


BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR



BEING FOR THE MOST PART CONTRIBUTIONS
BY UNION AND CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.
BASED UPON "THE CENTURY WAR SERIES."
EDITED BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON
AND CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL, OF THE EDI-
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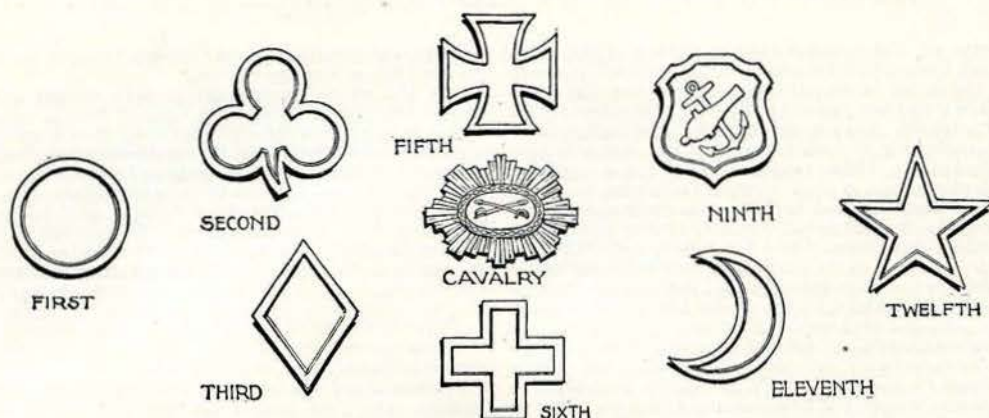
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CORPS BADGES OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC UNDER HOOKER.

THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.†

BY DARIUS N. COUCH, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.

IN the latter part of January, 1863, the Army of the Potomac under Burnside was still occupying its old camps on the left bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. After the failures under Burnside it was evident that the army must have a new commander. For some days there had been a rumor that Hooker had been fixed upon for the place, and on the 26th of January it was confirmed. This appointment, undoubtedly, gave very general satisfaction to the army, except perhaps to a few, mostly superior officers, who had grown up with it, and had had abundant opportunities to study Hooker's military character; these believed that Mr. Lincoln had committed a grave error in his selection. The army, from its former reverses, had become quite disheartened and almost sulky; but the quick, vigorous measures now adopted and carried out with a firm hand had a magical effect in toning up where there had been demoralization and inspiring confidence where there had been mistrust. Few changes were made in the heads of the general staff departments, but for his chief-of-staff Hooker applied for Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone, who, through some untoward influence at Washington, was not given to him. This was a mistake of the war dignitaries, although the officer finally appointed to the office, Major-General Daniel Butterfield, proved himself very efficient. Burnside's system of dividing the army into three grand divisions was set aside, and the novelty was introduced of giving to each army corps a distinct badge, an idea which was very popular with officers and men.‡

† Reprinted with permission from the "Philadelphia Times."—EDITORS.

‡ This idea originated with General Butterfield, who not only instituted the badges, but devised them in detail. As organized by Hooker the First Corps was commanded by Reynolds; the Second by Couch; the Third by Sickles; the Fifth by Meade; the Sixth by Sedgwick; the Eleventh by Howard; the Twelfth by Slocum, and the cavalry corps by

Stoneman. In each corps the badge of the First Division was red; of the Second Division, white; of the Third Division, blue. After the battle of Chickamauga (Sept. 19th and 20th, 1863), the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were sent west, and on April 4th, 1864, they were consolidated to form the new Twentieth Corps, which retained the star of the Twelfth for a badge. The old Twentieth lost its designation Sept. 28th, 1863.—EDITORS.



FIRST



SECOND



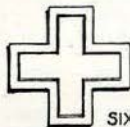
THIRD



FIFTH



CAVALRY



SIXTH



NINTH



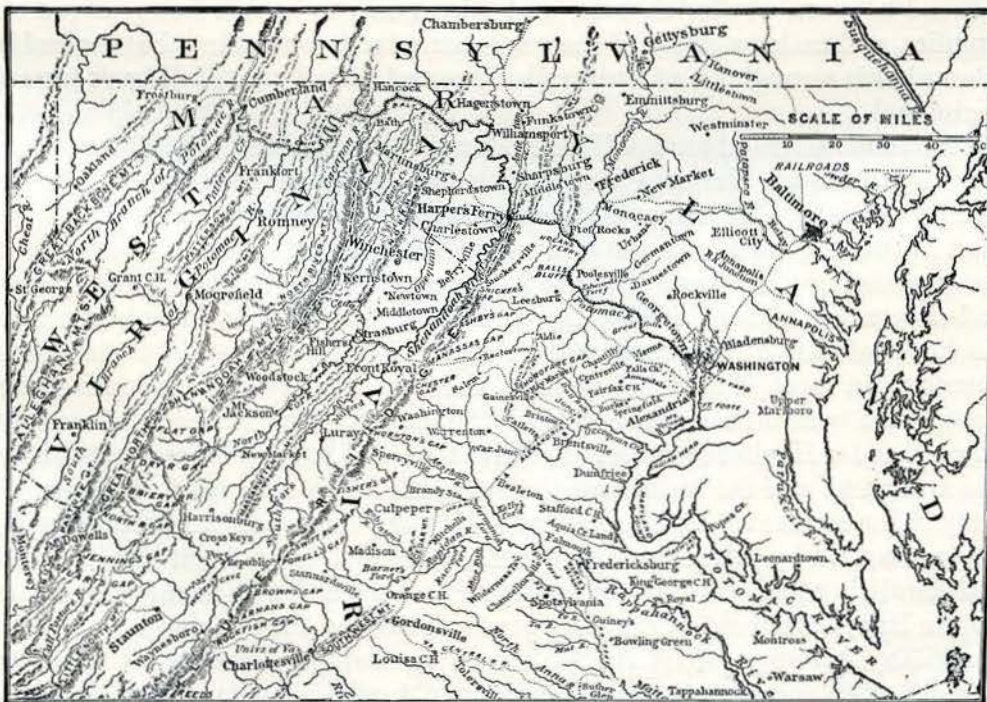
ELEVENTH



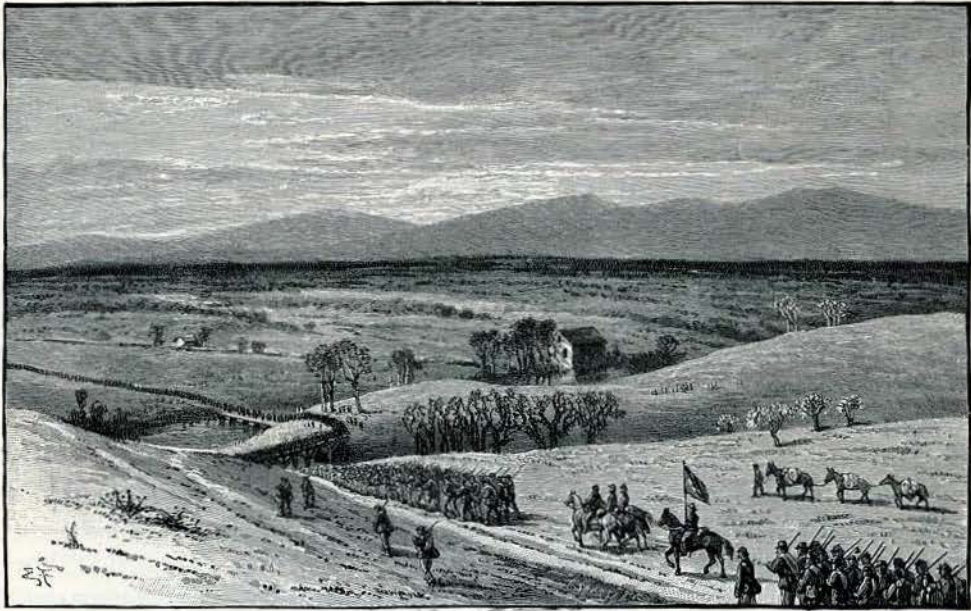
TWELFTH

Some few days after Mr. Lincoln's visit to the army in April [see p. 119] I was again thrown with the President, and it happened in this wise. My pickets along the river were not only on speaking terms with those of the enemy on the other side of the river, but covertly carried on quite a trade in exchanging coffee for tobacco, etc. This morning it was hallooed over to our side: "You have taken Charleston," which news was sent to headquarters. Mr. Lincoln hearing of it wished me to come up and talk the matter over. I went and was ushered into a side tent, occupied only by himself and Hooker. My entrance apparently interrupted a weighty conversation, for both were looking grave. The President's manner was kindly, while the general, usually so courteous, forgot to be conventionally polite. The Charleston rumor having been briefly discussed, Mr. Lincoln remarked that it was time for him to leave. As he stepped toward the general, who had risen from his seat, as well as myself, he said: "I want to impress upon you two gentlemen in your next fight,"—and turning to me he completed the sentence,—“put in all of your men”—in the long run a good military maxim.

The weather growing favorable for military operations, on April 12th were commenced those suggestive preliminaries to all great battles, clearing out the hospitals, inspecting arms, looking after ammunition, shoeing animals, issuing provisions, and making every preparation necessary to an advance. The next day, the 13th, Stoneman was put in motion at the head of ten thousand finely equipped and well organized cavalry to ascend the Rappahannock and, swinging around, to attack the Confederate cavalry wherever it might be found, and "Fight! fight! fight!" At the end of two days' march Stoneman found



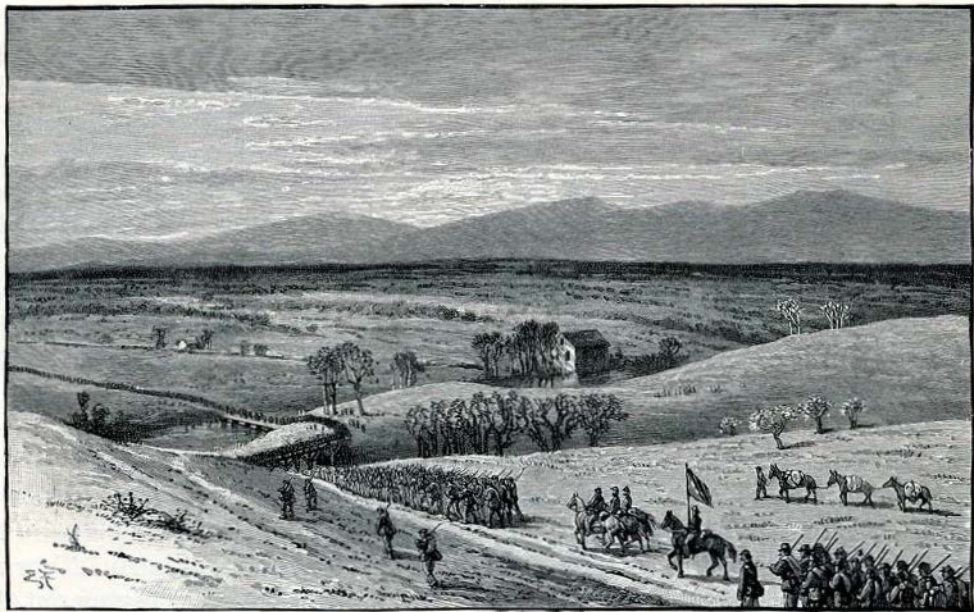
OUTLINE MAP OF THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.



THE RIGHT WING OF HOOKER'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT KELLY'S FORD.
FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

the river so swollen by heavy rains that he was constrained to hold up, upon which Hooker suspended his advance until the 27th. This unexpected delay of the cavalry seemingly deranged Hooker's original plan of campaign. He had hoped that Stoneman would have been able to place his horsemen on the railroad between Fredericksburg and Richmond, by which Lee received his supplies, and make a wreck of the whole structure, compelling that general to evacuate his stronghold at Fredericksburg and vicinity and fall back toward Richmond.

I estimate the grand total of Hooker's seven corps at about 113,000 men ready for duty, although the data from which the conclusion is arrived at are not strictly official. This estimate does not include the cavalry corps of not less than 11,000 duty men, nor the reserve artillery, the whole number of guns in the army being 400. Lee's strength in and around Fredericksburg was placed at between 55,000 and 60,000, not including cavalry. It is not known if Hooker's information concerning the Confederate force was reliable, but Peck, operating in front of Norfolk, notified him that two of Lee's divisions under Longstreet were on the south side of the James. The hour was, therefore, auspicious for Hooker to assume the offensive, and he seized it with a boldness which argued well for his fitness to command. The aim was to transfer his army to the south side of the river, where it would have a manœuvring footing not confronted by intrenched positions. On the 27th of April the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were set in motion for Kelly's Ford, twenty-five miles up the Rappahannock, where they concentrated on the evening of the 28th, the Fifth, by reason of its shorter marching distance, moving on the 28th. The object of the expedition was unknown to the corps commanders until communicated to them after their arrival at the ford by the commanding



THE RIGHT WING OF HOOKER'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT KELLY'S FORD.
FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

general in person.† The Eleventh Corps crossed the Rappahannock, followed in the morning by the Twelfth and Fifth corps—the two former striking for Germanna Ford, a crossing of the Rapidan, the latter for Ely's Ford, lower down the same stream. Both columns, successfully effecting crossings with little opposition from the enemy's pickets, arrived that evening, April 30th, at the point of concentration, Chancellorsville. It had been a brilliantly conceived and executed movement.

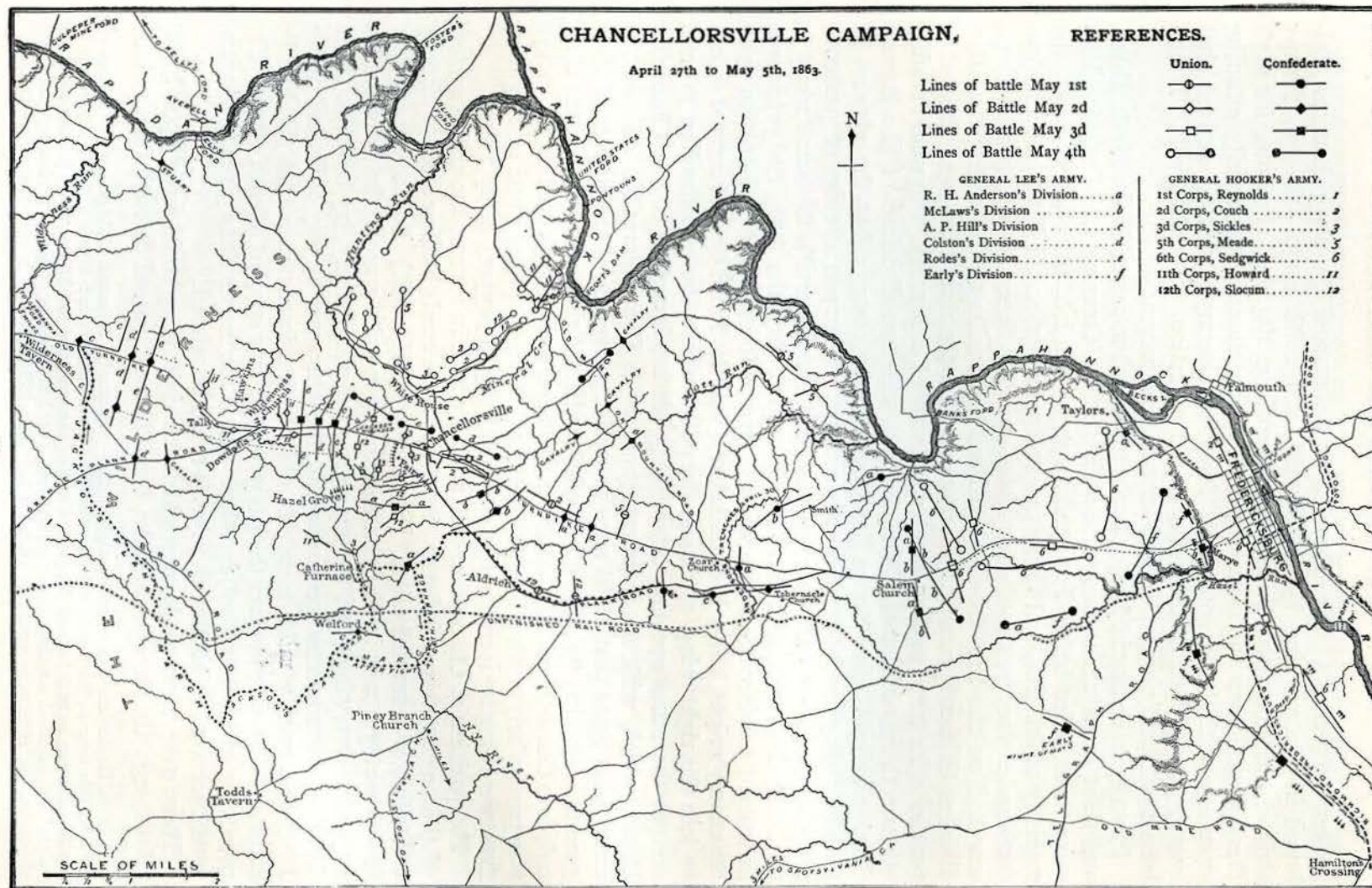
In order to confound Lee, orders were issued to assemble the Sixth, Third, and First corps under Sedgwick at Franklin's Crossing and Pollock's Mill, some three miles below Fredericksburg, on the left, before daylight of the morning of the 29th, and throw two bridges across and hold them. This was done under a severe fire of sharp-shooters. The Second Corps, two divisions, marched on the 28th for Banks's Ford, four miles to the right; the other division, Gibbon's, occupying Falmouth, near the river-bank, was directed to remain in its tents, as they were in full view of the enemy, who would readily observe their withdrawal. On the 29th the two divisions of the Second Corps reached United States Ford, held by the enemy; but the advance of the right wing down the river uncovered it, whereupon a bridge of pontoons was thrown across and the corps reached Chancellorsville the same night as the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth. The same day, the 30th, Sedgwick was instructed to place a corps across the river and make a demonstration upon the enemy's right, below Fredericksburg, and the Third Corps received orders to join the right wing at Chancellorsville, where the commanding general arrived the same evening, establishing his headquarters at the Chancellor House, which, with the adjacent grounds, is Chancellorsville. All of the army lying there that night were in exuberant spirits at the success of their general in getting "on the other side" without fighting for a position. As I rode into Chancellorsville that night the general hilarity pervading the camps was particularly noticeable; the soldiers, while chopping wood and lighting fires, were singing merry songs and indulging in peppery camp jokes.

The position at Chancellorsville not only took in reverse the entire system of the enemy's river defenses, but there were roads leading from it directly to his line of communication. [See maps, pp. 155, 158.] But in order to gain the advantages now in the commanding general's grasp he had divided his army into two wings, and the enemy, no ordinary enemy, lay between them. The line of communication connecting the wings was by way of United States Ford and twenty miles long. It was of vital importance that the line be shortened in order to place the wings within easy support of each other. The possession of Banks's Ford, foreshadowed in the instructions given to Slocum, would accomplish all that at present could be wished.

There were three roads over which the right wing could move upon Fredericksburg: the Orange turnpike, from the west, passed through Chancellors-

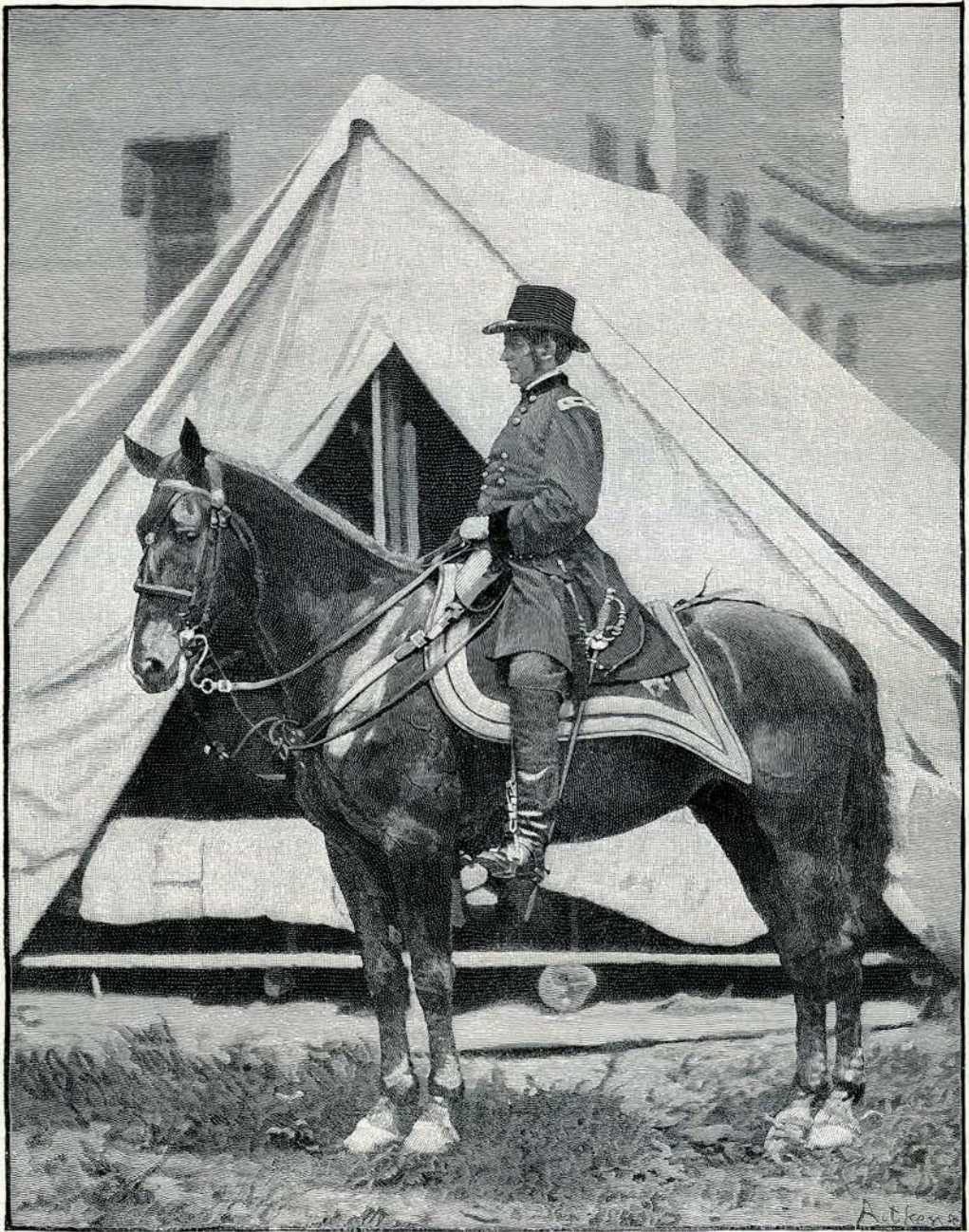
† General Hooker sent for me on the night of the 27th to ride over to his headquarters, where he explained to me, as next in rank, his plan of campaign. He informed me that, under certain contingencies, the right wing would be placed at my

command. Although anticipating the narrative, I may say I think it was a signal misfortune to our arms that he did not delay joining that wing until the morning of May 1st, when he would have found Banks's Ford in our possession.—D. N. C.



ville, and was the most direct; the United States Ford road, crossing the former at Chancellorsville, became the Plank road, bent to the left and united with the turnpike five miles or so from Chancellorsville; the third road fell back from Chancellorsville toward the Rappahannock, passed along by Banks's Ford, six miles distant, and continued to Fredericksburg. That wing was ready for the advance at an early hour in the morning of May 1st, but somehow things dragged; the order defining the movement, instead of being issued the previous night, was not received by the corps commanders, at least by me, until hours after light. Meade was finally pushed out on the left over the Banks's Ford and turnpike roads, Slocum and Howard on the right along the Plank road, the left to be near Banks's Ford by 2 P. M., the right at the junction of its line of movement with the turnpike at 12 M. No opposition was met, excepting that the division marching over the turnpike came upon the enemy two or three miles out, when the sound of their guns was heard at Chancellorsville, and General Hooker ordered me to take Hancock's division and proceed to the support of those engaged. After marching a mile and a half or so I came upon Sykes, who commanded, engaged at the time in drawing back his advance to the position he then occupied. Shortly after Hancock's troops had got into a line in front, an order was received from the commanding general "to withdraw both divisions to Chancellorsville." Turning to the officers around me, Hancock, Sykes, Warren, and others, I told them what the order was, upon which they all agreed with me that the ground should not be abandoned, because of the open country in front and the commanding position. An aide, Major J. B. Burt, dispatched to General Hooker to this effect, came back in half an hour with positive orders to return. Nothing was to be done but carry out the command, though Warren suggested that I should disobey, and then he rode back to see the general. In the meantime Slocum, on the Plank road to my right, had been ordered in, and the enemy's advance was between that road and my right flank. Sykes was first to move back, then followed by Hancock's regiments over the same road. When all but two of the latter had withdrawn, a third order came to me, brought by one of the general's staff: "Hold on until 5 o'clock." It was then perhaps 2 P. M. Disgusted at the general's vacillation and vexed at receiving an order of such tenor, I replied with warmth unbecoming in a subordinate: "Tell General Hooker he is too late, the enemy are already on my right and rear. I am in full retreat."

The position thus abandoned was high ground, more or less open in front, over which an army might move and artillery be used advantageously; moreover, were it left in the hands of an enemy, his batteries, established on its crest and slopes, would command the position at Chancellorsville. Everything on the whole front was ordered in. General Hooker knew that Lee was apprised of his presence on the south side of the river, and must have expected that his enemy would be at least on the lookout for an advance upon Fredericksburg. But it was of the utmost importance that Banks's Ford should fall into our hands, therefore the enemy ought to have been pressed until their strength or weakness was developed; it would then have been time enough to run away.



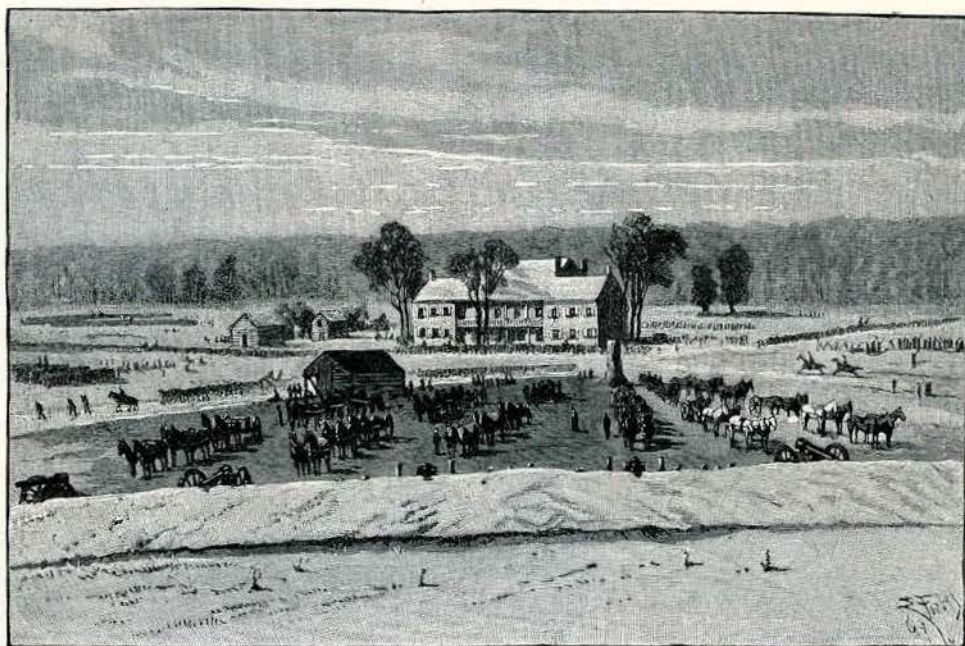
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

P. Hooker

Mott's Run, with a considerable brushy ravine, cuts the turnpike three-fourths of a mile east of Chancellorsville. Two of Hancock's regiments, under Colonel Nelson A. Miles, subsequently the Indian fighter, were directed to occupy the ravine. Continuing my way through the woods toward Chancellorsville, I came upon some of the Fifth Corps under arms. Inquiring for their commanding officer, I told him that in fifteen minutes he would be attacked. Before finishing the sentence a volley of musketry was fired into us from the direction of the Plank road. This was the beginning of the battle of Chancellorsville. Troops were hurried into position, but the observer required no wizard to tell him, as they marched past, that the high expectations which had animated them only a few hours ago had given place to disappointment. Proceeding to the Chancellor House, I narrated my operations in front to Hooker, which were seemingly satisfactory, as he said: "It is all right, Couch, I have got Lee just where I want him; he must fight me on my own ground." The retrograde movement had prepared me for something of the kind, but to hear from his own lips that the advantages gained by the successful marches of his lieutenants were to culminate in fighting a defensive battle in that nest of thickets was too much, and I retired from his presence with the belief that my commanding general was a whipped man. The army was directed to intrench itself. At 2 A. M. the corps commanders reported to General Hooker that their positions could be held; at least so said Couch, Slocum, and Howard.

Until after dark on May 1st the enemy confined his demonstrations to finding out the position of our left with his skirmishers. Then he got some guns upon the high ground which we had abandoned as before mentioned, and cannonaded the left of our line. There were not many casualties, but that day a shell severely wounded the adjutant-general of the Second Corps, now General F. A. Walker. Chancellorsville was a strategic point to an offensive or retreating army, as roads diverged from it into every part of Virginia; but for a defensive position it was bad, particularly for such an army as Hooker had under him, which prided itself upon its artillery, which was perhaps equal to any in the world. There were no commanding positions for artillery, and but little open country to operate over; in fact, the advantages of ground for this arm were mainly with the attacking party.

During the 29th and 30th the enemy lay at Fredericksburg observing Sedgwick's demonstrations on the left, entirely unconscious of Hooker's successful crossing of the right wing, until midday of the latter date, but that night Lee formed his plan of operations for checking the farther advance of the force which had not only turned the left flank of his river defenses but was threatening his line of communication with Richmond as well as the rear of his center at Fredericksburg. Stonewall Jackson, who was watching Sedgwick, received instructions to withdraw his corps, march to the left, across the front of Hooker's intrenched position, until its right flank was attained, and assault with his column of 22,000 men, while his commanding general would, with what force he could spare, guard the approaches to Fredericksburg.

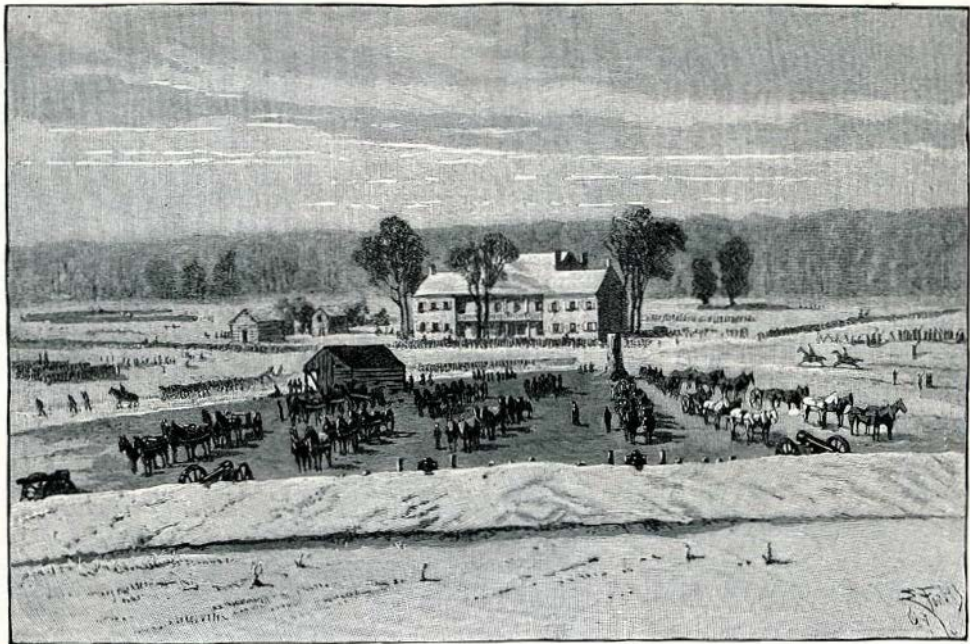


HOOKEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2—THE PICTURE
FACES SOUTH. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

On the morning of May 2d our line had become strong enough to resist a front attack unless made in great force; the enemy had also been hard at work on his front, particularly that section of it between the Plank road and turnpike. Sedgwick, the previous night, had been ordered to send the First Corps (Reynolds's) to Chancellorsville. At 7 A. M. a sharp cannonade was opened on our left, followed by infantry demonstrations of no particular earnestness. Two hours later the enemy were observed moving a mile or so to the south and front of the center, and later the same column was reported to the commander of the Eleventh Corps by General Devens, whose division was on the extreme right flank. At 9:30 A. M. a circular directed to Generals Slocum and Howard called attention to this movement and to the weakness of their flanks.¶

At 11 A. M. our left was furiously cannonaded by their artillery, established on the heights in front of Mott's Run, followed by sharp infantry firing on the fronts of the Second and Twelfth corps. As time flew along and no attack came from the enemy seen moving in front, Hooker conceived that Lee was retreating toward Gordonsville. There was color for this view, as the main road from Fredericksburg to that point diverged from the Plank road two miles to the left of Chancellorsville, and passed along his front at about the same distance. Hooker therefore jumped at the conclusion that the enemy's army was moving into the center of Virginia. But instead of the hostile column being on the Gordonsville road in retreat, it was Stonewall's corps moving on an interior neighborhood road, about one mile distant, and in search

¶ See p. 219 for a copy of this circular order. Maps showing the positions of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps appear on pages 191-201.—EDITORS.



HOOKER'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2—THE PICTURE
FACES SOUTH. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

of our right flank and rear. At 2 P. M. I went into the Chancellor House, when General Hooker greeted me with the exclamation: "Lee is in full retreat toward Gordonsville, and I have sent out Sickles to capture his artillery." I thought, without speaking it: "If your conception is correct, it is very strange that only the Third Corps should be sent in pursuit." Sickles received orders at 1 P. M. to take two divisions, move to his front and attack, which he did, capturing some hundreds of prisoners. The country on the front being mostly wooded enabled the enemy to conceal his movements and at the same time hold Sickles in check with a rear-guard, which made such a show of strength that reënforcements were called for and furnished. In the meantime Jackson did not for a moment swerve from his purpose, but steadily moved forward to accomplish what he had undertaken.

It was about 5:30 in the evening when the head of Jackson's column found itself on the right and rear of the army, which on that flank consisted of the Eleventh Corps, the extreme right brigade receiving its first intimation of danger from a volley of musketry fired into their rear, followed up so impetuously that no efficient stand could be made by the brigades of the corps that successively attempted to resist the enemy's charge. When General Hooker found out what that terrific roar on his right flank meant he quickly mounted and flew across the open space to meet the onset, passing on his way stampeded pack-mules, officers' horses, caissons, with men and horses running for their lives. Gathering up such troops as were nearest to the scene of action, Berry's division from the Third Corps, some from the Twelfth, Hays's brigade of the Second, and a portion of the Eleventh, an effectual stand was made. Pleasonton, who was returning from the front, where he had been operating with Sickles (at the time Jackson attacked), taking in the state of things, rapidly moved his two regiments of cavalry and a battery to the head and right flank of the enemy's advance columns, when, making a charge and bringing up his own guns, with others of the Eleventh and Third Corps, he was enabled to punish them severely.

Pickets had been thrown out on Howard's flank, but not well to the right and rear. I suspect that the prime reason for the surprise was that the superior officers of the right corps had been put off their guard by adopting the conjecture of Hooker, "Lee's army is in full retreat to Gordonsville," as well as by expecting the enemy to attack precisely where ample preparations had been made to receive him. It can be emphatically stated that no corps in the army, surprised as the Eleventh was at this time, could have held its ground under similar circumstances.

At half-past two that afternoon the Second Corps' lines were assaulted by artillery and infantry. Just previous to Jackson's attack on the right a desperate effort was made by Lee's people to carry the left at Mott's Run, but the men who held it were there to stay. Hooker, desiring to know the enemy's strength in front of the Twelfth Corps, advanced Slocum into the thicket, but that officer found the hostile line too well defended for him to penetrate it and was forced to recall the attacking party. When night put an end to the fighting of both combatants, Hooker was obliged to form a new line for



STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS ON THE PLANK ROAD.

his right flank perpendicular to the old one and barely half a mile to the right of Chancellorsville. Sickles was retired, with the two columns, from his advanced position in the afternoon to near where Pleasanton had had his encounter, before mentioned, some distance to the left of the new line of our right flank and close up to the enemy. The situation was thought to be a very critical one by General Hooker, who had simply a strong body in front of the enemy, but without supports, at least near enough to be used for that purpose. At the same time it was a menace to Jackson's right wing or flank. Before midnight some of the latter's enterprising men pushed forward and actually cut off Sickles's line of communication. When this news was carried to Hooker it caused him great alarm, and preparations were at once made to withdraw the whole front, leaving General Sickles to his fate; but that officer showed himself able to take care of his rear, for he ordered after a little while a column of attack, and communication was restored at the point of the bayonet.

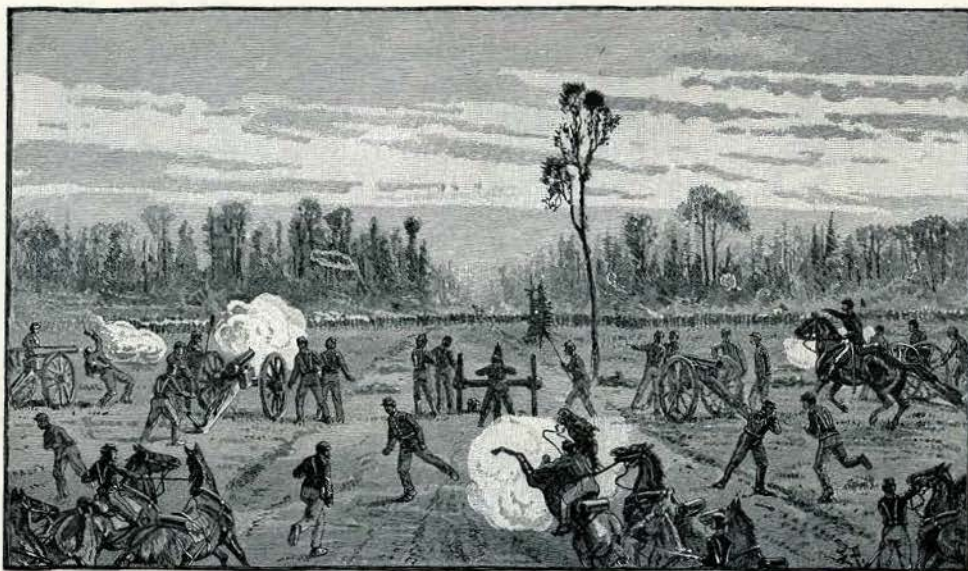
The situation of Jackson's corps on the morning of May 3d was a desperate one, its front and right flank being in the presence of not far from 25,000 men, with the left flank subject to an assault of 30,000, the corps of Meade and Reynolds, by advancing them to the right, where the thicket did not present an insurmountable obstacle. It only required that Hooker should brace himself up to take a reasonable, common-sense view of the state of things, when the success gained by Jackson would have been turned into an overwhelming defeat. But Hooker became very despondent. I think that his being outgeneraled by Lee had a good deal to do with his depression. After the right flank had been established on the morning of the 3d by Sickles



STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS ON THE PLANK ROAD.

getting back into position our line was more compact, with favorable positions for artillery, and the reserves were well in hand. Meade had been drawn in from the left and Reynolds had arrived with the First Corps. The engineers had been directed on the previous night to lay out a new line, its front a half mile in rear of Chancellorsville, with the flanks thrown back,—the right to the Rapidan, a little above its junction with the Rappahannock, the left resting on the latter river. The Eleventh Corps, or at least that portion which formed line of battle, was withdrawn from the front and sent to the rear to reorganize and get its scattered parts together, leaving the following troops in front: one division of the Second Corps on the left from Mott's Run to Chancellorsville, the Twelfth Corps holding the center and right flank, aided by the Third Corps and one division of the Second Corps (French's), on the same flank; the whole number in front, according to my estimate, being 37,000 men. The First and Fifth corps in reserve numbered 30,000, and, placing the number of reliable men in the Eleventh Corps at 5000, it will be seen that the reserves nearly equaled those in line of battle in front.

After the day's mishaps Hooker judged that the enemy could not have spared so large a force to move around his front without depleting the defenses of Fredericksburg. Accordingly, at 9 P. M., an imperative order was sent to the commander of the left wing to cross the river at Fredericksburg, march upon Chancellorsville, and be in the vicinity of the commanding general at daylight. But Sedgwick was already across the river and three miles below Fredericksburg. It was 11 P. M., May 2d, when he got the order, and twelve or fourteen miles had to be marched over by daylight. The night was moonlight, but any officer who has had experience in making night marches with infantry will understand the vexatious delays occurring even when the road is clear; but when, in addition, there is an enemy in front, with a line of fortified heights to assault, the problem which Sedgwick had to solve will be pronounced impossible of solution. However, that officer set his column in motion by flank, leaving one division that lay opposite the enemy, who were in force to his left. The marching column, being continually harassed by skirmishers, did not arrive at Fredericksburg until daylight. The first assault upon the heights behind the town failed. Attempts to carry them by flank movements met with no success. Finally a second storming party was organized, and the series of works were taken literally at the point of the bayonet, though at heavy loss. It was then 11 A. M. The column immediately started for Chancellorsville, being more or less obstructed by the enemy until its arrival near Salem Heights, 5 or 6 miles out, where seven brigades under Early, six of which had been driven from the defenses of Fredericksburg, made a stand in conjunction with supports sent from Lee's army before Chancellorsville. This was about the middle of the afternoon, when Sedgwick in force attacked the enemy. Though at first successful, he was subsequently compelled to withdraw those in advance and look to his own safety by throwing his own flanks so as to cover Banks's Ford, the friendly proximity of which eventually saved this wing from utter annihilation.



STAYING JACKSON'S ADVANCE, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, WITH ARTILLERY PLACED ACROSS THE PLANK ROAD. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

At about 5 A. M., May 3d, fighting was begun at Chancellorsville, when the Third (Sickles's) Corps began to retire to the left of our proper right flank, and all of that flank soon became fiercely engaged, while the battle ran along the whole line. The enemy's guns on the heights to our left, as well as at every point on the line where they could be established, were vigorously used, while a full division threw itself on Miles at Mott's Run. On the right flank our guns were well handled, those of the Twelfth Corps being conspicuous, and the opposing lines of infantry operating in the thicket had almost hand-to-hand conflicts, capturing and recapturing prisoners. The enemy appeared to know what he was about, for pressing the Third Corps vigorously he forced it back, when he joined or rather touched the left of Lee's main body, making their line continuous from left to right. Another advantage gained by this success was the possession of an open field, from which guns covered the ground up to the Chancellor House. Upon the south porch of that mansion General Hooker stood leaning against one of its pillars, observing the fighting, looking anxious and much careworn. After the fighting had commenced I doubt if any orders were given by him to the commanders on the field, unless, perhaps, "to retire when out of ammunition." None were received by me, nor were there any inquiries as to how the battle was going along my front. On the right flank, where the fighting was desperate, the engaged troops were governed by the corps and division leaders. If the ear of the commanding general was, as he afterward stated, strained to catch the sound of Sedgwick's guns, it could not have heard them in the continuous uproar that filled the air around him; but as Sedgwick, who was known as a fighting officer, had not appeared at the time set—daylight—nor for some hours after, it was conclusive evidence that he had met with strong opposition, showing that all of Lee's army was not at Chancellorsville, so that the

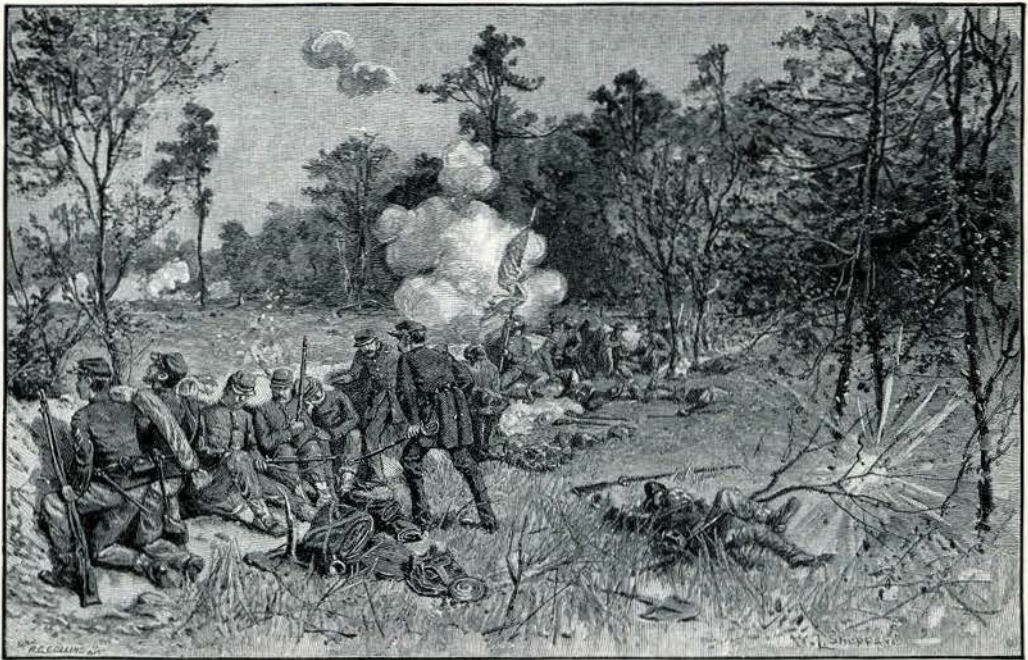


STAYING JACKSON'S ADVANCE, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, WITH ARTILLERY PLACED ACROSS THE PLANK ROAD. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

moment was favorable for Hooker to try his opponent's strength with every available man. Moreover, the left wing might at that very time be in jeopardy, therefore he was bound by every patriotic motive to strike hard for its relief. If he had remembered Mr. Lincoln's injunction ("Gentlemen, in your next fight put in all of your men"), the face of the day would have been changed and the field won for the Union arms.

Not far from 8:30 A. M. the headquarters pennants of the Third and Twelfth corps suddenly appeared from the right in the open field of Chancellorsville; then the Third began to fall back, it was reported, for want of ammunition, followed by that portion of the Twelfth fighting on the same flank, and the division of the Second Corps on its right. It is not known whether any efforts were made to supply the much-needed ammunition to the Third as well as the Twelfth Corps, whose ammunition was nearly used up when it retired. My impression is that the heads of the ordnance, as well as of other important departments, were not taken into the field during this campaign, which was most unfortunate, as the commanding general had enough on his mind without charging it with details.

The open field seized by Jackson's old corps after the Third Corps drew off was shortly dotted with guns that made splendid practice through an opening in the wood upon the Chancellor House, and everything else, for that matter, in that neighborhood. Hooker was still at his place on the porch, with nothing between him and Lee's army but Geary's division of the Twelfth and Hancock's division and a battery of the Second Corps. But Geary's right was now turned, and that flank was steadily being pressed back along his intrenched line to the junction of the Plank road and the turnpike, when a cannon-shot struck the pillar against which Hooker was leaning and knocked him down. A report flew around that he was killed. I was at the time but a few yards to his left, and, dismounting, ran to the porch. The shattered pillar was there, but I could not find him or any one else. Hurrying through the house, finding no one, my search was continued through the back yard. All the time I was thinking, "If he is killed, what shall I do with this disjointed army?" Passing through the yard I came upon him, to my great joy, mounted, and with his staff also in their saddles. Briefly congratulating him on his escape—it was no time to blubber or use soft expressions—I went about my own business. This was the last I saw of my commanding general in front. The time, I reckon, was from 9:15 to 9:30 A. M., I think nearer the former than the latter. He probably left the field soon after his hurt, but he neither notified me of his going nor did he give any orders to me whatever. Having some little time before this seen that the last stand would be about the Chancellor House, I had sent to the rear for some of the Second Corps batteries, which had been ordered there by the commanding general, but word came back that they were so jammed in with other carriages that it was impossible to extricate them. General Meade, hearing of my wants, kindly sent forward the 5th Maine battery belonging to his corps. It was posted in rear of the Chancellor House, where the United States Ford road enters the thicket. With such precision did the artillery of Jackson's old corps play upon this battery that

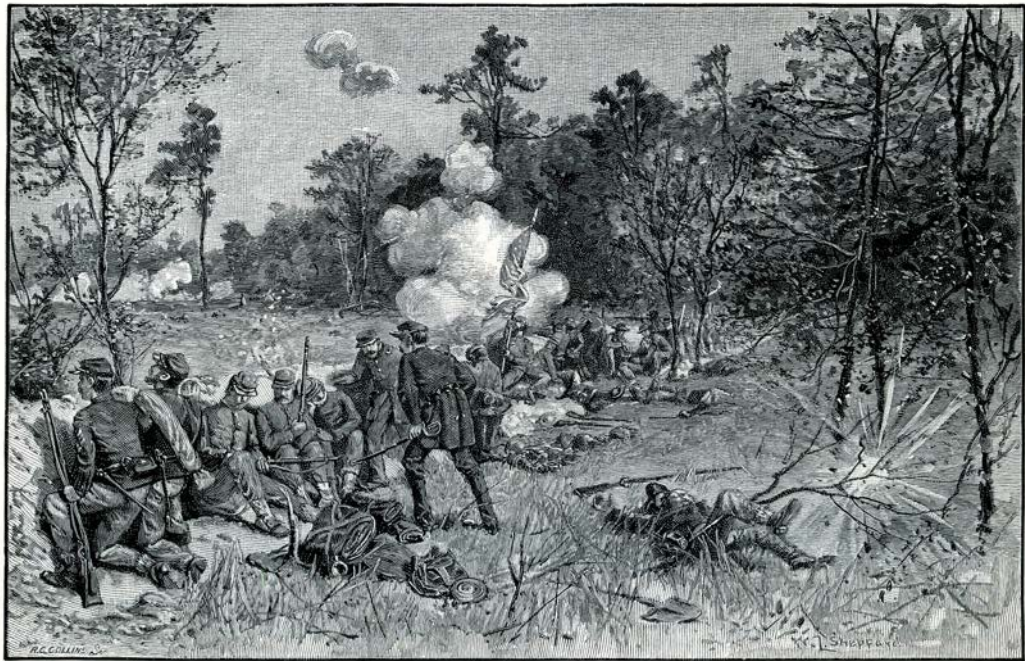


THE 29TH PENNSYLVANIA (OF KANE'S BRIGADE, GEARY'S DIVISION, TWELFTH CORPS) IN THE TRENCHES UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE, MAY 3.

all of the officers and most of the non-commissioned officers and men were killed or wounded. The gallant Kirby, whose guns could not be brought up, was mortally wounded in the same battery \ of which I had for the time placed him in command, and my horse was killed under me while I was trying to get some men to train a gun on the flank of the force then pushing Geary's division. The enemy, having 30 pieces in position on our right, now advanced some of his guns to within 500 or 600 yards of the Chancellor House, where there were only four of Pettit's Second Corps guns to oppose them, making a target of that building and taking the right of Hancock's division in reverse, a portion of which had been withdrawn from its intrenchments and thrown back to the left to meet the enemy should he succeed in forcing Mott's Run. This flank was stoutly held by Colonel Miles, who, by the bye, had been carried off the field, shot through the body. Lee by this time knew well enough, if he had not known before, that the game was sure to fall into his hands, and accordingly plied every gun and rifle that could be brought to bear on us. Still everything was firmly held excepting Geary's right, which was slowly falling to pieces, for the enemy had his flank and there was no help for it. Riding to Geary's left, I found him there dismounted, with sword swinging over his head, walking up and down, exposed to a severe infantry fire, when he said: "My division can't hold its place; what shall I do?" To which I replied: "I don't know, but do as we are doing; fight it out."

\ The 5th Maine battery, Capt. G. F. Leppien, belonged to the First Corps. Captain Leppien and Lieutenants G. T. Stevens and A. B. Twitchell were wounded, Capt. Leppien mortally. Lieut. E. Kirby

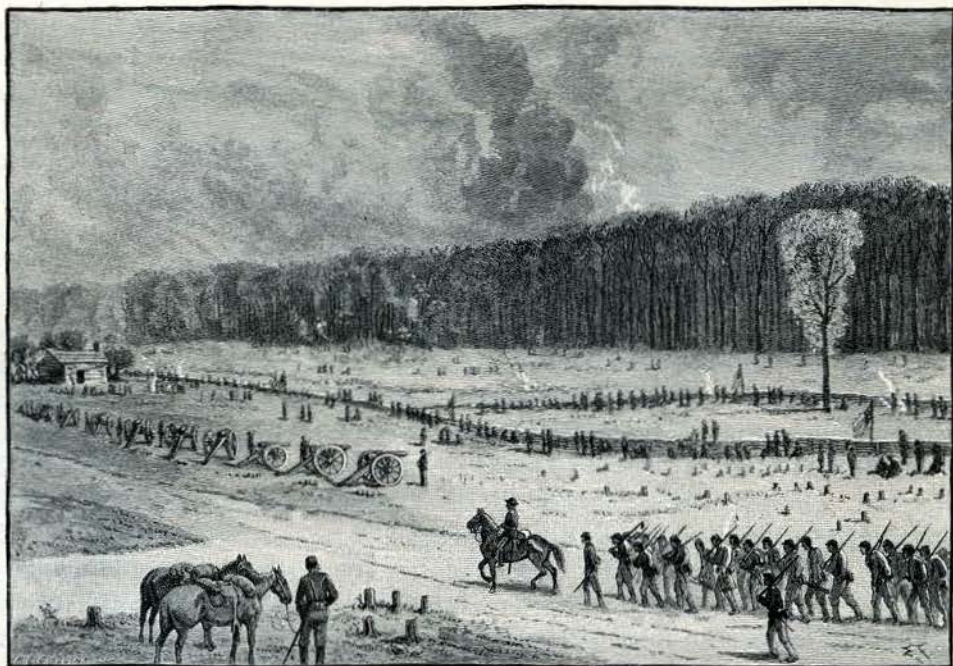
was the proper commander of Battery I, 1st U. S. Artillery, Second Corps. The 5th Maine lost 6 men killed and 19 wounded; 43 horses were disabled, and the guns were hauled off by hand.—EDITORS.



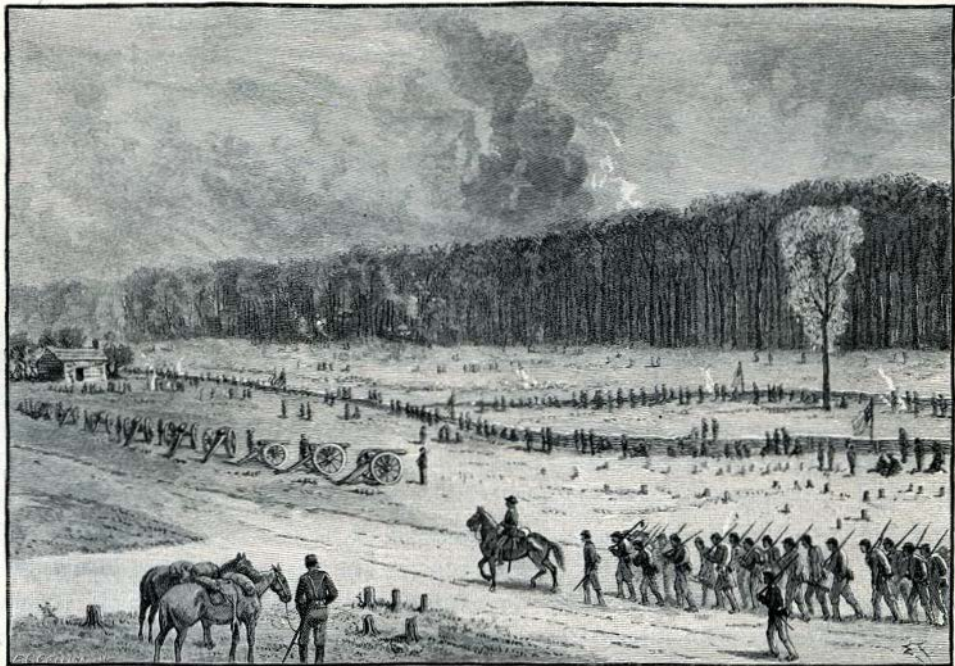
THE 29TH PENNSYLVANIA (OF KANE'S BRIGADE, GEARY'S DIVISION, TWELFTH CORPS) IN THE TRENCHES
UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE, MAY 3.

It was not then too late to save the day. Fifty pieces of artillery, or even forty, brought up and run in front and to the right of the Chancellor House, would have driven the enemy out of the thicket, then forcing back Geary's right, and would have neutralized the thirty guns to the right which were pounding us so hard. But it is a waste of words to write what might have been done. Hooker had made up his mind to abandon the field, otherwise he would not have allowed the Third and part of the Twelfth Corps to leave their ground for want of ammunition. A few minutes after my interview with Geary a staff-officer from General Hooker rode up and requested my presence with that general. Turning to General Hancock, near by, I told him to take care of things and rode to the rear. The Chancellor House was then burning, having been fired in several places by the enemy's shells.

At the farther side of an open field, half a mile in the rear of Chancellorsville, I came upon a few tents (three or four) pitched, around which, mostly dismounted, were a large number of staff-officers. General Meade was also present, and perhaps other generals. General Hooker was lying down I think in a soldier's tent by himself. Raising himself a little as I entered, he said: "Couch, I turn the command of the army over to you. You will withdraw it and place it in the position designated on this map," as he pointed to a line traced on a field-sketch. This was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after his hurt. He seemed rather dull, but possessed of his mental faculties. I do not think that one of those officers outside of the tent knew what orders I was to receive, for on stepping out, which I did immediately on getting my instructions, I met Meade close by, looking inquiringly as if he expected that



SECOND LINE OF UNION DEFENSE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE ROADS TO ELY'S AND UNITED STATES FORDS. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.



SECOND LINE OF UNION DEFENSE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE ROADS TO ELY'S AND UNITED STATES FORDS. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

finally he would receive the order for which he had waited all that long morning, "to go in." Colonel N. H. Davis broke out: "We shall have some fighting now." These incidents are mentioned to show the temper of that knot of officers. No time was to be lost, as only Hancock's division now held Lee's army. Dispatching Major John B. Burt with orders for the front to retire, I rode back to the thicket, accompanied by Meade, and was soon joined by Sickles, and after a little while by Hooker, but he did not interfere with my dispositions. Hancock had a close shave to withdraw in safety, his line being three-fourths of a mile long, with an exultant enemy as close in as they dared, or wished, or chose to be, firing and watching. But everything was brought off, except five hundred men of the Second Corps who, through the negligence of a lieutenant charged by Hancock with the responsibility of retiring the force at Mott's Run, were taken prisoners. However, under the circumstances, the division was retired in better shape than one could have anticipated. General Sickles assisted in getting men to draw off the guns of the Maine battery before spoken of. General Meade wished me to hold the strip of thicket in rear of Chancellorsville, some six hundred yards in front of our new line of defense. My reply was: "I shall not leave men in this thicket to be shelled out by Lee's artillery. Its possession won't give us any strength. Yonder [pointing to the rear] is the line where the fighting is to be done." Hooker heard the conversation, but made no remarks. Considerable bodies of troops of different corps that lay in the brush to the right were brought within the lines, and the battle of Chancellorsville was ended. My pocket diary, May 3d, has the following: "Sickles opened at about 5 A. M. Orders sent by me at 10 for the front to retire; at 12 M. in my new position"; the latter sentence meaning that at that hour my corps was in position on the new or second line of defense.

As to the charge that the battle was lost because the general was intoxicated, I have always stated that he probably abstained from the use of ardent spirits when it would have been far better for him to have continued in his usual habit in that respect. The shock from being violently thrown to the ground, together with the physical exhaustion resulting from loss of sleep and the anxiety of mind incident to the last six days of the campaign, would tell on any man. The enemy did not press us on the second line, Lee simply varying the monotony of watching us by an occasional cannonade from the left, a part of his army having been sent to Salem Church to resist Sedgwick. Sedgwick had difficulty in maintaining his ground, but held his own by hard fighting until after midnight, May 4th-5th, when he recrossed at Banks's Ford.

Some of the most anomalous occurrences of the war took place in this campaign. On the night of May 2d the commanding general, with 80,000 men in his wing of the army, directed Sedgwick, with 22,000, to march to his relief. While that officer was doing this on the 3d, and when it would be expected that every effort would be made by the right wing to do its part, only one-half of it was fought (or rather half-fought, for its ammunition was not replenished), and then the whole wing was withdrawn to a place where it could not be hurt, leaving Sedgwick to take care of himself.

At 12 o'clock on the night of the 4th-5th General Hooker assembled his corps commanders in council. Meade, Sickles, Howard, Reynolds, and myself were present; General Slocum, on account of the long distance from his post, did not arrive until after the meeting was broken up. Hooker stated that his instructions compelled him to cover Washington, not to jeopardize the army, etc. It was seen by the most casual observer that he had made up his mind to retreat. We were left by ourselves to consult, upon which Sickles made an elaborate argument, sustaining the views of the commanding general. Meade was in favor of fighting, stating that he doubted if we could get off our guns. Howard was in favor of fighting, qualifying his views by the remark that our present situation was due to the bad conduct of his corps, or words to that effect. Reynolds, who was lying on the ground very much fatigued, was in favor of an advance. I had similar views to those of Meade as to getting off the guns, but said I "would favor an advance if I could designate the point of attack." Upon collecting the suffrages, Meade, Reynolds, and Howard voted squarely for an advance, Sickles and myself squarely no; upon which Hooker informed the council that he should take upon himself the responsibility of retiring the army to the other side of the river. As I stepped out of the tent Reynolds, just behind me, broke out, "What was the use of calling us together at this time of night when he intended to retreat anyhow?"

On the morning of May 5th, corps commanders were ordered to cut roads, where it was necessary, leading from their positions to the United States Ford. During the afternoon there was a very heavy rainfall. In the meantime Hooker had in person crossed the river, but, as he gave orders for the various corps to march at such and such times during the night, I am not aware that any of his corps generals knew of his departure. Near midnight I got a note from Meade informing me that General Hooker was on the other side of the river, which had risen over the bridges, and that communication was cut off from him. I immediately rode over to Hooker's headquarters and found that I was in command of the army, if it had any commander. General Hunt, of the artillery, had brought the information as to the condition of the bridges, and from the reports there seemed to be danger of losing them entirely. After a short conference with Meade I told him that the recrossing would be suspended, and that "we would stay where we were and fight it out," returning to my tent with the intention of enjoying what I had not had since the night of the 30th ultimo—a good sleep; but at 2 A. M., communication having been reestablished, I received a sharp message from Hooker, to order the recrossing of the army as he had directed, and everything was safely transferred to the north bank of the Rappahannock.

In looking for the causes of the loss of Chancellorsville, the primary ones were that Hooker expected Lee to fall back without risking battle. Finding himself mistaken he assumed the defensive, and was outgeneraled and became demoralized by the superior tactical boldness of the enemy.

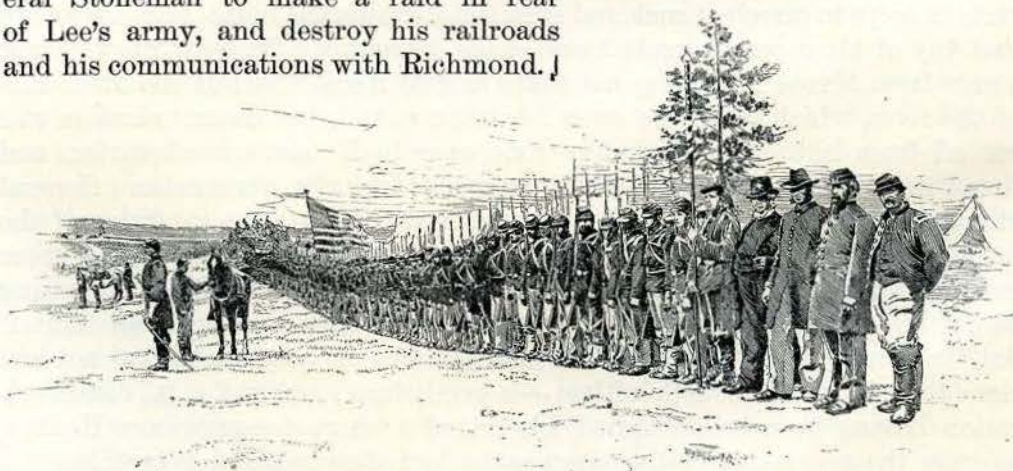
THE SUCCESSES AND FAILURES OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY ALFRED PLEASANTON, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.



UNION CAVALRY-MAN'S HAT.

IN the latter part of April, 1863, General Hooker decided to undertake an offensive campaign with the Army of the Potomac against the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee. At this time the two armies faced each other: Lee's, numbering about 60,000 men, being at Fredericksburg, and the Army of the Potomac, numbering about 130,000 men, at Falmouth, on the north side of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. Hooker directed three corps of the army, the First, the Third, and the Sixth, comprising 59,000 men, under the command of General Sedgwick, to cross the Rappahannock River below Fredericksburg and hold Lee's army in that position, while he himself moved secretly and with celerity three corps, the Fifth, the Eleventh, and the Twelfth, numbering 42,000 men, up the river, crossing it and concentrating them at Chancellorsville, ten miles west of Fredericksburg, with the purpose of moving down upon General Lee's army to take it in rear and flank—two divisions of the Second Corps being placed to cover Banks's Ford, the third division being left at Falmouth, while a brigade and battery were stationed at United States Ford to facilitate the crossing. The Cavalry Corps, with the exception of one small brigade of three regiments and a battery of horse artillery, which was left under my command with the army, was ordered under the command of General Stoneman to make a raid in rear of Lee's army, and destroy his railroads and his communications with Richmond. ↓

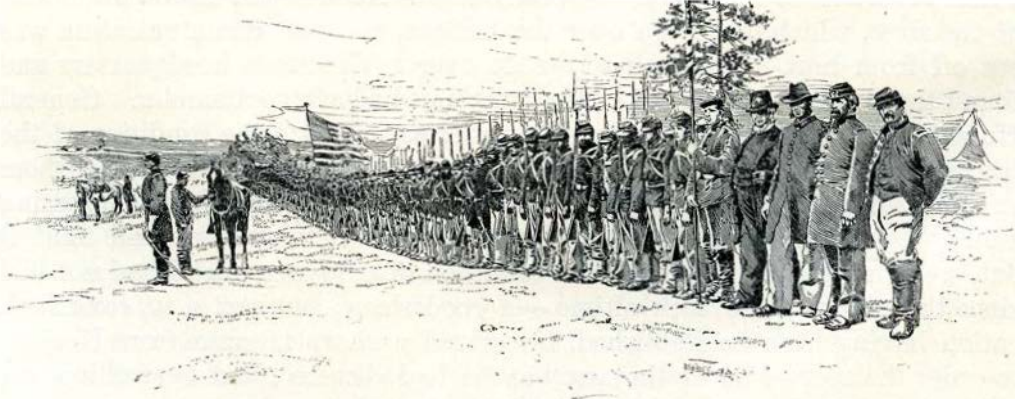


PARADE AT FALMOUTH OF THE 110TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This regiment (of Whipple's division, Third Corps) with the 84th Pennsylvania performed desperate service near Fairview on Sunday morning, May 3d, the 84th losing 215 men and the 110th losing 45 men.—EDITORS.

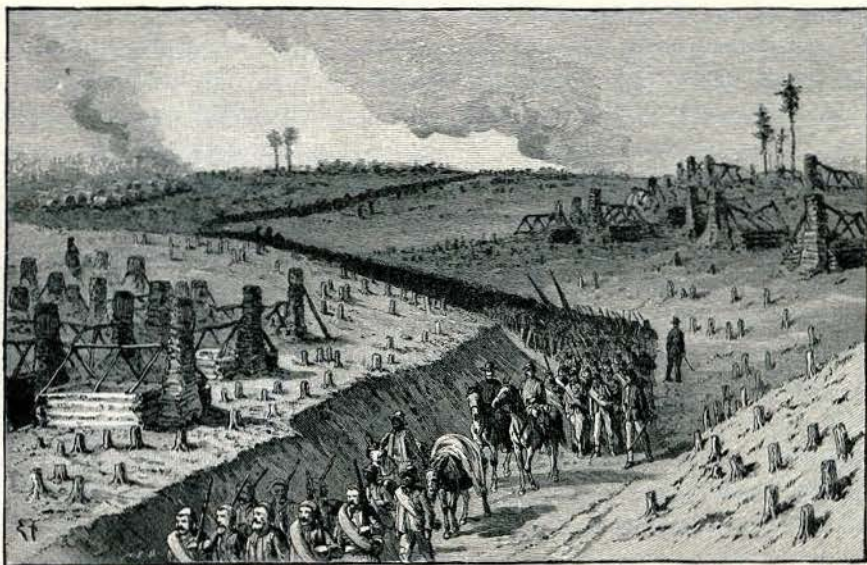
↓ This corps did great service by drawing off General Lee's cavalry, under General J. E. B. Stuart, to Brandy Station and Culpeper, thus depriving General Lee of their services; for General Hooker moved the three corps with him with such celerity

that they passed between Stuart and Lee's army, and Stuart could not get through to communicate to Lee what was going on. It will be seen later on what a loss this was to Lee, and what a great advantage it was to the Army of the Potomac.—A. P.



PARADE AT FALMOUTH OF THE 110TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

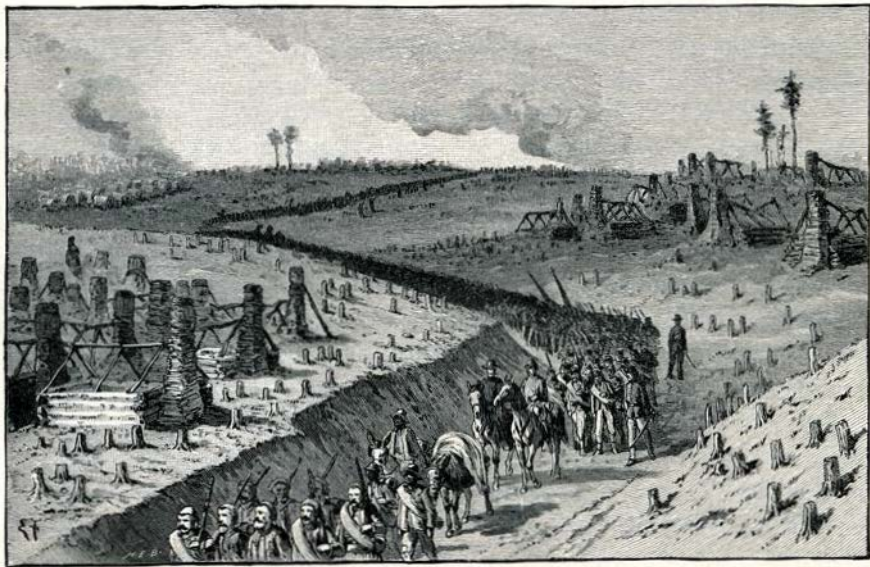
This regiment (of Whipple's division, Third Corps) with the 84th Pennsylvania performed desperate service near Fairview on Sunday morning, May 3d, the 84th losing 215 men and the 110th losing 45 men.— EDITORS.



ABANDONING THE WINTER CAMP AT FALMOUTH. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

On the 26th of April General Hooker gave his orders for the right wing of the army to move, the Eleventh and Twelfth corps to be followed by the Fifth; the Eleventh and Twelfth to cross the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and the Rapidan River at Germanna Ford; the Fifth Corps marching from Kelly's Ford to Ely's Ford, nearer to the mouth of the Rapidan and to Chancellorsville. The left wing of the army, under General Sedgwick, was ordered to cross the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg on the morning of the 29th; its duty was to keep the enemy as long as possible before Fredericksburg, to pursue him if he attempted to fall back on Richmond, and to take possession of his works and his line of retreat if he marched upon Chancellorsville; in other words, Sedgwick was told to hold Lee at Fredericksburg until Hooker could come down upon him from Chancellorsville and crush him.

The right wing of the army crossed Kelly's Ford on the morning of the 29th, and the Eleventh and Twelfth corps reached Germanna Ford that evening. I had the advance of this column with two regiments of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; the third regiment of the cavalry brigade I sent with the Fifth Corps to Ely's Ford. In the afternoon, at Germanna Ford, I surprised and captured a picket of some fifty of Stuart's cavalry soldiers. With them was an engineer officer belonging to Stuart's staff. On searching the party, as is done with all prisoners, I found on this engineer officer a very bulky volume, which proved to be a diary that he had been keeping throughout the war. I spent the greater part of the night in reading it, in hopes of finding something that would be of advantage to us; nor was I disappointed. This diary stated that in the first week in March a council of war had been held at General Stuart's headquarters, which had been attended by Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Stuart. They were in conference over five hours, and came to the decision that the next battle would be at or near Chancellorsville, and that that position must be prepared.



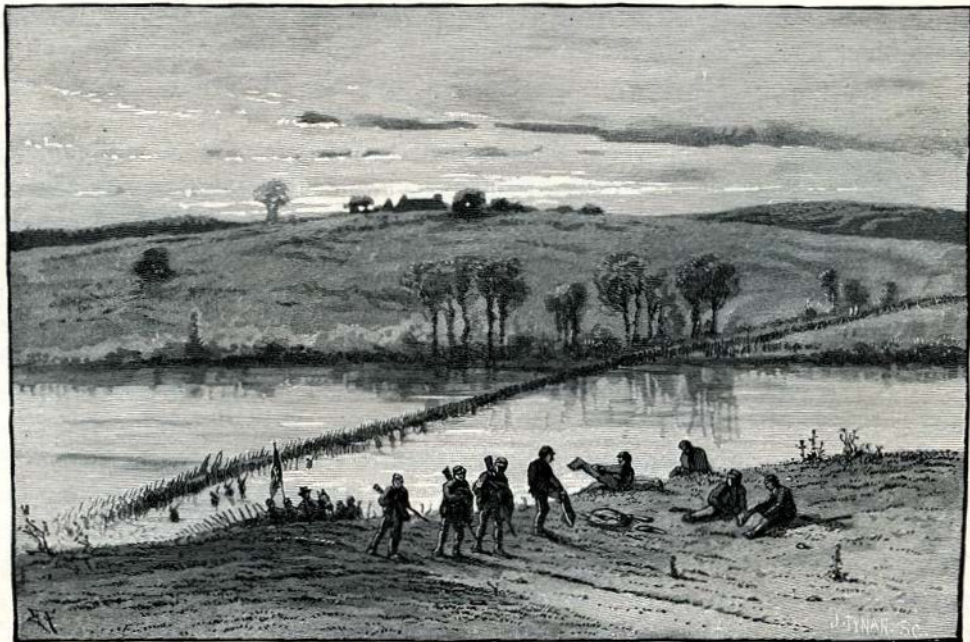
ABANDONING THE WINTER CAMP AT FALMOUTH. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

The next day, the 30th of April, I moved on toward Chancellorsville, and at 1 o'clock in the day I captured a courier or orderly from General Lee, who had a dispatch from Lee, dated at Fredericksburg, noon of that day, and addressed to Major-General McLaws, stating that he had just been informed that the enemy had concentrated in force near Chancellorsville, inquiring why he had not been kept advised, and saying that he wished to see McLaws as soon as possible at headquarters. At 2 o'clock P. M., one hour later, I reported to General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and submitted to him the diary and General Lee's dispatch, both of which he retained, and I suggested that we had evidently surprised General Lee by our rapid movements across the river, and, as Lee had prepared for a battle at Chancellorsville, we had better anticipate him by moving on toward Fredericksburg. A march of three or four miles would take us out of the woods into a more open country, where we could form our line of battle, and where our artillery could be used to advantage; we would then be prepared to move on Fredericksburg in the morning. Besides, such a movement would enable us to uncover Banks's Ford, which would shorten our communication with General Sedgwick over 5 miles, and bring us within $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Falmouth by that Ford.

I was much surprised to find that General Hooker, who up to that time had been all vigor, energy, and activity, received the suggestion as a matter of secondary importance, and that he considered the next morning sufficiently early to move on Fredericksburg. Up to that time General Hooker's strategy had been all that could have been desired. He had outflanked the enemy and had surprised him by the rapidity of his movements. At 2 o'clock P. M., on the 30th of April, General Hooker had ninety chances in his favor to ten



UNION TROOPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT ELY'S FORD. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.



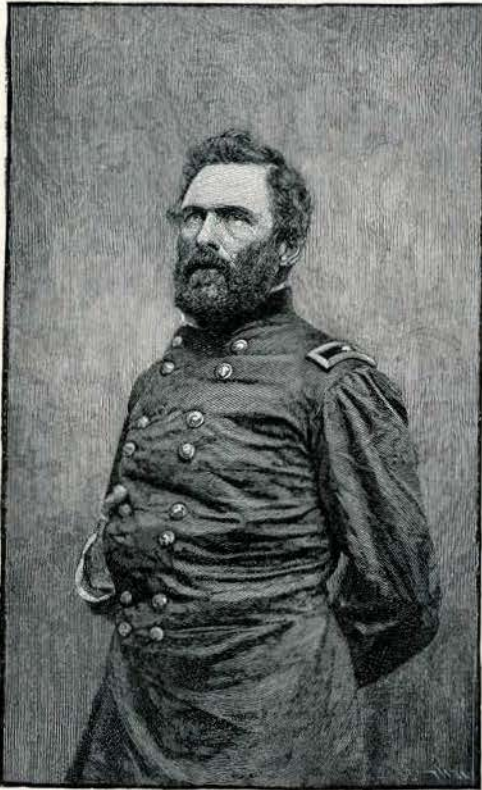
UNION TROOPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT ELY'S FORD. FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.

against him. The very cavalry under Stuart that Lee depended on to keep him advised had been cut off by the prompt action of the army, and we had it over the signature of General Lee himself that his army had been surprised. General Hooker had it in his power at that time to have crushed Lee's army and wound up the war. The Army of the Potomac never had a better opportunity, for more than half its work had been done before a blow had been struck, by the brilliancy of its strategy in moving upon Chancellorsville.

I camped my command about a mile from General Hooker's headquarters, which were at the Chancellor House, and such were my misgivings as regarded the situation of the army that about dusk I called upon the general again and stated to him our perilous position.

To the east, toward Fredericksburg, the woods were thick for three or four miles; to the south, toward Spotsylvania Court House, the woods extended about the same distance; to the west, from Hazel Grove, the same condition of things existed; while the country between Chancellorsville and the Rappahannock River, in our rear, was rough, broken, and not at all suitable for the operations required of an army. The position of the army at Chancellorsville extended about three miles from east to west in the narrow clearings, which did not afford sufficient ground to manœuvre an army of the size of the Army of the Potomac. Besides this, we were ignorant of what might be going on outside of this cordon of woods, and were giving the enemy every opportunity to take us at a disadvantage. Every instinct induced me to suggest to General Hooker, to relieve ourselves from our embarrassments, to send the Eleventh Corps, which was in a miserable position in the woods, down to Spotsylvania Court House by the Jack Shop road, and make the line of battle from Chancellorsville to Spotsylvania. This proposition was not approved, and I then asked permission to send some cavalry to Spotsylvania, to find out what was going on in the open country beyond the woods. General Hooker assented to this, and I ordered the 6th New York Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan McVicar, to proceed down the road from Chancellorsville to Spotsylvania, ascertain if the enemy were anywhere in that vicinity, and, having done so, return before daybreak. This could easily be done, as the distance was not more than eight miles. Colonel McVicar executed his orders in splendid style; he went to Spotsylvania, saw no enemy, but on his return, it being moonlight, he found a body of cavalry in his front, barring his passage to Chancellorsville. He immediately deployed his regiment, some three or four hundred strong, and after a murderous fire from the saddle he charged the enemy with sabers and completely routed them. This force was the 5th Virginia Cavalry, and with it were General Stuart and staff. They scattered in every direction and were pursued by the 6th New York Cavalry until the 2d Virginia Regiment, coming to their assistance, stopped the pursuit. The 6th New York Cavalry then, unmolested, returned to Chancellorsville, but without their brave commander, who was killed in the thickest of the fray.

This action made a strong impression on the Confederates, and Stuart, in order to avoid another such encounter, started his cavalry in the direction



MAJOR-GENERAL HIRAM G. BERRY, COMMANDING
SECOND DIVISION, THIRD CORPS, KILLED MAY
3, 1863. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

of Spotsylvania Court House, but his rear-guard threw the whole column into confusion by the cry, "The enemy is upon us." Major von Bocke, a distinguished officer, who was on General Stuart's staff, and was present on this occasion, in describing it, says: "Shots were fired at hazard in every direction. The 1st and 3d Virginia Regiments, no longer recognizing each other, charge upon each other mutually; Stuart's mounted men, generally so brave and so steadfast, no longer obey the orders of their officers, and gallop off in great disorder. At last quiet is restored, and the brigade finally reaches Spotsylvania Court House, while the small band which has caused so much alarm to Stuart was quietly returning to Chancellorsville."

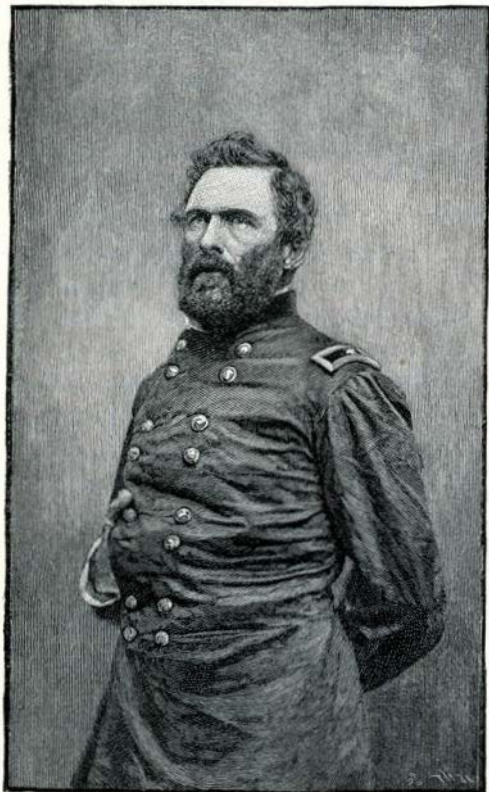
The next morning at daylight (Friday, May 1st) I reported to General Hooker the result of this reconnoissance, and he began to realize the importance of the information that had been conveyed the day before in the

diary of Stuart's engineer officer. The 6th New York Cavalry were only able to report that they had cut their way through a heavy body of cavalry, and this by moonlight; they were unable to say whether any infantry or artillery were in that direction.

To move the army down on Fredericksburg with an unknown force on its rear and flank was a hazardous experiment. What could have been done with safety the day before now became doubtful, and it was this uncertainty that paralyzed the vigor and action of General Hooker throughout the 1st of May. Although he started the Second, Fifth, Twelfth, and Third corps in the direction of Tabernacle Church on the way to Fredericksburg, the movement was not of such a character as to bring success. Upon meeting a stubborn resistance from General Jackson's forces, and fearing that if he should become deeply engaged a force from Spotsylvania would take him in the rear and flank, he withdrew the army and placed it in position at Chancellorsville.

From that time the whole situation was changed. Without striking a blow, the army was placed on the defensive. The golden moment had been lost, and it never appeared again to the same extent afterward—an illustration that soldiers' legs have as much to do with winning victories as their arms.

General Lee knew that General Hooker had taken his army back to its position at Chancellorsville. The Third Corps had already been taken from



MAJOR-GENERAL HIRAM G. BERRY, COMMANDING
SECOND DIVISION, THIRD CORPS, KILLED MAY
3, 1863. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

General Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, and at 2 o'clock on the morning of May 2d the First Corps was also ordered up to Chancellorsville, leaving Sedgwick with the Sixth Corps. These movements did not escape the attention of General Lee, so he decided to assume the offensive and put in operation the plan which had been suggested by Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Stuart at their council of war in the first week in March. He left a sufficient force at Fredericksburg to watch Sedgwick, while with the bulk of his army he moved on Chancellorsville, sending a force under Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, and Stuart, to make a turning movement and to attack the Union forces in the rear and right flank, and roll them up. Lee himself, in the meantime, with the remainder of his forces, occupied the attention of the left and center of Hooker's army, to prevent any interference with the flank movement. General Lee's strategy was the same that Hooker had carried out so successfully until he stopped at Chancellorsville. Lee was equally successful in his movements, and we will now investigate the causes of his failure to give the Army of the Potomac a crushing blow.

On the 2d day of May the right of the Army of the Potomac was the Eleventh Corps, in the woods near Dowdall's Tavern (Melzi Chancellor's); the Third Corps connected it with the Twelfth Corps at Fairview and Chancellorsville, facing south toward the woods; while the Second and the Fifth corps were posted to prevent any attack taking the position in the rear and flank from the east. Throughout the morning of the 2d of May, attacks were made on different portions of our line from the east to the west. These attacks occurred at intervals of an hour or more, but always farther to the west. I was satisfied this was done to withdraw our attention from the real point of attack, and I mentioned this to Hooker, who had become more and more impressed with the belief that the information contained in the diary of Stuart's engineer officer was correct, and that Lee had adopted a plan to carry it out.

In the afternoon of May 2d General Sickles, commanding the Third Corps, sent in word that the enemy were retreating toward Gordonsville, and that their wagons and artillery could be seen passing by the Furnace road some three miles to the south. General Hooker sent for me on receiving this report, and stated that he was not sure the enemy were retreating; that he wanted an officer of experience in that part of the field, and that he wished me to take my command there and keep him promptly informed of everything that was going on. I asked him if he considered me to be under the orders of any one. He replied quickly, "You are under my orders only; use your best judgment in doing whatever you think ought to be done."

On arriving at Hazel Grove, about one mile from Chancellorsville, I found that General Sickles was moving two of the divisions of the Third Corps in the direction of Catherine Furnace, and shortly after he became engaged there with a strong rear-guard. Hazel Grove was the highest ground in the neighborhood and was the key of our position, and I saw that if Lee's forces gained it the Army of the Potomac would be worsted.

General Sickles wanted some cavalry to protect his flanks, and I gave him the 6th New York. This left me with only the 8th and 17th Pennsylvania



REPULSE OF JACKSON'S MEN AT HAZEL GROVE, BY ARTILLERY UNDER GENERAL PLEASANTON.

regiments and Martin's New York battery of horse artillery. I posted this command at the extreme west of the clearing, about two hundred yards from the woods in which the Eleventh Corps was encamped. This position at Hazel Grove was about a quarter of a mile in extent, running nearly north-east and south-west, but was in no place farther than two hundred yards from the woods, and on the south and east it sloped off into a marsh and a creek. It commanded the position of the army at Fairview and Chancellorsville and enfiladed our line. The moving out to the Furnace of the two divisions of the Third Corps left a gap of about a mile from Hazel Grove to the right of the Twelfth Corps. Shortly after General Sickles had been engaged at the Furnace, he sent me word that the enemy were giving way and cavalry could be used to advantage in pursuit. Before moving my command I rode out to the Furnace to comprehend the situation. It was no place for cavalry to operate, and as I could hear spattering shots going more and more toward the north-west, I was satisfied that the enemy were not retreating. I hastened back to my command at Hazel Grove; when I reached it, the Eleventh Corps to our rear and our right was in full flight, panic-stricken beyond description. We faced about, having then the marsh behind us. It was an ugly marsh, about fifty yards wide, and in the stampede of the Eleventh Corps, beef cattle, ambulances, mules, artillery, wagons, and horses became stuck in the mud, and others coming on crushed them down, so that when the fight was over the pile of débris in the marsh was many feet high. I saw that something had to be done, and that very quickly, or the Army of the Potomac would receive a crushing defeat. The two cavalry regiments were in the saddle, and as I rode forward Major Keenan of the 8th Pennsylvania came out to meet me, when I ordered him to take the regiment, charge into the woods, which, as we had previously stood, were to our rear, and hold the enemy in check until I could get some guns into position.† He replied, with a smile at the size of the task, that he would do it, and started off immediately. Thirty men, including Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, and Adjutant Haddock, never came back. I then directed Captain Martin to bring his guns into battery, load with double charges of canister, and aim them so that the shot would hit the ground half-way between the guns and the woods. I also stated that I would give the order to fire. Just then a handsome young lieutenant of the 4th U. S. Artillery, Frank B. Crosby (son of a distinguished lawyer of New York City), who was killed the next day, galloped up and said, "General, I have a battery of six guns; where shall I go? what shall I do?" I told him to place his battery in line on the right of Martin's battery, and gave him the same instructions I had given Martin as to how I wanted him to serve his guns. These 2 batteries gave me 12 guns, and to obtain more I then charged 3 squadrons of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry on the stragglers of the Eleventh Corps to clear the ground, and with the assistance of the rest of the regiment succeeded in placing 10 more pieces of artillery in line. The line was then ready for Stonewall Jackson's onset. It was dusk when his men swarmed out of the woods for a quarter of a mile in our front

† See also statements of Major Edward J. Carpenter and others on p. 187.—EDITORS.

(our rear ten minutes before). They came on in line five and six deep, with but one flag—a Union flag dropped by the Eleventh Corps.

I suspected deception and was ready for it. They called out not to shoot, they were friends; at the same time they gave us a volley from at least five thousand muskets. As soon as I saw the flash I gave the command to fire, and the whole line of artillery was discharged at once.† It fairly swept them from the earth; before they could recover themselves the line of artillery had been loaded and was ready for a second attack. After the second discharge, suspecting that they might play the trick of having their men lie down, draw the fire of the artillery, then jump up and charge before the pieces could be reloaded, I poured in the canister for about twenty minutes, and the affair was over.‡

When the Eleventh Corps was routed, the situation was this: The nearest infantry to me was the right of the Twelfth Corps, over a mile off, and engaged by the forces under General Lee, who was trying to prevent them from impeding the movements of General Jackson. The two divisions of the Third Corps were nearly a mile to the west, at the Furnace. Had Jackson

† Major Clifford Thomson, aide-de-camp on General Pleasanton's staff, in a letter written in 1866 gives the following account of the fight at Hazel Grove:

"General Pleasanton rode from gun to gun, directing the gunners to aim low, not to get excited, to make every shot tell; the staff-officers, catching their cue from him, did the same, and while at first there had been considerable excitement and apprehension among us, it soon quieted down, and every thought and action was directed to getting the best service out of those guns that they were capable of rendering. Recovering from the disorder into which Keenan's charge had thrown them, the enemy could be seen forming line of battle in the edge of woods now in our front. They were scarcely two hundred yards distant; yet such was the gloom that they could not be clearly distinguished. General Pleasanton was about to give the order to fire, when a sergeant at one of the guns said:

"General, aren't those our troops? I see our colors in the line!" This was true, for where he pointed our colors could be seen—trophies picked up on the field. General Pleasanton turned to me and said:

"Mr. Thomson, ride out there and see who those people are."

"For myself, I was not at all curious about 'those people,' being perfectly willing to wait till they introduced themselves. Riding out between our guns, I galloped to within thirty or forty yards of them; all along the line they cried out to me, 'Come on; we're friends!' It was quite dark and I could not make out their uniforms, but I could see three of our flags, and these caused me to hesitate; I came to a halt, peering into the darkness to make sure, when a bullet whistled by me, and then came 'the rebel yell.' The line charged up the hill toward our guns, and I led it! Lying down upon my horse's neck, I gave him the spur, and the yells of the 'Johnnies' behind further stimulated him, so that we got over the ground in a lively manner. But with the report of the first shot fired at me General Pleasanton had opened fire, and those twenty-two guns belched forth destruction at a fearfully rapid rate. Although lying down on my horse I kept an eye on the guns and guided my horse between the flashes, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was on the safe side of them. It was load and fire at will for some minutes; the enemy was mowed down in heaps; they could make no headway against such a cyclone, and ran back down the slope to

the cover of the woods. But still the canister was poured into them, and a second attempt to charge the guns failed. Soon Sickles's corps moved from its advanced position and interposed between us and the woods; parties sent out over the field which had been swept by our guns found the dead and dying lying in heaps. Old artillery officers have informed me that they never before heard such rapid firing as occurred at that engagement; the roar was a continuous one, and the execution terrific. After it had ceased I rode up to General Pleasanton and said:

"General, those people out there are rebels!"

"There was a grave twinkle in his eye as he held out his hand and replied:

"Thomson, I never expected to see you again; I thought if they didn't kill you I should, but that was no time to stop for one man."

"I should have agreed with him more cordially if that one man had been somebody else. After Sickles had made his dispositions in our front, we were withdrawn to get forage for our horses, and our part in the battle of Chancellorsville was done. Word had gone out through the army that Pleasanton and his staff had been killed; so, when tired, sleepy, very dirty, and extremely hungry, we next morning rode quietly into our headquarters camp, at the rear, we were looked upon as persons risen from the dead. One thing I have forgotten to mention, and that is that we had virtually no support for those twenty-two guns during the action. There was a portion of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry under the hill, but the men were new recruits and had not, I believe, been under fire previous to that occasion. Had the enemy succeeded in gaining the crest of the knoll, the support would not have made a mouthful for a single company of Jackson's men. When President Lincoln visited the army a day or two after this fight, General Pleasanton chanced to call at Hooker's headquarters, when that officer said:

"Mr. President, this is General Pleasanton, who saved the Army of the Potomac the other night."

"The President acknowledged the service in his usual grateful manner. Only inspiration, or the instinct of a natural soldier, could have enabled Pleasanton to accomplish so much in so short a time with so small a force. The fight at Hazel Grove was one of those sharp and decisive actions pregnant with great results."

‡ See also statements of Captain James F. Huntington on p. 188.—EDITORS.

captured the position at Hazel Grove, these two divisions would have been cut off from the army. He would have seen General Hooker and his staff getting what troops he could to prevent the routed Eleventh Corps from demoralizing the rest of the army, and the fatal position which that portion of the army occupied rendered it an easy task to have crushed it. Neither the Second Corps nor the Twelfth Corps was in position to have defended itself against an attack by Jackson from Hazel Grove.

For half an hour General Jackson had the Army of the Potomac at his mercy. That he halted to re-form his troops in the woods, instead of forging ahead into the clearing, where he could re-form his troops more rapidly, and where he could have seen that he was master of the situation, turned out to be one of those fatalities by which the most brilliant prospects are sacrificed. When he advanced upon the artillery at Hazel Grove Jackson had another opportunity to win, if his infantry had been properly handled. The fire of his infantry was so high it did no harm; they should have been ordered to fire so low as to disable the cannoneers at the guns. Had his infantry fire been as effective as that of our artillery, Jackson would have carried the position. The artillery fire was effective because I applied to it that principle of dynamics in which the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection,—that is to say, if the muzzle of a gun is three feet from the ground and it is discharged so that the shot will strike the ground at a distance of one hundred yards, it will glance from the earth at the same angle at which it struck it, and in another one hundred yards will be three feet from the ground. I knew my first volley must be a crushing one, or Jackson, with his superior numbers, would charge across the short distance which separated us and capture the artillery before the guns could be reloaded.

After the fight at Hazel Grove I sent into the woods and captured a number of Jackson's men. I asked them to what command they belonged. One of them said to General A. P. Hill's corps, and added, "That was a pretty trick you played us this evening." I asked to what he referred. He replied, "By withdrawing your infantry, and catching us on your guns,"—thus showing that the flight of the Eleventh Corps was looked upon as a ruse. To my question, if they had suffered much, he said that they had been badly cut up; that General Jackson had been badly wounded; also General A. P. Hill, and their chief of artillery. I asked how he knew General Jackson had been wounded. He stated that he saw him when he was carried off the field in a litter. This information I immediately reported to General Hooker, when he directed me to withdraw my command from that position and go into camp on the north side of the Rappahannock River. It was 4 A. M. of the 3d of



MAJOR-GENERAL AMIEL W. WHIPPLE, COMMANDER OF THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE THIRD CORPS, MORTALLY WOUNDED BY A SHARP-SHOOTER ON THE MORNING OF MAY 4, 1863. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



**MAJOR-GENERAL AMIEL W. WHIPPLE, COM-
MANDER OF THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE
THIRD CORPS, MORTALLY WOUNDED BY
A SHARP-SHOOTER ON THE MORNING OF
MAY 4, 1863. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.**

May when I moved from Hazel Grove. Sickles, with the two divisions of the Third Corps, reached Hazel Grove from the Furnace between half-past nine and ten on the night of the 2d of May. Some of his troops had fighting in the woods before I left, but I am unable to say what was its character.

On the morning of the 3d of May (Sunday) General Stuart was in command of Jackson's forces, Jackson and A. P. Hill having been wounded, as reported by the prisoner taken the night before. Stuart prepared, with his usual impetuosity, to renew the attack early that morning, and by one of those unfortunate occurrences so prevalent during the war, he caught the Third Corps in motion to take up a new position, connecting with the Twelfth Corps at Fairview, and facing to the west. This withdrawal enabled Stuart to take the position at Hazel Grove from which Jackson had been repulsed the evening before. He saw its advantages at once, and, placing some thirty pieces of artillery there, he enfiladed the Twelfth Corps at Fairview and Chancellorsville, and punished the Third Corps severely. The Third Corps was fighting throughout the day under great disadvantages. To add to the embarrassments of the army, General Hooker that morning was disabled by a concussion, and the army was virtually without a head, the different corps commanders fighting their commands on the defensive. Such extraordinary conditions forced the Army of the Potomac to fall back from Chancellorsville and Fairview, and form a new line of battle to the north and some distance from Chancellorsville. This line presented a front to the enemy that could not be enfiladed or turned. Desultory fighting, especially with artillery, was kept up on the 4th of May; but Hooker's battle ended on the 3d, after the army had gained its new position.

It is useless to speculate what General Hooker would have done if he had not been disabled. Up to the evening of the 2d of May the enemy had suffered severely, while the Army of the Potomac had comparatively but few killed and wounded; but the unfortunate circumstances that contracted the lines of our army enabled the enemy to inflict the severest punishment upon all the troops that were engaged. In fact, the greatest injury was inflicted on the 3d of May, while the army had no commander. Had the First Corps, which had not been engaged, and the Fifth Corps, still fresh, been thrown into the action in the afternoon of Sunday, the 3d of May, when Lee's troops were exhausted from the struggle, they would certainly have made Chancellorsville what it should have been,—a complete success. These two corps mustered from 25,000 to 30,000 men. There was no one to order them into the fight, and a second golden opportunity was lost. The army recrossed the Rappahannock River on the night of May 5th, and took up again the position at Falmouth which they had occupied before the campaign.

WHEN STONEWALL JACKSON TURNED OUR RIGHT.

BY JOHN L. COLLINS, 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

ON the afternoon of May 2d, 1863, the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry were ordered to dismount, slack saddle-girths, and rest in the vicinity of General Hooker's headquarters at Chancellorsville. Some of the men fell asleep holding their horses, some began talking of the battle, while a knot of officers, who always improved such occasions in this way, sat down to their favorite game of poker. Suddenly an order from headquarters made a complete change in the scene. At the word "Mount!" the sleepers as well as the talkers sprang to their saddles, the gamblers snatched up their stakes and their cards, and a regiment of cavalry took the place of a lounging crowd.

Passing to the left of the Chancellorsville House, we crossed our line of battle at the edge of a wood and came up with a reconnoitering party that had captured the 23d Georgia. We had heard that Lee was retreating, and supposed that this unfortunate regiment had been sacrificed to give the main body a chance to escape; but while we were commiserating the poor fellows, one of them defiantly said, "You may think you have done a big thing just now, but wait till Jackson gets round on your right."

We laughed at his harmless bravado, for we did not think he would betray Jackson's move had he known anything about it; but while we were yet trying to get through the thick wood the roar of musketry and artillery on our right confirmed his speech. We now came back at a gallop toward a point between the place where we were resting and the place where the battle was raging. As we rode into an elevated clearing, called Hazel Grove, the regiment (the 8th Pennsylvania) was brought into line. We surmised a disaster and nervously braced ourselves for the ordeal, not knowing whether we were to make an attack or wait there to receive one.

The roar of musketry was now heavier and nearer; the vast woods between us and Dowdall's tavern seemed to shake with it. There was no time to ask or to wonder what had happened, for the regiment was ordered off at a gallop. After riding about three hundred yards we turned into a narrow road that promised to take us into the midst of the enemy. Half a dozen horsemen in cadet gray—most likely a general's staff reconnoitering, as they did not ride in ranks—were in the road ahead of us, and turned and fled back to their lines.

The word "Charge!" was now passed from the leading squadron, and sabers flew into the air along our line; but none too soon, for we were already in the midst of the foe, and they were ready for us. The unfortunate squadron that led caught all the fire as we dashed along the narrow lane, and we who rode next it got only the smoke from the enemy's guns. We could reach nothing as yet, and could see nothing but fire and smoke, for their line of battle was safely posted behind a thicket that lined

the left of the road, while their rifles were aimed through it.

It was a long lane and a hot lane to go through; but the lane had a turn, and we got to it at last when we reached the Plank road and struck Rodes's division right in the front. We struck it as a wave strikes a stately ship: the ship is staggered, maybe thrown on her beam ends, but the wave is dashed into spray, and the ship sails on as before.

Major Keenan, who led his battalion in the charge, the captain in command of the leading squadron, the adjutant, and a few score of their followers went down at this shock together. The detail sent over to recover their bodies after the battle said that the major had thirteen bullets in his body, the adjutant nine, and others fewer. It was reported by some who rode close upon the major that in falling he shouted, "To the right!" seeing that the impenetrable masses on his left could not be forced, and that there was no way out but over the thinner lines on the right. When turning at full speed, my horse was killed and I was pitched over his neck on the roadside. Here I parted company with the regiment. When I jumped to my feet I had time to take only one glance at my surroundings. My sole thought was to escape capture or death. On one side were the heavy lines of Confederate infantry doubled and bent by the charge, their officers trying to recover their alignment; on the other side the survivors of the leading squadrons were galloping in the Plank road, the others breaking over the Confederate skirmish lines as far back as I could see into the woods.

By instinct I turned toward the woods on the right of the Plank road as the best way out, and made a dash at the lines, which had just recovered from their surprise that a cavalry regiment should have ridden over them, and were firing after it. They were loading when I ran out between them, and when they began to fire I dropped down behind some trees that had been cut to make an abatis, or had been shot down by the cannon; when the volley was over I jumped up and ran as fast as before.

The Plank road, and the woods that bordered it, presented a scene of terror and confusion such as I had never seen before. Men and animals were dashing against one another in wild dismay before the line of fire that came crackling and crashing after them. The constantly approaching rattle of musketry, the crash of the shells through the trees, seemed to come from three sides upon the broken fragments of the Eleventh Corps that crowded each other on the road. The horses of the men of my regiment who had been shot, mingled with the pack-mules that carried the ammunition of the Eleventh Corps, tore like wild beasts through the woods. I tried in vain to catch one.

This employment of the mules for ammunition



MAJOR PETER KEENAN, KILLED IN THE CHARGE OF THE 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

service was a device of General Hooker's, and this was the only field where they played their part. Each mule carried four or five boxes of spare ammunition, and being tied in couples, they seemed easier to catch than a horse. As a pair of them made for opposite sides of a tree, I ran toward them to get one, but before I could succeed a shell from the direction of the Plank road struck the tree, exploded the ammunition, and slaughtered the mules.

I now gave up hope of a mount, and seeing the Confederate lines coming near me, tried to save myself on foot. Once, when throwing myself down to escape the fury of the fire, I saw a member of my own regiment, whose horse also had been shot, hiding in a pine top that had been cut down by a shell. He had thrown his arms away that he might run the faster, and he begged me to do the same. This I refused to do, and I got in safely with my arms, while he was never seen again. I turned into the Plank road to join the very bad company that came pouring in by that route. More than half of the runaways had thrown their arms away, and all of them were talking a language that I did not understand, but, by their tones, evidently blaming some one for the disgrace and disaster that had befallen their corps. They appeared to share the prevailing confusion on that part of the field, where the front and the rear seemed reversed. Yet, as misery loves company, I cast my lot with them and continued my flight.

I doubt if any of us knew where we were going, further than that we were fleeing before the pursuing lines of the enemy. One of my own company, who was captured in the charge, afterward told me that in leaping an abatis, he was lifted from his saddle by a vine and remained suspended till made a prisoner.

In the very height of the flight, we came upon General Howard, who seemed to be the only man in his own command that was not running at that moment. He was in the middle of the road and mounted, his maimed arm embracing a stand of colors that some regiment had deserted, while with his sound arm he was gesticulating to the men to make a stand by their flag.† With bared head he was pleading with his soldiers, literally weeping as he entreated the unheeding horde. Under different circumstances I should have considered it my duty to follow and find my command, and report for duty with it. But I could not go past the general. Maimed in his person and sublime in his patriotism, he seemed worthy to stand by, and out of pure compliment to his appearance I hooked up my saber and fell into the little line that gathered about him. As the front became clear, we fired a few shots at the advance line of the Confederates, but a fresh mass of fugitives in blue soon filled the road; and we had to stop firing. The general now ordered us to cover the whole line of retreat so as to let none pass, and the officers, inspired by his devotion, ran in front of their men, drew their swords, and attempted to stop them. As the number constantly increased, the pressure became greater upon the line that blocked the way; but this line was constantly reinforced by officers and others, and offered some resistance to the pressure. At last the seething, surging sea of humanity broke over the feeble barrier, and General Howard and his officers were carried away by main force with the tide. Pharaoh and his chariots could have held back the walls of the Red Sea as easily as those officers could resist this retreat. I started again on my race for life, this time alone, and toward the slopes of the Chancellorsville plateau, where it seemed to me probable that my regiment would re-form after the charge.

My course was right-oblique from the road, and I had not gone far before I saw lines that I knew were not retreating. Their flags were flying, and my heart took a bound as I beheld battery after battery galloping into position, and regiment after regiment wheeling into line behind them. A line of battle showed itself at last; the Third Corps had come up to stop the successful charge, and Jackson's men would find a difference between attacking the Third Corps in front and the Eleventh in the rear. Seeing the guns unlimber and load, I made my greatest effort at speed, but not caring for a few fugitives, the guns belched forth their fire before I could get in. However, I came safely through, and at last paused for a long breath. While congratulating myself upon my escape, I looked behind the line of battle, and there saw my own regiment drawn up for a charge, the line not so long as half an hour before by one-third, but still as shapely and resolute as ever. The horses were blown and nervous, and the men were, no doubt, a little depressed by the rough usage they had met with. A horse, that had followed the company riderless from the charge, was given to me,

† See General Howard's description on p. 200.—EDITORS.



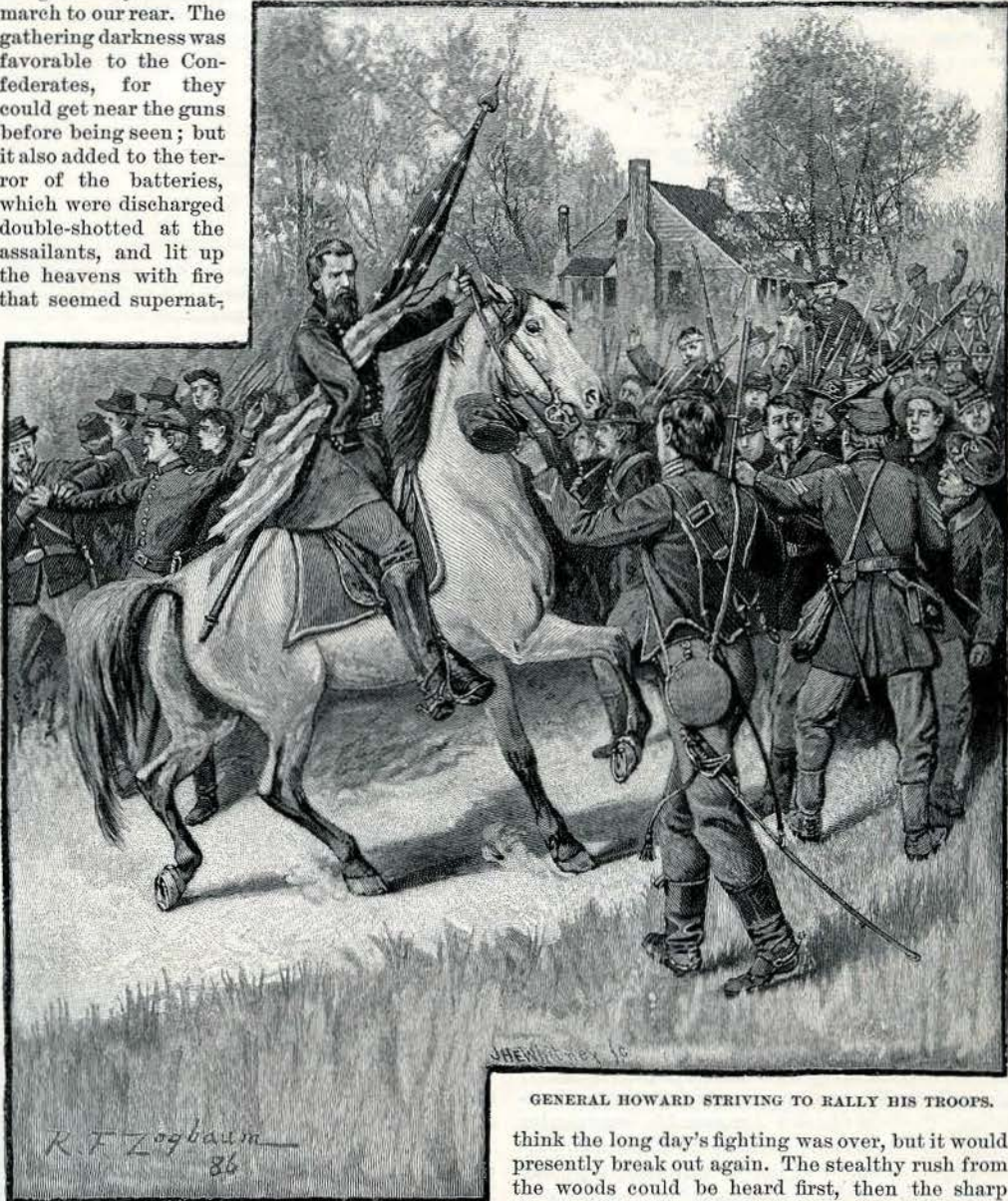
MAJOR PETER KEENAN, KILLED IN THE CHARGE OF
THE 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

and my confidence and self-respect came back as I mounted him, for I was no longer a fugitive, but a soldier.

The fighting now began in earnest. The splendid divisions of Birney, Berry, and Whipple had to be met and vanquished before a farther advance could be made, and before Jackson could attain the great object of his march to our rear. The gathering darkness was favorable to the Confederates, for they could get near the guns before being seen; but it also added to the terror of the batteries, which were discharged double-shotted at the assailants, and lit up the heavens with fire that seemed supernat-

The slope was so steep that a line of battle could be formed in front of the guns and a double skirmish line in front of that.

Our regiment now moved up to the guns, enabling us to see better the slopes and the woods when lit up by the flashes. Sometimes darkness and stillness would reign for a few minutes, and we would



GENERAL HOWARD STRIVING TO RALLY HIS TROOPS.

ural. The dusky lines fell back into the woods in disorganized masses as often as they advanced, and the cheers of our troops rang out at each retreat. From the boldness and the frequency of the Confederate charges it was found necessary to move the infantry in front of the guns, lest the enemy should seize them before being discovered.

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think the long day's fighting was over, but it would presently break out again. The stealthy rush from the woods could be heard first, then the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle, then a yell and a louder rushing of their lines met by the loud roll of the line of battle's fire. As the cheer of our men announced that the enemy's line was again in retreat, the blaze of forty or fifty cannons from the right to the left would light up the scene and carry death over the heads of our men into the woods beyond.

A detailed black and white engraving depicting a historical scene. In the center, a man with a full beard, wearing a dark military uniform, sits atop a white horse. He holds a large American flag aloft with his right hand. The horse is rearing up on its hind legs. Surrounding the general is a dense crowd of soldiers in similar uniforms, many holding rifles and looking towards the general with expressions of excitement. In the background, there are trees and a building with a chimney. The overall style is that of a 19th-century engraving. At the bottom center, there is a signature that reads "J. H. W. 1863".

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R. F. Zogbaum
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At last Jackson's men paused, for they had been marching and fighting since morning, and human nature could endure no more. But they were not allowed to hold the ground they had won; an advance was now ordered on our side, and it was made with a vigor that avenged the discomfiture of our comrades. Though it was now midnight the woods were lit up with the flame of the musketry as the combatants came face to face among the trees, and the battle began anew. The artillery pushed on their guns by hand a hundred

yards behind the infantry line, and shook the woods in their depths, as they had the hills to their foundations. At last, at 2 o'clock in the morning, we were told to sleep on our arms. But who could sleep while counting the dead of our commands? Comrades were gone; file-leaders and file-closers were gone; officers of every grade had perished. Stonewall Jackson himself had gone down in his greatest charge; and his men never again fought as on that day, nor came down on our flank with such fury.

THE CHARGE OF THE EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY. †

I. BY PENNOCK HUEY, BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.

JUST as we reached Hazel Grove, at Scott's Run Crossing, at half-past 6 o'clock P. M., May 2d, a staff-officer rode up in a state of great excitement and reported to General Sickles that the enemy had flanked General Howard's corps, and that he had been sent for a regiment of General Pleasonton's cavalry. General Sickles immediately ordered General Pleasonton to send a regiment. General Pleasonton then ordered me to report with my regiment as quickly as possible to General Howard, whom I would probably find near the old Wilderness church. There were no other orders given to me or to any officer of my regiment. ‡

I found the regiment, standing to horse, on the opposite or north side of Hazel Grove, near the road. The wood in front was so thick with underbrush that a bird could scarcely fly through it; much less could a cavalry charge have been made. On inquiring for the adjutant of the regiment, and on being informed by some of the men where he was, I rode to the point designated and found Major Peter Keenan, Captain William A. Dailey, Adjutant J. Haseltine Haddock, and Lieutenant Andrew B. Wells playing cards under a tree. When I ordered them to mount their commands they were all in high spirits about the game, Keenan remarking: "Major, you have spoiled a good game!"

After mounting the regiment I rode off at its head in my proper place, followed by four other officers, all of whom belonged in front except Lieutenant Carpenter, who commanded the second company of the first squadron, and might properly have been in the rear of the first company, where he undoubtedly would have been had I supposed there was danger ahead. The officers in front were: Major Pennock Huey, commander of the regiment; Major Peter Keenan, commander of the first battalion; Captain Charles Arrowsmith, commander of the first squadron; Lieutenant J. Edward Carpenter, commander of the second company; and Adjutant J. Haseltine Haddock, whose place was with me unless otherwise ordered. We rode through the wood toward the Plank road; there was no unusual stir or excitement among the men or offi-

cers of the regiment, the impression being that the enemy were retreating, and all who had not heard of General Howard's disaster felt happy with the thought that the battle was almost over. No one in the regiment, with the exception of myself, knew where we were going or for what purpose.

From the information I had received from General Pleasonton, and from hearing the aide make his report before I started, I had no idea that we would meet the enemy till after I had reported to General Howard. Therefore the surprise was as great to us as to the enemy, as we were entirely unprepared, our sabers being in their scabbards. When we arrived almost at the Plank road, we discovered that we had ridden right into the enemy, the Plank road in our front being occupied by them in great force, and that we were completely surrounded, the woods at that point being filled with flankers of Jackson's column, who were thoroughly hidden from our view by the thick undergrowth. It was here that I gave the command to "draw sabers and charge," which order was repeated by Major Keenan and other officers. The charge was led by the five officers already named, who were riding at the head of the regiment when we left Hazel Grove. On reaching the Plank road it appeared to be packed about as closely with the enemy as it possibly could be.

We turned to the left, facing the Confederate column, the regiment crowding on, both men and horses in a perfect frenzy of excitement, which nothing but death could stop. We cut our way through, trampling down all who could not escape us, and using our sabers on all within reach, for a distance of about 100 yards, when we received a volley from the enemy, which killed Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, and Adjutant Haddock, three of the noblest and most gallant officers of the war, besides a large number of men. All three of the above-named officers fell at the same time and from the same volley, Major Keenan falling against me and lighting on the ground under my horse. A few days afterward his body was found near the spot where he had fallen.

† Extracted by permission and condensed from "A True History of the Charge of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville," by Pennock Huey, Philadelphia, 1885.—EDITORS.

‡ General Huey was at this time Major (afterward Colonel) of the 8th Pennsylvania cavalry, and was the senior officer present with it. [See also p. 187].—EDITORS.

II. BY J. EDWARD CARPENTER, MAJOR, 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY. ¶

THERE was no confusion at Hazel Grove when the regiment received its orders and left that place. No enemy was in sight. Indeed, until after the 8th Pennsylvania had left the place there was not the slightest evidence that the enemy was in the immediate neighborhood, excepting, perhaps, that the musketry-firing seemed to be drawing nearer. The charge of the regiment was made on the Plank road, about three-quarters of a mile from where Pleasonton was at Hazel Grove, and was first ordered by the commanding officer of the regiment at the moment when the emergency arose.

The writer of this, although himself a participator in the charge, was unable to recognize General Pleasonton's description of it and the surrounding scenes attending it. [See p. 179.] A letter from the writer to a member of his family, written three days after the charge, is now before him. From this letter the following is extracted:

"We lost, however, I regret to say, three gallant officers, Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith and Adjutant Haddock. Major Huey and . . . were the only ones who came out from the head of the column. All the rest were killed, wounded, or prisoners."

When this letter was written on the 5th of May, 1863, there was no thought of controversy. It was intended only for the eye of the person to whom it was written, with no idea that it would be preserved.

General Pleasonton's report of the operations of his command at Chancellorsville, dated May 18th, 1863, makes no mention of Keenan, but commends Huey as the commander of the regiment and indorses his report. In Major Huey's report of the operations of the 8th Pennsylvania cavalry, dated May 9th, 1863, he states that he was ordered to report, with his command, to General Howard, and no mention is made of any order from General Pleasonton to charge. This report was before Pleasonton when his own report was made, and no exception was ever taken to it. In Colonel Thomas C. Devin's report of the 2d brigade, dated May 12th, 1863, he states that the 8th Pennsylvania cavalry was sent to the support of General Howard, and Major Huey is complimented as the commander of the regiment. No mention is made of an order to Keenan to charge, and Keenan is only referred to as having gallantly fallen.

III. BY ANDREW B. WELLS, CAPTAIN, CO. F, 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY. ¶

OUR regiment, on the second day of May, 1863, was awaiting orders in a clearing of wooded country called Hazel Grove. We had been there some little time. Everything was quiet on the front. The men were gathered in groups, chatting and smoking, and the officers were occupied in much the same manner, wondering what would turn up next.

About 4 o'clock I suggested a game of draw poker. An empty cracker-box, with a blanket thrown over it, served as a card-table. The party playing, if I mistake not, was composed of Major Keenan, Adjutant Haddock, Captain Goddard, Lieutenant W. A. Daily, and myself. We had been playing about two hours — the game was a big one and we were all absorbed in it — when, about 6 P. M., it was brought to an abrupt end by the appearance of a mounted officer. Riding up to where we were playing, he asked in an excited manner: "Who is in command of this regiment?" Major Keenan, who was seated beside me, turned his head and said, in a joking way: "I am; what's the trouble?" Our visitor replied: "General Howard wants a cavalry regiment." And before we had time to ask further questions he was off, and the next moment we were all on our feet, and our game was ended. I remember it perfectly well, for I was out of pocket on the play. ¶ The regiment was mounted, I mounting at the same time and alongside of Major Keenan. We then moved out of Hazel Grove by twos. Keenan, Haddock, Arrowsmith, Huey, and Carpenter moved

out with the first squadron. I remember distinctly seeing that group of officers, and did not see General Pleasonton at the time.

I was under the impression, and believe that the other officers also were, that we were on our road to report to General Howard. Anyhow, I fell in with the second squadron, Captain William A. Corrie being in command, and he and I rode together at the head of it. When we passed out of the clearing there were no officers or men on our flank, all was in order ahead, and the command was moving at a walk. The command entered the woods and was still moving on a walk, when, at the distance of about one mile from where we had mounted, Captain Corrie and myself saw the first squadron take the trot, leaving a space between us of about twenty-five yards. At the same time we heard the command, "Draw sabers," and saw the first squadron draw them. We then heard the musketry-firing. In was given in continuous but distant volleys.

We of the second squadron knew that our time was at hand, and Captain Corrie gave the order to draw sabers and charge. Taking a trot, we found that the road took a bend as we proceeded. When we turned the corner of the wood-road a sight met our eyes that it is impossible for me to describe. After charging over the dead men and horses of the first squadron we charged into Jackson's column, and, as luck would have it, found them with empty guns — thanks to our poor comrades ahead.

¶ Taken by permission from the "Philadelphia Weekly Press," October 13th, 1886, and condensed.—EDITORS.
¶ Captain Wells has elsewhere said that at 6:20 by his watch, Major Huey rode up and gave the order to mount.—EDITORS.

The enemy were as thick as bees, and we appeared to be among thousands of them in an instant.

After we reached the Plank road we were in columns of fours and on the dead run, and when we struck the enemy there occurred a "jam" of living and dead men, friends and enemies, and horses, and the weight of the rear of our squadron broke us into utter confusion, so that at the moment every man was for himself.

The third squadron, which Captain P. L. Goddard commanded, was in our rear, and came thundering along after us, but as to the balance of the regiment I do not know how they came in or got out.

The enemy were as much surprised as we were, and thought, no doubt, as they now say, that the whole cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac was charging them. I distinctly remember hearing a number of them call out, "I surrender, I surrender." We did not stop to take any prisoners for fear of being captured ourselves,—I had been

caught once and was just out of Libby prison and did not want to be captured again,—but made for our lines as best we could.

The whole affair was accidental. We were on our way to report to General Howard, some three miles from where we were encamped, and the country that General Howard's staff-officer had just passed over in quest of the cavalry had in the meantime been crossed by Stonewall Jackson's troops, and in following the same track we naturally ran into them. The officers who were at the head of our column, seeing the situation, had only an instant to determine what was to be done. We could not turn around and get out in the face of the enemy, and the only thing left for us was to go through them, "sink or swim."

Can any man who was a soldier for one moment imagine an officer deliberately planning a charge by a regiment of cavalry, strung out by twos in a column half a mile long in a thick wood?

THE ARTILLERY AT HAZEL GROVE. ☆

BY JAMES F. HUNTINGTON, CAPTAIN, BATTERY H, 1ST OHIO ARTILLERY.

WHEN Jackson's advance struck the Eleventh Corps, four batteries had been for some time waiting orders in the extensive clearing known as Hazel Grove. Of these, "H," 1st Ohio Light Artillery, and the 10th and 11th New York Independent Batteries belonged to Whipple's division of the Third Corps. They were left there when that division passed through *en route* to join the force operating under General Sickles near the Furnace. Later, Martin's horse battery, with Devin's cavalry brigade, arrived and took ground on the opposite or south side of the field. When the sound of battle indicated that the enemy were driving in the right of the army, and were approaching Hazel Grove, the batteries of Whipple's division were brought into position under my direction, as acting chief of artillery. Although the movement was delayed by causes beyond my control until its execution had become exceedingly difficult, our eighteen guns were established in battery, ready to open before the enemy fired a shot or were in a position to do so. General Pleasonton seems to be unaware of that fact, or he would hardly have failed to allude to it. It is,

therefore, fair to presume that his attention was engrossed by the supervision of Martin's battery, as detailed in his paper. General Sickles, on his arrival, soon after the firing ceased, sent for me and warmly expressed his approbation of the manner in which my command had held the ground. }

Nothing on wheels from the Eleventh Corps passed through Hazel Grove. The vehicles that stampeded through my lines while in process of formation were forges, battery-wagons, ambulances, etc., belonging to the Third Corps, left in the cross-road leading to the Plank road, when that corps went out to the Furnace to attack Jackson's column. So whatever else may have formed the components of the remarkable *tumulus* described by General Pleasonton, it certainly did not contain the debris of the Eleventh Corps. As for the *tumulus* itself, it escaped my observation when I crossed the bog he refers to on Sunday morning with my battery, or what there was left of it, at the pressing solicitation of Archer's Confederate brigade.

BOSTON, October 14th, 1886.

☆ In reply to statements contained in General Pleasonton's paper, p. 179.—EDITORS.

General Sickles says in his official report: "I confided to Pleasonton the direction of the artillery—three batteries of my reserve—Clark's, Lewis's [10th New York, of Huntington's command] and Turnbull's, and his own horse-battery. . . . The fugitives of the Eleventh Corps swarmed from the woods and swept frantically over the cleared fields in which my artillery was parked. . . . The enemy showing himself on the plain, Pleasonton met the attack at short range with the well-directed fire of twenty-two pieces double-shotted with canister." According to this one of Huntington's three

batteries (Lewis's 10th New York) was placed under Pleasonton's control. Probably this battery, with Turnbull's, Clark's, and Martin's, made up the twenty-two guns mentioned by both Sickles and Pleasonton. General Hunt, the chief of artillery of the army, says: "When the Eleventh Corps was broken up and routed on the 2d, . . . General Pleasonton collected some batteries belonging to different corps (Martin's Horse Artillery, 6th New York, six 3-inch guns, Clark's B, 1st New Jersey, six 10-pounders; Lewis's 10th New York, six light 12-pounders; Turnbull's F and K, 3d U. S., six 12-pounders), and with them formed a large battery of twenty-four guns."—EDITORS.



RACE ON THE PLANK ROAD FOR RIGHT OF WAY, BETWEEN THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY AND A BAGGAGE TRAIN.

THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY OLIVER O. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.

THE country around Chancellorsville for the most part is a wilderness, with but here and there an opening. If we consult the recent maps (no good ones existed before the battle), we notice that the two famous rivers, the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, join at a point due north of Chancellorsville; thence the Rappahannock runs easterly for two miles, till suddenly at the United States Ford it turns and flows south for a mile and a half, and then, turning again, completes a horse-shoe bend. Here, on the south shore, was General Hooker's battle-line on the morning of the 2d of May, 1863. Here his five army corps, those of Meade, Slocum, Couch, Sickles, and Howard, were deployed. The face was toward the south, and the ranks mainly occupied a ridge nearly parallel with the Rapidan. The left touched the high ground just west of the horse-shoe bend, while the bristling front, fringed with skirmishers, ran along the Mineral Spring road, bent forward to take in the cross-roads of Chancellorsville, and then, stretching on westerly through lower levels, retired to Dowdall's Tavern. Just beyond Dowdall's was a slight backward hook in the line, partially encircling Talley's Hill, a sunny spot in the forest between the Orange Plank road and the pike. This pike is an old roadway which skirts the northern edge of Talley's farm, and makes an angle of some forty degrees with the Orange Plank road.

At dawn of that eventful day General Hooker was at Chancellorsville. Slocum and Hancock were just in his front, infantry and artillery deployed to the right and left. French's division was in his rear. Meade occupied the extreme left, and my corps, the Eleventh, the right. Sickles connected me with Slocum. Our lines covered between five and six miles of frontage, and Hooker was near the middle point. The main body of our cavalry, under Stoneman, had gone off on a raid upon Lee's communications, and the remainder of the Army of the Potomac was under the sturdy Sedgwick, beyond Fredericksburg.

Our opponents, under General Robert E. Lee, the evening before, were about two miles distant toward Fredericksburg, and thus between us and Sedgwick. Lee had immediately with him the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill, besides some cavalry under Stuart. He



RACE ON THE PLANK ROAD FOR RIGHT OF WAY, BETWEEN THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY AND A BAGGAGE TRAIN.

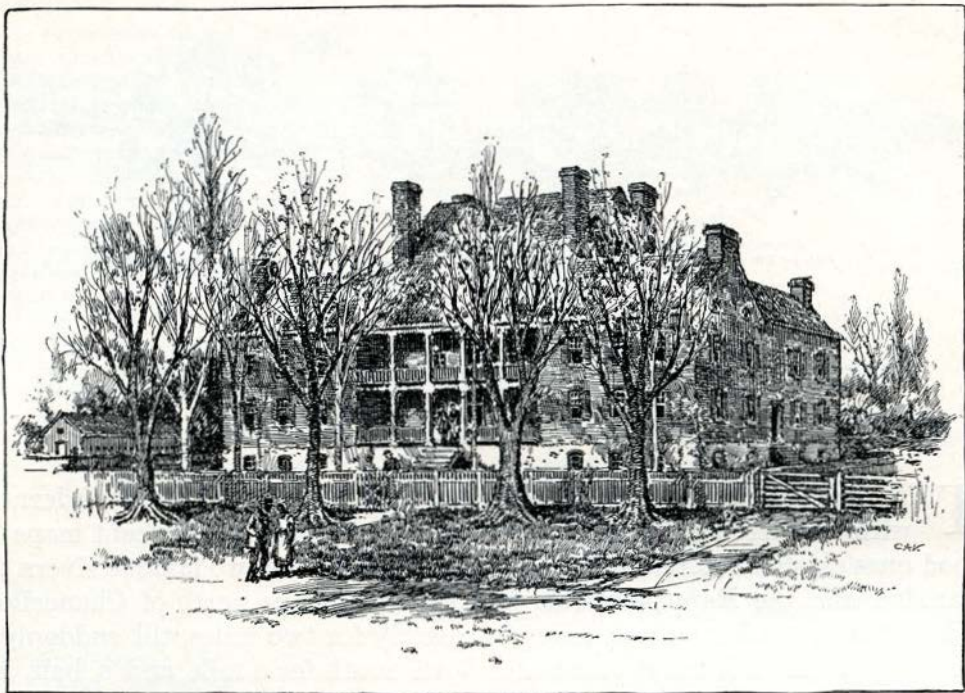


THE OLD CHANCELLOR HOUSE, BURNED DURING THE BATTLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

held, for his line of battle, a comparatively short front between the Rappahannock and the Catherine Furnace, not exceeding two miles and a half in extent. His right wing, not far from the river, was behind Mott's Run, which flows due east, and his left was deployed along the Catherine Furnace road.

Could Hooker, on the first day of May, have known Lee's exact location, he never could have had a better opportunity for taking the offensive. But he did not know, and after the few troops advancing toward Fredericksburg had met the approaching enemy he ordered all back to the "old position," the Chancellorsville line, which I have just described.

On the preceding Thursday, the last of April, the three corps that constituted the right wing of the army, Meade's, Slocum's, and mine, had crossed from the north to the south side of the Rapidan, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon had reached the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where Slocum, who was the senior commander present, established his headquarters. I, approaching from Germanna Ford, halted my divisions at Dowdall's Tavern and encamped them there. Then I rode along the Plank road through the almost continuous forest to the Chancellorsville House. There I reported to Slocum. He said that the orders were for me to cover the right of the general line, posting my command near Dowdall's Tavern. He pointed to a place on the map marked "Mill" near there, on a branch of Hunting Run [see map, p. 193], and said, "Establish your right there." General Slocum promised, with the Twelfth Corps, to occupy the space between his headquarters and Dowdall's clearing; but, finding the distance too great, one of his division commanders sent me word that I must cover the last three-quarters of a mile of the Plank road.



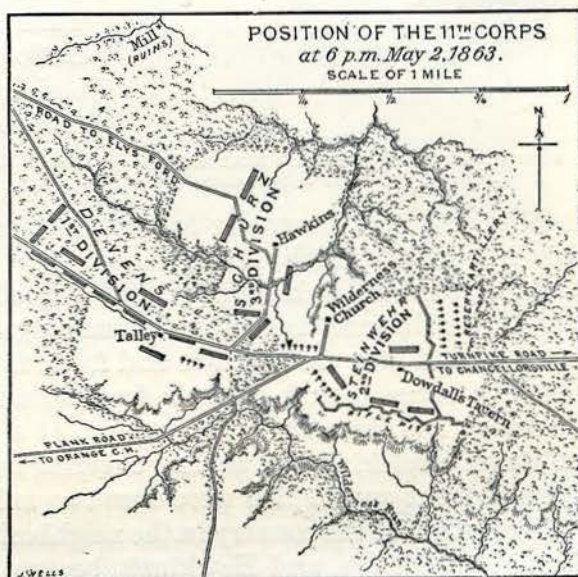
THE OLD CHANCELLOR HOUSE, BURNED DURING THE BATTLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This was done by a brigade of General Steinwehr, the commander of my left division, though with regret on our part, because it required all the corps reserves to fill up that gap.

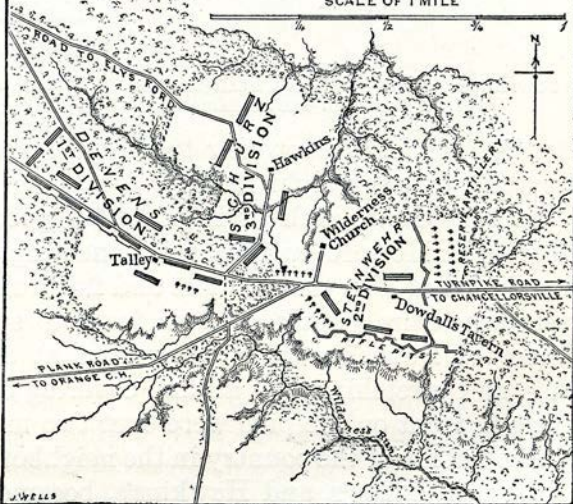
The so-called Dowdall's Tavern was at that time the home of Melzi Chancellor. He had a large family, including several grown people. I placed my headquarters at his house. In front of me, facing south along a curving ridge, the right of Steinwehr's division was located. He had but two brigades, Barlow on the Plank road and Buschbeck on his right. With them Steinwehr covered a mile, leaving but two regiments for reserve. These he put some two hundred yards to his rear, near the little "Wilderness Church."

Next to Steinwehr, toward our right, came General Carl Schurz's division. First was Captain Dilger's battery. Dilger was one of those handsome, hearty, active young men that everybody liked to have near. His guns pointed to the south-west and west, along the Orange Plank road. Next was Krzyzanowski's brigade, about half on the front and half in reserve. Schurz's right brigade was that of Schimmelfennig, disposed in the same manner, a part deployed and the remainder kept a few hundred yards back for a reserve. Schurz's front line of infantry extended along the old turnpike and faced to the south-west. The right division of the corps was commanded by General Charles Devens, afterward attorney-general in the cabinet of President Hayes. Devens and I together had carefully reconnoitered both the Orange Plank road and the old turnpike for at least three miles toward the west. After this reconnoissance he established his division,—the Second Brigade, under McLean, next to Schurz's first, and then pushing out on the pike for half a mile he deployed the other, Gilsa's, at right angles facing west, connecting his two parts by a thin skirmish-line. Colonel Gilsa's brigade was afterward drawn back, still facing west at right angles to the line, so as to make a more solid connection, and so that, constituting, as it did, the main right flank, the reserves of the corps could be brought more promptly to its support, by extending its right to the north, should an enemy by any possible contingency get so far around. A section of Dieckmann's battery which looked to the west along the old pike was located at the angle.

The reserve batteries, twelve guns, were put upon a ridge abreast of the little church and pointed toward the north-west, with a view to sweep all



POSITION OF THE 11TH CORPS
at 6 p.m. May 2, 1863.
SCALE OF 1 MILE



approaches to the north of Gilsa, firing up a gradually ascending slope. This ridge, where I stood during the battle, was central, and, besides, enabled the artillerymen to enfilade either roadway, or meet an attack from south, west, or north. Here epaulments for the batteries were constructed, and cross-



DOWDALL'S TAVERN, HOWARD'S HEADQUARTERS.
FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

intrenchments for the battery supports were dug, extending from the little church across all the open ground that stretched away from the tavern to the right of Devens's line.

To my great comfort, General Sickles's corps came up on Friday, May 1st, and took from our left Steinwehr's three-quarters of a mile of the Plank road. Thus he relieved from the front line Barlow's large brigade, giving me, besides the several division reserves, General Barlow with 1500 men as a general reserve for the corps. These were massed near the cross-intrench-

ments, and held avowedly to support the batteries and protect General Devens's exposed right flank.

As to pickets, each division had a good line of them. My aide, Major Charles H. Howard, assisted in connecting them between divisions, and during the 2d of May that fearless and faithful staff-officer, Major E. Whittlesey, rode the entire circuit of their front to stimulate them to special activity. Those of Devens were "thrown out at a distance from a half-mile to a mile and stretching well around covering our right flank"; and the picket-posts in front on the pike were over two miles beyond the main line.

The nature of the country in the neighborhood of the three adjoining farms, Dowdall's, Talley's, and Hawkins's, became well known to the Army of the Potomac in subsequent experiences, never to be forgotten. It is the terrible "Wilderness" where, later in the war, so many brave men fell. Here were stunted trees, such as scraggy oaks, bushy firs, cedars, and junipers, all entangled with a thick, almost impenetrable undergrowth, and criss-crossed with an abundance of wild vines. In places all along the south-west and west front the forest appeared impassable, and the skirmishers could only work their way through with extreme difficulty.

To the officers of the Eleventh Corps the position was never a desirable one. It presented a *flank in the air*. We were more than four miles south from Ely's ford, where were Hooker's nearest cavalry flankers. In his report after the battle, General Schurz says:



DOWDALL'S TAVERN IN 1884.

‡ See General Devens's report of Chancellorsville ("Official Records," Vol. XXV., Part I., p. 632).—O. O. H.



**DOWDALL'S TAVERN, HOWARD'S HEADQUARTERS.
FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.**



DOWDALL'S TAVERN IN 1884.



THE WILDERNESS CHURCH (IN THE LEFT MIDDLE-GROUND) AND HAWKINS'S FARM (ON THE RIGHT)
AS SEEN FROM THE PLANK ROAD IN FRONT OF DOWDALL'S TAVERN.

"Our right ought to have been drawn back toward the Rapidan, to rest on that river at or near the mouth of Hunting Run, the corps abandoning so much of the Plank road as to enable it to establish a solid line." Yes; but we were ordered to Dowdall's Tavern, and not to the Rapidan, three or four miles in our rear! And our right was fixed for us at the "Mill." It is true the mill no longer existed, but the point required was not doubted. Again, this position, which Schurz recommended in his report subsequent to our battle, was the very one into which Hooker's whole army was forced two days afterward. He was so cramped by it that he did not dare to take the offensive. In that position, "solid" and fortified as it was, our army, outnumbering Lee's, was so badly handled by the enemy that Hooker at last deemed it safer to return to the north side of the Rappahannock.

The strength of Hooker's five corps, and Reynolds's, which was not far behind, was, on the morning of the 2d of May, about 90,000 effectives. The right corps, the Eleventh, had in all, artillery and infantry, twelve thousand men. Lee faced us with five large divisions, having on the spot about 40,000 rifles, with considerable artillery.

In my youth my brother and I had a favorite spot in an upper field of my father's farm from which we were accustomed, after the first symptoms of a coming storm, to watch the operations of the contending winds; the sudden



THE WILDERNESS CHURCH (IN THE LEFT MIDDLE-GROUND) AND HAWKINS'S FARM (ON THE RIGHT)
AS SEEN FROM THE PLANK ROAD IN FRONT OF DOWDALL'S TAVERN.

gusts and whirlwinds; the sideling swallows excitedly seeking shelter; the swift and swifter, black and blacker clouds, ever rising higher and pushing their angry fronts toward us. As we listened we heard the low rumbling from afar; as the storm came nearer the woods bent forward and shook fiercely their thick branches; the lightning zigzagged in flashes, and the deep-bassed thunder echoed more loudly, till there was scarcely an interval between its ominous crashing discharges. In some such manner came on that battle of May 2d to the watchers at Dowdall's Tavern and Talley's farm-house.

The first distant symptom occurred on the evening of May 1st. Then was heard the sudden crack of rifle-shooting. It began with Steinwehr's skirmishers, and then passed on to Schurz. Schimmelfennig pushed out a brigade straightforward toward the south-west and received a sudden fire of artillery from the intruders. They left him and pushed on.

It was "a rolling reconnoissance," evidently to determine, for Lee's and Jackson's information, the position of our flank. They probably had, however, some more certain knowledge, gained from one or two of the enterprising residents let loose during that Friday by our general forward movement. We forgot these friends to Lee as we excitedly marched to Friday's battle. When we unexpectedly came back, some of these residents, with little baskets of provisions in hand, were gone beyond recall. I suspect that the commander of the "rolling reconnoissance" and the said residents formed part of the famous night conference of Lee and Jackson, where cracker-boxes served as seats and tables. General Lee says: "It was therefore resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Jackson with his three divisions."

Jackson's movement, with a stronger indication of battle, began at sunrise, Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill, in the order named, following the old road by the Catherine Furnace, there shoving off farther south to get beyond the sight of our men; then sweeping around by a private road, well known to them, up to the Orange Plank road; and thence on, perhaps a mile farther, through the wild forest till the old turnpike was found and crossed. The Catherine Furnace, nearly opposite Sickles's right and two and a half miles distant, gave an open reach and fully exposed the moving column to view. Except at that point the Confederates were covered by woods and by Stuart's busy and noisy cavalry.



THE WILDERNESS CHURCH. FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH. SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.



**THE WILDERNESS CHURCH. FROM A WAR-TIME
PHOTOGRAPH. SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.**



THE CONFEDERATES CARRYING HOWARD'S BREASTWORKS.

About sunrise at Dowdall's I heard cheering. It was a hearty sound, with too much bass in it for that of the enemy's charge. It was occasioned by General Hooker, with Colonel Comstock and a few staff-officers, riding along slowly and inspecting the lines. General Sickles says of this: "It is impossible to pass over without mention the irrepressible enthusiasm of the troops for Major-General Hooker, which was evinced in hearty and prolonged cheers as he rode along the lines of the Third, Eleventh, and Twelfth corps."

I was ready, mounted, and with my officers joined the ever-increasing cavalcade. Hooker observed the troops in position; Barlow, who filled the cross-trenches an hour later, had not yet come out of the front line, so that my reserves just at that time were small. Hooker noticed the breastworks, unusually well built by Schurz and Devens. He passed to the extreme right, and then returned by the shortest route. As he looked over the barricades, while receiving the salutes and cheers of the men, he said to me, "How strong! How strong!"

I still had much extension, so that there were gaps along Schurz's and Devens's fronts. Colonel Comstock spoke to me in his quiet way: "General, do close in those spaces!"

I said, "The woods are thick and entangled; will anybody come through there?"

"Oh, they may!"

His suggestion was heeded. During the forenoon General Sickles discovered Jackson's moving column. It was passing toward Orange Court House, so everybody said. Sickles forwarded all reports to General Hooker, who now returned to Chancellorsville. He tried to divine Jackson's purpose.

About midday Sickles received General Hooker's orders to advance south cautiously. Soon after, perhaps by 2 P. M., there was a stronger apprehension



THE CONFEDERATES CARRYING HOWARD'S BREASTWORKS.

of a conflict, for there was a sharp skirmish in the direction of Catherine Furnace. The rattle of musketry followed; then in a little time was heard the booming of cannon. I sent the news to every division and said, "Be ready."† Slocum went forward to the aid of Sickles, and Hancock was behind him with support. Next, the enemy was reported to be in full retreat. General Hooker so telegraphed to Sedgwick; Captain Moore, of his staff, who had gone out with Birney to see the attack upon Jackson, came hurriedly to me with an order from General Hooker for my reserve brigade, Barlow's. Major Howard rode rapidly to Sickles, that he might point out exactly where to locate the brigade. The major was also to ascertain the nearest route, so as to save time and not weary the men by a circuitous march.

It was already past 4. There was much excitement among the groups of officers at the different points of observation. We who were at Dowdall's had been watching the enemy's cavalry, which kept pushing through the woods just far enough to receive a fire, and then withdrawing. Devens and his brigade and regimental commanders gathered, in various ways, all the information possible, while from a high point they obtained glimpses of a moving column crossing the Plank road and apparently making off. I sent out scouts, who returned with reports that the enemy was not more than three or four miles off, and in motion. Schurz was anxious and, with my approval, moved a part of his reserves to the north of Hawkins's farm into good position to cover Devens's flank. Devens held at least two regiments well in hand, for the same purpose, and Steinwehr's whole division I knew could just face about and defend the same point. A few companies of cavalry came from Pleasonton. I sent them out. "Go out beyond my right; go far, and let me know if an assault is coming." All my staff, Asmussen, Meysenberg, Whittlesey, C. H. Howard, Schofield, Dessauer, Stinson, Schirmer, and Hoffmann, were keenly on the alert. We had not a very good position, it is true, but we did expect to make a good strong fight should the enemy come.

General Hooker's circular order to "Slocum and Howard" neither reached me, nor, to my knowledge, Colonel Meysenberg, my adjutant-general.‡ From some confused notion it was issued to "Slocum and Howard," when Slocum was no longer within two miles of me, and had not been in command of my corps after Hooker's arrival at Chancellorsville. Slocum, naturally supposing that I had a copy, would not think of forwarding a joint order to me after that, and certainly no such order came to me. But Generals Devens, Schurz, and Steinwehr, my division commanders, and myself did precisely what we should have done had that order come. The three reserve batteries were put in position, and the infantry reserves were held well in hand for the possible emergency. My aide had now returned from Sickles, near the Furnace,

† Devens states in his official report that at intervals between 11 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. he reported to corps headquarters that the enemy in force was threatening his front and his right flank.—EDITORS.

‡ See pp. 219 and 220. The original dispatch is not on file in the War Records Office, but a copy of it exists in Hooker's "Letters Sent" book and

in one of the two "Letters Received" books of Howard's headquarters. The entry in Howard's book appears to have been made in the latter part of June. In Hooker's book a notation in red ink reads, "Copy furnished General Howard"; and the inference is that it was this "copy" that was entered in Howard's book in June.—EDITORS.

and reported in substance that he (Sickles) was glad to receive the help; that he was about to make a grand attack, having been for some time driving the enemy, and expected soon a brilliant result; that he desired to place my reënforcement upon his right flank in the forward movement.

Such was the state of things when, through Captain Moore, General Hooker directed to Sickles's attack, at the Furnace, all of my general infantry reserves, consisting of Barlow's staunch brigade. Steinwehr and I, with Major Howard as guide, went far enough southward to see what was to be done with our men, and to see if Steinwehr's division, as was probable, must swing in to the left in support of Sickles's promised attack. There was no real battle there, so we returned rapidly to our post at the tavern and dismounted.

Meanwhile the Confederate General Rodes had been reaching his place in the Wilderness. At 4 P. M. his men were in position; the line of battle of his own brigade touched the pike west of us with its right and stretched away to the north; beyond his brigade came Iverson's in the same line. On the right of the pike was Doles's brigade, and to his right Colquitt's. One hundred yards to the rear was Trimble's division (Colston commanding), with Ramseur on the right following Colquitt. After another interval followed the division of A. P. Hill. The advance Confederate division had more men in it than there were in the Eleventh Corps, now in position. Counting the ranks of this formidable column, beginning with the enveloping skirmish line, we find 7, besides the 3 ranks of file-closers. Many of them were brought into a solid mass by the entanglements of the forest, and gave our men the idea that battalions were formed in close columns doubled on the center. With as little noise as possible, a little after 5 P. M., the steady advance of the enemy began. Its first lively effects, like a cloud of dust driven before a coming shower, appeared in the startled rabbits, squirrels, quail, and other game flying wildly hither and thither in evident terror, and escaping, where possible, into adjacent clearings.

The foremost men of Doles's brigade took about half an hour to strike our advance picket on the pike. This picket, of course, created no delay. Fifteen minutes later he reached our skirmishers, who seem to have resisted effectively for a few minutes, for it required a main line to dislodge them. Doles says, concerning the next check he received, "After a resistance of about ten minutes we drove him [Devens] from his position on the left and carried his battery of two guns, caissons, and horses."



MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This was the fire that Steinwehr and I heard shortly after our return from Barlow. Somebody's guns thundered away for a few short minutes, and then came the fitful rattle of musketry; and before I could again get into the saddle there arose the ceaseless roar of the terrible storm.

I sent out my chief-of-staff, Colonel Asmussen, who was the first officer to mount,—“The firing is in front of Devens, go and see if all is in order on the extreme right.” He instantly turned and galloped away. I mounted and set off for a prominent place in rear of Schurz's line, so as to change front to the north-west of every brigade south-east of the point of attack, if the attack should extend beyond Devens's right flank; for it was divined at once that the enemy was now west of him. I could see numbers of our men—not the few stragglers that always fly like chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them—rushing into the opening, some with arms and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Devens's reserves, and before General Schurz's waiting masses could deploy or charge. The noise and the smoke filled the air with excitement, and to add to it Dieckmann's guns and caissons, with battery men scattered, rolled and tumbled like runaway wagons and carts in a thronged city. The guns and the masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens before McLean's front had given way; and, more quickly than it could be told, with all the fury of the wildest hail-storm, everything, every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men, I had to give way and be broken into fragments.

My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprang—he rose high on his hind legs and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aide-de-camp, Des-sauer, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as helpless as any of the men who were speeding without arms to the rear. But faithful orderlies helped me to remount. Schurz was still doing all he could to face regiments about and send them to Devens's northern flank to help the few who still held firm. Devens, already badly wounded, and several officers were doing similar work. I rode quickly to the reserve batteries. A staff-officer of General Hooker, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Dickinson, Assistant Adjutant-General, joined me there; my own staff gathered around me. I was eager to fill the trenches that Barlow would have held. Buschbeck's second line was ordered to change front there. His men kept their ranks, but at first they appeared slow. Would they never get there!

Dickinson said, “Oh, General, see those men coming from that hill way off to the right, and there's the enemy after them. Fire, oh, fire at them; you may stop the flight!”

“No, Colonel,” I said, “I will never fire on my own men!”

Colonel von Gilsa's report of the crisis is as follows:

“ . . . A patrol of the 45th New York regiment reported masses of the enemy in an open field opposite my line. I reported this fact at once to the division commander, and at the same moment my skirmishers were driven in by overwhelming forces of the enemy. The whole line at once became engaged furiously, and my brigade stood bravely, fired three times, and stood still until after they had outflanked me on my right.

“The enemy attacked now from the front and rear, and then of course my brave boys were obliged to fall back, the 54th New York and the right wing of the 153d Pennsylvania forcing their way back through the enemy's skirmishers in their rear. . . . Retreating I expected surely to rally my brigade behind our second line, formed by the Third Division, but I did not find the second line; it was abandoned before we reached it.”

Von Gilsa's brigade lost 133 killed and wounded out of an effective of 1400 men.—EDITORS.



1. UNION BREASTWORKS IN THE WOODS BETWEEN DOWDALL'S TAVERN AND CHANCELLORSVILLE.

2. RELICS OF THE DEAD IN THE WOODS NEAR THE PLANK ROAD.

3. THE PLANK ROAD NEAR WHERE JACKSON FELL.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1864.

As soon as our men were near enough the batteries opened, firing at first shells and then canister over their heads. As the attacking force emerged from the forest and rushed on, the men in front would halt and fire, and, while these were reloading, another set would run before them, halt and fire, in no regular line, but in such multitudes that our men went down before them like trees in a hurricane.

By extraordinary effort we had filled all our long line of cross-intrenchments, mainly with fragments of organizations and individual soldiers. Many officers running away stopped there and did what they could, but others shouted, "We've done all we can," and ran on. \ Schirmer managed



the reserve artillery fairly. Dilger, the battery commander on Schurz's left, rolled the balls along the Plank road and shelled the wood.

General Steinwehr was on hand, cool, collected, and judicious. Like Blair at Atlanta, he had made his men (who were south of Dowdall's) spring to the reverse side of their intrenchments and be ready to fire the instant it was possible.

Let us pause here a moment and follow Doles, who led the enemy's attack. He states that, after his first success-



\ General Schurz states in his report that the masses which were rallied here were reorganized and led forward two or three times, but were dispersed by the enemy's flank fire.—EDITORS.

ful charge, "the command moved forward at the double-quick to assault the enemy, who had taken up a strong position on the crest of a hill in the open field." This position was the one on Hawkins's farm where Devens's and Schurz's reserves began their fight. But wave after wave of Confederate infantry came upon them, and even their left flank was unprotected the instant the runaways had passed it. To our sorrow, we, who had eagerly observed their bravery, saw these reserves also give way, and the hill and crest on Hawkins's farm were quickly in the hands of the men in gray. ☆

Doles, who must have been a cool man to see so clearly amid the screeching shells and all the hot excitement of battle, says again: "He" (meaning our forces from Schimmelfennig's and Buschbeck's brigades, and perhaps part of McLean's, who had faced about and had not yet given way) "made a stubborn resistance from behind a wattling fence on a hill covered thickly with pines."

Among the stubborn fighters at this place was Major Jeremiah Williams. The enemy was drawing near him. His men fired with coolness and deliberation. His right rested among scrubby bushes and saplings, while his left was in comparatively open ground. The fire of the approaching enemy was murderous, and almost whole platoons of our men were falling; yet they held their ground. Williams waited, rapidly firing, till not more than thirty paces intervened, and then ordered the retreat. Out of 333 men and 16 commissioned officers in the regiment (the 25th Ohio), 130, including 5 officers, were killed or wounded. Major Williams brought a part of the living to the breastworks near me; the remainder, he says, were carried off to the rear by another regimental commander.

During the delays we had thus far caused to the first division of our enemy, all his rear lines had closed up, and the broad mass began to appear even below me on my left front to the south of Steinwehr's knoll. Then it was, after we had been fighting an hour, that Sickles's and Pleasanton's guns began to be heard, for they had faced about at Hazel Grove obliquely toward the north-west, and were hurrying artillery, cavalry, and infantry into position to do what they could against the attack now reaching them.

I had come to my last practicable stand. The Confederates were slowly advancing, firing as they came. The twelve guns of Schirmer, the corps chief of artillery, increased by a part of Dilger's battery, fired, at first with rapidity; but the battery men kept falling from death and wounds. Suddenly, as if by an order, when a sheet of the enemy's fire reached them, a large number of the men in the supporting trenches vacated their positions and went off.

No officers ever made more strenuous exertions than those that my staff and myself put forth to stem the tide of retreat and refill those trenches,

☆ In justice to the men of Devens's division who first resisted Doles it should be stated that the official report of the latter shows that his column was engaged at the outset by Union skirmishers, and "subjected to a heavy musketry fire, with grape, canister, and shell."—EDITORS.

but the panic was too great. Then our artillery fire became weaker and weaker.

I next ordered a retreat to the edge of the forest toward Chancellorsville, so as to uncover Steinwehr's knoll, the only spot yet firmly held. The batteries, except four pieces, were drawn off and hurried to the rear. The stand at the edge of the forest was necessarily a short one.

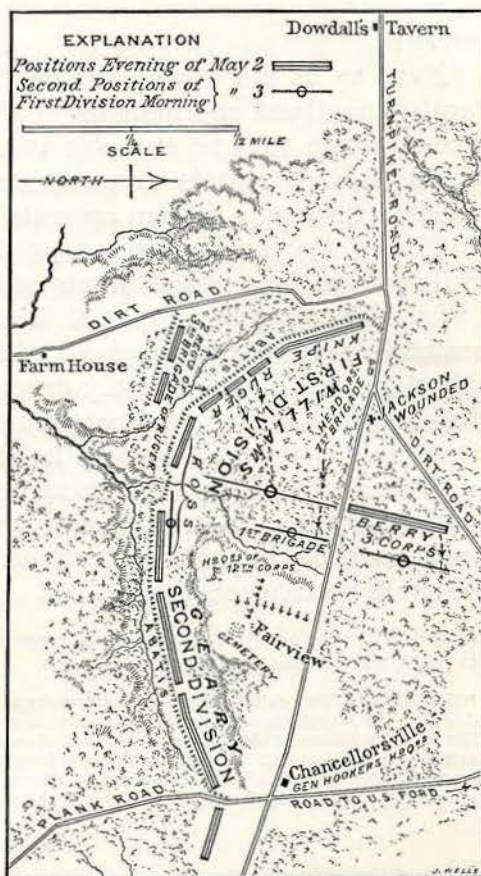
General Steinwehr, being now exposed from flank and rear, having held his place for over an hour, drew off his small remnants and all moved rapidly through openings and woods, through low ground and swamps, the two miles to the first high land south of Hooker's headquarters.

Captain Hubert Dilger with his battery sturdily kept along the Plank road, firing constantly as he retired. The Confederate masses rushed after us in the forest and along all paths and roads with triumphant shouts and redoubled firing, and so secured much plunder and many prisoners.

It was after sundown and growing dark when I met General Hiram G. Berry, commanding a division of the Third Corps, as I was ascending the high ground above named. "Well, General, where now?" he asked. "You take the right of this road and I will take the left and try to defend it," I replied.

Our batteries, with many others, were on the crest facing to the rear, and as soon as Steinwehr's troops had cleared the way these guns began a terrible cannonade and continued it into the night. They fired into the forest, now full of Confederates, all disorganized by their exciting chase, and every effort of the enemy to advance in that direction in the face of the fire was effectually barred by the artillery and supporting troops.

Stonewall Jackson fell that evening from bullet-wounds, in the forest in front of Berry's position. And here, on the forenoon of the next day, May 3d, the gallant General Berry met his death. It was here, too, that officers of the Eleventh Corps, though mortified by defeat, successfully rallied the scattered brigades and divisions, and, after shielding the batteries, went during the night to replace the men of the Fifth Corps and thereafter defend the left of the general line.



POSITIONS OF THE 12TH CORPS AND PART OF THE 3D CORPS, COVERING THE CHANCELLORSVILLE PLATEAU, MAY 2 AND 3.

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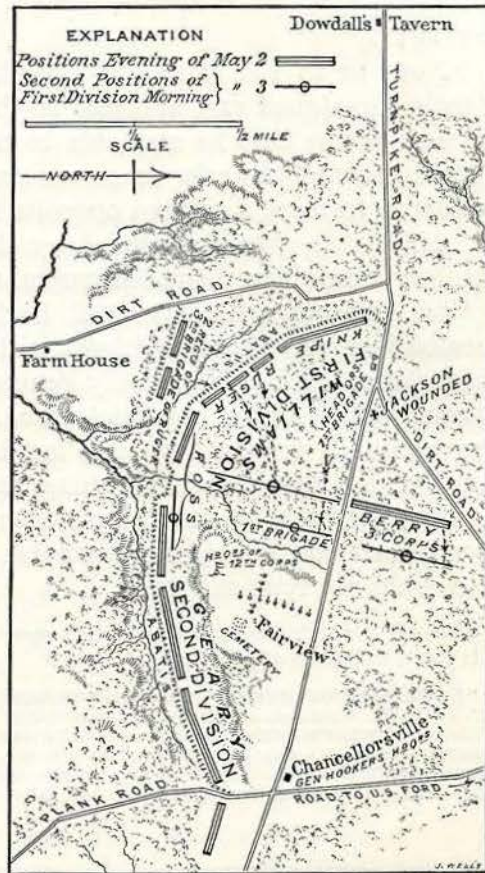
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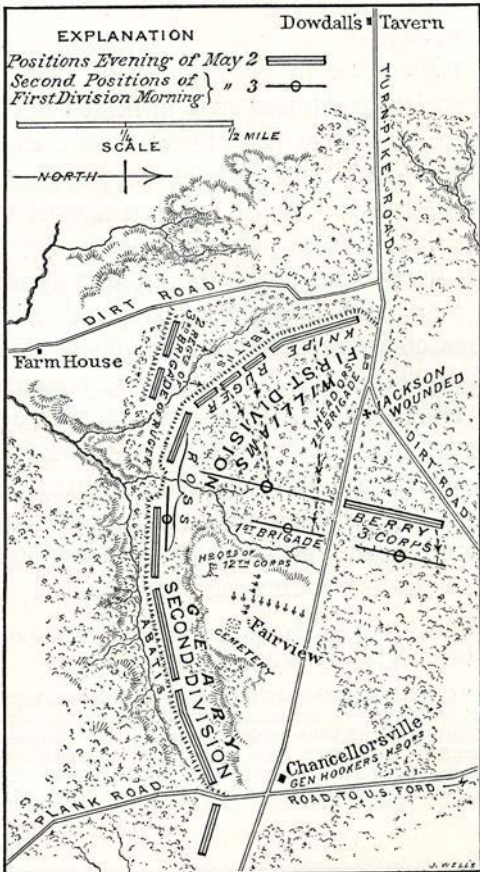
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POSITIONS OF THE 12TH CORPS AND PART OF THE 3D CORPS, COVERING THE CHANCELLORSVILLE PLATEAU, MAY 2 AND 3.



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company of cavalry was sent me for the making further examination of the woods, station, though not thoroughly made, was to show that the enemy's cavalry were in the front of my First Brigade, accompanied by pieces of horse artillery. I directed the commanding the cavalry to return and report quarters."

note on p. 198.—EDITORS.



Twenty-three years ago, in my report to General Hooker, I wrote the following:

"Now, as to the causes of this disaster to my corps: 1st. Though constantly threatened and apprised of the moving of the enemy, yet the woods were so dense that he was able to mass a large force, whose exact whereabouts † neither patrols, reconnoissances, nor scouts ascertained. He succeeded in forming a column opposite to and outflanking my right.

"2d. By the panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire, regiments and artillery were thrown suddenly upon those in position.

"3d. The absence of General Barlow's brigade, which I had previously located in reserve and *en échelon* with Colonel von Gilsa's, so as to cover his right flank. This was the only general reserve I had."

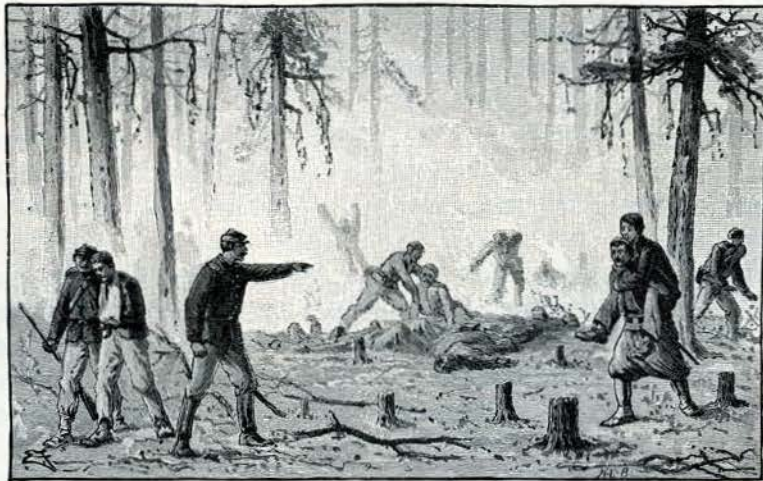
Stonewall Jackson was victorious. Even his enemies praise him; but, providentially for us, it was the last battle that he waged against the American Union. For, in bold planning, in energy of execution, which he had the power to diffuse, in indefatigable activity and moral ascendancy, Jackson stood head and shoulders above his confrères, and after his death General Lee could not replace him.

† General Devens's report is very explicit upon this point, and states as follows:

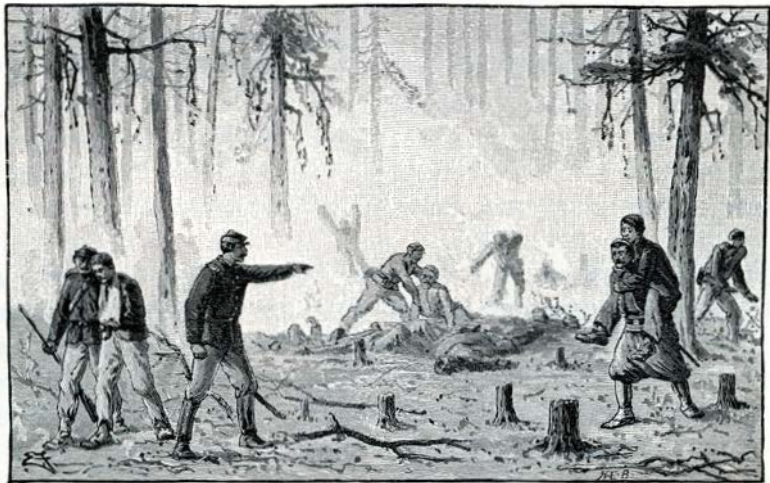
"Colonel von Gilsa's skirmishers were, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, attacked by the skirmishers of the enemy with the evident intention of feeling our position. After this Colonel von Gilsa's skirmishers were pushed farther to the front, and the major-general commanding the corps again rode down the line. After

his return a company of cavalry was sent me for the purpose of making further examination of the woods, which examination, though not thoroughly made, was still sufficient to show that the enemy's cavalry were deployed along the front of my First Brigade, accompanied by some pieces of horse artillery. I directed the captain commanding the cavalry to return and report at corps headquarters."

See also note on p. 198.—EDITORS.



RESCUING THE WOUNDED ON SUNDAY, MAY 2D, FROM THE BURNING WOODS.
FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.



RESCUING THE WOUNDED ON SUNDAY, MAY 2D, FROM THE BURNING WOODS.
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