FOUR YEARS OF FIGHTING.

INTRODUCTORY.

BEGINNING OF THE CONFLICT.

After four years of war our country rests in peace. The Great Rebellion has been subdued, and the power and authority of the United States government are recognized in all the States. It has been a conflict of ideas and principles. Millions of men have been in arms. Great battles have been fought. There have been deeds of sublimest heroism and exhibitions of Christian patriotism which shall stir the hearts of those who are to live in the coming ages. Men who at the beginning of the struggle were scarcely known beyond their village homes are numbered now among

> "the immortal names
> That were not born to die";

while the names of others who once occupied places of honor and trust, who forswore their allegiance to their country and gave themselves to do wickedly, shall be held forever in abhorrence.

It has been my privilege to accompany the armies of the Union through this mighty struggle. I was an eye-witness of the first battle at Bull Run, of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Fort Sumter, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Hanover Court-House, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, and Five Forks. I was in Savannah soon after its occupation by Sherman on his great march to the sea, and watched his movement "northward with the sun." I walked the streets of Charleston in the hour of her deepest humiliation, and rode into Richmond on the day that the stars

of the Union were thrown in triumph to the breeze above the Confederate Capitol.

It seems a dream, and yet when I turn to the numerous note-books lying before me, and read the pencilings made on the march, the battle-field, in the hospital, and by the flickering camp-fires, it is no longer a fancy or a picture of the imagination, but a reality. The scenes return. I behold once more the moving columns, — their waving banners, — the sunlight gleaming from gun-barrel and bayonet, — the musket's flash and cannon's flame. I hear the drum-beat and the wild hurrah! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Burnside, Howard, Hancock, and Logan are leading them; while Sedgwick, Wadsworth, McPherson, Mansfield, Richardson, Rice, Baker, Wallace, Shaw, Lowell, Winthrop, Putnam, and thousands of patriots, are laying down their lives for their country. Abraham Lincoln walks the streets of Richmond, and is hailed as the Great Deliverer, — the ally of the Messiah!

It will be my aim in this volume to reproduce some of those scenes, — to give truthful narratives of events, descriptions of battles, incidents of life in camp, in the hospital, on the march, in the hour of battle on land and sea, — writing nothing in malice, not even towards those who have fought against the Union. I shall endeavor to give the truth of history rather than the romance; facts instead of philosophy; to make real the scenes of the mighty struggle through which we have passed.

On the 11th of June, 1861, I left Boston to become an Army Correspondent. The patriotism of the North was at flood-tide. Her drum-beat was heard in every village. Men were leaving their own affairs to serve their country. The stars and stripes waved from house-top and steeple. New York was a sea of banners. Ladies wore Union rosettes in their hair, while gentlemen's neck-ties were of "red, white, and blue." That family was poor indeed who could neither by cloth or colored tissue-paper manifest its love for the Union. The music of the streets — vocal and instrumental — was "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." Everywhere, — in city and town and village, in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, — there was the same spirit manifested by old and young, of both

sexes, to put down the Rebellion, cost what it might of blood and treasure.

Baltimore presented a striking contrast to the other great cities. It was dull and gloomy. The stars and stripes waved over the Eutaw House, from the American newspaper office, where the brothers Fulton maintained unswerving loyalty. A few other residents had thrown the flag to the breeze, but Secession was powerful, and darkly plotted treason. There was frequent communication with the Rebels, who were mustering at Manassas. Business was at a stand still. The pulses of trade had stopped. Merchants waited in vain for customers through the long summer day. Females, calling themselves ladies, daintily gathered up their skirts whenever they passed an officer or soldier wearing the army blue in the streets, and manifested in other ways their utmost contempt for all who supported the Union.

General Butler, who had subdued the rampant Secessionists by his vigorous measures, had been ordered to Fortress Monroe, and General Banks had just assumed command. His head-quarters were in Fort McHenry. A regiment of raw Pennsylvanians was encamped on the hill, by the roadside leading to the fort. Officers and soldiers alike were ignorant of military tactics. Three weeks previous they were following the plough, or digging in the coal-mines, or smelting iron. It was amusing to watch their attempts at evolution. They were drilling by squads and companies. "Right face," shouted an officer to his squad. A few executed the order correctly, some faced to the left, while others faced first right, then left, and general confusion ensued.

So, too, were the officers ignorant of proper military phrases. At one time a captain, whose last command had been a pair of draft-horses on his Pennsylvania farm, on coming to a pit in the road, electrified his company by the stentorian order to "Gee round that hole."

It was a beautiful evening, and the moon was shining brightly, when I called upon General Banks. Outside the fort were the field batteries belonging to the Baltimore Artillery which had been delivered up to Governor Hicks in April. The Secessionists raved over the transaction at the time, and in their rage

cursed the Governor who turned them over to the United States authorities. Soldiers were building abattis, and training guns — sixty-four pounders — to bear upon the city, for even then there were signs of an upheaval of the Secession elements, and General Banks deemed it best to be prepared for whatever might happen. But the Rebels on that day were moving from Harper's Ferry, having destroyed all the property of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company in the vicinity.

Passing on to Washington I found it in a hubbub. Troops were pouring in, raw, undisciplined, yet of material to make the best soldiers in the world, — poets, painters, artists, artisans, mechanics, printers, men of letters, bankers, merchants, and ministers were in the ranks. There was a constant rumble of artillery in the streets, — the jarring of baggage-wagons, and the tramping of men. Soldiers were quartered in the Capitol. They spread their blankets in the corridors, and made themselves at home in the halls. Hostilities had commenced. Ellsworth had just been carried to his last resting-place. The bodies of Winthrop and Greble were then being borne to burial, wrapped in the flag of their country.

Colonel Stone, with a number of regiments, was marching out from Washington to picket the Potomac from Washington to Point of Rocks. General Patterson was on the upper Potomac, General McClellan and General Rosecrans, with Virginia and Ohio troops, were driving the Rebels from Rich Mountain, while General McDowell was preparing to move upon Manassas.

These were all new names to the public. Patterson had served in the Mexican war, but the people had forgotten it. McClellan was known only as an engineer, who had made a report concerning the proposed railroad to the Pacific, and had visited Russia during the Crimean war. General Wool was in New York, old and feeble, too far advanced in life to take the field. The people were looking up to General Scott as the Hercules of the hour. Some one had called him the "Great Captain of the Age." He was of gigantic stature, and had fought gallantly on the Canadian frontier in 1812, and with his well-appointed army had marched in triumph into the City of Mexico. The events of the last war with England, and

that with Mexico, in which General Scott was always the central figure, had been rehearsed by the stump-orators of a great political party during an exciting campaign. His likeness was familiar to every American. It was to be found in parlors, saloons, beer-shops, and in all public places, — representing him as a hero in gold-embroidered coat, epaulets, chapeau, and nodding plume. His was the genius to direct the gathering hosts. So the people believed. He was a Virginian, but loyal. The newspapers lauded him.

"General Scott is watching the Rebels with sleepless vigilance," was the not unfrequent telegraphic despatch sent from Washington.

But he was seventy-five years of age. His powers were failing. His old wound troubled him at times. He could walk only with difficulty, and it tired him to ride the few rods between his house and the War Department. He was slow and sluggish in all his thoughts and actions. Yet the people had confidence in him, and he in himself.

The newspapers were filled with absurd rumors and statements concerning the movements and intentions of the Rebels. It was said that Beauregard had sixty thousand men at Manassas. A New York paper, having a large circulation, pictured Manassas as an impregnable position; a plain commanded by heavy guns upon the surrounding hills! It is indeed a plain, but the "commanding" hills are wanting. Rumor reported that General Joseph E. Johnston, who was in the Shenandoah valley, destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and burning the bridges across the Potomac, had thirty thousand men; but we now know that his whole force consisted of nine regiments, two battalions of infantry, three hundred cavalry, and sixteen pieces of artillery.

It was for the interest of the Rebels to magnify their numbers and resources. These exaggerations had their effect at the War Department in Washington. General Butler proposed the early occupation of Manassas, to cut off communication by rail between Richmond and upper Virginia, but his proposition was rejected by General Scott. The troops in and around Washington were only partially organized into brigades. There was not much system. Everybody was full of zeal and energy,

and there was manifest impatience among the soldiers at the inactivity of the commander-in-chief.

The same was true of the Rebels. They were mustering at Manassas. Regiments and battalions were pouring through Richmond. Southern women welcomed them with sweetest smiles, presented them with fairest flowers, and urged them on to drive the "usurper" from Washington. Southern newspapers, from the commencement, had been urging the capture of the Federal capital. Said the Richmond *Examiner*, of April 23d: —

"The capture of Washington is perfectly within the power of Virginia and Maryland, if Virginia will only make the effort by her constituted authorities. Nor is there a single moment to lose. The entire population pant for the onset. . . . .

"From the mountain-tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City, at all and every human hazard. That filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire. . . . . It is not to be endured that this flight of abolition harpies shall come down from the black North for their roosts in the heart of the South, to defile and brutalize the land. . . . . Our people can take it, — they *will* take it, — and Scott the arch-traitor, and Lincoln the beast, combined, cannot prevent it. The just indignation of an outraged and deeply injured people will teach the Illinois Ape to repeat his race and retrace his journey across the borders of the free negro States still more rapidly than he came; and Scott the traitor will be given the opportunity at the same time to try the difference between Scott's tactics and the Shanghae drill for quick movements.

"Great cleansing and purification are needed and will be given to that festering sink of iniquity, — that wallow of Lincoln and Scott, — the desecrated city of Washington; and many indeed will be the carcasses of dogs and caitiffs that will blacken the air upon the gallows before the work is accomplished. So let it be."

General Beauregard was the most prominent of the Rebel commanders, having been brought before the public by the surrender of Fort Sumter. Next in prominence were the two Johnstons, Joseph E. and Albert Sydney, and General Bragg. Stonewall Jackson had not been heard from. Lee had just gone over to the Rebels. He had remained with General Scott, — his confidant and chief adviser, — till the 19th of April, and

was made commander of the Rebel forces in Virginia on the 22d. The Convention of Virginia, then in session at Richmond, passed the ordinance of secession on the 17th, — to be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection five weeks later. Lee had therefore committed an act of treason without the paltry justification of the plea that he was following the lead of his State.

Such was the general aspect of affairs when, in June, I received permission from the War Department to become an army correspondent.

CHAPTER I.

AROUND WASHINGTON.

In March, 1861, there was no town in Virginia more thriving than Alexandria; in June there was no place so desolate and gloomy. I visited it on the 17th. Grass was growing in the streets. Grains of corn had sprouted on the wharves, and were throwing up luxuriant stalks. The wholesale stores were all closed; the dwelling-houses were shut. Few of the inhabitants were to be seen. The stars and stripes waved over the Marshall House, the place where Ellsworth fell. A mile out from the city, on a beautiful plain, was the camp of the Massachusetts Fifth, in which were two companies from Charlestown. When at home they were accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Although now in the enemy's country, they could not forget the day. They sat down to an ample collation. Eloquent speeches were made, and an ode was sung, written by one of their number.

"Though many miles away
From home and friends to-day,
We 're cheerful still;
For, brothers, side by side
We stand in manly pride,
Beneath the shadow wide
Of Bunker Hill."

Boom — boom — boom was the quick report of far-distant cannon. What could it be? A reconnoitring party of Ohio troops had gone up the Loudon railroad. Had anything happened to them? There were eager inquiries. The men fall into line, prepared for any emergency. A few hours later the train returned, bringing back the mangled bodies of those who fell in the ambuscade at Vienna.

I talked with the wounded. They were moving slowly up the road, — a regiment on platform cars, pushed by the engine.

Before reaching Vienna an old man stepped out from the bushes making signs and gestures for them to stop.

"Don't go. The Rebels are at Vienna."

"Only guerillas, I reckon," said one of the officers.

General Schenck, who was in command, waved his hand to the engineer, and the train moved on. Suddenly there were quick discharges of artillery, a rattling fire of small arms, and unearthly yells from front and flank, within an hundred yards. The unsuspecting soldiers were riddled with solid shot, canister, and rifle-balls. Some tumbled headlong, never to rise again. Those who were uninjured leaped from the cars. There was great confusion.

"Lie down!" cried some of the officers.

"Fall in!" shouted others.

Each did, for the moment, what seemed best. Some of the soldiers fired at random, in the direction of the unseen enemy. Some crouched behind the cars; others gained the shelter of the woods, where a line was formed.

"Why don't you fall into line?" was the sharp command of an officer to a soldier standing beside a tree.

"I would, sir, if I could," was the reply, and the soldier exhibited his arm, torn by a cannon shot.

They gathered up the wounded, carried them to the rear in blankets, began their homeward march, while the Rebels, eleven hundred strong, up to this moment sheltered behind a woodpile, rushed out, destroyed the cars, and retreated to Fairfax.

When the news reached Alexandria, a portion of the troops there were hastily sent forward; they had a weary march. Morning brought no breakfast, noon no dinner. A Secessionist had fled from his home, leaving his flocks and herds behind. The Connecticut boys appropriated one of the cows. They had no camp utensils, and were forced to broil their steaks upon the coals. It was my first dinner in the field. Salt was lacking, but hunger gave the meat an excellent seasoning. For table and furniture we had the head of a barrel, a jack-knife, and a chop-stick cut from a hazel-bush.

Congress assembled on the 4th of July, and the members availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the troops. Val-

landigham of Ohio, who by word and act had manifested his sympathy for the Rebels, visited the Second Ohio, commanded by Colonel McCook, afterwards Major-General. I witnessed the reception given him by the boys of the Buckeye State. The officers treated him courteously, but not cordially. Not so the men.

"There is that d—d traitor in camp," said one, with flashing eyes.

"He is no better than a Rebel," said another.

"He helped slaughter our boys at Vienna the other day," said a third.

"Let us hustle him out of camp," remarked a fourth.

"Don't do anything rash. Let us inform him that his presence is not desired," said one.

A committee was chosen to wait upon Vallandigham. They performed their duty respectfully. He heard them, and became red in the face.

"Do you think that I am to be intimidated by a pack of blackguards from northern Ohio?" he said. "I shall come to this camp as often as I please, — every day if I choose, — and I give you notice that I will have you taken care of. I shall report your insolence. I will see if a pass from General Scott is not to be respected."

Turning to the officers, he began to inquire the names of the soldiers. The news that Vallandigham was there had spread throughout the camp, and a crowd was gathering. The soldiers were sore over the slaughter at Vienna, and began to manifest their hatred and contempt by groans and hisses.

"If you expect to frighten me, you have mistaken your man. I am ashamed of you. I am sorry for the honor of the State that you have seen fit to insult me," he said.

"Who has the most reason to be ashamed, you of us, or we of you?" said one of the soldiers. "We are here fighting for our country, which you are trying to destroy. What is your shame worth? You fired at us the other day. You helped kill our comrades. There is n't a loyal man in the country whose cheek does not redden with shame whenever your name is mentioned," was the indignant reply.

Vallandigham walked into the officers' quarters. The sol-

diers soon had an effigy, labelled "Vallandigham the traitor," hanging by the neck from a tree. They riddled it with bullets, then took it down and rode it on a rail, the fifers playing the "Rogues' March." When Vallandigham left the camp, they gave him a farewell salute of groans and hisses. A few of the soldiers threw onions and old boots at him, but his person was uninjured. He did not repeat his visit. He was so cross-grained by nature, so thorough a traitor, that through the session of Congress and through the war he lost no opportunity to manifest his hatred of the soldiers.

It was past sunset on the 9th of July, when, accompanied by a friend, I left Alexandria for Washington in an open carriage. Nearing the Long Bridge, an officer on horseback, in a red-flannel blouse, dashed down upon us, saying: "I am an officer of the Garibaldi Guard; my regiment has mutinied, and the men are on their way to Washington! I want you to hurry past them, give notice to the guard at the Long Bridge, and have the draw taken up." We promised to do so if possible, and soon came upon the mutineers, who were hastening towards the bridge. They were greatly excited. They were talking loud and boisterously in German. Their guns were loaded. There were seven nations represented in the regiment. Few of them could understand English. We knew that if we could get in advance of them, the two six-pounders looking down the Long Bridge, with grape and canister rammed home, would quell the mutiny. We passed those in the rear, had almost reached the head of the column, when out sprang a dozen in front of us and levelled their guns. Click — click — click went the locks.

"You no goes to Vashington in ze advance!" said one.

"You falls in ze rear!" said another.

"What does this mean?" said my friend, who was an officer.

"Where is your captain?" he asked.

The captain came up.

"What right have your men to stop us, sir? Who gave them authority? We have passes, sir; explain this matter."

The captain, a stout, thick-set German, was evidently com-

pletely taken aback by these questions, but, after a moment's hesitation, replied, —

" No, zur, they no stops you ; it was von mistake, zur. They will do zo no more." Then approaching close to the carriage, he lowered his voice, and in a confidential tone, as if we were his best friends, asked, " Please, zur, vill you be zo kind as to tell me vat is the passvord ? "

" It 's not nine o'clock yet. The sentinels are not posted. You need none."

A tall, big-whiskered soldier had been listening. He could speak English quite well, and, evidently desiring to apologize for the rudeness of his comrades, approached and said, " You see we Garibaldians are having a time of it, and — "

Here the captain gave him a vigorous push, with a " Hush ! " long drawn, which had a great deal of meaning in it.

" I begs your pardons for ze interruption," said the captain, extending his hand and bowing politely.

Once more we moved on, but again the excited leaders, more furious than before, thrust their bayonets in our faces, again saying, " You no goes to Vashington in ze advance." One of them took deliberate aim at my breast, his eyes glaring fiercely.

It would have been the height of madness to disregard their demonstration. They had reached the guard at the Virginia end of the bridge, who, at a loss to know what it meant, allowed them to pass unchallenged.

Now that we were compelled to follow, there was time to think of contingencies. What if our horses had started ? or what if in the darkness a soldier, grieving over his imaginary wrong, and reckless of life, had misunderstood us ? or what if the loyal officers of the regiment remaining at Alexandria had given notice by telegraph of what had happened, and those two cannon at the Washington end of the bridge had poured their iron hail and leaden rain along the causeway ? It was not pleasant to think of these possibilities, but we were in for whatever might happen ; and, remembering that God's providence is always good and never evil, we followed our escort over the bridge. They halted on the avenue, while we rode with all speed to General Mansfield's quarters.

"I'll have every one of the rascals shot!" said the gray-haired veteran commanding the forces in Washington. An hour later the Garibaldians found themselves surrounded by five thousand infantry. They laid down their arms when they saw it was no use to resist, were marched back to Alexandria, and put to the hard drudgery of camp life.

The soldiers had an amusing story to tell of one of their number who went into the lager-beer business, the sale of beer being then allowed. A sutler put a barrel on tap, and soon had a crowd of thirsty customers. But the head of the barrel was exposed in the rear. A soldier spying it, soon had that end on tap, and was doing a thriving business, selling at five cents a glass from his end of the barrel. He had a constant run of custom. When the crowd had satisfied their thirst, one of the soldiers approached the sutler.

"What do you charge for a glass?" he asked.

"Ten cents."

"Ten cents! Why, I can get just as much as I want for five."

"Not in this camp."

"Yes, sir, in this camp."

"Where, I should like to know?"

"Right round here."

The sutler crawled out from his tent to see about it, and stood transfixed with astonishment when he beheld the operation at the other end of his barrel. He was received with a hearty laugh, while the ingenious Yankee who was drawing the lager had the impudence to ask him if he would n't take a drink!

Virginia was pre-eminently the land of a feudal aristocracy, which prided itself on name and blood, — an aristocracy delighting to trace its lineage back to the cavaliers of Old England, and which looked down with haughty contempt upon the man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. The original "gentleman" of Virginia possessed great estates, which were not acquired by thrift and industry, but received as grants through kingly favor. But a thriftless system of agriculture, pursued unvaryingly through two centuries, had greatly re-

duced the patrimony of many sons and daughters of the cavaliers, who looked out of broken windows and rickety dwellings upon exhausted lands, overgrown with small oaks and diminutive pines. Yet they clung with tenacity to their pride.

"The Yankees are nothing but old scrubs," said a little Virginia girl of only ten years to me.

A young lady was brought to General Tyler's head-quarters at Falls Church to answer a charge of having given information to the enemy. Her dress was worn and faded, her shoes were down at the heel and out at the toes. There was nothing left of the estate of her fathers except a mean old house and one aged negro slave. She was reduced to absolute poverty, yet was too proud to work, and was waited upon by the superannuated negro.

"You are accused, madam, of having given information to the enemy," said General Tyler.

The lady bowed haughtily.

"You live in this old house down here?"

"I would have you understand, sir, that my name is Delaney. I did not expect to be insulted!" she exclaimed, indignantly. Words cannot describe her proud bearing. It was a manifestation of her regard for blood, gentility, name, and her hatred of labor. The history of the Rebellion was in that reply.

Virginia was also the land of sirens. A captain in a Connecticut regiment, lured by the sweet voice of a young lady, went outside of the pickets to spend a pleasant hour; but suddenly the Philistines were upon him, and he was a captive. Delilah mocked him as he was led away. Walking along the picket line on the 12th of July, I found a half-dozen Connecticut boys under a fence, keeping close watch of Delilah's mansion.

"There is a girl over there," said one of them, "who enticed our captain up to the house yesterday, when he was captured. Last night she came out and sung a song, and asked a lieutenant to go in and see her piano and take tea; but he smelt a rat, and was shy. To-night there are four of us going to creep up close to the house, and he is going in to see the piano."

The trap was set, but the Rebels did not fall into it.

The pickets brought in a negro, one of the first contrabands who came into the lines of the army of the Potomac. He was middle-aged, tall, black, and wore a checked cotton shirt and slouched hat. His boots were as sorry specimens of old leather as ever were worn by human beings. He came up timidly to head-quarters, guarded by two soldiers. He made a low bow to the General, not only with his head, but with his whole body and the legs, ending *salaam* with a scrape of his left foot, rolling his eyes and grinning from ear to ear.

"What is your name?" asked the General.

"Sam Allston, sah."

"Who do you belong to?"

"I belongs to Massa Allston, sah, from Souf Carolina."

"Where is your master?"

"He be at Fairfax; he belong to Souf Carolina regiment, sah."

"How came you here?"

"Why, ye see, General, massa told me to go out and buy some chickens, and I come right straight down here, sah."

"You did n't expect to buy them here, did you?"

"No, sah; but I thought I would like to see de Yankees."

"I reckon I shall have to send you back, Sam."

This was said not seriously, but to test Sam's sincerity.

"I don't want to go back, sah. Would n't go back no how if I could help it; rather go a thousand miles away up Norf than go down Souf, sah. They knock me about down there. Massa whipped me last week, for talking with de other niggers about de war. O massa, don't send me back again! I 'll do anything for you, massa."

He was the picture of anguish, and stood wringing his hands while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Freedom, with all its imagined blessings, was before him; slavery, with all its certain horrors, behind him.

The General questioned him about the Rebels.

"They say they will whip you Yankees. Dere 's right smart chance of 'em at Fairfax, General Bonham in command. Souf Carolina is kinder mad at you Yankees. But now dey is kinder waiting for you to come, though they be packing up their trunks, as if getting ready to move."

All of his stories corroborated previous intelligence, and his information was of value.

"Well, Sam, I won't send you back," said the General. "You may go where you please about the camp."

"De Lord God Almighty bless you, sah!" was the joyful exclamation. There was no happier man in the world than Sam Allston that night. He had found that which his soul most longed for, — Freedom!

CHAPTER II.

BULL RUN.

At noon, on the 17th of July, the troops under General McDowell took up their line of march toward Fairfax, without baggage, carrying three days' rations in their haversacks. One division, under General Tyler, which had been encamped at Falls Church, marched to Vienna, while the other divisions, moving from Alexandria, advanced upon Fairfax Court-House.

It was a grand pageant, the long column of bayonets and high-waving flags. Union men whose homes were at Fairfax accompanied the march. "It does my eyes good to see the troops in motion at last," said one. "I have been exiled seven weeks. I know nothing about my family, although I have been within a dozen miles of them all the time. I came from the North three years ago. The Secessionists hated me, they threatened to hang me, and I had to leave mighty sudden."

The head of General Tyler's column reached Vienna at sunset. The infantry turned into the fields, while the artillery took positions on the hills. Near the railroad was a large woodpile, behind which the South Carolinians took shelter, when they fired upon the Ohio boys on the cars. It was convenient for bivouac fires, and the men helped themselves willingly. There I received instructions from Captain Alexander, of the engineers, an old campaigner in Mexico, which, during the four years of the war, I have never forgotten.

"Always sleep on the lee side of your bivouac fire," he said. "The fire dries the ground, the heat envelopes you like a blanket; it will keep off fever and ague. Better endure the discomfort of the smoke, better look like a Cincinnati ham, than to feel an ache in every bone in the morning, which you will be likely to feel if you spread your blankets on the wind-

ward side, for then you have little benefit of the heat, but receive the full rush of the air, which chills you on one side, while you are roasting on the other." It was wise counsel, and by heeding it I have saved my bones from many an ache.

It was at this place that a very laughable incident occurred. One of the citizens of Vienna had a bee-house well stocked with hives. A soldier espied them. He seized a hive and ran. Out came the bees, buzzing about his ears. Another soldier, thinking to do better, upset his hive, and seized the comb, dripping with honey. Being also hotly besieged, he dropped it, ran his hands through his hair, slapped his face, swung his arms, and fought manfully. Other soldiers seeing what was going on, and anxious to secure a portion of the coveted sweets, came up, and over went the half-dozen hives. The air was full of enraged insects, which stung men and horses indiscriminately, and which finally put a whole regiment to flight.

The Southern newspapers at this time were "firing the Southern heart," as they phrased it, by picturing the vandalism of the North. Beauregard, on the 5th of June, at Manassas, issued a manifesto addressed "to the people of the counties of Loudon, Fairfax, and Prince William." Thus it read: —

"A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated.

"All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war cry is 'Beauty and Booty.' All that is dear to man, — your honor, and that of your wives and daughters, — your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous conflict."

In contrast to this fulmination of falsehoods, General McDowell had issued an order on the 2d of June, three days previous, directing officers to transmit statements on the following points: —

"*First.* The quantity of land taken possession of for the several field-works, and the kind and value of the crops growing thereon, if any. *Second.* The quantity of land used for the several encampments,

and the kind and value of the growing crops, if any. *Third.* The number, size, and character of the buildings appropriated to public purposes. *Fourth.* The quantity and value of trees cut down. *Fifth.* The kind and extent of fencing destroyed. These statements will, as far as possible, give the value of the property taken, or of the damage sustained, and the name or names of the owners."*

A portion of the troops bivouacked in an oat-field, where the grain was standing in shocks, and some of the artillerymen appropriated the convenient forage.

The owner was complaining bitterly of the devastations. "They have taken my grain, and I want my pay for it," he said to me.

"Are you a Union man?" I asked.

"I was for the Union till Virginia seceded, and of course I had to go with her; but whether I am a Union man or not, the government is bound to respect private property," he replied.

At that moment General Tyler rode past.

"Say, General, ain't you going to pay me for my property which your soldiers destroyed?"

"There is my quartermaster; he will settle it with you."

The man received a voucher for whatever had been taken. The column took up its line of march, passed through a narrow belt of woods, and reached a hill from which Fairfax Court-House was in full view. A Rebel flag was waving over the town. There were two pieces of Rebel artillery in a field, a dozen wagons in park, squads of soldiers in sight, horsemen galloping in all directions. Nearer, in a meadow was a squadron of cavalry on picket. I stood beside Captain (since General) Hawley of Connecticut, commanding the skirmishers.

"Let me take your Sharpe's rifle," said he to a soldier. He rested it on the fence, ran his eye along the barrel, and fired. The nearest Rebel horseman, a half a mile distant, slipped from his horse in an instant, and fell upon the ground. It was the first shot fired by the grand army on the march towards Manassas. The other troopers put spurs to their horses and fled towards Fairfax, where a sudden commotion was visible.

"The Rebels are in force just ahead!" said an officer who had advanced a short distance into the woods.

* McDowell's Order.

"First and second pieces into position," said Captain Varian, commanding a New-York battery. The horses leaped ahead, and in a moment the two pieces were pointing toward Fairfax. The future historian, or the traveller wandering over the battle-fields of the Rebellion, who may be curious to know where the first cannon-shots were fired, will find the locality at Flint Hill, at that time the site of a small school-house. The cannon were on either side of the building.

"Load with shell," was the order, and the cartridges went home in an instant.

Standing behind the pieces and looking directly along the road under the shadow of the overhanging trees, I could see the Rebels in a hollow beyond a farm-house. The shells went screaming towards them, and in an instant they disappeared, running into the woods, casting away blankets, haversacks, and other equipments.

The column moved on. The occupants of the house met us with joyful countenances. The good woman, formerly from New Jersey, brought out a pan of milk, at which we took a long pull.

"I can't take pay; it is pay enough to see your countenances," she said.

Turning from Fairfax road the troops moved toward Germantown, north of Fairfax, — a place of six miserable huts, over one of which the Confederate flag was flying. Bonham's brigade of South Carolinians was there. Ayer's battery galloped into position. A shell was sent among them. They were about leaving, having been ordered to retreat by Beauregard. The shell accelerated their movements. Camp equipage, barrels of flour, clothing, entrenching tools, were left behind, and we made ourselves merry over their running.

Those were the days of romance. War was a pastime, a picnic, an agreeable diversion.

A gray-haired old negro came out from his cabin, rolling his eyes and gazing at the Yankees.

"Have you seen any Rebels this morning?" we asked.

"Gosh a'mighty, massa! Dey was here as thick as bees, ges 'fore you cum; but when dat ar bumshell cum screaming among 'em, dey ran as if de Ole Harry was after 'em."

All of this, the flight of the Rebels, the negro's story, was exhilarating to the troops, who more than ever felt that the march to Richmond was going to be a nice affair.

On the morning of the 18th the head of the column entered Centreville, once a thrifty place, where travellers from the western counties found convenient rest on their journeys to Washington and Alexandria. Its vitality was gone. The houses were old and poor. Although occupying one of the most picturesque situations in the world, it was in the last stages of decay.

A German met us with a welcome. Negro women peeped at us through the chinks of the walls where the clay had fallen out. At a large two-story house, which in former days reflected the glory of the Old Dominion, sat a man far gone with consumption. He had a pitiful story to tell of his losses by the Rebels.

Here we saw the women of Centreville, so accomplished in the practice of snuff-dipping, filling their teeth and gums with snuff, and passing round the cup with one swab for the company!

Richardson's brigade turned towards Blackburn's ford. Suddenly there was a booming of artillery, followed by a sharp skirmish, which Beauregard in his Report calls the first battle of Manassas. This was in distinction from that fought on the 21st, which is generally known as the battle of Bull Run.

It was a reconnoissance on the part of General Tyler to feel the position of the enemy. It might have been conducted more adroitly, without sacrifice. Under cover of skirmishers and artillery, their positions would have been ascertained; no doubt their batteries could have been carried if suitable arrangements had been made. But the long cannonading brought down hosts of reinforcements from Manassas. And when too late, three or four regiments were ordered down to the support of the Union troops.

The First Massachusetts received the hottest of the fire. One soldier in the thickest of the fight was shot; he passed his musket to his comrade, saying, "It is all right, Bill," and immediately expired. The soldier standing next to Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, received two shots in his arm. He handed his

gun to the Colonel, saying, "Here, I can't use it; take it and use it." A great many of the soldiers had their clothes shot through. One had three balls in his coat, but came out unharmed.

As it is not intended that this volume shall be a history of the war, but rather of scenes, incidents, adventure, and anecdote, we must pass briefly in review the first great battle of the war, at Bull Run.

The day was calm and peaceful. Everywhere save upon the heights of Centreville and the plains of Manassas it was a day of rest.

> "I 'll tell you what I heard that day, —
> I heard the great guns far away,
> Boom after boom!"

Long before sunrise the troops of the attacking column rose from their bivouac and moved away towards the west. The sun had but just risen when Benjamin's batteries were thundering at Blackburn's ford, and Tyler was pressing upon the Stone Bridge. It was past eight o'clock before the first light ripple of musketry was heard at Sudley Springs, where Burnside was turning the left flank of the Rebels. Then came the opening of the cannonade and the increasing roar as regiment after regiment fell into line, and moved southward, through the thickets of pine. Sharp and clear above the musketry rose the cheers of the combatants.

"If you whip us, you will lick ninety thousand men. We have Johnston's army with us. Johnston came yesterday, and a lot more from Richmond," said a prisoner, boastfully.

Onward pressed the Union troops, success attending their arms. The battle was going in our favor. It was a little past three o'clock, when, standing by the broken-down stone bridge which the Rebels had destroyed, I had a full view of the action going on near Mrs. Henry's house. The field beyond the Rebel line was full of stragglers.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* thus writes of the aspect of affairs in the Rebel lines at that moment: —

"When I entered the field at two o'clock the fortunes of the day were dark. The regiments so badly injured, or wounded and worn, as they staggered out gave gloomy pictures of the scene. We could not be

routed, perhaps, but it is doubtful whether we were destined to a victory."

"All seemed about to be lost," wrote the correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*. There was a dust-cloud in the west. I saw it rising over the distant woods, approaching nearer each moment. A few moments later the fatal mistake of Major Barry was made.* Griffin and Ricketts could have overwhelmed the newly arrived troops, less than three regiments, with canister. But it was not so to be. One volley from the Rebels, and the tide of affairs was reversed; and the Union army, instead of being victor, was vanquished.

A few moments before the disaster by Mrs. Henry's house, I walked past General Schenck's brigade, which was standing in the road a few rods east of the bridge. A Rebel battery beyond the run was throwing shells, one of which ploughed through the Second Ohio, mangling two soldiers, sprinkling their warm blood upon the greensward.

While drinking at a spring, there was a sudden uproar, a rattling of musketry, and one or two discharges of artillery. Soldiers streamed past, throwing away their guns and equipments. Ayer's battery dashed down the turnpike. A baggage-wagon was hurled into the ditch in a twinkling. A hack from Washington, which had brought out a party of Congressmen, was splintered to kindlings. Drivers cut their horses loose and fled in precipitate haste. Instinct is quick to act. There was no time to deliberate, or to obtain information. A swift pace for a half-mile placed me beyond Cub Run, where, standing on a knoll, I had a good opportunity to survey the sight, painful, yet ludicrous to behold. The soldiers, as they crossed the stream, regained their composure and fell into a walk. But the panic like a wave rolled over Centreville to Fairfax. The teamsters of the immense wagon train threw bags of coffee and corn, barrels of beef and pork, and boxes of bread, upon the ground, and fled in terror towards Alexandria. The fright was soon over. The lines at Centreville were in tolerable order when I left that place at five o'clock.

Experience is an excellent teacher, though the tuition is sometimes expensive. There has been no repetition of the

* See "Days and Nights on the Battle-Field," p. 58.

scenes of that afternoon during the war. The lesson was salutary. The Rebels on several occasions had the same difficulty. At Fair Oaks, Glendale, and Malvern we now know how greatly demoralized they became. No troops are exempt from the liability of a panic. Old players are not secure from stage fright. The coolest surgeon cannot always control his nerves. The soldiers of the Union in the battle of Bull Run were not cowards. They fought resolutely. The contest was sustained from early in the morning till three in the afternoon. The troops had marched from Centreville. The heat had been intense. Their breakfast was eaten at one o'clock in the morning. They were hungry and parched with thirst, yet they pushed the Rebels back from Sudley Springs, past the turnpike to the hill by Mrs. Henry's.

There is abundant evidence that the Rebels considered the day as lost, when Kirby Smith arrived.

Says the writer in the Richmond *Dispatch*, alluded to above: —

"They pressed our left flank for several hours with terrible effect, but our men flinched not till their numbers had been so diminished by the well-aimed and steady volleys that they were compelled to give way for new regiments. The Seventh and Eighth Georgia Regiments are said to have suffered heavily.

"Between two and three o'clock large numbers of men were leaving the field, some of them wounded, others exhausted by the long struggle, who gave us gloomy reports; but as the fire on both sides continued steadily, we felt sure that our brave Southerners had not been conquered by the overwhelming hordes of the North. It is, however, due to truth to say that the result of this hour hung trembling in the balance. We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. Generals Bartow and Bee had been stricken down; Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson of the Hampton Legion had been killed; Colonel Hampton had been wounded.

"Your correspondent heard General Johnson exclaim to General Cocke just at the critical moment, 'O for four regiments!' His wish was answered, for in the distance our reinforcements appeared. The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of General Kirby Smith from Winchester, with four thousand men of General Johnson's division. General Smith heard while on the Manassas Railroad cars the roar of battle. He stopped the train, and hurried his troops across

the field to the point just where he was most needed. They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point of the field being entirely unexpected. The enemy fell back and a panic seized them."

Smith had about seventeen hundred men instead of four thousand, but he came upon the field in such a manner, that some of the Union officers supposed it was a portion of McDowell's troops. Smith was therefore permitted to take a flanking position within close musket-shot of Rickett's and Griffin's batteries unmolested. One volley, and the victory was changed to defeat. Through chance alone it seemed, but really through Providence, the Rebels won the field. The cavalry charge, of which so much was said at the time, was a feeble affair. The panic began the moment that Smith opened upon Ricketts and Griffin. The cavalry did not advance till the army was in full retreat.

It is laughable to read the accounts of the battle published in the Southern papers. The Richmond *Dispatch* has a letter written from Manassas 23d July, which has throughout evidences of candor, and yet this writer says, "We have captured sixty-seven pieces of artillery," while we had only thirty-eight guns on the field. Most necromancers have the ability to produce hens' eggs without number from a mysterious bag, but how they could capture sixty-seven pieces of cannon, when McDowell had but thirty-eight, is indeed remarkable. The same writer asserts that we carried into action the Palmetto State and the Confederate flags.

Here is the story of a wonderful cannon-ball. Says the writer: "A whole regiment of the enemy appeared in sight, going at double-quick down the Centreville road. Major Walton immediately ordered another shot. With the aid of our glass we could see them about two miles off. There was no obstruction, and the whole front of the regiment was exposed. *One half were seen to fall*, and if General Johnston had not at that moment sent an order to cease firing, nearly the whole regiment would have been killed!" The half that did not fall ought to be grateful to Major Walton for not firing a second shot. The writer says in conclusion: "Thus did fifteen thousand men, with eighteen pieces of artillery, drive back inglori-

ously a force exceeding thirty-five thousand, supported by nearly one hundred pieces of cannon. We have captured nine hundred prisoners, sixty-seven pieces of cannon, Armstrong guns and rifled cannon, hundreds of wagons, loads of provisions and ammunition."

One writer asserted that thirty-two thousand pairs of handcuffs were taken, designed for Rebel prisoners! This absurd statement was believed throughout the South. In January, 1862, while in Kentucky, I met a Southern lady who declared that it must be true, for she had seen a pair of the handcuffs!

The war on the part of the North was undertaken to uphold the Constitution and the Union, but the battle of Bull Run set men to thinking. Four days after the battle, in Washington I met one who all his lifetime had been a Democrat, standing stanchly by the South till the attack on Sumter. Said he: "I go for liberating the niggers. We are fighting on a false issue. The negro is at the bottom of the trouble. The South is fighting for the negro, and nothing else. They use him to defeat us, and we shall be compelled to use him to defeat them."

These sentiments were gaining ground. General Butler had retained the negroes who came into his camp, calling them "contraband of war." Men were beginning to discuss the propriety of not only retaining, but of seizing, the slaves of those who were in arms against the government. The Rebels were using them in the construction of fortifications. Why not place them in the category with gunpowder, horses, and cattle? The reply was, "We must respect the Union people of the South." But where were the Union people?

There were some in Western Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri; but very few in Eastern Virginia. At Centreville there was one man in the seedy village who said he was for the Union: he was a German. At a farm-house just out of the village, I found an old New-Yorker, who was for the Union; but the mass of the people, men, women, and children, had fled, — their minds poisoned with tales of the brutality of Northern soldiers. The mass of the people bore toward their few neighbors, who still stood for the Union, a most im-

placable hatred. I recall the woebegone look which overspread the countenance of a good woman at Vienna on Sunday night, when, as she gave me a draught of milk, I made a plain, candid statement of the disaster which had befallen our army. Her husband had been a friend to the Federal army, had given up his house for officers' quarters; had suffered at the hands of the Rebels; had once been obliged to flee, leaving his wife and family of six children, all of tender age, and the prospect was gloomy. He had gone to bed, to forget in sleep, if possible, the crushing blow. It was near midnight, but the wife and mother could not sleep. She was awake to every approaching footstep, heard every sound, knowing that within a stone's throw of the dwelling there were those, in former times fast friends, who now would be among the first to hound her and her little ones from the place; and why? because they loved the Union!

What had produced this bitterness? There could be but one answer, — Slavery. It was clear that, sooner or later, the war would become one of emancipation, — freedom to the slave of every man found in arms against the government, or in any way aiding or abetting treason. How seductive, how tyrannical this same monster Slavery!

Three years before the war, a young man, born and educated among the mountains of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, graduating at Williams College, visited Washington, and called upon Mr. Dawes, member of Congress from Massachusetts, to obtain his influence in securing a position at the South as a teacher. Mr. Dawes knew the young man, son of a citizen of high standing, respected not only as a citizen, but in the highest branch of the Legislature of the State in former times, and gladly gave his influence to obtain the situation. A few days after the battle Mr. Dawes visited the Old Capitol prison to see the prisoners which had been brought in. To his surprise he found among them the young man from Berkshire, wearing the uniform of a Rebel.

"How could you find it in your heart to fight against the flag of your country, to turn your back upon your native State, and the institutions under which you have been trained?" he asked.

"I did n't want to fight against the flag, but I was compelled to."

"How compelled?"

"Why, you see, they knew I was from the North; and if I had n't enlisted, the ladies would have presented me with a petticoat."

He expressed himself averse to taking the oath of allegiance. It was only when allusion was made to his parents, — the poignant grief which would all but break his mother's heart, were she to hear of him as a soldier in the traitors' lines, — that he gave way, and his eyes filled with tears. He could turn against his country, his State, the institutions of freedom, because his heart was in the South, because he had dreaded the finger of scorn which would have cowed him with a petticoat, but he could not blot out the influence of a mother's love, a mother's patriotism. He had not lived long enough under the hot breath of the simoom to have all the early associations withered and crisped. The mention of "mother" made him a child again.

With him was another Massachusetts man, who had been South many years, and who was more intensely Southern than himself. Another young man, a South Carolinian, was a law student in Harvard College when his State seceded. He went home to enlist. "If it had not been for the war I should now be taking my degree," said he. He was rejoicing over the result of the battle.

Slavery is not only tyrannical, but it is corrupting to morals. The Secessionists of St. Joseph, Missouri, in their eagerness to precipitate a Kansas regiment to destruction, burned a bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, a few miles east of St. Joseph. The train left the city at three o'clock in the morning, and reached the bridge before daybreak. The regiment was not on board, and instead of destroying a thousand Union soldiers, a large number of the citizens of St. Joseph, — with women and children, friends and neighbors of the Secessionists, — were plunged into the abyss!

The action of these Missouri barbarians was applauded by the Secessionists of Washington. A friend came into my room late one evening in great excitement.

"What is the matter?"

"I am sick at heart," said he, "at what I have heard. I called upon some of my female acquaintances to-night. I knew that they were Secessionists, but did not think that they were so utterly corrupt as I find them to be. They are refined, intelligent, and have moved in the first society of Washington. They boldly declared that it was justifiable to destroy that railroad train in Missouri; that it is right to poison wells, or violate oaths of allegiance, to help on the cause of the South!"

The bitterness of the women of the South during the Rebellion is a strange phenomenon, without a parallel in history. For the women of Ireland, who in the rebellion of '98 cut off the heads of English residents, and chopped up their victims by piecemeal, were from the bogs and fens, — one remove only from the beasts; but these women of the South lay claims to a superior culture. It is one thing to be devoted heart and soul to a cause, but it is quite another to advance it at the cost of civilization, Christianity, and the womanly virtues.

The assertion that all women of the South thus gave themselves over to do wickedly, would be altogether too sweeping; a large portion may be included. Mrs. Greenhow and Belle Boyd have written out some of their exploits and machinations for the overthrow of the Union. With them, a false oath or any measure of deceit, was praiseworthy, if it would but aid the Secession cause. They are fair representatives of the females of the South.

CHAPTER III.

THE FALL OF 1861.

THE months of August and September passed away without any action on the part of General McClellan, who had been appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac.

The disaster at Ball's Bluff occurred on the 21st of October, just three months after the battle of Bull Run. On the afternoon of the 22d the news was whispered in Washington. Riding at once with a fellow-correspondent, Mr. H. M. Smith of the Chicago *Tribune*, to General McClellan's head-quarters, and entering the anteroom, we found President Lincoln there. I had met him on several occasions, and he was well acquainted with my friend. He greeted us cordially, but sat down quickly, rested his head upon his hand, and seemed to be unusually agitated. His eyes were sunken, his countenance haggard, his whole demeanor that of one who was in trouble.

"Will you please step in here, Mr. President," said an orderly from an adjoining room, from whence came the click of the telegraph. He soon came out, with his hands clasped upon his breast, his head bowed, his body bent as if he were carrying a great burden. He took no notice of any one, but with downcast eyes and faltering steps passed into the street and towards the Executive mansion.

"We have met with a sad disaster. Fifteen hundred men lost, and Colonel Baker killed," said General Marcy.

It was that which had overwhelmed the President. Colonel Baker was his personal friend. They had long been intimately acquainted. In speaking of that event afterwards, Mr. Lincoln said that it smote him like a whirlwind in a desert. Few men have been appointed of God to bear such burdens as were laid upon President Lincoln. A distracted country, a people at war, all the foundations of society broken up; the cares, trials,

and perplexities which came every day without cessation, disaster upon disaster, the loss of those he loved, — Ellsworth, Baker, and his own darling Willie. A visitor at the White House the day of Ellsworth's death found him in tears.

"I will make no apology, gentlemen," said he, "for my weakness; but I knew poor Ellsworth well, and held him in great regard. Just as you entered the room, Captain Fox left me, after giving me the painful details of Ellsworth's unfortunate death. The event was so unexpected, and the recital so touching, that it quite unmanned me. Poor fellow," he added, "it was undoubtedly a rash act, but it only shows the heroic spirit that animates our soldiers, from high to low, in this righteous cause of ours. Yet who can restrain grief to see them fall in such a way as this, — not by the fortunes of war, but by the hand of an assassin?"

The first time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln was the day after his nomination by the Chicago Convention. I accompanied the committee appointed to inform him of the action of the Convention to Springfield. It was sunset when we reached the plain, unpretentious two-story dwelling, — his Springfield home. Turning to the left as we entered the hall, and passing into the library, we stood in the presence of a tall man, with large features, great, earnest eyes, a countenance which, once looked upon, forever remembered. He received the committee with dignity and yet with evident constraint of manner. The address of Mr. Ashmun, chairman of the committee, was brief, and so was Mr. Lincoln's reply. Then followed a general introduction of the party.

There was a pitcher of ice-water and goblets on a stand, but there were no liquors. The next morning a citizen narrated the following incident.

When the telegraph informed Mr. Lincoln's neighbors that the committee were on their way, a few of his friends called upon him to make arrangements for their reception.

"You must have some refreshments prepared," said they.

"O certainly, certainly. What shall I get?"

"You will want some brandy, whiskey, wines, &c."

"I can't do that, gentlemen. I never have kept liquors, and I can't get them now."

"Well, we will supply them."

"No, gentlemen, I can't permit you to do what I would not do myself. I will furnish good water and enough of it, but no liquors."

He adhered to his decision; and thus at the beginning of the contest gave an exhibition of that resoluteness of character, that determination of will to adhere to what he felt was right, which was of such inestimable value to the nation, in carrying the cause of the Union triumphantly through all the dark days of the Rebellion.

It was sunset when Mr. Smith and myself reached Poolsville, after a rapid horseback ride from Washington. The quartermasters were issuing clothing to those who had cast away their garments while swimming the river. The night was cold. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the ground was miry. It was a sad spectacle, those half-naked, shivering soldiers, who had lost everything, — clothes, equipments, and arms. They were almost heart-broken at the disaster.

"I enlisted to fight," said one, "but I don't want to be slaughtered. O my God! shall I ever forget that sight, when the boat went down?" He covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out the horrid spectacle.

Colonel Baker was sent across the river with the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, a portion of the Tammany Regiment of New York, and the California regiment, Colonel Baker's own, in all about fifteen hundred men. His means of communication were only an old scow and two small boats. He was left to fight unassisted four thousand Rebels. Soon after he fell, there was a sudden rush to the boats, which, being overloaded, were instantly swamped. The Rebels had it all their own way, standing upon the bank and shooting the drowning men. Colonel Baker's body had been brought off, and was lying at Poolsville. The soldiers of his own regiment were inconsolable.

Poolsville is an insignificant village, situated in one of the richest agricultural districts of Maryland, surrounded by gentle swells of land, wooded vales, verdant slopes, broad fields, with the far-off mountain ranges and sweeping Potomac, — that com-

"Yes. We all expect our side to be victorious, though we are sometimes disappointed, as was the case at Bull Run."

"Then you were at Bull Run? I take it that you belong to the army?"

"I was there and saw the fight, although I was not connected with the army."

"I am glad you were defeated. It was a good lesson to you. The Northerners have had some respect for the Southerners since then. The Southerners fought against great odds."

"Indeed, I think it was the reverse."

"No indeed, sir. The Federals numbered over sixty thousand, while Beauregard had less than thirty thousand. He did not have more than twelve thousand in the fight."

"I can assure you it is a grave mistake. General McDowell had less than thirty thousand men, and not more than half were engaged."

"Well, I wonder what he was thinking of when he carried out those forty thousand handcuffs?"

"I did not suppose any one gave credence to that absurd story."

"Absurd? Indeed, sir, it is not. I have seen some of the handcuffs. There are several pairs of them in this city. They were brought directly from the field by some of our citizens who went on as soon as they heard of the fight. I have several trophies of the fight which our men picked up."

No doubt the young lady was sincere. It was universally believed throughout the South that McDowell had thousands of pairs of handcuffs in his train, which were to be clapped upon the wrists of the Southern soldiers.

"We have some terrible uncompromising Union men in this State," said the eldest, "who would rather see every negro swept into the Gulf of Mexico, and the whole country sunk, than give up the Union. We have more Abolitionists here in this city than they have in Boston."

It was spoken bitterly. She did not mean that the Union men of the State were committed to immediate emancipation, but that they would accept emancipation rather than have the Secessionists succeed.

A gentleman came in, sat down by the fire, warmed his

hands, and joined in the conversation. Said he: "I am a Southerner. I have lived all my life among slaves. I own one slave, but I hate the system. There are counties in this State where there are but few slaves, and in all such counties you will find a great many Abolitionists. It is the brutalizing influence of slavery that makes me hate it, — brutalizing to whites and blacks alike. I hate this keeping niggers to raise human stock, — to sell, just as you do horses and sheep."

In all places the theme of conversation was the war and the negroes. The ultra pro-slavery element was thoroughly secession, and the Unionists were beginning to understand that slavery was at the bottom of the rebellion. As in the dim light of the morning we already behold the approach of the full day, so they saw that these which seemed the events of an hour might broaden into that which would overthrow the entire slave system.

Anthony Trollope, an English traveller and novelist, was stopping at the hotel at the time, — a pleasant gentleman, thoroughly English in his personal appearance, with a plump face, indicative of good living and good cheer. In his work entitled "North America" he mentions the teamsters in the hall, and draws a contrast between English and American society. He says: —

"While I was at supper the seventy-five teamsters were summoned into the common eating-room by a loud gong, and sat down to their meal at the public table. They were very dirty; I doubt whether I ever saw dirtier men; but they were orderly and well-behaved, and but for their extreme dirt might have passed as the ordinary occupants of a well-filled hotel in the West. Such men in the States are less clumsy with their knives and forks, less astray in an unused position, more intelligent in adapting themselves to a new life, than are Englishmen of the same rank. It is always the same story. With us there is no level of society. Men stand on a long staircase, but the crowd congregates near the bottom, and the lower steps are very broad. In America, men stand on a common platform, but the platform is raised above the ground, though it does not approach in height the top of our staircase. If we take the average altitude in the two countries, we shall find that the American heads are the more elevated of the two. I conceived rather an affection for those dirty teamsters; they answered

me civilly when I spoke to them, and sat in quietness smoking their pipes, with a dull and dirty but orderly demeanor." *

If Mr. Trollope, who has a very just appreciation of the character of those quiet and orderly teamsters, will but wait a century or two, perhaps he will find that democracy can build a staircase as high and complete as that reared by the aristocracy of England. We have had but two centuries for the construction of our elevated common platform, while England has had a thousand years. There the base of the staircase, where the multitude stands, is either stationary or sinking; but here the platform is always rising, and bearing the multitude to a higher plane.

A short distance north of the city of the living is the city of the dead. It is a pleasant suburb, — one which is adding week by week to its population. It is laid out in beautiful avenues, grass bordered, and shaded by grand old forest-trees. It is the resting-place of the dust of Henry Clay. The monument to his memory is not yet finished. It is a tall, round column upon a broad base, with a capital, such as the Greeks never saw or dreamed of, surmounted by a figure intended to represent the great statesman as he stood when enchaining vast audiences by his matchless oratory. Within the chamber, exposed to view through the iron-latticed door, star-ornamented and bronzed, lies the sarcophagus of purest marble. It is chaste in design, ornamented with gathered rods and bonds emblematic of union, and wreathed with cypress around its sides. The pure white marble drapery is thrown partly back, exposing above the breast of the sleeper a wreath, and

HENRY CLAY.

Upon the slab beneath the sarcophagus is this simple inscription: —

"I can, with unbroken confidence, appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive, — have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that in all my public acts I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm devoted heart,

* "North America," by Anthony Trollope, Vol. II. p. 86.

directed and dedicated to what in my best judgment I believed to be the true interests of my country."

It is not a declaration which goes home to the heart as that simple recognition of the Christian religion which his compeer, Daniel Webster, directed should be placed above his grave in the secluded churchyard at Marshfield, but Mr. Clay was a remarkable man. Of all Americans who have lived, he could hold completest sway of popular assemblies. Hating slavery in his early life, he at last became tolerant of its existence. He cast the whole trouble of the nation upon the Abolitionists. In some things he was far-sighted; in others, obtuse. In 1843 he addressed a letter to a friend who was about to write a pamphlet against the Abolitionists, giving him an outline of the argument to be used. Thus he wrote: —

"The great aim and object of your tract should be to arouse the laboring classes in the Free States against abolition. Depict the consequences to them of immediate abolition. The slaves being free, would be dispersed throughout the Union; they would enter into competition with the free laborer, with the American, the Irish, the German; reduce his wages; be confounded with him, and affect his moral and social standing. And as the ultras go for both abolition and amalgamation, show that their object is to unite in marriage the laboring white man and the laboring black man, and to reduce the white laboring man to the despised and degraded condition of the black man.

"I would show their opposition to colonization. Show its humane, religious, and patriotic aims, that they are to separate those whom God has separated. Why do the Abolitionists oppose colonization? To keep and amalgamate together the two races in violation of God's will, and to keep the blacks here, that they may interfere with, degrade, and debase the laboring whites. Show that the British nation is co-operating with the Abolitionists, for the purpose of dissolving the Union." *

This was written by a reputed statesman, who was supposed to understand the principles of political economy. The slaves being made free would enter in competition with the *free laborer*. But has not the free American laborer been forced to compete through all the years of the past with unrequited slave labor? Without inquiring into the aims and purposes of the Abolitionists, — what they intended to do, and how they

* North American Review, January, 1866, p. 189.

CHAPTER V.

CENTRAL KENTUCKY.

THE tide of success during the year 1861 was almost wholly in favor of the Rebels; but at length there came a change, in the defeat of Zollicoffer by General Thomas at Mill Springs, on the 19th of January. I hastened to the centre of the State to watch operations which had suddenly become active in that quarter.

It was on the last day of January that the zealous porter of the Spencer House, in Cincinnati, awoke us with a thundering rap at five o'clock, shouting, "Cars for Lexington." It was still dark when the omnibus whirled away from the house. There were six or eight passengers, all strangers, but conversation was at once started by a tall, stout, red-faced, broad-shouldered man, wearing a gray overcoat and a broad-brimmed, slouched hat, speaking the Kentucky vernacular.

It is very easy to become acquainted with a genuine Kentuckian. He launches at once into conversation. He loves to talk, and takes it for granted that you like to listen. The gentleman who now took the lead sat in the corner of the omnibus, talking not only to his next neighbor, but to everybody present. The words poured from his lips like water from a wide-mouthed gutter during a June shower. In five minutes we had his history, — born in "Old Kentuck," knew all the folks in Old Bourbon, had been a mule-driver, supplied Old Virginia with more mules than she could shake a stick at, had got tired of "Old Kentuck," moved up into Indiana, was going down to see the folks, — all of this before we had reached the ferry; and before arriving at the Covington shore we had his opinion of the war, of political economy, the Constitution, and the negroes.

It was remarkable that, let any subject be introduced, even

though it might be most remotely related to the war, the talkers would quickly reach the negro question. Just as in theological discussions the tendency is toward original sin, so upon the war, — the discussion invariably went beyond the marshalling of armies to the negro as the cause of the war.

The gentleman in gray had not learned the sounds of the letters as given by the lexicographers of the English language, but adhered to the Kentucky dialect, giving "har" for hair, "thar" for there, with peculiar terminations.

"Yer see, I us-*ed* to live in Old Kaintuck, down thar beyond Paris. Wal, I mov*ed* up beyond India*nop*olis, bought a mighty nice farm. I know'd all the folks down round Paris. Thar 's old Speers, who got shot down to Mill Springs, — he was a game un ; a white-haired old cuss who jined the Confederates. I know'd him. I 'tended his nigger sale sev'ral years ago, when he busted. He war a good old man, blame me if he want. He war crazy that ar day of the sale, and war down on the nigger-traders. He lost thousands of dollars that ar day, cause he hated 'em and run down his niggers, — said they wan't good when they war, just ter keep 'em out of the hands of the cussed traders.

"Wal, thar 's Jim, — I remember him. He 's in Confed'-rate army, too. I lost a bet of tew hundred dollars with him on Letcher's 'lection, — that old drunken cuss who 's disgracing Old Virginia ; blow me if I did n't. That was hard on me, cause on 'lection day arter I 'd voted, I started with a drove of mu*els*, four hundred on 'em nigh about, for Virginia. I felt mighty sick, I tell you, 'cause I had employed a drunken cuss to buy 'em for me, and he paid more than they war wuth. Wal, I know'd I would lose, and I did, — ten hundred dollars. Cusses, yer know, allers comes in flocks. Wal, only ges think of it, that ar drunken cuss is a kurnel in the Federal army. Blow me ef I think it 's right. Men that drink too much ar' n't fit to have control of soldiers.

"Wal, I am a Kentuckian. I 've got lots of good friends in the Southern army, and lots in the Union army. My idee is that government ought to confiscate the property of the Rebels, and when the war is over give it back to their wives and children. It 's mighty hard to take away everything from 'em, —

blow me if it a'n't. The Abolitionists want to confiscate the niggers. Wal, I know all about the niggers. They are a lazy, stealing set of cusses, the hull lot of 'em. What can we do with 'em? That 's what I want to know. Now my wife, she wants niggers, but I don't. If Kentucky wants 'em, let her have 'em. It 's my opinion that Kentucky is better off with 'em, 'cause she has got used to 'em.

"The people are talking about starving the Confederates, but I 've been through the South, and it can't be done. They can raise everything that we can, and it 's my candid opinion that government is gwine to get licked."

The arrival of the omnibus at the depot put an end to the talk.

The Licking Valley, through which the railroad to Lexington runs, is very beautiful. There are broad intervales fringed with hickory and elm, wood-crowned hills, warm, sunny vales and charming landscapes. Nature has done much to make it a paradise; art very little. The farm-houses are in the Kentucky style, — piazzas, great chimneys outside, negro cabins, — presenting at one view and in close contrast the extremes of wealth and poverty, power and weakness, civilization and barbarism, freedom and slavery.

The city of Lexington is a place of the past. Before railroads were projected, when Henry Clay was in the prime of manhood there, it was a place of enterprise and activity. The streets were alive with men. It was the great political and social centre of Central Kentucky. The city flourished in those days, but its glory has passed away. The great commoner on whose lips thousands hung in breathless admiration, the circumstances of his time, the men of his generation, have departed never to return. Life has swept on to other centres. In the suburbs were beautiful residences. Riches were displayed in lavish expenditure, but the town itself was wearing a seedy look. There was old rubbish everywhere about the city; there were buildings with crazy blinds, cracked walls, and leaning earthward; while even a beautiful church edifice had broken panes in its windows. The troubles of the year, like care and anxiety to a strong man, ploughing deep furrows on his face, had closed many stores, and

written "To Rent" on many dwellings. A sudden paralysis had fallen, business had drooped, and society had lost its life.

The Phenix was the ancient aristocratic hotel of the place. It was in appearance all of the old time, — a three-story, stone, brick, and plaster building, with small windows, and a great bar-room or office, which in former days was the resort of politicians, men of the turf, and attendants at court. A crowd of unwashed men were in the hall, spattered with mud, wearing slouched hats, unshaven and unshorn, — a motley crew; some tilted against the walls in chairs, fast asleep, some talking in low tones and filling the room with fumes of tobacco. A half-dozen were greasing their boots. The proprietor apologized for their presence, remarking that they were teamsters who had just arrived from Somerset, and were soon to go back with supplies for General Thomas's army. There were three hundred of them, rough, uncouth, dirty, but well behaved. There was no loud talking, no profanity, indecency, or rudeness, but a deportment through the day and night worthy of all commendation.

While enjoying the fire in the reception-room two ladies entered, — one middle-aged, medium stature, having an oval face, dark hair, dark hazel eyes; the other a young lady of nineteen or twenty years, sharp features, black hair, and flashing black eyes. They were boarders at the hotel, were well dressed, though not with remarkable taste, but evidently were accustomed to move in the best circle of Lexington society. A regiment was passing the hotel.

"There are some more Yankees going down to Mill Springs, I reckon," said the elder.

"O, is n't it too bad that Zollicoffer is killed? I could have cried my eyes out when I heard of it," said the youngest. "O he was so brave, and noble, and chivalrous!"

"He was a noble man," the other replied.

"O, I should so like to see a battle!" said the youngest.

"It might not be a pleasant sight, although we are often willing to forego pleasure for the sake of gratifying curiosity," we replied.

"I should want my side to whip," said the girl.

the enterprise. Machinery was attached to the donkey-engine of the steamer by which immense cotton-wood trees were sawed off four feet under water.

There was something very enchanting in the operation, — to steam out from the main river, over corn-fields and pasture-lands, into the dark forests, threading a narrow and intricate channel, across the country, — past the Rebel batteries. A transport was taken through, and a tug-boat, but the channel was not deep enough for the gunboats.

Captain Stembel, commanding the Benton, — a brave and competent officer, Commodore Foote's right-hand man, — proposed to run the batteries by night to New Madrid, capture the Rebel steamer which Pope had caught in a trap, then turning head up stream take the Rebel batteries in reverse. The Commodore hesitated. He was cautious as well as brave. At length he accepted the plan, and sent the Pittsburg and Carondelet past the batteries at night. It was a bold undertaking, but accomplished without damage to the gunboats. The current was swift and strong, and they went with the speed of a race-horse.

Their presence at New Madrid was hailed with joy by the troops. Four steamboats had worked their way through the canal. A regiment was taken on board each boat. The Rebels had a battery on the other side of the river at Watson's Landing, which was speedily silenced by the two gunboats. The troops landed, and under General Paine drove the Rebels from their camp, who fled in confusion, throwing away their guns, knapsacks, and clothing.

General Pope sent over the balance of his troops, and with his whole force moved upon General Mackall, the Rebel commander, who surrendered his entire command, consisting of nearly seven thousand prisoners, one hundred and twenty-three guns, and an immense amount of supplies.

The troops of General Paine's brigade came across a farm-yard which was well stocked with poultry, and helped themselves. The farmer's wife visited the General's head-quarters to enter a complaint.

"They are stealing all my chickens, General! I sha'n't have one left," she exclaimed, excitedly.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said the General, with great courtesy; "but we are going to put down the rebellion if it takes every chicken in the State of Tennessee!"

The woman retired, evidently regarding the Yankees as a race of vandals.

CHAPTER VII.

PITTSBURG LANDING, FORT PILLOW, AND MEMPHIS.

The battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh as it is sometimes called, was fought on the 6th and 7th of April. It was a contest which has scarcely been surpassed for manhood, pluck, endurance, and heroism. In proportion to the numbers engaged the loss in killed and wounded was as great as that of any battle of the war. The disasters to the Rebel cause in Tennessee stirred Davis to hurry reinforcements to Corinth, which was the new base of Johnston's operations. Beauregard was sent into the department. He had the reputation of being a great commander, because he commanded the Rebel batteries in the attack on Sumter, and had received the glory of winning the victory at Bull Run. Time is the test of honor. Great men, like the stars, have their hours of rising and setting. He was in the zenith of his fame.

Albert Sydney Johnston was still in command, but he was induced to move from Corinth to Pittsburg Landing and attack Grant before Buell, who was slowly moving across the country from Nashville, could join him.

Buell marched with great deliberation. He even gave express orders that there should be six miles' space between the divisions of his army. The position at Pittsburg Landing was chosen by General Smith, as being a convenient base for a movement upon Corinth. It had some natural advantages for defence, — Lick Creek and a ravine above the Landing, — but nothing was done towards erecting barricades or breastworks. There are writers who maintain that the attack of the Rebels was expected; but if expected, would not prudence have dictated the slashing of trees, the erection of breastworks, and a regular disposition of the forces? On Friday and Saturday the Rebel cavalry appeared in our front, but were easily driven back towards Corinth.

Nothing was done towards strengthening the line; no orders were issued in anticipation of a battle till the pickets were attacked on Sunday morning, while the troops were cooking their coffee, and while many of the officers were in bed.

Pittsburg is the nearest point to Corinth on the river. The road winds up the bank, passes along the edge of a deep ravine, leading southwest. It forks a half-mile from the Landing, the left-hand path leading to Hamburg up the river, and the main road leading to Shiloh Church, four miles from the Landing. The accompanying sketch of the church was taken the week after the battle, with the head-quarter tents of General Sherman around it. Its architecture is exceedingly primitive. It is a fair type of the inertness of the people of that region at the time. It is about twenty-five or thirty feet square, built of logs, without pulpit or pews, with rude benches for seats. Once it was chinked with clay, but the rains have washed out the mortar, and the wind comes in through all the crevices. It is thoroughly ventilated. It would make a decent corn-crib for an Illinois farmer.

A brook meanders through the forest, furnishing water for the worshipping assemblies. South of the church, and across the brook, is a clearing, — an old farm-house where Beauregard wrote his despatch to Jeff Davis on Sunday night, announcing a great victory. There are other little clearings, which have been long under cultivation. The people were too indolent to make new openings in the forest, where centuries of mould had accumulated. The country was but little further advanced than when Daniel Boone passed through the Cumberland Gap. Civilization came and made a beginning; but the blight of slavery was there. How the tillage and culture of New England or Ohio would crown those swells of land with sheaves of grain! What corn and clover fields, pastures of honeysuckle, gardens of roses! Within four miles of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, — in a country needing only industry to make it a paradise, — the mourning dove filled the air with its plaintive notes in the depths of an almost unbroken forest, while the few people, shiftless and destitute of the comforts of civilization, knew no better than to fight against their own best interests.

SHILOH CHURCH.

were to do it, — Mr. Clay accepted the current talk of the day, and shaped his course accordingly. That letter will read strangely fifty years hence. It reads strangely now, and goes far to lower our estimate of the real greatness of one who for half a century was the idol of a great political party, — whose words were taken as the words of an oracle. But ideas and principles have advanced since 1843. We stand upon a higher plane, and are moving on to one still higher.

Returning to the hotel, I fell into conversation with a Presbyterian minister, who began to deplore the war.

"We should conduct it," said he, "not as savages or barbarians, but as Christians, as civilized beings, on human principles."

"In what way would you have our generals act to carry out what you conceive to be such principles?"

"Well, sir, the blockade is terribly severe on our friends in the South, who are our brothers. The innocent are suffering with the guilty. We should let them have food, and raiment, and medicines, but we should not let them have cannon, guns, and powder."

"When do you think the war would end if such a plan was adopted?"

He took a new tack, not replying to the question, but said, —

"The North began the trouble in an unchristian spirit."

"Was not the first gun fired by the Rebels upon Fort Sumter?"

"That was not the beginning of the war. It was the election of Lincoln."

"Then you would not have a majority of the people elect their officers in the constituted way?"

"Well, if Lincoln had been a wise man he would have resigned, and saved this terrible conflict."

There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and we expressed the hope that the war would be waged with shot and shell, fire and sword, naval expeditions and blockades, and every possible means, upon the men who had conspired to subvert the government. There was no reply, and he soon left the room.

Buell's right wing under General Crittenden, was at Cal-

houn, on Green River. Intelligence arrived that it was to be put in motion.

Leaving Lexington in the morning, and passing by cars through Frankfort, — an old town, the capital of the State, like Lexington, seedy and dilapidated, — we reached Louisville in season to take our choice of the two steamers, Gray Eagle and Eugene, to Henderson. They were both excellent boats, running in opposition, carrying passengers one hundred and eighty miles, providing for them two excellent meals and a night's lodging, all for fifty cents! People were patronizing both boats, because it was much cheaper than staying at home.

Taking the Gray Eagle, — a large side-wheel steamer, — we swept along with the speed of a railroad train. The water was very high and rising. The passengers were almost all from Kentucky. Some of the ladies thronging the saloon were accustomed to move in the "best society," which had not literary culture and moral worth for its standards, but broad acres, wealth in lands and distilleries. They were "raised" in Lexington or Louisville or Frankfort. They spoke of the "right smart" crowd on board, nearly "*tew*" hundred, according to their *i*dea.

But there is another class of Kentuckians as distinct from these excellent ladies as chalk from cheese. They are of that class to which David Crocket belonged in his early years, — born in a cane-brake and cradled in a trough. There were two in the saloon, seated upon an ottoman, — a brother and sister. The brother was more than six feet tall, had a sharp, thin, lank countenance, with a tuft of hair on his chin and on his upper lip. His face was of the color of milk and molasses. He wore a Kentucky home-spun suit, — coat, vest and pants of the same material, and colored with butternut bark. He had on, although in the saloon, a broad-brimmed, slouched hat, with an ornament of blotched mud. He was evidently more at home with his hat on than to sit bare-headed, — and so consulted his own pleasure, without mistrusting that there was such a thing as politeness in the world. He had been plashing through the streets of Louisville. He had scraped off the thickest of the mud. There he sat, the right foot thrown across the left knee, with as much

A MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL-HOUSE.

day as ever dawned upon the earth, when a ball of bunting went up to the top of the Benton's flagstaff, and fluttered out into the battle signal. Then came a flash, a belching of smoke from her bows, a roar and reverberation rolling far away, — a screaming in the air, a tossing up of earth and an explosion in the Rebel works.

The highest artistic skill cannot portray the scene of that afternoon, — the flashes and flames, — the great white clouds, mounting above the boats, and floating majestically away over the dark gray forests, — the mortars throwing up vast columns of sulphurous cloud, which widen, expand, and roll forward in fantastic folds, — the shells one after another in swift succession rising, rotating, rushing upward and onward, sailing a thousand feet high, their course tracking a light gossamer trail, which becomes a beautiful parabola, and then the terrific explosion, — a flash, a handful of cloud, a strange whirring of the ragged fragments of iron hurled upwards, outwards, and downwards, crashing through the forests!

I was favored with a position on the Silver Wave steamer, lying just above the Benton, her wheels slowly turning to keep her in position to run down and help the gunboats if by chance they were disabled. The Rebel batteries on the mainland and on the Island, the Rebel steamers wandering up and down like rats in a cage, were in full view. With my glass I could see all that took place in and around the nearest battery. Columns of water were thrown up by the shot from the gunboats, like the first gush from the hose of a steam fire-engine, which falls in rainbow-colored spray. There were little splashes in the stream when the fragments of shell dropped from the sky. Round shot skipped along the surface of the river, tearing through the Rebel works, filling the air with sticks, timbers, earth, and branches of trees, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. There were explosions followed by volumes of smoke rising from the ground like the mists of a summer morning. There was a hissing, crackling, and thundering explosion in front and rear and overhead. But there were plucky men in the fort, who at intervals came out from their bomb-proof, and sent back a defiant answer. There was a flash, a volume of smoke, a hissing as if a flying fiery serpent were sailing through the

air, growing louder, clearer, nearer, more fearful and terrific, crashing into the Benton, tearing up the iron plating, cutting off beams, splintering planks, smashing the crockery in the pantry, and breaking up the Admiral's writing-desk.

> "Howling and screeching and whizzing,
> The bomb-shells arched on high,
> And then, like fiery meteors,
> Dropped swiftly from the sky."

All through the sunny hours, till evening, the gunboats maintained their position. While around the bright flashes, clouds of smoke, and heavy thunderings brought to mind the gorgeous imagery of Revelation, descriptive of the last judgment.

While the bombardment was at its height, I received a package of letters, intrusted to my care. There was one postmarked from a town in Maine, directed to a sailor on the St. Louis. Jumping on board a tug, which was conveying ammunition to the gunboats, I visited the vessel to distribute the letters. A gun had burst during the action, killing and wounding several of the crew. It was a sad scene. There were the dead, — two of them killed instantly, and one of them the brave fellow from Maine. Captain Paulding opened the letter, and found it to be from one who had confided to the noble sailor her heart's affections, — who was looking forward to the time when the war would be over, and they would be happy together as husband and wife.

"Poor girl! I shall have to write her sad news," said the captain.

Day after day and night after night the siege was kept up, till it grew exceedingly monotonous. I became so accustomed to the pounding that, though the thirteen-inch mortars were not thirty rods distant from my quarters, I was not wakened by the tremendous explosions. Commodore Foote found it very difficult to fight down stream, as the water was very high, flooding all the country. Colonel Bissell, of General Pope's army, proposed the cutting of a canal through the woods, to enable the gunboats to reach New Madrid. It was an Herculean undertaking. A light-draft transport was rigged for

fighting, and want of food. Jackson had so worn down his troops that in the first day's fight at Manassas he was defeated by Hooker and Heintzelman, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Longstreet, would have been driven from the field. In the second day's fight he could only hold his own, while Longstreet, meeting with little opposition, was able to turn Pope's left flank, and win the victory.

Lee entered Maryland as a liberator, believing that the people would rise *en masse* to welcome him; but he was greatly mistaken.

Taking the train from Philadelphia, I went to Harrisburg, Lancaster, and York in Pennsylvania, and thence into western Maryland. Everywhere the people were arming. All the able-bodied men were drilling. All labor was at a stand-still. The fires of the founderies went out; the farmers left their uncut grain in the field. Men worth millions of dollars were in the ranks as privates. Members of Congress, professors of colleges with their classes, iron-masters with their workmen, ministers and the able-bodied men of their congregations, were hastening to the rendezvous. The State Capitol grounds were swarming with men, receiving arms and ammunition. It was a glorious exhibition of patriotism; yet I could but think that they would offer a feeble resistance in the open field to well-drilled troops. At Bunker Hill raw militia stood the fire of British veterans; but such instances of pluck are rare in history.

Going up the Cumberland Valley I reached Greencastle on the 14th of September, ten miles from Hagerstown. I could hear a dull and heavy booming of cannon to the south, in the direction of South Mountain; but the Rebels were at Hagerstown, and had made a dash almost up to Greencastle. The only troops in the place were a few companies watching the border, and momentarily expecting the Rebels to appear. Citizens of Maryland, some from Virginia, Union men, were there, ready to run farther North on the slightest alarm.

The little village was suddenly excited by the cry, "They are coming!" "They are coming!" It was not a body of Rebels, however, but the Union cavalry, which had cut their way out from Harper's Ferry in the night before the pusillani-

mous surrender of Colonel Miles. They crossed the pontoon bridge, moved up the Potomac, through wood-paths and by-ways, twice coming in contact with the Rebel pickets, and falling in with Longstreet's ammunition trains between Hagerstown and Williamsport, consisting of one hundred wagons, which were captured. Many of the teamsters were slaves, who were very glad to see the Yankees. They were contented under their capture.

"Were you not frightened when you saw the Yankees?" I asked of one.

"Not de leastest bit, massa. I was glad to see 'em. Ye see, we all wanted to get Norf. De captain of de guard, he tell me to whip up my horses and get away, but I done cut for de woods right towards de Norf."

He chuckled merrily over it, and said, "I 's in de service of de Union now."

He was driving the horses with evident satisfaction at the sudden change in his fortunes.

When John Brown woke the world from its dreaming at Harper's Ferry, he had an accomplice named Cook, who escaped and concealed himself in the mountains of Pennsylvania, but who was hunted down by Fitz Hugh Miller of Chambersburg. Among the Rebel prisoners was this same Fitz Hugh, dressed in a suit of rusty gray, with a black ostrich plume in his hat, sun-burned, dusty, having a hang-dog look. He was a captain in the Rebel service. The Dutch blood of the citizens, usually as calm and steady in its flow as the rivers of their Fatherland, came up with a rush.

"Hang him! Down with the traitor! Kill him!" they shouted. They rushed to seize him, but the guards kept the populace at bay. The excitement increased. Miller appealed to the guards to protect him. He was quickly hurried into the jail, which was strongly guarded. A great change had taken place in the opinions of the people. They had been indifferent to the questions of the hour, but the Rebel raid, by which they had lost their horses, had taught them an excellent lesson. Self-interest is sometimes a stimulant to patriotism. They even began to look with complacency upon what John Brown had done.

The Rebels evacuated Hagerstown on the morning of the 16th of September, and an hour later I entered it on the first train, which was greeted by the people with shouts and hurrahs and demonstrations of joy, as if it brought emancipation from long bondage. Some of the citizens had manifested sympathy with the Rebels. Still there were groups of excited men in the streets, shouting, "We 'll hang the cusses. We 've spotted them, and if they ever come back we 'll be the death of them, as sure as there is a God."

The battle of South Mountain had been fought, and the hostile armies were concentrating for a trial of strength along the peaceful banks of the Antietam.

I was awakened at daylight on the morning of the 17th of September by the booming of cannon. It was a dull, leaden morning. The clouds hung low upon the mountains, and swept in drifts along the hillsides. The citizens of Hagerstown were astir, — some standing on the house-tops, listening to the increasing thunder of the cannonade, some in the church-steeples, others making haste to visit the field of battle. I had no horse, but finding a stable-keeper, was soon the owner of one. The horse-dealer was quite willing to dispose of his animals. "Horse-flesh is mighty onsartin these days," said he. "The Rebels took my best ones, and if they should come here again, I reckon they would clean me out."

My first impulse was to push directly down the Sharpsburg turnpike and gain the rear of the Rebels, enter their lines as a citizen, and see the battle from their side.

"Don't do it, sir," said a citizen.

Upon reflection, it appeared to be good advice, and so turning about (for I had already gone a mile or more in that direction) I took the Boonsboro pike and rode rapidly towards the battle-field. Two or three miles out I came across a Rebel soldier, — barefoot and bareheaded, pale, sallow, worn out by hard marching, lying under an oak-tree by the roadside. His gun was by his side. He raised his head and held up his hand, as if to implore me not to harm him. He belonged to a Georgia regiment, and had dropped by the way, too feeble to keep his place in the ranks. He was taken care of by two citizens.

Striking off from the turnpike in a by-path, then across

fields, through oak groves, directed by the roar of battle, descending a steep hill, and fording the Antietam, I gained the battle-field in rear of the right wing, where Hooker was in command. Passing beyond the field hospitals, I reached the hill, on Poffenberg's farm.

The fire was raging fearfully in front of Sumner; but Hooker's and Mansfield's cannon were silent, cooling their brazen lips after the morning's fever. In the hollow behind the ridge, east of Poffenberg's house, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps — what was left of them — were lying, sad, yet not disheartened. How changed from what they were a year before, then fifteen thousand strong!

"We cannot lose many more," said one, as I talked of the morning's action. Gibbons's brigade, of Hooker's corps, had crossed the turnpike, and was holding the ground in the woods between it and the river.

Ascending the ridge, I came upon Battery B, Fourth Artillery, also Cooper's and Easton's Pennsylvania batteries, the New Hampshire Ninth and Rhode Island Fifth, — thirty pieces bearing on the cornfield and the wood-crowned hill, where, alas! a thousand of as brave men as ever breathed were lying, who just before had moved to meet the enemy.

The firing was hot and heavy a few rods south.

The fight began with the pickets in the night, and was taken up by the artillery at daylight. The Rebels had concentrated a heavy force on their left, we on our right, because the lay of the land required it, the right being our strongest ground, and their left their weakest. The ridge behind Poffenberg's house was the door-post on which our fortunes hinged. Not so with them, — theirs was a double door, its hinge being in the woods bordering the turnpike south of the toll-house.

Hooker gave Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, the right, Ricketts the left, and placed Doubleday in support in rear. Mansfield joined Hooker's left, but was an hour behind time. Sumner was slow to come into action. Hooker advanced, drove in the Rebel pickets, found a Rebel battery on his extreme right, which, as soon as he came within its range, began to plough him with a flanking fire. Meade obliqued to the right, poured in a few volleys, and drove the enemy across

the turnpike. This was the extreme left of the enemy's line. Hooker crossed the turnpike a few rods north of Poffenberg's, marched through the fields to the ridge by the cornfield. Having obtained possession of the ridge east of Poffenberg's, he planted his batteries and opened a fierce cannonade upon the Rebels.

The ground in front of Hooker was the scene of repeated struggles. In the afternoon the Rebels made a desperate attempt to regain what they had lost. They came down through the cornfield, west of the turnpike, under cover of their batteries. Hooker, Dana, Sedgwick, Hartsuff, Richardson, and Mansfield, all general officers, had been carried from the field wounded. General Howard was in command of the right wing. I was talking with him, when an officer dashed up and said, "General, the Rebels are coming down on us."

We were in the open field, a few rods southeast of Poffenberg's barn. General Howard rode forward a few steps, looked through the leafy branches of the oaks along the turnpike. We could see the dark lines of the enemy moving through the cornfield. "Tell the batteries to give them the heaviest fire possible," he said. It was spoken as deliberately as if he had said to his servant, "Bring me a glass of water." How those thirty pieces of artillery opened! Crack! crack! crack! and then a volley by artillery! How those gray lines wavered, swayed to and fro, and melted away!

In Poffenberg's door-yard, along the turnpike, were two noble horses, both killed by the same cannon-shot, smashing the head of one and tearing the neck of the other. The dead of the Pennsylvania Reserves laid under the palings of the garden fence. The gable of the house was torn to pieces by a shell. In the field in front dead men in blue and dead men in gray were thickly strown; and still farther out, along the narrow lane which runs southwest from the house, they were as thick as the withered leaves in autumn. How the battle-storm howled through those woods, fiercer than the blasts of November! It was a tornado which wrenched off the trunks of oaks large enough for a ship's keelson, — riving them, splintering them with the force of a thunderbolt.

If the blow which Hooker gave had been a little more power-

ful, — if Mansfield had been ordered in at the same instant with Hooker, — if Sumner had fallen upon the Rebel centre at the same time, — there can be but little doubt as to what would have been the result. But the battle of Antietam was fought by piecemeal. Hooker exhausted his strength before Mansfield came up; Mansfield was repulsed before Sumner came in; while Burnside, who had the most difficult task of all, was censured by McClellan for not carrying the bridge early in the morning. Yet Franklin, who arrived at noon, was only partially engaged, while Porter was ordered to stand a silent spectator through the day. The several corps of the Union army were like untrained teams of horses, — each pulled with all its strength, but no two succeeded in pulling together.

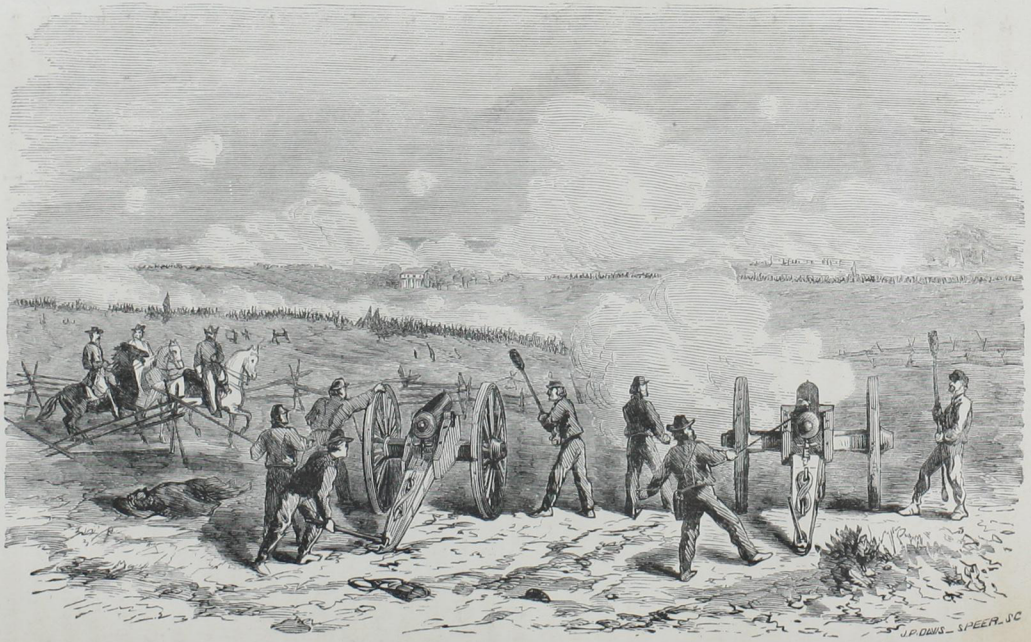
It was not far from twelve o'clock when the arrangements were completed for Sumner's movement. The artillery prepared the way for advance, by pouring in a heavy fire from all directions. The configuration of the ground admitted of this. The cornfield sloped toward the Antietam, and by careful scrutiny the Rebels could be seen lying down to avoid the shot and shells. It was a moment of anxious expectation to us who beheld the movement from the hill behind Richardson.

The divisions moved past the cemetery, past Roulet's house, the left of French's and the right of Richardson's, joining in the ravine. A few rods beyond the house the Rebel skirmishers opened a galling fire. Our own advanced rapidly, drove them in through the nearest cornfield. They fled to the road, and the field beyond.

The road is narrow, and by long usage and heavy rains, has become a trench, a natural rifle-pit about two and a half feet deep. The Rebels had thrown off the top rails of the fence in front, and strengthened the position by making them into *abatti*, — imitating the example set by General Stark on the northeastern slope of Bunker Hill, in 1775.

The roadway was their first line; their second was in the corn, five or six rods farther west.

The Union troops advanced in front of the road, when up rose the first Rebel line. The fence became a line of flame and smoke. The cornfield beyond, on higher ground, was a sheet of fire. With a rush and cheer, the men in blue moved up



ANTIETAM.

to the fence, ploughed through and through by the batteries above, cut and gashed by the leaden hail, thrust the muzzles of their guns into the faces of the Rebels and fired.

The first Rebel line was nearly annihilated, and the dead lying beneath the tasselled corn were almost as many as the golden ears upon the stalks. Visiting the spot when the contest was over, I judged from a little counting that a thousand of the enemy's dead were in the road and the adjoining field. A shell had thrown seven into one heap, — some on their faces, some on their backs, — fallen as a handful of straws would fall when dropped upon the ground. But not they alone suffered. The bloody tide which had surged through all the morning between the ridges above, along the right, had flowed over the hill at this noontide hour. The yellow soil became crimson; the russet corn-leaves turned to red, as if autumn had put on in a moment her richest glory. How costly! Five thousand men, — I think I do not exaggerate, — wounded and dead, lay along that pathway and in the adjoining field! *

To Burnside was assigned the duty of carrying the stone bridge, two miles below the turnpike, and taking the batteries which were in position south of Sharpsburg. It was a difficult task. A high-banked stream, bordered by willows; a narrow bridge; a steep hill; cleared lands, with no shelter from the batteries in front and on both his flanks, after he should have succeeded in crossing the stream.

Burnside planted his cannon on the high hills or ridges east of the river, and kept them in play a long time before any attempt was made on the bridge by infantry. The Rebel batteries replied, and there was an incessant storm of shot and shell.

The road on the eastern side winds down a ravine to the river, which is an hundred feet below the summit of the hills where his artillery was posted. It is a narrow path, with a natural embankment on the right hand, covered with oaks.

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* The accompanying illustration is an accurate representation drawn by Mr. Waud, who witnessed the battle. The battery in the foreground is north of the house of Mr. Roulet, near the centre of Sumner's line. French's and Richardson's divisions are seen in the middle of the picture, and the Rebels under D. H. Hill and Longstreet beyond.

There is a piece of bottom land eight or ten rods wide on the eastern side of the river. The bridge is narrow and about seventy-five feet long. After crossing the stream the road runs diagonally up the bank toward the north. On the western side are willows fringing the stream, their graceful branches bending down to the water, and covering the opposite shore. The bank is very abrupt. A small force on either side can hold the bridge against a large body of men.

The bridge was carried in the afternoon by a desperate charge. I was watching operations in the centre at the time, and saw only the smoke of the contest on the left, and heard its deafening roar. Riding down there later in the day, I witnessed the last attack. Both parties had put on new vigor at the sunset hour. The fire kindled along the line. Far upon the right was the smoke of thirty cannon, rising in a white sulphurous cloud. The woods opposite, where the Rebel batteries were, flamed like a furnace. A little nearer Sumner's artillery was thundering and hurling its bolts into the Rebels by the Dunke church. Ayers's battery was pouring a deadly fire into the cornfield, west of Roulet's, where the Rebel line was lying under cover. Above, on the highest hillock, a half-mile from Sharpsburg, a heavy Rebel battery boomed defiance. Richardson's artillery, immediately in front, was sending shells upon the hill and into Sharpsburg, where hay-stacks, houses and barns were burning, rolling up tall pillars of cloud and flame to heaven. At our left Burnside's heavy guns worked mightily, answered by the opposing batteries. The musketry had ceased, save a few volleys rolling from beyond the willows in the valley, and a little dripping, like rain-drops after a shower. It was a continuous roll of thunder. The sun went down, reddened in the smoky haze.

After the retreat of Lee, I rode over the ground occupied by the Rebels, and surveyed the field from every point. The dead were thickly strewn. A Rebel battery had occupied the ground around the Dunke church, a small brick building on the turnpike, a mile south of Poffenberg's. At its door-step laid a major, a captain, and eleven men, all dead. A wounded horse, unable to lie down, was standing near a dismantled caisson. Almost human was the beseeching look of the dumb

in common with many other officers, believed in what was called the "Kentucky policy." When the army began a forward movement in pursuit of Bragg, General Gillmore issued an order, known as General Order No. 5, which reads as follows: —

"All contrabands, except officers' servants, will be left behind when the army moves to-morrow morning. Public transportation will in no case be furnished to officers' servants.

"Commanders of regiments and detachments will see this order promptly enforced."

Among the regiments of the division was the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, Colonel Utley, an officer who had no sympathy with slavery. He had a cool head and a good deal of nerve. He had read the Proclamation of President Lincoln, and made up his mind to do what was right, recognizing the President as his Commander-in-Chief, and not the State of Kentucky. There were negroes accompanying his regiment, and he did not see fit to turn them out. Three days later he received the following note: —

"October 18, 1862.

"COLONEL: You will at once send to my head-quarters the four contrabands, John, Abe, George, and Dick, known to belong to good and loyal citizens. They are in your regiment, or were this morning.

"Your obedient servant,

"Q. A. GILLMORE, *Brigadier-General.*"

Colonel Utley, instead of sending the men, replied: —

"Permit me to say, that I recognize your authority to command me in all military matters pertaining to the military movements of the army. I do not look upon this as belonging to that department. I recognize no authority on the subject of delivering up contrabands save that of the President of the United States.

"You are, no doubt, conversant with that Proclamation, dated Sept. 22, 1862, and the law of Congress on the subject. In conclusion, I will say, that I had nothing to do with their coming into camp, and shall have nothing to do with sending them out."

The note was despatched to division head-quarters. Soon after an officer called upon Colonel Utley.

"You are wanted, sir, at General Gillmore's quarters."

Colonel Utley made his appearance before General Gillmore.

"I sent you an order this evening."

"Yes, sir, and I refused to obey it."

"I intend to be obeyed, sir. I shall settle this matter at once. I shall repeat the order in the morning."

"General, to save you the trouble and folly of such a course, let me say that I shall not obey it."

The Colonel departed. Morning came, but brought no order for the delivery of the contrabands to their former owner.

As the regiment passed through Georgetown, a large number of slaves belonging to citizens of that place fled from their masters, and found shelter in the army. Some of the officers who had less nerve than Colonel Utley gave them up, or permitted the owners to come and take them. A Michigan regiment marching through the town had its lines entered by armed citizens, who forcibly took away their slaves. Colonel Utley informed the inhabitants that any attempt to take contrabands from his lines would be resisted.

"Let me say to you, gentlemen," he said to a delegation of the citizens, "that my men will march with loaded muskets, and if any attempt is made upon my regiment, I shall sweep your streets with fire, and close the history of Georgetown. If you seriously intend any such business, I advise you to remove the women and children."

The regiment marched the next morning with loaded muskets. The citizens beheld their negroes sheltered and protected by a forest of gleaming bayonets, and wisely concluded not to attempt the recovery of the uncertain property.

The day after its arrival in Nicholasville, a large, portly gentleman, lying back in an elegant carriage, rode up to the camp, and making his appearance before the Colonel, introduced himself as Judge Robertson, Chief Justice of the State of Kentucky.

"I am in pursuit of one of my boys, who I understand is in this regiment," he said.

"You mean one of your slaves, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. Here is an order from the General, which you will see directs that I may be permitted to enter the lines and get the boy," said the Judge, with great dignity.

"I do not permit any civilian to enter my lines for any such purpose," said the Colonel.

The Judge sat down, not greatly astonished, for the reputation of the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, as an abolition regiment, was well established. He began to argue the matter. He talked of the compromises of the Constitution, and proceeded to say: —

"I was in Congress, sir, when the Missouri Compromise was adopted, and voted for it; but I am opposed to slavery, and I once wrote an essay on the subject, favoring emancipation."

"Well, sir, all that may be. If you did it from principle, it was commendable; but your mission here to-day gives the lie to your professions. I don't permit negro-hunters to go through my regiment; but I will see if I can find the boy, and if he is willing to go I will not hinder him."

The Colonel went out and found the negro Joe, a poor, half-starved, undersized boy, nineteen years old. He told his story. He belonged to the Judge, who had let him to a brutal Irishman for $50 a year. He had been kicked and cuffed, starved and whipped, till he could stand it no longer. He went to the Judge and complained, but had been sent back only to receive a worse thrashing for daring to complain. At last he took to the woods, lived on walnuts, green corn, and apples, sleeping among the corn-shucks and wheat-stacks till the army came. There were tears in Joe's eyes as he rehearsed his sufferings.

The Colonel went back to the Judge.

"Have you found him?"

"I have found a little yellow boy, who says that he belongs to a man in Lexington. Come and see him."

"This man claims you as his property, Joe; he says that you ran away and left him," said the Colonel.

"Yes, sah, I belongs to him," said Joe, who told his story again in a plain, straightforward manner, showing a neck scarred and cut by the whip.

"You can talk with Joe, sir, if you wish," said the Colonel.

"Have not I always treated you well?" the Judge asked.

"No, massa, you has n't," was the square, plump reply.

"How so?"

"When I came to you and told you I could n't stand it any longer, you said, 'Go back, you dog!'"

"Did not I tell you that I would take you away?"

"Yes, massa, but you never did it."

The soldiers came round and listened. Joe saw that they were friends. The Judge stood speechless a moment.

"Joe," said the Colonel, "are you willing to go home with your master?"

"No, sah, I is n't."

"Judge Robertson, I don't think you can get that boy. If you think you can, there he is, try it. I shall have nothing to do with it," said the Colonel, casting a significant glance around to the soldiers who had gathered about them.

The Judge saw that he could not lay hands upon Joe. "I 'll see whether there is any virtue in the laws of Kentucky," he said, with great emphasis.

"Perhaps, Judge, it will be as well for you to leave the camp. Some of my men are a little excitable on the subject of slavery."

"You are a set of nigger-stealers," said the Judge, losing his temper.

"Allow me to say, Judge, that it does not become you to call us nigger-stealers. You talk about nigger-stealing, — you who live on the sweat and blood of such creatures as Joe! Your dwellings, your churches, are built from the earnings of slaves, beaten out of them by brutal overseers. You hire little children out to brutes, — you clothe them in rags, — you hunt them with hounds, — you chain them down to toil and suffering! You call us thieves because we have given your Joe food and protection! Sir, I would rather be in the place of Joe than in that of his oppressor!" was the indignant outburst of the Colonel.

"Well, sir, if that is the way you men of the North feel, the Union never can be saved, — never! You must give up our property."

"Judge, allow me to tell you what sort of Unionism I have found in Kentucky. I have not seen a half-dozen who did not damn the President. You may put all the pure Unionism in Kentucky in one scale, and a ten-pound nigger baby in the other, and the Unionism will kick the beam. Allow me to say, further, that if the perpetuity or restoration of the Union depends upon my delivering to you with my own hands that little

half-starved dwarf of a slave, the Union may be cast into hell with all the nations that forget God!"

"The President's Proclamation is unconstitutional. It has no bearing on Kentucky. I see that it is your deliberate intention to set at naught the laws," said the Judge, turning away, and walking to General Gilmore's head-quarters.

"You are wanted at the General's head-quarters," said an aid, soon after, to Colonel Utley.

The Colonel obeyed the summons, and found there not only Judge Robertson, but several fine old Kentucky gentlemen; also Colonel Coburn, the commander of the brigade, who agreed with General Gilmore in the policy then current. Colonel Coburn said: —

"The policy of the commanding generals, as I understand it, is simply this: that persons who have lost slaves have a right to hunt for them anywhere in the State. If a slave gets inside of the lines of a regiment, the owner has a right to enter those lines, just as if no regiment was there, and take away the fugitive at his own pleasure."

"Precisely so. The Proclamation has no force in this State," said the Judge.

"I regret that I am under the necessity of differing in opinion from my commanding officers, to whom I am ready at all times to render strict *military* obedience, but (the Colonel raised his voice) *I reverse the Kentucky policy!* I hold that the regiment stands precisely as though there were no slavery in Kentucky. We came here as free men, from a free State, at the call of the President to uphold a free government. We have nothing to do with slavery. The Twenty-Second Wisconsin, while I have the honor to command it, will never be a regiment of nigger-catchers. I will not allow civilians to enter my lines at pleasure; it is unmilitary. Were I to permit it, I should be justly amenable to a court-martial. Were I to do it, spies might enter my lines at all times and depart at pleasure."

There was silence. But Judge Robertson was loath to go away without his flesh and blood. He made one more effort. "Colonel, I did not come to your lines as a spy, but with an order from your General. Are you willing that I should go and get my boy?"

The Colonel reflected a moment.

"Yes, sir, and I will remain here. I told you before that I should have nothing to do with it."

"Do you think that the men will permit me to take him?"

"I have no orders to issue to them in the matter; they will do just as they please."

"Will you send the boy into some other regiment?"

This was too much for the Colonel. He could no longer restrain his indignation. Looking the Judge squarely in the face, he vented his anger in scathing words.

The Judge departed, and at the next session of the Court Colonel Utley was indicted for man-stealing; but he has not yet been brought to trial. The case is postponed till the day of Judgment, when a righteous verdict will be rendered.

The Judge returned to Lexington, called a public meeting, at which he made a speech, denouncing the Twenty-Second Wisconsin as an abolition regiment, and introducing resolutions declaring that the Union never could be restored if the laws of the State of Kentucky were thus set at defiance. This from the Judge, while his son was in the Rebel service, fighting against the Union.

But the matter was not yet over. A few days later, the division containing the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, commanded by General Baird, *vice* Gillmore, was ordered down the river. It went to Louisville, followed by the slave-hunters, who were determined to have their negroes.

Orders were issued to the colonels not to take any contrabands on board the boats, and most of them obeyed. Colonel Utley issued no orders.

A citizen called upon him and said, —

"Colonel, you will have trouble in going through the city unless you give up the negroes in your lines."

The regiment was then on its march to the wharf.

"They have taken all the negroes from the ranks of the other regiments, and they intend to take yours."

The Colonel turned to his men and said, quietly, "Fix bayonets."

The regiment moved on through the streets, and reached the Gault House, where the slaveholders had congregated. A half-

dozen approached the regiment rather cautiously, but one bolder than the rest sprang into the ranks and seized a negro by the collar.

A dozen bayonets came down around him, some not very gently. He let go his hold and sprang back again quite as quickly as he entered the lines.

There was a shaking of fists and muttered curses, but the regiment passed on to the landing, just as if nothing had happened.

General Granger, who had charge of the transportation, had issued orders that no negro should be allowed on the boats without free papers.

General Baird saw the negroes on the steamer, and approaching Colonel Utley, said, —

"Why, Colonel, how is this? Have all of these negroes free papers?"

"Perhaps not all, but those who have n't, *have declared their intentions!*" said the Colonel.

The Twenty-Second took transportation on the steamer Commercial. The captain of the boat was a Kentuckian, who came to Colonel Utley in great trepidation, saying: "Colonel, I can't start till those negroes are put on shore. I shall be held responsible. My boat will be seized and libelled under the laws of the State."

"I can't help that, sir; the boat is under the control and in the employ of the government. I am commander on board, and you have nothing to do but to steam up and go where you are directed. Otherwise I shall be under the necessity of arresting you."

The captain departed and began his preparations. But now came the sheriff of Jefferson County with a writ. He wanted the bodies of George, Abraham, John, and Dick, who were still with the Twenty-Second. They were the runaway property of a fellow named Hogan, who a few days before had figured in a convention held at Frankfort, in which he introduced a series of Secession resolutions.

"I have a writ for your arrest, but I am willing to waive all action on condition of your giving up the fugitives which you are harboring contrary to the peace and dignity of the State," said the sheriff.

"I have other business to attend to just now. I am under orders from my superiors in command to proceed down the river without any delay, and must get the boat under way," said the Colonel, bowing, politely.

"But, Colonel, you are aware of the consequences of deliberately setting at defiance the laws of a sovereign State," said the sheriff.

"Are you all ready there?" said the Colonel, not to the sheriff, but to the officer of the day who had charge of affairs.

"Yes, sir."

"Then cast off."

The game of bluff had been played between the Twenty-Second Wisconsin and the State of Kentucky, and Wisconsin had won.

The sheriff jumped ashore. There were hoarse puffs from the steam-pipes, the great wheels turned in the stream, the Commercial swung from her moorings, and the soldiers of Wisconsin floated down the broad Ohio with the stars and stripes waving above them.

By their devotion to principle, by the firmness of their commander, they had given the cause of Freedom a mighty uplift in the old State of Kentucky.

I recall an evening in the Louisville Hotel. Officers of the army, — majors, captains, lieutenants, — were there from camp, chatting with the ladies. It was a pleasant company, — an hour of comfort and pleasure. The evening was chilly, and a coal-fire in the grate sent out its genial warmth. The cut glass of the chandeliers sparkled with ruby, purple, and amethyst in the changing light. In the anterooms there were chess-players absorbed in the intellectual game, with a knot of silent spectators.

At the dinner-table Mr. Brown was my servant. His complexion was a shade darker than mine. He served me faithfully, wearing a white cotton jacket and apron. He entered the parlor in the evening, not wearing his hotel uniform, but faultlessly dressed as a gentleman. He brought not a lady, but a double-bass viol. He was followed by two fellow-servants, one with a violin, the other with a banjo. The one with the violin was a short, thick-set, curly-headed African, —

A hymn was lined off by Mr. Norton, after the fashion of our fathers. William, a stout, middle-aged man, struck into St. Martin's, and the congregation joined, not reading the music exactly as good old Tansur composed it, for there were crooks, turns, slurs, and appoggiaturas, not to be found in any printed copy. It was sung harshly, nasally, and dragged out in long, slow notes.

A pure-blooded negro, Sancho, offered prayer. He had seen great hardship in life and had suffered more than his namesake, the squire, who was once unceremoniously tossed in a blanket. His prayer was the free utterance of a warm heart. It was a familiar talk with Jesus, his best friend. He improved the opportunity to mingle an exhortation with his supplication. He thus addressed the unconverted:—

"O, my poor, impenitent fellow-sinner, what you think you are doing? Where you think you are going? Death will ride up soon in a big black carriage and take you wid him down to de regions of deep darkness. Why don't you repent now, and den he will carry you up into de light of paradise!"

Looking forward to the hour of the Christian's release from the bondage of this life, he said, in conclusion, "And now, good Lord, when we have done chaw all de hard bones and swallowed all de bitter pills, we trust de good Lord will take us to himself."

After an address from the superintendent, Sancho rose.

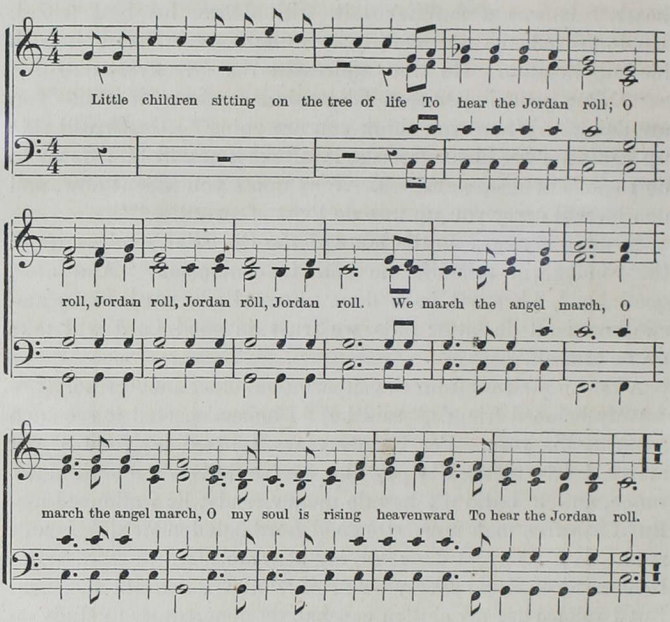
"My belobed friends," said he, "I neber 'spected to see such a day as dis yere. For twenty years, I hired my time of old massa, I was 'bleeged to pay him twelve dollars a month in advance, and if I did n't hab de money ready, he wollopped me. But I 's a free man now. De good Lord hab done it all. I can't read. It is de great desire ob my heart to learn to read, so dat I can read de Bible all my own self; but I 's too old to learn. But I rejoice dat my chillen can hab de opportunity to study de precious word. De Lord is doin great tings for us in dese yere days. Ole massa, was a purty good massa, and I prays de Lord to make him lay down his weapons ob rebellion and become a good Union man and a disciple ob de Lord Jesus, for Jesus tells us dat we must lub our enemies."

After the exercises of the religious meeting were concluded,

the chairs were set aside, and they began a "praise meeting," or singing meeting. Most of their music is plaintive. The piece frequently commences with a recitative by one voice, and at the end of the first line the chorus joins. The words are often improvised to suit the occasion.

A favorite song is "Roll, Jordan, roll," in which the progression of the melody is very descriptive of the rolling of waves upon the beach. There are many variations of the melody, but that here given is as I heard it sung by the negroes of Bythewood.

ROLL JORDAN.



The verses vary only in recitation. If Mr. Jones is present he will hear, "Mr. Jones is sitting on the tree of life." There is no pause, and before the last roll is ended the one giving the recitative places another personage on the tree, and thus Jordan rolls along.

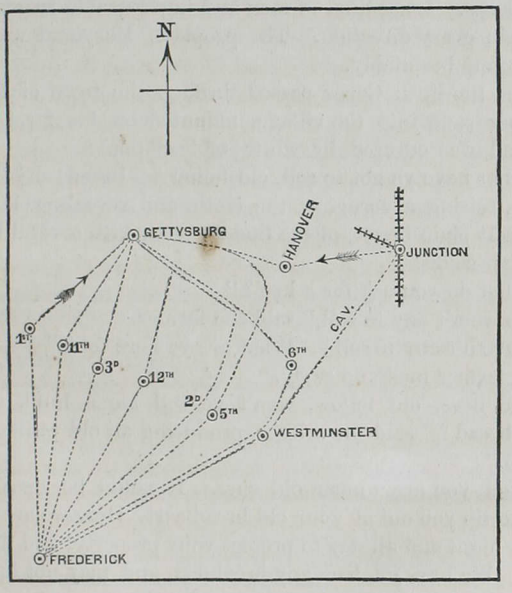
As the song goes on the enthusiasm rises. They sing louder

The army commanded by General Meade consisted of seven corps.

1. Major-General Reynolds; 2. Major-General Hancock; 3. Major-General Sickles; 5. Major-General Sykes; 6. Major-General Sedgwick; 11. Major-General Howard; 12. Major-General Slocum.

As Ewell was at York, and as Lee was advancing in that direction, it was necessary to take a wide sweep of country in the march. All Sunday the army was passing through Frederick. It was a strange sight. The churches were open, and some of the officers and soldiers attended service, — a precious privilege to those who before entering the army were engaged in Sabbath schools. The stores also were open, and the town was cleaned of goods, — boots, shoes, needles, pins, tobacco, pipes, paper, pencils, and other trifles which add to a soldier's comfort.

Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were pouring through the town, the bands playing, and the soldiers singing their liveliest



songs. The First Corps moved up the Emmettsburg road, and formed the left of the line; the Eleventh Corps marched up a parallel road a little farther east, through Griegerstown. The Third and Twelfth Corps moved on parallel roads leading to Taneytown. The Second and Fifth moved still farther east, through Liberty and Uniontown, while the Sixth, with Gregg's division of cavalry, went to Westminster, forming the right of the line.

The lines of march were like the sticks of a fan, Frederick being the point of divergence.

On this same Sunday afternoon Lee was at Chambersburg, directing Ewell, who was at York, to move to Gettysburg. A. P. Hill was moving east from Chambersburg towards the same point, while Longstreet's, the last corps to cross the Potomac, was moving through Waynesboro' and Fairfield, marching north-east towards the same point.

It was a glorious spectacle, that movement of the army north from Frederick. I left the town accompanying the Second and Fifth Corps. Long lines of men and innumerable wagons were visible in every direction. The people of Maryland welcomed the soldiers hospitably.

When the Fifth Corps passed through the town of Liberty, a farmer rode into the village, mounted on his farm-wagon. His load was covered by white table-cloths.

"What have ye got to sell, old fellow? Bread, eh?" said a soldier, raising a corner of the cloth, and revealing loaves of sweet soft plain bread, of the finest wheat, with several bushels of ginger-cakes.

"What do you ask for a loaf?"

"I have n't any to sell," said the farmer.

"Have n't any to sell? What are ye here for?"

The farmer made no reply.

"See here, old fellow, won't ye sell me a hunk of your gingerbread?" said the soldier, producing an old wallet.

"No."

"Well, you are a mean old cuss. It would be serving you right to tip you out of your old bread-cart. Here we are marching all night and all day to protect your property, and fight the Rebs. We have n't had any breakfast, and may not have any

Lee chose, as his first point of attack, the position occupied by Sickles. The ground by Wentz's house is higher than the ridge, where Hancock had established his head-quarters. If he could drive Sickles from the peach-orchard by turning his left flank, and gain Weed's Hill, Meade would be compelled to retreat, and the nature of the ground was such in rear of the cemetery that a retreat might be turned into a complete rout. Meade's position was a very fair one for defence, but one from which an army could not well retire before a victorious enemy. The trains in park along Rock Creek would have been in the way. Baggage trains are exceedingly useful, but there are times when commanders do not know what to do with them. A battery in the hands of the enemy, planted on the ridge, or in the cemetery, if those places had fallen into the hands of the Rebels, would have produced confusion in Meade's rear among the teamsters, who are not always cool under fire, especially if they have refractory mules to manage. General Meade would have chosen a position fifteen or twenty miles in rear, nearer to his base of supplies, and had he been at Gettysburg on Wednesday evening, doubtless would have ordered a retreat. The question, whether to fall back or to hold the position, was seriously debated. But Howard had made the stand. He believed that the position could be held, and Lee defeated there. He did not calculate for a defeat, but for victory. Had Meade fallen back, Lee would have been wary of moving on. It was not his intention, he says, to fight a general battle so far from his base. He would have followed cautiously, if at all. Through

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in the last attack, on the third day, and as his repulse was seemingly the turning-point of the Rebellion, especial mention has been made of the part taken by the troops under his command. Hill supported him. A portion of Hill's troops were with Longstreet in the attack of the second day.

Ewell is in the position he occupied at dark on the second day, while two of Slocum's divisions were aiding the left of Meade's line.

Lee's head-quarters were near Smucker's house.

The fight on the first day began on Willoughby's Run. The Union lines on that day extended from the Middletown road along the semicircle occupied by the Rebel cannon in the diagram, to the railroad east of Blocher's. The map is reduced from an accurate survey.

The best plan of this battle extant is the isometrical picture of Gettysburg, by Colonel J. B. Batchelder, who has devoted many months to the study of the field. It will ever be standard authority for the historian.

the foresight, faith, and courage of Howard, therefore, Gettysburg has become a turning-point in history. And yet, not that alone, for the warp and woof of history are made up of innumerable threads. The Rebels, on that afternoon of Thursday, as they moved out from the woods into the fields south of the house of John Rose, had a thorough contempt for the troops in blue, standing beneath the peach-trees in Sherfy's orchard, and along the road towards Trostle's. Big Bethel, Bull Run, Richmond, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Cedar Mountain, Harper's Ferry they remembered as victories; and even Antietam and South Mountain were called drawn battles by the Rebel commander-in-chief. They had already achieved one victory on the soil of Pennsylvania. Five thousand Yankees had been captured. The troops of the Confederacy were invincible, not only while fighting at their own doors, but as invaders of the North. Such was the feeling of the soldiers. But the Rebel officers were not quite so sanguine of success as the men. An Englishman, who saw the fight from the Rebel side, says: —

"At 4.30 P. M. (Wednesday) we came in sight of Gettysburg, and joined General Lee and General Hill, who were on the top of one of the ridges which form the peculiar feature of the country round Gettysburg. We could see the enemy retreating up one of the opposite ridges, pursued by the Confederates with loud yells.

"The position into which the enemy had been driven was evidently a strong one. General Hill now came up, and told me he had been very unwell all day, and in fact he looks very delicate. He said he had two of his divisions engaged, and had driven the enemy four miles into his present position, capturing a great many prisoners, some cannon, and some colors; he said, however, that the Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them. He pointed out a railway cutting in which they had made a good stand; also a field, in the centre of which he had seen a man plant the regimental colors, round which the regiment had fought for some time with much obstinacy; and when at last it was obliged to retreat, the color-bearer retired last of all, turning round every now and then to shake his fist at the advancing Rebels. General Hill said he felt quite sorry when he saw this gallant Yankee meet his doom.

"General Ewell had come up at 3.30 on the enemy's right and completed his discomfiture.

It was late in the evening when I threw myself upon a pile of straw in an old farm-house, near the Baltimore pike, for a few hours' rest, expecting that with the early morning there would be a renewal of the battle.

There was the constant rumble of artillery moving into position, of ammunition and supply wagons going up to the troops. Lights were gleaming in the hollows, beneath the shade of oaks and pines, where the surgeons were at work, and where, through the dreary hours wailings and moanings rent the air; yet though within musket-shot of the enemy, and surrounded with dying and dead, I found refreshing sleep.

THIRD DAY.

FRIDAY, July 3.

Boom! boom! Two guns, deep and heavy, at four o'clock. It was a sultry morning. The clouds hung low upon the hills. Two more! and then more rapidly than the tick of a pendulum came the concussions. There were flashes from all the hills, — flashes in the woods along Rock Creek. The cemetery was aflame. The door which had been opened against Slocum was to be closed, and this was the beginning of the effort.

The cannonade broke the stillness of the morning, and drowned all other sounds. Riding up the turnpike to the batteries, I had a good view of the battle-ground. General Sickles was being carried to the rear on a stretcher. He had suffered amputation. Following him was a large number of prisoners, taken in the fight upon the left. Some were haggard and careworn, — others indifferent, or sulky, and some very jolly. "I have got into the Union after hard fighting," said one, "and I intend to stay there."

There were a few musket-shots in the woods upon the hill, from the pickets in advance. Slocum was preparing to regain what had been lost. It was seven o'clock before he was ready to move. The men moved slowly, but determinedly. The Rebels were in the rifle-pits, and opened a furious fire. A thin veil of smoke rose above the trees, and floated away before the morning breeze. Rapid the fire of musketry, — terrific the cannonade. Ewell was determined not to be driven back. He held on with dogged pertinacity. He had sworn profanely to

hold the position, but in vain his effort. The rifle-pits were regained, and he was driven, inch by inch, up Rock Creek.

It took four hours to do it, however. Ewell, well knowing the importance of holding the position, brought in all of his available force. Johnson's, Rhodes's, and Early's divisions, all were engaged. To meet these General Shaler's brigade of the Sixth Corps was brought up to Culp's Hill, while Niel's brigade of the same corps was thrown in upon Early's flank east of Rock Creek, and the work was accomplished. The men fought from behind trees and rocks, with great tenacity. It was the last attempt of Lee upon Meade's right.

Gregg's and Kilpatrick's divisions of cavalry were east of Rock Creek. An orderly came dashing down the Hanover road.

"Stuart is coming round on our right!" said he. "General Pleasanton sends his compliments to General Gregg, desiring him to go out immediately and hold Stuart in check. His compliments also to General Kilpatrick, desiring him to go down beyond Round-top, and pitch in with all his might on Longstreet's left."

I was conversing with the two officers at the time.

"Good! come on, boys!" shouted Kilpatrick, rubbing his hands with pleasure. The notes of the bugle rang loud and clear above the rumble of the passing army wagons, and Kilpatrick's column swept down the hill, crossed the creek, and disappeared beyond Round-top. A half-hour later I saw the smoke of his artillery, and heard the wild shout of his men as they dashed recklessly upon the Rebel lines. It was the charge in which General Farnsworth and a score of gallant officers gave up their lives.

General Gregg's division formed in the fields east of Wolf Hill. Stuart had already extended his line along the Bonnoughtown road. There was a brisk cannonade between the light batteries, and Stuart retired, without attempting to cut out the ammunition trains parked along the pike.

Through the forenoon it was evident that Lee was preparing for another attack. He had reconnoitred the ground with Longstreet in the morning, and decided to assault Meade's line between the cemetery and Weed's Hill with a strong force.

dinner. You are a set of mean cusses round here, I reckon," said the soldier.

A crowd of soldiers had gathered, and others expressed their indignation. The old farmer stood up on his wagon-seat, took off the table-cloths, and replied, —

"I did n't bring my bread here to sell. My wife and daughters set up all night to bake it for you, and you are welcome to all I 've got, and wish I had ten times as much. Help yourselves, boys."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" "Bully for you!" "You 're a brick!" "Three cheers for the old man!" "Three more for the old woman!" "Three more for the girls!"

They threw up their caps, and fairly danced with joy. The bread and cakes were gone in a twinkling.

"See here, my friend, I take back all the hard words I said about you," said the soldier, shaking hands with the farmer, who sat on his wagon overcome with emotion.

On Tuesday evening, General Reynolds, who was at Emmettsburg, sent word to General Meade that the Rebels were evidently approaching Gettysburg. At the same time, the Rebel General Stuart, with his cavalry, appeared at Westminster. He had tarried east of the Blue Ridge till Lee was across the Potomac, — till Meade had started from Frederick, — then crossing the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry, he pushed directly northeast of the Monocacy, east of Meade's army, through Westminster, where he had a slight skirmish with some of the Union cavalry, moved up the pike to Littlestown and Hanover and joined Lee.

Riding to Westminster I overtook General Gregg's division of cavalry, and on Wednesday moved forward with it to Hanover Junction, which is thirty miles east of Gettysburg. There, while our horses were eating their corn at noon, I heard the distant cannonade, the opening of the great battle.

Striking directly across the country, I rejoined the Fifth Corps at Hanover. There were dead horses and dead soldiers in the streets lying where they fell. The wounded had been gathered into a school-house, and the warm-hearted women of the place were ministering to their comfort. It was evening. The bivouac fires of the Fifth Corps were gleaming in the

meadows west of the town, and the worn and weary soldiers were asleep, catching a few hours of repose before moving on to the place where they were to lay down their lives for their country.

It was past eight o'clock on Thursday morning, July 2d, before we reached the field. The Fifth Corps, turning off from the Hanover road, east of Rock Creek, passed over to the Baltimore pike, crossed Rock Creek, filed through the field on the left hand and moved towards Little Round-top, or Weed's Hill as it is now called.

Riding directly up the pike towards the cemetery, I saw the Twelfth Corps on my right, in the thick woods crowning Culp's Hill. Beyond, north of the pike, was the First Corps. Ammunition wagons were going up, and the artillerymen were filling their limber chests. Pioneers were cutting down the trees.

Reaching the top of the hill in front of the cemetery gate the battle-field was in view. To understand a battle, the movements of the opposing forces, and what they attempt to accomplish, it is necessary first to comprehend the ground, its features, the hills, hollows, woods, ravines, ledges, roads, — how they are related. A rocky hill is frequently a fortress of itself. Rail fences and stone walls are of value, and a ravine may be equivalent to ten thousand men.

Tying my horse and ascending the stairs to the top of the gateway building, I could look directly down upon the town. The houses were not forty rods distant. Northeast, three fourths of a mile, was Culp's Hill.

On the northern side of the Baltimore pike were newly mown fields, the grass springing fresh and green since the mower had swept over it. In those fields were batteries with breastworks thrown up by Howard on Wednesday night, — light affairs, not intended to resist cannon-shot, but to protect the cannoneers from sharpshooters. Howard's lines of infantry were behind stone-walls. The cannoneers were lying beside their pieces, — sleeping perhaps, but at any rate keeping close, for, occasionally, a bullet came singing past them. Looking north over the fields, a mile or two, we saw a beautiful farming country, — fields of ripened grain, — russet mingled with the green in the landscape.

Conspicuous among the buildings is the almshouse, with its brick walls, great barn, and numerous out-buildings, on the Harrisburg road. Beyond are the houses of David and John Blocher, — John Blocher's being at the junction of the Carlisle and Newville roads. Looking over the town, the buildings of Pennsylvania College are in full view, between the road leading northwest to Mummasburg, and the unfinished track of a railroad running west through a deep excavation a half-mile from the college. The Chambersburg turnpike runs parallel to the railroad. South of this is the Lutheran Theological Seminary, beautifully situated, in front of a shady grove of oaks. West and southwest we look upon wheat, clover, and corn fields, on both sides of the road leading to Emmettsburg. A half-mile west of this road is an elevated ridge of land, crowned with apple-orchards and groves of oaks. Turning to the southeast, two miles distant, is Round-top, shaped like a sugar-loaf, rocky, steep, hard to climb, on its western face, easy to be held by those who have possession, clad with oaks and pines. Nearer, a little east of the meridian, is Weed's Hill, with Plum Run at its western base, flowing through a rocky ravine. From the sides of the hill, and on its top, great boulders bulge, like plums in a pudding. It is very stony west of the hill, as if Nature in making up the mould had dumped the *débris* there.

Between Round-top and Weed's there is a gap, where men bent on a desperate enterprise might find a passway. Between Weed's and the cemetery the ridge is broken down and smoothed out into fields and pastures. The road to Taneytown runs east of this low ridge, the road to Emmettsburg west of it. A small house stands on the west side of the Taneytown road, with the American flag flying in front of it. There are horses hitched to the fences, while others are nibbling the grass in the fields. Officers with stars on their shoulders are examining maps, writing, and sending off cavalrymen. It is General Meade's head-quarters. When the Rebel batteries open it will be a warm place.

Having taken a general look at the field, I rode forward towards the town, between Stewart's and Taft's batteries, in position on either side of the road. Soldiers in blue were lying behind the garden fences.

"Where are you going?" said one.

"Into the town."

"I reckon not. The Rebs hold it, and I advise you to turn about. It is rather dangerous where you are. The Rebels are right over there in that brick house."

Right over there was not thirty rods distant.

"Ping!" — and there was the sharp ring of a bullet over our heads.

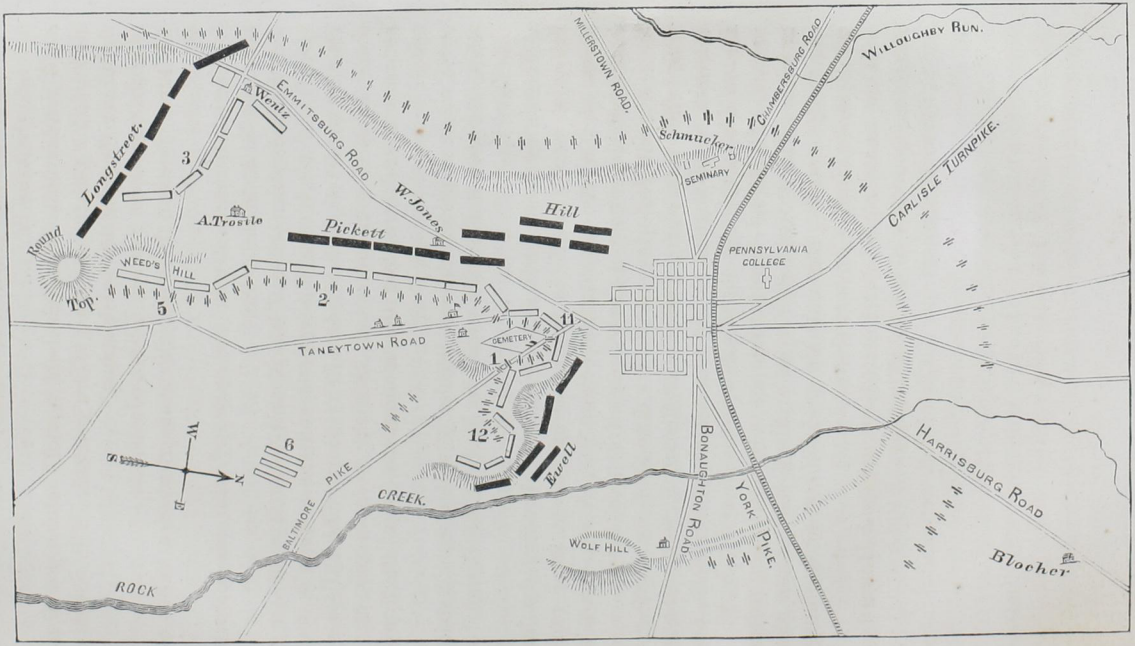
General Howard was in the cemetery with his maps and plans spread upon the ground.

"We are just taking a lunch, and there is room for one more," was his kind and courteous welcome. Then removing his hat, he asked God to bless the repast. The bullets were occasionally singing over us. Soldiers were taking up the headstones and removing the monuments from their pedestals.

"I want to preserve them, besides, if a shot should strike a stone, the pieces of marble would be likely to do injury," said the General.

The flowers were blooming around us. I gathered a handful as a memento of the hour. Preparations were rapidly going on for the approaching struggle. North, west, and southwest the whole country was alive with Rebels, — long lines of men deploying in various directions, tents going up, with yellow flags above them on the distant hills, thousands of canvas-covered wagons, slowly winding along the roads, reaching as far as the eye could see towards Chambersburg, Carlisle, and Fairfield, — turning into the fields and taking positions in park. There were batteries of artillery, the cannon gleaming in the noonday sun, and hundreds of horsemen riding in hot haste on many a desperate errand.

While partaking of our refreshment, General Howard narrated the operations of the preceding day.



GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

On Tuesday evening, the 30th of June, General Reynolds was in camp on Marsh Run, a short distance from Emmettsburg, while General Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, was in that town. Instructions were received from General Meade assigning General Reynolds to the command of the First, Eleventh, and Third Corps. General Reynolds moved early in the morning to Gettysburg, and sent orders to General Howard to follow. General Howard received the orders at 8 o'clock in the morning. General Barlow's division of the Eleventh followed the First Corps by the most direct road while General Schurz's and General Steinwehr's divisions went by Horner's Mills, the distance being thirteen miles. General Howard, with his staff, pushed on in advance of his troops.

Buford's division of cavalry passed through Gettysburg on Tuesday and went into camp a mile and a half west of the town on the Chambersburg pike. At 9.30 A. M. on Wednesday, the Rebels of A. P. Hill's division appeared in front of him, and skirmishing commenced on the farm of Hon. Edward McPherson. General Reynolds rode into Gettysburg about 10 o'clock in advance of his troops, turned up the Chambersburg road, reconnoitred the position, rode back again, met the head of his column a mile down the Emmettsburg road, turned it directly across the fields, towards the seminary, and deployed his divisions across the Chambersburg road. General Archer's brigade of Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps was advancing eastward, unaware of Reynolds's movement. He had passed Herr's tavern, two miles beyond the town, when he found himself face to face with General Meredith's brigade of Reynolds's command. The fight opened at once. Archer and several hundred of his men were captured. General Cutler, pushing out from the town between the half-finished railroad and the Cham-

bersburg road, came in contact with Davis's brigade of Mississippians. The contest increased. General Reynolds, while riding along the line, was killed in the field beyond the Seminary, and the command devolved on General Doubleday.

General Howard heard the cannonade, and riding rapidly up the Emmettsburg road entered the town, sent messengers in search of General Reynolds, asking for instructions, not knowing that he had been killed.

While waiting the return of his aids, he went to the top of the college to reconnoitre the surrounding country. His aid, Major Biddle, soon came back, with the sad intelligence that General Reynolds had fallen, and that the command devolved on himself.

It was half past eleven. The Rebels were appearing in increased force. The prisoners taken said that the whole of A. P. Hill's corps was near by.

"You will have your hands full before night. Longstreet is near, and Ewell is coming," said one, boastingly.

"After an examination of the general features of the country," said General Howard, "I came to the conclusion that the only tenable position for my limited force was on this ridge. I saw that this was the highest point. You will notice that it commands all the other eminences. My artillery can sweep the fields completely."

He pointed towards the north, where across the pike, just beyond the gateway, were Colonel Wainwright's batteries of the First Corps, and around us were Colonel Osborn's of the Eleventh. Behind us, east of the cemetery, was some of the reserve artillery.

The head of the Eleventh Corps reached Gettysburg about twelve o'clock. The first and third division passed through the town, moved out beyond the college, and joined the right of the First Corps. Howard sent three batteries and his second division, Steinwehr's, to take possession of the cemetery and the hill north of the Baltimore pike.

Thus far success had attended the Union arms. A large number of prisoners had been taken with but little loss, and the troops were holding their own against a superior force. About half past twelve cavalry scouts reported that Ewell was

quarters for consultation. Sickles did not attend, deeming it of vital importance to prepare for the advance of the enemy, and his soldiers were levelling fences and removing obstructions.

A peremptory order reached Sickles requiring his presence. He rode to the head-quarters of the army, but the conference was over, and he went back to his command followed by General Meade.

"Are you not too much extended? Can you hold your front?" asked the Commander-in-Chief.

"Yes, only I shall want more troops."

"I will send you the Fifth Corps, and you may call on Hancock for support."

"I shall need more artillery."

"Send for all you want. Call on General Hunt of the Artillery Reserve. I will direct him to send you all you want."

The pickets were keeping up a lively fire.

"I think that the Rebels will soon make their appearance," said Sickles.

A moment later and the scattering fire became a volley. General Meade took another look at the troops in position, and galloped back to his head-quarters.

General Lee, in his report, has given an outline of his intentions. He says: —

"It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy; but, finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack.

"The remainder of Ewell's and Hill's corps having arrived, and two divisions of Longstreet's, our preparations were made accordingly. During the afternoon intelligence was received of the arrival of General Stuart at Carlisle, and he was ordered to march to Gettysburg,

and take position on the left. A full account of these engagements cannot be given until the reports of the several commanding officers shall have been received, and I shall only offer a general description.

"The preparations for attack were not completed until the afternoon of the 2d.

"The enemy held a high and commanding ridge, along which he had massed a large amount of artillery. General Ewell occupied the left of our line, General Hill the centre, and General Longstreet the right. In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position from which, if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to endeavor to carry this position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack."

Lee had been all day perfecting his plans. He was riding along his lines at sunrise, reconnoitring Meade's position. His head-quarters were near the Theological Seminary, where, at five o'clock in the morning, Lee, Hill, Longstreet, Hood, and Heth were engaged in conversation. The conference lasted till seven o'clock, when Longstreet rode down to his corps to make arrangements for the attack. Hood had the extreme right, and McLaws stood next in line. Pickett, commanding his other division, had not arrived. It was to be held in reserve.*

* The accompanying plan of the battle-field accurately represents the general positions of the troops engaged. On the right of the Union line is the Twelfth Corps; then two divisions of the First; then the Eleventh in and around the cemetery; then Robinson's division of the First; then the Second and the Fifth on the left, occupying Weed's Hill. The Third Corps is in the position it occupied at the beginning of the battle on the afternoon of the second day. It was forced back to Trostle's house. The Sixth Corps is in the position it occupied at sunset on the second day. On the third day it was in line along Weed's Hill. When Slocum went over from the right to aid in repulsing Longstreet on the second day, he passed near the two houses standing on the Taneytown road. Meade's quarters were in the house over which a flag is flying.

Longstreet is in the position which he occupied at three o'clock on the afternoon of the second day, and to which he retired after failing to push Sickles beyond Trostle's.

Pickett commanded a division and not a corps. But as his division took the lead

He could form the attacking column out of sight, in the woods west of Codori's house. In advancing the troops would be sheltered till they reached the Emmettsburg road. Howard's guns in the cemetery would trouble them most by enfilading the lines. Howard must be silenced by a concentrated artillery fire. The cemetery could be seen from every part of the line occupied by the Rebels, and all the available batteries were brought into position to play upon it, and upon the position occupied by the Second Corps.

The arrangements were intrusted to Longstreet. He selected Pickett's, Pender's, Heth's, and Anderson's divisions. Pickett's were fresh troops. Heth had been wounded, and Pettigrew was in command of the division. Wilcox's and Perry's brigades of Anderson's division had the right of the first Rebel line. Pickett's division occupied the centre of the first line, followed by Pender's. Heth's division, followed by Wright's brigade of Anderson's, had the left of the line.

Wilcox and Perry's line of advance was past Klingel's house. Pickett's right swept across the Emmettsburg road by the house of Peter Rogers; his left reached to Codori's, where it joined Pettigrew's. Rhodes's division of Ewell's corps was brought down from the woods by Smucker's house, and put in position south of the town, to support Pettigrew's left. The attacking column numbered from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, but the force in support gave nearly thirty-five thousand men which Longstreet had in hand.

The movements of the Rebels, as seen from the Union lines, indicated an attack upon our extreme left. The Fifth, Third, and Sixth Corps therefore were placed well down toward Round-top.

Commencing at the Taneytown road and walking south, we have the following disposition of the troops resisting this attack. Robinson's division of the First Corps, reaching from the road along an oak grove, past a small house occupied by a colored man. Hays's division lay behind a stone wall, and a small grove of shrub-oaks. Gibbon had no protection except a few rails gathered from the fences. There are three oak-trees which mark the spot occupied by Hall's brigade. Harrow's was just beyond it, south. In front of Harrow's, six or eight

rods, were three regiments of Stannard's Vermont brigade, — the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth, — lying in a shallow trench. Caldwell's division extended from Gibbon's to the narrow road leading past Trostle's house. The ridge in rear of the troops bristled with artillery. The infantry line was thin, but the artillery was compact and powerful.

Longstreet having made his disposition for the attack, and the Rebel artillery not being ready, threw himself on the ground and went to sleep.*

Lee reconnoitred the position from the cupola of the college, over which the Confederate hospital-flag was flying, — thus violating what has been deemed even by half-civilized races a principle of honor.

Visiting General Meade's head-quarters in the house of Mrs. Leister, in the forenoon, I saw the Commander-in-Chief seated at a table with a map of Gettysburg spread out before him. General Warren, chief engineer, was by his side. General Williams, his Adjutant-General, who knew the strength of every regiment, was sitting on the bed, ready to answer any question. General Hunt, chief of artillery, was lying on the grass beneath a peach-tree in the yard. General Pleasanton, chief of the cavalry, neat and trim in dress and person, with a riding-whip tucked into his cavalry boots, was walking uneasily about. Aids were coming and going; a signal-officer in the yard was waving his flags in response to one on Round-top.

"Signal-officer on Round-top reports Rebels moving towards our left," said the officer to General Meade.

It was five minutes past one when the signal-gun for the opening of the battle was given by the Rebels on Seminary Hill. Instantly the whole line of Rebel batteries, an hundred and fifty guns, joined in the cannonade. All of the guns northeast, north, and northwest of the town concentrated their fire upon the cemetery. Those west and southwest opened on Hancock's position. Solid shot and shells poured incessantly upon the cemetery and along the ridge. The intention of Lee was soon understood, — to silence Howard's batteries because they enfiladed the attacking force ready to move over

* Blackwood's Magazine, September, 1864. — Freemantle.

the fields toward the centre, our weakest point. If they could give to the living who held the burial-place a quiet as profound as that of the sleepers beneath the ground, then they might hope to break through the thin line of men composing the Second Corps.

But Howard was not a man to be kept quiet at such a time without especial cause. His horses were knocked to pieces, the tombstones shivered, iron railings torn, shrubs and trees cut down, here and there men killed, but his batteries were not silenced.

Mr. Wilkenson of the New York *Tribune*, who was at General Meade's head-quarters when the fire was severest, thus describes the scene: —

"In the shadow cast by the tiny farm-house, sixteen by twenty, which General Meade had made his head-quarters, lay wearied staff officers and tired correspondents. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene the singing of a bird, which had a nest in a peach-tree within the tiny yard of the whitewashed cottage. In the midst of its warbling a shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another, and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery-prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, and whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the head-quarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard, — burst next to the fence on both sides, garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aides and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another, — sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvellous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step at the head-quarters cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door, — another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made. During this fire, the horses at

twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. Not an orderly, not an ambulance, not a straggler was to be seen upon the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death, thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their purposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defences behind which our infantry were waiting? Forty minutes, — fifty minutes, — counted watches that ran, O so languidly! Shells through the two lower rooms. A shell into the chimney, that daringly did not explode. Shells in the yard. The air thicker, and fuller, and more deafening with the howling and whirring of these infernal missiles. The Chief of Staff struck, — Seth Williams, — loved and respected through the army, separated from instant death by two inches of space vertically measured. An aide bored with a fragment of iron through the bone of the arm. And the time measured on the sluggish watches was one hour and forty minutes."

A soldier was lying on the ground a few rods distant from where I was sitting. There was a shriek, such as I hope never again to hear, and his body was whirling in the air, a mangled mass of flesh, blood, and bones!

A shell exploding in the cemetery, killed and wounded twenty-seven men in one regiment! * and yet the troops, lying under the fences, — stimulated and encouraged by General Howard, who walked coolly along the line, — kept their places and awaited the attack.

It was half past two o'clock.

"We will let them think that they have silenced us," said General Howard to Major Osborne. The artillerists threw themselves upon the ground beside their pieces.

Suddenly there was a shout, — "Here they come!"

Every man was on the alert. The cannoneers sprang to their feet. The long lines emerged from the woods, and moved rapidly but steadily over the fields, towards the Emmettsburg road.

Howard's batteries burst into flame, throwing shells with the utmost rapidity. There are gaps in the Rebel ranks, but on-

* General Howard's Report.

ward still they come. They reach the Emmettsburg road. Pickett's division appears by Klingel's house. All of Howard's guns are at work now. Pickett turns to the right, moving north, driven in part by the fire rolling in upon his flank from Weed's Hill, and from the Third, Fifth, and Sixth Corps batteries. Suddenly he faces east, descends the gentle slope from the road behind Codori's, crosses the meadow, comes in reach of the muskets of the Vermonters. The three regiments rise from their shallow trench. The men beneath the oak-trees leap from their low breastwork of rails. There is a ripple, a roll, a deafening roar. Yet the momentum of the Rebel column carries it on. It is becoming thinner and weaker, but they still advance.

The Second Corps is like a thin blue ribbon. Will it withstand the shock? "Give them canister! Pour it into them!" shouts Major Charles Howard, running from battery to battery. The Rebel line is almost up to the grove in front of Robinson's. It has reached the clump of shrub-oaks. It has drifted past the Vermont boys. Onward still. "Break their third line! Smash their supports!" cries General Howard, and Osborne and Wainwright send the fire of fifty guns into the column, each piece fired three times a minute! The cemetery is lost to view, — covered with sulphurous clouds, flaming and smoking and thundering like Sinai on the great day of the Lord! The front line of Rebels is melting away, — the second is advancing to take its place; but beyond the first and second is the third, which reels, breaks, and flies to the woods from whence it came, unable to withstand the storm.

Hancock is wounded, and Gibbon is in command of the Second Corps. "Hold your fire, boys; they are not near enough yet," says Gibbon, as Pickett comes on. The first volley staggers, but does not stop them. They move upon the run, — up to the breastwork of rails, — bearing Hancock's line to the top of the ridge, — so powerful their momentum.

Men fire into each other's faces, not five feet apart. There are bayonet-thrusts, sabre-strokes, pistol-shots; cool, deliberate movements on the part of some, — hot, passionate, desperate efforts with others; hand-to-hand contests; recklessness of life; tenacity of purpose; fiery determination; oaths, yells, curses,

hurrahs, shoutings; men going down on their hands and knees, spinning round like tops, throwing out their arms, gulping up blood, falling; legless, armless, headless. There are ghastly heaps of dead men. Seconds are centuries; minutes, ages; but the thin line does not break!

The Rebels have swept past the Vermont regiments. "Take them in flank," says General Stannard.

The Thirteenth and Sixteenth swing out from the trench, turn a right angle to the main line, and face the north. They move forward a few steps, pour a deadly volley into the backs of Kemper's troops. With a hurrah they rush on, to drive home the bayonet. The Fifteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth Massachusetts, and Seventh Michigan, Twentieth New York, Nineteenth Maine, One Hundred Fifty-First Pennsylvania, and other regiments catch the enthusiasm of the moment, and close upon the foe.

The Rebel column has lost its power. The lines waver. The soldiers of the front rank look round for their supports. They are gone, — fleeing over the field, broken, shattered, thrown into confusion by the remorseless fire from the cemetery and from the cannon on the ridge. The lines have disappeared like a straw in a candle's flame. The ground is thick with dead, and the wounded are like the withered leaves of autumn. Thousands of Rebels throw down their arms and give themselves up as prisoners.

How inspiring the moment! How thrilling the hour! It is the high-water mark of the Rebellion, — a turning-point of history and of human destiny!

Treason had wielded its mightiest blow. From that time the Rebellion began to wane. An account of the battle, written on the following day, and published on the 6th of July in the Boston *Journal*, contains the following passage: —

"The invasion of the North was over, — the power of the Southern Confederacy broken. There at that sunset hour I could discern the future; no longer an overcast sky, but the clear, unclouded starlight, — a country redeemed, saved, baptized, consecrated anew to the coming ages.

"All honor to the heroic living, all glory to the gallant dead! They have not fought in vain, they have not died for naught. No man liveth to himself alone. Not for themselves, but for their children; for those

He organized, therefore, a foraging corps, made up of details from each regiment, which numbered over five thousand. It was a corps always on the alert, — always in the advance, — beating even Kilpatrick with his cavalry.

"If I come to a town or village or plantation, and stop to obtain forage, I find that these infernal bummers have been ahead of me," said Kilpatrick.

Having authority to take provisions, the soldiers of the bummer corps were not tardy in executing their trusts. They went in squads, fought the Rebel skirmishers, defeated Wheeler's cavalry in several encounters. No matter how rich a prize there might be of chickens and turkeys in a farm-yard, the appearance of a Rebel brought them into line for mutual defence.

They rode horseback. Sometimes they came in with a dozen horses loaded with chickens, turkeys, all alive, tied by their legs, squalling and flapping their wings. In one instance a squad, with live fowls dangling at their saddles, was confronted by Wheeler's cavalry. They formed in line, fired a volley, and started upon a charge. Flap! flap! went the wings of the fowls, accompanied by a squalling, screeching, and gobbling, — a war-whoop which in an instant stampeded the horses of the Rebels!

The farm wagons on a plantation often were confiscated and filled with provisions, — the bummers riding in state in the family carriage, with jars of jelly, preserves, pickles, and honey, baskets of sweet potatoes, and legs of bacon, accompanied usually by a crowd of grinning negroes, who had pointed out the secret places where the original proprietors had stored the things. The negroes and the bummers fraternized very well. The negroes usually kept watch for Rebels while the bummer was securing his plunder, and then, when the master was out of sight bid good by forever to the old plantation, and with a light heart leaped the fences, on their way to freedom.

There were two classes of bummers, — the regular member of the corps, who kept his comrades well supplied with good things, and the irregular member, whose chief care was to provide for himself, and who sometimes was absent a week from his regiment.

They were of great service to Sherman, not only as foragers, but as flankers and scouts. They were always on the alert, and being out in all directions kept Sherman well informed of the whereabouts of the Rebels. Yet their lawlessness had a demoralizing tendency. Some were tender-hearted, and took only what was needed to eat, while others ransacked houses, ripped open feather-beds, smashed looking-glasses and crockery, and tumbled tables and chairs about unceremoniously, frightening women and children. Yet they did not offer indignities or insults to the persons of those even who reviled them. A bummer insulting a woman would have been hung by his fellows on the nearest tree, or if not by them he would have had short respite of life from the soldiers.

While in Savannah they had no occasion to ply their vocation. Noticing that there were chickens full grown picking up corn in the streets of the city, I expressed my surprise to an officer of the Twentieth Corps.

"The fact is," he replied, "we have lived on chickens all the way from Atlanta. We have had roast chicken, fried chicken, and stewed chicken, till we are tired of it."

But when Sherman resumed his march through South Carolina, the bummers were keener than ever. The whole army was eager to begin the march. Each regiment, when it crossed the Savannah River, and set foot in South Carolina, gave a cheer. They were in the hot-bed of Secession.

"We 'll make South Carolina howl!" they said.

There was a fine mansion back from the river a short distance. Upon the floors were Brussels and tapestry carpeting; mirrors of French plate-glass adorned the parlor. There was a library with well-filled shelves; a costly rosewood piano in the drawing-room, — all of which in an hour was licked up by the flames.

Far away to the north, as far as the eye could reach, were pillars of smoke, ascending from other plantations.

"We 'll purify their Secession hate by fire," said one.

The soldiers evidently felt that they were commissioned to administer justice in the premises, or at least to the premises, of the South Carolinians. They were avengers. They com-

SHERMAN'S BUMMERS.

The 22d of February, Washington's birthday, was celebrated in Charleston as never before. In the afternoon a small party of gentlemen from the North sat down to a dinner. Among them were Colonel Webster, Chief of General Sherman's staff, Colonel Markland of the Post-Office Department, several officers of the army and navy, and four journalists, all guests of a patriotic gentleman from Philadelphia.

Our table was spread in the house of a caterer, who in other days had provided sumptuous dinners for the Charlestonians. He was a mulatto, who understood his art to perfection. Notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions in the city, he was able to provide an excellent entertainment, set off with canned fruits, which had been put up in England, and which had run the gauntlet of the blockade.

While dining we heard the beating of drums and a chorus of voices. Looking down the broad avenue we could see a column of troops advancing with steady step and even ranks. It was nearly sunset, and their bayonets were gleaming in the level rays. They carried the stars and stripes. It was General Potter's brigade, led by the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, — a regiment redeemed from slavery. Sharp and shrill the notes of the fife, stirring the drum-beat, deep and resonant the chorus of a thousand voices singing their most soul-thrilling war-song, —

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on,
Glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
His soul is marching on."

Mingling with the chorus were cheers for Governor Andrew and Abraham Lincoln!

They raised their caps, hung them upon their bayonets. Proud their bearing. They come as conquerors. Some of them had walked those streets before as slaves. Now they were freedmen.

Around them gathered a dusky crowd, — men, women, and children of sable hue, dancing, shouting, making extravagant demonstrations of joy. Mothers held up their little ones to

see the men in blue, to catch a sight of the crimson folds of the starry flag, with its tassels of gold.

> " O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb,
> Waiting for God, your hour at last has come,
> And freedom's song
> Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong."

In the harbor lay the ships of war, with flags and streamers flying from bowsprit, yard-arm, and topmast, thundering a national salute in double honor of the day and the victory.

Up the avenue, past the citadel, with unbroken ranks, marched the soldiers of the Union, offering no insult, uttering no epithet, manifesting no revenge, for all the wrongs of centuries heaped upon them by a people now humbled and at their mercy.

While walking down the street an hour later, I inquired my way of a white woman. She was going in the same direction, and kindly volunteered to direct me.

" How do the Yankees behave ? " I asked.

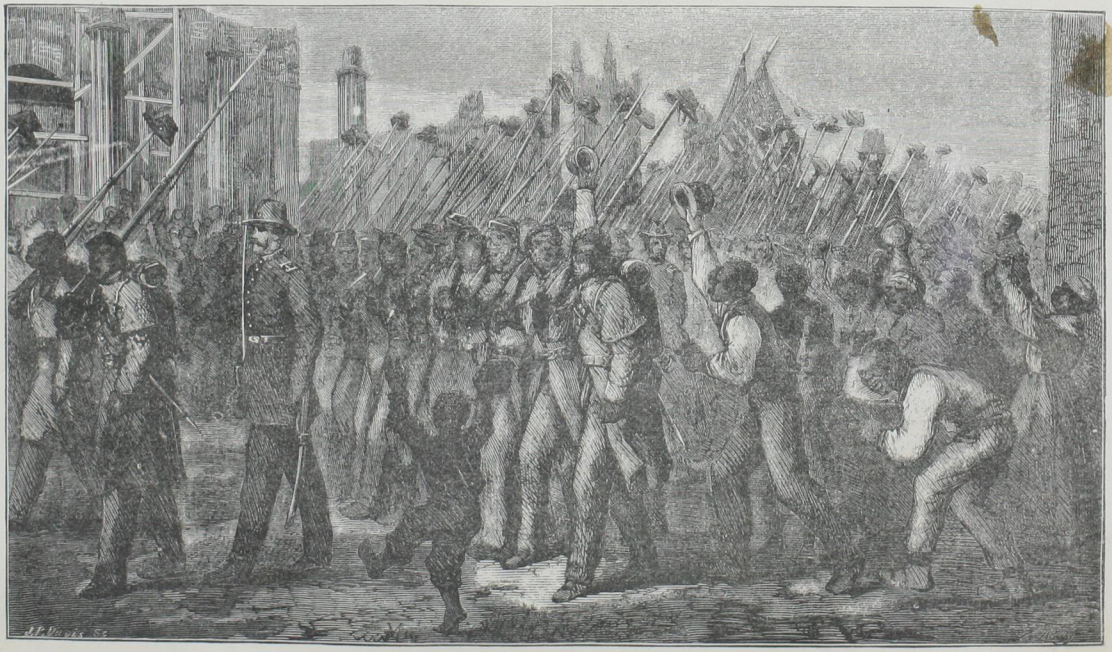
" O, they behave well enough, but the niggers are dreadful sassy." (She spelled nigger with a double *g*.)

" They have not insulted you, I hope."

" O no, they have n't insulted me, but they have other folks. They don't turn out when we meet them ; they smoke cigars and go right up to a gentleman and ask him for a light ! "

The deepest humiliation to the Charlestonians was the presence of negro soldiers. They were the provost guard of the city, with their head-quarters in the citadel. Whoever desired protection papers or passes, whoever had business with the marshal or the general commanding the city, rich or poor, high-born or low-born, white or black, man or woman, must meet a colored sentinel face to face and obtain from a colored sergeant permission to enter the gate. They were first in the city, and it was their privilege to guard it, their duty to maintain law and order.

A Rebel officer who had given his parole, but who was indiscreet enough to curse the Yankees, was quietly marched off to the guard-house by these colored soldiers. It was galling to his pride ; he marched with downcast eyes and subdued



JOHN BROWN IN CHARLESTON.

There was a banking-house in Paris with a branch at Frankfort conducted by a Jew, who was ready to engineer the loan for a consideration. Messrs. Mason and Slidell had presented the matter to the eminent moneyed men of those cities, but the Rothschilds and Barings and others, who prized reputation and honor above wealth, declined the tempting overtures. The Trent affair had brought Messrs. Mason and Slidell into fellowship with Admiral Elliot and the Honorable William Napier, who, with Mr. Spence were ready to lend a helping hand. General McRae was appointed a special financial agent of the Confederacy in Europe, and was sent out to make a contract with Erlanger early in the winter of 1863.

The correspondence between the contracting parties opens on the first of March. Mr. Spence, sitting in his parlor in the Burlington Hotel, Old Burlington Street, London, writes to Baron Erlanger, who is in Paris, asking for a copy of the contract. He had been conferring with Mr. Mason that morning. A week later he writes as follows.

SPENCE TO ERLANGER.

Fenwick Street, Liverpool, March 6, 1863.

Dear Sir, — I am pressed to go to Paris with the Admiral Elliot and the Honorable William Napier as a deputation to arrange with the French government the details of a concession they offer to a company of which I am a director. . . . .

Mr. Beer spoke of the gold at Richmond. Will you be so good as to tell him that I have to-day a reply to a proposition I made some weeks ago, and it leads to a very confident belief that I shall get it out. . . . .

You said something in the last interview of £50,000 of the stock. If it had occurred to you to put down to me that quantity at the gross price of seventy-seven, I should be disposed to consider it, looking to the advantage to all concerned of having a common interest. I see statements in the *Herald* and other papers not desirable at all.

I here carefully avoid to enter into details with any one. The adverse news this week and the lessened appetite for companies I expected, and they are the reasons why a month ago I pressed so much the importance of time. I have the belief that when you come at the net result, you will find it less favorable than the terms I should

have been prepared to make with you in behalf of a company, had you entered into the calculation.

I am, dear sir, yours,

JAMES SPENCE.

EMILE ERLANGER, ESQ.

Inasmuch as the loan was issued at ninety, this proposal of the correspondent of the *Times* to take it at seventy-seven may be considered as a sharp financial operation, either for services to be rendered or withheld, as will be seen further along in the history of the loan.

Erlanger made arrangements to have the loan put upon the market in all the principal cities at the same time. He found some difficulty, however, in obtaining agents. He offered the management in London to Messrs. John H. Gilliat & Co., but that firm declined having anything to do with it. It was offered to other firms, but declined by them. He found willing agents at last in Messrs. John Henry Schroeder & Co., and the firm of Messrs. Lawrence, Son, and Pearce. In Liverpool Messrs. Frazer & Trenholm had been acting as agents of the Confederacy, and the management was placed in their hands. Schroeder's agents in Amsterdam managed it in that city, while Erlanger's branch house in Frankfort brought it out in that city. Erlanger himself manipulated it in Paris.

The support of the press was secured. All but two or three papers were brought into the interest of the loan, as Mr. Erlanger informs us. The city article of the *Times*, edited by Mr. M. B. Sampson, announced the bringing out of the loan. No one had said anything against it through the press; no one had said that Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, was a repudiator connected with the Mississippi State bonds; but Mr. Sampson came to the rescue before the attack. We quote from the *Times* city article of March 19: —

"Those among the English people who are still suffering from Mississippi repudiation will perhaps view with wonder and regret the negotiation of a loan for a government of which Mr. Jefferson Davis, by whom that repudiation was defended in his place in Congress, is the head. But the Southern Confederacy includes Virginia, Georgia, and other honorable States, and it is by the prospect of what the Confederacy will do as a whole that people will make their calculation. The

Memminger replied on the 28th, informing Erlanger that General McRae had been sent out as the financial agent of the Confederacy in Europe.

On the 4th of June Messrs. Mason, Slidell, L. J. C. Lamar, and General McRae assembled in the office of the banking-house of Emile Erlanger & Co. in Paris, at which meeting there was a summing up of the debts of the Confederacy, amounting at that time to £1,741,000. Erlanger furnished the meeting with a full statement concerning the loan, according to which £1,850,000 of the loan was in circulation. A sum of £1,150,000 remained in the hands of the government, to be disposed of by Messrs. Erlanger & Co., under the supervision of General McRae.

Two days later, on the 6th of June, Erlanger wrote to Memminger a circumstantial letter, as follows : —

ERLANGER TO MEMMINGER.

PARIS, June 6, 1863.

DEAR SIR, — When our agents came home from Richmond with the contract for the loan of £3,000,000 to the Confederate government, we by no means underrated the difficulty of our task, and the heavy responsibility encumbered upon us. To establish the credit of making a public loan for a country, fighting nobly and gallantly for its independence, but cut off from regular communication with Europe, — its ports blockaded, and every nerve of its resources strained, — its government not recognized, — was an operation almost without precedence. It was a step that required foresight and boldness. The loan is accepted; being really cotton, it was less a matter of terms, of some few per cents, more or less, *but a matter of feeling, and to insure success, a great margin had to be given to interest the newspapers, pay commissions, and captivate the opinions of those who treated the loan and its support as a question of profit and loss.* At the same time it was evident that the higher the loan could be placed the better for the credit of the government. Messrs. John H. Gilliat & Co., a house of high reputation in London, and well connected with the South, had declined to bring it out in London, as being untimely; but they concorded with us, that if it were to be brought in the market, the higher the price the better. Various attempts to enlist other houses in London under our flag had met with no success; on account of the boldness of the concern, and the great animosity and political feeling of people interested in the North, one would have to be content with frightening them.

At last we succeeded in securing the eminent firm of J. Henry Schroeder & Co., and the first brokers, Messrs. Lawrence, Son & Pearce, to conduct the operation in London. It was conducted by Messrs. Schroeder's agents in Amsterdam, by Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., in Liverpool, and our own house in Paris and Frankfort.

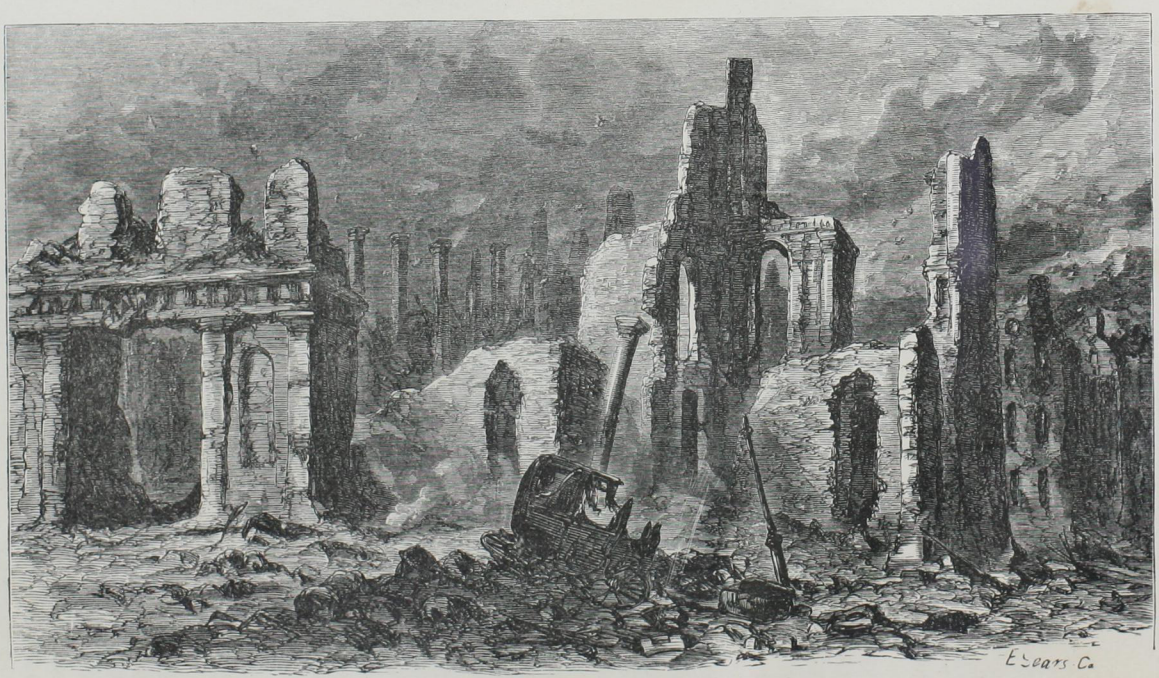
Mr. Spence, who met us with a very hostile and discouraging spirit, we quieted by a commission of £6,500. The only material objection we could not remove was, that if the war and the blockade lasted for another year, how was the interest to be got for the bondholders? This objection we met by a clause in the Prospectus, under our own responsibility, stating that the dividends for one year would be retained by us out of the proceeds of the loan, — a very customary clause in loan transactions. *Thanks to great pecuniary sacrifices made, and the support secured of* ALL THE NEWSPAPERS, *the subscription for the loan surpassed our own expectations. It reached five times the amount of the loan, and success made everybody friends.*"

After speaking of the adverse news and other causes which depressed the market, Mr. Erlanger proceeds: —

"We had largely bought, but could not stem the stream. It was necessary to take energetic and decisive action in order not to discredit the operation. An arrangement was thereupon entered into with Mr. Mason, and heartily approved by Mr. Slidell, which enabled us to buy for the government £1,000,000 of the stock. But so eager was the speculation that this did not suffice, and the sum had to be extended to £1,500,000. A copy of these agreements is annexed. This operation had its effect, and better tidings from America helped the market. We were able to sell again £200,000, and dispose of £150,000 paid up stock, in settling claims against the government, so that the actual amount of the loan held by the public amounts to about £1,850,000.

. . . . . .

"Though generally practised by other governments, we would not have recommended the course of buying back part of the loan for the government, but of its peculiar character. *The first Confederate Loan was as much a political act as a commercial transaction, and we have done everything that it may be regarded in both ways.* Its moral effect was very great, and the unceasing operations of the Northern party to depreciate it proved how much they felt its importance. It was, therefore, of the very greatest moment to us as the financial representants of the government, to hold it high in the eyes of the world. In this we hope to have succeeded. *The Emperor himself, through the medium of his Chef de Cabinet, complimented us upon the great success, — a proof*



HUMILIATION OF RICHMOND.

There were forty or fifty freedmen, who had been sole possessors of themselves for twenty-four hours, at work on the bank of the canal, securing some floating timber, under the direction of a lieutenant. Somehow they obtained the information that the man who was head and shoulders taller than all others around him, with features large and irregular, with a mild eye and pleasant countenance, was President Lincoln.

"God bless you, Sah!" said one, taking off his cap and bowing very low.

"Hurrah! hurrah! President Linkum hab come!" was the shout which rang through the street.

The lieutenant found himself without a command. What cared those freedmen, fresh from the house of bondage, for floating timber or military commands? Their deliverer had come, — he who, next to the Lord Jesus, was their best friend! It was not a hurrah that they gave, but a wild, jubilant cry of inexpressible joy.

They gathered round the President, ran ahead, hovered upon the flanks of the little company, and hung like a dark cloud upon the rear. Men, women, and children joined the constantly increasing throng. They came from all the by-streets, running in breathless haste, shouting and hallooing and dancing with delight. The men threw up their hats, the women waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, clapped their hands, and sang, "Glory to God! glory! glory! glory!" — rendering all the praise to God, who had heard their wailings in the past, their moanings for wives, husbands, children, and friends sold out of their sight, had given them freedom, and, after long years of waiting, had permitted them thus unexpectedly to behold the face of their great benefactor.

"I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum!" was the exclamation of a woman who stood upon the threshhold of her humble home, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands gave thanks aloud to the Saviour of men.

Another, more demonstrative in her joy, was jumping and striking her hands with all her might, crying, "Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!" as if there could be no end of her thanksgiving.

The air rang with a tumultuous chorus of voices. The street

became almost impassable on account of the increasing multitude. Soldiers were summoned to clear the way. How strange the event! The President of the United States — he who had been hated, despised, maligned above all other men living, to whom the vilest epithets had been applied by the people of Richmond — was walking their streets, receiving thanksgivings, blessings, and praises from thousands who hailed him as the ally of the Messiah! How bitter the reflections of that moment to some who beheld him! — memory running back, perhaps, to that day in May, 1861, when Jefferson Davis, their President, entered the city, — the pageant of that hour, his speech, his promise to smite the smiter, to drench the fields of Virginia with richer blood than that shed at Buena Vista! How that part of the promise had been kept! — how their sons, brothers, and friends had fallen! — how all else predicted had failed! — how the land had been filled with mourning! — how the State had become a desolation! — how their property, their hoarded wealth, had disappeared! They had been invited to a gorgeous banquet; the fruit was fair to the eye, of golden hue and beautiful; but it had turned to ashes. They had been promised a place among the nations, a position of commanding influence and fame. Cotton was the king of kings, and England, France, and the whole civilized world would bow in humble submission to his majesty. That was the promise; but now their king was dethroned, their government overthrown, their President and his cabinet vagrants, driven from house and home to be wanderers upon the earth. They had been promised affluence, Richmond was to be the metropolis of the Confederacy, and Virginia the all-powerful State of the new nation. How terrible the cheat! Their thousand-dollar bonds were not worth a penny. A million dollars would not purchase a dinner. Their money was valueless, their slaves were freemen, the heart of their city was eaten out. They had been cheated in everything. Those whom they had trusted had given the unkindest cut of all, — adding arson and robbery to their other crimes. Thus had they fallen from highest anticipation of bliss to deepest actual woe. The language of the arch-rebel of the universe, in "Paradise Lost," was most appropriate to them: —

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.