CHAPTER X

CAMPING IN WASHINGTON; IN COMMAND OF A BRIGADE

ON June 8th, the day our veteran commander, General Winfield Scott, penned his famous letter to old General Patterson favoring his projected capture of Harper's Ferry, my new regiment was marching along Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street to Meridian Hill. When we began the march the heat was intense. The men were loaded down with their knapsacks, haversacks, and cartridge boxes. Friends at home and along our route had been so generous that much underclothing, books, and keepsakes had been stowed away by the men, so that the weight for each was extra heavy. Again, these old-pattern knapsacks sagged, bound the arms, hurt the shoulders, and wearied the muscles of our young soldiers. Many a brave-hearted youth gave up, sat down by the way, or dropped out of ranks for water or rest and that before the end of the first three miles of *bona fide* marching. When about half way on the Fourteenth Street stretch a sudden storm arose, attended by wind, fierce lightning, and a pouring rain. The storm was at its height as the regiment began the last ascent, and then, somewhat quieter, continued till dark. About the time the rain set in one poor fellow left the ranks and undertook to get over a fence; he pulled his loaded musket after him with the muzzle toward

him. As the hammer struck a rail or stone an explosion followed, inflicting upon him a desperate, disabling wound—and yet so far from any battlefield! How fruitless now to his vision appeared his ardent patriotism; how dim all anticipated glory! Thus it was with many another who had left home full of life, setting forth with fiery eyes and glowing cheeks, only to be arrested by a premature wound or prostrated by camp fever. Thus that short five-mile march was the beginning of the hardships and experiences of real war.

Tell me, soldiers, you who have bivouacked on the Bad Lands of the Missouri or endured the severities of winter in the Rocky Mountains, did anything quite equal the first stormy night under canvas? To arrive on new ground, muddy and sticky; to work in wet clothes; to put up tents, soaked, dirty, and heavy; to be where a stick of wood is precious and fuel is begrudged you—where it is a crime to burn a fence rail; then to worry out a long night without sleep for fear of a fatal cold; every veteran has had somewhere such an experience. The Kennebec men endured the trial the first night on Meridian Hill. President Sampson and other friends from Columbian College near by offered to many of us hospitality which is still gratefully remembered. Colonel Charles D. Jameson with the Second Maine was encamped on our flank; he, his officers, and men took compassion on our forlorn condition, and gave all who were not otherwise provided for an ample supper, including the soldiers' hot coffee. Jameson's regiment having preceded us a few days, had already comfortable tents and a general preparedness for storms. They housed us all for one night.

The beautiful June day which succeeded that night

set everything to rights. Tents were pitched in proper order and the strictest of camp regulations instituted. Here on Meridian Hill, in keeping with the lot of many another army officer, my popularity both on the spot and in many homes of the Kennebec Valley, where letters from camp found their way, greatly suffered. At first I granted passes freely, but finding many violations of them, I was obliged to stop them entirely.

One day in solemn conclave a delegation of soldiers came to my tent to reason with me and to remonstrate. Their complaints were many and profound; but they may be condensed into a sentence: "Why make the innocent suffer for the guilty?" It was extremely difficult for an independent freeman to see why he should not go when he pleased and have an interview with Generals Mansfield, Lorenzo Thomas, or Winfield Scott. Famous men were in Washington. It would be an opportunity lost not to see them in their official chairs. There was also their own President, Abraham Lincoln, for whose election many of them had contended in the political campaign of 1860; and there was the White House; could not every citizen avail himself of the poor privilege of just one visit? Furthermore, think of the Capitol, glorious and immense, though still without its crowning Goddess of Liberty. How was it possible to be so near and yet be allowed only a distant glimpse? Surely, the colonel would give abundant passes to the good and true? But I could not. They believed I would not. The regiment must be drilled, disciplined, and made ready for war. Ours was not a holiday excursion. The petitioners departed answered but not convinced.

Two West Point lieutenants, Buell and McQuesten,

were sent to me to give the elementary instruction, or, in military phrase, "to set the men up." These young officers added to the severities. Once, when I had been cadet officer of the day at West Point during a cadet disturbance which I could not quell, I myself was punished by the superintendent. Thus the responsible innocent suffered for the irresponsible guilty. Substitutive penalties in military affairs are expedient. By them men learn to govern their fellows. I now found this a very useful military doctrine, but not popular with volunteers—more tolerable, however, after a few battles, when they saw what havoc want of discipline produced.

What a military school was that on Meridian Hill! In bright memory I see them now—the men and the officers of my regiment before sickness and death had broken in—the major, the surgeon, the captains and lieutenants, and the entire staff; I recall the faces. The hard drill was the real beginning of our repute. Washington came at sunset in carriages to witness our evening parade. I had these men in but one battle, but they had a great history, especially after Colonel Moses Lakeman, one of my captains, succeeded Staples as colonel. Being called the "Fighting Colonel," he developed the energies of his regiment till it took high rank in Sickles's corps. It gave any flank strength to find the Third Maine there. Its presence made a rear guard confident, but its own chief pride in campaign or battle was to be in the lead. The officers very soon looked back to that exacting first colonel who insisted on close discipline and much drill, and forgave his severity. But at first there was considerable chafing; my brother, still a private in the regiment, on June 29th wrote to a friend: "We had a good deal of excitement

the night of taking the oath; fifty or sixty men refused at first, but after a few words of explanation they rallied under the colors at the command of Colonel Howard."

That June 29th I was made to sympathize with the poor fellows upon whom a radical change of life had brought illness. Suddenly, without previous symptom or warning, I suffered from an attack of something like cholera. So rapid was my decline under it that for a time our good surgeon, Dr. Palmer, had little hope of arresting the disease; but my brother's devotion, the firmness and skill of my doctor, and the care given me by the wife of Captain Sampson, with the blessing of God saved me at death's door. Then, to complete my good fortune, just as I began convalescing, the mother of my friend, Lieutenant S. S. Carroll, took me in her carriage to her home in Washington. Her gentle nursing gave me just those things which would nourish and strengthen, and soon restored me to the field and to duty. Her generous husband and herself always made their house a home to me. To my comfort the surgeon after that incisive attack congratulated me and himself on my solid constitution. "More recuperative energy than I have ever elsewhere met," he said. Later, I learned that President Lincoln kindly called twice at my tent and inquired for me while I was unconscious.

Washington in June and to the middle of July, under the immediate administration of Colonel Mansfield, was a scattered camp. Regiments crowned every height; officers in uniform thronged the streets and crowded the hotels. There appeared to the looker-on great confusion; not yet any regular, well-appointed force. Everybody talked; newspapers published and

sometimes magnified idle rumors; they made and unmade reputations in a day. No one seemed to know what was to be done or what could be done. Alexandria, over the Potomac, was occupied by our troops; the new Confederate flag, unfolded to the breeze on a Virginia hill, waved its stars and bars in plain sight of the Capitol, and thus boldly challenged our rulers to a conflict which was destined either to wreck or establish our Union. State governors came on to Washington with their regiments; prominent citizens hastened thither with their proposals; avaricious dealers were on hand to make their fortunes. The White House, the departments, the hotels, and all public buildings were densely crowded. Had that capital been Paris, there would have been a speedy revolution, and, indeed, in the words of Carlyle, it did seem for a time that "if somebody did not do something soon things would do themselves satisfactory to nobody."

At every turn when I visited the city I met acquaintances or was introduced to strangers who afterwards became distinguished — Governor Fenton, of New York, quiet, watchful, self-poised; Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, with his tall form, ready wit, and tender, benevolent soul; Senator Morgan, of New York, of giant proportions, large purse, and larger heart; Senator Harris, of the same State, noble in bearing and in character; Secretary Seward, dignified and distant to young men, sanguine of our speedy success; Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, very young, and putting youthful life into his well-equipped regiments; his colonel, Burnside, in uniform, handsome as a picture; Colonel A. McD. McCook, with the First Ohio Regiment, never fuller of happy humor, ready for anything that might occur; and Colonel Daniel Butterfield,

commanding the Twelfth New York, then encamped in Franklin Square, himself the best dressed, the most self-contained, calm, and ambitious. We had occasional glimpses of General Irwin McDowell. For years I had heard and seen his name connected with the orders from General Scott, and was surprised to find him so tall and of such full build. His habitual demeanor now was that of one self-absorbed and distant. He was the subject at that time of constant observation and remark, for it was believed that he would soon command all our movable forces on the Potomac. Many voices around Mr. Lincoln made themselves heard, but all were not in his support. His cabinet, however, gave pretty general satisfaction. Chase, of the Treasury, with practical brain, could make and distribute the money, provided he had the handsome, sanguine, able banker, Jay Cooke, to help him. Montgomery Blair, the postmaster-general, with his political acumen, could coöperate with his brother, General F. P. Blair, in Missouri. The Blairs were watched with confident interest. Simon Cameron, in the War Department, a secretary, wealthy, experienced, and wise—how could the President have a better adviser than he? Most venerable of the Cabinet was Secretary Wells, in charge of the navy portfolio. It did us young men good to look upon him and upon General Scott because of their imperturbable faces. We needed solid men of age rather than ardent leaders.

The first great excitement was from the outside. During the afternoon of June 11th the news of General Benjamin F. Butler's attempt to capture Little and Big Bethel came to us. Butler ordered a night march with the hope of surprising a small intrenched force at Big Bethel. It was to be a combined movement of

three detachments—one from Fortress Monroe, one from Hampton, and the other from Newport News. Brigadier General Pierce, of Massachusetts, an officer without experience, was placed over the field command. Colonel Abram Duryea, with his Fifth New York (Duryea Zouaves), starting at midnight, led the way from Hamptom, beyond the point of junction with the Newport News road. Colonel Bendix, with a New York regiment of Germans, a small detachment of New Englanders, and a section of a regular battery under Lieutenant John T. Greble, came next from Newport News to the junction. Bendix, considering the uncertainties of night work, went into ambush near the cross-roads. Some two hours after Duryea had passed the junction, General Pierce, escorted by the Third New York, came up by the same road that Duryea had followed. Bendix mistook this force for the enemy's cavalry and opened fire. In the resulting skirmish with each other some were killed and many wounded. The air filled with the rattle of musketry created for a time a panic, and of course the secrecy of the expedition was over. At last all of our men passed Little Bethel and were before the small fort, which was fairly well manned with Confederate infantry and a few field guns. My friend and classmate, John T. Greble, while effectively firing his cannon against the fort at short range, was instantly killed. We had been next-door neighbors at West Point and had long lived in affectionate intimacy, so this blow was most afflicting to me.

He was the first regular army officer to fall in the Civil War, and was immediately officially recorded as a brevet colonel. Though he had not this grateful recognition in life, yet his patriotic and worthy family appreciate and cherish the record.

I wrote home: "Poor John Greble's death struck me like a thunderbolt. It seems to have been a disastrous fight under incompetent leaders."

But now in the retrospect one hardly casts blame. Experience and the habit of working together would have hindered the panic at the junction. The famous Magruder and D. H. Hill were on the other side in this combat. The victory then gave them joy and confidence—extravagant, indeed, but thus it was in both armies early in the war. Modesty and mutual respect appeared in reports and dispatches only later.

Before leaving Augusta Mr. Blaine and I were talking of the army to be organized from the volunteers. He remarked: "You, Howard, will be the first brigadier from Maine." Of course the proposition to me, accustomed only to wrinkled captains and white-headed field officers, appeared visionary.

Later, July 4th, I answered another friend who made the same suggestion: "I am as high as I desire. What could I effect in a higher position? I do not think there is any likelihood at present of taking me from my regiment."

Yet, three days later, I received a note from the War Department directing me to select three regiments in addition to my own to constitute a brigade of which I as the senior colonel was to take command and conduct them to Alexandria.

On July 6th at dawn I had had reveille; our men had promptly loaded the wagons, but the quartermaster did not get draught animals to us from the city till ten o'clock. That waiting indicated want of system and discipline. At last, proudly we marched from Meridian Hill back to Pennsylvania Avenue and down Sixth Street to the dock, the regimental band playing

national airs. Soldiers stepped out together with heads high, hopes strong, and hearts beating courageously.

After a brief halt the regiment crossed by steamer to Alexandria. Colonel S. P. Heintzelman, of the Seventeenth Regular Infantry, had been designated our division commander, with headquarters in Alexandria. He brought a good record from the Mexican War, and was in 1861 a hardy, fearless, energetic character, which our undisciplined levies then especially needed. He had a frank way of expressing the exact truth whether it hurt or not.

As my full regiment, of which I was proud, was marching up the main street, I caught sight of Colonel Heintzelman, who had come out of his office and was standing near a street corner which I was to pass. I brought the command to a carry-arms, but did not halt and fix bayonets as I would have done for a formal review. In this order we went past him, while he critically noticed every fault. I went up to him, hoping for a compliment, but heard a nasal speech: "Colonel, you have a fine regiment; they march well and give promise for the future, but you are not well drilled—poor officers, but good-looking men!" He evidently enjoyed my discomfiture, and would have no explanation.

Alexandria was more gloomy than Baltimore. The pavements were rough and broken; cobblestones in piles alternated with mudholes and pitfalls. Most residences were closed and empty and beautiful homes deserted; no business was transacted except what the army brought. Those who had fled and those now coming from over the Potomac were like locusts. They destroyed every green herb and even ate up the hedges

and fences. Grass, foliage, and flowers disappeared before army movements.

Five miles to the Washington dock and three more to camp on the Alexandria side, eight in all, with the load each man carried, made labor enough for the first trial. We watched southward from the vicinity of R. F. Roberts's farm and had for a single brigade a wide front to protect.

As soon as I received the War Department note, making me a brigade commander, I visited, selected, and brought over to my vicinity from their several camps near Washington three other regiments—the Fourth Maine, Colonel Hiram G. Berry; the Fifth Maine, Colonel Mark H. Dunnell, and the Second Vermont, Colonel Henry Whiting commanding. The latter was a graduate of the Military Academy. My lieutenant colonel was absent, so Major Staples passed to the head of the Third Maine on my temporary promotion. Notwithstanding the usual depletions of new regiments, my command was at this time above three thousand strong. McDowell soon sent me forward as far as Mrs. Scott's farm, sometimes called "Bush Hill," four miles from Alexandria. The Maine regiments held the country to the south of the Centreville Pike, and Whiting's Vermonters had a handsome position in a field to the north of it.

About that time there was much camp criticism of McDowell, who had in charge the army of occupation officially called "the Department of Northeast Virginia." The accusers said that he had too much tenderness toward the enemies' property. Regular officers were berated generally in the soldier gossip and in the newspapers for using up the soldiers in guarding such property. This conduct, however, did not pro-

ceed, as charged, from Southern sympathy. McDowell and his associates wished to prevent the demoralization of the soldiers, for to take property *ad libitum* would soon overturn all order and leave no basis of rightdoing. Heintzelman's instruction just after the accession of my brigade to his division is a specimen of the prevailing restriction:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, ALEXANDRIA,
July 10, 1861.

Colonel Howard, Commanding Third Brigade.

SIR: The bearer of this note, R. F. Roberts, states that privates of the Fourth and Fifth Maine regiments have been committing depredations on his property, stealing potatoes, etc. The general commanding wishes you to investigate the matter and put a stop at once to all such proceedings. If the men can be identified, punish them severely.

Very respectfully,
CHAUNCEY MCKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Our soldiers, through the servants and escaping slaves, always claimed that they knew the old residents who were disloyal better than their generals, and they had firmly adopted the theory that the spoils of all enemies belonged to them—particularly such reprisals as potatoes, onions, and other vegetables. They advocated the seizure of cattle, sheep, fowls, and preserved meats, and found great need for fence rails before their claim was admitted by the authorities. The wonder is that our men were not more demoralized than they were by our subsequent living on the country and foraging at will.

Near the position of the Fifth Maine below the turnpike and facing toward the enemy, who was at Manassas Junction, with outposts at Sangster's and

Fairfax Station, was a crossroad. The regiment had there a picket guard, the point being an important one and the environs much darkened by thick trees. A captain commanded this guard. One night the tramp of horses was heard. In an instant the whole guard was in readiness, and one may imagine how the hearts of new soldiers throbbed as they listened to the fast-approaching sounds. Three bold riders soon appeared, moving at a trot, one in advance. The outside sentinel called: "Who comes there?" The soldierly answer gave confidence: "Union officer and two men."

Dressed in our uniform, they correctly answered every question put to them. The captain spoke a pleasant word and was about to let them pass when it occurred to him to be a little extra cautious on account of a rumor of spies passing the lines. He said: "Very well, gentlemen; you may be all right, but I will take you to the senior officer of my guard." Turning to the first man, he said: "Please, sir, give me your gun." The stranger, taken by surprise, cried out: "My gun?" then, recovering, he whirled his horse and with a sharp exclamation gave him the spurs. The captain instantly ordered: "Fire!" The stranger wavered in his saddle and then fell dead to the ground, while his two friends escaped through the thicket. They had not approached so near the guard as their leader. The leader, as his papers revealed, was a young man from Mississippi. Bold and energetic, he had been chosen to go back and forth from Fairfax to Alexandria. This was by no means his first trip. He tried the experiment once too often. It is a singular custom of war that the bravest become scouts and spies, and if unsuccessful are stigmatized with dishonor.

CHAPTER XI

BATTLE OF BULL RUN

TO organize and mobilize the Army of Northeastern Virginia, McDowell had constituted five divisions: Tyler's, Hunter's, Heintzelman's, Dixon S. Miles's, and Runyon's. Our division had the left from the Centreville Pike southeastward to the Potomac; Runyon's kept in or near Alexandria as a reserve; while the other divisions ranged northward to beyond Georgetown, covering a frontage of more than ten miles. McDowell had for mounted troops an escort of United States cavalry not to exceed five hundred.

With a good body of horse and abundant reliefs of slaves used to hard work, Beauregard, even before the arrival of the Army of the Shenandoah, was surely well prepared with his "effectives" of 21,823 soldiers and 29 cannon to sustain a good defensive battle against the Union column of 28,568 men and 49 cannon.

Centreville was in 1861 an inconsiderable village with but one street north and south, the buildings mainly on the west side scattered along a ridge. The road from Centreville to Manassas Junction followed the trend of this ridge southward and crossed Bull Run three miles distant at Mitchell's Ford. The Warrenton Turnpike, coursing from east to west through the village, crossed Bull Run about four miles west of it at Stone Bridge. The country in the valleys of

Bull Run and its tributaries was for the most part woodland. The current of Bull Run was not rapid, but the banks were abrupt, often rocky and precipitous, so that it could not readily be crossed except at the bridges and fords. The higher ground afforded quiet slopes and plateaus, but everywhere so many trees had been allowed to grow that the farms were like glades of more or less expanse in the midst of a forest. There were no prominent points for observation, so that the commanding generals were obliged to work out their plans by maps and sketches.

Beauregard, with his staff, fort, depot of supplies, force of workmen, and necessary reserves, posted himself at Manassas; the right of his army, Ewing's brigade, at Union Mills; at McLean's Ford, Jones's brigade; at Blackburn's Ford, Longstreet's; just above Mitchell's Ford, Bonham's; at Lewis' Ford, Coke's; at Stone Bridge, the crossing of the Warrenton Pike, Evans's demibrigade of a regiment and a half, which formed the left of the Confederate army proper; Early's brigade of four regiments was drawn up in rear of Longstreet and Jones as a reserve. The above brigades, together with some seven other regiments and companies not brigaded, constituted Beauregard's "Army of the Potomac."

Radford's cavalry brigade was keeping watch along the front and south of Union Mills, and Stuart, after his arrival from the Shenandoah, scouted beyond Evans's position on the Confederate left.

McDowell, for the sake of contracting his lines, and gathering his regiments under their several commanders, ordered a short march, setting out from the Potomac on July 16th and sending them forward to several small places in Virginia not far apart. This

march was duly made and Heintzelman caused our brigades to pass the Accotink and go to the Pohick. When I came to the Accotink I found many men of the preceding brigade sitting down and taking off their shoes—not to wade the shallow stream, but for fear they might slip off the narrow bridge which was made of two logs placed side by side, and so wet their shoes and socks. Regiment after regiment had been crossing in this way by file, so that each brigade before mine had taken full two hours to pass a stream not more than twenty yards wide and the water nowhere above their knees. This delayed my crossing till night. My men were somewhat incensed because I made them close up and march straight through the ford. They surely would not have been so fresh and happy the next morning if they had been three hours later than they were in getting into camp. In such small things as this West Point officers appeared to be too severe with new troops. Remembering Professor Mahan's rule: "Not to imperil the success of a campaign from fear of wetting the soldiers' feet," they doubtless showed indignation and scolded regimental officers for wasting important time in crossing shallow streams.

I wrote home from that first camp that two serious accidents had occurred to us, two men having shot themselves, so unused even then were our young soldiers to handling rifles. In consequence of hearing much profanity, I wished our men had more regard for the Lord; we might then expect His blessing.

Fulfilling our orders for July 17th, every command came up abreast of Fairfax Court House. Colonel Franklin and I encamped our brigades near each other upon a hillside. That night we reclined before the same map spread on the ground near a camp fire and

studied the orders for the next day which we had just received. Colonel Willcox's brigade had been in advance and had branched off southward toward the railroad and Fairfax Station.

"On our coming the enemy fled without a shot. We captured a sergeant, a corporal, and nine men belonging to the First Alabama Regiment."

This Confederate outpost at Fairfax Station had had two regiments as a guard, an Alabama and a Louisiana. Willcox had approached them from an unexpected quarter.

The morning of the 18th Franklin and I heard again from McDowell. Each column had found some obstructions—felled trees, extra-sized breastworks at the court house, and equally strong outworks at the railway station. The Confederates retreated before each column; they did not draw in their pickets, most of whom fell into our hands; four of our men of Miles's division were wounded. To this news McDowell added:

"I am distressed to have to report excesses by our troops. The excitement of the men found vent in burning and pillaging, which distressed us all greatly." Thus in general a responsible soul in an approaching crisis is grieved at the wrongdoing of his agents. Yet, notwithstanding considerable straggling, foolish delays at streams, carelessness with firearms, burning and pillaging on first news of success, we had accomplished this first stage of approach to our enemy as well as General Scott could have expected.

McDowell's instructions for the third march were few and comprehensive: Dixon Miles's division to Centreville; Hunter to get as near Centreville as he could and have water; while Heintzelman was to move up to the Little Rocky Run on the road, hence to Cen-

treville. A postscript gave zest to his message to Tyler, who was in front of Miles: "Observe well the roads to Bull Run and to Warrenton. . . . Do not bring on an engagement, but keep up the impression that we are moving on Manassas."

When that postscript was penned, McDowell had just changed his purpose. Till then it had been his plan to move on Manassas by a rapid push from his left, but his engineers found the roads of approach "too narrow and crooked for a large body to move over and the distance around (southward) too great to admit of it with any safety."

During the 18th, as our men tramped along, a discouraging rumor ran down the column that Tyler was defeated. Though McDowell did not intend so much in his instructions, Tyler understood that he was to make toward Manassas a reconnoissance in force. It was difficult to do anything else with our fighting Colonel Richardson in front. It was so quiet when Tyler with Richardson neared Blackburn's Ford that they could not detect with glasses that Longstreet was there with his batteries and five infantry regiments and Early close behind with four more, yet such was the case.

Tyler naturally ordered forward a battery and supported it by Richardson's brigade. A few shots from the Union battery brought a battery response from the Confederates; and Richardson's supporting fire obtained quick and spiteful rifle retorts. One regiment, getting too far forward, was attacked and driven back. Richardson, now full of fire, begged of Tyler to charge with other troops and carry the enemy's position. Tyler refused; for he had reconnoitered and had found a strong force. In doing so he

had lost six lives and had twenty-six men disabled by wounds. His instructions were plain: "Do not bring on an engagement"; so Tyler was obliged to stop the fight. Is was a small affair, but it gave the *morale* to Beauregard. Later in the war such a skirmish would have passed with scarcely a remark.

The Confederate commander, General Johnston, had eluded Patterson, passed on to Piedmont, and then transported his infantry on the cars, sending them to Manassas, part at a time. He himself came on with the first trainload, reaching Beauregard Saturday, July 20th. His artillery, escorted by Stuart's cavalry, had marched. The last brigades, it is true, and the marching column did not get to the field of Bull Run till the afternoon of the 21st, but all came soon enough to participate in the battle.

After his arrival, though he had been modest about it, giving all credit to Beauregard, Johnston, being senior in rank, took the actual command and saved the day. He had, more than any other Confederate leader, a decided genius for war.

Of Johnston's army, Bee's brigade on arrival was placed near Coke's, and Jackson's (the sobriquet of "Stonewall" to the commander began here) was stationed midway between Ball's and Mitchell's fords to help Bonham. Holmes's brigade, coming up from Aquia Creek, was sent to reënforce the right. While other points thus received aid, the Confederate left near the Stone Bridge remained slender and weak.

Beauregard had a plan for the offensive which Johnston approved. It was to move out from his right and attack McDowell on that remarkable Sunday (July 21st) before Patterson could join him.

By Saturday night all the Union divisions ex-

cept Runyon's at Alexandria were grouped around Centreville. McDowell, too, had his plan. Saturday night (July 20th), at his unpretentious Centreville headquarters, he assembled his division and brigade commanders. His tent having no floor, he spread his map on the ground and explained with care the proposed movements for the morrow. He had a well-conceived order of battle. In his talk the names Tyler, Dixon Miles, Hunter, and Heintzelman each represented a body of troops: "Tyler, you hold the lower fords of Bull Run and the Stone Bridge, making proper demonstrations; Miles's division will be behind you at Centreville for a reserve. Hunter, you go over Cub Run along the Warrenton Pike, then take country road and move up to Sudley Church, or rather to the ford there, turn to the left, cross Bull Run, and move down; when the next ford is reached Heintzelman will cross there and follow you. I hope to seize Gainesville on the Manassas Gap Railroad before Johnston's men get there."

McDowell did not then know that this wary Confederate was already at Manassas with half of his force and to have enough finally to more than match him in the engagement. Still, McDowell outweighed his opponent in artillery.

That evening before our first battle was a memorable one. I assembled my four regiments for the usual parade—then we had them closed in mass and all the men uncovered their heads while the God of battles was entreated for guidance, for shielding in the battle, and for care of those so precious in our far-away homes. Every soldier of my command seemed thoughtful and reverent that night.

Tyler drew his column out of camp at 3 A.M. Sun-

day. Hunter and Heintzelman were equally prompt. But the three divisions became badly intermixed in the dim light, and could not be moved in the cross directions like three blocks of regulars. In fact, the three brigades of Tyler did not clear the turning point on the Warrenton Pike till half-past five; so Hunter waited two weary hours for Tyler to move out of his way, and the impatient Heintzelman stood for an hour longer with his advance at the Warrenton Pike for Hunter's men to pass. My fretted brigade was the rear of this slow-moving column and waited with its head at the turnpike till the sun was an hour high.

The fatigue, coupled with the excitement always existing at such a time, weakened many a strong man. All this bad management—what a good staff should see beforehand and provide against—kept Hunter's troops back. Instead of beginning his attack at daylight, Hunter was not in position across the Sudley Ford till after nine o'clock. Though naturally excited, the leading brigades were at first cheerful and hearty. The men, after getting started, went swinging along singing "John Brown's Body" with a wonderful volume of sound. But they were soon affected by the sun, then extremely hot, and the want of sleep troubled them still more. All these new circumstances of war nerved the men to a tension that could not last. Before the end of the second mile many fell out and sat or lay down by the roadside sick and faint.

McDowell in the morning made a slight change of plan which added to the weariness of Heintzelman's men. He forbade us to make the short cut, and instructed us to follow Hunter all the seven miles by Sudley Ford. In person he detained my brigade at a blacksmith shop not more than a mile beyond Cub

Run after we had turned away from the Warrenton Pike toward the Sudley Springs. Mine was thus made a special reserve for Hunter or for Tyler as the exigencies of the conflict might demand. Here, then, with the thick forest in front, within sound of the battlefield, my Maine and Vermont men, naturally with some apprehension, waited from eight o'clock in the morning till afternoon. I cannot forget how I was affected by the sounds of the musketry and the roar of the cannon as I stood near my horse ready to mount at the first call from McDowell; for a few moments weakness seemed to overcome me and I felt a sense of shame on account of it. Then I lifted my soul and my heart and cried: "O God! enable me to do my duty." From that time the singular feeling left me and never returned.

Early in the morning we had seen McDowell, his staff, and escort pass us toward Sudley Springs. They presented a fine appearance as they trotted off, working their way through Willcox's and Franklin's brigades, which filled the road. On, on they went to the head of Hunter's command, then just arrived at Sudley Church. Burnside's handsome Rhode Island brigade, Hunter's advance, which had covered his front with skirmishers, was then with the remainder of the division taking a rest.

Burnside deployed under the eye of McDowell, and his front swept on, guiding itself by the Sudley and Manassas wagon road down the gentle slopes toward the valley of Young's Branch.

Evans, the quick-witted Confederate commander with that demibrigade at the Stone Bridge, began to suspect that Schenck and Sherman, the advance of Tyler, notwithstanding their bustle and noise, were not earnest in their threatened assault; for they rattled

away with their musketry, but did no more. Evans first sent a regiment up the Bull Run toward Burnside and then very soon changed his whole front to the left and pushed over toward the Manassas and Sudley Springs road in front of Burnside's skirmishers; he posted his men so as to face north, covering them as well as he could by uneven ground and trees, but his numbers were few—not a thousand men.

McDowell, on the high ground behind Burnside, not far from Sudley's Ford, took his post and had a fair view of the field, for that was the largest opening among those woody farms. The country in his sight made a handsome picture with its rolling, variegated features sweeping off toward Manassas. Here McDowell saw the skirmishers of both armies begin their noisy work and a few minutes later the main lines rapidly firing, while the field batteries whirled into place and commenced their more terrifying discharges.

At 9.15 Evans's Confederates opened a vigorous fire, which caused Burnside's brigade to halt in confusion. Then McDowell, through his staff, hastened Andrew Porter's brigade to Burnside's support.

Johnston and Beauregard before this, by eight o'clock, were together on a commanding hill south of Mitchell's Ford. Their signal officer detected our crossing at Sudley's Ford about nine. Immediately Bee with his brigade, Hampton with his legion, and Jackson were ordered to the assailed left. Bee, the nearest to Evans, spurred on by the firing, reached him first and took up that choice position, strong as a fort, near the Henry house. He located there a battery and supported it by his large brigade. But Evans was already across the valley northward and calling loudly for nearer help. Bee thereupon forwarded the most of

his force to Evans's support. But before an hour all the Confederates in that quarter were driven back by our men to the Henry house, because Heintzelman's two brigades, close upon Hunter, had become actively engaged and the Union troops from Stone Bridge had worked their way to Evans's new right. Bee's Confederates, running to the rear, could not quite halt or be halted at the Henry house, though Hampton's legion was covering their retreat. They were still going back when that indomitable leader, Jackson, being under orders and movement for another place, got news of Bee's trouble; he marched at once by the sound of battle to his relief. Several Confederate batteries were put close to the Henry house and supported by Jackson's infantry. Under the strong shelter of Jackson, Bee rallied his men. This occurred about 11.30 A.M., at which time Jackson called for cavalry to extend and protect his left flank. For Stuart's promptness in doing this Jackson highly commended him, as also for his successful charges against the national forces.

While their orders were being carried at a run, Johnston and Beauregard sped the four intervening miles from their commanding hill to the Henry house. There Johnston's presence under fire and example in carrying forward personally a regimental flag had the happiest effect on the spirit of his troops. After this important work and reënforcement, reluctantly leaving Beauregard in immediate command of the line of battle, Johnston went to the Lewis house, farther back and more central. Here he established his headquarters. From that point he could see the approaches beyond Bull Run, particularly those to the Stone Bridge, and he could from that point watch the maneuvers and

movements of his own troops. Thus early in the fight, and constantly to the end, Joseph E. Johnston had an active supervision.

On the Union side, which promised so well in the first onset, misfortunes began to multiply. Hunter was severely wounded and left the field, cannon were captured from us, batteries that had been well managed were put too far in front of their infantry supports and lost their horses; several regiments, broken by the fighting, were intermingled, appearing like flocks and herds to be covering the slopes and the valley without order or organization. In the midst of this confusion McDowell sent his engineer officer, Captain A. W. Whipple, for my brigade. He was to lead it straight to the battlefield; but Whipple, not knowing any cross route, guided us by Sudley's Ford, six miles around instead of three across. The immediate need of my troops was so great that McDowell said: "Have them move in double time." Whipple gave the instructions. We began the march in that way, but the heat and fatigue of long waiting had already done its work. Many fell out of ranks; blankets, haversacks, and even canteens were dropped, so that those who persevered kept nothing but arms and ammunition; the pace was diminished, but that did not long avail to remedy the exhaustion. Overcome by their efforts, more and more left the column and lined the roadside. When we crossed the ford, at least one half of my men were absent.

At that point some facetious staff officer tried to hasten our march, crying: "You better hurry and get in if you want to have any fun." Here, looking forward to the high ground, I saw McDowell and his small escort a few hundred yards off. To my left and nearer

I saw Burnside's men, who had come back from the field with their muskets gleaming in the sunshine. They had some appearance of formation and were resting on their arms. I noticed other troops more scattered; ambulances in long columns leaving the field with the wounded — General Hunter was in one of them; there were men with broken arms; faces with bandages stained with blood; bodies pierced; many were walking or limping to the rear; meanwhile shells were shrieking and breaking in the heated air. I was sorry, indeed, that those left of my men had to pass that ordeal.

It was about 3 P.M. Away over toward the Warrenton Pike and by the Henry house there was still a fitful rattling of small arms and a continuous roar of heavy guns. "Send Howard to the right to support Ricketts's battery." Captain J. B. Fry, of McDowell's staff, brought me the word and led the way to the right, well across Young's Branch to a hill not far from the Dogan house. In the little ravine north of this hill I formed my two brigade lines, the Second Vermont and Fourth Maine in the front, and the Third and Fifth Maine in the second line. When forming, I so stationed myself, mounted, that the men, marching by twos, should pass me. I closely observed them. Most were pale and thoughtful. Many looked up into my face and smiled. As soon as it was ready the first line swept up the slope, through a sprinkling of trees, out into an open space on high ground. The six guns of Ricketts's battery which had fought there were already disabled or lost, and Captain Ricketts wounded and captured. One lieutenant, Douglas Ramsey, was killed. Another lieutenant, Edmund Kirby, covered with blood, on a wounded horse was hurrying along

saving a caisson. My first line passed him quickly, and as soon as the Second Vermont gained the crest of the hill, scattered hostile skirmishers being close ahead, the order to fire was given. The Fourth Maine, delayed a little by the thicket, came up abreast of the Vermonters on the right and commenced firing. An enemy's battery toward our front and some musketry shots with no enemy plainly in sight caused the first annoyance. Soon another battery off to our right coming into position increased the danger. And, worse than the batteries, showers of musket balls from the wood, two hundred yards away, made warm work for new men; but those unhit stood well for a time, or when disturbed by artillery shots, rallied till they had delivered from fifteen to twenty rounds per man. We had found no battery to support but were thrust into an engagement against Confederate infantry and artillery.

After that first line had been formed and was hard at work, I returned through the thicket to the valley behind us and brought up the second line, composed of a remnant of the Fifth Maine and a larger portion of the Third, intending to give the first line a rest. A part of the Fifth, in consequence of a cannon shot striking its flank and a rush of our own retreating cavalry, had been broken up and was gone. Our new line did not fully relieve the former; the Fourth Maine remained in position, the few of the Fifth going beyond the Fourth to the extreme right. The Second Vermont was ordered to withdraw and form a reserve. It was a hot place. Every hostile battery shot produced confusion, and as a rule our enemy could not be seen.

Soon the breakages were beyond repair; my order for part of the front line to retire to reform was un-

derstood for the whole. The major of the Fourth Maine asked anxiously: "Did you order us to retreat?" I shook my head, so he tried to stop his men. The colonel of the Fifth, exhausted by an attack of illness, said that he could do no more. Many officers labored to keep their men together, but I saw could effect nothing under fire. At last I ordered all to fall back to the valley and reform behind the thicket. Our men at the start moving back slowly soon broke up their company formations and continued to retire, not at first in a panicky manner, but steadily, each according to his own sweet will.

Before many minutes, however, it was evident that a panic had seized all the troops within sight. Some experienced veteran officers, like Heintzelman, entreated and commanded their subordinates, by turns, to rally their men; but nothing could stop the drift and eddies of the masses that were faster and faster flowing toward the rear. A final Confederate fire just before this retreat came upon our right flank when on the hill. Near there were the bodies of Zouaves conspicuous from their red uniform among the trees, who had fallen early in the day. That flank fire was from General E. Kirby Smith's Confederate brigade, which had come from the cars to that last battle scene, supported on his right by General Early. Some of our men had glimpses of bright bayonets a few hundred yards away above the low bushes. In front of them rode one officer on a white horse. At first he seemed alone. He turned and gave a command, but at the instant was shot and fell to the ground, though his men came forward, firing as they came. This was probably General Smith, who fell near that place wounded. One cannon shot striking among our men hit Alonzo Stin-

son, of the Fifth Maine. His wound was mortal, his arm being broken and his side crushed. His brother, Harry, then a private, afterwards my aid-de-camp, who became a lieutenant colonel before the war closed, bravely stayed on the field with his brother and was taken prisoner by the advancing Confederates.

Captain Heath, of the Third Maine, who, promoted subsequently to lieutenant colonel and fell in the battle of Gaines Mills, walked for some time by my horse and shed tears as he talked to me: "My men will not stay together, Colonel, they will not obey me," he said. Other brave officers pleaded and threatened. Surgeons staying back pointed to their wounded and cried: "For God's sake, stop; don't leave us!" Nothing could at that time reach and influence the fleeing crowds except panicky cries like: "The enemy is upon us! We shall all be taken!" These cries gave increase to confusion and speed to flight. Curiously enough, instead of taking a short road to Centreville, the unreasoning multitude went back the long seven-mile route, exposing themselves every moment to death or capture.

After the complete break-up, just before the re-crossing of Bull Run, Heintzelman, with his wounded arm in a sling, rode up and down and made a last effort to restore order. He sharply reprimanded every officer he encountered. He swore at me. From time to time I renewed my attempts. My brother, C. H. Howard, if he saw me relax for a moment, sang out: "Oh, do try again!" Part of the Fourteenth New York from Brooklyn rallied north of Bull Run and were moving on in fine shape. "See them," said my brother; "let us try to form like that!" So we were trying, gathering a few, but in vain. One foolish cry

behind a team of horses thundering along the road was: "The black horse cavalry are upon us!" This sent the Brooklyn men and all others in disorder into the neighboring woods. Then I stopped all efforts, but sent out this message and kept repeating it to every Maine and Vermont man within reach: "To the old camp at Centreville. Rally at the Centreville camp."

No organization was effected before we reached that camp. There a good part of my brigade assembled and we remained in camp about one hour. Word was then brought me that our division and McDowell's entire army were retreating toward Washington, covered by Dixon Miles's fresh troops.

It was some small satisfaction to me to reorganize and to march at the head of my brigade again in good order, even though it were in retreat. We halted at Fairfax Court House and lay on our arms till morning. Following the universal example, I continued the march at daylight toward the Potomac. Four miles out, near Clermont, we were met by trains of cars and taken to Alexandria.

The next day, by means of strong effort, on my own motion I led three regiments of my brigade back westward four miles along the Alexandria and Centreville Pike to a good position near Mrs. Scott's farm. The other regiment, the Fifth Maine, having lost all of its blankets and being destitute of other needed supplies, I left temporarily in Alexandria. At last that was supplied and rejoined its brigade. The brigade thereafter faithfully guarded the approaches to Alexandria through many sore and dark days of discouragement, privation, and sickness, till McClellan, finally beginning to rebrigade and reorganize the army, ordered us to retire to a position nearer the Potomac.

At the battle of Bull Run heavy losses were inflicted in the brief time we were able to hold our ground—50 killed, 115 wounded, and 180 missing. We had among them two officers killed and seven wounded—total loss, 345. Smith's (or Elzey's) Confederate loss was 28 killed and 108 wounded; Early's, 24 killed and 122 wounded. Total killed and wounded in both brigades, 279.

McDowell's entire Union loss was 481 officers and men killed, 1,011 wounded, and 1,216 missing. Beauregard's and Johnston's entire Confederate loss was 307 killed, 1,582 wounded, and 13 missing.

It was at least two weeks after our Bull Run panic before much reliance could be placed on our troops. In Alexandria the second night we put the men under shelter in the empty houses. A dreadful rainstorm had set in after the battle. The rain poured down in torrents and flooded the roads and the streets of the city.

And now came the most trying period of the war to all patriotic hearts. The terrible discontent day by day was aggravated and continued among the men. They distrusted their officers, high and low, many of them pleaded to go home, some mutinied, some deserted, some worthless officers only encouraged the malcontents, while others feared them. Letters complaining of ill usage filled the mails; the supplies for a time were short; spoiled clothing could not be immediately replaced; blankets and equipments were not forthcoming to fill the want; food was scarce and often poor, bread being moldy and meat insufficient. Counter complaints attended with bitter charges came to us from the homes far away. The military authority was insufficient speedily to rectify all these evils. Offi-

cers and men rushed into Washington and thronged the hotels, boarding houses, and public offices with a saucy, idle, vagabond crowd. In many regiments even the arms were abused or allowed to become unserviceable from rust. But little by little the quartermaster general—the worthy, diligent, and able General Meigs—arranged to so supply every want in clothing and tentage as soon to relieve every cause of grumbling, and in like manner the commissary general, George Gibson, before long gave us plenty of new bread and fresh meat, so that the men became more contented and hopeful. And commanders in the field took the utmost pains to reëstablish and maintain discipline.

Congress voted 500,000 more men to help us, and McClellan, conspicuous, with the reputation of successful generalship in West Virginia, was speedily called to the command of the departments of Washington and of Northeastern Virginia.

I heard General Sherman once say when he had listened to a severe criticism of Patterson, McDowell, and other early leaders, that we must not be too critical and hard upon them, for we were green in those days and we all have to learn by experience. We were then taught many lessons—the indispensable need of organization, of proper commanders, drill, and discipline; how little things like waiting or overhaste in marching or unloading the men certainly forestall defeat; how essential it is somehow to keep the men who fight in confidence and in heart; how and when to bring up the supports and reserves and use them to the best advantage.

One thing which affected us much was the saying so often heard that day: "It is Sunday! The attacking party on the Sabbath is sure of defeat!" Whether

this be the superstition or the religion of a people, wise men will respect it. To violate the Sabbath weakens the soldiers who come from our churches and Sunday schools. With what a beautiful spirit General McClellan subsequently met this religious feeling in a superb order soon after issued: "The major general commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause and shall endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. One day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals. More than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty."

CHAPTER XII

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN AND THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

ON July 25th Major General George B. McClellan took command of the combined departments of Washington and Northeastern Virginia, and November 1st succeeded the venerable General Winfield Scott as the commander of all the armies of the United States. McClellan's name became familiar to every household in the land. In addition to his active, high command and an exalted rank his name was made still more conspicuous in that he stood as a candidate for the Presidency in 1864.

Indeed, McClellan holds no small place in the history of his country. The story of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862 could not be told without making him the central figure from the organization of the Army of the Potomac till the sad withdrawal of its forces after the bloody battle of Malvern Hill.

My first sight of McClellan was in 1850, when I was a cadet at West Point. He had then but recently returned from Mexico, where he had gained two brevets of honor. He was popular and handsome and a captain of engineers, and if there was one commissioned officer more than another who had universal notice among the young gentlemen of the academy it was he, himself a young man, a staff officer of a scientific turn who had been in several battles and had played every-

where a distinguished part. Eleven years later, after his arrival in Washington, July 23, 1861, an occasion brought me, while standing amid a vast multitude of other observers, a fresh glimpse of McClellan. He was now a major general and fittingly mounted. His record, from a brilliant campaign in West Virginia, and the urgent demand of the Administration for the ablest military man to lift us up from the valley of our existing humiliation, instantly brought this officer to the knowledge and scrutiny of the Government and the people.

As he rode past me that day with his proud staff, many of whom I recognized, his person and bearing made an indelible impression upon my memory. I saw a man five feet eight in height, with a good figure, muscular and closely knit, square shoulders, shapely head, and fine face ruddy with health; he had withal a quiet and reserved manner and showed vigor in his motions.

I partook of the common enthusiasm and hope, and my heart, if not my lips, joined the loud acclaim which that day saluted his deportment. Though McClellan never drew me to him, his intimacies being with those nearer his academic graduation, I have uniformly cherished the belief that he was a pure man, loyal to truth, to honor, and to his country.

A month later I again saw McClellan near the troops that I was commanding. He spoke to me briefly as he finished his visit, and won me, as he did other junior commanders, by his cordial manner.

His popularity, which had come almost of itself, was thus deepened and made permanent throughout the army by his showing on all occasions a marked courtesy. A general who has gained the hearts of his soldiers has only to plan well and execute well to bring

abundant success, but there is one drawback—his opponent may be equally well equipped in heart, plan, and purpose.

The first thing to be done by McClellan, on the heels of Bull Run, was to make an army. Our Congress had authorized the call for 500,000 more volunteers. It immediately fell to McClellan to receive, organize, equip, drill, and discipline the new levies which were flocking into Washington from the north and west, and prepare them for the field.

The Washington mobs still existed and were growing worse. They were made up largely from discontented regiments contributing to the disorderly mass, tenfold larger after the panic of Bull Run.

McClellan instituted three remedial measures: *First*, an order from the War Department, which organized boards of examination. Volunteer officers were to be brought before them to ascertain their fitness for the command they exercised. General Henry W. Slocum and I were for some time on one of these boards. Slocum at first demurred. He thought it hard for prominent citizens recently commissioned who had generously spent their time and money to raise regiments not to be permitted to reap some benefit for their labor and sacrifice. It did seem a little cruel to examine them in army regulations and tactics! But the orders required *that*, and so we fell to work and had one officer after another brought before us. It proved a good move. While a few worthy men not sufficiently acquainted with their new business were sent home, a host of idlers and triflers were dismissed or compelled to resign.

The *second*, and a most important measure, was a thorough system of inspection of men and arms, carry-

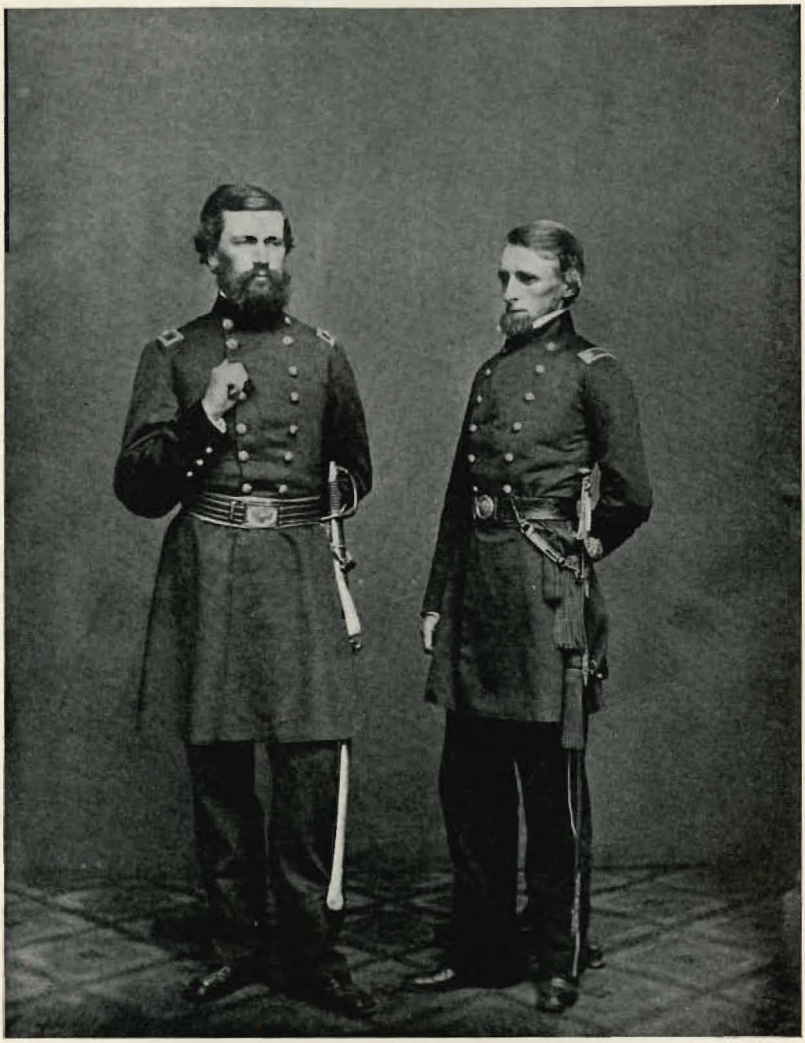
ing it through relentlessly. I suffered from this, for while in command of the brigade I left the care of the Third Maine to the regimental commander and was severely condemned for the condition of the arms of "his own regiment" by an inspecting officer from army headquarters.

The *third* measure of relief was the inauguration of an effective provost marshal's department. General Andrew Porter set his machinery in motion and in a remarkably short time cleared the streets of Washington and Georgetown of all the vagrant soldiery who had daily congregated in those cities but had no proper business there. He issued not only a permit system, but so revised and controlled the passports across our lines as, at least for a time, to cause murmurers and traitors to fly from the District of Columbia or keep still. McClellan also made another wholesome regulation. He placed near Washington in provisional brigades the bulk of the newer regiments, keeping them there in camps under special discipline and drill before sending them to the front. The people behind us were always in haste, and the administration felt their quick pulsation; not so McClellan. Nobody ever saw him in haste.

Not long after Bull Run the brigades were broken up and mine with the rest, so with some disappointment I returned to my regiment and was encamped near Arlington engaged in furnishing working parties for the construction of the fortifications about Washington. Here I was under General Sedgwick. No one of his command will forget his quiet, watchful discipline and his fatherly management. An unexpected visit on August 8th from McDowell escorting Prince Jerome Napoleon through our camps had a cheering

feature for me. Just before the general with his cavalcade rode away he turned to me and spoke of the orders of McClellan which had dissolved my brigade. He said: "Colonel Howard, that action is not final; you shall not suffer nor lose your brigade." The remark had its fruition on September 3, 1861, when I received my commission of brigadier general of volunteers. For several weeks thereafter I had, however, that unhappy experience of waiting for orders. Restless, talking with my adjutant, walking to and fro, reading the papers, conning over some books, and going over the regulations, or at orderly hours sitting in the anteroom of General Marcy, father-in-law and chief of staff to McClellan—the newly fledged brigadier feared that he never would be recognized again or trusted with a command. I suspected jealousy on the part of rivals who were near the throne. I was ashamed to go home and chagrined to remain unassigned.

But the change came. My first assignment was to another brigade, receiving, drilling, and forwarding new regiments under the supervision of General Silas Casey. We were sent to Bladensburg and encamped near the notorious dueling ground where members of Congress had formerly resorted to offer their blood for their honor's sake. The Sixty-first New York, Fifth New Hampshire, the Forty-fifth New York, the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, and Fourth Rhode Island took part under my command in one great review held on the public grounds east of the Capitol. McClellan was the conspicuous reviewing officer and Casey led the division. At first some slight mistakes very much disturbed our silver-haired division commander. He cried out despairingly: "Oh, oh, what a fizzle!" Still,



Oliver O. Howard, Brigadier General United States Volunteers, 1861, with His Adjutant General, Frederick D. Sewall.

a little extra effort on the part of our active aids-de-camp put all matters to rights and we passed in a creditable review.

How necessary was that period of preparation to the new army! McClellan brought to bear upon it the conservatism of an engineer. He gathered around him a large staff, personal and administrative, which from time to time he caused to be announced to the army. Gradually he constructed, with immense labor, on both sides of the Potomac, a grand system of fortifications which environed the District of Columbia. They soon gave to the eye of every observer, military or not, the precise rallying points for times of attack; they were when manned a safe defense of the nation's capital.

The capital thus owed to McClellan not a little of its safety in his cleansing it of idlers and of traitors, in his strong army, and in his well-chosen and thoroughly constructed defenses.

The batteries of artillery and the infantry regiments, as soon as they emerged from the provisional state, were stationed around the new forts wherever convenient camping places could be found, at first under canvas alone; but when cold weather approached the men made themselves comfortable huts of logs, using their tentage for securing height and roofing. What veteran will ever forget the white-topped villages on every hill, patriotic and gay under their own flags, which seemed in perpetual motion? Together they formed a city of over 100,000 souls. The larger proportion constituting the main body was on the Virginia side of the Potomac, but no other fronts were neglected; for example, as we have seen, Casey's division looking to the east was on the Bladensburg road; Hooker's facing the south was kept below the eastern

branch; while Wadsworth's, north and east, scattered here and there, crowned a score of important heights. Some of the forts were named for distinguished officers who had already fallen in the war, like Lyon and Greble.

McClellan's purpose in delaying the corps formation is indicated in a single sentence: "I did not desire to form them until the army had been for some little time in the field, in order to enable the general officers first to acquire the requisite experience as division commanders on active service, and that I might be able to decide from actual trial who were the best fitted to exercise these important commands." This care and deliberation were characteristic.

It was not till March, 1862, that the corps formation was introduced, and then the President himself initiated it by his own orders.

The division commanders whose names, thanks to Bull Run and sundry reviews, had become familiar to the army were advanced in position but not in grade—our highest grade, except by special Act of Congress, was that of major general. McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman, Keyes, and Banks were the first five army corps commanders. A few days later Banks's command was differently designated and a fifth corps was given to Fitz John Porter, a sixth to Franklin.

McDowell had for division commanders at first Franklin, McCall, and King; Sumner—Richardson, Sedgwick, and Blenker. Heintzelman's division commanders were Fitz John Porter, Hooker, and Hamilton; Keyes's were Couch, W. F. Smith, and Casey; and Banks's, Williams and Shields.

But I am anticipating the order of events. Possibly the Army of the Potomac thus formed and located

might have remained sheltered along the Virginia Heights free from trials by combat or battle during the important time of incubation and growth had it not been for the Confederates. General Johnston at Centreville, Va., though disposed himself to stand mainly on the defensive, still had a teasing way of letting loose certain of his restless subordinates, such as Ashby, Stuart, Barksdale, and Evans.

While, during the fall of 1861, I was working away as a sort of school general at Bladensburg and vicinity and serving on those depleting boards and on several tedious courts-martial, there were several collisions which the enemy provoked or our troops brought on by foraging movements. For example, Stuart, my classmate, made his way to Loudon County, Va., about August 1st, and pushed out detachments here and there in the rudest way; one showed itself near "The Point of Rocks," south of the Potomac, just below Harper's Ferry, which was then but poorly garrisoned. A part of the Twenty-eighth New York, under Captain W. W. Bush, by a ford near at hand boldly crossed to the Virginia shore, where a lively skirmish ensued. Bush drove off the Confederate cavalry, inflicted a small loss in killed and wounded, captured twenty horses and came back with a number of prisoners.

At one period near the middle of October the daily journals were full of "Munson's Hill." That prominence could be seen by observers looking westward from Arlington Heights and from other points about Washington. The Confederates had occupied this famous ground between the two armies and kept flying from the hilltop their new banner so unwelcome to Union gazers. Reference to this audacious flag pointed

the speech of many a brave orator that fall while criticising the slowness of McClellan. Munson's Hill armed the "On-to-Richmond" press with pithy paragraphs. But suddenly and unexpectedly the Confederates withdrew from Munson's Hill and our cavalry pickets found there only mock intrenchments and "Quaker guns"—i. e., logs cut and daubed with black paint to imitate cannon. The natural query was: "What will our enemy do next?" To ascertain this, reconnoissances were undertaken.

The divisions of McCall and W. F. Smith marched out westward on October 19th. McCall, farthest south, bearing off northwesterly, passed through the village of Dranesville, and finding no enemy kept on five or six miles beyond toward Leesburg. He delayed his return march from time to time to enable his staff to gather local knowledge and make sketches of the country. A telegram to McClellan from Darnestown the next morning said: "The signal station on 'Sugar Loaf' telegraphs that the enemy have moved away from Leesburg." Upon receiving this message McClellan caused to be telegraphed to General Stone, at Poolsville, Md. (upper Potomac): "General McCall occupied Dranesville yesterday and is still there; will send out heavy reconnoissances to-day in all directions from that point. . . . Keep a good lookout upon Leesburg to see if this movement has the effect to drive them away. Perhaps a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them."

This simple telegram was the primary cause of the battle of Ball's Bluff—and the death of Colonel Baker.

Being in the District of Columbia at the time of the Ball's Bluff disaster, I realized how deeply people there were affected by it. The President had known

Baker well, for he had but recently, under patriotic impulse, gone from the Senate Chamber to the field. President, Congress, and people felt bereaved by his death. When the colonel's body arrived in Washington, I became one of the pallbearers.

Baker, though acting as a brigadier general, was the colonel of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania. Rev. Byron Sunderland, a Presbyterian pastor, preached his funeral sermon. Baker's brother and son were present. One of his officers fell in a swoon during the exercises. To the cemetery, a distance of three miles, I rode with General Denver, of California. Senator Henry Wilson was one of the pallbearers; this occasion afforded me my first introduction to him. An immense unsympathetic crowd followed to see the military procession. Nobody evinced sorrow—very few even raised their hats as we passed.

The Washington crowd, however, was no sample of our patriotic citizens. The passions, appetites, and sins of the great small men who had run the Government upon the rocks had left their impress on Washington, and the military had called in its train its usual motley brood of followers—such was the mixed multitude which followed the noble and generous Baker without emotion to his tomb. The wail in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania over the excessive and bootless losses at Ball's Bluff followed. To Senator Wilson and myself that funeral was deeply saddening. The evening shadows were thickening as we placed Baker in his last resting place.

Had General Stone's plans leading to this battle succeeded, he would have been praised for his energy and enterprise. The arrest and punishment which he underwent on account of his defeat, without having a

chance for a proper trial and without an opportunity to recover the confidence of the army, afford an extraordinary episode of injustice shown a good and able man.

At our homes the people were becoming vexed and impatient to have the war work so slow. While the bulk of the secession multitude were already in the war the majority of Union men were not yet at the front and a sort of apathy pervaded the armies in the field. I verily believed that they would not shake it off till their communications had been cut and the life of the defending hosts put in imminent peril. I wrote: "We have the numbers in the field, but the spirit and enthusiasm is at home. We want it here. God will help us when we stop self-seeking and money-making. When the pressure of want and deep sorrow is upon us, then will we turn to the Lord and cry unto Him; then will we grasp the means and go forth in His strength." This was my feeling in the presence of selfish and disloyal Washington talk and under the shadow of the Ball's Bluff calamity.

Ball's Bluff was the last affair in our vicinity of any considerable importance during that period of formation. But the delay and waiting were so long that not only our loyal friends became suspicious that something was wrong at headquarters, but the disloyalty in the neighborhood of the armies and, in fact, everywhere, became bold and vexatious.

Mr. Lincoln wanted something done on the lower Potomac or against Johnston's communications, but touching all plans for movement he still deferred to the judgment and respected the reticence of his popular army commander.

An affair at last came that relieved the monotony

of my own life and made me feel as if I was accomplishing something. As the November elections approached, certain hot-headed secessionists of Maryland were working hard to carry the State. Violent men began to intimidate the more quiet Union voters, and in the lower counties Confederate soldiers were crossing the Potomac in uniform to influence the polls. This gave to my troops for that month of November a "political campaign."

The 3d of the month, Saturday, receiving word from General Casey, I rode to Washington in a heavy and continuous rain and went to his headquarters. He instructed me to march my brigade forthwith to the southern part of Maryland, placing troops in Prince George and Calvert counties. For further specific instructions Casey sent me to General Marcy, McClellan's chief of staff. I was told that after my arrival in lower Maryland I must consult with Union men, cooperate with them, and do all in my power to prevent any obstruction of the polls. As it was very stormy I secured for personal use some waterproof clothing and returned to Bladensburg to hasten our preparation. By Sunday morning the weather had cleared but the eastern branch which flowed between our camp and Bladensburg had risen so much that it was over fifty yards across, and the ford, usually shallow, was deep.

When with my staff I undertook to cross, our horses lost their footing and had to swim, and all of the riders received more or less of a wetting. By planking the ties of the railroad bridge we quickly had a dry crossing for the men, but a squadron of cavalry sent me for the expedition and the supply wagons were obliged to worry through the ford; we had special contrivances to raise our ammunition and hard bread

above the water.[1] Our Sunday march, muddy and difficult, was fourteen miles and we bivouacked in a grove at Centreville, Md. The troops, new to marching, were weary enough to sleep. Some of them, however, before morning had wakened and made havoc of a widow's fence. I put an officer of the Fourth Rhode Island, who was on guard, under arrest and obtained from the officers whose men had helped themselves to rails a sufficient contribution to pay the widow for her loss. There was no more burning of fences on that expedition, but there was murmuring at my severity. I sent companies on Monday to Upper Marlboro, to Nottingham, Queen Anne, and Piscataway. Upper Marlboro we found a very pretty village three miles from the Patuxent River, having a courthouse, taverns, and churches. Here were several secessionists who were giving much trouble, but finding there also several excellent Union men I left Colonel Miller to aid them in keeping the peace. With my cavalry squadron I marched on to the Patuxent, the bridge across which had been carried away by the freshet. In two hours the bridge was made passable and we crossed over, completing our projected expedition at dark, and camping upon the large and beautiful estate of Mr. Thomas J. Graham. His generous hospitality could not have been excelled. Neither my officers nor myself ever forgot the joyous welcome and kind treatment from host and hostess, for Mrs. Graham joined her husband in the entertainment. My surgeon, Dr. Palmer, Adjutant General Sewall, and I remained with these good people for three days. It gave us a breath of home. I had managed so promptly to distribute my

[1] The "contrivances" were cross-planks placed above the wagon-beds and also deep empty boxes.

troops that there was not a voting precinct in Prince George or Calvert counties that was not occupied by my men on Wednesday, the day of election. On Thursday the scattered detachments were gathered, and on Friday and Saturday marched back to their respective camping grounds near Washington.

We had made some arrests. Mr. Sollers, at Prince Frederick, a former congressman, showed a violent disposition, threatening to kill any Union man he could reach and striking right and left with a bowie knife. He and four others were put under guard. On Friday morning Mr. Sollers was very ill, but as his excessive excitement was over I took his promise to report at Washington and released him. The others I let go upon their taking the oath of allegiance. Only one Confederate soldier in uniform was picked up; he was kept for exchange. General Casey's happy approval, commending my brigade and myself for our faithfulness and promptitude, gave me much pleasure, and McClellan's recognition of the work so quickly done, which owing to the storm he had thought hardly possible, awakened a strong hope that I would soon go to the front, taking with me instead of sending the regiments I had last drilled. That crossing of swollen streams, making long marches through clayey mud, bivouacking without canvas, disciplining the men on friendly soil, and giving officers something of importance to do, were, indeed, conducive to their contentment, to useful experience together, to comradeship, and in brief to all the needed preparations for grander trials in the coming events which were most consonant to our hearts.

CHAPTER XIII

GENERAL E. V. SUMNER AND MY FIRST RECONNOISSANCE

THE first time that General E. V. Sumner's name made any considerable impression upon me was in connection with our new President's quick and secret journey from Harrisburg to Washington just before his first inauguration. There was for the time great excitement on the subject. Mr. Lincoln had left his home in Illinois on February 11, 1861. He experienced nothing harmful—only an ovation all the way. The people at halting places thronged to see him and insisted on speeches from him. He passed from Philadelphia to Harrisburg on February 23d, and addressed the Legislature there assembled. Being weary after his continued receptions, speeches, and excitement, he went to the Jones house and retired to his apartments for needed rest. It was given out publicly that he would not leave Harrisburg till the next morning, but Mr. W. F. Seward, son of William H. Seward, suddenly arrived from Washington and promptly conveyed to Mr. Lincoln the startling information from Senator Seward and General Scott, that he was to be assassinated in Baltimore while *en route* to Washington. The story, which from subsequent testimony, positive and direct, was fully substantiated, was at the time hardly credited by Mr. Lincoln himself, yet there appeared to most of his advisers who were present

such imminent danger and such vast interests at stake that his friends became importunate, urging him to start at once so as to pass through Baltimore many hours before the advertised time. He took this course, but with evident reluctance.

At that time Colonel E. V. Sumner and Major David Hunter were among Mr. Lincoln's many reliable friends—a sort of voluntary escort. Sumner protested. He was vehement. "What! the President elect of the United States make a secret and strategic approach to his own capital? Shall he skulk in such a manner as that proposed? No! Let an army, with artillery to sound his salvos, escort him publicly through the rebel throng!" This incident indicates the indomitable spirit of Sumner, always exhibited from the time of his entry into the United States service as a lieutenant at twenty-three years of age in 1819, till his death at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1863. The old army was replete with anecdotes illustrating his individuality. He was remarkable for two military virtues: an exact obedience to orders and a rigid enforcement of discipline. If two methods were presented, one direct and the other indirect, he always chose the direct; if two courses opened, the one doubtful and leading to safety, the other dangerous and heroic, he was sure to choose the heroic at whatever cost. Joseph E. Johnston when a subordinate was once under Sumner's command. Johnston, with other officers, was required to attend reveille every morning. On one occasion he had some slight indisposition which the early rising aggravated, so he asked Surgeon Cuyler to excuse him from that exercise. Sumner interposed at once: "He must then go wholly on the sick report." Once again, at a frontier garrison which Sumner com-

manded, he himself had a severe attack of indigestion, caused from drinking some alkaline water that he could not avoid. He was much weakened, and the officers, sure of what students would call "an absence" at the next reveille, congratulated each other upon the anticipated rest to be had without discovery and punishment. But lo! Sumner next morning was in his place, the first man on the ground!

At the time of Colonel Sumner's early intimacy with President Lincoln, he was colonel of the First regular cavalry. He had gained distinction in the Mexican War and had obtained therefore the reward of two brevets. He had, however, been obliged before the war for the Union to play a part in Kansas not to his liking: for his orders had required him to disperse the free-state legislature. Still, whatever were his private sympathies or political sentiments, he did not hesitate to obey. It was then a compensative satisfaction to be sent under the new administration with which he was in accord to command the Department of California. General Twiggs's defection and dismissal gave Sumner a brigadiership. His California work was made remarkable by his rallying the Union element and frightening disunionists. Prominent secessionists he caused to be arrested; and some to be apprehended outside of California while they were *en route* via Panama toward the Gulf States. Such was the war-worn, loyal Sumner who arrived in Washington the last of November, 1861. McClellan immediately assigned him to duty, expecting just then some active campaigning. Sumner was to choose his division from the provisional forces. He naturally advised with Casey, the commander of all the provisional organizations. It was my good fortune to have won General

Casey's favorable opinion. He commended me for industry and energy. Those were the qualities for Sumner: he selected my brigade, French's, and later that of Thomas Francis Meagher.

I was delighted at the change, for I did not like the rear, however important the work might be, and none probably was more important than the preparing of regiment after regiment for service. One cannot always fathom or reveal his motives, but I know that I was eager for the advance and greatly enjoyed the prospect of serving under the redoubtable Sumner. I was ordered to report in writing to my new division commander. This I did. Sumner's first order to me was characteristic. He looked over the large map which embodied the position of the Army of the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to Aquia Creek, and stretched forward to take in the supposed position of the entire Confederate army in our front. He saw a place called Springfield out a few miles in front of Alexandria, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. That being on the portion of the front he was to occupy, he at once sent my brigade there. This was too bold an order for our then defensive methods. It might stir up a hornet's nest. But feeling the exhilaration of a new enterprise, I pushed out promptly to comply with my instructions. I had reached the place —a mere railway station with no houses near—with two regiments and was quietly waiting for the other two of the brigade and for the baggage train, when Lieutenant Sam S. Sumner, a son and aid of the general, rode up in apparent haste and said: "The general made a mistake; it is not intended by his orders that we should push out so far." Empty cars quickly appeared to take us back to Alexandria. Sumner had

halted my wagon train there and caused it to wait while the remainder of my brigade encamped on the Leesburg Turnpike. On our arrival I housed for the night the men with me in the sheds and engine houses of the Alexandria railway depot. Sumner was in some house outside of the city. It was already evening. Taking two colonels with me, I made my way to the old city hotel. After supper I set out with one of them in the darkness and rainstorm to find General Sumner. We had hired a single team, but the horse was so broken down that he could scarcely walk. He soon ran into a post and fell, breaking his harness and rolling the carriage, the colonel, and myself into the mud!

Our search after several trials being unsuccessful, we postponed further effort till daylight, then we found the general at a farmhouse far out on the Leesburg Pike. This was my first meeting with the veteran commander. He had on a dark-blue blouse and light-blue uniform trousers and wore a rough flannel shirt. Shoulder straps with the star on each shoulder marked his rank of brigadier general, while a bright cravat beneath his rolling shirt collar relieved the monotony of his dress.

As he stood there before me, a tall, spare, muscular frame, I beheld a firm, dignified man; but his eye was so kindly and his smile so attractive that all embarrassment between us was banished at the first interview. After breakfast the general took me with him to select a proper position for his division. My brigade, the First, as I was the ranking brigade commander, was placed on the right north of the Pike, French's on the south, and Meagher's back toward the city. My camp was on Mr. Richards's farm. A charming grove of trees was behind the brigade, to the south of which

were established my headquarters. The land had a light soil, was rolling, and easily drained. Back of us, farther off in plain sight, on a height was the well-known Fairfax Seminary.

Sumner, in honor of the Pacific Department which he had so recently left, called his new field home and environment "Camp California." More than ten thousand souls there formed a city and spent three months encamped in military order. French's was slightly in echelon with my brigade and arranged back and south of a house of Mr. Watkins, while Sumner himself occupied a Sibley tent near the house. Meagher's men were held some distance to the rear and opposite the center. Sumner had also near at hand the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and a six-gun battery of light artillery. We habitually kept one infantry regiment and a small detachment of cavalry on picket duty as far forward as Edsall's Hill, and kept the remainder at drill. Who of my brigade does not recall those lively trials over the sand knolls, too often through snow and mud, those skirmishes and passing the defiles so remorselessly repeated?

Mr. Richards, the householder, lived about two hundred yards in front of our right. He was afflicted with asthma—a trouble that usually increased under provocation. He would wheeze, laugh, cry, and stammer, as he good-naturedly tried to describe to me the work of the New Hampshire axmen while cutting down his beautiful and extensive grove. It was not long before his entire wood had been felled and carried off to block up and underpin the canvas tents or to be stored up somewhere for fuel.

"Why, general, ha! ha!" he wheezed, "the trees just lie down, ha! ha! ha! as Colonel Cross's folks look

at 'em!" And, indeed, those New Hampshire men were expert woodmen.

Notwithstanding the burden of war there was much that was pleasant in our camp that winter. Friends visited friends; the Germans had their holidays and rifle shootings; the Irish brigade their hurdle races and their lively hospitalities. An enormous mail went out and came in daily. But there was a sad side. At times our hospitals were crowded with patients, because measles followed by typhoid fever, in virulence like the plagues of Egypt, ran through all McClellan's army and decimated our regiments.

Off and on for information we probed the spaces between our own and the enemy's lines, sometimes to catch spies and those who harbored them, and sometimes daringly to gather forage and provisions, but, indeed, we wished to be doing something in the line of enterprise as a preparation for the active work to which we all looked forward expectantly for the spring. Our bold, strict, straightforward, hospitable division general and his son and aid, Lieutenant S. S. Sumner, who combined his father's frankness, bravery, and impulse, and his mother's social amenities, with the gifted and genial adjutant general, Major J. H. Taylor, and Lieutenant Lawrence Kip, an aid well practiced in the ways of polite society, always welcomed us to headquarters, pleasant to visit and worthy to imitate.

General W. H. French, who commanded the next brigade, the Second, was a man advanced in years, who had graduated at West Point seventeen years before me. He had a mind of unusual quickness, well replenished by a long experience in his profession. French somehow was able to take more men into action and

have less stragglers than any of his parallel commanders.

Among our colonels were Zook, who was killed at Gettysburg; Brooke, who, steadily advancing, attained the rank of major general in the regular army; Barlow, of the Sixty-first New York, who, by wounds received in several engagements went again and again to death's door but lived through a most distinguished career of work and promotion to exercise eminent civil functions after the war, and Miller, who fell in our first great battle.

My brother, Lieutenant C. H. Howard, and Lieutenant Nelson A. Miles were then my aids. Sumner, noticing his conduct in action, used to say of Miles: "That officer will get promoted or get killed." F. D. Sewall, for many months my industrious adjutant general, took the colonelcy of the Nineteenth Maine, and my able judge advocate, E. Whittlesey, at last accepted the colonelcy of another regiment. The acting brigade commissary, George W. Balloch, then a lieutenant in the Fifth New Hampshire, adhered to his staff department and was a colonel and chief commissary of a corps before the conflict ended.

To comprehend McClellan's responsibility and action after he came to Washington, we must call to mind the fact that he did not simply command the Army of the Potomac, which he had succeeded in organizing out of the chaos and confusion of the Bull Run panic, but till March 11, 1862, he had his eye upon the whole field of operations and was endeavoring to direct all our armies which were face to face with the insurgents. It never appeared fair to McClellan to bind him by stringent orders and then at last demand that he follow a changing public sentiment. It is like re-

moving by fire process the temper from steel and then expecting from it the old elasticity.

In a letter dated November 7, 1861, McClellan indicates the will of the Executive at that time: "I know that I express the feelings and opinions of the President when I say that we are fighting only to preserve the integrity of the Union and the constitutional authority of the general Government."

We perceive at once from the following note to Buell the inference which came to McClellan from the President's known attitude—an inference doubtless strengthened by his own conservative feelings and convictions: "The military problem would be a simple one if it could be separated from political influences. Such is not the case. Were the population among which you are to operate wholly or generally hostile, it is probable that Nashville would be your first and principal objective point. It so happens that a large majority of the people of Eastern Tennessee are in favor of the Union." For this reason Buell was made to stand on the defensive all along the line toward Nashville, and directed to throw the mass of his forces into Eastern Tennessee by way of Walker's and Cumberland gaps, if possible reaching Knoxville. This was to enable the loyal to rise, a thing Mr. Lincoln greatly desired, and to break up all rail communications between Eastern Virginia and the Mississippi.

Another letter of November 12th reveals McClellan's purpose more clearly. "As far as military necessity will permit, religiously respect the constitutional rights of all. . . . Be careful so to treat the unarmed inhabitants as to contract, not widen, the breach existing between us and the rebels. It should be our constant aim to make it apparent to all that their prop-

erty, their comfort, and their personal safety will be best preserved by adhering to the cause of the Union." Remember that that word "property" in McClellan's mind was meant to include the slaves.

Similar instructions went from him to Halleck, in Missouri, who was further ordered to mass his troops on or near the Mississippi, "prepared for such ulterior operations" as the public interests might demand.

General T. W. Sherman with a detachment was at the same time dispatched against Savannah and the coast below. The original plan was: to gain Fort Sumter and hold Charleston. But for a time that plan was postponed.

After New Orleans and its approaches had been secured by Butler, McClellan contemplated a combined army and navy attack on Mobile. His idea of "essential approaches" to New Orleans embraced Baton Rouge, La., and Jackson, Miss.

Burnside received his instructions to first attack Roanoke Island, its defenses and adjacent coast points.

These positive instructions given by McClellan and to a reasonable extent carried out, during the spring of 1862, show his activity of mind and good broad planning. The protection of the possessions of the disloyal, especially of the slave property, was doubtless an unwise insistence, but it originated in the great heart of Mr. Lincoln, who hoped almost against hope to win the secessionists back without going to dire extremities, and earnestly desired to please all *Union* slaveholders. McClellan was simply the soldier front of this view, a conscientious exponent of the policy.

I had reason to remember Burnside's going forth, for he was permitted to take with his other troops to North Carolina my Fourth Rhode Island Regiment.

On January 3d Colonel Isaac P. Rodman came to my tent at one o'clock in the morning, showing a dispatch which directed him to report immediately at Annapolis. He was an excellent officer and a great gain to Burnside. He died from wounds received in the battle of Antietam. The Fourth Rhode Island had as chaplain an Episcopal clergyman, Rev. E. B. Flanders, much esteemed in our brigade. He was as efficient in the field as he had been in his home parish. I find an old letter in which my aid writes that I scarcely slept the night after I received that order. This was foolish, indeed, but it indicates how much I was attached to that regiment. One good soldier, Private McDonald, being on detail as my orderly, remained with me till his death in Georgia during the campaign of 1864. When the news of Burnside's attack reached us from Roanoke and thirty-five men were reported killed, I was as anxious as a father to hear of the safety of those who had gone out from my command.

On January 4th, taking an aid with me, I hastened, as was then the custom when things went wrong, to Washington for redress. I found the venerable General Casey sitting in full uniform at the head of a court-martial. His uniform looked very bright and clean to me coming from camp.

Moving a chair close to General Casey I appealed to him to get me another regiment and one as well drilled as possible. After listening to my whispered argument he said: "Oh, I will give you a good selection. You had better take the Sixty-fourth New York —Colonel Parker." So very soon the Sixty-fourth New York came to fill the vacancy left by the Fourth Rhode Island.

At that time General Sumner was in Washington.

Just before this visit he had met with a serious accident and had gone to Washington, where he could receive better nursing than was possible in camp. Sumner was riding one day and crossing some fields not far from headquarters, when his horse stepped into a blind post hole and fell, throwing the general forward to the ground. Injury was done to his shoulder and lungs. He remounted his horse and rode back to camp with difficulty; lame and suffering as he was he sat up in his saddle, as was his custom. When he neared the camp he crossed the sentinel's post and the sentinel saluted. He not only became erect in his posture regardless of the pain, but carefully and politely returned the soldier's courtesy. God preserve to our people the remembrance of such a man!

I found the general in Washington convalescing, and he welcomed the messages of sympathy from his division. I was anxious for his return and coveted the anticipated advantages to be derived from his long and varied experience, always remembering his pronounced loyalty, ardent patriotism, and prompt action.

We have seen that military operations were influenced very much in the interest of slavery by purely political considerations. Plans were modified by the endeavor not so much to conquer an enemy under arms, as to restore the Union or preserve the Union wherever slaveholders existed and showed themselves loyal to the United States. Conquer the insurgents, of course, but hurt those behind them as little as possible! Save them from themselves and save the country!

Certainly the problem presented could not be thus solved, because the Confederates themselves were otherwise determined. Neither in the political nor

military arena did they so show themselves to us. They were too heated to consider or comprehend such high principles of action. They said everywhere where the echo of their voices could reach: "Come on, we defy you! We are in earnest. We mean war! We have struck for independence!"

Their leaders were too ardent, too determined, too well prepared in plan and purpose to accept any sort of compromise. They had no patience whatever with the Unionists and half Unionists among themselves. And, indeed, we ought from every military conception to have accepted this gage of combat as much as possible, as did Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan at later dates. But we must remember that in January, 1862, the country had not yet so decided, and our Eastern forces were far behind the Western in the wish to free the slaves. It is for this reason that so many veteran soldiers, and among them those who were even then loyal to humanity, maintained that McClellan was doing his simple duty and could not be censured for the politico-military course which he at that time was obliged to pursue.

In order to prevent the ever-present hostile espionage from probing and revealing his plan, McClellan carefully guarded his lips. None of us could guess just what our army would attempt. But Johnston, our enemy at Centreville, Va., was shrewder than those who came in daily contact with our young chief. The sudden movement of Hooker's division down the east bank of the Potomac to a point opposite Dumfries, ostensibly to prevent hostile agents from passing back and forth with news and goods, was by him correctly interpreted.

He justly reasoned: once behind the Rappahan-

nock the Confederate army will be in place to meet either of the five possible moves of McClellan: 1st, the direct by the Orange and Alexandria Railway; 2d, the one via Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg; 3d, that via Urbana, McClellan's favorite project; 4th, via the Virginia Peninsula, and 5th, to ascend the south bank of the James. At Centreville he was only in position to meet the first or second. That move of a division to a point opposite Dumfries meant the Urbana route for McClellan and so no time was to be lost, because Johnston knew that our preparations in the way of transports were already far advanced. Johnston commenced his rearward movement the day before the publication, not of McClellan's Urbana design, but of the orders for more preliminary work which for the safety of Washington was insisted on by the Administration. To satisfy, if possible, the impatience of the people and doubtless excited himself by so many delays, Abraham Lincoln ordered on March 8th: "That the Army and Navy coöperate in an immediate effort to capture the enemy's batteries on the Potomac between Washington and the Chesapeake Bay." This, too, Johnston seems to have anticipated. His abandonment of Centreville was completed by the close of the 9th and his action in this was known on my front that same day. Disagreements now began to set in between the President, a large party faction urging him, and McClellan, in which several general officers took sides and bore a part. As a result of many councils, not McClellan's favorite Urbana project, but his second choice, the peninsular plan, was after a time chosen for the Army of the Potomac and very soon thereafter McClellan's command was reduced to that army. Probably the President thought that to be quite

enough now that McClellan was to take the field and be constantly away from the capital.

General Sumner had sufficiently recovered from his hurt to admit of his riding, and he had come back to his division, but he left his Sibley tent to sleep for a time in Mr. Watkins's house. The evening of March 3d I was writing a home letter when I received a note from Sumner asking me as soon as convenient to come over to his quarters. I hastened to the interview, which resulted in my taking three regiments the next day to protect the bridge builders at Accotink Run, six miles ahead, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. I went as far as Fairfax Station, driving the Confederate pickets before me. That movement on March 4th and the bridge building, which did not deceive Johnston nor arrest his preparations for leaving Centreville, but rather quickened them, set the ball in motion. A brigade, E. Kirby Smith's, stationed at Fairfax and vicinity, retired as I advanced and soon after joined the main Confederate army at Manassas Junction.

The news, a few days later, came: "Centreville is evacuated." It startled and disappointed everybody at Washington. The peninsular plan now quickly came to the front. Quartermasters, commissaries, naval officers, commanders of steamers and army sutlers were stimulated and warmed into busy life. Everybody, great and small, had some mysterious and unusual thing to do. At last for a brief time fretting ceased, for there was a definiteness of purpose; there was activity; there was motion. The army so long "quiet on the Potomac" was going somewhere and was promising to do something, and, indeed, all parties except the grumblers, the faint-hearted, and a few se-

cession wives and mothers who never could see why their husbands and sons should fight for the "Federal" Government, were far happier than they had been for six months because they were now full of hope for a victory and then a speedy return in joy. It is good for us that we cannot trump up all the consequences to the atoms we jostle and displace. Sorrow, sickness, wounds, and a harvest of death were ahead, but nobody but our farseeing President had then caught the glimpse of a fatal symptom spot. On April 9th he wrote to McClellan:

"I always insisted that going down to the bay in search of a field instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we should find the same enemy and the same or equal intrenchments at either place." Mr. Lincoln instinctively felt that the true objective all the time was not Richmond but Johnston's army.

After we had finished the bridge building across the Accotink we had returned to Camp California and settled back into our old ways of living, so that the news of the actual evacuation of Centreville stirred us up as it did the rest of the army. The night of March 9th, after the news came, I had lain down and slept a while, when, Sumner being again in Washington on some temporary duty, a dispatch came to me to move the whole division at six o'clock the next morning. It was already near midnight. I went at once to Sumner's headquarters at Mr. Watkins's house, called together the brigade commanders and handed them the order of march. We worked all night and set out in good trim at the appointed hour, but had hardly gained the road when Sumner returned and assumed command of his moving column.

That day, March 10th, Sumner gave his men, unaccustomed to marching, a hard trial of seventeen miles. "What's seventeen miles," he asked at evening, "for a soldier?" It had rained—poured, most of the time. I had commanded my brigade and also the advance guard. The mud was first slippery and then deep; the weather was chilly and damp, making the rests uncomfortable and the night worse, as we were without canvas shelter, yet owing to previous discipline there was none of the Bull Run straggling. Sumner's division, made up of the three brigades, and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, with Clarke's and Frank's six-gun batteries of artillery, continued its march the 11th, and kept on to Manassas Junction and beyond. The Confederate cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, watched our advancing forces, retiring from knoll to knoll, from grove to grove, as we pressed on. That cavalry was Johnston's rear guard, when his army was in motion southward, and became his outpost and picketing force as soon as Johnston halted. Sumner stopped his general movement at Warrenton Junction, thirteen miles south of Manassas. Now he had two divisions, because Blenker's, made up mostly of Germans, had joined him at Manassas.

In spite of McClellan's objection, Mr. Lincoln had caused him to organize his Potomac force into army corps. McClellan complied on March 13th, so that Sumner, during his first march, came into command of the Second Corps. I. B. Richardson was appointed commander of our division, John Sedgwick and Louis Blenker of the other two. The actual change of commanders was effected while we were tramping the Virginia mud, and by small fires drying sundry spots large enough to sleep on.

The main body of McClellan's army, which had started up like a suddenly awakened dreamer and pushed out in pursuit of Johnston with more than twenty-five miles the start, ceased advancing and moved back to the vicinity of Alexandria, March 15th. Sumner with two of his divisions was left at Warrenton Junction till other Union troops not of the Army of the Potomac should be sent forward to relieve him. McClellan desired Sumner to make a strong reconnoissance forward as far as the Rappahannock River, and the latter gave me a detachment for that purpose made up of my brigade, some regiments from French's brigade, Hazzard's battery, and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. I was greatly pleased that I had been selected for this expedition, and I worked a whole night to make the needed preparations.

In the morning General French told Sumner that he ran too great a risk, that my detachment by going so far from support would be captured, and surely that it was not wise to let one like me, with so little experience, go with raw troops so far away from the corps as the Rappahannock. Sumner called me in and said that he feared to let me make the reconnoissance. Instantly I begged him to try me. I showed my night work, my preparation, and my safe plan, and said: " General, you will never regret having trusted me."

Suddenly, with that fierce determination which we always saw him have in battle, he said: " Go! go!" And I am sure I let no moments waste in setting off. All day, March 29th, covered with a good infantry skirmish line, and scouting broadly with our cavalry, I marched my regiment steadily forward by these means and by the occasional use of the battery from

hill to hill driving my old friend's (Stuart's) forces beyond the Rappahannock.

My personal friend, Captain George W. Hazzard, commanding the battery, greatly aided in accomplishing the purposes of the expedition. For a while Hazzard had been the colonel of an Indiana regiment, but he left it alleging that the tender-hearted Indiana mothers had banished him because of the hardness of his discipline. It inspired our men greatly to see with what lightning rapidity his six guns flew into action and fired under his quick, confident commands.

After the work of the day had been done and we saw the smoking Rappahannock Bridge, I went into camp with great care, facing different ways upon the top of a thickly wooded height. I was told that the venturesome Stuart during the night came over the river and made a personal examination, and that he afterwards said Howard had taken such a position and so posted his troops that he decided not to attack him. On my return Sumner met me with the gladness of a father.

As the Maryland "political campaign" had gained me General Casey's confidence, so this reconnoissance and successful skirmishing for nine miles, small affair though it was, had gained for me the hearty good will of General Sumner.

By trying to do thoroughly the lesser things intrusted to me, I find they have proved stepping-stones to something more important.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN BEGUN; YORKTOWN

IN order to leave McClellan's army free to act General Banks was to come from West Virginia and command a fifth corps with which to cover Washington. He was to give up Sedgwick's fine division to complete Sumner's corps. While matters were being planned and were not yet half executed, Stonewall Jackson, always our marplot, struck one of Banks's divisions near Winchester. Fortunately, General Shields, the division commander, with his arm shattered in the beginning of the battle, succeeded in holding Jackson at bay, and after a terrific conflict forced him up the Shenandoah Valley. But the battle itself served to call back to West Virginia General A. S. Williams's division, which belonged to Banks and was already *en route* to Manassas with orders to relieve our troops, that we might go back to Alexandria and follow our comrades via the Chesapeake to the Virginia Peninsula.

Banks himself with his Fifth Corps never did succeed in making that contemplated Centreville and Manassas march to cover Washington. But provisional troops from Washington were at last sent out to replace ours, watch against Confederate raids in that quarter, and secure the Manassas field as a shield to the capital.

Stonewall Jackson's interruption of well-conceived and well-ordered proposals caused such apprehension on all sides that the President gave the following order, which I have always wished he had not been worried into issuing:

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, April 3, 1862.

To General George B. McClellan, etc.

By the direction of the President, General McDowell's army corps has been detached from under your immediate command and the general is ordered to report to the secretary of war. Letter by mail.

L. THOMAS,
[Signed.] *Adjutant General.*

To McDowell he wrote:

While cooperating with General McClellan, you obey his orders, except that you are to judge, and are not to allow your force to be disposed otherwise than so as to give the greatest protection to this capital.

This came from the President's anxiety for the protection of Washington. He could, however, have secured precisely that same protection by giving his instructions directly to McClellan. Mr. Lincoln evidently had begun to distrust McClellan; if so, it was not wisdom to keep him in command and at the same time plainly show distrust by telling a corps commander to obey his orders or not, according to that commander's judgment.

I am not surprised at McClellan's grievous complaint. "I may confess," he said, "to have been shocked at this order which, with that of the 31st *ultimo*, removed nearly 60,000 men from my command and reduced my force by more than one-third after its task had been assigned, its operations planned, and its

fighting begun. . . . It compelled the adoption of another, a different and a less effective plan of campaign." To this statement his officers agreed and still agree. It was a heavy blow, and with one constituted like McClellan it was so crippling and disappointing as to render subsequent operations on his part less brilliant and decisive.

What paralyzed his arm most was this want of confidence on the part of the President and his advisers, and the growing opposition to him everywhere for political reasons. Think of the antislavery views of Stanton and Chase; of the growing antislavery sentiments of the congressional committee on the conduct of war; think of the number of generals like Fremont, Butler, Banks, Hunter, and others in everyday correspondence with the Cabinet, whose convictions were already strong that the slaves should be set free; think, too, of the Republican press constantly becoming more and more of the same opinion, and the masses of the people really leading the press. McClellan's friends in the army had often offended the Northern press. In his name radical antislavery correspondents had been expelled from the army. An incident affecting the popular Hutchinson family shows some of the conditions that existed. Because they had been singing a song which ended with:

> What whets the knife
> For the Union's life?
> Hark to the answer:
> Slavery! Slavery!

an order of McClellan was issued recalling the permit given to them to sing in camp; and their pass to cross the Potomac was annulled.

On April 1, 1862, the country was divided in sentiment touching the political policy henceforth to be pursued, the majority evidently inclining to the belief that "the Union as it was" could never be restored.

It is not under these circumstances at all unaccountable that Mr. Lincoln's faith in McClellan should have been gradually undermined. McClellan had begun his work when the preservation of slavery was accepted as necessary and, naturally conservative, it was next to impossible for him to modify or abandon an opinion once formed.

Thus McClellan, a soldier of conservative tendencies, promising sincerely to prevent, if possible, the dissolution of the Union, and to preserve or restore that Union as it was before the war, became now, the moment the abolition of slavery as a war measure or otherwise entered as a watchword, the great name around which to rally all the political forces opposed to the party in power.

On the contrary, Lincoln, moving with his party, naturally kept with his political household, while the Republicans gradually passed from their "nonextension" principles to their final stand against all human enslavement. McClellan was, and continued to be, a war Democrat. Lincoln at heart detested slavery and became an emancipator. He personally liked McClellan, but he began to see, prior to Johnston's retreat, that McClellan must gain victories and gain them quickly, or as President he would be forced by an imperious public sentiment to choose another chief. He practically began this (March 11th) by relieving McClellan from the command of all other armies besides that of the Potomac.

While he longed for his success on the peninsula, he did not dare to risk Fremont in the Mountain Department, Banks in West Virginia, or Wadsworth in the District of Columbia, without giving to each sufficient force to make the defense of the capital secure. And in addition it seemed to him imperative to detach McDowell, put him directly under the Secretary of War, and hold him and his corps for a time at Falmouth and Fredericksburg.

Could McClellan instinctively have comprehended all this, he doubtless would have been chary of his entreaties and beseechings for more force, would have masked the Confederate troops near Yorktown with a good division, and pushed the remainder of his army rapidly up the left bank of the York River before Johnston's arrival and before his enemy's reënforcement. That was McClellan's opportunity.

On April 1st in all the land satisfactory results were not wanting. The Confederacy had been pushed into narrower limits along its whole northern frontier and along the Mississippi, and important Atlantic and Gulf Coast positions had been captured.

In the face of many disasters to the Confederate cause there was much discouragement at Richmond. On March 30th General Robert E. Lee was put in command of all the Confederate armies, but was not expected to go into the field himself. This left General Joseph E. Johnston to command only in our front on the peninsula.

A letter from Richmond said: "The President (Davis) took an affectionate leave of him (Johnston) the other day; and General Lee held his hand a long time and admonished him to take care of his life. There was no necessity for him to endanger it as had

just been done by the brave Albert Sydney Johnston, at Shiloh, whose fall is now universally lamented."

This gallant Confederate commander, once away from Richmond in the turmoil of battle, fogot that affectionate warning.

Here, then, we have McClellan and Johnston, each set apart to manipulate a single army—the one the Army of the Potomac and the other the Army of Northern Virginia — no wider range and view demanded of them than a single field of operation and the two contending armies.

As McClellan stepped ashore near Fortress Monroe the afternoon of April 2d, Admiral Goldsboro was out in Hampton Roads with his fleet; the entrance to York River was then clear enough of foes, but a terrible soreness was afflicting that naval squadron. There was a waning confidence in wooden vessels! Only a few days back the long-dreaded Confederate ironclad, the *Merrimac*, had come like a gigantic, all-powerful monster and destroyed the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* and disabled the *Minnesota* and sent a large percentage of our naval force to the bottom. *Nothing but that little shapeless Monitor*, providentially arriving the day after that one-sided, hopeless, bloody battle, was between the fleet and utter destruction. The monster *Merrimac* had not only faced and defied our navy with the contempt of a Goliath and slain her stalwart sons without the hope of redress, but had humbled and conquered the old-fashioned and well-merited naval pride with which our brave officers and men had regarded their well-manned and well-armed ships. The *Monitor* thus far was thought to have succeeded only in worrying the gigantic enemy and causing a temporary withdrawal. Nobody then

believed it the final contest. Of course, Admiral Goldsboro and his men bravely stayed in Hampton Roads, ready to die there if need be; but McClellan could not get that strong, constant, energetic, sanguine help for Yorktown that Grant had had from Commodore Foote's fleet at Fort Henry, or that was subsequently rendered the army by Admirals Porter and Farragut on the Mississippi and at Mobile.

Johnston had two forces to watch—McDowell on the Fredericksburg line of approach to Richmond and McClellan landing at Ship Point near Fortress Monroe. The Confederate general Magruder, having Johnston's advance troops, had seized and fortified the line of the Warwick and made that swampy stream the meeting point of the two great armies. Magruder's force numbered somewhere between 10,000 and 17,000 effectives at the time our advance touched his outposts. It must have been contemplated by both Lee and Johnston in the outset to force the principal expected battle to grounds near Richmond, because at Yorktown or Williamsburg the left of their position was already completely turned by McDowell's corps. They doubtless did not base their plans on a Washington scare, and so could not count upon McDowell's being suddenly anchored back there at the Rappahannock. Undoubtedly, Magruder's energy and enterprise did secure a longer delay at the Warwick and near Yorktown than was intended or dreamed of by his seniors. This accounts for his receiving no reënforcement before he began his retreat.

The country below the Warwick, which, indeed, guards all the ground from river to river, from Yorktown to the James, was low, flat, and wooded with thickets difficult to penetrate. The natural stream

heading near Yorktown was narrow, but had been widened by artificial means, having several dams recently made. Wyman's and Lee's dams were there before Magruder came. The banks, gentle and swampy, covered with dense fringes of thickets and small trees, were, for the most part, impassable, easily defended, and remarkably uncertain to the assailant as to what force he would have to encounter should he assault. At Gloucester Point across the York River from Yorktown and also on the James River Magruder had good field works and had thoroughly manned them. The remainder of the Warwick stretch he held by detached bodies at the dams and other points to be reënforced at need by movable columns. The dense, impassable forest shores enabled him to do this handsome defensive work without detection.

There were on our side but two roads at all practicable as approaches to the Warwick: the one near the east shore and parallel with the direction of the York, running by Howard's Bridge straight to the village of Yorktown, and the other near the James via Horse Bridge and Warwick Court House to Lee's Mill. The country roads coursing hither and thither from one small farm to another were never reliable. Fair to the eye at first, with the rain and the travel of heavy trains, the crust, like rotten ice, gave way, and then horses, mules, and wagons dropped through into sticky mud or quicksands.

Magruder had his Confederates on the north shore of the Warwick, and McClellan, with at least 50,000 men of all arms, was working his way toward the obstructions, hoping to reach Yorktown on one highway and pass far beyond it on the other to the Williamsburg "Halfway House."

My brigade in Richardson's division, Sumner's corps, at last turned back from Warrenton Junction toward Alexandria, Va. We had been four weeks during the stormy March weather in the field without our tents. The men's shoes were spoiled by tramping long distances in slippery, cloggy mud with the constant wetting and drying, and their clothing was much soiled and rent, so we were hoping to halt somewhere long enough to refit. At Bristow Station, a place subsequently renowned, welcome home letters found their way to our bivouac for the night. They added their cheer to the supper and the camp fire.

The next day, April 3, 1862, we marched over ground already more familiar than the farms and meadows of my native town—Manassas, Bull Run, Sangster's, Fairfax, and Springfield. The excessive weight originally carried by the men was reduced to a minimum. My men did not straggle. At a rout step they smoked and chatted with each other, keeping well closed up and never relaxing their swinging, easy gait. Now and then for relief they lifted the musket from one shoulder to the other. Now and then somebody struck up a song with a chorus and all joined in the singing. It was a pleasure to see the men cross a fordable stream—frequent in that part of Virginia. They waded creeks fifty feet wide. Sometimes, to forestall grumbling and set an example, I dismounted and walked ahead to the farther bank. The regimental bands played during the passage and the soldiers, without elongating the column, marched straight through the waters. In crossing Broad Run the water was high and came up to our hips.

We reached Alexandria on April 4th, three days after McClellan's departure for Fortress Monroe.

The transports were already on hand, so that we could not stay to refit as I had hoped, but marched at once on board. Here our division commander, General Richardson, for the first time joined his division. He was a large, fleshy man, generally careless in his attire and toilet; an officer who knew him said: "He is inclined to lie abed in the morning." I soon, however, learned to prize him for his pluck and energy that came out in battle and on an active campaign. In the fight he was a capital leader, very cool and self-possessed.

The greater part of my brigade found good accommodations on the *Spaulding*, a transport ship where our men could be well distributed and find the rest they coveted. They were much interested to see for the first time the lower Potomac and catch a glimpse of Mount Vernon as we steamed down the broadening river. Personally, having been much wearied with the care and movement of the troops, I did enjoy that short voyage. The rest was sweet and more precious when that night, after all but the sentinels and a few officers were asleep, I sat down with pen and paper to think of home. It had been almost a year of absence from the precious little group there! A startling question not so restful closed my revery: When shall I see them again?

Saturday evening, April 5th, brought us to the place of debarkation and I sent two regiments ashore. This was Ship Point intended just then for the main depot of supplies for the army. A dim twilight survey of this landing and the vicinity was my first introduction to the Virginia peninsula. The landscape in the fading light appeared delightful—small openings amid variegated forests generally level, and

the roads smooth and promising. A few days later I recorded: The ground is almost all quicksand. I have worked my brigade very hard, making roads and bridges, loading and unloading barges and wagons filled with commissary and quartermaster's stores.

We took up our first camp a little to the south of the landing in a pretty grove, making my own headquarters at Mr. Pomphrey's house. Mr. Pomphrey passed for a poor man, yet he owned 200 acres of land, 15 slaves, and had a wife quite as much a slave, as the others, to the pipe which she incessantly smoked.

One never saw more grateful people than Mr. Pomphrey and his wife when I proposed to make his house my headquarters. He said with a sigh of relief: "I shall sleep to-night!" Their wilderness had been suddenly transformed into a strange city where soldiers, wagoners, negroes, and camp followers were constantly coming night and day, rummaging and often seizing what they could lay their hands upon. I could not help thinking how my own mother would feel to have her cows shot, her chickens killed, the eggs stolen, and the cellar robbed of an entire winter's supply. Such was the work of some characters who—hard to discover and control near that thickly populated landing—mingled with us.

General McClellan paid us a visit on April 9th, making a brief stay at my headquarters, and a longer one at Richardson's.

There my first knowledge of a difference between him and our much-loved President dawned upon me. His aid-de-camp, Colonel Colburn, complained bitterly to me of the action of the President in taking away over 50,000 troops which had been promised to McClellan. Of course, Mr. Lincoln's promise had been

contingent upon the safety of the capital, but at that time I did not know of the contingency and so could make no reply.

I heard McClellan, during this visit, remark to another officer that he found Yorktown a very strong place. He said: "It cannot be carried without a partial siege."

He examined carefully our temporary wharves, structures, and roadways along the shore. He talked very much to the point with our quartermaster in charge and with others; while doing this he partook of a luncheon and indulged in a smoke at Richardson's headquarters; then, with the small staff which had accompanied him, rode away toward Yorktown. I trusted McClellan and sympathized with his disappointments, but had misgivings when I heard the words, "a partial siege at Yorktown!"

For a short time while we were waiting for men and material that belonged to our division to come by other steamers than the *Spaulding*, the days were mainly spent in constructing a "log road" from Ship Point to Yorktown. Indeed, after the first cold and drenching rain, we discovered that that whole vicinage was underlaid with "sinking sand." We constantly beheld whole fields of poor, struggling mules more than half buried in front of heavy wagons with wheels sunken to the hubs. All the roads, which on our arrival had been beautiful and smooth, without rut or stone, had become miry and treacherous. We were toiling on with the vigor of men who knew how to work and were making commendable progress with our corduroying when, on April 16th, the order came to proceed at once to Yorktown and join our corps. Before the close of the 17th all the brigades of Sumner's com-

mand were together in "Camp Winfield Scott." This force, usually from this time designated by its number "the Second Corps," was not far from the center of the general line and pretty well back.

My private notes made after our arrival at Yorktown indicate a considerable impatience on my part because of the slowness of the army. The reasons given for so much delay seemed insufficient. A siege party was working on our right indicating circumvallation and regular approaches, and a detachment of our men were throwing up breastworks near the middle of our front line, as though we might have to resist an attack from Magruder.

The morning of April 24th I rode to McClellan's headquarters to pay my respects to him and to some of his staff. The grandeur of that staff greatly impressed me. I had a long talk with my old friend Colonel Kingsbury, chief of ordnance in the field. He said in parting: "General McClellan wishes to get all his batteries in readiness before he opens fire. If our friends could realize the kind of country they are in they would not be impatient." Thus Kingsbury gently rebuked my impatience.

In the afternoon of the same day I went to the extreme left of McClellan's lines and followed the Warwick River in that neighborhood as far as I could on horseback, along its swampy border and impenetrable thickets, and visited Generals Erasmus D. Keyes, Silas Casey, and other acquaintances who were stationed near that flank. During my ride we were crossing a narrow ravine in the midst of which was a sluggish, muddy stream. Lieutenant Nelson A. Miles, my aide-de-camp, rode up and, though usually ardent, wisely checked his horse. Believing I could easily clear the

stream at a bound I let my active horse, "Charlie," have the reins. He sprang forward but was unable to make the leap—the ground at the starting point not being firm enough; in fact, the whole bank before and beneath him gave way and we sank to his shoulders in the yielding mud. I scrambled off as best I could and left "Charlie" to himself. After some floundering and a few plunges he managed to catch the firm ground. My own mishap saved the remainder of the party from a mud bath.

Warwick Court House consisted of a small, brick schoolhouse, a building for the court, a jail of less size, and one other fair structure, probably intended for a store. Near at hand was a dilapidated dwelling house. These made up the little village which occupied one clearing. The intervale lands in the neighborhood at that season of springtime were beautiful. Apple and peach trees were in blossom, the grass was a bright green, and all the trees were putting forth their leaves.

CHAPTER XV

THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG

FROM April 17 to May 4, 1862, my brigade did not change its camp and was employed by detachments in constructions for siege operations, such as fascines—long bundles of rods or twigs—or gabions—tall baskets without bottoms—for use in lining the openings or embrasures of earthworks through which cannon were to be fired. The men of the division not otherwise employed did picket and guard duty, and were exercised daily in company, regimental, and brigade drills.

In order to be as familiar as possible with the places where I might have to take my command into action, I visited in turn the various portions of our front. On April 26th, after I had set large detachments from my brigade at work and had seen them diligently constructing fascines and gabions, I rode over to the York River in order to examine the water batteries. From that locality the Confederate fort on Gloucester Point across the river was in plain sight, and we could also see the enemy's water battery on the Yorktown side. From our position to the opposite shore the distance was two miles. Five of the guns in our Battery No. 1 were one hundred pounders, Parrott muzzle-loading rifles, and two two hundred pounders, Parrott. They were mounted on wrought-iron

carriages which appeared so slender as to be in danger of being broken by a single recoil. Other batteries had ten-, twenty-, and thirty-pounder Parrott and four and one-half-inch guns in place ready for work. Others had eight- and ten-inch mortars. The next morning I continued my visits and found near the center of our position—directly in front of Sumner's corps—with a field battery having epaulements for six guns, my friend Lieutenant Edmund Kirby in charge; he had just recovered from a serious attack of typhoid fever.

My next ride for information was made May 1st. It was along the front and to examine our first parallel, which was a trench twelve feet wide and three feet deep, the dirt being thrown toward the enemy. All along the parallel were openings in the embankment for batteries of siege guns. This trench was parallel to the enemy's works and 1,500 yards from them. Accompanied by my brother and aid, Lieutenant Howard, I continued back of the parallel eastward as far as the York River, and we took a good look at the waiting gunboats, some of which had come up the river to coöperate in the siege. We looked at each other and inquired: "How soon shall we do something?"

From day to day we read and wrote letters and had plenty of time to visit each other, as well as to study the slowly growing constructions. Occasionally the enemy would toss a shell over to our side, and now and then roll a ball of iron along our road with motion too swift to touch. A skirmish somewhere on the front line occasionally came off, and sometimes we were startled into abnormal activity by a false alarm; but on the whole we had a long and peaceful sojourn near Yorktown.

Near the end of "the siege of Yorktown," Franklin's division was permitted to come to us from McDowell, and, remaining on transports, was waiting for the great bombardment before commencing to perform its appointed rôle. But the great bombardment never came.

Sunday morning, May 4th, all at my headquarters had attended to ordinary military duties. Before breakfast I invited to my tent Captain Sewall, my adjutant general, Lieutenant Howard, Lieutenant Balloch, Orderly McDonald, an English manservant, and Charley Weis, a messenger whose sobriquet was "Bony." We read that chapter of Daniel which tells the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego passing through the fiery furnace unscathed. Then followed, from one of the officers present, an earnest petition to the Lord of Hosts for protection, guidance, and blessing. As soon as breakfast was over I commenced a letter to Mrs. Howard, and, writing rapidly, had finished about two pages, when suddenly, without completing the sentence, I jotted down: "Yorktown is abandoned and our troops are marching in." I added a little later: "I am now, quarter before eight A.M., under marching orders. Thank Him who doeth all things well."

It was Sumner's entire corps which had received orders of march. Besides the two divisions, Richardson's and Sedgwick's, Sumner's corps still included the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Our division artillery had four batteries—twenty-four guns. Thus far no change had been made in the entire division, except the transfer of the cavalry to corps headquarters.

From our location south of Yorktown in the rear of all, we were naturally long delayed in taking up the

march toward Williamsburg, for the only through routes, already almost impassable after the Confederate columns had waded through them, were thronged with cavalry and the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes. We held ourselves in readiness, impatiently waiting all day the 4th. McClellan's first plan, made known later in the day, designated our division with Sedgwick's and Fitz-John Porter's as the reserve, either to go to Williamsburg, if imperatively needed, or to follow Franklin's division on transports up the York River and support him in his work, or take and hold a landing on the same side of the river twenty-five miles above. To carry out this plan, early on Monday, the 5th, Sedgwick's and our division broke camp and marched to the immediate neighborhood of Yorktown. Here we bivouacked and completed all our preparations for close work—rations in the haversacks and ammunition on the person of each soldier.

Owing to McClellan's siege operations, General Johnston determined to withdraw his Confederate forces just before the destructive bombardment should begin. His retreat toward Richmond was ordered and carried steadily forward. Stuart's cavalry curtained the moving forces on the Yorktown-Williamsburg road, and also on the Lee's Mill and Williamsburg road, the two roads leading up the peninsula.

Critics accuse us in the Army of the Potomac of not being early risers, and not being keen to catch the first evidences of evacuation. It is, indeed, a just charge against McClellan's information bureau; the want of information did enable Johnston to gain a coveted advantage during the first day of his difficult retreat. It was good generalship on his part to so blind McClellan as to his purpose. The withdrawal of the enemy, how-

ever, was discovered at dawn almost simultaneously at several points of the front. Heintzelman, in front of Yorktown, seeing fires reflected in the sky and hearing explosions which sounded like a skirmish, had himself taken up in a balloon to make sure of the cause before ordering a general advance, and saw the destruction of magazines, and our pickets unopposed sweeping over the works which had been so formidable. Hancock, then a brigade commander, was notified also at dawn by two negroes that the enemy had gone.

McClellan, taken thus by surprise, needed time to think and time to interpret Johnston's design. It might be a ruse. So he put Fitz-John Porter's division in the Confederate works to hold them against a possible return. He got Franklin with his fine body of fresh men ready to send in transports up the York, with reserves to follow, and naval gunboats to aid.

The orders to Heintzelman and Keyes were: "Draw in your guards, pickets, and outposts and replenish everything for a march."

Between the Warwick and Williamsburg was a belt of country in breadth from nine to thirteen miles. It was a country of swamps, tangled forests, and small farms here and there, like glades in the woods, connected by wretched lanes. There were only two roads from our front, and one of them the Lee's Mill road, which was connected occasionally with the other, the Yorktown road; and it took watching and tacking to keep off the main thoroughfare from Yorktown to Williamsburg and yet travel toward the latter town. The men marching in the night and rain, on account of the effort required to lift their feet, heavy with adhesive mud, never exceeded one mile an hour. Our

people during that march, short as it appears, were like flocks of children playing at blindman's buff. They wandered right and left; they ran into each other; they reached out tentatively for obstacles and gained ground slowly with extreme fatigue.

There were other troubles. When our infantry began its march a warning came along our military telegraph line that everybody should look out for "buried bombs." Torpedoes had been buried in the ground along the paths and roads which led to the Confederate works. Some were also found near wells and springs of water, a few in some flour barrels and sacks in the telegraph office, and one or more near a magazine.

There was with us at Yorktown a young man by the name of D. B. Lathrop, from Springfield, Ohio. He was the son of a widow, and had been, before the war, studying for the ministry. When the war broke out, wishing to do something helpful to the Union cause, he joined that hard-worked and useful body, the telegraph corps. Mr. Lathrop was attached to General Heintzelman's headquarters. As soon as Yorktown was opened, following the wires he hurried to the telegraph office. He sat down at the operator's table and touched the instrument. Instantly an explosion of a percussion shell took place and young Lathrop was mortally wounded.

A little later in the day when Davidson's brigade was about to cross the Warwick at Lee's Mill, Colonel E. C. Mason, of the Seventh Maine, receiving word concerning Lathrop, whom he knew, and fearing torpedoes, went himself in advance of his column on the road beyond the dam. As he was walking slowly he crushed a percussion cap. Brushing away the dirt, he discovered the red wax at the top of the buried shell.

Providentially for Mason, only the cap exploded. The colonel then called for volunteers. Upon their hands and knees they crept along and succeeded in uncovering more than a dozen shells. In the approaches to the Yorktown works the torpedoes were usually arranged with a narrow board, upon which a soldier's or horse's tread would effect an explosion. Several horses and men among the first passing troops were killed or wounded by them. McClellan soon set several Confederate prisoners of war to ferret them out.

During Sunday General Stoneman with our cavalry and horse artillery worked his way forward, having small combats with Confederate cavalry under Stuart. Nothing very discouraging checked him, or any of our cavalry detachments, from a steady advance till he came upon the Williamsburg outworks. About a mile and a half from Williamsburg a considerable work called Fort Magruder was located so as to obstruct both the roads of which I have spoken. Fort Magruder had on its right and left several small redoubts, and the whole front was an open field for several hundred yards, except for the slashing of trees and other artificial obstructions.

Stuart had been pressed so hard that the Confederate commander of the rear guard called back into the woods a division of infantry and considerable artillery. As soon as Stoneman's men with a battery of artillery swept into the spaces before these formidable works, they encountered all along their front a terrific fire of both infantry and artillery. Stoneman, thus suddenly repelled, fell back a short distance and called for help, having suffered the loss of some forty men, one piece of artillery, and three caissons, which had sunk deeply in the mud, and the horses of which were

nearly all killed or wounded by the prompt Confederate fire.

This partial success determined our enemy to remain a while longer and take advantage of this well-selected checking position. He might possibly overwhelm a part of McClellan's forces before the remainder could wade through the ever-deepening mud to its relief, for the rain had poured down all the day; and, indeed, Johnston needed more time to secure a reasonably safe retreat.

Sumner, being sent forward Sunday morning by McClellan to take care of everything at the front, heard the firing at Williamsburg. He hastened infantry from the heads of columns of both the other corps to Stoneman's support, and at evening, himself being cut off by a sudden Confederate sally, passed the night with one of the brigade commanders. No aids or orderlies from Heintzelman or Keyes could find him. In fact, Heintzelman, judging from his own instructions, thought himself to be in command. General Keyes, leading Casey's and Couch's divisions, had for himself a similar impression. Heintzelman's head of column under Hooker, now nearest to the James River, had been the first to respond to Stoneman's call for help. Early in the morning of Monday the three not very harmonious corps commanders succeeded in getting together.

After ambitious contention, Sumner's rank was yielded to and his plan to turn the Confederates by our right agreed upon. Heintzelman set out for the left of our line, but was much delayed by ignorant guides. At last he reached Hooker. Hooker had worked up close to the redoubts the night before with deployed lines. The instructions which had come to him were to

support Stoneman and harass the enemy, and, if possible, cut off his retreat. Baldy Smith's division he knew was on his right, and other troops in plenty somewhere near. These circumstances were to "Fighting Joe Hooker" just those for winning laurels by a successful assault.

Exactly contrary to Sumner's plan Hooker, already on the ground by daylight, commenced a regular attack on the Confederate right at about 7.30. A fierce and noisy struggle went on there all day. Longstreet came back and brought more troops. Hooker's men, reserves and all, pushed in, and were nearly exhausted, when, about 4 P.M., Phil Kearny managed to get up his division. Hooker's division was at last relieved by Kearny's and fell back to be a reserve. Hooker's soldiers deserved this rest, for they had faced Fort Magruder and those strong redoubts well manned and actively firing for nine hours. Kearny's men charged and cleared the outside point of woods, carried some rifle pits, and silenced troublesome light batteries, so that Kearny declared: "The victory is ours!" His men bivouacked where they had fought.

Thus the battle went on contrary to all planning, working along from left to right. While the operations just recounted were progressing under Heintzelman's eyes, Sumner and Keyes were trying to bring order out of confusion on the right of our line and back to the rear on the Yorktown road.

A passageway across a stream and through the woods around the Confederate left flank having been discovered, Hancock's brigade, somewhat reënforced, was selected to make a turning movement, and its commander fought with it a brilliant and successful engagement against Early, who was badly wounded in

this action. Hancock's victorious troops bivouacked on the field in a heavy rain. When this was going on beyond our extreme right, the enemy made strong counter attacks along the Yorktown road from the flanks of Fort Magruder. In resisting these attacks our men from New York and Pennsylvania received a heavy fire, and left many a poor fellow dead or dying upon a plowed field and among the felled timber which protected the fort. The whole conduct of this battle created among our generals so much dissatisfaction, bickering, and complaint that McClellan was induced about three o'clock in the afternoon to come to the front. The fighting was all over when he reached Sumner's headquarters. He gathered what news he could from different points and sent to Washington a dispatch which put Hancock far in advance of all other participants in the engagement.

He thought that General Johnston intended to fight a general battle at that point and that his own troops were outnumbered; so he at once ordered Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions to march from Yorktown to Williamsburg.

Just before sunset that Monday evening, May 5th, my brigade received its marching orders. The rain still continued to pour down. We set out as quickly as possible, my brigade following that of General French. I was obliged to march my men through a narrow roadway across the Yorktown works; the clay mud, which stuck to the men's feet in lumps or masses, was from eight to ten inches in depth. Horses, wagons, mules, and footmen were coming and going both ways and often meeting in the narrow passage. As my brigade passed I remained for some time at the Yorktown sally port. The bits of board attached to torpedoes

had not all been removed, but little flags were placed as a warning of the presence of explosives. Some of us became hoarse calling to the soldiers not to move to the right or left, and not to step on the boards where the small flags were seen. It was dark before I got my brigade past Yorktown.

Almost the entire night was spent in struggling forward. I tried to walk now and then to rest my horse, and for quite a time to allow an officer who was taken suddenly ill to ride, but I found it necessary to hold on by the halter to keep on my feet. Our men straggled dreadfully that night, but as soon as the day dawned they worked their way on to the command. We had finally bivouacked for the night in a rough-plowed field till dawn. My adjutant general, a thin man, gloomily placed his hips between two rails; for myself, with crotchets I constructed a wooden horse, fastened one end of a piece of canvas over it, and pulled the other end along the ground near to my cheerful fire, and lay down against the canvas for a short, sweet rest.

At last we were halted not far from the battlefield. With a few officers I went to the bloody ground. The Confederates had departed in the night. The open muddy soil and the thickets were still strewn with the swollen dead, whose faces were generally toward the sky. I saw, as I moved along, a little headboard to mark the place of a Union soldier. His form and his face were carefully covered by a blanket. Near him was another in gray clothing left without care. In my heart I wished that he also had been covered. They seemed to be resting together in peace. I thought: "May God hasten us to the close of such a war!" This yearning was deepened by my visits to the hospitals filled with poor sufferers from both armies. United in

pain and forced imprisonment, Confederate and Union soldiers there were at peace. But, receiving orders from General Richardson, I myself quickly returned from that gloomy region to my brigade and hurried it back to Yorktown, to wait there for transports which would enable us to follow Franklin up the York River to West Point.

I have seen that, of the two armies, the Confederate brought into action at Williamsburg about ten thousand, and our army from twelve to thirteen thousand. Our aggregate loss, 2,239, was very large, as the troops in general fought against prepared works. The Confederate loss was from 1,300 to 1,500 men.

Before and after the first battle of Bull Run it will be remembered that I was associated with General Franklin; he and I each commanded a brigade in Heintzelman's division. His associates always respected his ability and had confidence in his judgment. Franklin's division, composed of infantry and artillery, after its arrival had been disembarked on May 3d, at Cheeseman's Landing near Ship Point, with a view to take part in the proposed assault of Yorktown. The morning of the 4th, as soon as McClellan knew of the Confederate withdrawal, he instructed Franklin to reembark and take his division to Yorktown. Franklin commenced the work at once, finishing the reëmbarking, as quickly as it could be done, about one o'clock of the 5th. The difficulties of reëmbarking, owing to the weather, to the loading of supplies, and the putting on board of the artillery carriages and other impedimenta, much of which had to be hoisted from rafts, were greater than anybody had estimated. At any rate, there was no unnecessary delay. Proceeding to Yorktown, Franklin received further orders and was

ready the same evening to continue on to West Point accompanied by a naval convoy. The naval commander declined to start, owing to the increasing darkness and the danger of navigation during a furious storm. Therefore, the flotilla only left at daybreak on the 6th. Arriving at West Point, the disembarking was begun and the vicinity reconnoitered at three o'clock, but the landing of the artillery was not completed till the morning of the 7th. Canal boats, which were aground by the bank, were used as wharves.

General Johnston suspected, on account of the fewness of our troops marshaled against him at Williamsburg, that McClellan was sending a flotilla up the York River, to seize a landing place in the vicinity of West Point, and attack from it the flank of his retreating army. The evening of Tuesday, the 6th, General G. W. Smith, commanding the Confederate reserve, had Whiting's division not far from Barhamsville, opposite West Point, and three miles away. He reported to his chief, General Johnston, that a large body of United States troops had debarked from transports at Eltham's Landing, a little above him, and were occupying not only the open spaces, but a thick wood stretching from the landing to the New Kent wagon road. As this menaced Johnston's line of march he instructed Smith to dislodge our troops. This work Smith directed General Whiting to do. Franklin had put his troops into position as they landed. His flanks were protected by the gunboats, which were at hand, to shell the woods beyond. Each flank rested on swampy creeks running into the river. Besides, he possessed himself, as far as his small force could do so, of the encircling woods. General H. W. Slocum commanded Franklin's left wing, while General John

Newton, a loyal Virginian, commanded the right. Whiting, to cover Johnston's army in retreat, bivouacked in a line of battle facing Franklin, but did not attack that evening, as Franklin's troops appeared to be in a position hard to reach. He hoped to attack him as he moved out, but as Franklin did not advance Whiting attacked him furiously in position the next morning, the 7th, at ten o'clock. Franklin, however, in a three hours' conflict secured his landing, which was his object, and not, as Johnston feared, to attack him in flank during his retreat. West Point, the place where the Pamunkey and Mattapony unite to form the York River, and which is the terminus of the Richmond Railway, was now set apart for our new base of operations.

Slowly and steadily through the abounding mud, or by water from Yorktown, the army worked its way to Franklin's neighborhood, while General Johnston, with scarcely any further molestation, was suffered to draw in his forces to the vicinity of the Confederate capital.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS

BY May 16, 1862, McClellan's force was reorganized so as to give to each of his corps commanders two divisions. We moved toward Richmond from our new depot at White House in this order: Porter with the Fifth Corps, Franklin with the Sixth, Sumner with the Second, Keyes with the Fourth, and Heintzelman with the Third. Our first move was to the Chickahominy, a stream flowing from right to left across our line of advance. At first, Heintzelman and Keyes bivouacked near Bottom's Bridge; Sumner's corps, to which I belonged, a few miles up stream; Franklin not far from New Bridge, and Porter near Mechanicsville. Meanwhile the main body of our cavalry, well out, guarded our right and rear with a view to clear the way to McDowell's force, then in front of Fredericksburg, and protect our large depot at the White House and the railroad line from that point to the army.

Porter, with a slight reënforcement to his corps, moved out from our right and fought the successful small battle of Hanover Court House, May 27th, and returned to Mechanicsville. McClellan had placed his own headquarters not far from Franklin, at Gaines Mills. A small detachment of cavalry had reconnoitered through the White Oak Swamp and up the south bank of the Chickahominy to Seven Pines and the Fair

Oaks Station, five or six miles from Richmond, and had reported the ground clear of any considerable hostile force. On May 23d, four days prior to Porter's movement, Keyes, and later, the 25th, Heintzelman, had passed over Bottom's Bridge.

McClellan did not like to have his principal supplies dependent on the York River and the railway from the White House landing, and, further, he already meditated working over to the James River to thus secure by the help of the navy a safer base and, as he thought, a better approach to Richmond. He had now over 120,000 men, but his estimate of his enemy on data obtained by his information bureau exceeded that number, so very naturally he wanted on the spot McDowell's entire corps which had been promised. With McDowell present he could move his army so as to draw his supplies from the James at once. Without him and with instructions to coöperate with him, far off on his right, he could not do so. McClellan therefore sent only two corps over the Chickahominy instead of moving there with his whole force. This was called a river, but ordinarily it was no more than a creek with low banks, between which water and swamp varied in width from two to three hundred feet. McClellan and his officers deprecated this division of his army even by so small a river, but it appeared a necessity and they sought to make amends for it by building bridges. Sumner's corps built two, one of which was constructed of large logs by the Fifth New Hampshire of my brigade. General Sumner, seeing the water rising from the rains and hoping to hasten the work, gave the men a barrel of whisky—at the same time answering my objection to its use by saying: "Yes, general, you are right, but it is like pitch on fire

which gets speed out of an engine though it burns out the boiler." The two structures were named Sumner's upper and Sumner's lower bridge. Our engineers farther up, when the south bank had been seized by us, repaired the old bridges and threw across others till the Chickahominy appeared but a slight obstruction.

On May 25th Casey's division of Keyes's corps moved forward to Seven Pines, a "crossroads" on the main pike from Williamsburg to Richmond, where the "nine-mile road" comes from New Bridge into that highway. Keyes, being ordered to hold Fair Oaks Railway station in advance of that position, moved again the 29th, placing Naglee's brigade in advance and bringing up Casey's other two brigades, Wessells's and Palmer's, in support, with pickets out in front of all.

Here Casey's division, really too far forward for safety, fortified as well as it could with the time and implements at hand.

Keyes at first intrenched his other division, Couch's, near Savage Station, but a little later brought it up to the vicinity of Seven Pines and there camped it as a second line to Casey facing toward Richmond. Field works were being constructed to cover every approach, particularly the nine-mile road, which, coming from the New Bridge, was joined by a road from Richmond at the Old Tavern. Couch's division, as a reserved line, was arranged to hold the Seven Pines crossroads. His brigades were Peck's, Abercrombie's, and Devens's. The entire corps of Keyes on the ground did not exceed 12,000 men, who stretched forward for more than two miles and, though partially intrenched, were not within very easy support of each other in case of attack by a larger force.

On May 29th and 30th Confederate reconnoissances were made against Keyes's corps in order to ascertain the position and strength of our troops in that vicinity.

Heintzelman, when he had crossed the river with his corps, had moved Hooker's division to the neighborhood of White Oak Swamp Bridge, three miles due south of Bottom's Bridge, and Kearny's division forward on the Richmond road about half as far, stopping it a little short of Savage Railway Station. Heintzelman in his own corps had for duty at the first symptoms of battle about 20,000 men. He was the ranking officer and in command of all the troops south of the Chickahominy. The Eighth Pennsylvania and part of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry were present to watch the flanks of Couch and Casey, but not able to do much in such a thickly wooded region. Casey evidently felt the weakness of his force, for when the Confederate reconnoissance occurred on the 30th he sent at once to Keyes for help. Peck's brigade was placed on his left during that alarm.

Now came during that night a most terrific storm; the rain fell in torrents and it was accompanied by high winds. It was difficult to keep our tents standing and in that peculiarly soft soil the mud deepened and the discomforts were beyond description, so that the soldiers in every camp had little rest while the storm continued. The arms and ammunition were not improved by the pouring rain, though in these respects one side suffered no more than the other. But for some reason those who stand on the defensive are more subject to discouragement and apprehension than those who are in movement.

General Johnston, the Confederate commander, had a few days before planned a combined attack

against our troops north of the Chickahominy, similar to that which the Confederates made a month later, but military reasons caused him to change his purpose.

After his reconnoissance of the 30th he was ready to strike on the south bank. The Chickahominy, during the fearful succession of storm bursts, had risen and spread rapidly over all the low ground till the stream had become a broad river.

What could be more favorable to his plan? True, the Confederate artillery might be hindered by the water and soft soil, but seemingly Keyes's corps of the Union army was now isolated and Johnston had in hand five strong divisions. McClellan could reënforce but slowly from the north of the river, for already some of the bridges had been carried away and the others would not long be safe to cross.

The Confederate order of attack was: Hill to concentrate on the Williamsburg road and suddenly, vigorously assail with his division Keyes in front; Hill to be supported by Longstreet, who was to have the direction of all operations from the Williamsburg road to the Confederate right, and whose own division was to follow Hill; Huger's division, starting early, was to move rapidly by the Charles City road, which was southward nearer the James River, and come up in rear of Keyes's position. G. W. Smith with his own and McLane's divisions was intrusted with a double duty to serve as a general reserve and be ready to reënforce Longstreet down the nine-mile road, and also to watch the New Bridge and all other approaches of our corps from the Chickahominy.

Longstreet, despairing of Huger's coöperation, about 12.30 P.M. ordered D. H. Hill to commence the

assault. Hill's strong division sprang forward in the road and on both sides of it with lines far overlapping Casey's front. They crowded forward with slight skirmishing, and at first with but few pieces of artillery and with as little noise as possible, hoping for a surprise.

The capture that morning of Lieutenant Washington, one of Johnston's aids, in front of the Union line, and his conduct after capture had satisfied Casey that an attack from some direction was about to be made. After that, General Casey increased his diligence, striving to finish his redoubts and intrenchments and extend his abatis. Large numbers of men were working with spades and axes when not long after noon two hostile shells cut the air and burst in their neighborhood. Thus Casey was warned and in a few minutes his line of skirmishers, with a fresh regiment in immediate support, became engaged.

The assault was so abrupt and overwhelming that but little resistance was made by those in advance of the main line. The pickets and regiment just sent forward, leaving the dead and badly wounded, were quickly swept away by their advancing enemy. They assailed the center and both wings and had sufficient numbers to whip around the flanks.

When Casey found his unfinished trenches too weak and his fighting force too small to hold back Hill's brigades, his artillery and his musketry making but faint impression, he ordered a bayonet charge by four regiments. General Naglee led the charge and succeeded in pressing all the Confederates in sight in the direct front back across the open space to the edge of the woods. That was, however, but a momentary respite; for from those woods Naglee's men received a

fire that they could not stand and quickly ran back to their intrenched lines.

Many of Casey's troops being new levies, after they had once had their ranks broken, scattered off to the rear, falling back even beyond Couch's position. Still, most of them preserved a show of order and were subsequently brought up by their officers as far as Seven Pines to renew the struggle.

Hill, while he attacked with three brigades in front, sent Rains with his brigade to work around Casey's left. He went under cover of the marshy forest, turned, and came up behind Casey's intrenchments. He thus had a large brigade enfilading our lines and pelting the backs of our soldiers. After losing heavily and inflicting a great loss upon his assailants Casey ordered the abandonment of that front. Our new regiments, which had fought hard till now, broke up badly in the retreat. A regiment from Peck's brigade, sent forward from the left of Couch, delayed Rains sufficiently to enable Casey's men to retire without destruction. Casey passed Couch and gathered up all the remnants he could behind him at Seven Pines.

The line of rifle pits in front of Seven Pines could not long be held by Couch's division—because Couch had first to reënforce Casey and then by the orders of his corps commander he was obliged to extend too much, even as far as he could reach along the nine-mile road. That line of three brigades, Abercrombie's, Devens's, and Peck's, crossed the railroad near Fair Oaks Station. The contest at Couch's new position was at times as fierce as at Casey's, and the line with little or no cover for the defenders was kept till after four o'clock.

As soon as the assailants recovered their breath

and were reasonably reorganized by their leaders, they made another vigorous push to complete the destruction of Keyes's corps.

While all this fury of battle was in progress—and over two hours of it had passed—by some extraordinary circumstance Heintzelman, whom McClellan looked to as the veritable commander of all the forces on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy and whose headquarters were near Savage Station, received no word of the hostile attack, until too late to help Casey. At last he was on his way battleward, storming at criminal stragglers and hurrying forward Kearny's division.

With such a battlefield won, with much food, and eight captured cannon and hundreds of prisoners in hand, no wonder there was confidence and enthusiasm in Longstreet's ranks. General Johnston and G. W. Smith at their junction of roads on the Confederate left, had failed to hear the musketry till after 4 P.M., and were at last informed by a returning messenger. Then they moved straight on toward the battlefield. It was a time for a great success which might bring Confederate independence.

Phil Kearny, following his instructions literally, sent Birney's small brigade to the railway, which took post far back of the staggering line of battle.

After Birney had gone Kearny heard of Casey's retreat and Couch's danger, and received Heintzelman's order for the other brigade with him. Passing through throngs of fugitives he joined Berry at the head of the brigade on the Richmond road and urged the utmost haste. He also sent to Bottom's Bridge for Jameson's brigade left there as a guard.

He now came up to Seven Pines with his head of

column in an incredibly short time. The impulsive Kearny found Keyes and Casey together. Couch was with Abercrombie over the railway toward the Chickahominy. Kearny quickly took in the situation; the zigzag rifle trench sheltering crowded men, and the open space in front, from beyond which the Confederate riflemen were firing from both the felled and standing timber. Kearny eagerly asked: "Where is your greatest need?" Casey, cheered by the newcomers, said: "Kearny, if you will regain our late camp the day will still be ours." Kearny just then had only the Third Michigan up. The men moved forward with alacrity; they ran over the open space into the timber and began a contest as determined as that of their foes, "heedless," said their general, "of the shell and ball that rained upon them." But even when Berry's three other regiments had joined the fiercely fighting line Kearny found that after all his promptness he could effect but little. He gained some ground, then lost it, backing off in fairly good order toward the White Oak Swamp and Hooker, stoutly disputing the ground as he retired.

About the time of Kearny's arrival, Hill's and Longstreet's divisions of Confederates with some reenforcements from their reserves, having four brigade fronts abreast, stretching from the swamps of White Oak to and beyond Abercrombie at the railroad, more than a mile of breadth, came surging on with cheering and musketry, the charge made the more formidable by the rapid use of our captured cannon turned against our irregular masses herded together at Seven Pines.

It did not take many minutes to break our very attenuated opposing lines. Couch saw the blackness of

the storm as it filled the air with fury and speed. Upon the break in what remained of his division he swung off a few regiments of his right, including Abercrombie's brigade, till they were well north of the railroad and parallel to it, and then retired slowly toward Sumner's upper bridge. In the edge of the wood he made a firm stand to check any hostile advance in that direction. As a thundercloud approaches, but stops at a river and passes harmlessly away, giving but a gentle sprinkling, so did this cloud of insurgents approach Couch and his men, touch the woods, and pass on along the railway beyond him. But this portion of Couch's division was thus hopelessly cut off from the rest of its corps.

Meanwhile, Kearny, finding a safe road via the saw mill back of his line, hastened his men to the rear in that way till he reached the defenses at Savage Station which had been constructed originally by General Couch. To this strong place were gathered all the regiments of Keyes except Couch's detachment, and all of Heintzelman's corps including Hooker, now arrived from White Oak Swamp.

Longstreet's forces, exhausted by six hours' fighting, could get no farther. But he knew that for him heavy reënforcements were at hand. Five fresh brigades were partly behind him and partly on his left, extending beyond the Fair Oaks railway station.

As the fresh Confederate troops were coming on cheering and confident there came from their left front, toward the Chickahominy, a sudden check. Some guns of a Union battery opened a cross fire. It was not safe to ignore them and their support. Smith ordered them to be taken at once. Two Confederate brigades attempted that. Then others already some-

what ahead turned back and joined in the attack. Smith became impatient. He went to the railroad to discover what was the matter. The firing grew worse. No such stubborn resistance should come from that quarter. While Smith, and later, Johnston, are examining this flank interruption, I will explain its cause.

Sumner's corps, we know, lay along the Chickahominy, opposite the battlefield. An order from McClellan restraining him from moving without permission was received by Sumner that morning. We heard the first fitful sound from Casey's guns, and before one o'clock we knew that a hard battle was going on. Sumner at once asked, by telegraph, permission to cross the river. He walked up and down like a caged lion. McClellan first telegraphed him to be ready. He was ready. But to save delay he sent Sedgwick's division with three batteries to his upper bridge and our division to the lower. The order to cross came at last at 2.30 P.M. As Sumner with Sedgwick approached, a part of the upper bridge rose with the water, starting to float off with the current. It was difficult to keep the green logs in place by ropes and withes; great cracks appeared. The engineer officer met Sumner and remonstrated: "General Sumner, you cannot cross this bridge!"

"Can't cross this bridge! I can, sir; I will, sir!"

"Don't you see the approaches are breaking up and the logs displaced? It is impossible!"

"Impossible! Sir, I tell you I *can* cross. I am ordered."

The orders had come and that ended the matter with Sumner.

When men and horses were once on the bridge they pressed down the logs and accomplished the task more

easily than the engineer had believed possible. Beyond the bridge the water was sometimes up to the thighs of Sedgwick's men. Our lower bridge was worse. As soon as French's brigade had crossed, the bridge began to break so much that Richardson turned my brigade, followed by Meagher's, to the upper one. The water was now deeper on the flats and the mud was well stirred up from the bottom.

Kirby's battery of six light twelve-pounder smooth-bore brass guns, following Sedgwick's leading brigade, had found the road a veritable quagmire. By unlimbering at times and using the prolonges, the cannoneers being up to their waists in water, at 4.45 P.M. three pieces with one caisson were landed on harder ground and put in place for action. A little later came two or more, and the sixth gun was at last dragged out by an abundance of men. Our other batteries were too late for the action.

Couch had sent to Sumner for help, and of his emotion, as he saw our troops approaching, he has made this record: "I felt that God was with us and victory ours!"

We found this command, four regiments and a battery, astride a country road leading from Fair Oaks Station via Mr. Courtney's and Dr. Kent's houses to the meadow near our bridges, and holding on persistently against the fire of flankers of Smith's Confederate column. Of Sedgwick's leading brigade under General Gorman, Sully's regiment, the First Minnesota, went to the right to secure that flank and the other three to the left of Couch's line. Kirby's guns, as fast as they arrived, and two guns under Lieutenant Fagan, of a Pennsylvania battery on the ground, went into action at once, facing toward Fair Oaks,

i. e., in front of the left of Couch's line with their own right at the corner of a grove; behind this grove Couch's infantry line extended. Sedgwick's second brigade, W. W. Burns in command, was formed in reserve and the two regiments present of the third brigade, General Dana commanding, extended the front farther to the left from the flank of Gorman.

Soon the firing was tremendous. This was the interruption—the check to the advance of the Confederate left—which came to them so suddenly. Then there was a brief pause, when General Whiting with his own, Pettigrew's, and Hampton's brigades faced to the left and attacked our troops in line of battle from the nine-mile road. They advanced straight toward Sumner, firing as they came and shouting.

Our infantry returned the fire in volleys, while the artillery discharges were continued with extraordinary rapidity and accuracy. This fearful fire stopped that first Confederate advance.

Failing in the attempt directly upon the battery, the Confederates tried to reach it through the woods on its right. But limbers brought up ammunition from the caissons buried in the mud of the swamp and returned for more. Each discharge buried the guns, trails and all, to the axles in the soft soil. Yet, by the help of infantry men standing in rear, the pieces on the left of battery were carried forward and the front changed to the right to meet the Confederates' flank move as they emerged from the woods, and bring upon their front a tremendous fire of canister.

At the same time the infantry on the left of the battery, under Sumner's personal direction, was advanced, and charged the right of the Confederates as they came on. Two guns only could be soon enough

extricated from the mud to follow up the enemy's retreat.

At the same time a fourth Confederate brigade, Hatton's, was put in, and in the woods advanced to within a few yards of the Union line, but made no impression.

Thus, all Smith's wing of the Confederate army that night within reach as reënforcements for Longstreet, except Hood's brigade, was diverted, and in this engagement of an hour and a half lost 1,283 men, including the brigade commanders, Hampton and Pettigrew, seriously wounded; the latter was left unconscious on the field and captured, and General Hatton killed.

About sunset General Johnston himself was struck from his horse, severely wounded by a fragment of a shell, and carried from the field. The command of the entire Confederate army then devolved on General G. W. Smith; the defeat of his troops by Sumner did not soften the responsibility of the morrow.

Our change from the lower to the upper bridge and the difficulties of the march brought my brigade to the battlefield nearly two hours after Sumner's and Sedgwick's timely arrival.

As we approached the front a thick mist was setting in and a dark, cloudy sky was over our heads, so that it was not easy at twenty yards to distinguish a man from a horse. The heavy firing was over. As soon as Sedgwick's advance had pushed the enemy back beyond Fair Oaks Station, Lieutenant Nelson A. Miles, whom I had sent on ahead, returned from the battle, meeting me near the edge of a swampy opening over which the Confederates had charged and been swept back by the countercharge.

Miles, guiding us, remarked: "General, you had better dismount and lead your horses, for the dead and wounded are here."

A peculiar feeling crept over me as I put my feet on the soft ground and followed the young officer. Some stretchers were in motion. A few friends were searching for faces they hoped not to find. There were cries of delirium, calls of the helpless, the silence of the slain, and the hum of distant voices in the advancing brigade, with an intermittent rattle of musketry, the neighing of horses, and the shriller prolonged calls of the team mules, and soon the moving of lanterns guiding the bearers of the wounded to the busy surgeons: all these things made a weird impression and a desire to be freed from following in the wake of the ravages of war.

I remember that the call of one poor fellow was insistent. He repeatedly cried: "Oh, sir! Kind sir! Come to me!" I walked over to where he lay and asked: "What regiment do you belong to?"

He answered: "The Fifth Mississippi."

I then said: "What do you want?"

He replied: "Oh, I am cold!"

I knew it was from the approach of death, but noticing that he had a blanket over him I said: "You have a good warm blanket over you."

He looked toward it and said gently: "Yes, some kind gentleman from Massachusetts spread his blanket over me, but, sir, I'm still cold."

A Massachusetts soldier had given his only blanket to a wounded man—a wounded enemy.

We silently passed on to our allotted lines. I pondered over my instructions, prepared orders for others, and then, with mingled hope and apprehension

and conscious trust in God, lay down to dream of home. Only one of my regiments (the Fifth New Hampshire) was called to the front that evening. The Confederate and Union men were so mixed up by the conflict at dark that they often during the night unwittingly walked into the wrong camp. It had been a costly day to us, but the left wing of our army was not destroyed, and the Confederate casualties were as many as ours. We waited for the morrow to renew the strife, believing that we had come to a decisive battle, maybe the last great struggle of the war.

The sudden check by Sumner and the desperate wounds of Johnston had produced an astounding effect upon the Confederates. At 4 P.M. they were confident, jubilant; at dark they had lost their head and confusion reigned.

General Smith, regarding the morrow, directed General Longstreet to push his successes of the previous day as far as practicable, pivoting his movement upon the position of General Whiting on his left. Whiting was to make a diversion, and in extreme case to hold at all hazards the junction of the New Bridge and nine-mile road.

That point was so far back that Smith's orders practically meant that Longstreet alone was to finish the battle. Longstreet, though reënforced, had a hard task, especially under his pivotal orders. He did not and could not do else but hold on a while and finally withdraw.

On the morning of June 1st matters had shaped themselves fairly well for us. From right to left in a bend, concave toward Smith and Longstreet, were the divisions of Sedgwick, Richardson, Kearny, and Hooker. Sumner's troops were at the extreme right,

parallel to the nine-mile road. The Union line then ran along the railway, and finally crossing the railway and turnpike it continued on by the strong works near Savage Station to White Oak Swamp.

Of our division, on Sedgwick's left, French's brigade of four regiments was the front line, my Fifth New Hampshire still covering the whole front as a picket guard. The remainder of my brigade (the Sixty-fourth New York, Colonel Parker; Sixty-first New York, Colonel Barlow; and the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Miller) formed a second line a few hundred yards back.

General Meagher's brigade of three regiments made a third line, and Hazzard's, Frank's, and Petit's batteries, belonging to the division, were located on convenient knolls near the front. Thus at dawn we stood ready for work.

As soon as it was light the Fifth New Hampshire, under Colonel Cross, advanced slowly till it had seized the woods beyond the railroad near Fair Oaks Station. Hazzard quickly found a favorable place for the batteries, whence by a cross fire he commanded all the open spaces, over which the enemy would have to approach us. The guns and battery men were shielded by epaulements hurriedly thrown up.

The first noisy collision of this Sunday morning was about five o'clock; it became a smart reveille to all; first, a brisk skirmish, a few bullets whizzing through the tree tops. Colonel Cross had every man ready. The artillery officers with good field glasses were watching. There was always a strange thrill of interest at such a time. The movement was, however, only a Confederate reconnoissance. The reconnoiterers were hunting for the Fair Oaks Railroad Station,

which, unknown to them, had changed occupants. For a brief period their cavalry and infantry showed in the openings along our front, but everywhere found themselves met by Cross's skirmishers, whose steady firing, supported by the rapid cross fire of our batteries, drove them beyond range.

This event increased our caution. Too long an interval between French and Birney, of Kearny's division, was reported—only pickets connecting. French then gained ground to the left, thinning his ranks and taking greater distance from Sedgwick. Still he could not reach far enough, so by Richardson's order I sent Colonel Miller with the Eighty-first Pennsylvania. Miller promptly deployed his men and moved forward till abreast of Colonel Brooke, who commanded French's left regiment. The reason for not connecting with Birney's brigade, now under command of Colonel Ward, was that it was much farther back from the enemy than French expected to find it, and the underbrush was too thick to see very far.

Sumner was now the senior officer south of the Chickahominy, but in command of his own corps only, and Heintzelman commanded his part of the line. The commander of the whole battle was McClellan at his headquarters several miles away. The day's work resulted in spasmodic activities at several points of our front, and no general aggressive movement even after the Confederate partial attacks had been repulsed.

The Fifth New Hampshire was relieved from the skirmish line and placed in reserve. There were but a few minutes to wait. Upon French's left front there came a Confederate attack with two deployed brigade fronts, Armstead's and Pickett's. They moved at a quick walk and, owing to prevalence of the woodland,

drew wonderfully near before they were discovered. Along the whole of our front line they opened a heavy rolling fire of musketry within fifty yards. French's men instantly returned the fire, and the contest for over an hour was as severe as any in the war.

At this time Miller, of my brigade, who, as we have seen, was to the left of French, saw through the trees the coming troops. He gave the word "Ready!" when some officer near him said: "No, no, colonel, they are our men!" Probably thinking them detached from Ward, Miller in his strong voice commanded: "Recover arms!" and called out: "Who are you?" They cried: "Virginians!" and instantly fired a volley which killed Colonel Miller and so many of his men that the regiment lost its continuity. A captain, Robert M. Lee, Jr., sprang upon a stump near at hand and rallied six companies. At once I sent Lieutenant N. A. Miles to look up the other four. He soon found them and brought them together at the railroad where there was an open space, and then led them again into action.

It was at this period of the conflict that Richardson sent to me to fill the interval made worse by the loss of Miller. I brought the two regiments into line at the railroad—the Sixty-first on the right and the Sixty-fourth to its left.

Just as we were ready to advance, the enemy's fire began to meet us, cutting through the trees. My brown horse was wounded through the shoulder, and I had to dismount and wait for another. Turning toward the men, I saw that some had been hit and others were leaving their ranks. This was their first experience under fire. I cried out with all my might: "Lie down!" Every man dropped to the ground; then my

staff and the field officers aided me in sheltering the men by forming line behind the railroad embankment, but we could not fire yet without the danger of pouring shot into French's line.

In five minutes I had mounted my large gray horse, my brother riding my third and only other one, a beautiful "zebra." In order to encourage the men in a forward movement I placed myself, mounted, in front of the Sixty-fourth New York, and my aid, Lieutenant Charles H. Howard, in front of the Sixty-first. Every officer was directed to repeat each command. I ordered: "Forward!" and then "March!" I could hear the echo of these words and, as I started, the Sixty-fourth followed me with a glad shout up the slope and through the woods; the Sixty-first followed my brother at the same time. We moved forward finely, taking many prisoners as we went and gaining ground leftward, until we came abreast of French's division.

Before reaching French's line I was wounded through the right forearm by a small Mississippi rifle ball. Lieutenant Howard just then ran to me on foot and said that the zebra horse was killed. He took a handkerchief, bound up my arm, and then ran back to the Sixty-first.

As the impulse was favorable to a charge I decided to go on farther, and, asking Brooke's regiment on French's left to lie down, called again: "Forward!" And on we went, pushing back the enemy and breaking through his nearest line. We pressed our way over uneven ground to the neighborhood of the crossroads at Seven Pines, where our men the day before had left their tents standing. Behind those tents was found a stronger force of Confederates, kneeling and firing.

We approached within thirty or forty yards and, halting on as favorable ground as possible, promptly and efficiently returned their fire.

When at last we halted near the standing tents and I had passed to the rear of the line which was rapidly firing, my gray had his left foreleg broken and, though I was not then aware of it, I had been wounded again, my right elbow having been shattered by a rifle shot. Lieutenant Howard was missing.

Lieutenant William McIntyre, of the Sixty-fourth, seeing the condition of my horse, seized me, and put me in a sheltered place on the ground. I heard him say: "General, you shall not be killed." McIntyre himself was slain near that spot, giving his life for mine. The bullets were just then raining upon our men, who without flinching were firing back. As a faintness warned me, I called to Colonel Barlow, who was not far away, to take command. He answered me in a clear, cool voice: "Shall I take command of the whole brigade, sir?" I replied: "No, only of this portion." It would have broken Cross's heart to have forgotten even at such a time his seniority, and the colonel of the Sixty-fourth was also Barlow's senior, but he had failed in the necessary physical strength that day.

Barlow took command and stood his ground until Brooke, to whom I spoke on my way to the rear, brought up his line. After a little further conflict in that vicinity the Confederates gave way and along our division front the victory was complete.

Meanwhile, to the eastward the enemy passing through the thickets beyond my left flank crossed the railroad, encountering only such slight opposition as the remnants of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania under

Lee and Miles could administer, caught sight of the right of Ward's brigade and opened upon them a brisk fusillade. Ward threw back the right of my old regiment, the Third Maine, and moved his other regiments so as to come forward in echelon. He began by firing volleys, then inclining more to the right charged furiously. This was done at the same time Lieutenant Howard and I were leading our two regiments into the *mêlée*. Ward's vigorous onset cleared that important quarter of the pressing enemy.

To the left of Ward came Hooker, his front making a right angle with the railroad. He was ready for his part. His advance on account of thickets and swamps was slow but positive.

Thus our division and portions of two others were brought into the Sunday battle. Finally, from the right of Richardson to the left of Hooker had been made a general advance, and the whole obscure and dreadful field of both days compassed by our men. Why was not that Confederate retreat followed up and the fruits of victory secured? After weighing with care the many reasons which our commanding general has left recorded for not at this time pushing forward his whole strength, I still think that his headquarters were too far away, and that just then and there he lost a great opportunity.

General French's medical director, Surgeon Gabriel Grant, close up to the troops, was operating under fire [1] beside a large stump. He there bound up my arm. I found my brother shot through the thigh, just able to limp along by using his empty scabbard for a cane. He had a fox-skin robe, which had been on his saddle, thrown across his free arm.

[1] For this, Dr. G. Grant received the Congress Medal of Honor.

"Why weary yourself, Charlie, with that robe?" I asked.

"To cover me up if I should have to stop," he smilingly answered.

Dr. Grant dressed his leg and provided him with a stretcher. I preferred to walk. *En route* I encountered a soldier among the wounded with his fingers broken and bleeding. He cried out with pain. Seeing me he drew near with sympathy. "You are worse off than I," he said, and putting his arm around me he let me share his strength. We wounded wanderers at last found Courtney's house, a half mile or more north of the Fair Oaks Station.

Dr. Hammond, my personal friend, met me near the house, saw the blood, touched my arm, and said with feeling: "General, your arm is broken." The last ball had passed through the elbow joint and crushed the bones into small fragments. He led me to a negro hut, large enough only for a double bed. Here I lay down, alarming an aged negro couple who feared at first that some of us might discover and seize hidden treasure which was in that bed.

My brigade surgeon, Dr. Palmer, and several others soon stood by my bedside in consultation. At last Dr. Palmer, with serious face, kindly told me that my arm had better come off. "All right, go ahead," I said. "Happy to lose only my arm."

"Not before 5 P.M., general."

"Why not?"

"Reaction must set in."

So I had to wait six hours. I had received the second wound about half-past ten. I had reached the Courtney house about eleven, and in some weakness and discomfort occupied the negro cabin till the hour

appointed. At that time Dr. Palmer came with four stout soldiers and a significant stretcher. They placed me thereon, and the doctor put around the arm close to the shoulder the tourniquet, screwing it tighter and tighter above the wound. They then bore me to the amputating room, a place a little grewsome withal from arms, legs, and hands not yet all carried off, and poor fellows with anxious eyes waiting their turn.

On the long table I was nicely bolstered; Dr. Grant, who had come from the front, relieved the too-tight tourniquet. A mixture of chloroform and gas was administered and I slept quietly. Dr. Palmer amputated the arm above the elbow. When I awoke I was surprised to find the heavy burden was gone, but was content and thankful.