us around him—Sheridan, Baird, Wood, Schurz, Steinwehr and others—to tell us how the battle had been fought and to show us the way to fight all

battles. It was, indeed, a successful reconnoissance, and, though not much of a contest, served with its small losses and its real gain to inspirit the whole command.

On November 25th Hooker succeeded in performing his appointed part in his famous battle above the clouds, the thick fog helping his men to climb up narrow passages. At sunrise, in the clear, crisp autumn air, they unfurled the national banner from "Pulpit Rock," on the extreme point of Lookout Mountain overlooking Chattanooga, with cheers that were re-echoed by the troops below.

So much for the first group.

On November 24th, the morning that Hooker started, before 3 A.M., away off as far as the signal officer on Pulpit Rock, had he been there, could have seen without his telescope, far to the northeast, the little steamer *Chattanooga*, without noise, was working its way up the big Tennessee River. It soon disappeared from any view, running up some tributary for rest and shelter.

Earlier than this, a little past midnight, some pontoon boats, carrying over 3,000 of General Sherman's men, had issued from the North Chickamauga. Friar's Island served them as a cover against the enemy's pickets. Silently they floated, the current carrying them swiftly down to the point which Sherman had selected for his bridge. Here the little steamer came in play; by the boats and by the steamer Sherman caused to be sent over opposite to the end of the famous Missionary Ridge between eight and nine thousand fighting men. With this force were plenty of spades, picks, and shovels. The Confederate pickets were surprised; some ran, some were captured. But the movement

was evidently not prepared for, and, indeed, Bragg already had enough line to hold with a small army if he came no farther toward Sherman than the Tunnel Hill, where the railway crosses the ridge.

General W. F. Smith superintended the swift bridge building; boats moved out from each shore, were anchored, the slender joists quickly put down and bound with cords, then the men ran with a plank apiece and placed it, and so the roadway grew. On the enemy's shore, where the ground gradually rises toward the foothills of the mountain ridge, a large curve, whose center was at the river, was marked out on the grass by a few stakes; the earth in a few minutes was broken by hundreds of strong men—hearty, cheerful workers. In less than one hour the long ditch was dug and there was ample cover for a large brigade. The bridge was not quite completed, and the last few shovelfuls were not yet thrown when, with Colonel Bushbeck's small brigade from Chattanooga way, I came in sight. Of course, at first, Sherman's men were a little startled. They did not expect anything or anybody from that quarter except the enemy. The picks and shovels were dropped and the rifles were seized; but those were not recruits, so they did not fly nor fire, but simply looked with 16,000 eyes. We had been sent to form a junction and coöperate with Sherman. We had started early, too; had crept quietly along the bank of the old river, through the thickets, the meadows, and across the small streams, in a circuit of four or five miles, encountering but little opposition till that armed host of workmen loomed up before us. At once I recognized our expected friends, and we were not long in getting together. Immediately I went to the bridge, dismounted, and ran out upon it just as the last pon-

toon was being ferried into its place. Sherman had not been able to wait on the other shore; he was on the opposite stretch and well out toward the growing end. "How are you, General Howard? That's right! You must have got up early," and a host of other short sentences, which one who knew Sherman can easily supply, greeted my ears. Before the space was filled with planking he sprang across the open draw and we clasped hands. We had met before, but this, I think, was our first *bona fide* recognition. We were to be hereafter in several campaigns and in many hard battles together. At no time after that meeting did I receive aught from Sherman but a frank confidence, and I am sure that I ever gave to him a cordial and loyal service. I think a mutual confidence and sympathy between souls springs up suddenly, often by the simple look into clear, fearless eyes, and these sentiments are sealed by an unreserved grasp of the hands. Sherman, in his usual pointed, offhand style, explained the situation to me as he saw it. At the time he believed himself nearer Bragg's right than he really was. The Missionary Ridge, like the Raccoon Range and the Lookout, appeared to be continuous, at least along the crest, but it proved to be otherwise. Not only were there heavy, rocky, wooded spurs jutting out laterally, but there were deep chasms and cross ravines cutting the crest, so that each jagged knoll so separated had to be approached and taken like an isolated bastion. General Sherman said: "You must leave me Bushbeck's brigade. I shall need it to keep up connection with Thomas." Poor Bushbeck looked a little demure as I turned to him. He wanted to fight with his own corps, but being a true soldier, he said nothing. I left him there to struggle hard on Sherman's right flank

and lose some—yes, many—of his best officers and men. I then felt sure that before many hours had passed I should bring the remainder of my corps to the same flank. I bade Sherman good morning and turned back to join my headquarters and Thomas's forces near Orchard Knob.

Now consider that Sherman had four bodies of men abreast, and not connected except by the long line of skirmishers which covered this whole front. They—skirmishers and all—prepared to go up the ridge or to skirt along its side slopes. Thus these resolute men set out to perform the part allotted to them—a part, as it proved, next to the impossible, because nature, aided by the Confederate General "Pat" Cleburne, who guarded Bragg's right flank, had made some of these crags impregnable.

Hooker and his men had already "fought above the clouds" and unfurled the emblem of a free country to the breeze on the most prominent rock of Lookout Mountain; Sherman and his divisions had toiled and fought with more vigor the second day than the first, amid unheard-of ruggedness and against odds. It was reserved by Providence to Thomas and his army, already four times depleted, November 25, 1863, to storm heights more difficult than those of Gettysburg, and to capture batteries and intrenchments harder to reach than those of Vicksburg. Grant, who was at times certainly distinguished for his powers of observation and was as remarkable for self-poise, for keeping at bay every impatient impulse, stood there at Orchard Knob with the imperturbable Thomas. Neither of them wasted any time in words. Orders, when given, were brief and pointed. Officers took posts for observing, and orderlies, ready to mount, held

the reins for the dismounted, and messengers stood or sat near by with bridles firmly grasped. Aids and dispatch bearers from divisions came to Thomas or to his chief of staff and to Grant from the wings. They came, reported, and went, always moving with a rapid pace. There was constant motion there and in the army, and yet there was quiet and rest—the quiet, however, of a lake about to burst its barriers, the rest of a geyser soon to hurl its pent waters high in air. About 10 A.M. with my corps I was ordered by General Grant to go quickly to Sherman. Colonel Meysenberg, my adjutant general, went ahead to Sherman for orders, and returning to me *en route* reported Sherman's instructions to put my command (all except Bushbeck's brigade) on the extreme left flank of his army. The brigade had already been hotly engaged and suffered severe loss. Grant then waited until I could get into position. He afterwards waited a little longer for Hooker, who was on his other flank. What could that officer of unfailing energy be doing? Early in the day his flags were seen descending the Summertown road of old Lookout. But his columns had disappeared in the rolling valley, going toward Rossville. Could he have met with disaster? It was hardly possible. At last all apprehensions were relieved. A message arrived. Hooker, having the bridge ahead of him destroyed by the enemy, had been delayed by the impassable Chickamauga Creek. That odd stream had so many branches, and they were so crooked, that an officer could hardly tell on which side of the stream he was. It was deep and sluggish, with muddy banks. The Confederate General Breckinridge, who that day commanded Bragg's left, had greatly bothered Hooker's men, but the obstacle was finally overcome, a

bridge was built and Hooker had passed over and was working up the slope of the south end of Missionary Ridge, and driving Breckinridge's advance before him. Now was the fullness of battle time.

Bragg was up there with a comparatively short line. He had well-filled intrenchments a little nearer, at the foot of the ridge. The veteran Hardee, against Sherman, commanded his right, and Breckinridge, as we have said, his left against the lines of Hooker steadily ascending in that quarter. The Confederate Chief Bragg himself, in the center, like an elephant between two persistent tigers, had his mind much distracted; who could wonder or who, except the Confederate press of that day, could blame him! It was the "supreme moment." Grant took the cigar from his mouth, cleared his throat, and told Thomas to capture the intrenchments at the foot of Missionary Ridge. The patient Thomas had been ready all day. The six loaded cannon were ready. In an instant, one after another, in slow succession, so as to be distinctly heard, they boomed forth the inspiring signal. Every soldier in Thomas's four divisions understood that call. But to emphasize it, our various batteries, perched on many hills and convenient knolls, at once fired shot and shells toward the doomed ridge.

I am not sure that this previous artillery practice in battle at long ranges does much good, where there are no walls to break down. It may occupy the enemy's artillery and keep it from effective work against our advancing men, but it prevents anything like a surprise. It would seem wiser to give the foe no formal warning, but, like Stonewall Jackson, burst upon his flank or his intrenchments, without a previous cannon shot.

Conceive of Thomas's divisions formed in one line, with one or two regiments a little in the rear and in echelon, to reënforce the flanks and cover the whole front by a double skirmish line, and you have an idea of the attacking force. At the signals, the words of command sounded simultaneously along the whole line, and instantly every man took a quick pace, the skirmishers clearing the front, now at a double-quick, now at a run; when they could they fired upon the enemy's skirmishers, but without slacking their pace. The country was generally wild, broken, covered here and there with thickets, with plenty of rocks, hillocks, and small ravines. On, on the Union soldiers went straight forward. Of course, the numerous guns from the crest all along Bragg's formidable front, opened their frightful mouths and belched forth their death-dealing charges. The sound of cannon and bursting shells seemed to quadruple the effects. The air was filled with missiles, but fortunately for our men the fire from the lower rifle pits was not very effective; probably it was necessary for each hostile brigade to let their own skirmishers come in before a free range could be had, and when they did get them in and began to fire, there was not time to reload before our determined Westerners, skirmish line and all, were upon them. At any rate, every Confederate not already disabled seemed to think that the time for a hasty retreat had come. The top or the crest of the ridge was, like the cemetery crest of Gettysburg, to be the line of defense. Our division, brigade, and regimental commanders, I believe many of them on foot and half out of breath from the roughness of the field, were in their places or coming on, and undertook to obey their orders; their voices seemed for once not to be heard,

and their men, many of them, never stopped for any re-formation nor listened to catch the word of command, but immediately followed their retreating foes up the steep.

Thomas and Grant saw the conflict through their glasses from Orchard Knob.

To show the ardor of the troops in this charge without orders I am reminded of the story of my friend, E. P. Smith, then a member of the Christian Commission, who followed hard after the moving lines to be ready for whatever relief he could bring. Just after the action had lulled, he met four stout soldiers carrying a sergeant to the rear. Smith stopped the stretcher bearers for a moment and said gently: "Where are you hurt, sergeant?"

He, as if a little dazed by the question, replied: "Almost up, sir."

"I mean in what part are you injured?"

He looked steadily toward my friend and answered with all the firmness his failing strength could muster: "Almost to the top."

Then Smith folded down the sergeant's coat, or blanket, and saw the bleeding, broken shoulder where the shell had struck him. The sergeant also turned his face toward the wound. "Yes," he exclaimed, "yes, that's what did it; but for that I should have reached the top." The sergeant had held the flag at the time he was struck. His utterance continued to grow fainter and fainter, as he repeated his sorrowful thought, "Almost up! Almost up!" till his lifeblood ebbed and his spirit left the shattered clay.

There were many more than these who fell on the hillside; some were cold in death, and others were repressing every sign of sufferings which had stopped

them midway to the goal of their aspiration. Breckinridge's men gave stout resistance to Sheridan and to Hooker, and our sturdy foe, Pat Cleburne, was unwilling to let go. Surely, these were brave men and commanded brave men. Bragg had no right to condemn them and has only injured his own fame in so doing. And Jefferson Davis wronged his soldiers when he said: "The first defeat that has resulted from misconduct by the troops." How hard for Mr. Davis ever to conceive that he might be wrong; that the days of slavery in America were numbered, and that, little by little, our men, equally brave with his, were acquiring unity of action, strength of muscle and experience, and that, with a cause so sacred as ours—namely, the preservation and the purification of our Republic—and with numbers superior to his, there would come times like those of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, when the victory would perch on our banners.

The enemy gave way—his lines were broken in six places; and Hooker, with steadfastness, was on his flank and aiming for his rear, and Sherman was clinging to his other side. Yes, Bragg, much as he hated to do so, was forced to abandon his stronghold and retire with haste.

Our men turned their own guns upon the retreating Confederates and broke their flight in places into a rout. But though they were followed up for a few miles, yet the roughness of the country, not yet familiar to our officers, and the darkness of the approaching night closed the action soon after the capture of Missionary Ridge.

General Grant, summing up our losses in the several combats of Hooker, Sherman, and Thomas, gave them as 757 killed, 4,529 wounded, and 330 missing.

Bragg's losses, as nearly as I can get the figures, were 3,000 killed and wounded, and about 6,000 prisoners left in our hands. Forty cannon fell to us, and at least 7,000 small arms. Many of the prisoners were wounded, and of them an unusually large number of commissioned officers.

The flight of the Confederates was soon evident along Sherman's lines, for the lively cannon firing had ceased and the skirmishers received no return fire; they ventured forward at dark and found that the death-dealing rocks and barricades had lost their terror. As they were reporting this strange story swift horsemen had brought the good news to Sherman. One cannot exaggerate the joy that animated our men at these tidings. You could soon hear the ringing, manly shouts as they rose from valley and hillside. So the victory was inspiring; another break had been made in the long line of Confederate armies, and that at the strongest possible natural bastioned fortress—that of Chattanooga. There was no envy nor jealousy that night. Hooker's men had bled on Lookout, Sherman's near the tunnel, and Thomas's on the broad, steep side of Missionary Ridge. After the first burst of enthusiasm was over, the men got their suppers over brighter fires, drank their coffee a little better made, and, after talking all together for a while between the puffs of their tobacco pipes, they soon retired to their beds on the ground, and—except the sentinels, the wounded, the doctors, their assistants, and the officers of rank—were soon fast asleep.

Nobody can blot out the record, written in men's hearts, and sent with shoutings into the everlasting spaces, that we were there where brave men fought and were victorious, and that, God helping us, we did

what we could. If I know myself, I rejoice as much at the good name of the great-hearted Thomas as I do at my own, but I should distrust any writer who should attempt to pull down other great names even to make a pedestal for Thomas, for he already has a better one in the confidence, love, and praise of all true men who served under his command.

Halleck's judgment at one time (if we may credit the reports early in the war) was a little warped in his estimate of Grant, so that I think his dispatch from Washington after our great battle is quite significant and does him honor. It is: "Considering the strength of the rebel position and the difficulty of storming his intrenchments, the battle of Chattanooga must be regarded as the most remarkable in history. Not only did the officers exhibit great skill and daring in their operations in the field, but the highest praise is also due to the commanding general for his admirable dispositions for dislodging the enemy from a position apparently impregnable."

For two days Grant's army pursued the retreating forces of Bragg. We stopped at Greyfield, Ga., and turned back. When Sherman with the Fifteenth Corps and I with the Eleventh were near Mission Mills, Sherman received a brief note from Grant. He said he couldn't get Granger with the Fourth Corps off soon enough for Knoxville, and that Sherman must turn north at once, or Burnside would be overwhelmed by Longstreet.

Sherman answered: "Why not send Howard with me?"

Grant, on receiving Sherman's reply, so ordered it. I was as badly off for transportation and supplies as Granger; but it was another opportunity. With our

respective corps Sherman and I marched immediately toward Knoxville; we were about five miles apart, Sherman always east of me.

At the Hiwassee River, Hoffman (my engineer) and I, one day just before sunset, stood by the bank in the village of Athens, Tenn. The bridge was gone. "How long, Hoffman, will it take you to build a bridge here?" I asked.

He scratched his head for a moment and then said: "It is over 200 feet; I can have a good bridge practicable for the men and the wagons in ten days."

"Ten days!" I cried. "Why, Hoffman, we will cross that river at sunrise to-morrow!"

"Impossible!" he exclaimed with impatient emphasis. Yet, by using the sheds and outhouses of the village and binding the side joists with ropes, we made a fine floating bridge, and by sunrise on the morrow began our usual day's march by crossing our new improvised structure. I had been born and bred near a floating bridge and so I showed the able Hoffman how to make one. Sherman, five miles above, felled tall trees for stringers and with his pioneers quickly made a log bridge. At Loudon I found a sufficient number of Confederate wagons for a footbridge through the ford, six miles up the Little Tennessee. Many of the spokes of the wheels were cut or broken. I had the One Hundred and Forty-third New York Regiment (Colonel Boughton) nail cleats from felloe to felloe. They were strong enough for this regiment to drag them the six miles. Boughton and his men worked all night to plant these wagons in the deep ford, and so plank them from wagon to wagon as to make a fairly good footbridge for the men of the corps. All except Boughton and his good regiment

had had a full night's rest. The colonel, wading most of the night with the water above his waist, took a severe cold and suffered from acute neuralgia for years in consequence of that exposure. By raising the loads by planks above the wagon bodies and carrying the cannon ammunition upon them in the same way we got across the ford without loss.

Sherman and I came together about thirteen miles from Knoxville. A messenger from Burnside here met us and told the good news that Longstreet, hearing of our approach, had raised the siege and gone off to join Lee's army in Virginia.

Burnside, after the dreadful battle in which Colonel Saunders and hundreds of men were killed, was expecting every day that Longstreet would renew his assault and he feared that he would not be able to hold out against him.

Sherman and I halted our commands and then, while they were resting in a good camp, rode together the thirteen miles. Burnside was delighted to see us, and gave us a turkey dinner. The loyal East Tennessee people had kept him well supplied during all that long siege. I then remembered President Lincoln's words at my last interview with him: "They are loyal there, general!" During my march of 100 miles I was every day made aware of the truth of Lincoln's declaration. Sherman and I marched back to Chattanooga, and with the Eleventh Corps I returned to the old camp in Lookout Valley.

By some singular clerical error Sherman in his memoirs puts Gordon Granger for me in that Knoxville march.

Granger after our return did come up to help Burnside, and later, Schofield, in the holding and picketing

of East Tennessee for the winter of 1863 and 1864. During that time Granger had his headquarters at Loudon.

There was quite an interval of time from the close of the Knoxville campaign to the beginning of the spring operations of 1864. After Chattanooga, the Confederate General Bragg withdrew his army, under the pressure we gave him, to the little town of Dalton, Ga., where he himself was soon replaced by General Joseph E. Johnston, whom we have so often met in the battles of the East. Johnston reorganized his army, gave it discipline and drill, and prepared for the spring work which was expected of him. Taking his headquarters at Dalton, he faced northward and eastward. The railway line which brought him supplies from Atlanta, i. e., from the South, here divided, the eastern branch running to Cleveland and toward Knoxville, East Tennessee, and the other bearing off to Chattanooga and the north, and passed through Taylor's Ridge at the famous Buzzard's Roost Gap. This gap Johnston held strongly, pushing an outpost as far forward as the Tunnel Hill.

Such was the situation of affairs at Dalton. This place, with its difficult approaches, was commonly called in the papers the "doorway" of Georgia, and certainly there was never a defile more easy to defend or more deadly in its approaches than that outer gate of Dalton, the Buzzard's Roost Gap.

Meanwhile, General Thomas, who was still commanding the Army of the Cumberland, made his headquarters at Chattanooga; but his army was scattered —part of his rear back at Nashville, part for 100 miles to his left front near Knoxville, and the remainder on the direct line between himself and Johnston. He was

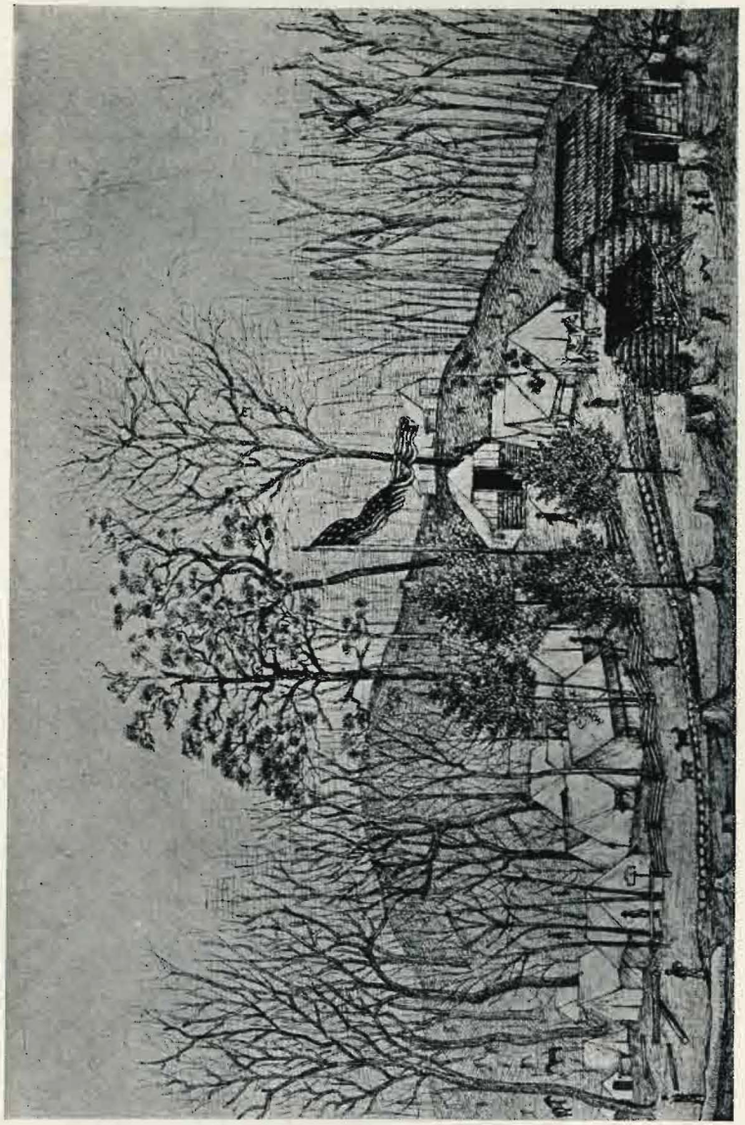
forced to this dispersion by the necessities of the situation as well as by orders from his seniors. Bridges were to be built, railways repaired, fortifications to be erected, and stores to be accumulated.

At first he (Thomas) was in hopes that he might drive back his foe, occupy Dalton, and thus swing wide open the door of Georgia preparatory to Sherman's spring proposals.

A bold reconnoissance was made "after ceaseless labor and under the greatest embarrassment." Wading through mud and water and frost, the troops came up in front of the Buzzard's Roost. The gap was occupied by a force as strong as Thomas's own; the Confederates had more artillery and better cavalry; the country was without forage for mules and horses, and it was almost impossible to drag forward the heavy wagons, as one day's rain would render the Chickamauga bottom impassable for them, so that this vigorous forward movement had but one beneficial effect, which was to keep Johnston busy where he was—in the vicinity of Dalton; for on Thomas's approach he immediately called for reënforcements.

While the other troops were very active between Chattanooga, Dalton, and Knoxville, the wing of Thomas's army to which I belonged—probably about 20,000 strong, counting up the remaining divisions of the Eleventh Corps under Schurz and Von Steinwehr, and those of Geary and Ward belonging to the Twelfth Corps, with corps and artillery transportation reckoned in (for the latter especially afforded many diligent employees)—remained in our first camp.

This temporary city in Lookout Valley had General Joseph Hooker for its governor. Its outside intrenchments, better than the walls of a town, running over



Major General Howard's Headquarters, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, January 1, 1864.

the rolling hills and through the ravines, with Lookout for his advance guard and Raccoon for his reënforcement and the broad, swift Tennessee for his left flank, gave to the gallant general a cheerful repose. Hooker that winter and spring held daily court at his pleasant headquarters on the hillside, where officers of every rank came to receive cordial welcome; to review past battles and campaigns and to project new ones.

I still have at my house a charming picture, an etching made by a skillful German soldier. It represents my own headquarters near to Hooker's in the winter camp. There is the large tent made more spacious, vertically, at least, by its log walls; more convenient of entrance by its rough door of plank, and more cottagelike by its lofty chimney of rough stone at the farther end. There were other tents in convenient order of grouping, without military precision; the straggling canvas dining saloons adding to the irregularity of form and the outdoor stables suggesting but brief occupation; a log cottage opposite with living figures about it, contrasting the old time with the new.

I record that on March 28, 1864, Sherman again arrived at Chattanooga and went on the next day to Knoxville. There was a newspaper rumor that the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps would be sent back east to the Army of the Potomac. I then wrote: "I do not expect we shall go back, because I do not see how we can be spared from this army. I am rather anticipating Johnston's undertaking some game before long. If he take the initiative he may bother us considerably." March 29th I rode over from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga and paid a visit to General Thomas. In the course of conversation I inquired of him why he did not take a brief "leave" before the active

operations should commence and visit his friends in the North.

"Oh," he said, "I cannot leave; something is sure to get out of order if I go away from my command. It was always so, even when I commanded a post. I had to stick by and attend to everything, or else affairs went wrong."

The escaping slaves made their way to every camp. A family came to mine, a part of which I sent North to employment. "Sam" remained with me. In a home letter I said: "'Sam' continues the best man in the world. He reads to me every night and morning, and keeps up his interest in the Bible. Julia (his aunt, a mulatto woman) wants him to become a Christian! He is trying."

On March 19th I gave an account of a scouting expedition, one among many: On Wednesday, a half hour before sunrise, my staff and myself set out for Trenton, Ga. We took an escort from General Ward's command—200 mounted infantry. The road lies between Lookout and Raccoon all the way. Lookout Creek, about sixty feet wide, winds its way through the whole distance for twenty miles, the crookedest stream you ever saw. The valley of this creek is nowhere level, but full of ridges and knolls. We came past many fine farms—one quite large, phenomenal at this time and place—on our return between the creek and Lookout where the depredators have not been. The owner's name was Brock. He had a two-story brick house almost hidden (it being on that byroad) fences all up, sheep in their pastures and negroes at home. Two or three ladies appeared as we passed. (They were not unfriendly in their look or manner to our party.)

Trenton is a little village of some half a dozen

houses, a church, and a village inn. We stopped at the latter. Widow G——, who lives there, had an aged mother in bed and a little son, some ten or twelve years old. We ate our lunch there and were permitted to put it on her table. All the people of this village were "secesh" and impoverished. It was a mystery from what source they got enough to eat.

Returning, we crossed the Lookout Creek, skirted the mountain, passed Mr. Brock's and other farms hidden away behind the ridges and woods. Some three or four miles to the east of Trenton, walking and leading our horses up the Nic-a-jack trace, we ascended Lookout Mountain. This rough, steep mountain path had been obstructed by the Confederates near the top by fallen trees. They were partially cut away and the gateway was made through their breastwork wall, which did not completely close the road at the top. We now rode along the crest of the great mountain, so as to take in the whole valley at a glance. The top of Lookout is rather rough and for the most part covered with forest. One pretty good road runs lengthwise along its back. We left Lookout, the north side of Summertown, and then descended by a new and steep path, very difficult, plucked the *Epigæa* or Mayflower, already blossoming near that path. We reached camp a little after dark, having made about forty miles in one day, besides ascending and descending the steep, rugged mountain. The next day Charles (Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Howard) and I rode to Rossville, and, accompanied by General J. C. Davis and Captain Daily, his aid-de-camp, went over the battlefield of Chickamauga. We found on reckoning up that we had ridden that day about twenty-eight miles, and I was weary indeed when I got into a chair in my own

tent. The first day the weather was cold and raw and this took much from our pleasure. We here in the West were waiting to see what General Grant was going to do. We believed he was proposing to try his hand at Richmond. Such glimpses are suggestive of the thoughts, the plans, the operations, and the situation of the Northern and Southern men, thousands of them then facing each other with arms in their hands and ready for other bloody experiences soon to come.

Not very long after this Sherman set us in motion against Johnston, and Grant in the East began his more dreadful campaign against the Army of Lee.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN; BATTLE OF DALTON; RESACA BEGUN

OF the respective commanders of the armies which were to operate in advance of Chattanooga, namely, of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, Sherman was fortunate in his lieutenants. He writes:

"In Generals Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield I had three generals of education and experience, admirably qualified for the work before us."

Each has made a history of his own and I need not here dwell on their respective merits as men, or as commanders of armies, except that each possessed special qualities of mind and of character which fitted him in the highest degree for the work then in contemplation.

Certain subordinate changes affected me personally. On April 5, 1864, with two or three officers, I rode from my camp in Lookout Valley to Chattanooga, some eight or ten miles, and visited General Thomas. He explained that the order was already prepared for consolidating the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps into one body to form the new Twentieth, of which Hooker was to have command. Slocum was in Vicksburg, Miss., to control operations in that quarter, and I was to go to the Fourth Corps to enable Gordon Granger to take advantage of a leave of absence.