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A war diary of events in the war of the



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# WAR DIARY

OF EVENTS

IN THE

WAR OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

1863-1865.

BY

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## P R E F A C E.

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CONFORMING to my original plan, to record only those battles and events of the War of the Great Rebellion in which I was engaged, or with which I was immediately connected, I have, in these pages from my Diary, continued the narrative from its previous ending in the Army of Virginia with Pope's campaign in 1862 (only omitting the Battle of Antietam, the history of which is yet to be written), to the close, in 1865. In two pamphlets, and in the "Second Massachusetts and Stonewall Jackson" (printed for private circulation), now being revised and prepared for publication in a single volume, will be found a similar record, beginning with the organization of the Second Massachusetts Regiment in 1861, and ending with the battle of Cedar Mountain in the fall of 1862,—thus connecting the two parts of my narrative, and making the record of my Diary complete, with the single exception above noted.

The reader of the present volume should not forget that the actual feeling and spirit which existed during the War of the Rebellion is to be found in narratives of occurrences at the time.

If I am accused of needlessly reviving unhappy memories, I reply that I am constrained to follow my notes, and

could not, if I would, after the fashion of the South, gently intimate that in rebelling against the Union in 1861 the South was pardonably in error, and not wrong-headed, for the simple reason that no such sentiment existed.

But the war ended long ago, and year by year the bitterness and bitter feelings it excited have given place to mutual respect and fellowship, until the soldiers on both sides acknowledge and rejoice in the valor displayed by North and South on many battle-fields.

If these pages should recall old animosities, or open anew wounds that time has healed, I shall regret exceedingly that my simple desire to present many interesting details of the period of the Great Rebellion has so utterly miscarried.

“ Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day,  
Love and tears for the ‘Bluc,’  
Tears and love for the ‘Gray.’ ”

G. H. G.

BOSTON, February, 1882.

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# A WAR DIARY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR. — ON THE POTOMAC.

THE battle of Antietam (or Sharpsburg, as we called it then) was over; and on the 21st of September, 1862, my division of the Twelfth Corps was at Sandy Hook, in Maryland, awaiting an order to cross into Virginia in pursuit of Lee. The perils and labors of the previous week were such as I had never before known, and at first I found difficulty in recalling the incidents in their proper order. Gradually, however, this confusion disappeared, and I was able to retrace the whole course of the battle. It was only seven days since we had marched in triumph through the loyal town of Frederick, in Maryland, and out upon the road which, after running northwesterly through Boonsborough and Middletown, divided into two branches, one leading to Williamsport on the north, and the other to Sharpsburg on the south. Between Middletown and Boonsborough, on a spur of the Blue Ridge known as South Mountain, which is crossed by three parallel roads running east and west at gaps, as they are called, the Rebel army made its first stand in Maryland. Thither we had hurried through the night, without a halt, until a little before daybreak of the fifteenth. We were to support Burnside in his effort to charge the enemy and

drive him from his position towards the Potomac. At daylight I reached the front, and found that during the night the Rebel army, abandoning their dead and wounded, had fallen back across Antietam Creek, satisfied with the heavy fighting of the day before at the gaps, where we had been victorious. Two or three hours went by, and we pushed on in pursuit. McClellan rode past our corps, and was cheered lustily. I shook hands with him, and rode a short distance by his side. He seemed anxious to overtake the enemy, and said he should feel much obliged if they would only stop long enough to let him whip them. We hurried on during the day, encamping, or rather halting, at night near where Antietam Creek empties into the Potomac. Behind the creek was Sharpsburg.

Early in the morning of the sixteenth, we were aroused and ordered to march forward and attack the enemy, who was supposed to be in position behind the creek. Our line of battle was formed in sight of Lee's army; but the day wore on and no attack was made, although the answering growls of artillery continued all day. Night came, and we lay down upon piles of straw; not to sleep, however, for before my eyes were closed, I was ordered to prepare to march immediately towards the right of our line and reinforce General Hooker. Our corps, formed in compact masses, was soon in motion. We marched nearly all night. Our route carried us across Antietam Creek, towards the extreme right, where Hooker had preceded us and had taken a position. We halted about two hours before daybreak. Around us were stacks of straw, of which we gladly availed ourselves for a few moments' slumber. We knew that we were near the enemy, and that we should soon meet him, flushed with many victories over both McClellan and Pope, in his first efforts to maintain himself on the left bank of the Potomac; but I, for



one, was so worn out with fatigue, so overpowered with sleep, and had become so passive under the experiences of the past campaigns of the year, that I slept.

That mellowing of the darkness, a precursor of the coming day, was scarcely visible on the seventeenth, when we were aroused by fierce exchanges of musketry. The long night-march, the deep slumber so rudely broken, the beginning of the deadly battle in that dim light of the early morning,—all combined to form a picture which I can never forget. We rose to our feet, formed in columns, and moved to a point from which it seemed probable we should be sent to the front to aid Hooker if he required help.

General Mansfield, who had been assigned to the command of our corps (Banks had been put on other duty when Pope retired), was a reputable man and an experienced officer, who had been wounded in previous wars. He ordered certain precautionary dispositions, that aid might be sent without delay to any quarter; and then, with the thoughtfulness of an old soldier, directed me to allow my troops to use a momentary interval of rest in making coffee if time sufficed, and if not, then the men could “kick over their camp-kettles and move forward.” Instead of preserving the compact columns into which the regiments of my brigade had been thrown, I scattered them to lessen danger from the enemy’s shells now howling around us. The sun had not yet risen, and the forms of tree and forest were yet indistinct, when I looked in the direction where the Second Massachusetts Regiment had gathered around a cheerful fire, over which the water in camp-kettles was beginning to bubble. I saw Major Dwight writing in his saddle, on a small scrap of paper. In reply to my question he cheerily said, “Oh, I am writing to my mother.” The words, “Dear mother, it is a misty, moisty morning,” with which he began this last touching

line to the one he loved best on earth, were found upon his person, a few hours later, when he lay mortally wounded. The coffee was not ready when the order, "Forward into action!" sent the men to their feet. They advanced amidst shell and round shot, with such intervals as should insure a proper deployment without huddling; and the terrific and glorious battle of Antietam Creek was begun. The details of that fearful struggle belong to the historian; I cannot give them here. From sunrise to sunset we fought, swaying to and fro with varying fortune, until our lines moved forward in final triumph, and the sun, whose rising we had seen with so much apprehension, now, as it sank, lit up our victorious flags.

But what a field of carnage lay about us! Neither time nor change can dim the remembrance of these fields peopled with corpses; can shut out the sight too horrible to be real, and yet too real to forget, of that bloody pathway, or of that whole brigade of Rebel dead, with its skirmish line in front, its troops in rear. In the dim light our guards came upon it, at the most advanced point that it was deemed prudent to take at night. "A line of battle here on duty!" exclaimed the officer in command; "there must be some mistake, for I was told that this would be my front, and here is a whole brigade of men. Who are they, Sergeant? Do you know them? Ask them from what corps they came."

For some moments both officers and men were staggered at this mystery. That confusion might arise along our front, at such a time, was possible enough; but that at such a place a whole brigade of guards could be found buried in sleep, almost in presence of the enemy, filled them with amazement.

The sergeant now vainly attempted to arouse the man nearest him, with his foot; he stooped, shook the man, and

cried out, "Halloo! I say! wake up!" Then the truth beginning to dawn upon him, he put his hand upon the head, the face, and found it cold; he listened, but heard no sound of life. Another: no answer! nor from another still, nor yet from any of those silent men lying there, stiff and stark, in the pale moonlight on that battle-field. Along the plain, over the hill, the line extended; until, lost in obscurity, nothing but dark masses appeared. Throughout the night the moon filled the scene with mystic images and unreal shapes. If phantoms from the spirit world could ever come forth to bewilder mortals, sure never was there time or place or sight so seasonable. It was a marvel to the living, and so continued until the moon faded before the dull light of day, and the awful truth was revealed. A whole brigade of Rebel dead lay there, a ghastly battle line, as if they too were keeping watch upon the field.

Poor Dwight, the Major of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, was mortally wounded about noon of the seventeenth, before a wooded knoll which held the Dunkard church. Colonel Andrews and Dwight were together, scarcely sheltered from a murderous fire by a fence of common posts and rails, when a musket ball entered near the latter's hip, lodged in his body, and he fell, crying, "They have done for me!" When the line fell back, Dwight was left upon the field. There, alone, he finished that letter begun at the camp-fire at daylight, with, "I am wounded so as to be helpless. Good-by, if so it must be." As soon as possible he was brought back to our lines in a blanket, suffering intense pain, and yet so cheery and brave that he gave back my words of sympathy with, "Don't mind me! only whip the enemy." When an attempt was made to remove him to the rude hospital, the brave sufferer controlled himself, although every muscle was rigid with tor-

ture. He only said quietly, "This carrying is more easily commanded than borne; it is pretty painful." He lingered about two days; during his last hours he was courageous and tranquil. To unflinching pluck he added an ardent patriotism, and a soul filled with a noble loyalty to his country. He believed that the war would not only kindle, but stimulate into activity, exalted sentiments in his countrymen. Not for gold, not for fame, not for political reward did Wilder Dwight sacrifice a becoming ambition in his cherished profession of the law, in which, though young, he was full of promise. "Few men have spent their lives better, have done more good in their time, or died a more fitting death," are words written to me at the time by one of the most eminent members of the bar, who knew Dwight well. I know the loss to the Second Massachusetts was great; but to his home!—it is irreparable. Our victory was gained by the desolation of many firesides; the joy of the nation brought mourning to the people.

But little more than one year ago we were near this place, before Harper's Ferry, under the shadow of these rocky heights, with nearly one thousand men in the ranks of the Second Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry. To-day it numbers scarcely two hundred; and yet its losses, grave as they have been, do not mark its greatest change. But six of those officers who marched away from Massachusetts, in July of 1861, are here to-day to thank God for their preservation at Antietam.

On the 23d of September, 1862, I occupied Maryland Heights with my division, for the defence of Harper's Ferry; the main line stretching above us as far as Williamsport. Over the river the enemy was taking it more leisurely than we thought proper, after his flight across the Potomac. In the mean time, the President had called

for more troops, and issued his proclamation of freedom to the slaves. This measure was believed to be essential to a more vigorous prosecution of the war. Had we been apathetic thus far? We may, it is true, have thought more of Constitutional constructions than of the construction of enormous and well disciplined armies, may have had more fear of being called Abolitionists than of being whipped; we may not have appreciated that if the South, in order to form a more perfect Union by rebellion, was willing to establish its government on the corner-stone of slavery, we, to hold fast the whole Union, had never been willing to establish it on the corner-stone of freedom; we had not, perhaps, rightly appreciated that the Constitution was made for the country, not the country for the Constitution, and that it was a thousand times better that it should be broken in every line and precept than that the South should be permitted to break up the Union itself: we can re-establish the Constitution if it should be necessary to do so; but if it is once severed, we cannot reunite the nation. We had suffered under these distractions, the South had not; it had not sought in divergent and paralyzing ways to carry out a feeble purpose,—feeble, because held in check by a peaceful instrument called a constitution. The principles of the people's party, as I read them in the papers of that day, caused no inspiration of vengeance, such as our armies needed to insure success. In Maryland, by the side of Antietam Creek, we went to battle to protect our homes. For another advance into Virginia the army needed, I thought, a new inspiration from a proclamation for the freedom of the slave.

It would be vain to deny that at this period there was a despondent feeling in the army. After all the sufferings and reverses of nearly two years, the end seemed no nearer now than when our army, a rabble of undisciplined fugitives, crowded over the long bridge into Washington, after

the first battle of Bull Run. With doubts of the future came doubts of the polity of our government. "This is its first great strain," said the faint-hearted, "and it cannot survive. On a calm day and over unruffled seas the ship will float happily into port, but she will founder in a storm." Among many who expressed these views was a brother of the famous Henry Ward Beecher, a man whom I found here as chaplain of a New York regiment, and who had been a settled (or unsettled minister as he said) in Elmira, New York. Very odd, like all the Beechers, he was nevertheless fascinating in conversation. In politics he was a Democrat of the old school. He even now, with the proclamation of freedom ringing in his ears, did not hesitate to declare that the negro girl in a log-house near my tent did not belong to the same human family with himself. As an atom in the armies contending for the establishment of equal rights and equal brotherhood, he avowed that he was himself by no means a republican, and that he thought the republic a failure. "The Democratic party," he urged, "forced into our governmental polity in 1832-33 an element that overcame in man all reverence for law, human or divine, all reverence for obedience as a principle in life." *Obedience*, he thought, lay at the bottom of all national as well as all spiritual progress. "I have made," he continued, "my calculations; others may make their own. I sit with my instrument pointed towards the heavens; it is almost the hour for the eclipse. I shall rejoice if I am mistaken; but soon I look to see a shadow stealing over this splendid luminary, never to be removed."

By the side of this desponding observer there were many more hopeful watchers of the same phenomena; who denied this forecast of coming events, and utterly refused to believe these gloomy predictions of our future ruin.

By the sixteenth we had begun forward movements

from Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg to Charlestown, which we entered with little resistance. The condition of my command at this town would not have filled the heart of the observer with thanksgiving for temporal blessings, or with regrets that he could not participate in our luxurious life. If he could have looked upon the dim light that came from the little canvas kennels where ten thousand poor fellows, many of them without blankets, were trying to keep warm in these chilly October days, or peer into an adjoining barn filled with sick men dying from typhoid fever, with neither proper medicine nor food, it would have been plain that with all its excitements this life was a vexatious and a perplexing one, — a hard life, and one with all its glories better to think of than to endure.

By the 24th of October there were many signs of bad weather, precursors of wintry days in which the camps would be wet, the soldiers uncomfortable, and everything cold and cheerless. Our position on the mountain was a very exposed one; but this was necessary in order that we should overlook Harper's Ferry, the bridge, and the ford, and cover our troops in Virginia in case of need. Six miles from the river hostile pickets confronted each other on the road to Charlestown; beyond, at Winchester, the enemy was said to be in force. From our lofty encampment I could see, in a clear day, the dust of his wagons and the smoke of his camp-fires. Our position was strongly guarded. The Potomac cuts the Blue Ridge in twain where it washes the ruins of Harper's Ferry. Ages have passed since these waters began to roll at the foot of these heights; from the river's brink to the mountain summits the falling rock has made a gentle slope, which is now covered with dark pines. Besides the Maryland Heights and the Loudon Heights on the other side, there is another height in Virginia, lower than the others, which forms part of the system

of our defences. Where the Shenandoah flows into the river at Harper's Ferry, the land rises to the crest of a ridge, which forms the western bank of the Potomac. This ridge between the two rivers, known as Bolivar Heights, is occupied by our troops. In peaceful days these splendid rivers and these lofty hills were extolled by travellers as the most picturesque in our country; and even a scoffing officer of my staff was moved to growl out that the view *was* "darned magnificent." In these grand days of war a new glory was added to the scene. The ruins of Harper's Ferry, the charred wreck of the superb railroad bridge, the army of wood-choppers felling trees for defences and clearing away for fortifications on Maryland Heights, with my own tent in a little shelf of the cliff and my division of sixteen thousand men in a picturesque group below, form a picture of rare beauty.

Up the river as far as Williamsport, and down to Alexandria we were guarding Maryland from invasion, my own line extending eight miles above until it met that of Fitz John Porter. It was a pleasure in a clear day to ride along that picket line. One mile above Harper's Ferry a dam turned the waters of the Potomac into a canal, which supplied the Government works at the arsenal; the river below is a sad and unsightly jumble of rocks, but above, it is as smooth as glass, as it placidly flows between green banks fringed with pine trees. Nothing more poetic than picket duty here in fine weather can be conceived.

So long a line as this of McClellan on the Potomac was necessarily attenuated; and, mortifying as it was to us, it was not strange that Stuart succeeded in making his raid into Pennsylvania. We cannot blame any one that this raid was begun; but blame is certainly due to some one that it did not end with Stuart's capture. It seemed to us to be the most foolhardy piece of business we had ever



known ; had the Rebels made a raid in balloons we could not have been more amazed. Between seven and eight in the evening of Friday, Oct. 1, the Rebel cavalry reached Chambersburg, and it was at noon of the nineteenth before they arrived at the Potomac again to recross into Virginia, having in two days passed to the rear of the Army of the Potomac.

By the 27th of October the movement into Virginia began. Burnside moved first, and we were under orders to follow. The newspapers, echoing the cry of an ignorant and inconsiderate people, clamored for a winter campaign. The weather was most unpropitious, and although the leaves had not begun to fall, November-like winds blew cold and cheerless, as if foreboding a protracted storm. But the American people demanded a movement, it was said ! Ah, if those who demanded it were only obliged to make it ! While the campaigns of the last two years were beginning to tell upon the old soldiers, the cold, wet, and inevitable exposure of camp, with the depression of attendant homesickness, was hurrying raw recruits in fearful numbers to the hospital and the grave. That dreadful scourge, typhoid fever, notwithstanding all the precautions my position enabled me to provide, had begun to develop its premonitory symptoms of headache and strange pains, and the surgeon prescribed medicines and rest ; and this, too, at the very moment when the whole army was under orders to move into Virginia on the twenty-fifth, at ten A. M.

On the twenty-ninth, while our troops were moving across the river and being massed on the west bank of the Potomac, I marched at nine P. M. with my brigade to hold the Potomac river from Antietam Creek to the mouth of the Opequan,—arriving at Antietam in the night, and occupying on the morning of the thirtieth Antietam ford, where I relieved General Fitz John Porter's command, and

stretched my own up the river as far as I could. Having established my headquarters at Sharpsburg, I proceeded to study the river, that I might bestow my small command of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and artillery, where they could oppose a crossing by the enemy. On the thirty-first the day began with a ride to Knoxville to relieve a colonel there, and order him to Hagerstown; then to the Shepherdstown ford, where orders were given for a change in the arrangement of guards, and for a vital amendment in the performance of picket duty; to Mercersville, where I conferred with a few loyal Virginians at an old hotel in a dark room upstairs, and from whence I sent a scout to Bunker Hill in Virginia, and made arrangements to capture pickets; studied the river, its fords, its banks, and its courses, and the best place for batteries for effective work; sent out general orders containing governing rules for maintenance of guards,—in the doing of which I rode thirty miles, and exhausted the daylight.

This was but an epitome of every day, varied only by alarming rumors and startling despatches. On the 14th of November, General Slocum at Harper's Ferry advised me that all the reports brought to him went to prove that Stonewall Jackson returned to Winchester last Monday with a large force, and that A. P. Hill's command returned to a point between Winchester and Berryville on Tuesday,—all of which pointed to a raid into Maryland at some point above my position, or an attack on his own; and if the latter should occur he would endeavor to concentrate on Maryland Heights; but if the former, then (in the event of a crossing at Shepherdstown or Antietam Iron Works) he would advise me to try to reach him through Solomon's Gap, and if this were not possible to fall back to Hagerstown. It was very thoughtful of Slocum to write of the rumors that were flying about, even

though he knew (as he wrote to me) that I was not under his command, and to suggest for my consideration a plan for a time of action when there might be no opportunity for reflection.

The fifteenth brought with it no relief, but more disquieting rumors. Scouts were sent to Martinsburg; roads from fords to the eastward were examined, and a startling report came through General Morell from General Kenly at Hagerstown that Wade Hampton, commanding a Rebel cavalry brigade, was in Martinsburg yesterday; that his scouts, dressed as Federal cavalry, were patrolling the road between there and the river; and that Jackson, with an estimated force of forty thousand men, was at Bunker Hill, preparing to turn our right on the upper Potomac. On the sixteenth, one hundred Rebel cavalry, disguised in Federal uniforms, entered Shepherdstown, heralding — so rumor had it — the presence of Jackson at Winchester and its vicinity. But on the seventeenth a heavy rain rendered the fording for the time more difficult, if not impossible, — a great relief to my anxiety and to my labors.

While the whole army of the Potomac, save Slocum's command and mine, was advancing under Burnside to near the farthest southern point reached by us in Pope's campaign, it might have been supposed that the country between the Potomac and Manassas would have been free from the enemy; and yet here was this ubiquitous Jackson turning from his southward march to reappear at Winchester with his reputed army of forty thousand, extending his pickets to the river, and keeping me daily and sometimes nightly in the saddle, riding over twenty-six miles of territory in the endeavor to hold many fords easily passable and often used by the Rebels on marauding excursions.

At this time there arose a great commotion about us,

and, as it often happens, from a very inadequate cause. The sound of cannon somewhere on the Potomac, followed by the usual report of an attack, alarmed all the towns within twenty miles of the river. At Chambersburg, empty cars were hurried in to remove Government stores; at Hagerstown wagons were packed, and every measure taken for flight from an expected raid. The rumor of an attack aròse as follows:—

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th of November, a citizen, one Dunn, employed on the canal, handed to the commander of the Twenty-seventh Indiana Regiment of my brigade a note from the canal superintendent, in which was represented that it would enhance the public interest if this man could be permitted to move his family and furniture from the Virginia to the Maryland side of the Potomac. Dunn's expressed wish to cross at the guard-lock, about one mile above dam No. 4, with four or five men and a scow, was granted upon the sole condition that an officer should attend at the point of debarkation to prevent the transportation of contraband of war. At the lock a small guard of cavalry connected with the infantry pickets. The scow reached the opposite bank, and the work of loading was about completed at half-past eleven A.M., when suddenly a squad of Rebel cavalry appeared; Dunn made his escape, but the remainder of the party were captured. At twelve, noon, a small skiff pulled by a single boatman crossed to the Maryland shore. The boatman, who turned out to be the father-in-law of Dunn, represented that the raiders had fled, leaving the scow and furniture untouched, and he asked for assistance to bring it across the river. It did not appear that this ruse aroused in the officer who had witnessed it any suspicion of deception. That an officer in command of troops, established to prevent all intercourse across a river dividing a hostile from a friendly

territory, could or ought to believe this capture to be the result of treachery, was a reflection upon the judgment of the commander of the Twenty-seventh Indiana which his subordinate repelled with indignation. A second crossing was permitted; and this time with three men, who had hardly landed when they too were surrounded by the same squad of Rebels, and all but one, a brave and plucky fellow named Cookus, captured. Cookus plunged into the river and struck out vigorously for the Maryland shore. Two-thirds of the way across he was hit by a bullet and sank dead to the bottom of the river. This affray, like the former, took place in clear view of the officer of the Twenty-seventh and of the cavalry pickets, who returned the fire of the enemy's long-range rifles with their revolvers. At two P.M. this artless officer, with a firm belief that he had confronted the inevitable, returned to his regiment. The result of this disobedience of my positive order interdicting communication with the enemy was the capture of seven men and the killing of one.

It was now quite clear that the Marylander was a traitor, and his whole scheme a game into which the too credulous officer at dam No. 4 had fallen; what might follow was doubtful. Strong field-works were thrown up to cover the fords in front of the Second Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Seventh New York. Before the Thirteenth New Jersey indications were so alarming, signal fires and clouds of dust in the air, that two pieces of artillery were moved nearer the river on their front. From the keeper of the little old dark-roomed tavern of which I have spoken, a thoroughly loyal man, we received positive information that, despite these signs and rumors, there were no Rebels this side of the pickets at Bunker Hill in Virginia, and that squads of Rebel cavalry seen within the river towns were hunting up conscripts; as also that it was a general

impression over the other side that Jackson was moving out of the valley. The sources whence this man derived his information were more trustworthy than ours. On both sides of the Potomac there were men as true as these in uniform under my command, whose information of Rebel movements and purposes was the more reliable; because, to hatred of the war the loyal Southerner added a hatred of those neighbors who, contributing to its existence, denounced him to the authorities and directed the Rebel commissary to his grain-bin, his smoke-house, and his barn. Our Northern troops, whose homes and property were far removed from the actual theatre of military operations, moved on in marches and through campaigns without that bitterness or hatred for his enemy which is born of cruelty or oppression, and in which home, wife, child, or all, may have been involved. It was not strange that constant appeals were made to me by loyal citizens of Maryland and Virginia, for permission to engage in a foray against their neighbors. Among these, the most earnest was the master of the little old tavern by the canal, who took the first opportunity, when he heard of Dunn's treachery and Burke's ruse, to confer with one of my officers upon a plan for the capture of Burke.

Among the leaders of that class of irregulars known as guerillas, none had ever been more offensive than "Old Burke." In harrying Union men, whether he robbed them, burned their dwellings, or shot them in cold blood, he had no equal. The bitter hatred felt on our side of the river for this leader was increased by what had happened to Dunn and his companions; for not only were those killed and captured in that unfortunate affair citizens of Maryland, but they were Union men (all save Dunn) trying to avoid a possible conscription. It was Old Burke with an active lieutenant, one Leopold, who had made this capture; and the plan was to capture Burke

The conference took place at the tavern, where at the time Chaplin, the keeper, was engaged in an interesting game of pool, which he immediately sacrificed and led the way to a small back-room, where in subdued tones he offered to cross the river, and in command of fifty citizens to be recruited on the Virginia side, and armed with revolvers and rifles, to seize Burke, Leopold, their men and horses, and bring the captives and booty to our side. So exasperated it was represented were the people, and determined, that no other assistance was desired from my troops than the withdrawal of our cavalry pickets for a short time, during which the loyal Marylanders would cross without the *known* sanction or approval of any one.

It was not thought best to allow citizens, however loyal they might be, to engage in a foray in which personal vengeance was a strong incentive; and therefore permission was refused, though the purposes in view were considered. Submission to this outrage was not to be thought of, and a project for the capture of these Rebels was planned, to be carried into execution by troops from the Second Massachusetts. The scheme was approved, and a swift and thorough retribution followed. I will remark, in passing, that reports made at the time of the disaster reflected so severely on the conduct of the major and the captain of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, who had rendered it possible, that an investigation was ordered; in which it appeared that not Dunn alone, but the canal agent and his son were dangerous men and Rebel sympathizers, and it was said that Old Burke had been a partner of the canal agent. The disobedience by the Federal officers was followed by arrest and court-martial, and, as we shall now proceed to relate, Burke, Leopold, & Co. were surprised and put to death.

The plan in detail for crossing the river and approaching

the houses in Shepherdstown frequented by Burke and his gang, was the work of my adjutant-general. With an accurate sketch of the ground before him, five citizens carefully selected as guides were questioned about the crossings, the town, the streets, the fields, and the approaches; and from this information was made an accurate map of Shepherdstown, and the houses to be searched. The night of the 24th of October was selected for the expedition. The boats on our side being old and leaky, they were soaked in the canal. Pickets were notified, and artillerymen cautioned to keep silent if an unusual noise were heard on their front. Seventy-five men with officers from the Second Massachusetts Regiment were detailed, and liberal supplies of rope, candles, and matches provided. Thus far Captain Scott, my adjutant-general, had formed his plans without conference with Captain Cogswell, who volunteered to go as temporary commander, — an offer which was gladly accepted. Nearly all the men selected were of the old stock, and they were to be led by Robeson and Grafton as lieutenants. Ten o'clock at night was the hour designated for starting, and Johnson's lock, about a mile above Sharpsburg, the place. Three quarters of an hour was allowed for reaching the house, or houses, where the guerrillas were supposed to be, and the remainder of the night for the return.

At a little before ten the command had reached the place of rendezvous. The guides were all there. The men crossed the canal gates to the river side, and silently launched the old creaking boats with shrunken sides showing yawning seams above the water-line. The moon had sunk, but the starlight was bright. Everything was propitious. Reliable information that Jackson had left Winchester to join Lee, removed all apprehension from that quarter. While the men were about entering the boats, a



bright blaze like a ball of fire shot up from the opposite shore, — an answering signal, it was said by some of the men, to a light from our side. The boats were so small that they could carry but fifteen men at a time, and, notwithstanding the soaking, they leaked badly. In less than an hour the men were over. No one had been aroused. The houses were dark; no sound of life was heard in the streets. Field, forest, tree, and river were buried in as deep repose under the starlight as if there had never been an alarm on the Potomac.

Old Burke and his comrades had been seen in Shepherdstown during the day; so much a guide revealed, who had visited the house of the old man's brother-in-law. This information gave great satisfaction, and increased the anxiety of the men to come up with the game. On the pike road from Shepherdstown to Martinsburg, a little more than a mile away, was the house where it was expected Burke would be found. A circuitous route was taken to reach it. Leaving five men and a corporal with the boats, the rest struck off down the river for half a mile, where the guides turned abruptly to the right, over fields and meadows, a straight line to the road from Hardscrabble to Smithfield. Here, as at all gaps, fences were removed and a guard was stationed, in case of pursuit by the enemy. One-half mile further they advanced rapidly over fields, hills, and valleys, till the Martinsburg pike was reached, and then the house where Burke and his party were supposed to be: it was one of two within deep gardens, and surrounded by shady trees. The raiders approached in silence. It was half-past eleven. Lieutenant Robeson with twenty men was detailed to surround one of the houses. While he moved cautiously to his work, the rest gained noiselessly the lower part of the garden of the other house. Some horses tied to a fence, perceiving the approach of men,

whinnied vigorously. This was alarming: the troops halted; some one whispered a low hush. Moments passed; no lights were seen; it was manifest that the people had not been aroused. The officers held a whispered consultation, and moved noiselessly onward. Before them was a gate opening into a lawn, within which, dark in the dim starlight, was the house. Now a further division took place. With one guide the adjutant-general took post in front of the house, while another guide and the soldiers with the officers passed round to the left for an entrance. Concealed in the shadows, those in front awaited developments. Before an entrance was effected, the inmates were aroused. There was a noise within, and two shots were heard in quick succession; then more bustle, and some Union soldiers appeared in front. More of them, however, were forcing their way within. There was no light; and now the adjutant's candles came into the game. A match was struck; there was a momentary flash followed by slow ignition, in which the men peered through the murky light into unknown places from which a murderous fire might be expected. Each man cocked his musket and held it ready. The lighted candle showed a large room, with not a human occupant. A search was made, which revealed five men well armed, who with much resistance and irritating language were disarmed and bound. They were important captives, for guerillas. Leopold, Burke's lieutenant, and one Hipplesley, who disputed the honor of killing the swimming Marylander Cookus, with two of Burke's sons and (as described by the actors in that event) a villain named O'Brien, made up the whole gang. Great were the congratulations upon the success of the raid; further silence was unnecessary.

Among many revelations of fact and feeling it now came out that in the two shots heard some one had been wounded;

but whom or how seriously it was not known until just before departure, when a search on the lawn revealed the dead body of a man with a bullet through his heart,— a thin, bad-faced man, stark and ghastly in the starlight, motionless, dead, in the dress of a Confederate officer, with the insignia of a captain's rank. Upon the body a revolver was found, with every barrel loaded, and each cap protected by wax, and letters to his chief, General Stuart, the most important of which was one from a Miss Lee, discoursing upon my proclamation to Rebels, wherein I had ordered rebellious tongues to keep silence, and to cease the utterance of infernal treason. "What shall we do," she asks, "if he [General Gordon] comes over here [Virginia], for I am sure we can't stop talking, and must show our contempt for what we feel?" Besides these, documents were found which disclosed the name and rank of the dead man. A commission, and an autograph letter from Lee's chief cavalry officer containing instructions to Captain Burke to remain at Sharpsburg as long as it was safe, and then to report to him at Culpeper, revealed that at last Old Burke was dead. Yes, looking down upon his body, his sons saw and recognized their father, the chief of Stuart's scouts. Burke lost his life in an attempt to flee. He ran towards the fields while the raiders were surrounding the house; was ordered to halt, refused, and was shot dead with an Enfield rifle.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Robeson had surrounded the adjoining house, and as yet was in ignorance that the object of the expedition had been attained. Afterward Captain Scott followed the road leading northward through the town, accompanied by his men leading the captured horses, to search the house of one Read, designated in his plan; but not finding Cogswell there, he retraced his steps, and learned that the commander of the expedition was anxious

to recross the Potomac with his prisoners and his booty. Dimly in the night Scott pointed out the houses of Wintermyer, Wice, Read, Reutsch, Mixon, McKinstry, and Muller, and urged that as a search of these houses was also contemplated, it should be made then; but the commander thought otherwise, and was content to let well enough alone. Much had been already gained, — nay, more even than was hoped for by the most sanguine. Burke, the bold leader of many a guerilla raid, the daring scout, the persecutor of Union men, the terror of the neighborhood, — Burke, whose loss to the Southern cause was almost irreparable, was lying where he fell, the ground red with his heart's blood. Further operations might well be postponed wisely reasoned Cogswell, as he gave the order for a return march to the river, with his bound captives (a sullen band), the horses, and the arms. The command marched rapidly, being in fine spirits over their success, and delivered the prisoners to the provost marshal in Sharpsburg at five o'clock in the morning.

After a refreshing sleep, my irrepressible adjutant-general awoke to sigh over a conjectural loss of property supposed to have been within easy grasp on the preceding night at Shepherdstown, including, — and his mind dwelt much on this, — a superb horse, Burke's own charger, given him by his chief, Stuart (it was estimated to be worth the large sum of eight hundred dollars); and also such minor articles as thirteen revolvers, as many carbines, and untold guns, — all concealed in different houses within the town. From conception to execution was an easy step; and so quickly taken, that, at two in the afternoon, thirty cavalymen, with the adjutant at their head, had crossed the river at Blackburn's ford, thrown pickets out on all the roads, surrounded all the suspected houses, and hailed Captain Cogswell, who had made his appearance

on the scene with seventy-five infantry from the Second. While Burke's house and those adjoining were undergoing a thorough search, the hearts of these youthful and aspiring chieftains expanded with rapacity. Operations thus far had been limited to the poorer and meaner houses in the suburbs; while within the village were the wealth, the business, the aristocracy of Shepherdstown. Such an opportunity must not be lost; it was too good, and might never return. The cavalry were formed, sabres drawn, "forward" ordered, and down the pike they went, scabbards rattling, horses dashing, and the deuce to pay generally. Shepherdstown was their own; there was no resistance; rather was there welcome. One comely young woman, — beautiful, too, the historian of that glorious hour records, — waved the star-spangled banner over the invaders' heads as they sped ostentatiously on. Although the wicked did not flee, men and boys in the way of this unopposed dragoonade did, and a single horseman disappeared over the crest of a distant hill on the Smithfield road. And there were captures, too. Old Reutsch was seized, while gazing with wonder and with admiration, it was hoped, upon the scene, not because he had committed any overt act of hostility, but rather because he was the owner of a suspected house near Burke's. A hospital of Rebels, wounded on Antietam battle-field was captured; and six nurses, one hospital steward, two lieutenants, and fourteen sick men were paroled. The infantry led, and the cavalry brought up the rear as the expedition returned.

Such exploits, although they strongly tended to bind the officers of the Second Regiment of Massachusetts infantry to its fortunes, in the hope that they might survive to share its glories, made still more conspicuous the allurements of the cavalry service, in which like centaurs the troopers swiftly descended upon their enemy with a clatter and

momentum which challenged the admiration of the beholder. Oh, the stateliness of the cavalry! Ah, the ease the freedom of a trooper! and the drudgery of the infantry its inglorious fagging! Whether it was the work of the cavalry raid or not that infected him we shall never know but Captain Henry S. Russell of the Second at this time accepted a majority in a new regiment of Massachusetts horse.

Jackson's movements having allayed all apprehension on the Potomac, camp-life subsided into a dull routine varied only by amusements, of which the officers (especially of the Second) partook with a reasonable enthusiasm. There was a horse-race in which sorry nags were entered for a prize, affording hearty sport full of entertaining incidents, and a rollicking day memorable in that campaign. The entries were made by O—— and R——, of horses not only unknown to the turf, but until that hour probably never before entered for a race. Near the camp of the Second the course was marked off, and thither hied many officers who in some way or other had all procured mounts. As a privileged functionary, the adjutant-general had appropriated for the occasion my horse "Ashby," — a Rebel capture and famous racer, whose speed the commissary general challenged, having a good opinion of his own nag and being somewhat excited by the novelty of the occasion. At the word they were off, Ashby leading, the commissary and my aid following, with the satisfaction of being deluged with mud, until the adjutant pulled up at least half a mile ahead of the field.

Arrived at the ground there was a delay, which gave an opportunity to pay a visit to the camp of the Thirteenth New Jersey, of my brigade. There some fifteen or twenty men of that regiment were found engaged in attempting with muskets to convert two steers into rations. At te

paces the men fired into the animals' heads ; but the effect was discouraging. Both received the bullets, somewhere in their capacious skulls, with that sublime indifference which has elevated stoicism into a philosophy. But the marksmanship! — *that* could not fail of ridicule. Was this to be taken as the average shooting of this regiment? Were the Rebels as safe at ten paces? Had the New Jersey marksmen with muskets absolutely missed an ox at ten paces? Such chaffing was exasperating. A new warrior entered the field ; he came to vindicate the good name of his regiment. The head of one of the unhappy beeves was filled with strange suspicions, and he turned rapidly from man and musket, until he achieved his purpose and placed himself in a perfect range between the slayer and the officers of the Second. It was, however, apparent that this was of no consequence to the sportsman ; for he raised his musket, with an utter indifference to the dodging to which he subjected for some minutes the very respectable body of commissioned officers thus threatened with immolation. At length he sighted the animal's head ; fired, and down went the bullock as if his legs had been knocked from under, — dead at last, with two bullets in his head. The regimental butcher now approached to cut the animal's throat, when, *mirabile dictu!* this most ill-used beast rose to his feet, and with his companion dashed toward the surrounding beholders, among whom, brave and modest, with a soldierly pride in holding a lieutenant's commission in the Second, was one B——, of corpulent form, who had been affectionately and fitly dubbed with an unctuous title.

That an incident which would scarcely create a smile if a lean man were the hero, becomes ludicrous to the last degree when a fat man is the subject, is proved by the melancholy which attaches to the perplexities of Don

Quixote and the mirthfulness which attended his squir Sancho Panza. Far be it from me to attempt to detract from the solemn interest which clings to lean heroes, or to the fictions of spare novelists. I admit that there are uses for thin people in this world, that they are facts, possible necessities; but I challenge criticism when I aver that a short fat man running for life from a dead ox can give more exquisite enjoyment than a tall thin man in motion under the same circumstances. Even as Falstaff ran and roared when he was pursued by the followers of the Prince at Gadshill, so did our hulky B——, when he saw the animal coming, make his short legs fly like paddles of an over-driven steamer, shouting the while as loud as he could roar, "Stop that dead ox! stop him! stop him!" The group of horsemen also scattered in confusion; my old Rebe Ashby, sympathizing with the general hilarity, turned and ran with all his might (a large quantity), bearing my adjutant-general half a mile away to a farm house, where with much exertion he was pulled up.

At length the course was prepared, and everything ready for the race, even to walking the horses over the track,—a stretch of turf near the pike. Although O——'s horse had rather the best finish of the two, the betting was even; for there was a sanguine feeling that R——'s superior skill as a jockey would overmatch the odds. Of the animals it was known that O—— bought his of the surgeon, and beyond this he had no known history; but R——'s animal had a pedigree. She was an old horse, bought of Surgeon Leland, who bought her of Daggett, hospital steward, who picked her up. In appearance she was lean and lanky while O——'s animal was sleek and comely. O—— was dressed in a fancy knit-jacket, striped with varied hues and a woollen cap; while R——, disdainful of colors, relied on a mule whip of huge length and tension. At last the



animals were brought up for a start, when R—— so practised upon O—— with false pretences that at length, in sheer desperation, the latter ran the race alone, and claimed the prize; but finally yielded to R——'s objection that he did not get the word "Go." Persuaded to try it again, O—— fairly won, despite the continued prodding and lashing inflicted by R—— upon the horse which was Doctor Leland's, who got her from Daggett, who picked her up.

And then came social dinners, of which none could compare with those given by the surgeon of the brigade, in his excellent dining-hall (a large hospital tent), and with his selection of wines, — not supplied we would remark, by the Christian or Sanitary Commission. A very lively and entertaining record remains of one of these surgical entertainments given on Sunday, at which our officers arrived while the surgeon in charge, and all his attendants, were present at divine service in two hospital tents. The sermon, an excellent one, — and very suggestive too of the coming dinner, in its topic of "heavenly joys," — so excited the guests that they joined heartily in the singing, inspected the hospitals after service had closed, and raved over one of the lady volunteer nurses, — so sweet, attractive, and wonderfully good-looking, that she had become obnoxious to Miss D——, the lady superior, who was imbued with a belief that only lanky and scrawny women made good nurses. Impatiently expected and long awaited, the dinner-hour arrived, before the host had fairly entered upon a Russian campaign, after despatching several in Italy, India, and China, — bringing in due course before admiring eyes and palates soups which tormented the appetite, *bouillés* wonderfully seasoned and garnished, an immense Bologna sausage reclining upon a dewy head of cabbage and hashed turnip, roasts of mutton, chickens undecapitated, quails,

apples stuffed, peaches, and puddings, over which last, from utter dissolution of appetite, only sympathetic sighs could be breathed by those who had become mourners long before. With coffee, the entertainment closed. Of the sherry which introduced it, of the wine which was interspersed through it, and of the real Havanas which followed it, — of these, and of the impressions a sense of the fulness of the feast created, no utterance of appreciation was possible. It only remained to endeavor to repay the attentions. The doctor was invited to attend a shooting match; a ratting main, in which a staff terrier was pledged to kill twelve rats in as many minutes; a cock fight, in which a bird from Dam No. 4 would stand against the field; Thanksgiving races, and a Thanksgiving dinner after the Puritan style.

Of a different kind, but as entertaining as any of the amusements described, was the administration of affairs by the senior colonel of my brigade (a Western officer of acknowledged valor, but utterly ignoring discipline in his command), during my temporary absence. Upon those broad planes of Western equality there is no distinction between those who have worked up and those who are working to get up. Western society frowns upon all who put on airs. Even where the inclination existed, it was found to be difficult to put in practice the rules governing the intercourse of a commissioned officer with his men, as laid down and practised in all armies composed of regulars. Merely the title of colonel, major, or captain, could no more translate its possessor into the sphere of a commander than it could obliterate the boon companionship of other days to those who had been fellow-workmen at the same bench, on the same board, or in the same field. The officers of my staff were therefore somewhat astonished at the familiar manner in which "Old S——," as they irreverently spoke of him, treated his command. From a private

soldier, the adjutant's clerk, he borrowed slippers; from another, hectic novels, which he not only devoured, but also read aloud to the staff. Of reputable persons, men or women, he averred that they were "clean-footed;" of his appetite, that he had eaten his "whole length" of sausages at a meal; to a young woman applying for a pass an approval was sent by his orderly, conditioned upon her personal appeal. In his military administration, he resolved to command respect by refusing resolutely to approve all applications, no matter how important. In this mood he disapproved of two applications for leaves of absence, based upon a surgeon's certificate that "a change of climate was necessary to prevent permanent disability," because the certificate did not add: "If the officers remain, they will be permanently disabled," — all of which was so nice that the point escaped the critic, upon a second application by the same parties upon the same certificate. On another occasion, an application made by a private of the 107th New York for a furlough to receive a legacy of three thousand pounds, coming to him from an estate in England, was disapproved with the endorsement, "These things are getting to be altogether too common."

It was soon time, however, to cease keeping guard on the Potomac, and to leave the fields upon which so recently nearly two hundred thousand men had met in the bloody battle of Antietam. Again the husbandman may work his farm with none to molest, unless perchance he strike too rudely some unexploded shell, or find himself embarrassed by the shallow graves of the countless dead. The Grand Army is in motion. Burnside is following Lee in his efforts to put behind him the rivers he so eagerly crossed in his attempts to destroy Pope's army and capture Washington; Slocum is preparing from Harper's Ferry to beat up his

front beyond the Bolivar Heights towards Winchester Williams, the commander of our division, has settled down to solid comfort among the pines at the foot of Maryland Heights, near the John Brown schoolhouse, as he used to call it, when it was found that this was the place where *that* Brown had hid his rifles for his raid on Harper's Ferry. A picturesque spot it was, and near it Williams had built three log houses, — one for an office, one for a mess-room and one for himself and his daughters who were visiting him.

From this abode of comfort the commander of our division was emerging daily to inspect his brigades, when there came on the ninth of December an order, rudely summoning him from his corner, to march with his division *via* Harper's Ferry through Hillsborough to join the reserve of the Army of the Potomac.

On the 14th of February, 1863, eight miles from Acquies Creek, I found ample time to ponder over the disaster at Fredericksburg under Burnside, and the hope of Chancellorsville under Hooker. A more atrocious season never visited an army in camp. Snow followed rain with dreary alternation. Both men and animals suffered fearfully, the latter especially, inasmuch as they were not protected by blankets. From my hut I could see poor half-frozen mules crouching and shivering, their backs covered with snow tethered to wagon-wheels, — their only shelter by night or by day, in storm or shine. While every effort was made to secure multiplied details of the condition of the troops, that of our animals was overlooked; often when the half-starved mule had whinnied out his thanks for a cover, a hasty order sent the army through muddy and almost impassable roads to a new site of bleakness.

Meanwhile, General Hooker was boasting of what he meant to do in the spring.

On the 28th of February, I left Stafford Court House in Virginia, after a vain struggle with trials, duties, and exposures, for proper food and medical treatment, that I might perchance recover from a severe attack of typhoid fever with which I had been wrestling, — the first sickness in two years of campaigning. When I returned to my brigade in time for the battle of Chancellorsville, I found that the command of it, in the belief that my return would be delayed, had been assigned to another commander; and that my choice lay between a new brigade which Hooker offered, or a division in the Department of Virginia under General Dix. The latter, after much reflection, I accepted.

## CHAPTER II.

## ON THE JAMES.

**I**N the double darkness of night and a thick sea-fog, I embarked at Baltimore, on the 28th of April, on a steamer bound for Fortress Monroe and Norfolk. I was to lead a division of Federal troops against Longstreet's forces then operating within the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. This department was under the command of Major-General John A. Dix. In vain I looked into the strange faces of my fellow-passengers for a friendly recognition; there was no one I knew on board, although naturally we all soon became acquainted, and were busily discussing the varying fortunes of the war. The clerk of the boat had a great many curious things to say. I found him describing his experiences to two of the passengers. He was descanting on the constant use demanded of this line of steamers; the absolute impossibility of a rest for cleaning or repairs; the variety of freight with which they were laden,—from the living who sought the dead on the battle-field, to the dead returned to the living; Government rations and Government troops; green-hides and dead bodies.

“You will find, I fear,” said the clerk, “that the present condition of this boat justifies what I have said; while at the same time the requirements of the Government fully exculpate the owners. Our work never ceases; we have no rest on Sunday; we cannot air the mattresses, nor can we clean the boat or the boilers. In McClellan's peninsular campaign we were used for hospital service; our cabins

were filled with the sick, the dying, and the wounded. As it chooses, so does the War Department dispose of us ; as it wills, it fixes our compensation ; and only the poor privilege remains to us of carrying freight on private account, — if there is any room left, — and of taking passage money from citizens and soldiers when they are not travelling under orders.”

In this search for the dead, who were torn from pits and trenches where their comrades had hastily thrown them, there was much food for reflection ; and those who had seen the long narrow boxes containing the remains of those who were to be restored to loving friends, as it was firmly believed, for a re-burial in the quiet home, had felt a doubt whether identification was often possible. And the clerk, whose heart had become hardened to almost every scene of suffering, lowered his voice to something like solemnity, as he expressed his doubts whether the bodies recovered were really those whose loss was mourned by friends. “ Indeed, who can tell ? ” said one of the passengers. “ At Fair Oaks and at Malvern, I myself saw the killed buried in heaps, mutilated, unrecognizable. Besides,” he added, “ a body exposed to the air for a day or two becomes unrecognizable ; and even if it were otherwise, and identity secured by stakes driven at the heads, there is wide room for serious errors in the inevitable hurry and confusion.”

That these unhappy suspicions were too well founded is well known to those who have wandered over battle-fields ; and yet, in spite of this uncertainty, the task of recovering individual bodies was undertaken by a class of men whose profits depended on the strength of their assurances of the certainty of identification. On the battle-field of Antietam I had conferred with one of these wretches, — a thin, sharp-featured, unsanctified Yankee, who, introducing himself as interested in the families of dead soldiers, desired to be

informed whether a dead soldier was entitled to a coffin, as part of his contract with the Government for his services. "He is not," I replied, "entitled to a coffin as a matter of contract, although the Government generally supplies a coffin for the re-burial of a deceased soldier; but there may be times, as on the battle-field, when it would be impossible to give a soldier any other covering than his blanket."

"But," said the Yankee, "when they *can* give a soldier a coffin, they do it?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, you can do it here, can't you?"

"Oh, yes; I can!"

"Well, that's what I want to know. I've come down here to get some bodies of soldiers killed in the battle of Antietam, and I want to know if you will order ten coffins to be made for me to take them home in?"

"Are you employed to recover these bodies?" I asked.

"Yes; I get something. I could n't afford, you know, to do this for nothing."

"Then it is your occupation?"

"Well, yes."

"And you want the Government to furnish you with ten coffins to help you carry on your calling?"

"Yes,— to carry home the soldiers."

"Well, sir, after the Government has once buried the bodies of soldiers, it does not dig them up to furnish coffins to a contractor to carry them home."

The Yankee could n't understand this, and expatiated on the duty of the Government and the care with which he packed bodies; enlarging upon the certainty of his explorations, since a stake, with the name inscribed on it, was always opposite the head. He was convinced that though the war might not have been caused for his personal emolument, his services were yet of signal importance in its prosecution.



At early dawn the ramparts of the extensive fortification of Fortress Monroe loomed up as we slowly approached the landing. In a few moments I had received a hearty greeting from General Dix; and in a few more had been informed of the situation. Suffolk, Virginia, was still strongly threatened by the enemy under Longstreet, who was establishing batteries of siege-pieces on the left bank of the Nansemond; whence our gunboats had just been withdrawn by the admiral, as being unable to cope with the heavier metal of the enemy. New embrasures for more guns had been discovered in the Confederate works, and our men had heard the enemy cheering his reinforcements. General Dix estimated Longstreet's force, present and to arrive, at sixty thousand men; but he did not believe that this demonstration was to resist a probable march of the Federal army towards Richmond from Suffolk; nor that General Hooker, who was then preparing for his fate at Chancellorsville, would be seriously opposed until he drew near Richmond. There, General Dix thought, the great battle would be fought; there the whole available Confederate force would be gathered; for even at that time North Carolina had been evacuated by the enemy.

I found that I was to report to General Peck, at Suffolk, and take part in the supposed pending assault on that place. While delayed by the non-arrival of my horses and luggage, which were to meet me at Fortress Monroe, I passed an agreeable hour with a distinguished party from Washington, who had arrived in the steamer "Carrie Martin," after a flying visit to Acquia Creek, where Hooker and the Army of the Potomac had been visited. Under the guidance of the Secretary of State, the Swedish and Russian ambassadors, with many ladies, had looked upon that superb old Army of the Potomac as it was preparing with its new and untried leaders to crush the life out of the Army

of Northern Virginia, under Lee. The steamer was decked with colors. The national flags of Sweden and Russia entwined their folds with the Stars and Stripes. There was no token that the disgrace of Chancellorsville was to be emblazoned on its folds.

At five o'clock in the evening, the transport containing my military equipage had arrived; so that I was transferred to the steamer "City of Hudson," and we left the wharf for Norfolk, with a motley group of soldiers, citizens, and those women, who, belying the virtues of their sex, thronged the captured places of the South.

Turning from a review of my fellow-passengers, I found my time most agreeably occupied in looking out upon a scene of many stirring adventures. We saw Sewall's Point, whence Confederate batteries had thrown shells three miles to the Rip Raps near Fortress Monroe; and Craney Island, with the remains of a large and strong Confederate fort, once intended to guard the approaches to Elizabeth River, but from whose silent embrasures the spiked guns had been removed. We passed the buoy which marked the last resting-place of the Confederate ram "Merrimac;" then came the wreck of the "Congress," on whose historic deck the brave Union sailors fought this monster clad in iron, until, in the unequal contest, our brave tars surrendered only when the waters of the bay closed over their noble vessel. On this spot was enacted the thrilling drama of the little monitor, and the death of the great leviathan; while away in the distance, guarding all access and approach from the Confederate stronghold up the James, we saw our fleet of gunboats and iron-clads with the Stars and Stripes floating over their decks. There was the "Sagamond" and the "Lehigh," whose round iron turrets held those monster guns which defied the heaviest metal of the enemy; there, too, the armored "Galena" and two wooden

vessels, the "Minnesota" and the "Ossipee," — all blockading the mouth of the James, and threatening with destruction any Confederate iron-clads that might have the hardihood to confront them.

Passing swiftly onward by the large and commodious marine hospital, and by the fort off Norfolk Point, filled with several hundreds of Confederate prisoners, officers and privates; by the English man-of-war "Desperate," at anchor off the city, we landed at the wharf. I was surprised at the size of the city of Norfolk, at its fine houses, its churches, its air of wealth and refinement. The principal hotel is a large and new-looking building, but its accommodations were wretched. On the lower floor were a large parlor, a great hall, and two billiard-rooms, in which a notice was posted stating that gentlemen would refrain from the discussion of *politics* in the rooms, halls, and on the door-steps, lest the hotel should be closed up! From the feelings of the people, which I was told were those of hatred to the North, it seemed to me wise to taboo all discussion with Northern visitors, leaving to the citizens the poor privilege of looking the spite they could not express.

In the evening I called upon General Vielé, who had been in command of this city for about a year. Vielé was my classmate, but for many years his path and mine had diverged. I found him in a comfortable mansion, from whose well-furnished rooms the owner with his family had fled, engaged in opening a Confederate mail-bag recently captured. Two of the letters he showed me in print in a daily paper published in Norfolk, where, as he informed me, the others would in time be found, until all had been given to the public. In these letters there were admissions of the great privations and the great destitution which the war had imposed on the Southern people; but these were tempered with rejoicings at the promise that in

six months longer there would be peace. As I read the tender words which a poor deluded Confederate soldier had written to his wife and children, — words which they were never to see, — I was touched and saddened. It is hard to pity the actors while condemning the act ; and yet no one can refuse his sympathy whenever a cry of agony is wrung from any wife or child for that husband and father who lies cold and silent on the battle-field awaiting an unknown grave.

There was another class of correspondence, in which a New York firm had engaged, that filled us with indignation. These *honorable* men were employed in the lucrative business of receiving contraband correspondence from notorious Rebels, to be forwarded to Europe through our own mails. This discovery was made through a note found in the voluminous skirt which a captured blockade-running female had so overloaded with freight as to excite the suspicions of our officers. I much regret that I did not make a note of all the goods, dry and otherwise, which were fished out of this receptacle, and piled in disorder before the stricken female by her ruthless examiner. The sight would have been amazing ; for, although not sufficiently extensive to have stocked a wholesale establishment, it would have suggested a fair retail trade. But detection did not quench that Di Vernon spirit which was exhibited by many of the women of Norfolk. They were willing to do all and dare all to aid their brethren in their cause ; and, though broken by want and suffering, they had more than once, with a conspicuous show of dagger and pistol in their belt, demanded protection for that home which in a few short months became so poor that its occupants were fain humbly to beg from Union commissaries for their daily food.

On the first of May, a meagre breakfast, a large hotel

bill, and a few preliminaries for my departure were all duly despatched; when, with my military family and full equipment of horses and servants, I entered the special train of one passenger and one baggage car that steamed off for Suffolk. For more than an hour we proceeded slowly across the northern end of the Dismal Swamp, with its shaggy life of dense brushwood covering the marshy bottom; with its dead trees, scathed and whitened into living monuments in that dank spot, where all was sedgy and pathless. Then crossing the Jericho canal, we wound through the fortified line of redoubts and rifle-pits that surrounded the town. Near the western redoubt General Peck had established his headquarters; and there I was cordially received and invited to examine the works, offensive and defensive.

The defences of Suffolk consisted of a series of connected redoubts and rifle-pits. On the extreme west are Forts Nansemond, Rosecrans, and South Quay battery; and on the north, south and east, Forts McClellan, Union, Dix, Halleck, and Jericho. The entire fronts are swept by artillery and musketry. Those surprisingly strong works were begun in September, 1862, under General Peck's supervision. Up to that time Suffolk had been under the command of General Mansfield, and had been guarded in the usual manner, by pickets thrown out to the front and on the main roads, by patrols of troops, and by gunboats on the waters of the Nansemond River. The dense pine forests which then surrounded the place came almost up to the town on the south, affording shelter for an attacking force. Now, however, the timber had been removed, and no cover was to be found nearer than half a mile, while in some places the ground was uncovered and clear for more than a mile. The trunks of felled trees furnished a solid foundation for the breastworks and batteries, while

from the branches thousands of gabions and fascines filled with well packed earth had been constructed. Barrels and meal bags, packed with sand, added to the solidity of our fortifications, and rendered harmless many of the enemy's missiles; for it is a well established fact that an Enfield rifle-ball, fired at very short range into a sack of well rammed sand, will penetrate only about five inches, and then it is perfectly flattened. Our own regimental encampments were so near the rifle-pits of the enemy that bullets whistled around our ears, tents were perforated, and the men within them frequently wounded. Indeed, so near were some of the Confederate rifle-pits to our own that it was perilous in the extreme to visit them by daylight.

Ever since the eleventh of the previous month, — more than twenty days, — the enemy had been looking longingly at our lines. He came to enter Suffolk, and thus get control of the Nansemond River; to move on Norfolk, and open the James to the ocean. By a vigorous use of the spade in the hands of soldiers and "contrabands," Suffolk had been made impregnable, and the enemy's plans were thwarted. Hooker, we hoped, would give Longstreet cause to leave us, and carry aid to his Fredericksburg brethren. General Peck deserves great credit for his foresight, and for the skill with which he had surrounded this town with defensive and protective works; for within them he had established a camp for negroes called the Contraband Camp, which I visited. After leaping a rifle-pit, and floundering through a marsh, I found a collection of negroes, male and female, of all sizes and colors, packed in houses of their own construction, — the whole bearing some resemblance to a village of Hottentots. Pine clapboards formed the walls, roofs, and doors of the houses, which were about six feet long by five wide, and about six feet high. The front of each and the

streets were ornamented with rows of young pines ; and in the middle of the village was a square in which negroes were running, skipping, and playing, with light hearts, apparently little concerned that just beyond were their enemies, — their old masters. The gayety and carelessness of this people in the midst of the mighty struggle going on around them were remarkable, though no one had greater interests at stake in it than they ; and in some few cases it seemed to me that the seriousness of the circumstances was really appreciated by them. General Peck colonized and cared for all that came within his lines. He also encouraged them in giving free vent to their joyous dispositions. In this respect there was a very striking contrast to the constrained solemnity presented by the negroes of Beaufort, South Carolina, where the commanding officer had attempted to tone down a natural exuberance of spirits, and make his negroes conform to a solemn and serious bearing, more becoming, as he thought, to the moral and intellectual state upon which they had entered.

On returning to our fortified lines, we heard the rapid firing of artillery on the western front ; not the occasional shots we had heard at intervals during the day, but a fast and furious cannonade, towards which we moved hastily, gaining the rear of the redoubt in time to be greeted by a fusillade of musketry, as if several regiments were engaged. The excitement increased by the constant dashing up and away of orderlies, reporting, “ General —— is at his front, sir.” — “ General —— is with his command, sir,” — “ General —— will hold his command in readiness, sir,” — and by some young staff officers, with their horses’ mouths bloody from cruel curbs, calling out, “ We are here to report to you, General.” All this excitement, cannonading and fusillading, breaking as it were out of a serene sky, was picturesque ; indeed, it had quite the appearance of a minia-

ture battle. The cause of all this mystery was apparent when tranquillity was restored; then it appeared that a zealous general had thrown forward three or four hundred of his men, thinking to catch the enemy in retreat, and perchance fall upon a small rear-guard, and that he had been permitted to approach within easy and sure range, when he encountered a severe fire from a reinforced line of two or more Rebel brigades. Nothing was left us but to fall back; and this was done with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, all of whom were left upon the field. Ten men who seemed to have been killed we could readily count, they lay there so still; but near them were others showing signs of life, one of whom raised his head, looked about, and fell again, as if unable to get away without aid from his comrades, and this could not be given until night, by which time I had no doubt despatches to the New York dailies would report that "the object of the movement was accomplished." Firing from our heavy guns continued with diminishing frequency long after our return to headquarters, and was prolonged into the night. The thunder of artillery shook our house to its foundations; the scream of bullets and the boom of heavy siege-pieces in a fort but a few rods from our door, rendered sleep impossible until near daylight, when these sounds ceased, and I fell into a refreshing slumber.

On the morning of the 2d of May I awoke to find at our quarters a deserter from the enemy, a mild, gentle-looking boy of eighteen or twenty, whose trousers, originally blue, had, by much service and exposure, faded into slate color: they came from Texas, the boy said, before the Rebellion, and "was right smart pants then." A gray jacket and slouched hat, an earthen mug for a canteen strapped through the handle around the waist, completed the picture. He was as innocent and mild a youth as any of the thou-



sands of victims of vicious and corrupt leaders. He frankly avowed himself a deserter, affirming that his whole company knew that he was going to desert; and further informing us that General Pickett's division, in which he served, was under orders to move. When I asked him if his comrades would desert if they knew they would be treated well, and if they were tired of the war, he replied, with an expression on his face far stronger than his words: "The men are hopeless of success. And yet the officers say they know the South will win; but they cannot make the men believe it." Upon this, he was subjected to a further examination by General Peck, before he was turned over to the provost marshal for conveyance North.

But a few days before, a newly-made brigadier-general had shot mortally Lieut.-Colonel Kimball, in the streets of Suffolk, without any special cause or even regret for the act so far as I could perceive; and although there may have been some justification, none was offered, though it was said that the colonel refused to allow Cochrane to pass his encampment at night without giving the countersign. This summary method of enforcing his own will caused much sorrow and excitement, which the mournful notes of the dead march, as a funeral procession bearing the dead of yesterday's fight passed our headquarters, did not allay. While the dirge mingled with the occasional booming of our heavy guns, the telegraph brought noiselessly to General Peck the news in cipher that Hooker, with one hundred and sixty thousand men, was in motion towards Chancellorsville.

A division of old troops, recently under General Abercrombie near the city of Washington, sent here as reinforcements, was assigned to my command, and I took for my headquarters a large hotel near the centre of the town, occupied by women and children. The husband and father

of this family, as also the whole class of intelligent male Secessionists in Suffolk, had been sent to Norfolk and imprisoned. With many objections and some tears, the women and children moved into another part of the house, leaving for my use four or five very dirty rooms, some of which had been leased to camp-followers, and were therefore a source of profit. To some extent I removed obstacles in the way of my taking possession, by soothing the old lady whom I pitied, flattering the young ones who smiled, and by kicking out the camp-followers who were impudent. There we had our first supper, of our own material and from our own service. The remains of the old mess-chest furnished one china cup and saucer, two tin cups without saucers, three teaspoons, one tumbler and one wine-glass, three plates of china and one of tin, three forks and three knives, with which to proffer a very scanty hospitality if the occasion should offer.

The next day we heard regiments from General Getty's command moving, to the subdued tapping of drums, towards a bridge laid the night before over the Nansemond, to enter upon a reconnoissance in force, which should reveal the effect on Longstreet of Hooker's movement towards Chancellorsville. We held ourselves and our command in readiness to move to Getty's assistance.

The reconnoissance goes on manfully. Within a dark, encircling line of woods the enemy conceals his presence. How soon and how suddenly a terrible fire may break out, that will slaughter the approaching Federals, they cannot know, for no scouts of ours have penetrated, no searching shells have revealed, what they may contain. Hence our lines approach with caution, and slowly. There is but little cover: only now and then a friendly ridge, towards which the men rush, then fall and pause; again to rise and run and drop flat upon the earth, only to renew the forward

movement. Thus they approach a thicket, within which a few houses and out-buildings give shelter to a Rebel force, with whom there is a skirmish till the enemy gives way, and our own men proceed. By noon the Rebels seem to have made a stand, after falling back about a mile; and they open with shot and shell from batteries in the woods. Ah, if we could only tell what strength they have there in that forest! We may perhaps find out, for there is a batch of prisoners approaching, one of them a heavy-looking man of about seven-and-twenty, — an Alabamian, who says “whar” for “where,” and seats himself cross-legged before us in a free and easy way, with his cap on his head, blanket folded in a roll worn like a scarf across his shoulders, with haversack, gray trousers and coat. He was taken, he told me, “by some of your boys” in the rear of the position we occupy, while delivering a message from his captain “to our boys” to fall back as “your boys were coming up;” and he was just passing through a little ravine to avoid the flying bullets, when he saw “two or three of your boys” on the crest of the ravine, and he called out, “Don’t shoot, I’ll give up!” and “so’ he was taken and sent to the rear.” The Rebels have plenty to eat, the prisoner says, plenty of bacon, — in proof of which he took a very palatable piece of the latter from his haversack; but he had no bread save “what your boys gave me.” He was of Law’s brigade, Hood’s division, — a division containing “twenty-five hundred men about;” and he knew that Pickett’s division was before us; that their boys were posted on each side of the road that runs through the woods which our skirmishers have gained; that their artillery is behind an earth-work, with abatis in front; that they have rifle-pits, and are very strong. “Well; we are just now going to charge and take them,” I said quickly. “Then,” he replied without hesitation, “there will be a big fight, sure.” So, so! I thought; are

they indeed strongly intrenched in the woods, and would it be death and defeat to our forces to charge them without knowing more than can be gathered from glimpses through the thick brushwood, or than can be inferred from the obstinacy of the Rebels at this time? If this prisoner has told the truth, what a disaster we may avoid; if he be false, what an advantage forego! The stake is important; we play with human pawns!

This bushy, red-haired prisoner had been questioned by General Peck, who seemed, despite his avowals, inclined to order a forward movement to clear the woods, advance upon the battery, and attempt its capture; but before doing so he invited my opinion, which was opposed to the movement. I believed the Alabamian to be honest. I felt confident that the enemy was strong in numbers and in position, and that he had been only luring our men on to their destruction; in short, I believed the prisoner to have spoken from actual knowledge when he declared "there will be a big fight then, sure," and I felt positive that we should avoid disaster by delay, for Hooker's movement would divert the enemy from here. Again, inasmuch as the force to defend Suffolk could not be augmented, and our loss in case of reverse might — nay, would necessarily — be considerable, we were not justified in attempting what if successful would be but little gain, and which if disastrous might give Suffolk to the enemy.

General Getty agreeing with me, Peck at length coincided with us, and decided to make no further advance. Skirmishers on both sides became quiet; but our heavy guns and their smaller ones kept on growling away while our many wounded and dead were brought back in ambulances and on stretchers, covered with blood. Moving up in rear of the Federal line, as near as the proximity of the enemy's sharpshooters made it advisable, I saw our skir-

mishers lying flat on the edge of the wood, and near by the body of Colonel Ringgold of the One Hundred and Third New York, who, having exposed himself unnecessarily but fearlessly on his white horse, was shot by a Rebel marksman from a tree. The road was filled with cavalry, columns of infantry and ambulances, and so remained till the sun sank beneath the horizon and night covered us; and then the enemy turned from our front and marched away towards Fredericksburg, where, as we learned from prisoners and negroes, fighting with Hooker had begun. At daylight I galloped out in the direction of the retreat, following a reconnoitring party of cavalry and infantry. It was the morning of the 4th of May. I pushed on over the open ground beyond our rifle-pits, through a wooded belt, over a second open field, mid way in which I came to rifle-pits of the enemy, each large enough to hold six or seven men; then through the woods again to cleared ground, fringed at its further side by a dense forest. Here I came upon *chevaux de frise* of strong and sharpened limbs of pitch-pine trees, twelve feet in depth, and so completely covering the front that we should have suffered grievously before its lance-like points. This was Longstreet's first obstruction; but it was as nothing to the deep ditch, breast high (a continuous rifle-pit, or intrenchment, with parapet), connecting at important points stout embankments for artillery, fifty yards in its rear. Thus not only was the main road of our approach perfectly commanded by a redoubt with embrasures for seven guns, but the almost impenetrable forest held it secure from efforts to take it in flank. As I carefully examined the very thorough manner in which this work had been executed, — the revetements a wattling of oak-limbs flexible enough to be woven between large stakes planted by the sides of the openings, the parapet of logs enclosing well rammed earth, —

and as I gazed upon the rifle-pits, forests, *chevaux de frise*, and trenches, I could no longer wonder that the Alabamian was sent to tell "our boys" to fall back, in the hope that we might follow and partake of this Southern hospitality.

I pushed on through these deserted fortifications, finding everywhere evidence of the hasty departure of the enemy, and—alas for the vandalism!—for many miles houses in flames, that had been homes of the poorest whites of Virginia. Except that desolation invariably marks the course of armies, it would be hard to tell why any of these hovels were burned, or by whom such acts of barbarism were committed. A smart shower drove me into a poor cottage where a woman and her two daughters, of about eleven and sixteen years, were brooding over the surrounding desolation. The awful presence of war, with its horrid incidents of carnage and destruction, had so paralyzed the woman's nature and susceptibilities that she was indifferent to the result; while the girls, who were both shy and pretty, made no concealment of the fact that their hearts were with the Southern soldiers. Jesse, the woman's husband, was not at home. "He has stood the draft three times for our army," said his wife, "and he has escaped; but lately he got to know that they were going to take him away anyhow, and so he just went away, I reckon. Yes, indeed, we are poor enough; but I have saved three of my hogs, and Jesse has a horse, but he has been obliged to buy him twice though, once from the Yankee army, and again from our army of a man who claimed him and proved it. Jesse paid two hundred and fifty dollars for him, bank money, sure; for he was a likely animal, very likely." Such a cabin for a home! and yet its owner could afford to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for a horse, "bank money, sure," while he utterly ignored the fact that the room in

which he lived and ate and slept, with its two beds and two doors, was windowless. "Jesse has been thinking and talking for twelve years of putting in a window, but he has not done it; so we leave our doors open wide for light in summer, and in winter we leave them part way open. But the cracks have grown worse of late, and they light us some." The oldest daughter was a modest-looking, sensible girl, with cheeks telling of robust health. And with an education?—ah, well, "the old man who taught school away down somewhere, moved away when the war broke out. They don't have meetings Sunday, often now, in that part of the country, neither." How do they live? "Well, Jesse often sells a load of fish, and with this we manage to get along." And pay too, I fancied, for the nice and tidy little apron the blooming daughter wore in the little log-cabin on the Somerton road, where the old mother brooded over her losses, smoked her pipe, and waited for Jesse. I don't know why I became so sentimental over objects of home affection, even though they were found in this miserable cottage; but I actually felt my heart touched by the old cat who reeled along towards the fire-place, to warm her poor bones by a few dying embers. "She has been a first-rate cat in her day," said the old woman, "but now her teeth are gone, and the children chaws meat for her, and gives her gravies and sich 'like. She is almost done; and it ain't right to kill a poor old animal that has served you well, jest because she is a little old."

Cat, cottage, and Jesse; the old woman and her daughters,—all growing old together in the windowless cottage, with its cracks and its doors, its one room and a ladder to the loft,—pursued me, as I pushed on by burning houses, prisoners in batches overtaken and captured in our pursuit, by ambulances, wagons, and artillery, to within two miles of Leesville, where I met the reconnoitering force return-

ing ; the enemy had crossed the Black Water in safety and had eluded us. Their strong defences fully enabled them to conceal their departure, while our command was too small to detain them by forcing a battle.

We have taken in all some two hundred prisoners ; and they report that Longstreet moved out of his works in the previous night, without a moment's warning ; indeed, with so much precipitancy, that shirts were left drying on the bushes, and in some cases cartridge boxes could not be found in the darkness. We were informed, too, by our prisoners, that many of their comrades lay concealed in the woods, awaiting only an opportunity to surrender, take the oath of allegiance, and be delivered from the trials and fatigues of the war. Longstreet's rapid flight was due, they said, to the rumor that "Hooker was giving Lee hell," and to a call for immediate assistance, — all of which, for the brief period in which we indulged this delusion, was pleasing in the extreme. "God grant that these stories may be true!" we cried : and, indeed, we found much more evidence than was exhibited on the Somerton road that our enemy's call was most urgent, or he would not have abandoned so promising an opportunity of catching us in the traps he had set.

This was most apparent on the road which led to the scene of Sunday's skirmish. It was here that our prisoner had warned us by his honest words, "that there would be a big fight there, sure." Now, to judge for myself, I crossed, on the morning of the 5th of May, the Nansemond River, on a rickety bridge, whose central pier was a canal-boat, rode beyond the line where I halted during the fight, and entered the first line of Longstreet's intrenchments. These were so situated near the brow of a steep hill as to sweep the summit, if it were gained by an assaulting column. Toward the rear were numerous batteries com-



manding this position, while in front there were the same accompaniments of abatis and rifle-pits as on the Somerton road. Here I saw parts of burnt caissons and the wreck of material, with trails of fire in the wood, all of which were due to our shells in Sunday's fight. But there were yet more and heavier defences behind. In the dense forest I came to a second line of intrenchments, so constructed with salient and re-entering angles that Longstreet's infantry would have been protected from front or flank attack. This work was about five hundred yards in the rear of the first ; but it was not all. About the same distance in rear of the second another line was disclosed, just below the crest of a hill ; if haply we had overcome preceding obstacles and had emerged from the woods, we should have been received by a volley murderous enough to have frustrated our efforts. Beyond the third line I came to a space enclosed by trunks of trees, planted in the ground. The work was recent and well constructed. It appeared to me to have been intended for an enclosure for horses, and seemed to denote a prolonged stay. The same exhibition of defensive works was said to have been found on the other roads leading from Suffolk. I have thus far examined only two, but from these I was convinced of the soundness of my advice to General Peck, on Sunday, that the spot in front of our skirmishers was too strong to assault, and I agreed with my Alabamian that "there would have been a big fight there, sure."

As there remained but one more road of importance leading westerly and northerly from Suffolk, and as I was desirous of seeing if these strong intrenchments surrounded the town, I rode out some four or five miles on the Edenton road, where I reached the defensive line of, first, the usual rifle-pits, continuous and concealed in the skirt of timber, and, next, about eight hundred yards to the

rear, two earthworks for batteries, one behind the other; the foremost constructed for six guns, the other for one. In front of the batteries were intrenchments for infantry, with a ditch and parapet of earth and logs nine feet thick. Both flanks of this line were protected by an impassable swamp; while along the front formidable abatis presented a serious obstacle to our approach. I found here a regiment of Union troops, with arms stacked, engaged in the demolition of the works. Along the main road, for a distance of three hundred yards, was a by-path or lane, shaded with fir trees, leading to a fine-looking old mansion, with its storehouses, piggeries, barns, and cabins; a place where the fruits of peace were garnered, strangely contrasting with the long line of Rebel works, the stacked arms, laboring soldiers, the bodies of those killed in the reconnoissance, muffled drums, and files of mourning soldiers with arms reversed.

This affair terminated our course of action at Suffolk, and was the beginning of a series of operations contemplated by General Dix, for the first of which my command had been designated. Therefore, on the morning of the 6th of May, I went by rail to Norfolk, accompanied by several hundred private soldiers, prisoners, in baggage cars. The Rebel officers were treated with more consideration than were ours when prisoners of war; they were seated with me in the single passenger car of the train, a dozen of them, long-haired, tobacco-chewing and tobacco-spitting fellows, with dingy, soiled uniforms.

During many weary hours of delay the Confederate officers found amusement in chaffing one another, in a bragging and boisterous manner, upon how each was captured, what they did, etc.; that this one cried out, "Fight," and that replied, "No use;" that one "pulled out his pistol, but our cavalry was on both sides of them." And then followed a

bragging description of the mode of capture by the most loquacious Rebel: "I threw my pistol on the ground, and it was picked up by one of the cavalry. 'You have a Yankee pistol,' said he. — 'I have,' said I. 'And a Yankee belt,' said he. — 'I have! did you ever see that pistol before?' 'Can't say,' said he. 'Well, I captured both, and you are only getting what belongs to you,'" said I. Then followed high-toned conversation, of a sort not unknown to the chivalry, — as to who was drunk, and when he was drunk, and who was seedy, and how they liked that peach brandy.

Such stalwart utterances naturally excited the Munchausen propensities of a Yankee officer present, who, turning to his neighbor, said: "I vow, it pleased me to see him! He captured three Rebels all by himself, — he did. You don't believe it? Well, I tell you it is true! He went out alone, and came back marching them before him." This imputation added new fuel to Rebel breath, and caused an increased uproar, which I stopped by sending my aid to inform the officer in charge of Rebel prisoners that all loud talking must cease.

In two hours and twenty minutes we arrived at Norfolk, where we were met by a crowd of gazers, both male and female, the latter of whom waved their handkerchiefs at our Rebel prisoners in token of admiration, which I fear soon subsided; for, out of one hundred and ninety of our captives, one hundred and fifteen took the oath of allegiance rather than be exchanged for further Confederate service. The repentant many and the defiant few were sent to Fortress Monroe in different boats, but at the same time; so that, as the steamers moved off, the Rebels who would not shake their fists at those who would return to their allegiance through the formality of an oath.

While my troops, wet and uncomfortable, were crowded

on board transports, awaiting the arrival of batteries of artillery that were assigned to my command, I secured a tug from an accommodating Quartermaster, and landed at Fortress Monroe for an interview with General Dix. The General showed me papers received that day from Richmond, in which Lee telegraphed President Davis that he had gained a great victory; that the enemy was retreating across the Rappahannock, and so forth. "Can these Southern reports be true?" I asked the General; and he replied that he feared they were. But at the same time he showed me very different advices from Washington, even cheering news, that raised my spirits, and I returned to Norfolk to sail with my command at daylight on the morrow.

On the morning of the 7th of May I rose early, and was soon on board a propeller, puffing away towards the ocean-steamer "Spaulding," on which part of my troops had embarked. The whole division formed in two brigades, with batteries of artillery, consisted of the 142d, 143d, 144th, and 127th New York regiments of infantry in the first, and the 141st New York and 40th Massachusetts regiments in the second brigade. An hour of wheezing brought me alongside, and I climbed the unsteady ladder, edged my way through crowds of soldiers, and reached the office of the captain. To my inquiry, "Are you ready?" the mate replied that they were awaiting orders from Norfolk. But the captain interfered with, "When you are ready, sir." "I am ready now," I replied. Then the anchor was raised, the wheels turned, and as we moved out of the harbor I caught a glimpse of General Dix watching us from the parapet of Fortress Monroe.

## CHAPTER III.

## AT WEST POINT, VIRGINIA.

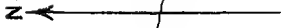
OUR destination was not revealed to us until we had reached the light-ship, when the captain was directed to open his sealed orders. This point in our progress gained, we learned that at Yorktown further information would be received ; thereupon we steamed rapidly up the York River to that ancient town famous in two revolutionary epochs, in one of which it was captured by Yankees, then rebels to the mother country, and in the other by their descendants now loyally engaged in suppressing rebellion.

At Yorktown a telegram was handed to me, which read, "Go forward to West Point as fast as possible." This, then, was our destination ; but the objects to be gained by holding that peninsula where the Pamunkey and the Mattapony unite as the York, were not revealed. I had little time to observe the many fine-looking farms that lined the banks, or to reflect upon the solitude that reigned supreme in the wooded covers, clothed as they were in the beautiful livery of spring, before the low landing at West Point came in sight, revealing many transports filled with troops lying off the charred timbers of wharves destroyed by the Rebels during McClellan's Peninsula campaign. Gunboats, too, were there, casting their eyes to windward, and feeling the shore at various places to rout out any concealed foe. The troops were speedily disembarked on a new wharf impro-

vised from the ruins of the old, with timbers from a deserted house near by.

While these things were going on, I borrowed an orderly's horse and rode rapidly to the front with cavalry, to find a wide clearing about a mile and a half from the landing, traversed by the rail and county road from Richmond, and well adapted for defence. In less than an hour, more than four thousand men were engaged in piling sleepers from the railroad, throwing up earth for parapets, and cutting down trees for abatis. Meanwhile, the cavalry having dashed off to burn the bridge at White House over the Pamunkey, if they could get there, had encountered Rebel pickets whom they had gallantly engaged. Hardly had the smoke begun to rise above the tree-tops when an orderly came galloping back for an ambulance for Lieutenant —, who was mortally wounded, he said, though it turned out that the Lieutenant had broken his neck by a fall from his horse. The men worked with such energy upon the intrenchments that, though we came ashore only at one o'clock in the afternoon, our front was well covered before dark. General Dix came up, bringing with him Major Stewart of the Engineers. They examined the works with approbation; then I rode back to West Point with the General, took tea with him on his steamer, and gave him that morning's Richmond paper, taken from a captured prisoner, in which Hooker was reported to be in an impregnable position and receiving reinforcements. Another captive, a negro, taken with a wagon-load of forage for the Rebel cavalry, brought the news of the death of Stonewall Jackson. This had been communicated to him, he said, by his master, — a doubtful report, to be sure, but especially gratifying even as a rumor, though I had but little time to investigate anything else than the work on our front; and this through the whole night went on so manfully, despite a pouring





Sunken Schooners  
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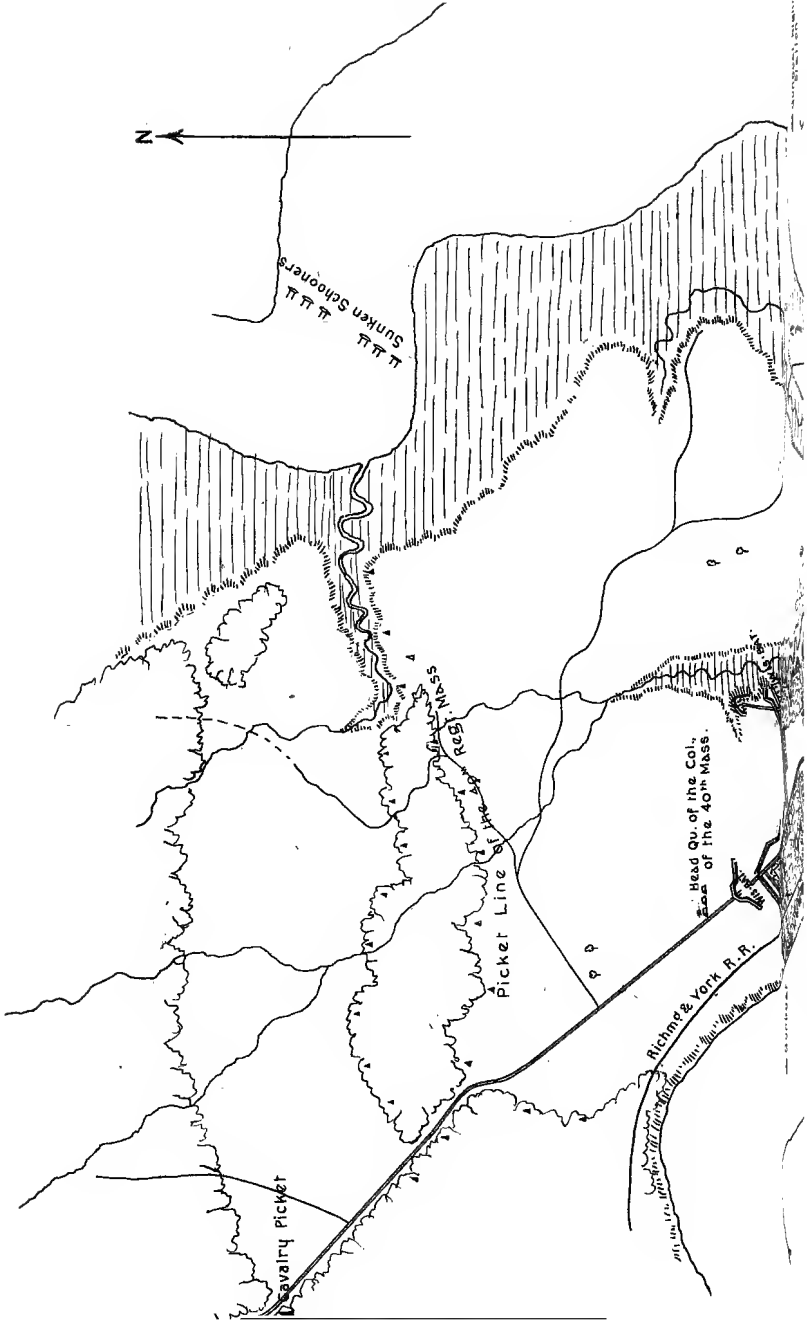
SS MASS

Picket Line of the 40th Mass.

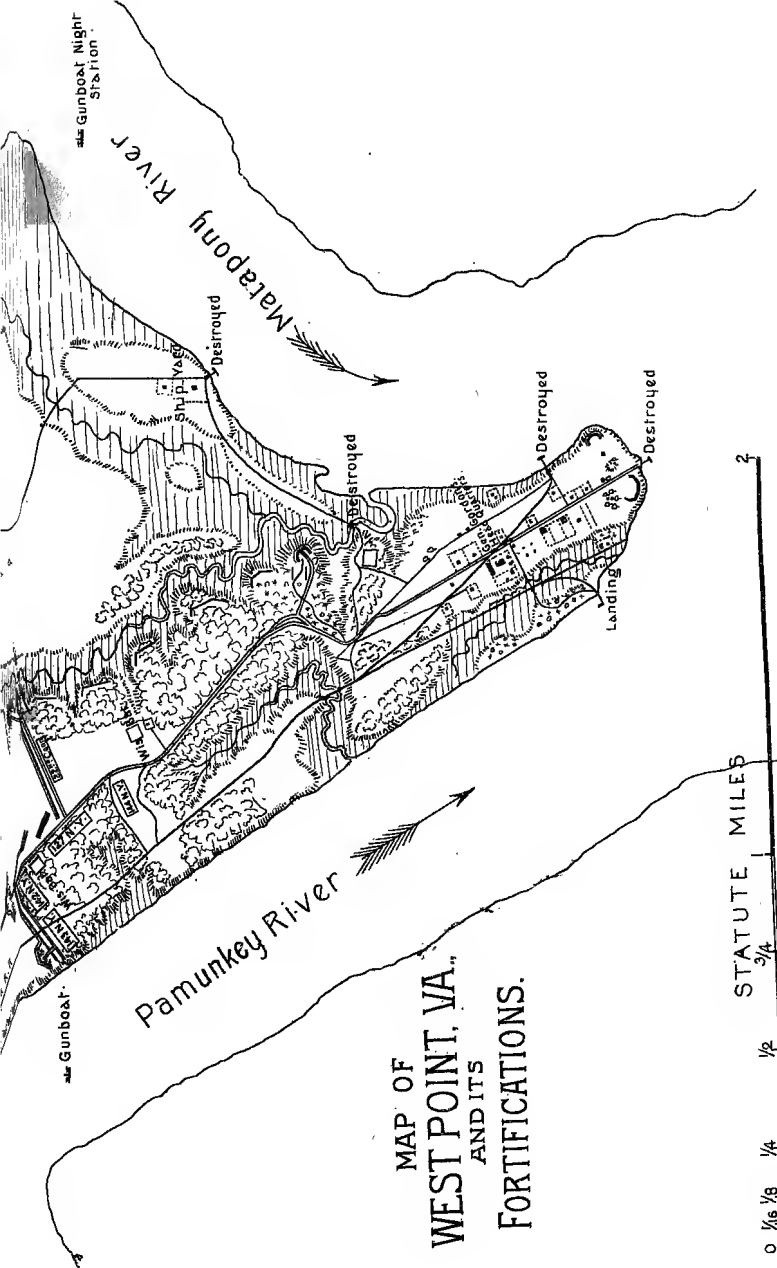
Head Qu. of the Col.,  
2000 of the 40th Mass.

Richm'd & York R.R.

Cavalry Picket







MAP OF  
**WEST POINT, VA.,**  
 AND ITS  
**FORTIFICATIONS.**

STATUTE MILES  
 0 1/8 1/4 1/2 3/4 1



rain, that we had by daylight completed more than one third of a mile of intrenchments, and made good progress towards an epaulement for a battery. The next thing to be done was to clear the ground before us of all obstructions within range; and this involved the destruction of negro huts and stables, prettily embowered though they were amid peach, cherry, and apple trees. They had belonged, I was told, to a Rebel drover, who fattened cattle for the Richmond market. It was no time for sentiment, however; so the torch and the axe were applied to them, as also to a long row of beautiful firs, shading the road to White House, until they lay shapeless masses of green and prostrate trunks across the road.

Only thirty miles from Richmond, — nearer than any other land force! My situation was an exposed one, requiring the most watchful and anxious care; and the more so since the General commanding had reconsidered his determination to withdraw my command if the enemy succeeded in driving Hooker back across the Rappahannock. This change in his plans necessitated not only building works for some newly arrived twenty-pounder Parrots, but also strengthening my first hastily constructed lines with flanks and faces, laying out advanced works, and protecting the whole with abatis, as well as establishing pickets well to the front for a distance of at least two miles.

This military occupation and destruction of property seemed to have annihilated all sense of *meum et tuum* in my troops; they shot pigs, calves, and cows, justifying themselves by affirming that the pigs ran loose in the woods, well knowing that the whole State of Virginia was one vast pigpen. A dozen rascals pass by me leading a cow, almost exhausted by lunging and charging in her attempts to escape to the quiet of green pastures from the fate which awaits her from hungry men. Seized by a

stalwart fellow by the horns, as she made a sudden charge at a wall of soldiers, and held as in a vice, the poor creature would soon have been bereft of all earthly ties, had I not interfered with these excited hunters by first ordering the animal's release, and then by an inquiry upon what authority they presumed to act. "I bought her, sir," replied a half-fledged youth in uniform. "Bought her? And of whom?" — "Of a fellow down here." "And what price did you pay the 'fellow down here'?" — "Twenty-five cents, sir!"

Another peculiarity of soldiers is their unreasonable opposition to rail-fences. They seem unable to occupy the ground in harmony with a fence! Where soldiers march, rails become traditions of the past; they disappear before that form of advancing civilization. A poor negro, with his wife and child, lived in a wretched hut near the troops, by cultivating a little patch which he had protected with a shaky fence. He was a slave, so he said, and had come from Richmond, "from Marse ——." "The soldiers have taken away your rails?" I asked. "Yes, massa; but I doant car nuffin 'bout dat, I 'se so glad to see you 'se all here. I lets de fence go, doant car nuffin at all 'bout dat; and when you all leaves I 'll take yer plank, and make a new one. I 'se got my lot planted, too; but I 'se rather see you all here den have lot or garden! De Rebs sez you all whipped 'em lately, and dey spects to be whipped again; and I nebber heered 'em say so afore, I nebber did."

Assuring this simple fellow of protection in the future, I completed the work of this day in a varied manner, — of which I may mention orders to commanders to get their men under arms at daylight; preparations to move artillery to the front in the morning; pondering upon the significance of a report that a corporal and four men had been fired on by a party of fifteen Rebel infantry on the railroad

track ; arranging plans to send a scout across the river to-night to bring me information of a body of Rebel cavalry said to be in such position that I might capture them ; and giving a stranded naval officer the countersign to enable him to pass my pickets on the way to his vessel. This officer was on his way back from an inland expedition of his own device, in which he encountered a widow lady, who "told conflicting stories," and from whom therefore, with nautical ideas of reprisals, he sequestered two horses, towed them across the river, as he termed it, and now turned them over to me with an avowal of his determination to proceed thirty miles up the river to-morrow to stop an inland Rebel trade of which he had been apprised.

Hardly had I arisen in the morning, when I became aware of one of the effects of this raid. A tremulous little boy, about nine years old, brought me some letters, addressed to the commander of the Federal forces. One of these was from a woman who styled herself "a lone female;" she begged for the return of an aged horse of twenty years, — her sole dependence, "upon which, and upon no other, she could ride." Another letter was from a widow with five fatherless children, asking for the return of an old mule and two horses, her sole dependence for working her land ; her oxen, and all other animal power save these, having been taken from her by the Confederates. The letters appealed to the "commander of the forces," on grounds of sympathy for their wants, and asked that the horrors of war might be mitigated by humane action on the part of military commanders on each side. And their appeal was not in vain.

This month of May, 1863, was a gloomy one. Hooker had been defeated at Chancellorsville, and our disappointment was most bitter. Secretary Stanton telegraphed the public, through General Dix, that no serious disaster had

overtaken Hooker, — as if the return of our shattered and dismayed columns to their starting-point was not a disaster! The Secretary told us in the public print that Hooker did not use more than one third of his force; and yet, since he retreated at night, it seemed as if Mr. Stanton thought it a matter of congratulation that our troops came over safe at all! Sedgwick was very badly used, and was obliged to retreat; and yet this was “no disaster”! Our army was disheartened; and this was “no disaster”! Every organ of the Administration had announced, and every sympathizing politician had echoed for many weeks, “Hooker has more men than he wants!” and yet he suffered an ignominious defeat. It was because Hooker did not use his power that the gallant Sedgwick was compelled to abandon the heights about Fredericksburg which he had so hardly won. Alas! Hooker’s defence was more painful than his defeat. It manifests a criminal weakness in the commander, who, when secure in Washington, underestimated the strength of the enemy. The army under Hooker never had the heart which the Administration claimed and the press averred; they hoped for the best, but they feared the worst.

This victory filled the souls of our enemies with gladness. The Richmond papers found in it rich promise for the future. President Davis, in raptures at such unlooked for and auspicious results, congratulated his people, and invited them to thank God for his mercies. Even the venerable brigadier, Ex-Governor Wise of Virginia, excited to new effort under this soul-stirring achievement, meditated an attack upon Major-General Keyes at Yorktown; while, to crown the whole of this business, the “New York Herald,” with significant audacity, urged Daniel Sickles as a commander of our army!

The return of my adjutant-general with a bandaged

head, a bullet having struck him at Chancellorsville, and the fact that he brought with him our faithful staff-dog, filled headquarters with unusual happiness. Through Pope's unfortunate march in Maryland, through the victorious onslaught of South Mountain and Antietam, through the cold winter of 1862 on the Potomac and at Stafford Court House, this dog was ever a loving friend and companion; and she cheered and relieved more gloomy hours than could have many a so-called nobler animal. Nestling in my lap, or sleeping upon my bed as of old, forgetting neither friend nor foe during her absence, she showed human attributes in snarling at a servant who had saved her life at Stafford Court House, by forcing her to take a dose of castor oil.

More captives presented themselves at this time; and among them three whom I discovered very early in the morning at my door, blindfolded and guarded by cavalry. One of these men, a spy in our service, just from Richmond, where he had been nine months (so he told me in a private interview which I granted at his request), described his comrades as a Rebel soldier and a blockade-runner; and intimated that upon a close examination of the latter I might be rewarded by evidence of his traveling to and fro between both armies. He told me that the Rebels were jubilant over their victory at Chancellorsville, and sad at the death of Stonewall Jackson; that a portion of D. H. Hill's command passed through Richmond from Petersburg to strengthen Lee, and that the whole Rebel army was abundantly supplied with food, clothing, and iron for their railways; that though they had heard of Grant's capture of Jackson in Mississippi, and expected to lose Vicksburg, they were confident of victory at last; that in the battle with Hooker they had one hundred thousand men. All this the spy rattled off

to me with such an air of infallibility that I diverted him to the subject of my own immediate front, and learned that five or six companies of Rebel cavalry were encamped at Tunstall's Station, two of infantry at White House Bridge, three more of cavalry extending across the Peninsula and on the railroad at Lanesville and Indian Town, and that their pickets were to be moved nearer mine, even to West Point Church. I was also told by the spy of a plan to surprise me here, and that for this purpose an effort would be made to cross the river and enter my lines that night.

The blockade-runner's turn came next. He had been shut up in Richmond a weary while, he said but was fortunate enough to escape unobserved. All that he told about military dispositions corroborated the spy's story; and this was not strange, as the two had travelled together, and would have told a single tale. To see, then, how far the spy's revelations were true, a search of the blockade-runner's person was ordered. Two large rolls of money (one in greenbacks, and one in Confederate bills), two gold watches, one heavy gold chain, an account book, one tobacco box, a pipe, a knife, and other trifles were brought to light; but no papers of any importance were found, until a further and more careful search in coat sleeves and linings revealed a large number of letters written by Rebels in the South to those of like complexion in Northern States, from whom replies were expected to be delivered through the same channel. It was either a piece of great impertinence, or an unjustifiable reliance upon the stupidity of Union troops, for this man to come voluntarily within my lines, bearing upon his person such evidence of his guilt; but however that may have been, I fear that the writers of these letters were justified in complaining of the slowness of the mails. Some of the letters were addressed to Southern prisoners at the North · and they were guard-



edly expressed for the reason given within them, that "the horrid Yankees publish captured correspondence;" but they ventured nevertheless to beg their friends not to take "the horrid oath of allegiance." Other writers gave free swing to rejoicing over the victory at Chancellorsville; and though they mourned the death of Stonewall Jackson, they expressed confidence in Lee and in his ultimate success. One letter contained a slip cut from a Rebel paper, in which there were lamentations over the condition of things in Richmond: almost all the houses were boarding-houses; there was no pleasant social life, and there was no privacy.

The spy, having proved his innocence, was permitted with the third member of the party, a soldier from the Rebel army, to go without restraint; while the very innocent blockade-runner, despite a plea of unintentional wrong-doing, was dismissed to a cell at Fortress Monroe. Every day now furnished new evidence that I had been correctly informed of contemplated movements by the enemy on this Peninsula. Scouts, sentinels, and patrols agreed that there were unusual signs of activity around us. Patrols were fired at, sentinels saw men flitting about, and heard sounds as of chopping in the distance; while one Robinson, a farmer over the river, harbored a disguised Rebel officer, who, after daily observing my works with a glass, informed a person, who communicated it to my scouts, that I had but about five thousand men, and was throwing up works across the Peninsula. General Keyes at Yorktown felt that something was brewing. He was threatened by the venerable Wise; and wished me, in case I heard firing in that direction, to make a feint, as if to cross the York at Brick House Point (where Franklin landed and made his demonstration to aid McClellan), and attack in flank.

To a resident of this place for the last nine years, — a Mr. New, at whose house I made my headquarters, — the condition of things in Richmond, as he observed them some three or four weeks previous, appeared more hopeful than would be gathered from other sources. From information derived from a dealer in pork and bacon, this man learned that with ordinary caution the supply of bacon in Richmond would last the Confederate army two years; that bacon and flour were coming in fast; and that prices for these articles had fallen very much. "Indeed," said my informant, "there are men who have at this time three crops of wheat on hand. And yet," he continued, as if suddenly reflecting that under the circumstances it might be as well to throw a sop to me, "I think I saw in Richmond evidence that the feeling of hostility against the North is softening; that Northern men are much more respected than formerly;" and he was disposed to agree with a Mr. Jones, a member of the Rebel Congress, that "this difficulty would soon be settled." Poor man! he had thought much on this subject, for he had seen three different armies pass his door, carrying with them the devastation which armies always carry in their train. The first came from Richmond to West Point by rail, going thence in transports to Yorktown, — fifty thousand men, he estimated, coming some days in two trains of never less than fifteen loaded cars, and being altogether four weeks in passing his house. With sad memories of his losses, and painful reflections upon what my presence might bring to him, he watched every detail of our occupation with a dreary and foreboding look. The helpless gaze he fastened upon every fugitive who came to me to be freed from the masters with whom he was in the closest sympathy, told only too strongly how bitter was the cup the slave-master had filled. Yet daily did I experience the absolute neces-

sity, as a measure of military precaution and success, of using these slaves for our good. Far and wide did I send for them to come in; and I had so utilized an old Rebel earthwork near the landing, built originally to cover the enemy from our gunboats, that it enabled the poor negroes to cross the river in safety. Two of them who came over I allowed, at their earnest solicitation, to return the next day for their wives and children; and they did not deceive me. They told me about their travels by night and concealment by day, until they approached the old cabins where anxious hearts awaited them; about the adventures attending their return, during which they overheard both a plan to surprise my post, and an astonishingly accurate estimate of my numbers. They also gave me information by means of which I subsequently destroyed six hundred bushels of the enemy's wheat and corn, and captured five of his valuable horses. That we could place the most implicit reliance upon their faithfulness was over and over again confirmed by deeds of daring. One night, one of my colored scouts returned from a tour which had taken him thirteen miles into a country filled with strong Rebel picket stations. But it was not enough, he thought, to report to me that fact; he felt impelled to know more; and so, under cover of the darkness and the forest, he crept up to the camps of guards, and counted sixteen men in each.

The effect of messages to the colored people to come within our lines began to be more and more apparent in the numbers of men, women, and children, with all sorts of baggage that continued to crowd upon us. The men found work in the quartermaster's department at eight dollars a month and one ration, while the women were employed on wages in washing and in cooking. As a natural consequence, the old masters and mistresses were much alarmed at the flight of chattels for the Jordan across which

lay the promised land of freedom, and were resorting to every expedient to put off the final hour when they would have to depend solely on their own resources, or starve. From darkness to light, from slavery to freedom, with their "chillun" and without them, the flight went on, until it seemed as if the whole surrounding country must be stripped of slaves. From her master's kitchen to mine was but a change of a few miles in space; but what an immeasurable alteration in the condition of poor Betty, who came to me one day with three or four women and a crowd of pickaninnies! Alas for Betty! not one of these was her own; for her master, doubting her loyalty, forged stronger bonds than manacles for her limbs in shutting out her three children from all possibility of escape. But love of liberty sent the slave-mother to the river bank, where the flutter of a white rag summoned loyal men, by whom she was borne within my lines, still hopeful of regaining her offspring. At breakfast Betty was jubilant over her newly-gained liberty, and I fain would whisper that I trust she found more enjoyable than I did the chip-like toast, the thin, cold, tough steak, the burnt potatoes which she denominated breakfast, though she seasoned it with amusing pictures of the chagrin of her master (who married her mistress, "and dat is de way he cum by us; he nebber dun owned no niggers,") when he discovered that his chattels had fled. "De men, dey dun gone long ago; we women hab to do all de work. Marsar laid out a big farm dis year of corn, cotton, wheat, and cane; de women dey hab to plough, and work in de house, and do ebery ting. And now he han't got no one, I dunno wat he'll do. Dere's my boy! ain't more'n so high [about three feet], he makes him fly; takes great stick like cart-stick and bangs him. He shot a nigger dead de odder day; he fired, nigger nebber kicked 'gain. I spec he gits poor white folks

now ; dey tole us we was fools to stay dere. A mean white man is my marser : we 'joice very much ober you alls comin'." Fortunately for my health, Betty failed on dinner, and caused us to fall back on a negress, the wife of a slave from the so-called "Ben Anderson place," a mile or two down the York.

And still they came and "'joiced," though they left mourners in the old home who would not be comforted. There was no help for it, and slave-masters began to endure the humiliation of begging for the return of their slaves. On the 26th of May, I received a first appeal : it came by letter from a Mr. G—— of King William County, and was addressed to me as the General commanding the post at West Point, "through the request of the old lady, the bearer," and appealed to me "for the sake of humanity to grant her request." The writer then went on to say :

"On the night of the nineteenth instant, five of my servants left me for West Point without any cause whatever. Amos, a man whom I have been hiring for several years for the purpose of his being with his family ; when he left he carried with him two of his children, a boy by the name of Amos, sometimes called Dee, and a girl named Milly, — both of which I raised and am exceedingly attached to them, and my wife is equally as much, or more so. Therefore, sir, I most respectfully request you to return them to me, and also in behalf of their distressed mother do I also make the request. She is left by her husband Amos with four other small children. Another woman left me, by the name of Henny, and left two small children, one an infant at the breast, and it would make your heart bleed to see how the little child misses its mother ; it is crying night and day, as its grandmother will tell you. Her business is to see you and ask you to return her child to her. The name of the other woman is Hannah ; she left no child. Now, sir, I hope you will not think that I am asking the return of the above servants for the sake of profit. Indeed it is not so, the reasons are

these : first, my attachment for them, — they are a part of my family ; and secondly my deplorable situation, which I will state. You will observe that I have six small children left, and have four small ones of my own, making ten in all ; and I have only one servant left to aid me in supporting them. To be sure I have another, but he is, I may say, an invalid, having an afflicted leg and hand, and I am an infirm man, and am at a loss to know how I am to make a support for them. These are the reasons, which I am sure you will conclude are good ones.”

To this sorrowful appeal I replied that I had received at one of my outposts this morning his letter of the twenty-sixth, asking for the return of five of his servants who left him on the night of the nineteenth instant, and, as he alleged, without any cause whatever ; among them a man, Amos, whom he had been hiring for several years for the purpose of keeping him with his family, and two of his children, a boy and girl, both of whom he raised. My letter then continued as follows :

“ In desiring their return, you give as your reasons that you and your wife, having raised them, are exceedingly attached to them ; also that their distressed mother has been left by her husband, Amos, with four other small children. And you further state that another woman, named Henny, fled from your service, leaving two small children, — one an infant at the breast, whose distressing cries for its mother, you allege, would make my heart bleed. And there is still another fugitive, Hannah. You further allege that you do not ask the return of these servants for profit, but because, first, you are exceedingly attached to them, they being part of your family ; and, second, your deplorable situation, having the six colored children left, and four small ones of your own, making ten in all. And still further, that you have but one servant left — except an afflicted one who is not of much service — to aid you in supporting them. For these reasons, which you conclude I shall think good ones, you wish me to return the colored people that have sought refuge here.

“ Your servants, by escaping within my lines, are forever free.

I have no right, even had I the inclination, to remand them again to a condition of slavery. This, though conclusive as to the course to be pursued, does not meet the reasons you give why they should be returned ; therefore I give a moment's attention to these. Your own and your wife's attachment to your servants, you offer as a reason why I should return them. But, sir, this attachment does not seem to be mutual. Your servants have fled from your fond care ; your affection is unrequited ; and your solace will certainly be found in the fact that the poor negro has not only an aversion to remaining with your family, but that, in the case of mother and children, it was strong enough to tear a mother's love from her nursing babe. Upon what principle of humanity should I take part in continuing a relation of such aversion to the free colored people that were your slaves ?

“Again. Your distressed situation you offer as a reason why I should return these free colored people to you. Sympathizing with you in your distress as every human being should, you will be consoled by the knowledge thus brought home to you that the accursed institution of slavery is almost swept from your hearthstone ; that the day is dawning when neither mother nor child will have to outrage Nature's laws to breathe the air of liberty ; and it will gladden your heart to know that wherever our star-spangled banner waves, freedom follows. While praying for pardon for the sins of your people in causing this atrocious rebellion against a just Government, you will yet have the proud consciousness of knowing that you have been an agent in freeing the oppressed in our land ; and thus it may happen that *that* sin, which is as scarlet, may be washed whiter than snow.”

To have heeded this appeal, and delivered the fugitives, would have been to deny the privileges I had offered, and to doom the hopeless slave to a harder fate than before. It was not to be thought of for a moment that I should be blinded by this pretence of humanity to the real claim for property which underlay these maudlin demonstrations. Dee, a bright little fellow, found a home with Captain Washburn, of the Fourth Cavalry, as his servant ; and so

well contented was he, that when I told him how desolate he had made his master's home, and how deep was the affection his master had expressed for him, the unfeeling little rascal had no regret for his conduct, no desire to return.

Quickly following upon the heels of this, came another exodus of negroes, singly and in families, white, black, and blue, with all their children and with their household goods, in all sorts of trunks, parcels, and boxes. I was on my way to the front to direct additional precautions for the safety of advance guards, when I encountered this motley crowd, shouting with joy at their deliverance. No manifestations of regret did they utter, no solicitude did they express; but with a perfect trust, mothers and children laid down their weary loads, and waited to begin the new life of freedom. One mother had four children with her, another two, and so on; whitish children with light hair and blue eyes, and children black as night. The next day they went down to Fortress Monroe, and thence wherever they pleased.

An unwilling witness of these scenes was my landlord, by coercion, who seemed dazed at what was going on. He saw more than a hundred slaves set free after my arrival, and all of them the property of his neighbors,—negroes whom he had known in what he was pleased to term the heyday of their happiness; and valuable negroes too, some of them, he said, particularizing one for whom he knew his master had been recently offered fifteen hundred dollars. This poor inn-keeper! He had once been a rich man, but the war had made a change, and I used to see him struggling with his unweeded garden, feeding his remaining hog, or ploughing with his lean horse, master of nothing, ruled by Yankees, hopeless and despondent. "What are you thinking of?" I asked him



one evening as he was brooding over his desolation; and he replied, "I'm almost crazy, sir! the savings of years I have lost. I try to work, but I have no heart in it, even to save the little that's left; it's no use. I can only think, *think*, THINK. I can recall the time," he continued, "when the originators of this war came to my house to plead with me for secession, saying, 'You are a public man; we want your views.' And I remember that I refused to consider the subject; I told them that I had no views to give, but that I would say that if they took Virginia out of the Union, they would see the day of ruin; that in the Union there was strength. After that I was suspected of lukewarmness, and sometimes accused even of sympathizing with the North. What *could* I do?" Then, looking uneasily around and heaving a weary sigh, he added appealingly, "What *can* I do now?" All the comfort I could offer was freely bestowed in assurances of ample protection in the present, and all that it would be possible for me to give in the future; and in suggesting that he might find encouragement by looking upon this change as the work of God. As I invited his attention to this consolation for the loss of his temporal investments, he raised his eyes, and remarked with a ghastly smile, "That's what my wife says when she sees hundreds of slaves coming within your lines to be freed; but," — with solemn earnestness, — "some doubt it."

An incident that occurred at this time showed what folly it would be to discourage the negroes from escaping to our lines, and thereby reject their sometimes valuable assistance. Colonel Burr Porter, of the Fortieth Massachusetts Regiment, had sent a negro scout to the front, where he was making his way along a thickly wooded road, intent on avoiding everybody, when he came so suddenly upon a Dr. Richards, — a notorious Rebel, — that his only mode

of escape was by his heels. Suspecting the darkey's movements, the doctor called to him to stop, firing his pistol at him at the same time to enforce his order. Fortunately the scout, who was not hit, fled all the faster, until he gained a thicket, into which he plunged, running and scrambling until, breathless and exhausted, he fell suddenly into the hands of a squad of Rebel infantry. Escape now was hopeless; his only resource was in his wits. Gasping for breath, he utilized his first pursuer most effectually by crying out, "Don't stop me! Dr. Richards sent me to tell you that the Yankees are coming on your flank, with a large column of men; and he wants me, after telling you this, to go down on your other flank, and tell some more of your pickets there to look out." The other flank was in the direction of our front, where he would be safe if those who held him only believed he was telling the truth. Fortunately the message he bore was an urgent one; the occasion did not admit of prolonged discussion, though it was long enough to make the poor fellow's heart throb with apprehension. For a few moments the scout's fate trembled in the balance. So well, however, did he conceal the struggle within himself, that when he was bidden to go ahead and give his message, he could detect no doubts within his captors. But joy so overcame the man at his unexpected good fortune, that when he sprang forward, he did so with an alertness that for the first time roused suspicions in a Rebel sergeant that all was not right; and he called to him to stop. There was but one hope now, and that was flight. The scout acted so energetically upon this conviction that he escaped unhurt, though a bullet passed through his hat; and he brought to us the information that a regiment of Rebel infantry last night crossed the Mattapony to the peninsula, and was now within seven miles of my outposts. I thought this poor

negro had proved his right to possess the freedom to use for his own advancement those talents and faculties which he had made so serviceable to us.

The 29th of May increased my stock of negroes by fourteen, — old and young, crippled and able-bodied, — all of whom had escaped from the clutches of slave-masters. From them all I secured much valuable information. One facetious old woman lamented the loss of flour, corn-meal, and meat, which she had been obliged to leave behind; she feared they might fall into Rebel hands, and thus make them a little less hungry. She asked that my troops and gunboats might make a special trip to her domain to bring away her edibles, — urging as a bait that I might capture some Rebel pickets who were lying in wait to catch me. Representing the Rebel pickets as quite vigilant, though entertaining a wholesome dread of gunboats, she thought she could so direct the fire of our guns “dat some of dose big shells ’ll hit ’em, — dough dey say if you’s e all cum up dey gwine to climb trees to ’vade your boat. I knows dey will clar if you fire at ’em. And, oh lordy, won’t dey run and sweep away all de black folks to Richmond! Took my son dis morning. ‘Cum up!’ dey say to him; ‘you har? go long! won’t hab you telling Yankees eb’ryting.’” My stock or females has so largely increased, that I fear very much for the peace of mind of Old Bob, — Captain Scott’s servant, a venerable darkey of more years than he knows, who, when asked if he was a hundred, replied, “‘Spec’s I am, sir.” While the captain was at Washington recovering from his Chancellorsville wound, Old Bob became infatuated with a fair darkey there, though he felt himself sought after by many of whom he did not become enamored. He said to the captain, “I ’fraid some dose darkeys make me marry ’em.” But Bob escaped, and recalled “de lub” of a former charmer, to whom, though she would n’t “put her name on

de paper [a contract of marriage] wen I was dar, dough I did it," he caused a letter to be written. This he brought to the captain with the request, "Back dat, sir, ef you please" [direct it].

"To whom?" asked the captain.

"Well," — in some confusion, — "put my name on it."

"But that won't reach any one! To whom do you wish to send it?"

"Wy, to Em'ly!"

"Emily who?"

"I dunno, sir!"

"Where is she?"

"Wy, dar in Washington!"

"Where's 'dar'?"

"Wy, Sandy Bill; he know!" So the letter went to "Emily, care of Sandy Bill, care of Mr. J. W. R——, Washington," — the latter being the name of an officer whom Bob had attended during the captain's recovery.

A cavalry command from the Army of the Potomac crossed the river, and came within my lines on the twenty-ninth. With but four hundred men, Kilpatrick had made, so he informed me, a successful raid around Richmond, tearing up the railroads that lead to Louisa Court House, burning bridges over the Pamunkey River, and destroying, in five Government stores bacon and corn of great value. Among other deeds which he performed, was the capture of a railroad train; the steam-whistle was lashed down, that it might sing its own requiem, and then it was sent under a full head of steam towards a burning bridge, through which it plunged into the river below, and found a watery grave. We heard him, too, tell of his alleged entry within the fortified lines of Richmond, and his claim that he could have entered the city itself without much difficulty; and that he would have done so, had he only had one brigade of

troops. Mistaken for Rebel cavalry near Richmond, he saw some pretty girls reaching out of windows in houses near the roadside to kiss their hands, and wave their perfumed handkerchiefs at the troops. As "I guess you make a mistake" greeted them from our ranks, their faces lengthened; and when the cry, "We are Yankees," followed, mouths were compressed, windows closed, and blinds slammed,—though not quick enough to shut out peals of laughter from one young damsel, whose keen sense of the ludicrous was awakened by such salutations from fair Southern women to Yankee cavalry on a raid within the confines of the city of Richmond.

Within a mile or two of that city, a wag on the staff made a requisition on the principal Rebel commissary in Richmond for bacon, and sent it to him by a colored man passing that way. Without waiting for a reply, the column went on, and soon encountered four or five loads of bacon, which the facetious raiders assumed had been sent to fill the demand; and they destroyed what was left after taking as much as they could carry. A Rebel officer came next, quietly jogging along, his mind at ease and his thoughts on anything but Yaukees, and was suddenly pounced upon within the lines of the fortification of Richmond. Astonished at the temerity of his captors, the prisoner informed them that their own capture was but a question of a few hours. The colonel having no guides, followed his maps, which proved to be very accurate. To secure his retreat he burned bridges behind him, and whenever he came to a railroad he destroyed miles of it in each direction. He made no fires, posted no pickets save blind ones (men concealed in the brush, who, allowing the enemy to pass, follow after and gobble them up),—thus giving no clew to his position. When near the Chickahominy bridge, over which the raiders passed to reach the

left bank of the Mattapony, a fine specimen of the "don't know anything" rabid Secessionist was caught. It was an old woman, of whom the colonel asked, "Can you tell me, my good woman, where I will find the bridge which crosses the Chickahominy?" It was about half a mile from the old woman's house.

"No, I dun'no nothing about any bridges."

"Did you ever hear that there were any bridges in this country?"

"No, could n't tell ef I ever did. 'Pears as though there might have been some bridges round somewhar, but don't know whar."

"Well!" replied the colonel, "I know of one not half a mile from your house, which I am going to burn; and if you will look in that direction, you will soon know where oue bridge *was*."

The bridge was a new one, made of green timber; and, obstinately refusing to burn, was consumed by means of a load of hay captured on its way to the Rebel cavalry. The glare of the burning hay and timbers illuminated the surrounding country, and the old woman knew from that moment where one bridge had been.

The next adventure of the merry raiders was an encounter with a jolly Baptist parson, hunting for his runaway negro. He was pushing along on horseback, and aimed, as he said, to stop his slave from going into our lines. It was Sunday, and the parson said he had just finished his services, and thought he was doing right. Within ten miles of Richmond they met an old negro, the owner of one thousand acres of land, and of his wife and child; but he was a rabid Secessionist.

The raid occupied five continuous days and nights; during this time the halts were few and brief. The command came back well mounted for the most part on

fine horses, they having exchanged every one of those on which they started for a fresh one. The country through which the raiders passed was contiguous to that which had been occupied in recent military movements; but no evidences of want were seen, and there were no signs of the distress which our papers proclaimed to have befallen the Rebels. Our men saw flourishing vegetation, cattle, sheep, and fine warehouses filled with bacon enough to feed the Fredericksburg army for at least five days,—and this though they saw but a single *dépôt*, and moved over but a single line of march. Nor did they discover signs of worn-out railroads. If there was want among the people, it was concealed. Of material there seemed to be enough for a long prosecution of the war. Making due allowance for a tendency to exaggerate, to which both cavalry and sailors are given in the presence of infantry and marines, there was enough doubtless in this exploit to command respect, enough perhaps to cause the Rebel Stuart to look to laurels won in his raid to our rear after Antietam. But, alas! the grand object was not accomplished; for Hooker, instead of taking advantage of burned bridges and destroyed railways, was again in his old lines on the northern bank of the Rappahannock.

Hooker's late fiasco was severely criticised by one Schalk, who questioned his claim to generalship. It was alleged that, after crossing the river, Hooker made but six miles in thirty-six hours; and that, while blatantly asserting what he would do with the enemy when he was in a position to do it, he took up a defensive line, and so resolved his order of threatened Rebel annihilation into the most ridiculous publication of the day. One of my colonels, who took a prominent part in the battle of Chancellorsville, told me that the Eleventh Corps was in line of battle in the road and had been there more than two days, but had neglected

to throw up intrenchments. At four o'clock on the day of the fight, Hooker and Howard rode along and examined the line (it was the extreme right), and they knew it rested upon no obstacle, was not strengthened either by troops in échelon, by batteries, or by intrenchments. At six o'clock the enemy opened from a battery an enfilading fire on the right of our line, and then advanced in columns with small fronts. Thus they encountered our first line; and it gave way. The second line followed; every one was taken by surprise. Officers had sent in reports that the enemy was massing in front; but no change was made to meet the sledge-hammer attack of strong columns upon one end of a thin line. The day would have been saved by batteries that could have cut up the enemy's advancing columns, by strong intrenchments, or by a proper disposition of troops; but no preparations of the kind were made.

It was pleasant to turn from this disaster at the East to brilliant reports from the West, where our cavalry raids under Grierson surpassed anything the Rebels had ever accomplished. Through eight hundred miles of the enemy's country the brave colonel passed in safety, and brought to us precise information of the destruction of bridges and material, and the destitution of the people. Grant was doing well there; and our noble navy on the Mississippi did well. It began to seem as if the day of Rebel triumphs would soon be over.

For the first time, the enemy made known his presence on the York by an attack upon our mail-boat as she was nearing West Point, less than two miles from her wharf. A cooler captain never commanded a river steamer under close fire from artillery than stood there that afternoon on the "Swan." Before us all she steamed along, with shells exploding around her decks and over her machinery, as unconcerned as if she were receiving a salute, and arrived



safe at her wharf, defiantly floating the Stars and Stripes, with but a slight hit from a shell in her bow. To reach the Rebel battery required the use of gunboats, and they were ready even before I could send them a message. The commander of the "Morse" was the first under way, cleared for action, and firing as he approached the wooded cover whence the Rebel artillery had opened so suddenly and without a single note of warning upon the "Swan." Following in a tug, I gained the "Morse's" deck, to witness beautiful shots from her one hundred-pounder Parrot and nine-inch Dahlgrens, ventilating the houses around the place whither the Rebel battery appeared to have fled. No reply was made to our armed steamer, even though our practice was continued for a time. To prevent, if possible, a repetition of this outrage, and as a lasting lesson to Rebel hunters of defenceless steamers, I decided that the houses should be destroyed. From the "Morse" and "Mystic" (which had joined her consort), six boats' crews, provided with turpentine and protected by sailors armed with rifles, pulled lustily for the shore and landed. Only one man appeared, of all who lived within that region, to beg that his property might be spared. But he had come too late; the fire had begun its work of ruin. He said that he had implored the Rebels not to select that spot for their guns, for it would bring destruction upon him; but his appeal was unheeded; he was told to move away. To sink an unarmed Yankee steamer, they brought upon unoffending people misery and misfortune which they could not make good.

When we returned to our post, a new moon silvered the ripples in our wake, the hum of insects with its drowsy music filled the air, and smoke curled upward from embers where but a few hours before were homes filled with comfort. My heart ached for them; but they were of the

Rebel people, of the rebellious Government; and in the crushing of that foul pestilence they had to taste of the agonies of war. Up to that time, however, they had not drunk deep enough of the bitterness of the cup; they were defiant, and would not admit that the war brought suffering in its train.

In many ways this conclusion was brought home to me, and never more forcibly than in my conversations with Southern women. The wife of a Rebel colonel made an application to me at this time to send a letter to her husband through the flag-of-truce boat from Fortress Monroe. This lady doubted whether the city of New York contained more comforts and wealth than did the city of Richmond, and she received with scornful dissent my prophecy that we should come out conquerors in the end. Nevertheless, she cherished no personal feelings of animosity; and to prove it she sent me, by the fair hands of her sister, a refreshing present of strawberries picked from her own garden.

Under convoy of a gunboat, the mail steamer resumed without molestation its usual trip to Yorktown, bringing to me on the twenty-fourth a despatch stating that Major-General Ord, having been assigned to duty within this department, had been designated as my successor. Although I knew there was no other command for a major-general, and that he had to be disposed of somewhere, I experienced a degree of vexation which I am afraid I did not conceal from my staff. Though such rewards for arduous services tend to paralyze efforts, an officer is compelled to submit for the sake of the country; albeit it seemed a misfortune that the Government had not enough commands for all its officers, or, as President Lincoln put it, "as many holes as there are pegs to put into them." But to make the best of it, and to provide against adverse criti-

cism, I made a final inspection before the coming of my superior in rank, who was expected upon the next arrival of the mail-boat. I was perfectly satisfied, and had no words for the troops but praise. The kitchens were tastefully ornamented with green foliage; the tents of officers and men were neat and clean, and every precaution had been taken against sickness. Both in military discipline and in soldierly appearance I had nothing to regret in turning over such a command.

Although one does not resign the sceptre without emotion, it was with somewhat of a complacent smile that I saw my aid buckle on his sword, and repair to the wharf to greet my successor. Betaking myself to my quarters, I sat in state for the few brief moments that remained to me as the commander of the United States forces at West Point in Virginia. General Ord was announced. Kings have relinquished crowns to save their heads, preferring their caput to a sceptre: but kings deposed have tasted of royal munificence in solemn state in silent castles with a show of former grandeur. Barren, however, is the place of second in rank. No more the sweet consciousness of the power of yesterday; no waiting on a look, a word; no authority or act to be rewarded by public applause; no conciliatory presents of strawberries and fish and first-fruits; no such flattering words as those uttered by a sagacious major, who toned down my chagrin with the compliment, "that it was the first time this command had felt a military will." With a consciousness of degradation I regarded my usurper. We walked together along the lines. I pointed out batteries, traverses, and positions. I offered my own quarters to his eminency, but he, with some bowels of mercy and to ease my fall, signified his royal will for another house; so I shall awake again with the calf-bleating morn surrounded by the ancient elements of power. In other ways the

General mollified me: he brought fresh fish from Fortress Monroe, turned them into my mess, and supped with me on my fried oysters. After tea we enjoyed our cigars and a pleasant chat.

Then we turned our attention to the present position of military affairs and my location at West Point. General Ord expressed in decided terms his opinion that my command was exposed to capture, without corresponding gain; that the service received no benefit from such isolation. Our communication with Yorktown might at any moment be prevented by batteries of large guns which the enemy could bring to bear, and which the gunboats could not defeat or destroy. But more than all this, that we were useless here; that the position was one which should either be occupied as a base by fifty thousand men, or be abandoned. I replied that I not only agreed with him, but that I had made the same representations to General Dix; but that, undoubtedly for good reasons, he had not advised me of his determination. So strongly persuaded was Ord that this place should be abandoned, that he resolved to leave in the morning for Fortress Monroe, and advise it, both for the sake of safety and as a means of concentrating troops.

On the morning of the 26th of May the General examined my works. He found them strong and well planned, but he thought the armament was not heavy enough. Returning in time for the boat, he went on board, while I turned my attention to a reconnoissance just completed, which revealed information of an intended attack upon this post by two columns of the enemy; one of which was to establish heavy batteries on the right bank of the Pamunkey, to sink our gunboats and shell my position; while the other contemplated an assault in front. Most important corroborating information of this movement, dropped

by white people unwittingly into their servants' ears, was brought to me by a negro scout; and this was subsequently confirmed by colored people who came into my lines from the neighborhood of the Rappahannock and the Mattaponi. They not only reported projected Rebel movements, but they told me of the removal of grain and bacon to more secure dépôts. To intimidate the negroes, to deter them from escaping, their masters told them that we should doom them to a more hopeless state of slavery in Cuba, where we intended to send them to be sold. This frightful prospect failed to arrest the flight of these faithful blacks. Sleeping by day in swamps and travelling by night, they flocked into my lines, bringing with them their wives and children, and their bundles of worldly goods.

More information, confirming the rumored attack upon this post, was continually brought in by scouts, so that when we heard the boom of large guns up the Pamunkey and the sound of bursting shells, we very naturally thought that the anticipated attack was beginning. The men ceased work upon bomb-proofs near the intrenchments, and began to prepare to repel the assault. My staff officers, however, brought the information that the commander of one of our erratic gunboats was indulging in a little promiscuous firing to try his range. The effect of the discharge of heavy guns and bursting shells in the neighborhood of an outpost did not bring comfort to the responsible commander thereof, especially when he was momentarily expecting the opening guns of a fight.

On the 27th of May I received a note from General Dix, stating that Ord had been ordered to Vicksburg, and that he should either reinforce me with a brigade of infantry, or withdraw from West Point; and that to determine which it should be, he was awaiting despatches from Washington. That these were unfavorable to the plan of reinforcing, I

knew from General Dix, who, with Generals Keyes and Peck, landed at my post on the afternoon of the 29th of May. He informed me that the Rebels were massing all their forces in front of Hooker, and that no more troops could be sent into his department; and that he wished to consider the question of my evacuating West Point. After a long consultation it was decided that I should withdraw; that the movement should begin that night on steam transports, to be sent up from Fortress Monroe. This matter concluded, the General and his party left, and I made preparation for a rapid and secret embarkation. The safe removal of the colored women and children of my colony was provided for by sending them the next morning by the mail-boat to Yorktown; the men were to follow with the troops. The fair Camilla, daughter of my landlord, was really agitated at this disposal of the negroes, especially as among them was her own female chattel, who wished to go with the "joicing" darkies. When she appealed to me to forbid the woman's departure, I replied that I had no right to command her to live here, or to live there; that she was free, — "as free, Miss Camilla, as yourself." "Never!" she ejaculated, with a scornful toss of her head and a quick, spasmodic breath; "she is mine, she was willed to me, and she never can find a better mistress." "To use your own word, 'never!'" I replied; "she is no one's; she is free; and she must do as she thinks best." But this departure of the maid-of-all-work harrowed my landlord most grievously in his efforts to play the rôle of milk-maid; and albeit "he was a Union man from the beginning" (in my presence), he threatened this poor negress with a pistol! Yet he "always did hate slavery!"

During the whole of the night of the 30th of May I gave my personal attention to the loading of public property

which it was not discovered that it had been spiked at Yorktown until it was half-way to its destination at West Point. The promised boats not arriving, I packed the mail-boat and a coal-schooner, fortunately anchored here, with ambulances, baggage, ammunition, and stores. This work of supervision I continued during the thirty-first. Two works for artillery were levelled; but this exposed my own pieces, and so agitated my chief of artillery that he at once discovered a Rebel gun on the right bank of the Mattapony, within less than one thousand yards, and in a fine position to shell the wharf from which the infantry were to embark. To this startling announcement I gave no credit, until I was assured that, upon using a telescope, a thirty-two or twenty-four pounder gun, with the carriage and men around it, was to be seen,—"not only by me," said the officer, "but by several of the men." This discovery of the Quixotic artillerist so affected the imagination of a lively lieutenant of my provost guard, who had been peering from an elevation behind a thick clump of trees which no human eye could have penetrated, that he remembered that early in the morning he had seen a tree fall on the suspected site, as if space were being made for a battery. Several soldiers became victims of this phantom of the imagination, until at length groups of officers and men, field and line, began to discover batteries, cavalry, and infantry in every direction. "There," said a colonel, gazing intently into the thick woods lining the shore,— "there is, I think, sir, an earthwork; and certainly I can make out cavalry behind those trees."

"There are men there," now spoke out a signal officer, "and they are white men, I think. Yes, they are, though some of them look like negroes. Oh, now I see! there are colored men there too!"

"Look again and see if all of them are colored" I

"Yes, sir; they are! I was mistaken; they are all negroes."

"Now look for a battery, and tell me what you find."

After a long look he dropped his glass with a laugh, exclaiming, "I've found it, sir! There it is,— a long pine pole on a pair of forward cart-wheels!"

The arrival of from sixteen to twenty fugitives at this time, none of whom had seen any organized body moving on the Pamunkey towards our post, convinced me that no immediate peril was to be feared while we were in the defenceless position of loading the transports; although, as will appear hereafter, the hazard was much greater than I apprehended it to be.

Towards evening of the thirty-first the promised steamers hove in sight. Throughout the long night and into the morning of the 1st of June cavalry, infantry, artillery, and wagons were being transferred to the decks of the steamers. From nightfall of the thirty-first to sunrise, and until late in the afternoon of the 1st of June, I stood on the wharf. When the last soldier was on board, when the last plank of public property had been removed, I went on board a gunboat and took my place with the rear of the fleet. The withdrawal had been eminently successful. The pickets, the last to leave, gave no token of my movements to lurking Rebels. Nor was any sympathizing inhabitant suffered to go out. A complaining woman, who appeared blindfolded at my headquarters, was held until her reports would be harmless. Snatching a brief nap on the gunboat after two days and nights of continuous labor, I arrived at Yorktown at eleven at night of the 1st of June, when I got a refreshing sleep within the quarters of the adjutant-general of General Keyes.



## CHAPTER IV.

## ON THE PENINSULA.

ON the 2d of June, 1863, Yorktown from my point of view consisted of a half-dozen dingy houses, old camps, faded evergreens, a guardhouse protected by a single gun, a flag, and a sutler's store. The old military lines of Lord Cornwallis lay within those of the Rebel Magruder; and around them both were the forts, roads, and parallels of McClellan.

The zigzag approaches to McClellan's parallels, just behind which our batteries were placed, and which seemed to me not more than one thousand yards from the Rebel fort, began on the plain about a mile from Yorktown. The one starting from the York River was approached from under cover of a bluff, and was well protected from the Rebel fire at Gloucester Point battery. Now to approach Yorktown harmless under this battery was a difficult problem. By courses of ditches or *boyaux*, always approaching the Rebel works, moving in one direction far enough to gain a decided advantage, then tacking as it were to another still nearer, and so on to within one thousand yards, the plain was passed, despite the shot and shell from Gloucester Point and other Rebel works. Where natural ravines furnished cover they were enlarged and used; creeks were bridged; and thus positions were gained from which the Rebels wisely fled. McClellan's works showed skill and great regard for life. The grounds presented but little trace of the work performed there. Near the trenches

were the remains of heaps of dead cattle said to have died from poison. Two or three hundred of the sheep which Kilpatrick secured in his raid were fattening on the plain for soldiers' use.

An inspection of the Rebel works around the town, which I approached from McClellan's first position, showed me a generally regular bastioned front with a wide ditch. The scarp wall below the parapet was supported by trunks of pine trees placed in juxtaposition to hold the loose soil in its place. Abatis surround the work. A series of such works, connected by a breast-height with a ditch for riflemen, cross the Peninsula. The last of these was at Lee's Mills on the James, and was said to be very strong. On the river front at Yorktown there were disconnected water batteries, to prevent landing. The interior of all these works was well traversed, every gun being protected on its flanks; and the traverses were well revetted. The works were very strong, and it is a mistake to say that they presented no obstacle to McClellan, and that he could have taken them easily by assault. The distance around the parapet of the fort at Yorktown was about a mile and a half.

Of the Rebel defences near James River, the most formidable, with the exception of Yorktown, were at Lee's Mills, where rows of redoubts and rifle-pits anticipated approach in all directions. General Keyes, who was with McClellan in his campaign, pointed out to me his own position, and directed my attention to the chimneys from which his scouts viewed the Rebel lines, and to the positions where his guns bore upon the enemy's earthworks. The distance from the York to the James is seven miles. One continuous line of fortifications stood in the way of our army's movement up the Peninsula. Situated behind dense woods, concealed by ridges and thick pine forests,

with rifle-pits filled with sharpshooters, with execrable roads in the rainy season, I became more and more convinced that the enemy's position offered a most formidable obstacle to our advance; and I am sure that in holding the enemy in check all along this line, and making his attack where he could have the benefit of his gunboats, McClellan acted wisely and with all possible celerity. Two and three lines of Rebel earthworks commanding the immediate front attested the desperate resistance intended. That the defences of Yorktown were overcome with such little loss may, perhaps, afford new proof of McClellan's genius.

On our way back we rode by the mansion of one Lee, called Lee's Hall. It was built of brick, and presented the dingy and unthrifty appearance of most of the great Virginia estates. The fences had, of course, been destroyed, making broader the broad fields of the estate. On a grassy knoll in front, and within about twenty yards of the main entrance, a field-work for artillery and riflemen had been erected. The family, consisting of five or six persons, hardly raised their eyes as we passed; they sat in gloomy array on the piazza, mourning over the fate of their belongings. Roaming over the lawn, a few sleek cattle and fine horses, feeding in blissful ignorance of surrounding desolation, were protected by our cavalry, who had been posted there by General Keyes both as a safeguard and as a picket station.

A few days later I rode out by Wormley's Creek into the poor and impoverished country beyond. The few women I saw — for the men were for the most part in the service of the Confederacy — were wretched, poverty-stricken beings. At one place I came upon a log-hut. A sick-looking woman gazed at us from the window, while one more robust met us at the door, holding in her hands

cards with which she had been preparing a shoddy composed of wool, from an old soldier's coat of army blue, — a remnant of the battle-field. It was to be mixed with a little cotton of her own raising, to be spun into yarn for socks. "Do you live here alone?" I asked.

"Yes, we do. My son is in the Rebel army, as you call it; and I have not heard from him for certain for more than a year. Sometimes a deserter comes here who says he knew him."

"Have you no husband living?"

"No, my husband is dead; have nobody to do anything for me; my neighbors are as poor as I, and all suffering."

Her farm was unworked, and twice (greatest of crimes to a poor Virginian) she had had her chickens stolen. I endeavored to console her with a promise that the healing wings of peace should cover her this year; but her sad eyes followed us, and the sick woman moaned after us, as we rode along the obscure pathway, by the square-looking fort which showed its ugly sides near the door of this quiet abode. It was built, as the woman said, "by the Secesh, or Rebels, as you call them."

On the 9th of June I was once more ordered to move to the front, and take post within the line of fortifications in the rear of Williamsburg, about eleven miles from Yorktown. This venerable place was at the time under the sway of "Old Wise," as he was called, — a brigadier in the service of the Confederacy. With several thousand men this valiant politician confronted our pickets on the Richmond road. Neither Union nor Rebel forces occupied the town; it was called neutral ground, although the care of the lunatic asylum, which happened to be there, had fallen to us. Between Generals Keyes and Wise a furious war of words had raged about the lunatics, — the former charging that the latter had exercised his military gifts in cap-

turing United States nurses while engaged in their work of humanity. Denying this, the Rebel general levelled against Keyes thundering accusations of spoliation and robbery, not of lunatic asylums alone, but of the goods and chattels of the people of Virginia. In this sort of warfare Keyes was overmatched; but he had no occasion to grieve, for the aspect of this grave quarrel between two opposing generals in the field over a lunatic asylum was supremely ridiculous.

At daylight my preparations began, with the usual crash which precedes the movement of a military column, — boxes to pack, camp-beds to roll up, papers to stow away, and messing arrangements to complete. At half-past twelve we were cheered by news of the fall of Vicksburg; which, though coming through Rebel sources to the captain of a gunboat, and transmitted by various agents to our “special correspondent,” and at length promulgated by the agent of the Associated Press, we believed, because we wanted to believe it, and because we had been expecting it. What every one knows to be true of troops on the march was as true of the column which left Yorktown on the 9th of June, 1863, as it ever has been and ever will be in war, — and that is, it had hardly marched its own length before it began to slough off part of its own members. Stragglers from a nine-months’ regiment adorned the shade of every tree, lined the banks of every running stream, lagged along the roadway, and dropped in heaps of officers and men wherever they found inviting ground. Of what use was it to labor with soldiers whose term of enlistment — at first too short — was now to last but thirteen days more? No appeal could be made to pride or reputation, for had not Congress in its wisdom, by solemn enactment, fixed the term of nine months as one of honorable service? To question its sagacity in so doing, to pry

into the mysterious causes which influenced our Senators, may have been impertinent; but it is what I did on one occasion, and from a great and shining Senatorial light received the flippant answer that some Senators went in for twelve, and some for six months, and on the whole the Senate thought it best to split the difference!

At the end of our first day's march we halted at Fort Magruder, on the historic ground of the first battle of Williamsburg. Here it was that Hancock made his magnificent charge in that severe struggle which our troops under Hooker encountered as McClellan toiled towards Richmond. The roads, imperfect as we found them, were infinitely better than when that engagement took place. How they were passable in rainy weather confounds me. To check McClellan's march at this point (a level plain, thickly wooded, with occasional clearings) the Rebels had constructed a line of detached redoubts, extending from the York to the James. The Federal approach to these works was obstructed by thick timber, through which it was necessary to pass for about five hundred yards before coming upon the forts themselves. A dense underbrush of thorny growth offered a terrible impediment to our columns in the wood, while barricades and obstructions opposed their progress on the two or three roadways that led through it. The Rebels stoutly resisted efforts on our left, and withdrew only when Hancock had gained their left by his *détour* from our right. This position was strong, and should have been held more stubbornly. Our brave men fought with every disadvantage. Overcoming the obstacles in the wood, they emerged therefrom but to meet slashed timber, impassable abatis, steep ditches, stout redoubts, and a clear sweep of murderous artillery as they were struggling in the mazes of these devilish obstructions. The brilliancy of Hancock's charge consisted in first feign-

ing a retreat, which induced the enemy to leave his fortifications in pursuit, and then in turning upon the overjoyed Rebels and scattering them like chaff before they could regain their friendly shelter. He fairly whipped them, but lost much of the effect of the pursuit, as the country to the rear was obstructed by thick woods.

In command of our troops at this place I found Colonel West, a most cautious and valuable officer, who was brought up in the old army. He rode with me to find the best ground for an encampment, and then gave us a dinner of soup, fish, chicken, lamb, green peas, lettuce, and strawberries, — all of which were eaten on a real table, from white crockery, in the presence of fourteen officers of his mess. After an animated discussion, I went back to my encampment, the site for which I had intrusted to my engineer officer, with a confidence which was not misplaced; for I found my wagons unloaded in a charming nook just in front of the rifle-pits which our enemies had excavated but little more than one year before. This battle-field of Williamsburg was quiet now, but it bore on its face the traces of a mighty struggle. Not many yards from where I tossed uneasily, there in the thick underbrush, were whitened bones of poor wretches who had died in a vain attempt to dry their parched lips at the brook; and nearer I could dimly make out rows of headboards and shallow graves, shreds of uniforms, scraps of leather, old canteens and cartridge-boxes, cannon-balls, scathed trees, and many relics of a battle-field.

It was with a feeling of relief that I heard the words, "Four o'clock, sir, and breakfast's ready," from my cook. As may easily be imagined, this unseemly hour for breakfast was not chosen without good reason. I had received orders from General Dix to proceed as far as might seem prudent to the front, to beat up the position of the Rebels,

and make things lively generally. For this purpose my division was strengthened by two squadrons of cavalry, an extra battery, and a regiment of Delaware infantry. At five I gave the order to march, and moved into the outskirts of Williamsburg. Scarcely a vestige of life was visible as we tramped through this venerable town. It was deserted save by a few Federal pickets; and these gazed sleepily from their quarters in the quaint-looking old building, now a guard-house, but once the hall where Patrick Henry made his fiery address to the people during the days of our Revolution. The hall is an unpretending building, with but a single room on the ground floor. The once somewhat famous Williamsburg College is a heap of ruins, upon which Lord Botetourt in bronze gazes solemnly as if nothing to speak of had happened about him. The old fellow is said to have been an original settler here, in what is regarded by some as the oldest settled spot in Virginia. We saw the much-discussed lunatic asylum, with its two or three hundred inmates cared for by our charity and by our nurses, and a deserted girls' school.

With utter indifference to the scowling whites, the scolding lunatics, and the old ruins of Williamsburg, we pushed rapidly forward, with skirmishers well deployed, until I reached the classic spot — town shall I say? — of “Six-Mile Ordinary.” I was for a time in doubt whether this name signified that the distance was ordinarily six miles, or that travellers by stage would find a very ordinary house of entertainment at the end of six miles. Here we captured a Rebel, who, as he said, rode unconsciously into our lines; then without delay pushed on to the “Twelve-Mile Ordinary,” whose origin and title are probably derived from, are allied to, and do not belie, its six-mile brother. Halting the main column, I detached a force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, under command of the colonel of the 127th



New York Infantry, with orders to proceed to Diascund Bridge, and dislodge a small force of the enemy said to be intrenched behind a protecting stream in a strong position. Late at night the command returned without having accomplished anything. The colonel found the enemy, was fired on, returned the fire, could not use his artillery, and so came back with his men hungry (of course) and worn out, and the enemy still holding Diascund Bridge. On the floor of a small cottage near the roadside I slept; and the next morning started an expedition to Barhamsville, distant about six or seven miles. This party returned in due time, and reported that General Wise, with three regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, left for Slatersville as my force approached. This information was subsequently confirmed by a deserter, who said that Wise would run to Richmond if I would pursue him.

I had complaints from complaining people that my troops were taking their cattle and mules, and that the owners were poor and suffering; so to those who were in need I restored the mules. All who complained of suffering and poverty and robbery, I reminded of even-handed justice and the "poison'd chalice." And thus another night came, and with it instructions to remain in this vicinity until further orders. This march was a diversion for another movement ordered by General Dix; and I accordingly threw out my troops in different directions, as if to move forward. But to make more permanent dispositions, I left my cavalry pickets here, and encamped the main force in its rear in a desirable position. A prolonged stay made necessary a change of the picket-line and a more extended occupation of ground. The troops, therefore, advanced to a wooded front, where they unearthed a Rebel spy, who ran with such speed that he dropped a carpet-bag containing two uniforms,—one blue like our own, and one a Rebel

suit,— for use within the different lines. That he escaped with life is due to the stupidity of the guard, who saw him as he fled, but made no effort to stop him. From a negro, the cook of an orderly sergeant of General Wise's command, I learned that the 'doughty governor was in full retreat for Richmond.

The time passed in this way until the 14th of June. This was Sunday; but not a Sunday of rest, devotion, church-bells, and village harmonies. A day of despatches and tumult rather, opening with a brief message from Colonel Porter of the Fortieth Massachusetts Infantry, that he had taken the position at Diascund Bridge without serious resistance; had thrown a small force on its Richmond side, and that a small body of the enemy still lingered in his front. This was followed by a note from Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, operating to the front with the cavalry, announcing that two of his men had been fired at by bushwhackers while on duty on the York River road; that one was killed, and the other seriously wounded, and that he had sent troops to the scene of the outrage. A day or two earlier the dead body of another of my command was found near Barhamsville, killed by the guerillas which infested that region. Orders were sent to Colonel Curtis, who with his New York regiment held our rear at Six-Mile Ordinary, to scour the back road and country adjacent to Barhamsville, beat up the woods for guerillas, and inform the people that I should hold them responsible for all the evil done, if they harbored or concealed such outlaws. And more than this: if such outrages were committed within my lines of occupation, that I should make captives of the people, burn their houses, and lay waste their fields. They were reminded that an assassin is not a soldier, nor are the methods used by the assassin legitimate in warfare; that assassins are murderers, and as such are entitled to a short shift and a long rope.

Colonel Curtis received his orders as he was about celebrating divine service near his bivouac, and made preparations for an instantaneous march. His destination was Slatersville, which is eight or ten miles beyond Barhamsville, and is near the famous White House of McClellan's campaign. The facts that came to light showed that this murder was meaner and more dastardly than such murders generally are. The two men were fired upon from the bushes, as they were watering their horses at their outpost, by a party of men who suddenly rose up from their hiding-place and fired, calling out, "Let the damned Yankees see what bushwhackers can do!" Three men, residents near by, were seized by Colonel Lewis, and sent to me under guard. A search within their houses brought to light muskets and cartridges, the last containing balls and buck-shot. Although the wounds inflicted were made by buck-shot, the prisoners loudly protested their innocence; even the firing they had not heard. They did own those muskets, but they were picked up on the roadside some months before. They did own the buck and ball cartridges; but they were given them by soldiers, whether Yankee or Rebel they could not say. Yes, there was a cartridge-box found in one of their houses; but it was given to one of their sons, ten years of age, to play with! One, in whose house two or three guns were found, denied that any had been there for some time. I sent these men as prisoners to Yorktown, despite their suffering families. To be sure, I could not prove that they fired the guns; but if such deeds were committed within the vicinity of their houses, and within those houses guns found for which the same missiles that killed my men were fitted, I must hold the residents responsible. A man should be steeled against tears, and deaf to appeals for mercy, who has to sit in judgment upon his own countrymen, condemn them as criminals, and turn

from their cries for leniency. "They are right honest people," was the statement volunteered by the man and wife at whose house I made my headquarters, and who had lingered near, catching every word that dropped, "and two of them are over sixty years of age." It was easy to see that my involuntary hostess was much agitated. That she herself was but indifferently honest, I made up my own mind as I looked into her scowling face; and how truly I read her will appear hereafter in an account of a scheme which she and her husband concocted with a party of Rebels to capture me at night under her roof. As these men fell back into the hands of the guard, a look of disappointment stole over the faces of those who had evidently come prepared to execute a swift judgment upon them. The comrades of the murdered men unrolled from their saddles their long lariats, and fumbled at the noose as they gazed longingly and professionally at the necks of the prisoners, who they believed were to be hung on the spot.

Hardly had the prisoners turned away, when a young man in Rebel uniform, with one of my colonels by his side, entered my apartment. "This, sir, is the young officer I spoke of," said the colonel.

"Ah! the one who wishes to give his parole?" I inquired.

"No, sir," interrupted the young Rebel, with marked composure; "I did not wish to give my parole."

"Then you are my prisoner. Guard, take this Rebel to the guardhouse."

"This is the young man," urged the colonel, "of whom I spoke to you yesterday. He has returned home to visit his family in affliction, and his father desired me to ask you, if his son gave himself up, whether you would accept his parole and let him remain at home."

“And I consented,” I replied; “but he declares now in my presence that he does not wish to give his parole.”

“I *did* not, I said,” again interrupted the Rebel. “When my father sent to me in my place of concealment in the woods, to come to the house, I found to my astonishment that your soldiers were in the yard.”

“Your father, then, is to blame,” I replied. “He made known to me that he desired your parole to be taken.”

“Then I *do* desire it now,” said the young Rebel; “but I wish you to understand that I did not willingly give myself up.”

“Then, sir,” I replied, “you may have your choice. Remain here a prisoner of war, or give your word under oath that you will not communicate to our enemies any information of our movements that may come to your knowledge; that you will remain closely at your home so long as our troops are in this region; and that you will not take up arms against us until regularly exchanged.”

This promise was given; and the young man took his leave, feigning, or really feeling, a regret which I believe prevails at the South, that no dishonor leaves so deep a stain as that of refusing one's life, if need be, in the war.

It was a most unfounded statement that the South hated slavery, that they always had hated it, and would have abolished it long ago but for the Northern Abolition party. That lie is tracked to its lair at all events, and not the most stupid of the Democracy dares say that now. “Hated slavery!” They loved it. To them it was the foundation of their social system; it was the right of knighthood to a benighted race; it was a black idol to which the South clung, and for which they fought. Though it offended every moral sentiment, it appealed to every passion within their breasts, — to cupidity, to ease and indolence, and to self-adulation. They were the chivalry, because their

retainers were crushed into submission. And there were men and women in the North who approved this state of things. Near me at this time was one of those specimens of Northern chivalry of Southern manufacture, — a New York schoolmaster who had married a rich Virginian lady, and adopted the sentiments of the chivalry. The schoolmaster's wife smiled upon me graciously as she hugged her baby to her breast, and turned its bright eyes from the cannon and infantry, which I had just been inspecting in the front yard, towards the desolation and destruction that surrounded her; and the pretty baby laughed, all unconscious that a great drama was being enacted there. The father, who had been in the Rebel service as a conscript, looked gloomily and morosely out of gold-bowed spectacles, as he spoke of the bitterness which this war was creating between the two parts of the country. "Not among the soldiers," I replied. "The spirit of a true chivalry is opposed to hatred. An open enemy who accepts the wager of battle is not the foe who invites implacable hatred to his breast. Where honorable feeling is gone, and where the chivalric heart is lost; where courage has fled, and desire for gain stronger than honor possesses the craven soul, — there a deep and lasting bitterness is found."

"You may be right," assented the teacher.

"And do you not know," I continued, "that most stringent orders alone prevent the soldiers of the two armies from manifesting fraternal feeling? Do they not even now talk together across the Rappahannock, and come together around the same camp-fire? Have they not on the battle-field, after the fight, tenderly cared for each other's wounded? It is only among those whose souls are dried up by ambition and falsehood, — politicians, editors of Richmond newspapers, Jefferson Davis, Toombs, Breckenridge, and Judah P. Benjamin, — it is only among such that

hatred and animosity are to be found. And now," I went on, "let me make the prediction, that the Northern and Southern States cannot be separated; that we shall again be united as never before in such close relations; that there will be no confiscation of your property, if you will return to your allegiance, or even manifest your willingness to do so. Call a convention, take yourselves out from under the dominion of rich task-masters (your masters as well as your slaves' masters), ask our good and kind President's permission to come back with protection for yourselves and your property, and the war will cease. But you shall not destroy this Government; you shall not divide this Union."

I left my New York friend and returned to my honest (!) landlady, to find that, during my absence and before my arrival at his house, the New York schoolmaster and his rebellious family had expressed a wish for an interview. "I have had one," I replied. "They feel a very strong affection for you," said my viper landlady. Doubtless, I thought.

The morning of the 18th of June opened with appeals for help and for mercy. "Two ladies wish to see you, General," says my landlord. "Let them enter," I replied. Tears! tears! it is the old story.

"My house was burned yesterday, sir, by some of your soldiers, and my two colts, all I have to use, taken away. We had nothing whatever to do with the firing; we were away from home at the time. Now, we are destitute."

"What firing?" I asked.

"The firing upon your soldiers."

So! so! I reflected for a moment; then replied, "Your house is near the spot where my men were murdered by guerillas?"

"Yes; but we were absent at the time, trying to get

through your lines to come home, and you would not give us a pass."

"Why," said the second speaker, "are we treated worse than any other family around here?"

"Are you?" I said.

"Yes; we have no protector. My aged father is insulted, all our servants are enticed away, and our wheat-fields trampled down. I see no hope for us."

Those Dutch soldiers did not mean to be altogether cheated out of this hanging, I thought to myself; and they or their comrades have accepted this conflagration as a compensation. The absence of the family has given this house all the more a suspicious appearance. "If my men are murdered by your people firing from your houses," I said aloud, "you may thank your Maker that it is only your house that is destroyed. And now let me encourage you still further,— but first I will send for your colts, and you shall have them. Why do you complain? Is war anything but desolation? And are not you responsible? Did you think you could bring us among you; inflame us by resistance to lawful authority, by continued attempts to destroy our Government,— and all this without any suffering to yourselves?"

"What is our remedy?" they asked.

"Stop this war," I replied.

"How?" said one of them.

"Go with your husbands, your brothers, and your children to your tyrant at Richmond," I replied; "and ask him if this is the protection his model Government affords; this the happy land to which Secession invited its dupes; if these are the blessings, these the hopes, you were invited to partake?"

"And what good would that do?" said the first speaker.

"If none, then go north, go south; get together and



influence your people to come back to the Constitution of their country; to lay down their arms,—and then you can have peace.”

“But I am afraid we cannot do it,” said my scowling landlord, who with his wife, in seeming tearful inquiry, were listeners. “I think our people will fight until not a single man is left.”

I know one, I thought, that will be left, as I gazed into his quailing eye; but I replied: “Then go on. The Northern people never will give up this contest; they are fighting for their country. Take what course you choose. To-day I will help you and protect you, for I am in command; but I cannot answer for to-morrow.”

In sorrow and in suffering these destitute supporters of a Rebel cause went out to the burning embers of all that was left of home.

In forward movements of cavalry to New Kent Court-House, and in the occupation of Barhamsville, I found that seizures of suspected persons became more numerous, and my duty more painful as I extended my lines. In a long batch of prisoners, white and colored, melting under this hot sun at twelve noon, with his face flushed, coat on arm, trembling with unusual exertion and from advancing age, here is that most respectable functionary the village doctor, puffing under a tramp of ten weary and dusty miles. With many others suspected and captured he has been sent down from Diascund Bridge by Colonel Porter, and with the rest he would have been marched off to Yorktown had not my attention been aroused by, “There goes our doctor,” from my lynx-eyed landlady. “Stop those prisoners!” I said to the orderly. “Send the doctor to me.”

“Your name, sir?” I asked.

“Doctor Hubbard is my name, sir!”

“How long have you been a prisoner?”

"I was arrested some four days ago, sir!"

"For what act were you arrested?"

"I do not know!"

"Where were you arrested?"

"On the road to Diascund Bridge!"

"Where were you going?"

"I was visiting my patients, sir, and came suddenly upon your troops. I did not know until then that you were in this part of the country."

(That speaks well for the secrecy of our movement, I thought.) "Were you on horseback?"

"I was, sir."

"Where is your horse?"

"Colonel Porter put his colored servant on him, and made me travel on foot for the last four days."

"Do you not know why you were arrested, or what suspicions attach to you?"

"I do not, unless from the fact that my horse was covered with sweat, and that I was riding rapidly."

"Why were you riding rapidly?"

"Well, sir, my son was wounded, and is concealed. I had been visiting him as his father and his physician."

"Is your son in the Rebel army?"

"He is in the Confederate army."

"Where was he wounded?"

"In a fight with your men."

"Where is he concealed?"

"You will excuse me, General, if I do not tell you."

"Yes, I will. I will not insist on an answer from a father. Your family, Doctor, feel much distress at your absence. I received a note from your wife yesterday, in which she begs me to release you; and I shall release you, upon your parole that you will not communicate any information you may receive of my movements to the enemy."

“My sons, sir,—I have two in the army,”—replied the doctor, “went into service without my consent; public opinion drove them in.”

“You may go home, Doctor; but you carry with you the consciousness that if you have in any manner, by word or otherwise, aided this rebellion, you are now reaping the fruits of your labor.”

“I have tried to remain loyal,” replied the doctor. “But loyalty to you is disloyalty to Virginia; and I suffer from one or the other.”

“Suffer then, sir, for the right,” I replied; “and you will then know that in being loyal to your Government and to my Government, you are not disloyal to Virginia.”

“We would remain quiet,” responded the doctor; “but Jefferson Davis is deaf to our entreaties to allow us to remain quiet. He refuses to take away the men who skulk in the bushes and kill your soldiers. Though I have tried to remain loyal, my servants have been taken away by your troops; and I understood that President Lincoln gave assurances to those who remained loyal, that their slaves should be secured to them.”

“Yes; but the proof of your loyalty,” I replied, “was to consist in your electing a Union member of Congress from your district. This was done in Norfolk, and there the proclamation frees no slave. The strongest evidence of loyalty in any Southern district was to be found—so reasoned the President—in the election of a Union man to the Congress of the United States; and, on such proof, their slaves were to be as free from interference under the proclamation as is the personal property of citizens of Massachusetts.”

“I was not aware of that,” replied Doctor Hubbard, musing for a moment, and then continuing with, “Well, then, all we can do now is to remain quiet at home; and I

pledge you my word that your confidence in me is not misplaced."

"Before you leave, Doctor, I commend to you this subject for reflection: Whether the occupation of your country by our armies does not free your slaves in fact."

"How can that be, General?"

"By martial law, under which we take your corn, your horses, your cows, — your everything essential to our salvation and your destruction. Thus your slaves are taken; and once taken, they are free; and once free, they can never be enslaved. Our martial law does not enslave, it frees."

"Do you think this is possible without special proclamation?"

"Undoubtedly it is; and so I have always administered the law martial, long before the President's proclamation; calling slaves together wherever found in a State in rebellion, and freeing them as an act essential to our own preservation. My immediate commander, or the President of the United States, could have countermanded my orders and remanded slaves to their masters; but he did not do so."

"But you say the proclamation frees no slave in Norfolk?"

"Nor did it," I replied. "It did not in the President's view, because he found there in the election his proof of loyalty; and it did not in mine, because there were no slaves there for the proclamation to operate upon: they were freed men when General Wool marched into Norfolk at the head of his army of occupation."

"Then what was the use of the President's proclamation?" inquired the doctor.

"In my view, sir," I replied, "it was to tell the slave that whenever and wherever the solid foot of Union troops

is planted in the South he is forever free ; to teach him that, in addition to withholding all aid from his master, he should give every assistance to the onward march of Union troops ; that he should go to the Northern armies if he could ; if not, that he should aid in getting the Northern armies to come to him ; and that in either case freedom followed. It was to tell you Southern people that your longer continuance in this wicked rebellion would destroy the very institution which caused you to rebel. And more than this, it was to notify the civilized world that our war was a war for freedom. You are at liberty to go when you please. Think on this subject. Since General McClellan marched through here there have been no slaves among you ; and may you live long enough to thank the Government that sent General McClellan."

Hardly had the doctor turned his face homeward, when more cries for help were poured into my ears. "General, my sister's son has been arrested," comes from my complaining hostess ; and before I can inquire of the matter a Mr. Taylor, following close upon her heels, wails out, "General, my last horse has been taken." Bringing up the rear, I acknowledge the salutation of the New York school-master, who discourseth of his continuing woes with, "General, I have got my horse ; but I can't take him home without your consent." This woe-begone countenance has the precedence, and I listen while the translated New Yorker pleads : "I know I am an object of suspicion among your soldiers, but I am almost distracted at the losses my family are suffering. My wife's parents are old and feeble, and would not survive removal from their homes ; we remain here, therefore, on their account. Our fences are destroyed, our fields are open to your horses and mules, and they destroy our wheat and corn. Nor are these the worst of the evils we are called upon to endure ;

our servants are enticed away from our house; we have not one left to help us."

"What!" I interrupted, "in what manner or by whom were your servants enticed from your house?"

"They left us with regret, sir," was the reply; "the women embraced my wife before leaving."

"Did not your father-in-law," I answered, "appeal to me a day or two ago, in the presence of these very slaves, who, having loaded his only cart with their bundles and their rags, had attached to it a sorry-looking horse picked up by the wayside, and proceeded thus to sever the pleasant and affectionate ties which bound them to your household?"

"I did not know of this," replied the schoolmaster.

"Well, sir, then I will tell you," I continued, "that your aged relative invoked my aid to compel his negroes to return, for his appeal to them had been unheeded; but that they absolutely refused either to return themselves, or to restore the cart which they had abandoned, choosing rather to pack their ragged bundles on their own shoulders, leaving their gray-haired master to hitch himself into the vehicle, if he were so disposed. This episode I witnessed; sir; and in it there was no enticing and no embraces of affection."

"Well, sir," replied the schoolmaster, "we ask for and must rely upon your protection; so powerless am I and so distracted at times, that I fear I am not in my right mind."

It was indeed hard to sit quiet, listening to these monotonous complaints, while I knew that Lee was advancing to invade Pennsylvania, and to remain in this miserable Peninsula while there was hard work about to begin for the Army of the Potomac. One would rather be part of the host that was to meet Lee, than be adjudicating on this man's cow, that one's mule, and another's pigs.

The morning of the 18th of June brought with it hopes

of our movement; feeble to be sure, yet hopes. They were sent in cipher by General Dix to Keyes at Yorktown, and communicated to me there while I was laying the facts of our discomforts — being as yet without our tents and camp property — before the commanding general. As nearly as could be deciphered, the despatch directed me to remain where I was and to make my troops comfortable; at the same time intimating that a movement towards Richmond in our direction, during the absence of Lee's army, was not improbable. Whether Dix had men enough to make such a campaign with success; whether Lee was the man to leave the gates of Richmond open wide enough to drive all the cows in, while he was absent on an invasion of the North, — I could only surmise. I learned, however, from a batch of Northern papers, that General Lee was frightening the Northern people prodigiously, and teaching Pennsylvania in particular that a proper military organization within its own limits is at all times essential for its own safety. In compliance with the order to make ourselves comfortable, I sent to the front the tents of our deserted encampment, from which we had marched one week before, with the expectation that we should return there in four-and-twenty hours.

Behind the Blue Ridge, with its passes under his control, Lee has no apprehension for his flank; and he may look with scornful indifference at the empty and idle steamboats on the Potomac, while his guns are booming at Winchester and at Martinsburg, at Hagerstown and at Chambersburg. Oh, Winchester, Martinsburg, and Bull Run! days of Patterson, of Banks, and of McDowell! The Winchester of 1861, of 1862, and of 1863; the Winchester that Patterson did not attack, that Banks did not defend, now sacred to the memory of Milroy! And you, Bull Run, with your bloody and disgraceful prelude, your afterpiece of incompetency

and imbecility! To watch wasted lands and empty barns at Twelve-Mile Ordinary in Virginia, while the Rebel army tramped through the fat grain-fields, luscious orchards, and plethoric stables of Pennsylvania; to grumble about shelter-tents and bushwhackers while Lee was marching into the heart of our country, — this furnished now the sole occupation of as brave and well-disciplined a body of troops as could be found in any corps in the Union army.

And still rumor with its hundred tongues assailed us daily. From the 19th to the 21st of June, the camps were filled with reports that reinforcements were on the way from Yorktown, for a forward march towards Richmond. In the mean time scurvy warned us that our rations were unwholesome, and that we were not properly sheltered at night from the wet and cold. And yet we could not complain; for it often happens to others as it did to us, that, accoutred as we started for a single day, we had been compelled to remain since the 11th of June without one tent for cover, and with only hard bread and salt meat for food.

There was, however, no intermission to the usual reports and complaints. Bushwhackers in ambush still fired on and murdered my patrols, and there were no houses near to burn in retribution. Indignant young women, with blooming faces and oscillating curls, continued to alight with considerable vigor from antiquated vehicles, and plead with me for a pass for a slave, or for a mule. Another addressed me with impudent composure, demanding a permit to go to a house near Hickory Church, within a mile of Burnt Ordinary, and, although a suppliant, exclaimed that it surprised her "to see my soldiers here again."

"Don't you like to see them?" I said.

"Of course not," was the reply.



“Why not?”

“Why not? Why, because,” — looking around as if to frame a reply as crushingly frivolous as my question, — “because I don’t like to see sheep in the front door-yard.” This was uttered with an indignant glance at half-a-dozen lean and scrawny animals, grazing within the bounds of a rickety and tumble-down fence, which was called the yard of the adjacent house.

I was not inclined to a war of words with this resentful female; nor had I the opportunity even if inclined, for she bounced with her last word into her carriage, and drove wrathfully away.

Rumors of Lee’s movements, with dire accompaniments of raids into Pennsylvania, now came thick and fast. We heard of State militia deserting their ranks and going home rather than submit to be mustered into the United States service for this emergency, leaving the defence of their own State to troops rapidly arriving from New York and New Jersey. Meanwhile we received orders from Fort Magruder to prepare to march with rations for five days, and my command was increased by two brigades. This left but little doubt that we were to march on Richmond; and it was welcome news after the petty details of complainings pouring in faster and more appealingly as the hour of our departure approached. Orders from General Dix to prepare to make the expected movement the next morning so overshadowed an imploring letter from a Virginian for the return of his mules, as the only means he had of cultivating his land and keeping from distress and starvation a large family, that I could not “make his case my own,” nor help him as he appealed to me to do.

There had as yet been but five hours of daylight, and I had been overwhelmed with cares, when General Keyes with an imposing staff arrived from Yorktown, to be in

readiness to move his command on the contemplated expedition. The number of tents in my "front yard" was increased; and there was an increased number of occupants of floors within the house. A great array of orderlies' horses tied to my tumble-down fence, and a large squad of cavalry picketed near by, announced to my landlord and his wife that new draughts were to be made upon their hospitality for one night's lodging at least. It happened that this very night had been appointed for the attempt to capture me, to which I have referred. A gang of Confederates, concealed in the woods at a convenient distance from the house, were at midnight to be guided to my apartment by my amiable hosts; silently and expeditiously they were to overpower the few guards around my headquarters, seize myself and staff, and make their escape before the troops, who were encamped perhaps four hundred yards to the rear, were aware of their presence. That this plan existed, and would have been attempted but for the large increase of my ordinary guards by the escort attending General Keyes, was made known to me when my landlord and his wife were not in my power; but its existence was also revealed by the wife herself, who imparted it to her neighbors, a loyal family who congratulated me on my escape, and assured me of the truth of the story, while I rested a moment at their house on my return to Yorktown. But if the increased force had not deterred them, the result might not have been a success. The scowling faces of my hosts, their too frequent application to go to a mill outside the picket line, the captured uniforms and the skulking Rebel in the woods, — all these had aroused my suspicions; and I had laid snares and pitfalls for prowling Rebels little dreamed of by them.

The day wore on, and night came, — one of refreshment, I had promised myself, for the morrow's work, — when a

new batch of prisoners (among them a Doctor S——, just from Richmond, captured as he was attempting to pass my pickets at Diascund Bridge) was brought in. The doctor talked hopefully of the “independence of the South;” of “General Lee’s great victory at Winchester;” of the impossibility of “Union again;” of the “fine clothing and equipment of the Southern army;” of the more “perfect liberty at the South than at the North;” and firmly, but with some show of modesty, asserted as his opinion that “success would crown Southern effort at last.” This precious specimen of Southern chivalry showed as bad a face as I had seen for many a day, and if I could read his soul through such a villanous titlepage, he would do harm if he could.

“Where shall I sleep?” he asked.

“On the floor if you like.”

“I have no bedding.”

“Do you know the owner of this house?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Then awaken him and get bedding: I will dispose of you in the morning.”

The landlord cheerfully recognized my prisoner, and supplied him with blankets, on which he slept, but carefully watched by a guard which I appointed for that special purpose. To find the doctor at an early hour the next morning in close communication with my landlord did not surprise me; nor did it, to learn that he had been taking notes of the numbers and disposition of troops around him; neither was I confounded that this amiable Rebel had been heard to declare that “the damned Yankees would not have taken him yesterday if he had had a gun to defend himself,” although when taken he was sneaking off in a lamb-like way. But all this did not operate to induce me to send him under guard to Fortress Monroe as a prisoner

so much as his bad expression and his determined opposition to our Government.

"Can't I speak to the General?" I overheard him asking, as the ambulance door closed upon him.

"No, you can't," was the reply of his guard.

"He talked with me last night very kindly," urged the doctor.

So he did, I said inaudibly, and you developed your intentions in a manner quite satisfactory to him.

On the morning of the 24th of June we were to advance to Barhamsville. It was in considerable gloom that we began this march. Chancellorsville and Winchester were fresh in our memory,—two inexcusable disasters, following one on the other's heels, and giving us ample food for serious meditation. And then who should be intrusted with the command of our armies? In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois armed resistance was organizing against the Conscription Act; Hooker was inactive; Lee was fortifying in Maryland,—and all this in the third year of the war. Is it strange that our thoughts were serious?

## CHAPTER V.

APPROACHING RICHMOND. — WITH THE ARMY OF THE  
POTOMAC.

IN spite of all the vexations of starting, every commander of troops will admit that, once mounted and on the march, the most harassing cares give place to buoyancy if not to exuberance of spirits. As I turned my face towards Richmond, I responded to my host's farewell and invitation, "Call again, General," with at least a seeming cordiality; and greeted almost tenderly the good Doctor Hubbard as he came to express his regrets at our departure, and to make one more effort to find that old horse which was now his sole reliance. He was very sad, and I gave him all the encouragement I could. Again I bore a brief interruption from two young women, who, propelled in a tip-cart by a single donkey, parleyed with me about a wagon taken by somebody, from somewhere, at some time.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we encamped for the night, two miles beyond Barhamsville. It rained fiercely. The men were in the woods; myself and staff in a dirty and empty shanty adjacent. Keyes occupied the best farm-house in the neighborhood; but not for comfort, — it was a ruse. "Hush!" he uttered in bated breath; "still as death! this house is not on the road we travel. I am here to deceive the enemy." Those who have always lived in comfort can have but a faint notion of the pleasures of an encampment at the end of a day's march, even in tempestuous and cheerless weather. The feeling with which Old Fifty-thousand-a-year gazed from his two-hundred-

thousand-dollar mansion with a passing emotion of pity for "our poor soldiers" is entirely illusory. Give a soldier wood for a roaring blaze, dry straw for a bed if he can get it, and if not, then hemlock boughs, and if neither, then a dry spot for his blanket; add a plentiful supply of rations,—and your true soldier will find cheer where to a civilian the outlook would be dark and forbidding. Before a merry camp-fire despondency gives place to levity, dullness to animation; hopes rise, the muscles grow hard, the eye brightens, resolution is strengthened, until the worn and cheerless soldier who threw off his canteen, cartridge-box, and haversack, and faded into a sorry heap, becomes erect, strong, and defiant. All this is born of food and fire, of a pipe and a merry group. The dripping column that toiled heavily on its march from Barhamsville on the 25th of June, and halted in front of a dark and gloomy wood for the night, were soon transformed into happy dwellers, peopling the silent arches of the forest with song, or filling its dark recesses with a convivial glow. Soldiers, too, are mortal, with appetites pertaining to mortality. In common with races less civilized, they have a keen instinct for food, though they do not enjoy with the epicure the advantages of Fulton or Quincy market; hence, inroads on chickens, hogs, and cattle that are nurtured on sacred soil, and an accurate knowledge of the situation of smoke and spring house. Rank commands external respect: but rank, in common with the lowest station, acknowledges demands of hunger; and rank, however exalted, will fail to secure the bounties of the surrounding country, if it does not provide against the wandering tribes that swarm over and into every hamlet within miles of the march of a column of troops.

It was a pleasing idea, that of dinner, as I watched the leaping blaze from my camp-fire, and dried wet places in

my clothing. It was a consoling thought that I had stationed a sentinel at yonder farm-house to protect the dinner which the owner had consented to prepare. In contemplation of my own meal, how I rejoiced as my beloved troops were preparing theirs! To see them crowding around the savory messes, to know that they were well fed and happy, was delightful indeed. At last I notified my staff that we would visit the Elysian fields of dinner.

"Which is the house, Mr. ——? Go on, and show us the way."

"This is it, hey? I admire your taste; it is the best-looking house around here; and it was very prudent in you, too, to post this sentinel at the door. These dogs of soldiers are so sharp."

"This is Doctor Jones, General," said Mr. ——, as he introduced a gentlemanly person as the master of the mansion.

"Glad to see you, Doctor; we have come to dine with you."

"Why, General, I sent your dinner to you more than an hour ago."

"Eh! what?"

"Did n't you send for it?"

"Send for it!" I echoed, feebly. "I see it all! Call up that sentinel. Has any soldier carried off a dinner while you have been on post?"

"No, sir!"

"Did any dinner walk off alone in your presence?"

"Did n't see it, sir."

"When did you send this — this dinner, Doctor?"

"We cooked and sent it as quickly as possible after your arrival."

"But this sentinel was posted as soon as we arrived, was he not, Mr. ——?" I said to my aid.

"I did'n't post him until one hour after," replied the conscience-stricken officer.

"And before he appeared," said the doctor, "a soldier came and said he was sent by the General to bring his dinner to him."

"General who?"

"General Gordon."

"May that dinner choke that soldier!" I muttered. My aid was lost in meditation. But our dinner,—ah, our dinner!—that was gone forever!

"Doctor, have you anything left to eat?"

"I am afraid not. Three chickens were cooked, but the soldiers came and carried them away. They also killed my sitting hens, and hens with chickens; took off my beehives, and ate all I had in the house. So you will have a mighty poor dinner, I'm afraid, gentlemen."

And it *was* poor, but filling. Though the hungry officers were not, the pickled mangoes were, nicely stuffed. The doctor favored us at the table with his presence, but several young ladies concealed in upper chambers, brooding over secession and nursing hatred to Yankees, did not. In a short after-dinner conversation my host declared the Southern belief to be that we were waging this war for their total subjugation, and that such belief rendered it impossible for them to do anything but fight. He thought they would come back to the Union as it was, if we would consent.

"Let the South, in good faith, ask to come back," I replied, "and then we will see what shall be done with the subject that caused you to rebel."

"Were you not in command'at West Point a few days ago?" inquired the doctor.

"I was!"

"I think you were right lucky to get away as you did;



we think you were smart about it. The plan was this: you were to have been attacked in force in a day or two. The whole of Pickett's division, save one brigade which was to attack you in front, was to go down on the left bank of the Mattaponi, and had started for that destination with three siege-pieces, thirty-two-pounders. They were to take strong positions within shelling distance of your camp, and with the co-operation of the force under General Wise, acting on the right bank of the Pamunkey, were to shut up the York River and prevent any aid coming to you from that direction. You were to be attacked in front with infantry, and shelled from both shores with artillery."

"Then I was fortunate to get away as I did?"

"Yes; we think it was a right smart thing in you to get off as you did; but they laugh at Old Wise a great deal for letting you escape."

"I never could account," I replied, "for the remissness of your commanders in allowing me to embark my troops without taking advantage of my defenceless situation. For more than twenty-four hours I was packing my men in steamboats, which were lying at the wharf crowded with troops, within musket range of Rebel batteries, or where I supposed Rebel batteries might be."

"Well, they were there! And Wise should have opened upon you; but he had orders to await the first gun from Pickett's batteries; and that signal not being given, he did not open fire, as he should have done."

"Did he know I was embarking my troops?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; he knew it about the middle of the first night of your embarkation. We have not stopped laughing at him since for allowing you to get away."

"Then you don't think much of Old Wise as a soldier?"

"No; his brigade is called the 'life-insurance brigade'."

his men are seldom in danger. But you would have lost right smartly, if you had delayed going any longer."

The doctor spoke in praise of General McClellan, urging that the South thought him our ablest general. Did I think he would be the next President? the doctor asked. Evading this question, I asked what the South thought of Ben Butler, and if they would hang him if they could catch him.

"They would!" he replied.

"You do not like him much, then?"

"Do you approve his course?" asked the doctor.

"He has been charged with much that is untrue," I answered; "and yet he voted, I believe, sixty times for Jefferson Davis at the Charleston Convention. Is it for this that Davis sets a price on his head? If so, there are some grounds for believing that the North would agree with the South in thinking that he ought to be hanged."

Our conversation ended here, and we parted with, I trust, mutual respect. I know of but few men, Northern or Southern born, who would have been so amiable or so considerate under such trying circumstances.

On the morning of the 26th of June the reveille sounded at the faintest glimmer of day, and soon after the troops filed into the road ready for a sixteen-mile march to Cumberland Landing. A drizzling rain, making everything wet and sticky, cheerless fires expiring in abandoned camps, the gloom of an indistinct light, the stillness of the now uninverting forest, — all these dismally contrasted with last night's picture. After several hours of dull tramping we came to a small group of houses, to which one Slater, the occupant of the most conspicuous, had given the unmelodious name of Slatersville. An old man and woman, and two rather sprightly daughters, both violent Rebels, occupied the Slater mansion. A guard of infantry

from a preceding division had prevented the usual deprivations, and on the arrival of my troops a new guard was substituted, with orders to join the rear after the division had passed. A few moments of conversation with the inmates gave the old woman an opportunity to inform me that we "were fighting the flower of the world; the flower of the world, I tell ye." This she repeated as she puffed at a long-stemmed pipe, and exposed her yellow teeth.

"You think so, Ma!" said the eldest daughter, who, though much excited, declared in a temperate way her firm belief in the right of secession. "I am tired of the war," she continued, "but I had rather die than survive the dishonor of losing our cause. We are only anxious to be let alone. We wonder that you want people to live with you who do not wish to do so."

"We will gladly let you alone," I answered, "if you will acknowledge the supremacy of the Union, lay down your arms, and behave in the future as loyal people and not as rebels."

A chorus of sneers accompanied a chorus of indignant ejaculations in response; among which I caught "flower of the world" from the old woman; "Hartford Convention," she believed it was, from the elder sister; and faint echoes of Virginia "saving unto herself the right of leaving the Union when oppressed," from the old man. I bade them farewell, with assurances of freedom from molestation (their eyes brightened) through a guard of Massachusetts troops (their eyes fell), and exemption from punishment for the detection in their house of a telegraphic wire communicating with Richmond, and operated through an instrument for which our cavalry made a vain search,—"opening my trunk, my own private trunk," complained the eldest daughter.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Cumberland, and

met General Dix, who had come up by water on a steamboat. He sent for me immediately, and announced his intention of moving to-morrow into Richmond. Said the General: "There is no force to oppose us; and by a rapid movement we can enter." I asked how many troops he had, and what obstructions he would meet; as also what force of the enemy he would probably encounter. We were soon joined by Generals Keyes and Terry, to whom the commanding general made known his plans. It appeared to me that they were not received with favor; indeed, I doubt if in the private judgment of any one they were approved at that conference. They were to march the next day to White House, where Getty already was with a division. Our cavalry had gone towards the South Anna to destroy railway bridges. General Dix was to go up to White House that night; and from there, unless other counsels prevailed, we were to make what, with my limited information, seemed to me an impracticable effort to capture Richmond. This movement was called for by all the newspapers of the North; it was echoed in streets and in houses, in private and in public; it was accepted as a fact, and regarded as a duty. Because it would have been a good thing to do, it was urged as a wise thing to be attempted. By such stages did public opinion advance, until the Administration was affected, and the failure to attempt became a crime.

White House, on the Pamunkey, is a place of historic interest. In its front, one year previous, were gathered countless steamers and transports for the use of the Army of the Potomac. Around its precincts had hung the young hopes of our troubled nation in its first efforts of gigantic warfare. Here, too, was the famous raid, prelude to the melancholy tragedy which followed. We arrived here at eleven A. M., of the 27th of June, leaving Cumberland

at seven in the morning. Our wagons delayed us ; they floundered through the villanously muddy roads, of which Northern people could hardly conceive one year ago. A number of troops were encamped on this wide plain. In addition to those who marched from Yorktown, there were perhaps some ten or twelve thousand. Their shelter-tents stretched far away in the distance. Transports and gun-boats, as of old, were lying at anchor. The national flag and national airs saluted sight and hearing. The railway bridge across the Chickahominy was saved by our gun-boats ; they arrived too unexpectedly for the sixty or seventy Rebel cavalry on duty there to destroy it, and now it had been planked over to render it passable for horse and foot. I called upon General Dix, was cordially received, and requested, with all the general officers (Keyes, Terry, and Getty), to return at three P. M. to confer with him as to the best mode of attempting to go to Richmond, — a march of about twenty-four miles from White House. The General was a little anxious about Colonel Spear, of the cavalry, who had been sent on a raid the day before.

At three o'clock the conference began. The best mode of going to or near Richmond was discussed. Bottom's Bridge or Mechanicsville ? — one south, the other north of the railway from this place. General Dix did not favor Bottom's Bridge. It was too strong and too dangerous a point to be let alone, and it afforded too serious an obstacle to enable us to make a dash into Richmond. The Mechanicsville route, though longer, he was inclined to consider the better of the two. Opinions were asked. I had travelled over neither, and therefore could give no opinion of the roads themselves. I could only consider them strategically. I gave it as my opinion that if we advanced on Richmond we should cut loose from White House as a base, move towards the railway communications north of

Richmond, sever them, and then make our way towards Acquia Creek, and join the Army of the Potomac to aid in resisting Lee's invasion of the North. I argued that a movement from this point north or south of the railway, as proposed, was open to serious objections. I believed Richmond to be well protected with fortifications; that our success there was extremely doubtful; and that an attack and repulse would invite the enemy to follow up and seriously threaten our line of communications, unless we used a large force to protect our flanks, in which case the assaulting force would be small. "What do we want of Richmond?" I said. "Is it wise to dash our heads against its solid battlements; to take the chances, even of its capture, when with this force we could increase Hooker's army and destroy Lee, who is now rioting in Maryland? When we sever his line of communications we add greatly to the chances of his capture or entire destruction; and then we can surely and easily walk into Richmond. Is it supposed Lee will be fool enough to be diverted from his purpose by any demonstration we can make in Richmond?" Much general talking followed. I was sure, and General Dix afterward acknowledged to me that he was also convinced, that the plan to move on Richmond was not favored by one of his general officers. The proposed movement was due to General Halleck, who ordered General Dix to *menace* Richmond.

Colonel Spear had not returned, and the conference broke up to await his arrival. Later, the cavalry made its appearance; but I did not learn that it had been successful in destroying the enemy's communications with Lee's army. The report was that it had been driven back by a large force stationed at an important bridge whose destruction was attempted. Spear captured about one hundred prisoners on his raid,—among them Colonel Lee, a son

of the Rebel General; also thirty or forty baggage-wagons, and (from a paymaster) twenty thousand dollars in Rebel money. More troops were coming up the river. In all we were to have about seventeen or eighteen thousand men. The Rebels had made some little preparation to defend this place, by erecting within a circular earthwork at the extremity of the railway a battery on wheels, turreted like a monitor. We found and destroyed the work, but the battery had made off.

On the 28th of June we were still inactive. Rain threatened; more troops arrived,—some from Suffolk; one regiment from North Carolina reported, with two days' rations, but without shelter-tents or cooking apparatus. General Dix told me that he would have twenty thousand men if all arrived that had been promised him; but in what condition was another question.

“This would not give us men enough to besiege Richmond,” I said.

“Oh, no!” the General replied; “I wrote Halleck that I should never think of sitting down before Richmond. If I could accomplish nothing with a dash, I did not mean to try to do anything but menace the capital.”

The General thought well of my proposition to move towards the Virginia and Fredericksburg railway to destroy bridges. Our cavalry demolished a bridge on the Virginia Central by a gallant dash upon a company of North Carolina infantry stationed there. While awaiting further movements, we learned that Lee was in motion towards Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, as he might choose.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth General Keyes rode into my camp to say: “I am going to see General Dix; certain questions are to be decided. The General wants you to be present.” In the cabin of the “Thomas” I met Generals Dix, Keyes, Terry, Getty,

Harlan, and Foster, Major Stewart of the engineers, Colonel Van Buren, adjutant-general to General Dix, and Colonel Thomas, chief quartermaster. General Dix opened the discussion as follows:—

“At our last conference, gentlemen, we discussed the roads upon which an advance to the city of Richmond should be made, in case we advanced; now we are met to discuss the *question* of an advance. Since our interview, Colonel Spear has returned from his cavalry raid and reconnoissance. He brings information of the force of the enemy, from which and from telegrams from General Hooker, received through the War Department, I am satisfied that the present available force defending Richmond is about twelve or fourteen thousand men. I am ordered by the War Department, if possible, to menace Richmond. When all the troops arrive, I shall have less than twenty thousand men; probably all are here now, or near here. General Foster, what is your opinion?”

“As I am the youngest general, I should prefer the opinion of an older officer,” was the reply.

“It is customary,” said General Keyes, “for the youngest to give an opinion first; but as I have made up my mind, I have no objection to giving my opinion.”

“Well, your opinion then, General,” said General Dix.

“I think it inexpedient with this force to *attack* Richmond.”

“Yours, General Gordon?” said General Dix, — I being next in rank.

“I concur with General Keyes,” I replied.

“General Terry?” said General Dix.

“I think it inexpedient,” was the answer.

“General Getty?”

“You have not men enough to keep open your communications. I think it inexpedient.”



“General Harlan?”

“I think the same.”

“And General Foster?”

“I am of the same opinion as all the others.”

“I entirely concur in your opinions,” said General Dix.

So that vote was unanimous. It was the opinion of practical men on practical grounds against an attempt to seize the strong works around Richmond and possess the city. Even if it be assumed that twenty thousand good men would have accomplished the end in view, the problem under the conditions presented to General Dix would not have been of easy solution; for many of his troops were made up of regiments from North Carolina whose term of service had expired, and who, while on their way north to be mustered out, were *requested* to wait long enough to lend a hand to General Dix.

After the official conference a general discussion followed, in which I gave it as my opinion that the way to take Richmond was to transfer our force to Washington, and add it to that opposing Lee. This was no time, I urged, to try experiments. A repulse of this column before Richmond would result in demoralization to the army and to the country; and it would also give renewed encouragement to the Rebels. Accordingly, at our unanimous suggestion, General Dix telegraphed General Halleck that it was the wish of all the general officers that their commands be transferred to the Army of the Potomac to aid in the repulse of Lee.

From Fortress Monroe we heard that General Meade had replaced Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac; and we were glad to get the news. The Potomac was at this time again blockaded by Rebels, and Lee's army was within three miles of Harrisburg. In the meantime, awaiting orders from Washington, our feeble move-

ment went on. General Getty, with artillery, infantry, and cavalry, was to leave the next day to burn the bridges over the South Anna; General Keyes was to make a diversion towards Richmond; my command was to be held in reserve; Colonel McKibben was to occupy White House and neighborhood, and care for our flanks, during the sixteen days that remained before his regiment was to be mustered out of service. And it was to the credit of these men that they applied to be retained, subject to the single condition of being transferred to the Army of the Potomac under Meade, until the Rebel forces then occupying their homes in Pennsylvania should be driven across the Potomac, — and this, with General Halleck's approval, was agreed to by General Dix.

At the same post in Oregon, on the eve of this great rebellion, under the broad flag that had floated over the military Academy at West Point, Colonel McKibben of the Union, and General George E. Pickett of the Rebel army, heard that the State troops of South Carolina had fired upon the "Star of the West" in her attempt to convey supplies to the United States troops in Fort Sumter. Excited to anger by this intelligence, Pickett, at that time a captain of infantry, broke out with pardonable profanity: "—— ——— South Carolina," he exclaimed; "she will now try to drag Virginia out of the Union." But alas for national patriotism when tempted by the infamous doctrines of Secession! Pickett was a Virginian. When his State rebelled against the Government, he plunged with her into the abyss of civil war; and now, as one of the most efficient officers of the Rebel army, he was marshalling his men for that magnificent but (thank God!) futile charge which shattered the army and the Confederacy at Gettysburg.

On the morning of the 1st of July our movements were

progressing. Keyes, with about six thousand men, was on his way to Bottom's Bridge; Getty, with ten thousand, had crossed the Pamunkey for the South Anna; while my command, increased by a brigade of troops just from North Carolina under General Spinola, with a battery and cavalry, was sent to Tunstall's Station and other approaches. Efforts to destroy bridges and communications north of Richmond, and to menace the capital, did not result as General Dix had anticipated. Keyes's movements were feeble and indecisive. At Baltimore Cross-roads he met a regiment of Rebel infantry, and after skirmishing with it for an hour captured one prisoner, a private of D. H. Hill's division; whereupon he sent a despatch to Dix that he considered this "a remarkable fact," asking if he should "go on or fall back," — and then, without awaiting a reply, retired to within four miles of White House. Here he entertained General Dix with a series of despatches. "He had moved," he wrote, "at such fearful pace that the Rebels had been invited to attack him;" and he predicted that they would do so. Later in the evening this prediction seemed to be verified: four discharges of artillery and rapid musketry firing were heard. This Keyes reported to General Dix as an attack on Colonel West, and he asked if he should "make the ground I hold my battle-ground," intimating that he might need reinforcements. Later at night I was summoned to General Dix's headquarters, where a new batch of reports had been received; and I was told that the enemy had driven back General Keyes's advance, and that he was in momentary expectation of a fire upon his headquarters, where his second line was placed. It appeared from the replies of the aid who brought the despatches that Keyes thought himself to be in a very serious position, anticipating being driven to White House before morning by a force which he estimated to be very large, and that he had sent

back unloaded his wagons of rations and forage. At such probabilities General Dix was quite as much amused as disturbed, expressing his belief that Keyes "would come in here before daylight;" and he directed me to harmonize my dispositions to meet such an emergency, by strengthening weak points, establishing batteries, and warning advanced guards.

Save a few discharges of artillery and volleys of musketry, nothing happened to disturb the serenity with which I passed the night on a camp-stool, with the heavens for a covering. The morning of the 30th of June was quiet and peaceful. Keyes was in a confident, almost hilarious mood: the enemy was not in his front, they had gone after Getty. The morning of the 4th of July, 1863, found us engaged with duties which forbade other demonstration than a national salute and national airs at noon. While we were watching the enemy and threatening him, and compelling him to withhold many troops from Lee, General Dix received despatches announcing that there had been three days' fighting in Pennsylvania, with every prospect of a brilliant victory for us. He had also received a copy of a despatch from Jefferson Davis to Lee (captured by our forces), in which Davis spoke dolefully of affairs at the West; feared that Bragg would be attacked by Rosecrans and have to fall back to Tullahoma; adding that General Joe Johnson was asking for reinforcements, although all the reinforcements he had asked for had been sent him; he enumerated the forces in and around Richmond, declaring the intention to be to capture Washington, and called Lee's attention to the propitious time to make this move, when so many of our troops were going out of service.

The importance of strengthening Meade's army in Pennsylvania by all available troops elsewhere was recognized by the War Department and made known to General Dix,

who was ordered to send all the men he could spare to Washington as soon as Getty should return. The troops, in their excitement over the probabilities of victory, gave free vent to their feelings by cheering until they were hoarse; speech-making colonels were eloquent. The Fourth of July was filled with high hopes. The hum of happy voices, the loud tones of excited speakers, and the sullen boom of distant guns, where Getty was attacking the Rebel bridges over the South Anna, united with murmurs from river and plain as we waited for the opening of another day.

Through the War Department on Sunday, the 5th of July, it was communicated to General Dix that Meade had met Lee, had successfully resisted his assaults, captured many of his men, and turned him in flight towards Chambersburg. On the Fourth the President had informed the nation of our glorious victory, and had reminded the people of their duty to God, "from whom all blessings flow." So much we knew, and it became clear that Lee's power to invade was gone; it seemed barely possible that his shattered columns could reach the Potomac, towards which he was flying. Secretary Stanton informed General Dix that whether Lee succeeded in escaping or not depended much on what we could do to cut the bridges connecting Richmond with Fredericksburg. General Dix could congratulate himself that the ten thousand men under Getty were even then carrying out the Secretary's wishes; for at that very moment the boom of distant guns came to us from the direction of Getty's column, rapid discharges succeeding each other for an hour, at the end of which time they altogether ceased.

It was strange that we, who so idolized the memory of the "Father of his Country," should meet in deadly strife upon ground covered with mementos of his life; but it was stranger still that the descendants of that hero were seek-

ing to destroy what their illustrious ancestor devoted his life to create. Just beyond my picket line there stood a quaint old brick church, built in 1703. It is called St. Peter's Church, and is memorable because within its walls George Washington was married to Martha Custis. The form of the building is quadrangular. Through a tower crowned by Peter's keys, and rising but little higher than the roof, I made my entrance. Shaded by oaks of giant stature and richest foliage, this old church of St. Peter's, escaping the desolation of war in its more than one hundred and fifty years of age, stands in its sweet repose, a monument of the past. Perhaps the name of Washington protected it; for that name preserved here in Virginia every memorial of the Father of his Country. Not so was it, however, with his recreant descendants in their fratricidal warfare; they doomed themselves and their works to destruction. White House, owned by a son of General Lee, was in ruins; a pile of ragged bricks and mortar marked its site on the Pamunkey. The Rebel occupant of White House was here a prisoner at this very moment, suffering from wounds. He had been brought in on a litter, despite the representations of his attendant physician, who predicted his certain death if he were removed.

The evening of the 5th of July brought with it most satisfactory despatches from the Secretary of War. Our army defeated three assaults made on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday by the enemy, drove him back to Gettysburg, whence on Saturday Lee attempted, through a gap in the hills, to escape to Chambersburg; but was cut off by Meade, who in an impregnable position was holding every avenue of escape, save northerly, where he was watched by the force that Couch had collected in Pennsylvania. "Why should not Lee be captured or destroyed?" we asked one

another. The despatches said that a Florida brigade, with its general at its head, colors and all, had come in and surrendered to Meade. Too much confidence has ever destroyed every great military leader. Lee, in his bold march into Pennsylvania, committed a grave fault: his reckonings were false, his hopes fallacious. Northern copperheads had unwittingly done good. Lee had not then, as at Antietam, one flank on the river, but was open to attacks in all directions,—from the victorious force that pressed his rear, the militia that threatened his flanks, and the outraged yeomen who swarmed from their plundered farms to discomfit his stealing crew.

In what remained to be done near Gettysburg we all were most anxious to aid; and therefore we awaited with much impatience Getty's return, when we were to march towards Pennsylvania. Meanwhile rumors of Lee's escape through the passes to Chambersburg grew stronger, and we had to comfort ourselves with the obstacle which General French interposed to a safe crossing of the Potomac by the destruction of Lee's pontoon bridges, and on what Getty might have effected to impede his march toward Richmond in the demolition of bridges and railways to the north of that city. And even here our hope faded away from us; for on the afternoon of the sixth we heard with regret that General Getty found the bridges across the South Anna too strongly guarded by Rebel infantry and artillery in earthworks to make headway against them, although he destroyed the railways back of the bridges. This, with other demonstrations, was of much service to us, as we learned from one of Jefferson Davis's despatches, in which he said that Richmond had been seriously threatened, and he could not therefore send reinforcements to Lee.

But our regrets were swallowed up in the overwhelming joy with which, on the night of the seventh, we learned of

the surrender of Vicksburg. "Do not start at daylight," wrote General Dix to me; "I have news from the War Department that Vicksburg surrendered to the United States forces on the 4th of July. Please come to my headquarters." At three o'clock in the morning, in conversation with the General in command, he said: "I think you had better start at daylight. I have sent a telegram to the War Department, that, with an additional force of twenty thousand men, I can go to Richmond. I am reluctant to leave here; but as I have received no answer, I think that on the whole you had better start." Before leaving, the General gave me the important information — received through Colonel Ludlow, our commissioner for exchange of prisoners — that, three days before, Stephens, the Vice-President of the Rebel Government, with a great show of baggage, as if to make a long stay, came on board the truce boat to be forwarded to Washington, with despatches from "Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, to A. Lincoln, President of the United States." Colonel Ludlow telegraphed to Washington for instructions, and received a reply that the "mission of Mr. Stephens is inadmissible; that the ordinary channels of communication through military officials are open for all proper business between the insurgents and the United States." So Mr. Stephens, "much chagrined," as Colonel Ludlow said, turned back and homeward hied to the leanness of Rebeldom. "The events of the past few days," wrote Colonel Ludlow to General Dix, "are disposing of the objects of Stephens's mission faster than diplomacy can." The Rebel troops were hardly fairly in our Northern land before the Rebel President raised this puppet to fool his own people, or as a scarecrow for ours. Meanwhile Lee was flying for his burning pontoons, and seeking the shelter of the friendly Potomac.



At six o'clock in the morning the last of our troops were in line, and the last steamer preparing to move away. When my own column was ready, I gave the order "Forward!" and took the road through New Kent Court-House to Williamsburg and Yorktown. The day was dreary and drizzly, the mud deep, the marching horrible; but the men buckled stoutly to it, inspired to fresh effort by the knowledge that their chances of being the first to join Meade depended upon the stoutness of their legs. Through the woe-begone old town of New Kent Court-House, by its deserted houses and lifeless streets, sloppy and slippery, the long files of troops moved cheerfully, chaffing and smoking, resting but a moment in front of an ancient hostelry, from whose depths the reluctant visage of mine host appeared, — old, shabby, and rheumatic, solemn in his misery, and as hopeless in his aspect as was the deep fog and dripping rain overhead, while in his heart he held news from Gettysburg and Vicksburg.

"I have nothing to eat, sir!" he said, with his cracked voice; "nothing to eat!" — and to this his withered frame bore witness, while his tattered garments corroborated his tale of misery, — "nothing but a little side-meat I bought in Richmond, for which I paid many dollars a pound, and which I make go as far as I can to save me from starvation."

"And how far can you make a little meat go?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, we poor people resort to shifts and expedients which you at the North little dream of. You don't know, sir, until you try it, how small a bit of meat will flavor a large amount of vegetables. We are poor, sir, very poor; and when what I have is gone, I don't know where I shall look for more."

"Forward!" to join the Army of the Potomac; and on

moves our column to rest again at Slatersville, where the ancient vixen, Mrs. Slater, greets us with, "Well, you hain't taken Richmond!" I responded with a copy of the Philadelphia "Inquirer," which announced in prodigious capitals "Lee's disastrous defeat in Pennsylvania." "I don't believe a single word in that paper," she replied; "General Lee can't be whipped back!" I told her of Vicksburg; and she was still a scoffer at the truth, saying she had "heard such stories often before." We had but little time to waste, hardly enough to admire the private equipage in which Mrs. Slater was taking an airing, — an ox hitched to a cart, and driven by a negro, a valued steed "worth four hundred dollars," and just from the plough. "Forward!" again, on a stout march to Twelve-Mile Ordinary, where we arrived at about dusk, having accomplished twenty-four miles over heavy and sticky roads, with no other interruption than a message through a drunken cavalry sergeant, who dashed up to me just after leaving Slatersville to report that a General somebody sent him forward to say that the enemy in strong force was on my flank, threatening our line of march. This proved, however, to be a false alarm.

Footsore and weary, at six o'clock in the morning of the 9th of July we marched for Fort Magruder, arriving there at noon. We rested over night, resumed the march on the tenth at five o'clock in the morning, and halted at Yorktown four hours later, when I began the embarkation of my division. Men, animals, guns, and rations were crowded into cramped, wheezy, and degenerate steamers, to take the field when transportation by rail or steamer should cease. One moment's interview at the Fortress with General Dix, in whose presence it was always sunshine, and I was again on the mail-boat for Baltimore, to have a personal interview with General

Halleck in Washington, — with my part, in this Department, in the great Rebellion, for the time being at an end.

Breakfast at the Eutaw House on the 11th of July ; one glance at Dr. Leland, my old surgeon of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, on his way to Gettysburg ; one well-remembered laugh, and a few rapid inquiries ; one crowded moment of memories which his presence recalled, — and I entered the train for Washington.

General Halleck was commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. In person he was short and stout ; his head was large, his eye bright, his expression sharp and searching ; his manners gruff and harsh. There are some things not written about a commander-in-chief which men learn from a glance at his face, his residence, his aids, his surroundings, and his lackeys. Nothing was said, and yet the very building which held General Halleck seemed constantly to vociferate, "I hold the commander-in-chief!" The sentinel seemed to say, as he walked to and fro, "I guard the commander-in-chief!" The lackey's look said, "I open the door to admit you to the commander-in-chief!" The aids in the adjoining rooms impressed one in the same way ; their pens spoke aloud in the solemn silence, "I write the words, the very words, of the commander-in-chief." The appearance of the chief of staff of the commander-in-chief was imposing. "I am that great chief to that great commander," he seemed to say to the visitor. "I sit with him ; know his plans ; you don't,—they are mighty. I can talk with him ; you can't. Great is Halleck ! great is his chief of staff ! great his aids, his house, his pens, his lackeys ! Hail ! all, all hail !"

Having addressed this magnate to know his will touching my division of "four thousand infantry just from Yorktown," I was ordered to report at once to General Heintzelman, who would send me through Frederick, Maryland, to General Meade.

The ease with which the travelling world take trains for their destination is no criterion by which to judge of the labor of transporting four thousand men and their baggage from Washington to Frederick in time to fight a battle. Had they seen the confusion worse confounded which reigned at the Washington *dépôt* at dusk of the day of my arrival, they would have been slow to decide that we should get off anyhow, at any time. My division, however, was at length aboard ; my staff and I were transferred to a passenger car, containing a multitude of other officers, for whom there was no room elsewhere, and we were in motion between twelve and one o'clock at night. All things considered, we had made fair progress. The troops had marched from the Potomac River to the railway at Washington the moment they had disembarked ; and their re-embarkation began with the aid of General Heintzelman's staff and the quartermaster's men, who worked at cross-purposes, and made active demonstrations of shouting, swearing, and bellowing in inverse proportion to their real efficiency.

At daylight of the twelfth I was aroused from an uneasy slumber by a sudden shock. We had run into another troop-train. Nobody was to blame for those crushed bodies quivering under the weight of a heavy platform car ; nobody to blame for a delay of six or seven hours, which might have lost us the fight we were hurrying to reach ! It was twelve noon before we reached the Relay House, twenty-six miles from Washington, — twenty-six miles in twelve hours ! Where we should have had the wings of the dove, we found only the legs of the turtle.

Again in motion, our train of twenty-six or twenty-seven crowded cars wound its way in slow, snake-like motion around the long curves that mark the courses of the Baltimore and Ohio railway. From every log-hut, hamlet, and

village, the people greeted us with salutations. The old men made speeches, and the old women waved flags. Our progress through a loyal country was marked by the cheering voices and hearty *God bless you's* of our friends. Hill-sides, woods, and plains poured forth their people. No wonder these men and women swarmed down to meet and to cheer us. They had narrowly escaped knowing all the horrors of war and seeing their own homes devastated by the enemy. On a single track, and giving place to regular passenger trains filled with Jews, sutlers, and Gentiles, we were dragged along at a snail's pace until daylight of the thirteenth, when we stopped at Frederick Junction, with more confidence in the ability of General Heintzelman to load a train of troops, to reinforce an army at the front, than to clear the road for its rapid passage to its destination.

Frederick, Maryland! I was familiar with the place; for here it was that, when in command of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, I had rested during the first winter of the war; whence I had gone out, in the ensuing March, with the grand old Army of the Potomac, for a share in the doings of 1862; through which I had moved in that same year to the music of the musketry and cannon of South Mountain. I now found myself in the same place again in 1863, pressing with the Army of the Potomac upon the track of flying Rebels who had again advanced within our borders. How strangely did the events of this war stamp themselves upon this stanch old city of Frederick! Its well-remembered streets; its homes of unswerving loyalty and charming hospitality; the old site of my encampment in its winter quarters in the neighboring woods; the friendly faces that bade me welcome; and, more than these, the sad news of the death of two more gallant officers and many men of my dear old regiment at Gettysburg,—all these

filled me with conflicting emotions during the moment of time in which I made preparation to obey the telegraphic summons just received from General Meade, to report to him immediately in person.

A conflict seemed certain; Lee was determined to fight. His force was in line of battle within four miles of Williamsport, where he had issued an address to his troops, calling upon them to fight, by all the hopes and ends they so strongly desired to attain; he spoke of their last battle as not attended with their usual success, and expressed his hopes that they would repair their losses and save the Confederacy. Meade's position was strong; and on my way to the front to report to him, I listened for the roar that should begin the expected conflict.

Shall I ever forget the hearty God-speed which followed me from the noble Mrs. D——, with whom, uninvited, I had breakfasted? Shall I ever forget her stanch loyalty amidst dissenters and traitors, her attendance upon the sick, her defiance of Rebel troops during their occupation of her city; or her frank declarations of loyalty, although her husband's parish dwindled, and her support was diminished thereby? Hopeful and patriotic, cheering and defiant, scorning all concealment, her example and precept strengthened the weak and gave renewed confidence to the strong. "Come to me here if you are wounded," were her last words, as I turned my horse's head in the direction of the Army of the Potomac.

Passing my troops, who were pushing manfully forward, I stopped for the night at the house of a sullen Secessionist, with a spiteful wife and daughter, and breakfasted there at daylight, although that forty-year-old beldame assured me that she "hoped to see Lee drive you all back again," and then rode rapidly to within four miles of Funkstown, where I found General Meade. His headquarters on the

14th of July, 1863, were established on a by-road in a small piece of woods about opposite the centre of his army. A few tent-flies for his staff, a single wall-tent for himself (the allowance of a regimental field-officer), and a travelling wagon for the adjutant-general's department, made up the substance of headquarters, camp equipage, and baggage. General Williams, Adjutant-General of the Army of the Potomac from the beginning of the war, and General Pleasanton, cavalry commander (old friends), greeted me cordially. The latter introduced me to a studious-looking old gentleman, in major-general's uniform, poring over a map with intense application, as General Humphreys. My inquiry for General Meade was answered by pointing to a wall-tent, within which, on a camp-bed, the only article of furniture, sat a major-general, talking to a youthful-looking brigadier. I was received very politely, though with something of a precise abruptness. General Meade was a remarkably fine-looking man, with a bright, intelligent countenance, piercing eye, face indicating power, straight in figure, but not stiff. His nose entitled him to a place in a gallery of military heroes. He was about six feet high, and far more prepossessing than most of the representatives of factions who have commanded the Army of the Potomac.

"Glad to see you, sir!" said the General. "Take a seat on the camp-bed, there is no other," edging along to give me room.

"I have brought you, General, from White House, Virginia, my division of about four thousand infantry. I have travelled with great despatch, having left there on the eighth, which makes but six days in transferring this command to you, ready to take the field; and of those six, four of them were marching days."

"You would have done me more good by remaining near

Richmond," he replied; "the whole Rebel army crossed the Potomac this morning."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated; then, after a moment's pause, added: "we did not remain near Richmond because General Halleck ordered all those troops to be sent to you; and mine have come in hot haste."

"We held a council yesterday," continued the General, "and all my corps commanders were unanimously in favor of not attacking the enemy. I was in favor of so doing; but I did not feel like moving against the advice of my corps commanders, for they do all the work. But I should have moved this morning, at any rate."

After a few more words, he continued: "I do not pretend to any great military knowledge or capacity; but if anybody had said to me while I was lying upon this camp-bed, from which I was awakened in the middle of the night to be informed that I was placed by the President in command of this army, that in the time which has since elapsed I should be able to clear the whole Rebel army out of Pennsylvania, I should have thought him insane. I do not care a straw what will be said about it; I know it to be much better to let the army go in their demoralized condition than to run the risk of a defeat, though I should have attacked Lee this morning, and it was my wish to do so yesterday."<sup>1</sup>

I saw, of course, that General Meade was much chagrined at the escape of Lee; and I inferred that the objections urged by the corps commanders were not against fighting, but to secure a little rest and repair, in which General Meade reluctantly acquiesced for a day,—but the delay was fatal. This is the impression I gathered from all that was said, though I am aware some sentences may bear a different interpretation. These conclusions, which were

<sup>1</sup> Monday, the thirteenth.



almost identical with those of McClellan at Antietam, were supported by the same arguments. That a defeated army, with a river at its back, has but one thing to do, and that is not to give its victor long to think whether it will get on the other side or not, flashed through my mind, — but my tongue gave it no utterance.

“How long do your troops serve?” asked the General.

“For the war,” I replied.

“I will send you with them temporarily to the Eleventh Corps, to report to Howard,” said the General.

Our interview being at an end, I took the road to Hagerstown, where, when I arrived late in the afternoon, I learned that Howard with his command had pushed on for Clear Springs. As it was impossible, as well as not desirable, to march my tired troops further until morning, I ordered tents to be pitched outside the village, and used the remaining daylight in inspecting the long lines of deserted Rebel earthworks which showed themselves at short rifle-range from my encampment. I found them to be about six miles in length, resting on the Potomac on the right, and following prominent ridges through corn and wheat fields, over lawns, through door-yards, into forests and thickets, wherever the situation invited, — until they touched the Potomac on the left. Every road from Hagerstown to Williamsport was thus crossed by intrenchments and covered by artillery. Sometimes the defences were of two or three lines, as a prominent stone-wall or any inviting natural barrier offered shelter to the assailed, or an impediment to the assailant. Behind these works a thick forest would have enabled the occupants to continue the fight if they had been driven from their works, while in front slashed timber offered a serious obstacle to approach. The works were very strong, and the position happily selected. Severe would have been our loss in its capture.

I estimated the force that occupied these works at forty thousand men, though Lee may have had sixty thousand there. In wandering about I came in contact with many Marylanders whose houses were within the Rebel lines, and from whom I learned that Lee began his retreat on Sunday night, the twelfth, that being the first time the river was fordable; and that on Monday the thirteenth, the day Meade would have attacked but for his corps commanders, there was but a thin line of Rebels in the intrenchments.

"I should have come over and told you of this, sir," said an honest Maryland farmer to me, "for I knew all about their movements from some of the Confederate officers that boarded at my house. But my wife was not at home, and I did not like to leave the house alone."

"What, *leave the house alone!* Why, the Government would have built you a palace for such information! One hundred thousand dollars would have been cheap for it!"

"Well," he replied, "I could have done it; but my family were all away, and I did n't like to leave the house alone."

Was there ever such a simpleton? A thoroughly loyal man, but so apprehensive of possible discomforts as to stand by an old log-house that might have cost ten dollars, even to the sacrifice of an opportunity to destroy General Lee! A swollen river, barely fordable; and on the heels of the defeated army a triumphant host, held back by only a thin line of skirmishers!

"How did the Rebels appear?" I inquired.

"The officers were much cast down," he replied. "They admitted a whipping; said they had lost Vicksburg, and that they would have retreated immediately from Gettysburg, but the height of water prevented. One of them told me he thought they would all be captured."

Said one old farmer to me to-day: "I told them [the Rebels], when they passed through here, that they would get no further than into a small corner of Pennsylvania. And I asked them what they were fighting for, and they said their 'rights;' but they could not tell me of any rights they had lost. I told them John Brown was hung for violation of law; and that those who fired on Fort Sumter should suffer for the same violation of law."

If all that these men said was true, they were great haters of Rebels, and very willing to fight them.

Our troops were in Williamsport, where they had arrived in time to know that on the other side of the swollen waters of the Potomac were all the Rebels that had not been drowned. They had escaped, and nothing was left but to mourn that Meade had not attacked them the day before; and that the scale of intelligence in the Maryland farmer was so low that he preferred warding off a possible danger to his log-cabin to giving us information that would have enabled us to crush the Rebel army.

This crossing at Williamsport vividly reminded me that more than one year earlier the country waited in breathless anxiety for the safety of a little handful of men weighed down with an enormous armful of baggage, who had been driven to the banks of this then, as now, swollen river by a force ten times its number, with whom it had bravely contended for two entire days in one pitched battle, and a running fight of more than thirty miles. I could well recall how this small force, working during three nights and two days, placed by unceasing exertion this swollen stream between itself and certain capture from the same Rebel force which now was doing its best to save itself from destruction. Just as we to-day by our attack would have annihilated them, so they by their attack would then have annihilated us. Just as they pleaded fatigue and the

impossibility of marching further as an excuse, so did we plead want of rest in extenuation of our inactivity. It is said that Stonewall Jackson gave as an additional reason why Banks was not destroyed, that, having broken the Sabbath by the battle of Winchester and lost his opportunity to pray, he devoted Monday to religious exercises. We may thank his devotional inflexibility, for it saved us. During the long night that ushered in that Monday morning of the 26th of May, 1862, we stood on the Virginia side of that swollen river, in sight of men and baggage, trains of artillery and ordnance, of commissary and quartermasters' stores, and the Shenandoah Valley débris of the armies of Sigel, Shields, and Banks, — in sight of drowning mules, struggling drivers, and wagons overturned in the hapless attempt to ford its deep and rapid waters, — and yet effected our passage without loss of men, and with insignificant loss of property. If the Rebels under Lee were as thankful to press the Virginia shore now, and leave Meade at Williamsport, as we were to reach Williamsport then and leave Stonewall Jackson on the Virginia shore, they must have felt a joy which is not often tasted.

So did events repeat themselves in this war; and so did excuses and justifications. General Lee, who would have claimed a victory over Meade as the just termination of his own plans and judicious preparations, now that he had been whipped, made excuses for his failure. He could not fight (he wrote in his official report) the enemy where they were with advantage, so he advanced towards the Potomac. He would not have fought where he did in Pennsylvania, but he came suddenly upon the whole of Meade's force occupying the mountain passes, and he could not get away with his heavy wagon-trains. He could not subsist his men where he was; Meade was too watchful for that. Accordingly he made the attack with Longstreet's com-

mand on our left, and another against our right centre to keep us from reinforcing our left. Before Longstreet there was an important ridge; and Lee thought, if that were gained, our left would be crushed. On the first day of the battle he secured the heights in front; but on the second he failed, and was beaten. His artillery was useless then, for his ammunition was almost exhausted; therefore he retreated. On the night of the fourth he began this movement, and his rear left Gettysburg on the morning of the fifth; on the thirteenth he constructed a bridge at Falling Waters, and crossed it with his army on the fourteenth, confessedly whipped.<sup>1</sup>

While such momentous events were taking place in the field, a tumultuous mob of Rebel sympathizers in the city of New York were obstructing the Federal authorities in their efforts to strengthen the Union army. An immense body of rioters had possession of the city; drafting was stopped, the rolls destroyed, hotels threatened, houses in flames, the "Tribune" office attacked. *One company of invalids was called out; they fired over the heads of the mob, were disarmed, and driven from the streets!* This was the first time that a threatened calamity to the Union offered a safe opportunity for asserting that "the draft cannot be enforced; that Lincoln has gone to the end of his tether; that peace cannot be made during his administration"! This is what the Governor of New York dared to proclaim then.

Lee and Davis had organized this matter well. It was the commonest, and yet the most successful, strategy to lure an enemy in one direction, while an attack was made in another thus left undefended. The militia of New York had been called to the front, and had been sent away most expeditiously by a Democratic governor, while one com-

<sup>1</sup> Lee's official report.

pany of invalids was firing over the heads of Rebels in New York, and while we were gathering up the thousands of our killed and wounded who fell on the field of Gettysburg! In that third year of the war, when half the territory of Virginia groaned with its burden of slaughtered martyrs, when half the homes of loyal States were in mourning, to treat Rebels in New York with such tenderness, and at the same time slaughter Rebels in Pennsylvania, — oh, consistency!

On the fifteenth, preparing to go to Clear Springs, General Howard greeted me with the information that the whole army were to move towards Berlin; which meant, of course, another march into Virginia. I had never met Howard, though I think I could have called him by name had I not seen his sleeveless arm, — a memento of the first Bull Run. He is a brave man, who trusts in God and strong battalions; is judicious withal, and not wanting in tact. He is of medium size, has a frank and open countenance, a cheerful smile, smooth, quiet voice, and impresses one as an honest man. His clerical training (he was a clergyman before the war) is somewhat perceptible, though he seemed without cant or manifestation of sanctity. He was very courteous and affable; was in some doubt as to the command I should have in his corps, but finally left it to be arranged to suit me when we arrived at Berlin. To my expression of regret that Lee had not been attacked, he replied that Sedgwick, Slocum, and Sykes were decidedly opposed to it in council; that he asked permission of Meade to move forward on Sunday night, the twelfth, and turn Lee's left on Monday morning, which he thinks he could have done, but that Meade replied that the movements already contemplated would have the same effect. From this I of course received the impression that Howard did not in council advise against the attack, though Meade

had told me that all his corps commanders were unanimously against it. I was further impressed with the belief that if a corps had been precipitated upon Lee on Monday morning, Meade would have verified the information of the man with a log-house, and would have caught the enemy in a most deplorable condition.

Carl Schurz, who commanded a division in the Eleventh Corps, called on me while Howard was present, and characterized the failure to attack as the mistake of the war. As I was to enter upon the coming campaign with Carl Schurz, and as I was attracted by his well-known reputation as an orator at the West, I closely scrutinized his person for an impression. He is tall, over six feet high, stoops a little, has sandy hair, an inquiring look, and a restless and nervous manner. He is reticent in speech, and always on the watch for an advantage; has his own plans, and will defeat yours if they interfere with his. He is, too, a politician; ever ready and willing to increase the influences through which he moves and has his being. As a clear and terse writer he has few superiors. He has the art of putting things strongly, as Howard found out after Chancellorsville, when Schurz wrote him a letter of such singular bitterness that, said Howard, "I thought I should never survive it; but I have." It was to make Howard the scapegoat of the Eleventh Corps that Schurz wrote that letter; and it had an effect in producing trouble with the German element, which only Howard's later successes in the field allayed.

A quiet drive through an open country, with unobstructed ways and good bridges, was more delightful and less exasperating than were my attempts to push my way to Berlin through the crowded baggage-trains, columns of infantry, miles of cavalry and artillery, acres of quartermasters' and ordnance wagons, and all the indescribable

appurtenances of material form and palpable substance that impede an army. After being hopelessly mixed up in Sedgwick's corps, in which were sandwiched the four-wheeled nondescripts of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, I extricated myself but to find every road for twenty miles a confused mass of human and animal life, from which, by sheering and pushing and using strong exhortations, I got clear, and encamped for the night on the identical spot whence, in the previous autumn, I marched with my brigade to fight the battle of Antietam. Who could have predicted then that in less than one year I should return by the same route to aid in another invasion of Virginia? We received news that evening of our military successes among Southern traitors, and fearful reports of the deeds of Northern traitors in New York. The whole line of the Mississippi was ours; Vicksburg and Port Hudson captured; Bragg flying before Rosecrans to Atlanta; Joe Johnson whipped by Sherman; Fort Powhatan, on the James, taken; and New York under martial law. These successes we could set off against desponding rumors that our efficiency in the field had been impaired by a recall of the New York militia, that the President had stopped the enforcement of the Conscription Act at the will of the mob, and that General Meade had received a curt reproof from Halleck touching Lee's escape. "Councils of war never fight," said that carpet chief; "you [Meade] should have acted upon your own responsibility." That what he had accomplished should be overlooked; that he should be censured for neglect and suspected of infirmity of purpose; and that Halleck should play the rôle of censor, — this was too much for Meade; and he replied that he relied only on himself, and asked to be relieved from command. But to this end matters were not to be pushed. Again had scolding messages and "Bunsby despatches"



aroused an unforeseen indignation. General Meade was informed that the President did not wish to relieve him; that he only desired to spur him onward in his pursuit of Lee. Meade accepted this Pickwickian construction, and on the 16th of July threw his pontoons into the Potomac at Berlin, to cross once more into Virginia.

The division assigned to me was commanded by General Barlow at the battle of Gettysburg, and was composed of two brigades of six regiments in each. Generals Adelbert Ames and Schimmelfening commanded the brigades. The division I brought here was incorporated with this command. The entire division as then made up consisted of the 75th, 25th, and 107th Ohio, 17th Connecticut, 40th Massachusetts, and 157th New York regiments, commanded by Ames; and the 41st, 54th, 127th, 142nd, 144th New York and the 74th Pennsylvania regiments under Schimmelfening. Howard's corps was Siegel's, and Siegel's was Fremont's, in which there were many Germans, as the names indicate. Both Ames and Schimmelfening were highly praised by Howard. The material and staff of the division had been transferred to my headquarters. The color was a crescent on a white field; the transportation, one ambulance and two or three common wagons. Then there were a division surgeon, a commissary of musters, and all the necessary men and measures for a requisite military and sanitary status. There were also a commissary to provide food; a quartermaster to supply wagons, forage, horseshoes, and camp equipage; a surgeon to see that regimental surgeons did their duty, and an inspector to see that everybody did his duty; a bugler to blow troops up and down, here and there, to march and halt, to fight and cease fighting; orderlies for messages and despatches; aids to execute; signal officers, with flags by day and torches by night. These, with an officer of ordnance and a chief

of artillery, made up the military family of a general of division, and aided him in the keeping, marching, manœuvring, fighting, and preservation of his men. This division formed part of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville, where it was rolled into a shred by Stonewall Jackson's attack upon its right and rear; it formed one third of the same corps at Gettysburg, where it had just washed out the stain of Chancellorsville; and it was prepared, as one of the eighteen or twenty units of motion which made up the Army of the Potomac, to enforce its behests with a determined will, and add another page, "over the Potomac," to the history of the Great Rebellion.

A fussy Dutchman, the owner of my not regal mansion, came that evening to tell me of his woes. I heard, through the din of orders, circulars, and bugle-calls, how this Dutchman had farms, paid taxes, had fits, and knew a blooming widow with twenty-five thousand dollars, whom I, or he (I have forgotten which), might marry for the asking.

## CHAPTER VI.

WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. — SOUTH CAROLINA.

AT half-past two in the morning of the 19th of July, 1863, we breakfasted; and at four A. M., "Crossing the Potomac!" rang once more through the nation.

The cavalry sent up great columns of dust as they covered our flanks, while the infantry, battling stoutly with fatigue, tramped along to halt at night, tear down fences, and build huge fires, grow jolly and refreshed over hot coffee and pipes, laughter and song. Then came slumber, before another day.

We passed Lovettsville in Virginia, on the twentieth. The presence of one hundred thousand men inspired the many young men and women there with so much respect for the Northern army that they flung our flag from their house-tops, or waved it vigorously in the streets. And this was no pretence of patriotism, for they had raised, so we were told, a loyal troop of horse, which were paid and fed as our own; Quakers, they told us they were, and proud of their warlike display. "The war is going on as I want it to go," said to me a loyal citizen of the town. "I tell ye, I seen some long faces sence Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Lee's repulse at Gettysburg; but the Rebels don't admit disasters."

We pressed on after the pioneers, who with axes and shovels levelled fences, bridged streams, made practicable roads through fields for the infantry, who abandoned the highways to our trains. We halted at Waterford for the

night. Near this town, and about three miles from Hamilton, on the Leesburg and Snickersville pike, there dwelt a Quaker, — a harmless man, with Union proclivities, and a wife who was a full-blooded Virginian, but loyal for all that. I halted there, and encamped the division in the garden and fields. The wife waited on us at supper, talking the while with great volubility, — “I tell ye,” clinching her assertions; and “Do tell!” popping at mine.

“I’m forty-three year old, and the mother of twelve children, — eleven living, and all but one to home. Have some more coffee? Did ye ever drink Jeff-Davis coffee?”

“Never,” I replied.

“Do tell! Well, you shall drink some Jeff-Davis coffee: there now, did n’t I tell ye you’d like it?”

“Confound the flies!” I answered.

“Here, Amanda Susanna; you take the brush, quick now. Don’t I expect to catch it with a fit of sickness, after you’re gone!”

“Are you not strong?” I asked.

“I? I’m mighty slim, I tell ye.”

Heavenly powers! I thought; is it possible so strong a tongue can be set in an enfeebled body; or that that active frame can ever be brought to rest?

Relays of hungry officers besieged the house for food; countless soldiers surrounded the dwelling, burned the fences, milked the cows, slaughtered the pigs, stole the beehives, and slept in the fields. But untiring and irrepresible, just what she was the night before and had been the whole night through, — scolding and laughing, baking and frying, — I found my hostess at three o’clock in the morning, when she gave me my breakfast, and claimed to have won her bet, “that the soldiers would suck all the cows dry before breakfast.”

“As goes Virginia, so go I,” is the specious reasoning

of many of the faint-hearted hereabout, who, warned by past disasters, were making up their mouths to swallow a yet more bitter pill. I encountered a fat citizen when I halted for a rest, who, admitting that he was tired of the war, and thought from our recent victories we were "fast doing it up," found comfort in the fact that Seward was in favor of an amnesty to all Southerners in arms, save the leaders. This he thought statesmanlike; he believed in Seward's statesmanship. I replied that I was in favor of such a settlement, and had no doubt the Northern people were; and an order which I had received before coming into Virginia, that in taking forage from people south of the Potomac we were to pay for it if the owner would take the oath of allegiance, pointed to such a policy by our Government. I did not believe, I urged, that we should hold responsible or punish those who had thoughtlessly embraced the fallacy that the edict of a State could absolve its citizens from their allegiance to the General Government. And I pointed out to this respectable citizen that popular opinion was always manufactured by a few self-seeking politicians; that the common mind was not logical, but impulsive; that what he called the will of Virginia was the dictation of unprincipled politicians. "Why, sir," said I, "in a week's time in your State I could get a popular vote that the ourang-outang is morally and mentally superior to the human race."

"You think mighty well of Virginia intelligence," said he.

"I think as well of it as of that of any other State," I replied. "Not two days since an honest old Dutchman in Maryland asked me if it were true that in Massachusetts whites and negroes intermarried and lived on terms of perfect equality. Had the old Dutchman travelled much in Virginia, he would have seen among you much to confirm the opinion he evidently entertained about Massachusetts.

We do not love the negro in Massachusetts *as* you do in Virginia."

"What State are you from?" he asked.

"From a State that is accused of loving negroes little, but of hating slavery much. I am from Massachusetts, thank God!"

"Well, sir," he remarked, "we think Virginia did not want war, and meant to settle up this difficulty without it. She would have acted the part of the peacemaker, but you would not give up Fort Sumter, and your President called out an army to oppose us."

Will it be believed, when passion shall have subsided, that six millions of people could have been plunged into war by such false logic?

At four P.M. we encamped at Goose Creek, where I listened unmoved to the pitiful wails of a fellow who would not take the oath of allegiance, but had lost four of the horses he had hidden in the woods, and sixty of the sheep he had left in his pasture. He had to go with his State; so must his horses and sheep,—and that is into Union hands, as he was soon to find.

But where is the object of our pursuit?—where is the great peacemaker, Lee? Is he at Winchester; and have we outstripped him? Are we indeed a "leetle ahead," as the honest farmer said of the huntsman's dog in the wolf chase? General Meade has ordered us to remain here over the morrow; or, if we move, to change our position only. Gordonsville was supposed to be the objective point for Lee, the Blue Ridge again his barrier, its passes his gates, which he should defend and we should batter down. With the exception of some bushwhacking Virginians who had "gobbled up" two or three staff-officers at Middleburg, we heard nothing of an enemy on our wing. But that famous peacemaker Mosby was ridding us of some useless baggage

in picking up men who fell to the rear of a marching column, pleading sickness, fatigue, anything, to fall out and steal. The men he was welcome to ; but sutlers' wagons,—that was another question. Therefore we gave chase, and were gratified both at the rapidity with which the robbers galloped some of our lazy, straggling infantry across the fields, holding them by the collar and spurring their own horses the while, and that we had secured the sutlers' wagons, *minus* the horses, *plus* the champagne.

"Such a run as that fellow Mosby gave them," said General Schurz to me, "and such a fright! they did not know friend from foe. As I pursued Mosby," continued the General, "I came on one of our worthless stragglers standing in the middle of a stream.

"'Don't shoot,' said he, 'I'm your prisoner of war.'

"'Well, then, come out!'

"'Don't shoot,' he cried again, 'I'm your prisoner of war.'

"'Well, I tell you, come out!'

"'Don't shoot,' he again vociferated.

"'What do you belong to?'

"'The Eleventh Corps.'

"'Why! that's my corps.'

"'Well, don't shoot, I'm your prisoner.'

"'Why, you are one of our men,' said the General; but without appeasing the terrified fool, who continued to insist that he was a "prisoner of war."

Meanwhile it was rumored that Lee was at Winchester; that we were out-marching our enemy, and might outstrip him to Richmond. But this would not do, for we should thus uncover Washington. Uncover Washington! How suggestive these words!—suggestive of Fredericksburg and McDowell, of Shields and Harrisburg, of Jackson's foot-race and McDowell's fool's errand, of Pope's

tramp, of the disasters of Hooker and Burnside, and of Meade's expectancy. My pickets connected with those of the First Corps on the road to Middleburg, my headquarters being on the road to Aldie, at the little tumble-down town of Mountsville, where the forced hospitality which a rabid Virginia Secessionist gave to the Generals of a Yankee army quartered within his house, on his fields, in his orchards, or wherever they please, partook of the ludicrous. The florid Spanish welcome, "Take all I have, it is yours!" if signifying all it purports and applied accordingly, would hardly leave the hapless Don in a worse plight than did the more than one hundred thousand hearty men and thousands of hungry animals who passed from twenty-four to forty-eight hours with that host, who distorted his face into a painful welcome. In the dreary halls and dark, low-walled rooms of my headquarters my scowling host eyed me furtively, peered over my shoulder as I wrote, followed me with glances of hatred as I walked, scanned me as I rode, or answered me with forced civility as I spoke. This was one of the followers of Virginia's fortunes, who would not take the oath of allegiance, and was therefore a prisoner in his own dwelling. Over his fields the soldiers in blue were swarming, and above his tree-tops curled the smoke of many camp-fires.

Lee was not watching us at Winchester, but was rushing on madly for Richmond; in the mean time diverting us with a pretence of coming through at Chester Gap, where we attacked and easily drove him back (taking some prisoners, and, as reported, a thousand head of cattle and sheep), while with his main body he travelled through the unthreatened gate at Thornton's Gap, whence, with his line for men and supplies unobstructed, he was in a position to open a new account with the Army of the Potomac. To do what Lee was doing was *his* wish; to defeat it was ours.



From Mountsville on the road till twelve at midnight, as rear-guard watching trains and defeating Mosby's attempts to burn and capture baggage, — sixteen continuous hours in the saddle and on foot, — my weary division marched; then halted for the night, with no hope of coming hospitality, to hear no

“ Watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,”

but, tired out and hungry, with uncertain prospect of sleep or food: such the dark present of the soldier, lightened only by the consciousness of duty done. Our march ended, we struggled through swamp and thick woods and fell into slumber, too tired to be hungry, too exhausted to rest. We had heard during the day sounds of distant cannonading on our right wing, and had lost a man or two while at Mountsville from bushwhackers, — one of them being killed not a mile from my own headquarters, while guarding Virginia property at the request of the owner; and we had now arrived here but to awake at half-past three in the morning, breakfast on a cup of black coffee and fried fresh meat, to press on for another weary day, and another breakfast hour at half-past two in the morning, until, on the 25th of July, we arrived at Warrenton Junction. Not yet one year since I came and went with Pope through this detestable hole, and came and went again; the same unrelenting plain, the same mud-holes for wells, remains of old camps, decayed animals, and débris of war still the same! Here were the remains of animals which were to live on the country, but which, disobeying Pope's magnificent order, died on it because it was the only thing they found it practicable to do. Feebler and feebler these faithful animals grew on Pope's forage, until at last, with not even a saddle's weight, their muscles relaxed, and they took

their last step, — a final expiring effort, — and fell to rise no more. Here, near a tree, to which he was so securely fastened that not a mouthful of food or water could he get, we came upon the skeleton of a poor horse, unbridled, unsaddled, deserted by the inhuman animal that rode him, perishing most miserably of hunger and thirst.

At Warrenton, with one corps in advance at Bealton, the Army of the Potomac had concentrated for action. On the twenty-fourth, Longstreet entered Culpeper, *en route* for Gordonsville. He was received as a conqueror; the buildings decked with Rebel flags, the streets crowded with Rebel sympathizers, the air filled with Rebel cheers, — these greeted the ragged and barefooted crowd tramping southward from their defeat at Gettysburg. Prices for food were high. Flour was twenty dollars a barrel in notes of the Confederate Government, and fifteen dollars in notes of a Rebel State; in United States notes the price was twelve dollars. For one bowl of bread and milk one dollar was asked. In Pope's campaign we left much paper money in Culpeper; and now from prisoners, from the dead, and from exchanges the amount had increased. Two for one of ours was freely offered in Confederate money; while for gold there was no price in Confederate paper. The absolute strength of one's conviction is shown, it is said, in the money he is willing to stake in its support; the market is infallible. These, then, were the fruits of Gettysburg, of Vicksburg and the Mississippi, — two to one by Rebels on our success.

While he was at Warrenton, the public was busy with General Meade. Letters, anonymous and acknowledged, all censuring his failure to capture Lee after Gettysburg, poured in upon him. "The question," said the General to-day in the presence of General Slocum and myself, "was not whether we should attack at all at Hagerstown, but

whether an attack in force should be made without a reconnoissance." Unfortunately, during the discussion the enemy fled; and thus vials of wrath were opened upon the General who turned back the Rebel horde at Gettysburg. "Your course," said one, "will prove that engineer officers in conducting campaigns are failures." Said another, "You will fail as McClellan has failed." Even Halleck's private despatches to Meade, served up through the agency of a telegraphic reporter, tickled the public ear with the bombastic sententiousness "that councils of war never fight," or were rolled with pretentious gravity over the public tongue in affected alleviation of disappointment; and although the real despatch bore but small resemblance to the telegraphic foundling, it was insolent enough, as we have seen, to impel Meade to offer his resignation, — the result of which, however, being that he received a reply from his dyspeptic potentate more acrid than the despatch.

It was clear enough now that we could neither intercept Lee nor take him at a disadvantage; therefore it only remained to us to meet him wherever he would choose to stand. While the main army hung about the Warrentons, detachments were pushed out ten or twelve miles to the front and the rear; and my division was sent to Greenwich. As we entered that quiet town and halted beneath a grove which sheltered a picturesque stone church by the roadside, I observed that the church, as well as a gate opposite which shut off a veritable English lawn, surrounding a pretty cottage on the hillside, and two or three small cottages in our front, were placarded as "the property of a British subject," to whom several Union generals, among them Meade and Kilpatrick, had given safeguards. I was reflecting upon the awkwardness of the thing if all Greenwich were owned by some sturdy Briton, and the effect

upon the inalienable rights of foraging soldiers, when I saw approaching a figure which I could not doubt was the veritable British subject whose domain we had invaded. He was a burly-looking man, mounted on a stout cob, with an umbrella folded under his arm. Inquiring for the General as he approached, he invited me to visit him, take a glass of wine, make my headquarters at his house, and (more important still) to give him a guard. "I am a British subject," he said, "and have protection; this is all my property, and I should like three sentinels." My British friend, as I afterward discovered, had married a wife whose estates, — one in Georgia and three in Virginia, — he occupied and defended, under the claim of exemption from the seizures of war, as a British subject and a neutral. However, glad to escape the intense heat, I accompanied him to his house with my staff, where we were regaled by a delicious draught of sherry and ice. Being introduced to his family, — consisting of his wife, children, and a lady friend, all refined and disposed to be hospitable, although of Southern birth, and of course rank Secessionists, — we were soon quite at home, inquiring about each other's friends and relatives, as similarity of name suggested kinship. I could not doubt that these manifestations of hospitality were selfishly made for greater security from aggressions on my British subject's hen-roosts, spring-house, grain-fields, and fences; but this was no reason why we should not enjoy the time not occupied in proper military dispositions for watchfulness and defence, particularly as the day, — the 1st of August, — was extremely hot, the hottest we had felt. From three o'clock in the morning we had been marching on dusty roads; many men had fallen out from exhaustion, and all had suffered; but the bravest would not succumb.

With other *matériel* belonging to this division I had

received six soldiers who had been tried and sentenced to be shot for the crime of desertion. At Warrenton Junction the sentences were to have been carried into execution. The field had been selected, coffins made, and doom announced; but a sudden movement ordered for the day had caused a week's suspension, during which five of the fated ones were recommended to the President for pardon. For the sixth, however, a ringleader, the sentence was unchanged; and again my division was ordered to form on the morrow to witness his execution. The hopelessness of his reprieve had been communicated, the chaplain had performed his last office, the firing party had been detailed, when again an order to march at five o'clock in the morning threatened another inhuman interruption, — which, however, did not happen, as will appear. With the stoutest of the troops this convict had marched sturdily and manfully to Greenwich, following his coffin for fifteen weary miles. Here, at the end of his last march, his last hour on earth had come. A field near the camp had been selected, and preparations made for a fitting termination of the ghastly ceremony, when the British subject, who had heard that his own field was to be devoted to this novel use, bustled up to ask with puffy earnestness, "Is it true, General, that you are going to shoot one of your men to-day?" Then, without awaiting a reply, he continued, "Now, my dear sir, you must not think any worse of me if I say this execution is a dreadful thing! And yet it is an incident of the war; why, sir, it is historical, and, — bless my soul, sir! — I want to see it; and, if you do not think it improper, I should like to take my little boys with me."

"If you are so inclined, you may," I replied. And indeed he did so incline, for he took a position as near to the scene as he could with safety. With umbrella under his arm, a linen coat over his shoulders, a little dog in

front of him, and three small children (aged six, eight, and ten) by his side, he was the first on the field and the last to leave it.

Many years ago, hanging on the wall of an accustomed haunt, I remember finding a strange fascination in a coarse print of a military execution. Often have I stood spell-bound before the picture. The condemned kneeling by the side of his grave, the coffin, the blindfolded victim, the platoon of soldiers with levelled muskets, the coming word, and in the distance a horseman galloping towards the spot, waving in his hand a pardon. Could he but fly! and did he reach there in time? I could never forget the dreadful reality, even with the consciousness that it was after all but a painting, a creation perhaps of the imagination. But this execution at Greenwich was not a dream. Here there was no coloring. A sad, stern duty was before me, and there was no reprieve. The hour had come; and the division was formed on three sides of a hollow square, leaving the fourth with an open grave and fresh earth on its edge, when a mournful procession approached. Advancing slowly, silently, a firing party of six soldiers preceded an ambulance in which a soldier was seated upon his coffin, his arms pinioned and his eyes cast down. The provost guard followed. The ranks were motionless; all eyes were fixed upon the condemned. He was assisted to the ground, the soldiers placed the coffin by the side of the grave, and then the poor, unhappy victim knelt upon his coffin. Not a sound was heard save the mournful prayer and solemn tones of the death sentence. Not a man moved, as the bandage which shut out forever the last ray of God's sunlight was placed over the eyes of one poor fellow-being. There was no pity and no hope. I turned my eyes upwards to the clouds: they formed a frightful pile, a monster Gorgon looking down with mouth agape and hideous

grin. The sharp "Ready! aim!" and then the awful choking suspense, relieved,—ah, how much relieved!—by the ringing volley which drowned that word of dread. For an instant the form remained erect, still on its knees; the next, a corpse rolled over its last receptacle to the brink of a yawning grave.

On their way back to their encampments the troops moved in column by the corpse. Death, so real, had set its seal upon this human face; death, so solemn, so earnest, had driven a soul so completely from its human tenement that I could hardly realize that this rigid form had ever felt a human passion, or given way to human weakness. When the last look had been taken and the field cleared of troops, a small burial party lowered the body, filled the grave with earth, covered the slight mound with a green sod, and left the scene of this tragedy alone with the dead. Of the six guns in the hands of the firing party but five were loaded; no one, therefore, could tell who held the blank. But four guns were discharged; and from these but two bullets struck the condemned man,—one passing through his abdomen, another through his breast, near his heart. He died without a struggle. He died, and left no word, save that, as at last he realized the awful truth, he begged that he might have an interview with myself or General Meade. But this was humanely denied, for I was only carrying out the will of General Meade, and he had passed relentlessly upon his case. The law had been defied; and so, at last, the law was vindicated.

For the two following days we saw much of our English host and his family. At his earnest solicitation, my staff and I took many meals at his house. We had frequent discussions upon the course the English Government had pursued in this war, and we touched rather gingerly in the presence of the ladies upon the causes of the Rebellion.

But the fact was that this restive subject of Her Majesty was so much interested in compensation for losses by my troops, that he could really discuss nothing else. Indeed, he barely concealed the thought uppermost in his mind, "How shall I get rid of these Yankees, get paid for my losses, and at the same time conciliate Mosby, the Virginia guerilla, and explain to him why I have invited Yankees to my table?" To amuse and entertain these people, we had music from one of my bands in front of their house at evening.

To my astonishment I was ordered to leave Greenwich. Under the impression that we were to stay some time, I had extended my pickets for six miles; but now instructions came to move back again towards Warrenton. This sudden departure troubled my respectable English friend, who was uneasy about the grain destroyed by the troops, and was anxious to purchase from my commissary, paying in silver and gold. He had, I discovered, been a resident of our country for thirty years, and during the war had been imprisoned in Fort Warren for three months, having been captured as a blockade-runner. The feeling he entertained for us was therefore not one of affection; and in this he was in sympathy with his family, who refused one evening to drink a glass of wine with me to the restoration of the Union, although they were willing to drink to peace. I had passed the evening pleasantly with this people, and informed them of my intended departure the next day. I could not refrain from saying to the female Secessionists, with a little irritation perhaps, that peace could not be found save under the broad shield of our Constitution; that we, too, had Saxon blood in our veins; that our people were brave, our men and means inexhaustible; that, like them, we also had mourned and pledged and suffered; and that we could not therefore abandon the Union of these



States. This unhappy Briton had often asked blessings on his soul in astonishment at my opinion of the course which England had pursued in building ships to commit depredations on our commerce, in her persistent efforts to run our blockade, and in her unfriendly comments upon our cause. He had often gasped, and *no-noed*, and *blessed his soul, sir*, and *hoped not*, as I told him that England's sympathies and England's treasure had been used against us in behalf of those whom she considered her more respectable Southern relations; and that our people were inclined to hold her to a strict accountability for her misdeeds. But nothing interfered with hearty farewells and a seemingly cordial good-by as we parted to march at daylight.

On the 3d of August, at three o'clock in the morning, we set our faces towards Warrenton, and by six o'clock had reached Walnut Branch, at the crossing of the Catlett's Station and Greenwich road. By an early start we had got the benefit of all the coolness there was,—it being a day of such dreadful heat that gasping was both a necessity and a task,—and now set ourselves to work to maintain a new line of pickets where it had been always meant that I should establish them, but for the blunder of somebody who sent me to Greenwich. Here I waited to see what would be the next move. General Slocum had desired, and General Meade had approved, the transfer of my division and of myself to the Twelfth Corps, so that the future seemed to hold for me in promise all that I could desire. Such were my expectations, when, like lightning from a clear sky, came an order which severed my relations with the old Army of the Potomac, and sent me to a different field.

It was the evening of the 5th of August: I had reviewed my division, established pickets, held some interesting conferences with my officers, approved certain papers which the British subject had presented to establish his

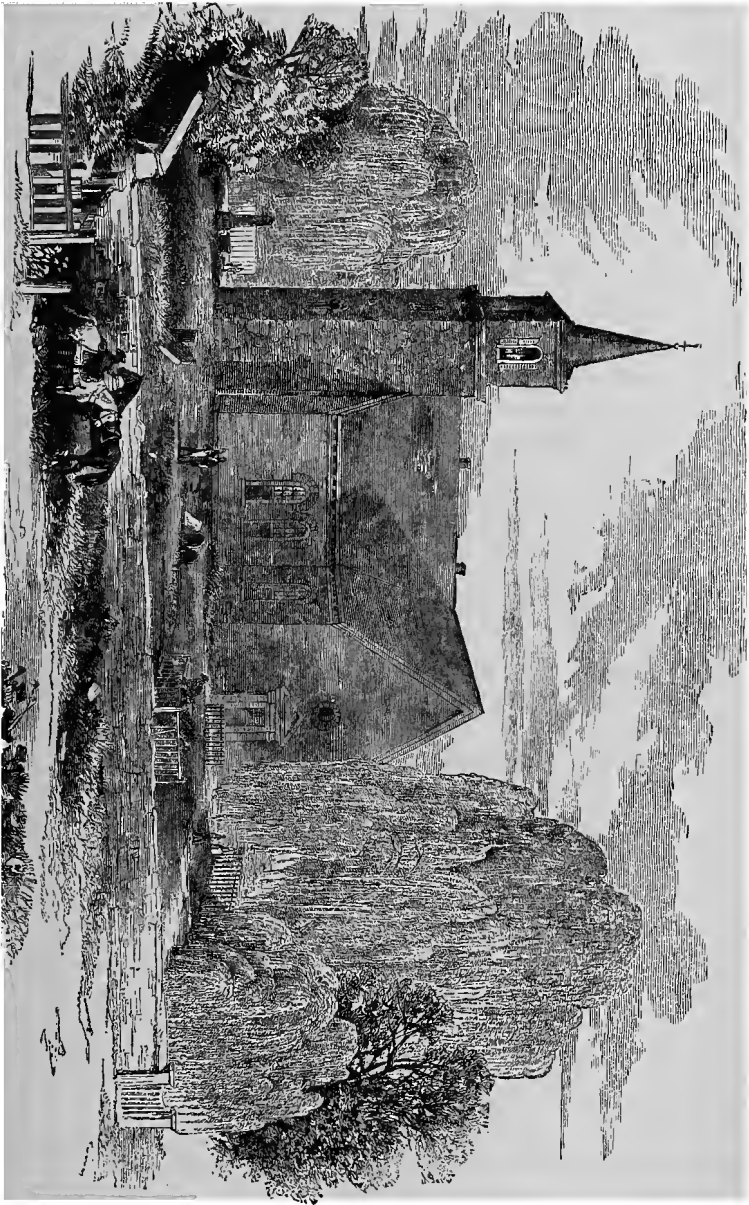
claim for losses by my command, and was about half way to oblivion in my bed, when I was aroused by an aid, from General Howard, with "important despatches for General Gordon." By the glimmer of a wretched candle I read the startling order that General Meade would send immediately General Gordon's division by rail to Alexandria, where he would report by telegraph to Major-General Halleck. While it may be said of a soldier that he knows not what a day may bring forth, since his destiny, his fate, is in the hands of those who watch the great game and make the grand combinations of war, yet a soldier may feel an intensity of unpleasantness in taking prescribed doses, even for the good of the body politic. But no time for questioning or dreaming remained. From the adjutant-general to the commanders of brigades, and from thence to regimental commanders, the order sped,—arousing, as the wave rolled on, confused murmurs of many voices, flashing of lights, shouting of teamsters, and inquiring officers. Everybody wondered; my staff wondered, and surmised, and sighed. That we were to be borne to some other scene of action must be true; but where that scene was to be, the order did not say. General Meade did not know, and General Howard could not imagine. Long before daylight a sleepy, depressed column of troops took up its march for Catlett's Station. Groping about through the night and until the gray light of morning broke, we found no soul of whom to inquire, or, inquiring, secure the slightest information of where transportation to Alexandria was to come from, or when to start, save a somnolent telegraph operator, and he could only assure me that the Quartermaster-General of the Army of the Potomac was asleep, and therefore no information was to be got from him until he should awake in the morning. With nothing, therefore, more palpable to pound than the slender wire which led to the quarters

of this slumbering quartermaster, or the luckless operator who could, no more than I, affect the drowsy officials around General Meade, we fell back on restless chafing and a wink of sleep in the dirt whereon we tumbled, and remained there until eleven o'clock of the next day; when, owing to information from some one who was awake, we marched to Warrenton Junction. There, at half-past five in the afternoon, we were loaded into cattle-cars and slowly hauled to Alexandria, where we arrived at half-past twelve at night, more than twenty-four hours from the time when I was aroused to go forward immediately to that city.

As may be presumed, we were sleepy. Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balm of tired bodies as well as hurt minds, is often a phantom to a soldier, a thing longed for, but rarely enjoyed in tranquillity. In my bedroom at Alexandria, however, I met hosts of foes, more relentless and bloodthirsty than were the Southern forces. Sleep was impossible; so I passed the night sitting bolt upright in full dress, to receive in the morning the sympathies of my dolt of a landlord, who assured me that he knew one of those beds was *occupied*, and meant to have so informed me. But this I doubted; believing the man to be a Secessionist, who took this shocking method of shedding Union blood.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 7th of August I was ready to receive the telegram which shortly after came from General Halleck, announcing that my destination was Morris Island, South Carolina, to reinforce Brigadier-General Gillmore; and that I must not unfold this order until I should be at sea. Gillmore, it appeared, had met with a heavy loss in an unsuccessful attempt to take Fort Wagner by assault, and had called for reinforcements. Halleck, temporarily commander-in-chief, casting his eyes over the pages which recorded his disposable force, paused long enough on the Eleventh Corps to resolve that my

division should respond to Gillmore's call, and that Howard, with the remainder of the corps, should reinforce Rosecrans, who at Tennessee had met with as bad luck as had Gillmore in South Carolina. As we could not go to sea in river boats, and only river boats were at the disposal of the quartermaster, it was determined that we should sail for Fortress Monroe, and there meet ocean steamers to take us to our destination. On the morning of the 8th of August we entered the James River, and went into camp at Newport News to await our ships; and there, as some delay occurred, I had time once more to observe and meditate upon this region, already so prominent in the annals of the war. The little Monitor and the "Merrimac," Newport News and the "Congress" and the "Cumberland," of what startling events do these remind us in the groping darkness of the first years of the war! Hampton, too, was in ruins through the vandalism of its commander, the Rebel Magruder. Nothing marked the site of this beautiful village but fallen buildings. Court-house and churches, and trees with their luxuriant shade, — all gone; and in their place falling walls and chimneys, monuments of desolation, types of the rebellious spirit which would reduce our Government to the same condition. As I rode by and over the crumbling ruins of the five hundred brick buildings which once formed the town, a motley group of negroes and a few whites, sad and wan in their want, came to the doors of flimsy sheds, or gazed listlessly out, wedded still to home with all its desolation. Over a frail and newly-built structure, by the side of the charred piers of an old bridge, by the standing pillars of the ruined court-house, by the tottering walls of the Presbyterian church, I wandered to the end of the village, where I came to the ruins of the Episcopal church, whose side-walls and one end were still standing, — a picturesque ruin in the alternating white and



colored bricks which formed its courses. Surrounding the church was an enclosure in which there were many graves and monuments, with commemorative epitaphs ; but they were all crushed, chipped, and broken by the falling walls. Heavy granite tombs were covered with rubbish, and all around was desolation. That all this vandalism should have been the work of that Goth Magruder upon the dwellings, the churches, and the graves of his own people, was suggestive of what might take place should our country be invaded in a foreign war. It was hard to realize that this was my own country.

Major-General John G. Foster was in command of the department of the James, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe. No longer the slim cadet of yore, he was burly in figure and six feet in height, with a pleasing smile and genial welcome for all. The movements of General Foster in North Carolina, in his fight at Goldsboro, and his exploits on the rivers thereabout, had attracted much notice, and gained for him the name of a gallant and skilful officer. President Lincoln was delighted both with him and with his achievements. Foster gave me an account of an interview which he had with the President after his return from North Carolina, at which, in the presence of an admiring crowd of Congressmen, Mr. Lincoln questioned him and repeated his answers, with his own comments thereon, in an amusing way.

“How did you get up there?” asked the President.

“I made them think I was going elsewhere,” replied Foster.

“Deceived them,” said Mr. Lincoln ; “don’t you see ?” — turning to the Congressmen. “And how far did you march in a day ?” he continued.

“About —— miles,” replied Foster.

“He made —— miles,” echoed the President, — and so

on to the end of the chapter. Our dear old President was so charmed with the energy and skill and dash of the General that he rewarded him with the command of this important avenue to Richmond. General Foster had just made a gallant dash up the James; had looked into Fort Darling, run his steamers over torpedoes, four of which, exploding under his boat, deluged the deck and almost blew him out of the water; had received the fire of batteries open and concealed; had, in fact, gone far enough to find that the Rebel river-way to the Rebel city was still strongly guarded from river's brink to river's bottom.

On the 11th of August, the steamships "New York," "Constitution," "Empire City," "Spaulding," "America," "United States," and "Nelly Pentz" received my entire division, and we sailed for South Carolina. After embarking her complement of troops at Newport News, the "Empire City" was directed to take myself and staff on board at Fortress Monroe. In the mean time, at General Foster's invitation, I had joined a party of officers with ladies on their way to the iron-clad, turreted ship "Roanoke" (cut down from her former size of a sister ship of the "Minnesota"), the foremost vessel awaiting on the James the coming of those grim Rebel iron-clads, often threatened, from Richmond. The "Roanoke" was armed with fifteen and eleven inch guns, two in each turret. The fifteen-inch gun is a formidable weapon, as the "Atlanta," an iron-clad Rebel vessel, discovered. Inspired by gay company from the fort, and the hearty welcome of the naval officers, the cares and perplexities of this world vanished, and we surrendered to the bewitching fancies of music, charming companions, and the romances of an iron-clad, until the thick smoke of the "Empire City" and certain tender farewells warned us that our time had come. We gave the word, and were soon ploughing through the waves of the

bay in the strong night-breeze out into the broad Atlantic. Behind us the lights from the iron-clads and the fort grew fainter and fainter, until at length they went out beneath the waters, and then we turned our faces towards the land that awaited us at the seat of war in South Carolina.

As recorded in his Bible, Captain Baxter, of the "Empire City," was born in Osterville, near Barnstable, in Massachusetts; and as recorded in the memory of all who ever sailed with him, he was a good fellow and an admirable seaman. Such, indeed, was his sense of responsibility on this trip that he assured me his whole time, night and day, must be devoted to his vessel; and he pressed upon me the use of his state-room, which I accepted only upon his repeated assertion that he should not use it himself.

When officers and men were comfortably stowed away, proper guards established, and officers assigned to duty, nothing remained but to look out for the "Alabama," enjoy the refreshing sea-breeze, or listen to the captain's narratives of escapes by sea and by land. And of the latter he recalled more vividly his gratitude to God for his escape from "a long, thin lawyer," who once in court questioned him on the witness stand, than from any sea monster or mishap. "I shall know that man again," said Captain Baxter, "in this world or the next;" but as the Captain acknowledged having a private arrangement with a short, fat lawyer on his own side (a certain Boston notable, practising in the United States Courts), by which he was not to answer any questions until his counsel turned up his thumb in approval, it may be that the long, thin brother was much maligned. It was in vain that I defended the profession: Captain Baxter was unmoved. He was "down on all lawyers," he said; and he insisted that it made no good defence for their bad manners, that a witness had conspired to tell, during a cross-examination, only so much



of the truth as he could find on his own counsel's thumb. And this he reiterated with a seaman's voice, in sweet ignorance that one general in command, one colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and two lieutenants on his staff, — with no one knows how many of the field, line officers, and privates, — all lawyers, were under his charge on his own boat.

At midnight I was aroused from a deep sleep by the captain, who, reporting that a steamer was in sight signalling with blue lights, inquired what he should do about it. First shouting out, "Do what you choose," I reconsidered in a moment, and plunged out on deck just in time to hear the whirring of a shell and its explosion across our bows, followed by a rough hail, "What ship is that?"

"The 'Empire City!' What ship is *that*?"

"The 'Mercedita.' We will send a boat aboard of you."

Soon a boat came alongside, from which emerged a lieutenant in naval uniform, who, when presented to me, broke out with profuse apologies for stopping us; saying that it was his duty, as our lights were out, and he had his suspicions that we might be a blockade-runner. Of course our lights were not out, and the proceeding was vexatious; but I embraced the opportunity to ply our visitor with questions, and learned that he thought a naval attack on Sumter had begun, because he heard night before last a terrible firing; also that Dahlgren had ordered up all iron-clads and fighting ships. Marine rumors we found generally as untrustworthy as this proved to be. But they gave us something to talk about at the breakfast-table.

On the evening of the thirteenth we were off Charleston. At first we could make out dimly the tops of the tall masts of the "Wabash" on the outer circle of the blockading fleet; then the faint dark line of the coast-range came in sight; and then flashes of guns, and reports of heavy ordnance breaking out from the indistinct gloom, were borne

to us over the waters from Morris Island, as near as we could make out, with but few if any responses from Sumter or Wagner. Anchoring near the flag-ship (the "Wabash"), which is *en règle* when the army invades the domain of the navy, we soon learned from an officer who boarded us that the projected attack upon Sumter with our heavy guns had not yet been made, though it was promised for the next day, or at farthest within two or three days; also that the Rebels had been erecting batteries on James Island to take ours on Morris Island in reverse, but that we had established counter batteries, and it was surmised that the Rebels were evacuating Fort Sumter and carrying their heavy guns to James Island, near the city. We learned further that but little had been done on shore since Gillmore's failure to take Wagner by storm, but that all were hopeful. The reported bombardment of Fort Sumter, of which we had heard two or three days before at Hampton Roads, was due, we were told, to the opening of Rebel guns from Wagner and Sumter upon our working parties, through information carried to the enemy by two escaped sutlers whom Gillmore had ordered to the trenches for selling liquor to his troops.

Late in the evening I announced my arrival by a note to General Gillmore. The spires of the city, the walls of Sumter, the blockading fleet, and the beleaguered army were shrouded in darkness. Waves rolled along the sides of our steamer as we lay at anchor in the bay, and we slept, gently rocked into slumber on their bosoms, as sweetly and as calmly as if no great drama were being enacted around us.

Daylight revealed the position of Loyal and Rebel forces with remarkable precision. Sumter, plainly cut against sky and water, stood out clear and well-defined in the morning sunlight. The "New Ironsides," lying under the

walls of Wagner to flank our approaching parallels, or render futile the efforts of Rebel storming parties, maintained her position despite the Rebel shells which burst over her iron ribs and fell harmless into the water beyond. At the lower end of Morris and on the upper end of Folly Island white canvas covered the sandy shores. Long lines of black iron-clad vessels and monitors flanked that part of Morris Island occupied by our troops and embraced within our operations; and these, with many gunboats of wood of heavy armament, enabled the navy to throw such a deluge of shot and shell for the protection of Gillmore's troops, that any attempt on the part of the Rebel garrison to make a sortie must have resulted in disaster. On the land side the island was protected by a swamp and deep inlet. It is not strange that with such naval co-operation we were practically unmolested in military operations from Morris Island against Sumter, Wagner, or Charleston. Indeed, the problem of remaining where he was, so long as Gillmore chose, was unquestioned and undisputed by an enemy who, it might be added, was utterly indifferent to his operations, so long as he confined himself to this barren and useless occupation. Moultrieville and Fort Moultrie, Charleston with its spires and its buildings, the Rebel forts and battle-flags and cannon, our fleet and our troops, — a picturesque panorama, — were before us. While we gazed upon this scene, the "New Ironsides," accompanied by a monitor or two, steamed up under Sumter's walls and opened with her eleven-inch guns. Sullen was the roar and thick the smoke that swept out over the waters as her shot and shell struck fairly the walls of Sumter, throwing up great clouds of dust or tearing huge rents in the solid structure. Yet the fort was silent; the challenge was unheeded. This was not the time for a persistent effort; and the Union vessels withdrew to their anchorage.

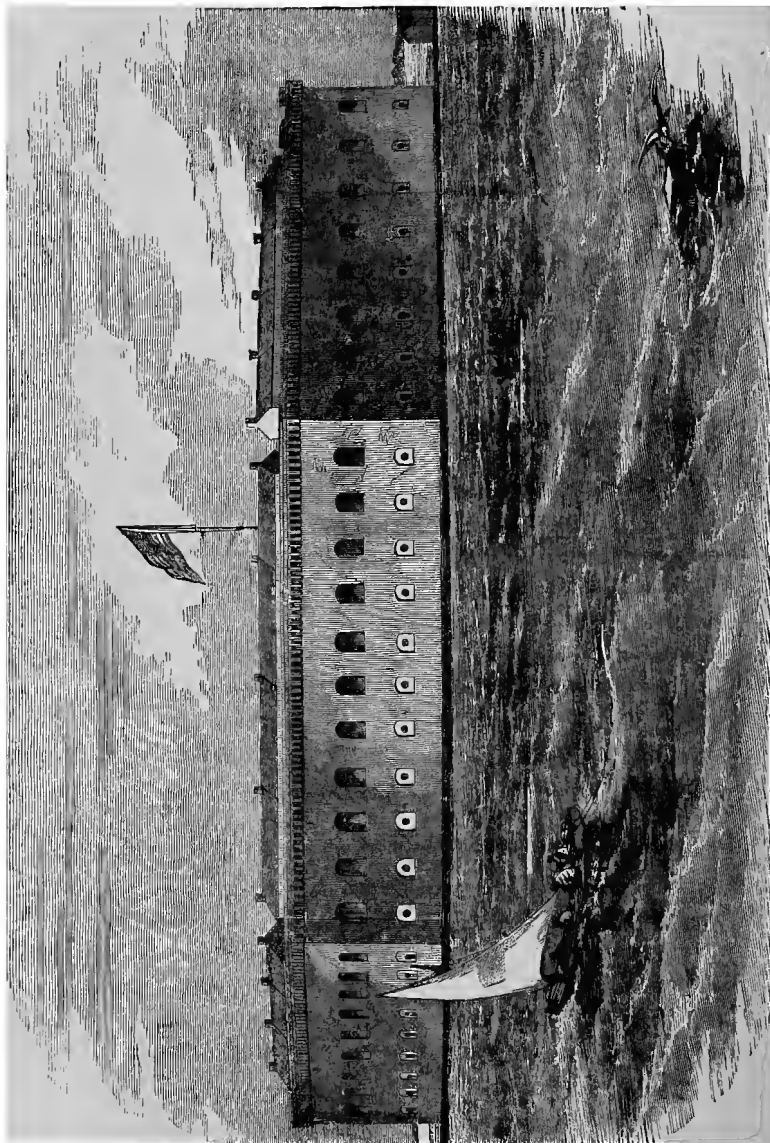
The sun rose high in the heavens, and poured its hot beams upon our heads, and still we remained awaiting instructions from Gillmore. The men meanwhile amused themselves fishing for sharks, which were gliding spectre-like around our ships, and severing from the hook the pork bait with a cut as keen as if made with a knife. About half-past one in the afternoon a small steamer, the "Escort," hove in sight, towing barges by which the troops and luggage were to be conveyed to her decks, and thence to shore, — for one steamer could not lie along another in such a rough sea; indeed, it is with the utmost difficulty and care that men can be transferred from the deck of an ocean steamer at anchor in the offing into launches, tossed about as they may be, now up on a toppling wave, and now down into a yawning gulf ten feet away. Clumsy as these soldiers were, encumbered with gun and knapsack, it was not strange that most ludicrous scenes were exhibited; and small show of usefulness on land was predicted from the manner in which our military landlubbers flopped around at sea. Up comes the launch, riding on a monster wave, when "Jump!" cries the mate. The soldier hesitates, until down goes the launch, ten feet below, in the trough of the sea, when "Hold on!" bawls the mate; and then the soldier leaps, is caught by some one who is bobbing about in the launch, and deposited — a lump of musket, knapsack, and blue cloth — in the bottom of the boat. A hundred times this scene was enacted, until the launch was filled. It was then hauled off to the smaller vessel, where, in order to gain its deck, the same process, with all its awkward display, is reversed.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SEA ISLANDS OFF CHARLESTON.

ON the 15th of August, at noon, I bade farewell to the kind and hospitable captain of the "Empire City," and with a box of ice, chickens, hams, ducks, and mutton (the captain's considerate gift), passed through the fleet towards Stono Inlet, and up the narrow reach which separates Morris and Folly islands from the mainland, to disembark at an improvised landing. Thence we marched oceanwards some two or three miles to the beach, where, almost in the flying foam of the surf, we made our first encampment on the shores of Folly Island, in South Carolina; and, with the music of the waves rolling in thunder tones from the great restless ocean, we went supperless to bed, — that booby of a nobody having forgotten to remove the captain's timely gift from the transport.

As it was reported that our land batteries would open upon Fort Sumter the next day, and that Gillmore was confident the fort would be taken then, I arose at five o'clock in the morning (it was the 16th of August) on this delectable island, breakfasted on ham and pickles, galloped up the beach, crossed Light House Inlet to Morris Island on the steamer "Planter" (memorable for its capture by the negro pilot Robert Small), and called on Gillmore, to find him in bed, and sick. I saw his chief of staff, however, and learned from him that the attack on Sumter had been deferred until the next day; that our batteries were



FORT SUMNER.

nearly ready ; and that the three-hundred pounder Parrott, then almost in position, would be completely so that night. Here I found General Stevenson, of Boston, and was cordially received by this valued and genial officer, and invited to ride to the trenches, through which it was hoped Wagner would be successfully taken this time.

Mounting our horses, we galloped by the encampments of regiments garrisoning the island, to within about eleven hundred yards of Wagner ; there we dismounted and climbed a sand-hill, and lying down behind small bushes, which concealed us from the view of the Rebel garrison, took with our strong glasses a full survey of the scene. By parallels and *boyaux* Gillmore had approached to within three hundred yards of Wagner. The deep ditches, which the busy sappers were still making, stretched away at our feet for eight hundred yards to our front. About a mile beyond, Sumter rose calmly from the sea. Sullivan's Island we saw on Sumter's right, with James Island and the spires of Charleston on its left ; while batteries innumerable, with heavy guns on all their points, confronted us. Stretching away to our right, and forming a semicircle around the entrance to the harbor, was our fleet, — monitors and iron-sides and frigates. Nearly all of them were ready to join in a concentrated fire upon the doomed forts and city. Within the estimated range of our two and three hundred pounder Parrotts, within the range of the naval battery of captured Whitworths, which was manned by sailors anxious to take part in the coming bombardment, stood as targets Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg, the latter occupying the end of Morris Island. Over this panoramic view my eye wandered, until the whole gradually assumed the form and shape of a definite plan. Burrowing within or upheaving the sandy bed of the islands, to attack with impunity the weakest points of the enemy's works, we had slowly but

surely approached under cover of our protecting ditches. Meanwhile the greatest caution had been necessary to prevent the enemy from making a sortie from his works to destroy ours, spike our guns, or kill and capture our men. Long I gazed upon the different sand-piles thrown up by the Rebels within the fair circle of my vision; long I meditated upon the grim and silent mouths of the huge guns behind those sandy bulwarks, upon the indistinct bodies of workmen and soldiers seen through the lifeless and hazy air,—until all seemed as unreal as a dream. But, hark! See there! A white puff rose from the mound-like fort on James Island; a shell screamed and burst with a sharp and angry crash which jarred the air around us, and hurled its fragments humming by our ears. Another and another followed in quick succession. "These are the first from that spot," said General Stevenson. "And for my benefit, perhaps," I replied, as, slowly turning, and crouching through ditch or covered by traverse, we made our way to our horses, and thence to General Gillmore's tent.

At daylight on the morning of the seventeenth, from the deck of the steamer "Maple-leaf," at anchor near a whole fleet of monitors, I awaited the combined naval and land demonstration which was to knock Sumter into smithers, and open wide the gates of the city of Charleston. No position on shore was so favorable. It had been necessary to steam out the evening before, and wait at anchor for the early dawn. The night had been one of disturbances. We were just off Wagner, near Fort Sumter and Sullivan's Island, not only with an unobstructed view, but in good shelling range of batteries from those hostile works, if the enemy had seen fit to turn his attention to us.

What a night that was! The anticipations of the coming day, the rocking and rolling of my little steamer on the ocean waves, with the eternal banging of her rudder-head



as she swung hither and thither on the swift-running tide of Charleston bar, the bright stars above, the wash of waves, the distant hum of voices from the fleet, the roar of heavy guns from Wagner ploughing up the land against our advancing trenches, making our engineers' work in them a dance of death, a warfare unfamiliar to a landsman,—all these things made me so wakeful that the first opening gun of a monitor at three o'clock found no sleepy listener in me.

A little after daylight our shore batteries opened. At seven o'clock the monitors, iron-clads, and wooden gunboats went in. The scene was exciting. From the trenches our large Parrotts, with an accurate range, penetrated Sumter's gorge above the sand-bags. And this was as Gillmore supposed it would be. Three hours passed; Sumter was still silent. For any sign of life we saw or heard, every man within the battered walls might have been killed. The only moving thing was the fluttering flag that still waved on its staff. Was this a ruse? Nearer and nearer the monitors stole. Lazily, but with a conscious show of strength, the huge form of the "Ironsides" followed; and in its wake, with a temerity not born of iron walls, eight wooden gunboats drew near to Cumming's Point. From here and from Wagner a spiteful fire was maintained upon our fleet; but the sailors for more than five hours stood by their guns, hurling the sand in cartloads from the parapets. Then Wagner ceased its fire, and Sumter opened. It was now one o'clock. Fire from the land batteries had slowed down, as if from fatigue. And so our effort ended. Beyond a gallant attack, we had accomplished nothing more than piercing holes in Sumter and knocking sand about Wagner. The naval vessels retired to their anchorage, carrying their flags at half-mast. Iron walls had not excluded death;

Captain Rodgers had fallen, killed by a piece of iron driven from the grating in his pilot-house by a steel shot, while he was gallantly steering his vessel into the thickest of the fight. Near him, and from the same cause, fell Paymaster Woodbury, his acting aid. These officers, and a few wounded, covered all our casualties.

At five in the afternoon I steamed towards Stono Inlet, to my camp. As the sun threw its rays upon the western face of Sumter, its yellow walls shone out marked and pitted by our guns. One hundred times and more our solid shot had entered; and this had given strength to the belief that if our attack should be incessant and remorseless, at irresistible ranges, the Rebel fort was doomed. With an attack later in the day by two monitors upon Wagner, and by guns on Cumming's Point, in which nothing effectual was accomplished, demonstrations ceased by land and sea. By this day's proceeding, from which much had been promised, we had accomplished nothing.

On the morning of the eighteenth fire from our shore batteries was resumed; but the effect was not as good as on the day before, owing to a high wind, which blew the sand about in a most uncomfortable way, deranging the aim of the gunners or the projectiles, or both. I had a fine view of Sumter and of this day's operations from the deck of the gunboat "McDonough," — a quondam ferry-boat lying at anchor in Light House Inlet. The coping had been knocked away; the western face perforated with holes innumerable. From cotton-bales and sand-bags cotton and sand in one mingled mass covered the ruin. As yet the three-hundred pounder Parrott had not been mounted; but in a swamp to our left our men were piling up countless sand-bags to cover a two-hundred pounder Parrott gun which should carry as far as Charleston itself. The inflow from the ocean that separates Morris from Folly Island, and

these islands from the mainland, begins and ends near the great source of supply, — the ocean itself. These inlets form a quiet channel of communication behind the sand-dunes from North Carolina to the Gulf. By such an avenue Gillmore filled his sand-bags at the shore and conveyed them at night without great exposure to the desired spot for his battery in the low ground or marsh. When daylight lit up what had previously been thought to be an inaccessible spot, it revealed this sand-bag fort, which had, like Jonah's gourd, grown up in a single night. The enemy, from James and from Sullivan's islands, battered it with savage vengeance, though with so little effect that Gillmore expressed satisfaction with this day's results. This enormous expenditure of treasure, this sad loss of life from disease and powder, should, we thought, be followed by nothing less than the reduction of Sumter and the occupation of all the Rebel forts around it.

I awoke on the morning of the nineteenth to a réveillé of heavy guns which shook the ground. The night had been a sleepless one; it was filled with fearful sounds. The winds roared and shook my frail tent like a leaf; the waves were hoarse with tumult; demons of the storm and evil passions of men seemed to howl in concert. Again I found myself on the gunboat, trying to count the new holes in Sumter's battered walls; again viewing with satisfaction huge rents of some nine square feet (the results of the fire of yesterday), or speculating upon how long a fort could hold out whose gorge angles had been battered down, the coping knocked away, and dreadful havoc done to masonry, — and this, too, though the three-hundred pounder Parrott had not yet opened its ponderous jaws, nor had the angel of death been mounted in the marsh battery. Still the enemy was defiant. From James Island he delivered a continuous fire, which dashed in upon our

left; from Johnson, wherever it would hurt most; and from Sullivan, a fire feeble and sputtering, — and this went on until sunset. Throughout the night the heavy thud of guns mingled with the ceaseless roar of the ocean.

The morning of the twentieth dawned on the fourth day of the assault upon Sumter. The siege went on. Flanks and faces had been battered until they were scarcely distinguishable. Arches of the casemates now began to show themselves, stuffed with sand-bags, — a fort within a fort. The besieged in this manner, as the old front fell away, built a new one, — using for this purpose the bricks which our shot had beaten into sand. General Gillmore promised that the siege should end in twelve days; for by that time the navy would be able to sail through the pathway he would have cleared, and to summon the city to surrender. We understood that this was agreed to by those in charge of the fleet.

The hope of the besiegers, the three-hundred pounder Parrott gun, had not opened during all this time; small stones in the vent, which, it was said, had been crushed in while moving it, were to be picked out, — and this caused delay. Nor had the two-hundred pounder Parrott in the marsh battery opened, — the gun that was meant to strike terror into Sumter, and drive the garrison into the sea; the gun that was to riddle Charleston like a sieve, and make the very source and fountain of Rebellion dry as the desert of Sahara. That the Rebels feared perhaps as much as we hoped from this battery would seem to follow from the unmitigated ferocity with which they turned their guns upon its sandy walls. There it stood, — alone, silent, in the marshes. The sun illuminated its slanting faces, and mottled with darker spots the uneven lines of its sand-bag sides. Rebel shell and shot kept crashing around it; Union hearts were beating hopefully within it. Marsh

Angel, Swamp Angel, the soldiers and sailors had christened the large gun. We were impatient to have it tried, for the belief began to strengthen that we were making, or might make, Sumter stronger, instead of rendering it untenable. Such a possibility the commander seemed not to have considered; for to a question of what he should do if such should be the case, he replied, "I do not know."

Our operations were twofold,—the possession of the whole of Morris Island, and the knocking down of Sumter. As yet we occupied but half the former. Wagner stretched across the island in our front, and the strong battery on its northern point sent its greeting to our trenches. Whether it would have been wise or not to have used all our powers in the occupation of the whole of Morris Island before planting our batteries against Sumter, it was too late then to discuss. So delicious a temptation as that of battering the notorious Rebel fort as soon as he could reach it with a single gun, was too much for Gillmore. Besides, the report that Gillmore was knocking Sumter about the ears of its Rebel occupants, was what every one was glad to hear; and it was pleasing to know that the cry of "Sumter, defiant Sumter, is falling!" was echoing through the North. Moreover, was it not proved by book and precept, by plan and figures, that Sumter could be reached and penetrated from batteries midway up the island; from batteries which were constantly exposed to Wagner's plunging fire; from batteries planted in our parallels, under Wagner's very walls? But though this could be done by gallant men, could it be done as efficiently? And that question was always evaded.

Under all the circumstances it was perhaps too much to expect that Gillmore should refrain from hitting Sumter with his great guns, even though Wagner stood in his path, menacing his operations and shutting out the possibility of accomplishing anything thereby. To be sure,

our engineers were slowly approaching the parapet of the fort, and it was hoped that by regular approaches we could accomplish what Gillmore had failed to do by assault. In the first blush of Gillmore's successful landing on Morris Island he had hastened to the assault of Wagner. On its parapet, sleeping in common earth, lay many brave men, white and colored, victims of a plan in which regular approaches were overlooked, weak points neglected, a proper hour disregarded; to whom reinforcements were not sent, nor a pathway levelled for them with artillery; nor, finally, was the commanding General (as all eye-witnesses agree) where he could either know or direct their advance, their management, or their retreat. In vain, alas! in vain, did these brave soldiers stumble from one impediment to another, groping from ditch to parapet, falling by scores beneath the murderous fire of the foe, or mangled by torpedoes under the sands at their feet. Some gallant men reached the parapet, but to be stricken down upon the very goal of their efforts; some sank at its foot; others filled the ditches, dead and dying as they were. And all along from where the well-defined range of Wagner's guns could tell, the slain covered the ground, monuments of folly and of woe. Our loss was terrible. In generals we mourned Strong; and in colonels, Shaw. Others as brave as these,—that multitude of nameless ones, the rank and file, the non-commissioned, who, cheered by no hope of public recognition, conscious that living or dying their sole reward must be the approbation of their own consciences,—many of them of the proscribed, the enslaved race, with not even a Christian name or home, with nothing to mark them save the form of a human being,—these I cannot name; I can only say that they fought and fell, and on their bodies, stiff and stark, the rising sun looked down on white and colored, named and nameless, side by side.

Save that the grandeur, the sublimity of these deaths raised the colored man to a higher plane of manhood, and weakened the shackles of slavery all over the world, we had gained nothing. These facts may be confirmed by the testimony of many still living.

In this second effort to capture Wagner the system of approaches offered an easy and a sure solution of the problem. Aided by the ships, on which great guns were floated within excellent range, a new parallel had been begun; and although from all divisions a large quota was furnished to that remorseless enrolling officer Death, the work went manfully on. Gillmore had expressed great satisfaction with results so far attained. "I consider my part of the work almost ended," he said on the morning of the 21st of August, as from the deck of the "McDonough" he scanned the horizon with his glass. These words, spoken of Sumter, afforded pleasing reflections upon our four days of bombardment, our forty (more or less) of occupation of this sand island, and upon the death and disease that had wasted our forces. An outside view of battered Sumter was, however, encouraging to the besiegers. The gorge seemed to me to be destroyed, and a practicable breach, so far as I could judge (and my view was good), had been made. Mortars and gun-carriages, sand-bags and cotton-bales were mingled in confusion. The sea-faces, though thicker than the land, not being so well protected by sand-bags, showed the effect of our fire. The three-hundred pounder Parrott, at last at work, was making generally fine shots, and, with its range of from only two to two and one half miles, tearing away stone and bricks where both had not been already beaten into dust. These ranges measured the greatest and the least distances of our guns from Sumter; and although they were so exceptional, they became really insignificant when compared with the

achievements of the marsh battery, which was so long delayed that the soldiers changed its name from Marsh Angel and Swamp Angel, which characterized our hopes, into "Battery Useless," to illustrate our despair. This, however, at last promised to repay the expenditure of sand-bags, powder, time, labor, and material — animate and inanimate — which had been intrusted to Gillmore for the destruction of the city of Charleston itself.

Although it was believed that Sumter was nearly done for, and that therefore the most important obstruction to an entrance to the harbor of Charleston was removed, Gillmore could not refrain from anticipating the possible entry of the navy, by sending his compliments in advance from the marsh battery. Accordingly he notified the Rebel Beauregard that women and children must be sent out of the city. Hardly, however, had this notice reached its destination, when the Rebels in Wagner, strangely indifferent to the condition of Sumter or to the doom impending over Charleston, became so actively alive with their rifles that they knocked out of this world (into, let us hope, a better) so many of our troops as to cause doubt to be thrown upon Gillmore's pen-and-ink sketch of how to take Wagner. In his extremity at this impudence (Charleston and Sumter being in such imminent peril), naval aid was again invoked, even at the expense of sharing the glory of Wagner's capture. And again the iron-clads flanked our advanced positions on Morris Island, and poured from their great guns such a deluge of canister that the Rebel riflemen were like gnats in the throat of Vesuvius.

Of the immense value of our navy in operations upon this narrow island, one can hardly speak too strongly. By the aid of naval boats working on our flanks we had advanced our siege operations with little loss and less hard fighting. These floating batteries kept down the



Rebel riflemen, while our sappers operated undisturbed. Meanwhile the hours passed; the Northern press filled Northern hearts with great hopes of Gillmore, while he in the twilight of his undertakings pondered doubtfully upon the mysterious silence of Sumter, with fears that, though her proportions were once fairer, her ability for defence was never greater. Could it be possible that efforts to reduce the fort had rendered it more impregnable? The high brick front on its land side had, it was true, been beaten down; but in its place the ruin formed a low breastwork of sand, a parapet on which the enemy's heavy guns were plainly seen by Gillmore with his glass. He nevertheless declared, on the sixth day of his bombardment (the 22d of August), that he "considered the fort no longer a fit work from which to use artillery," and that practically Sumter was reduced. Looking at the terrible effect of our shot and shell as they bored into its remaining walls, making great breaches and throwing up immense clouds of dust, and considering that two faces were partly down and cracked, though they had not fallen; that the flag-staff was groggy, too weak to hold the diminutive flag which feebly floated but a little way above the coping from a makeshift staff, — it would certainly seem that hope and encouragement might be indulged that the first step had really been taken to enable the navy to sail in and hold the city itself. But Gillmore, affecting to believe that he had fulfilled his contract, wrote an official note to Admiral Dahlgren, claiming to have accomplished his part of the work, and affirming that there was nothing to fear from Sumter; and subsequently, though the navy had not the slightest thought of attempting it, he assured us that the fleet, with their powerful floating batteries and armored ships, would steam that night by the disabled fort. Powerless as the land forces were to make headway in this

harbor without naval co-operation, and anxious as Gillmore was, and Dahlgren may have been, each to put the blame of failure on the other, it was apparent to all but Gillmore that not now, if ever, should the navy be charged with holding back, or with irresolution. Nevertheless such charges were made, and spread abroad in the daily papers of the North, with the knowledge of the commander of the land forces, who thus sought, by inculcating gallant men in a gallant service, to vindicate his fame from the severe reflections of critics upon the smallness of his performances when compared with the greatness of his high-sounding manifestoes.

At last the two-hundred pounder Parrott gun in the marshes was ready. It opened about two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-second, firing fifteen shells filled with an incendiary composition. The gun was loaded with fifteen pounds of powder, elevated thirty-one degrees, and directed towards the Rebel city, distant five and one sixth miles. It was uncertain whether the elevation was sufficient, although the bells of the city churches were heard ringing out an alarm. The effect of this fire was made known to us on the twenty-second; on that day Beauregard replied to Gillmore's threat of what he would do with his marsh battery. Only on condition, Gillmore had written, that Beauregard would surrender Sumter (which Gillmore in his note said had been battered into uselessness, so that it was hardly able to stand), with Forts Wagner and Gregg on Cumming's Point, would he refrain from throwing shells into the city. Four hours were given for a reply, which would bring the time to four o'clock on the 21st of August. But the letter was without signature, and Beauregard returned it, addressed "to whom it may concern." It was received by Gillmore on the twenty-second, and sent back immediately, properly acknowledged. Beauregard at once sent a reply, which was substantially as follows: He

acknowledged the receipt of a communication, — which he said he did not see for two hours after it reached his office, as he was out reconnoitring his batteries, — in which he, Gillmore, demanded the surrender of Sumter (almost knocked to pieces!), of Wagner and Gregg, with a threat that on refusal he would open upon Charleston, a battery having been erected for that purpose. Beauregard then continued: —

“This communication not being signed, I returned it. But in the mean time, as two hours of the four have been lost by my absence, and two more must necessarily ensue before a reply could reach you, the time will be up when you threaten to open upon a city filled with defenceless women and children, and hospitals. You have already thrown shells filled with the most destructive composition known in warfare into the heart of this city, and this without sufficient warning — according to the usages of nations not barbarous — to non-combatants to seek places of safety. By such deeds you will not make much of a name for yourself in history, and your deeds will be monstrous even in this war. I shall not surrender Sumter, Gregg, or Wagner. Why do you not ask for forts on James Island and Moultrie also? After two years of trial you have failed to capture this city or its defences; and I now give you solemn warning, that, if you carry out your threat, I will retaliate according to the best of the means in my power.”

To this Gillmore sent the following, at fifteen minutes after nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-second:

“My letter to you was not signed, through inadvertence. You have had two years to prepare your city against an attack, and have at length been unable to do so. During that time, and especially during the last forty days, you have had ample notice of my intention to bombard your city and destroy your defences. You have had all your avenues to the rear open and at your disposal. You have therefore strictly no right to any notice whatever before bombardment; but as you represent your city to be filled with infirm old men, women, and children, I will give you twenty-four hours in which to remove them.”

On Sunday, the 23d of August, at a quarter past eleven in the morning, I was at Gillmore's tent. Great obligation was then and there expressed for Beauregard's information that thirty-one degrees of elevation would carry a shell from the marsh gun into the city. "I shall resume fire," said Gillmore, "at eleven o'clock to-night,"—adding that he was willing to give them this time because the foreign consuls asked it, and the Spanish consul declared that unoffending persons had already lost their lives. That night, at half-past eleven, while sitting in my tent, I heard the roar of the two-hundred pounder Parrott hurling its shells into the heart of the Rebel city. What a wonderful retaliation! Frightened inhabitants fleeing from the wrath of a just avenger, and the double-traitor Beauregard with no better resources than impotent denunciations left to him! Ah, indeed, but this was sweet! and almost induced me to believe that we might gain some recompense for all the suffering and sacrifice and things unaccomplished.

On the 24th of August, high winds interfered with the range of shots at Sumter; the navy lay with difficulty at their anchorage; two Whitworth guns in our naval battery, throwing formidable projectiles, were useless from two days' hard usage; jolly tars slept soundly under bomb-proof shelters of sand-bags; the two-hundred pounder Parrott gun in the swamp had burst, after throwing five or six shells towards Charleston, with eighteen pounds of powder and thirty-one degrees of elevation; there was sharp picket firing from Wagner, in which many men from my command were killed, and strange stories were bruited about of the fatal precision of the fire of a negro marksman, a Rebel. A rumor was current that Gillmore had determined to reply to Beauregard's taunt,—that after two years of effort he had failed to capture the defences of the city of

Charleston,—by a quixotic assault on Sumter. For this purpose General Ames, commanding one of my brigades, had been assigned to the command of the expedition, which was to consist of six hundred men, to be selected by colonels of regiments. What Gillmore called a practicable breach was pointed out from a distance to the officers to be engaged, though whether it was practicable or not was submitted to them for consideration. The expedition, having embarked in boats, was to steal through the inlet, by the side of Wagner and Gregg, to the assault on Sumter. This was a movement which any practical soldier would have called unwise, if feasible, and for reasons which I determined to set forth in a letter to Gillmore of the following tenor, marked private and unofficial:—

“Suppose you are successful, and effect your lodgement, how long could you remain in the fort? The fire of concentrated Rebel batteries would be much harder for our men than our single and remote battery is for theirs. And if under our fire but few Rebels remain to skulk under bomb-proofs, what more could we do when Gregg and Wager, James Island and Moultrie, pour tornadoes of shot and shell into us? Even our iron-clads shrink from attempting to run into Charleston under the fire of other Rebel batteries than Sumter. What, then, can men do who hold a half-ruined fort? How will you feed them, or supply them with ammunition? Of what use will they be; what can they accomplish? . . . I deem it my duty to protest against the use of troops from my division for such a purpose; and this, in a friendly spirit, I have unofficially done.”

The same opinion of the uselessness of these operations on Morris Island was, I had reason to believe, held by all the highest officers, although there was no critical discussion of Gillmore's operations, and no holding back from a zealous and hearty co-operation in his plans. Our movements pointed to the occupation of the whole of Morris Island; and for this we were making approaches upon Wagner, and

thence, I presumed, upon Gregg. But when occupied, *cui bono?* Should we be any nearer Charleston; had we gained any strategic point; were we doing anything to aid in bringing the war to a close? Was it to assist the navy that we were to occupy the whole of Morris Island? The navy had but little, if anything, to fear from the forts on that island when Sumter was no longer to be dreaded; and even then the navy would be impotent in the presence of James and Sullivan's islands, and Fort Johnson and Castle Pinckney. Were we slowly and at increased cost to continue operations on all the islands in Charleston Harbor until they were won? For two years military operations had been conducted in the Department of the South, and as a result we occupied one half of Morris Island! Where should we be in 1865?

Two days after my letter to Gillmore, I called at his tent and entered upon a discussion of the subject. He began by acknowledging its receipt, and agreeing with its views. He did not contemplate, he said, holding Fort Sumter, only taking it to blow it up. He had learned from deserters that the Rebels proposed to do the same thing when we had rendered it perfectly untenable; and he had found out from the same source that our shot went completely through the face we fired at, and penetrated the opposite wall. He felt so well satisfied that he had entirely demolished the fort and dismounted the guns, that he had made a report to this effect to the War Department. "I claim," he continued, "to have done all *my* work, all I agreed to do, and all it was agreed, in a mixed board of army and navy officers who met at Washington, that it was necessary to do to render powerless the key-point to Charleston Harbor. Admiral Dahlgren was one of the officers present, and he has admitted that I have destroyed Fort Sumter, that it is a heap of worthless ruins. He has admitted it to me

and to a reporter. I was sent down here," Gillmore went on, "to carry out the following movements: (1) To capture the southern end of Morris Island; (2) To reduce Fort Wagner; (3) To reduce Fort Sumter. The first and third are accomplished; the second was but a step to accomplish the third, and one which I thought indispensable, — and I was as much surprised as any one to find that it was not. I maintain that the entire object of my being sent here has been gained. I should like to get the whole of Morris Island; but I don't see that any particular object can be gained thereby, now that Sumter is destroyed. But still there is Wagner, and I am about giving orders to advance my approaches to that fort so as to seize an advanced sand-ridge within about one hundred and ninety yards of the walls."

That Gillmore stated the truth when he said that "the object of my operations is the destruction of Sumter," may not be denied. Folly Island and Morris Island were of but secondary importance. But what did the Administration think about the results accruing from this demolition? Did they hope for the capture of Charleston? That was impossible; for we had before us other islands so strongly guarded that Sumter was of little consideration in the problem. Our naval operations had made this a certainty. The Admiral knew it; and it may be presumed that the Administration, after all the sad loss of life, expenditure of treasure, and great disappointment, had at last begun to appreciate the fact that the people had not been compensated by such an entertainment. For, as sure as truth is truth, nothing whatever had yet been done, either by Dupont or Hunter, Dahlgren or Gillmore, to make the capture of Charleston more possible than before a naval vessel floated in the waters of her harbor, or a soldier had set foot upon the shores of the rebellious State of South Carolina.

Notwithstanding, therefore, that I looked upon the gallant achievement of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, in rushing forward to capture an important position in front of Wagner, with admiration; and although this affair gave an opportunity to publish in huge capitals in the daily papers that fifty Rebels from North Carolina were delighted at having been made prisoners, and to fill pages of letter-writers with complaints poured forth by the captives against the Rebel Government, — yet this was all, and nothing more. Turn where we might in this department, a feeling of despair prevailed which not all the promises nor all the performances of either army or navy could remove. That we were then but two hundred yards from Wagner, and that no amount of shelling could drive our gallant fellows from the ridge they gained the night before, furnished undoubtedly a gleam of hope that Wagner ultimately might be ours. But what good was even the capture of Fort Wagner to do us? Having detained Gillmore before its walls; having inflicted a severe loss upon his troops; and having held them at such a distance from Sumter that our bombardment only battered it into impregnability, — the Rebel garrison at its own convenience quietly moved out of Wagner, and gave us a barren victory. But I anticipate; and yet as I galloped home by the camps on the singularly beautiful night in August of which I am writing, a full moon bathing in its light the crests of the waves as they rolled even to my horse's feet, I could find no answer to the oft-repeated question: What is the use of all this?

Between Folly and Kiowah islands the Stono River empties into the Atlantic. On its banks the enemy had established batteries to obstruct our movement towards Charleston through this channel. In this river roamed a ship-of-war, the "Pawnee," commanded by Captain Balch,



with whom in the protection of these islands I was to co-operate, should our safety require it. About this, I may add, Gillmore was much exercised. On the 28th of August, a crew of land-lubbers might have been seen pulling stoutly for the "Pawnee," then in motion towards a small cluster of houses on the river's bank, rejoicing in the name of Legareville, whence the owners seemed to have fled. It was my purpose to accompany Captain Balch on this expedition if I could catch him. This I succeeded in doing, because he stopped to pick up a stray torpedo floating idly near the shore, instead of performing the pleasant service intended by its Rebel maker. Captain Balch received me with cheerful hospitality (he could not have done otherwise without doing violence to his nature), and offered the torpedo for my inspection. Two tin canisters, water-tight, were firmly connected by a hollow tube of iron in the direction of the axis of the cylinders; the lower one was the magazine, and held fifty pounds of gunpowder; the upper served as a float. Into this connecting tube, and passing through the upper canister into the lower, was inserted a loaded musket,—the lock set as if for firing. To make the breech of the gun less conspicuous, one half of it had been cut off. The two canisters, with connecting tube, loaded musket, and fifty pounds of coarse powder, were so weighted that the infernal invention floated with the tide, barely showing any of its parts above the water. The ingenious arrangement for exploding it consisted of a small disk of wood, the size of a tea-plate, which floated on the surface and inclosed the musket-barrel through a small hole in its centre, and almost touched the trigger of the lock. When sent out for destruction, two torpedoes of this sort, connected by a long rope, are swept along by the current upon a vessel's bow, where the line catches and swings them against her sides. As the rope tightens, the

wooden disks press upon the triggers, and the muskets explode into the magazine. Captain Balch had captured two of these devices, and hung them — harmless instruments then — at his yard-arm, in full view of a Rebel work swarming with men. In one of them the gun had been discharged; but it was so heavily loaded that it had burst both barrel and tube, thus soaking the powder in the magazine. In the other, the powder in good condition was emptied into the captain's magazine, in part payment for his launch which the Rebels had blown up a day or two before.

Service on the *Stono*, by the "Pawnee," was not an animated life; though the captain told me of one or two fights with the Rebels, in which his ship had been struck by solid shot. It would not be difficult to hit her, for in turning in narrow parts of the river she made almost a connecting bridge from bank to bank. I dined with the captain in these waters on soup, roast beef from Philadelphia, floating island, and a young watermelon obtained from an old negro living on one of the Sea Islands and taking care of "Massa's" property. To landsmen a ship or sloop of war is a strange animal. The right things are to be found in the right places at the right time, with a wonderful degree of right-mindedness. One has confidence that the sailor will fight for his pets, — those great yawning nine-inch Dahlgren guns. See how the huge rammers, sponges, and shells are laid neatly and exactly where they belong. Hear the boatswain's pipe and see the boatswain's roll as he walks the deck, filled with an ever-earnest desire to pipe his whistle. See the men cheerily "lending a hand," with outlandish gibberish, with run and roll, with dress and demeanor, with fun and fight, with all in all that's odd and interesting and daring. The sailor has a dare-devil, happy-go-lucky spirit which laughs at obstacles. Here now is

Captain Balch, who would, I dare say, find it not impossible to run into Charleston to-night or any night. "How say you, Captain, to this, were you off Sumter instead of here up the Stono?"

"Well," he replied, "if obstructions were removed,—and I think it is high time they were,—I see no objections to the iron-clads running into Charleston harbor and lying off the city."

"Then," I exclaimed, "you see no objections from any guns or batteries within Fort Sumter, but think the iron-clads can lie quietly in Charleston Harbor and batter the city about the ears of its people?"

"None whatever," replied the Captain.

"Then why not go in now?" I asked.

"Why not?" echoed the Captain, and turned the conversation abruptly into a dissertation on blockade-running and how to prevent it, from which I fancied the gallant mariner was not so sure about the iron-clads under Rebel guns in Charleston Harbor.

We had another bout at it two or three days later, when Captain Balch, with Captain Whiting, of the gunboat "Ottawa," came ashore to dine with me. Whiting spoke from some experience with iron-clads, for he carried his gunboat into action the first day the iron vessels opened on Sumter and Wagner. He was very decided in his opinion, that the task of getting into Charleston Harbor was not so easy as Captain Balch thought it. "Admitting," said he, "that the efficiency of Fort Sumter is destroyed, there yet remain other and stronger obstacles to an entrance. Fort Sumter is but one key in the complicated lock."

"Did not Admiral Dahlgren profess in Washington that he would go in if Sumter were destroyed or silenced?" I asked.

“If he did,” replied Whiting, “he made a prophecy which he will find it difficult to fulfil; though,” he added, “the navy are still under orders to go in, are only awaiting good weather, and would have made the attempt long ago, but for the wind. Iron-clads I do not consider impervious to shot,” he continued. “But if they were, it is not alone with heavy guns that we have to contend. There are chains and torpedoes to arrest our ships and hold them under a heavy and formidable fire.”

If it were manifest that our naval brethren considered the absolute reduction of Sumter a *sine qua non* to an attempted entrance to the inner harbor, — and of this, as will be seen, there was no doubt, — it was equally manifest that at the very hour while we were at my table, discussing the problem of whether Sumter was as harmless as Gillmore contended, its Rebel garrison could be plainly seen preparing sand-bags for the mounting of guns upon its walls, or its ruins; and on the day following, the 1st of September, while our three-hundred pounder Parrott was tearing away large portions of the walls and making the place very uncomfortable for a peaceful resident, Admiral Dahlgren received the fire of six guns in position on the northeastern face of the fort: and of this he informed Gillmore. The commanding officer of the trenches saw the evening gun fired from Sumter’s walls that night at sunset; saw Rebels at work, during the day, piling sand-bags upon the ruins, and reported the same to Gillmore. It was not strange that he who had claimed to have so silenced Sumter that the navy could run their vessels by without danger, should have exhibited some vexation at such reports. “How could Sumter be an obstacle?” he cried. “Many days ago Admiral Dahlgren sent word to me in a note, that he no longer considered Sumter an impediment to his entrance to the inner harbor. Then,” continued Gillmore,

“ the fort was useless ; but now they may have built up with sand-bags its crumbled walls to hold their guns. How can I fire all the time,” he asked, “ and thus assure the navy that the Rebels will not make repairs ? ”

And thus replied the navy : “ You, Gillmore, were to silence Sumter, and you have not done so.” “ Put that in your pipe and smoke it,” the reader may supply. No doubt Gillmore did ; for he grumbled, and the three-hundred pounder Parrott grumbled, and the troops grumbled, — and there was no progress made.

The true task of the navy, the complete blockade of this port, they had accomplished as well as was possible. That this could not be done absolutely, will be apparent from some incidents of blockade-running which were told me while dining on the “ Pawnee,” by the commander of the sloop “ Onondaga,” who had been on the coast for many months on blockade service. While a boat flying a flag of truce came out of Charleston Harbor with the English consul on board, to protest against our firing upon the city until the women and children and British subjects had been removed (particularly the latter), and while all our fleet was at anchor within the channel and within two or three miles of Sumter, a blockade-runner from Charleston slipped down unperceived to Moultrie, and laid herself along the shore, awaiting night and a high tide to run out. The vessel (a steamer) being of a leaden color, and running near the land, could gain this position without being perceived by our blockading squadron, unless it had taken up its picketing posts with the iron-clads early in the evening, — which would have been done, had not the Rebel flag-of-truce boat interfered with the arrangement. After night, the crew of the “ Onondaga,” whose station was in Maffitt’s Channel, which runs by Sullivan’s Island, heard the sound of rapidly-revolving paddle-wheels coming nearer and

nearer ; but, owing to a slight haze, no object fifty yards away could be distinguished. Vainly did the look-out peer into the thick haze and darkness. That it was the sound of a blockade-runner trying to escape from the blockaded port, was manifest. It was just the night for it. The fugitive could not see the blockading vessel, nor could the latter see the fugitive. Nearer and nearer she came. The men stood silently by their guns, craning their necks outward to get the first shot. The orders of her captain were heard loud and clear, — “Hard a port!” and the reply, “Ay, ay, sir!” then “Steady!” The rapid whirl of the wheels continued, yet nothing could be seen. Our sailors thought they perceived a phosphorescent glow in her wake, as the fugitive made a sudden turn in her course through a narrow and shallow channel, — and at this they fired ; but as the steamer was under full headway the shot was wild, and she escaped under cover of the fog.

It was audacious. Although but few succeeded in eluding the navy at this port, I found that it was quite impossible to prevent all vessels from running in or out. A fast steamer of light draught and leaden hue, running in the dim twilight or at night along the shore, would frequently escape the keenest watch. Besides, the squadron was motionless, while the blockade-runner was under full headway, and therefore might frustrate all conditions of watchfulness. It is hard to hit a bird on the wing with a Dahlgren gun. Although the officers and men of our fleet were greatly mortified at every escape of a vessel, the opinion was expressed that we much overestimated the amount of war material carried to, or the merchandise sent from, a Rebel port in this way. One great battle, it was said, would consume more ammunition than could be run in before another, in the order of past events, would occur. For an army of seventy thousand infantry it would

take 5,600 boxes of ammunition, each box containing one thousand rounds, to furnish eighty rounds to a man, — and eighty rounds to a man is not a large estimate for three days of fighting. This allowance would weigh 320 tons, and does not include an estimate for artillery. This added, it would require a very long period for the few small steamers that could make successful trips, to supply the Rebels with ammunition.

The foreign consuls in Charleston incurred the displeasure of our navy for other causes than contributing to a blockade-runner's escape. They had united in a statement to their different Governments, that the blockade of Charleston was successfully raised by a raid of Rebel iron-clads made but a short time before; and they added, as the result of their own personal observation, that they steamed out into the harbor by invitation of Beauregard, and were unable with strong glasses to discover any one of the blockading fleet. It was therefore asserted by the Rebels and the foreign consuls, that ships were free to enter the port of Charleston, until a new establishment and a new notice of the blockade. Commander Whiting, in discussing this matter, became very indignant with the foreign consuls who lent themselves to the manufacture of what he termed wilful lies. Our fleet, he said, never moved from its position outside the bar. The foreign consuls, he declared, not only did not come out with Beauregard in a tug, but they did not come out at all; and the only tug that was there was the "tug of war." The entire consular statement was declared to be a fruitful lie of the Rebel Beauregard. Even then, on a French man-of-war within the line of our fleet, a French consul was known to be engaged in making notes of our bombardment for home service, and for conclusions possibly touching a French invasion of Mexico.

Instances now more and more frequently occurred to make manifest the bad feeling against the navy which Gillmore—who possibly foresaw a disastrous end to his operations—was sedulously fostering among the land forces. The Admiral, one night, made a persistent and vigorous attack upon Sumter, and Gillmore pooh-poohed it to every one who would listen. “But do you think the navy accomplished nothing last night?” I asked, as I found him on the morning of the 2d of September gazing at a large pile of shells of various sizes, solid shot, Whitworth bolts, and so forth, artistically piled up near his tent, to give effect to a photograph about to be taken of his headquarters.

“Accomplished!” he replied contemptuously; “what did they do but bang away for five or six hours at the walls of Sumter, already a mass of crumbled brick and mortar, utterly powerless for defence?”

“Then you think it nothing that iron-clads can show themselves to be invulnerable in such danger and under such heavy pounding?” I asked.

“They were too far off to do even the little good they might have done,” replied Gillmore. “Their elevation was not sufficient to knock down the coping, so they battered away at casemates filled with sand; and this I call crying nonsense.”

“If, then,” I asked, “the troops holding Sumter are protected by sand-bags that resist the severest fire our heavy guns can offer, and at such short ranges as those taken by our iron-clads, what good could have been accomplished even if the navy had amused themselves in knocking down the coping? Is it not a fact that you have beaten and mauled the bricks, stone, and mortar of Sumter into sand embankments, behind which the garrison repose in safety, and laugh both at your efforts and those of the navy to drive them out? Is it not true that you have found sand the



most difficult material to overcome, as well as the safest for resistance?"

"Sand forts," replied Gillmore, "are terrible things to resist attacks. Sand is a good resisting material under all circumstances. In fifteen minutes a man may so cover himself in a loose sandy soil, that he will be effectually protected against every kind of fire except mortar firing. We have tried it in our advance upon Wagner."

"Then if you find yourself powerless against sand forts, why do you blame the navy, who do no better than you have done?"

"They promised to run in by the forts," exclaimed Gillmore; "and this they should have done, instead of banging away where no good results could be accomplished. The papers are stirring them up," he added, with as much show of satisfaction as if he had inspired the articles.

For more than seven hours, until nearly two hours of daylight had melted the moonbeams upon the ocean, until a full tide had softened the foaming waves that dashed against the ebbing waters, had I heard the sullen and continuous thud of the naval guns delivering their fire within eight hundred yards of the southeast face of Sumter. Twice only did this battered fort reply, when the naval fire began; afterward it took the avalanche in silence. And of this fire it was that Gillmore spoke with such contempt, as being of little service in the accomplishment of the great result of all efforts, past, present, and to be,—the capture of Charleston. We began to doubt if anything could be effected. Serious cases of dysentery began to show themselves; and bad water and innutritious food were the causes, the surgeons said.

Operations still went on, however. We began to erect batteries on the Blackwater, and I heard rumors that Rebel batteries were rising on the Stono, within the region under

my control. Pickets were therefore advanced, and Captain Balch was requested to make a reconnoissance with his ship. Meanwhile, with a powerful glass, I detected easily a long line of Rebel intrenchments on James Island, — huge intrenchments, with deep embrasures, and many troops at work there. Behind the Blackwater, and out of reach from any position I could occupy, the Rebel works extended; while on that island, concealed from Rebel view by a high and thick growth of timber, three or four of our thirty-pounder Parrotts turned their ugly muzzles toward Charleston. So evening came, and the sun sank in the west, and in its departing rays the spires of the city shone like polished steel. The hours passed, — ten, eleven, twelve; and still the cannon's roar mingled with the booming surf at my feet.

The next morning, the 4th of September, in response to an invitation from Captain Balch, I went on board the "Pawnee." The ship was cleared for action, the drum beat to quarters, and up the Stono we went, in the teeth of reported batteries. Our enemy had acted wisely in closing a passage to the rear of the city of Charleston by fortifications on James Island and on the mainland against our naval vessels with their armament of huge guns. But scarcely glancing at deserted Legareville, we steamed on by an abandoned Rebel battery and a deep patch of timber to a long, narrow, open reach, with James Island clear in view. Looking intently with our glasses, we discovered there a formidable earthwork of about five hundred yards in length, with many men at work, but as yet without an armament. The "Pawnee" was brought to a standstill at this spot, the anchor let go, and an observation taken in a small boat, — which showed that beyond this new work there was no other until Fort Pemberton was reached, six miles further on. From our mast-head we could plainly see this fort, its flag flying and its parapet

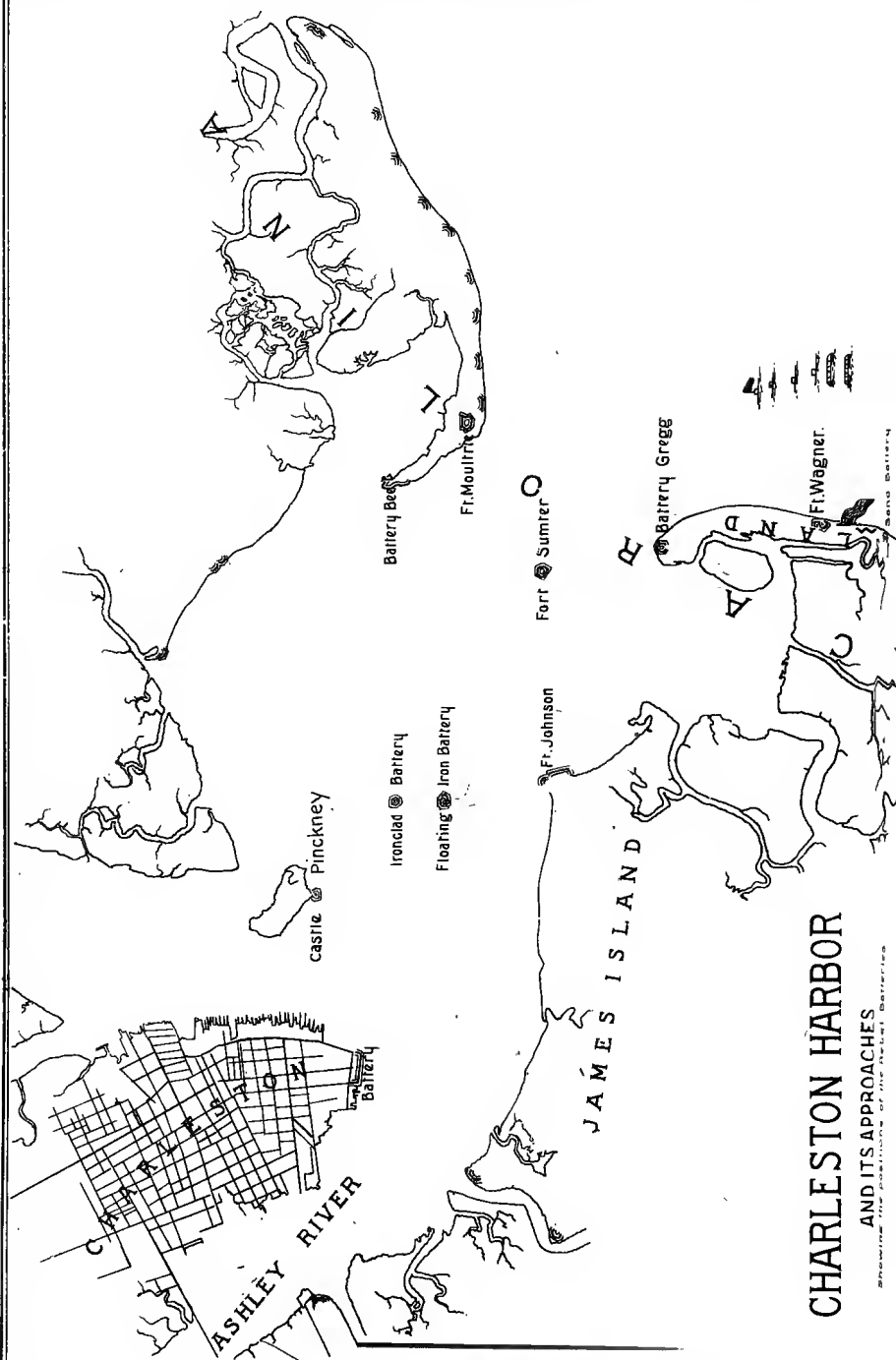
covered with men. Sumter also was in view; so was the Rebel town of Secessionville and its fort near by, with flag and parapet. This was a new outlook upon our enemy's defences, and showed how earnest had been his preparations to protect his beloved city from our attack in front or from the rear.

Having done all that we intended to do, we scattered the workmen at the nearest fort with seven or eight shots from the "Pawnee's" one-hundred pounder Parrott gun, and turned homewards. Turned? — no! I was lost in the mazes of nautical gymnastics and futile expedients to which our captain resorted. Either the "Pawnee" was too long for the river's width, or the river was too narrow for the "Pawnee's" length. If her head pointed downwards, as it ought to do, when her screw turned she ran into the bank. If steam was not used, an ebbing tide took her stern down stream faster than her bow. We could not return to our anchorage going ahead backwards. Again and again we tried, — to the right, to the left, — sometimes with promised success; but just as we seemed to be on the point of making the turn, back the tide would sweep us again, to drift downward, stern foremost, when our own head-way had been overcome. In these abortive efforts we were fortunately not fired on from concealed batteries. Here was a large war vessel cutting up these antics within range of a large Rebel fort on the shore of a narrow river; and yet we were allowed to pirouette unmolested. There must have been some reason for it other than sympathy with our situation. An anchor out astern would have overcome our difficulty, but Captain Balch had no stern anchor; so he made one of his tender, the "Huron," a smaller vessel by his side, to which he sent a hawser, and thus restrained the unmanageable stern of the "Pawnee" until her nose was fairly down stream, when

she became again responsive to steam, and carried us without other incidents to our anchorage.

The next move in Gillmore's plans was an attempt, on the night of the 4th of September, to capture Fort Gregg by surprise and spike its guns. The effort failed; our troops were discomfited. The land forces were to have been supported by boats from the navy, armed with howitzers. After dark the troops were at the designated point; and so were the sailors, all but one boat's crew carrying an ambitious officer, who, in pulling seaward further than he ought, between Cumming's Point and Sumter, encountered a boat from Gregg containing a wounded major of the Rebel army with his surgeon. Instant pursuit was made by our blue-jackets, some of whom fired with muskets. The Rebel boat halted and was captured, but at the expense of the expedition; for the firing had aroused the garrison, and a surprise was impossible. To make up for this disappointment, it was determined to try again the next night; while in the mean time by daylight the army and navy would make a combined attack on Wagner. Accordingly, on the 5th of September, the iron-clad "New Ironsides" anchored within less than eight hundred yards of the fort, and threw its huge shells into it at every discharge. A flag at the nearest point of our approach to Wagner, some sixty yards, warned the navy of the location of the land forces. With two officers of my staff I went to the second parallel, over which in an angry and threatening manner shells were bursting from Rebel guns. Johnson, Wagner, Gregg, and others were lively, but not so dangerous as the noise they made would have indicated, for the moment a flash was seen from a Rebel gun our watchful sentinel cried out, "Johnson!" "Gregg!" and so forth, upon which both officers and men hugged the parapet, while the ugly and scraggy fragments of iron howled










# CHARLESTON HARBOR AND ITS APPROACHES

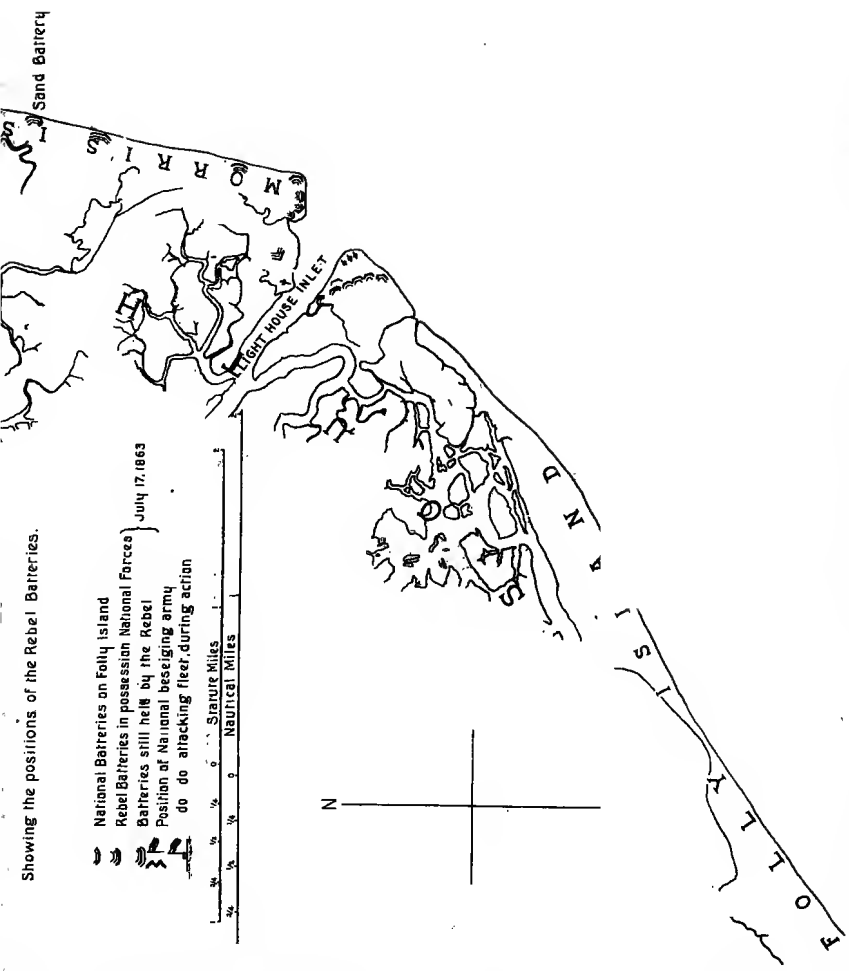
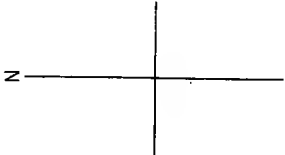
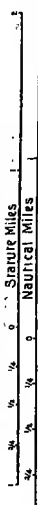
SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE MAJOR BATTERIES

Scale Battery

Showing the positions of the Rebel Batteries.

-  National Batteries on Folly Island
-  Rebel Batteries in possession National Forces
-  Batteries still held by the Rebel
-  Position of National besieging army
-  do do attacking fleet, during action

July 17, 1863







harmlessly by. After looking long, and dodging at every warning, I retraced my steps for one third of a mile, mounted my horse, and returned to camp, where the next morning I heard of last night's second failure to capture Gregg. Thus it came to pass: Details of infantry from Gillmore's command arrived in time at the boats, but were there delayed; there was confusion in telling off the men, and there was a lack of rowers. Time was wasted by these mishaps. The moon lighted up the sandy bulwarks of Gregg, and enabled a few of her watchful sentinels, mindful of last night's effort, to discover and fire at our approaching boats. The Federals were alarmed; some of their boats turned and pulled back to shore; Gregg opened with canister upon those that remained, and then they also turned in flight, disembarking with men disheartened, wounded, and killed. Upon a *stupid* enemy only should a commander attempt a second surprise on a night following an abortive effort, — and that ours was not one to be caught napping, we had abundant proof during the war.

While it was evident enough that Sumter was a bad-looking pile of ruins, and therefore, judging from appearances, no bar to an attempt to sail into Charleston Harbor, it began to be apparent that the navy had found other insurmountable obstacles, both on the earth and in the waters under the earth; and although this would be no excuse for not making the effort, the grand question, — one which I had been asking myself since I had been there, — had at last been propounded from Washington; namely, What do we want of Charleston? This had weighed upon the Admiral, and upon every other naval commander in these waters, and had made them unwilling to contribute to a useless sacrifice, as also somewhat cooled the otherwise enthusiastic ardor with which they would have entered into Gillmore's plans. That the mere capture of the city would

have been useless, was stated in a letter from Cullum, chief of Halleck's staff. Of course this was Halleck's view. "We care nothing about Charleston," said the letter; "we want to shut up the harbor. Charleston would be something of an elephant to us, after all." And what a discovery this was to-day, after all the waste and woe of these useless operations! We could have as effectually closed the harbor of Charleston with our blockading fleet alone, as with the presence and loss of so much land force.

But there we were, with one-half of Morris Island in our possession, and our advanced parallels within sixty yards of Wagner. For our own prestige, at least, we should be compelled to take possession of Morris Island. Something had to be shown the American people for the loss of life in trenches and from torpedoes buried in the earth. "A log troubles me in digging," said a soldier one day in the trenches to his officer. "Well, then, dig around it," was the reply; "don't bother about it." A minute more, and an explosion blew the soldier to atoms. Our men, as they advanced, found the ground filled with torpedoes, for we were very near the foot of Wagner's parapet, — so near, indeed, that that lively fort gently tossed iron shells into our trenches, which, bursting with sad effect, killed some ten or twelve men every day. Our second day's bombardment of Wagner, I was informed, was the prelude to a *bona fide* attempt to take it by storm the next morning, between the hours of eight and ten. Our approaches had carried us so near that our assaulting columns could be massed under cover of our own works.

The time selected was the hour of lowest tide, for this allowed the use of the beach in an approach, and thus enabled the men to avoid a liberal sprinkling of torpedoes in front of the works. General Stevenson, with his brigade and a small additional force, was to command the storming

column. The iron-clads and the "Ironsides," within easy range, were to keep down the fire of Wagner: indeed, they would have been able to keep its garrison, if it had any, from making any resistance whatever. Launches with howitzers, we judged, could approach the coast and certainly keep up a rear as well as an enfilading fire upon the place; and what under such circumstances could the enemy do? On the supposition that this fire should be maintained until a strong body of at least six hundred men, formed in three columns of two hundred each, could rush into the work, and that they should be supported by reserves containing at least five hundred each, in columns of company front, — it was thought that the work could be carried without serious loss. Eleven hundred of my men I had sent to Morris Island, and five hundred to the northern end of Folly; and thus it seemed to me that the Rebels must be satisfied, for they had been grumbling a great deal at our mode of operations. A Charleston newspaper belabored our army because we did not, as it expressed it, "clean up as we went." It thought it very unfair for us to bombard Charleston without at first taking all the approaches, — that is, all the forts defending the city. The editor was so angry that we ignored the works which Rebels thought secure against our shells, that he had the farcical impertinence to call on Beauregard to compel us to take the works as we went along, and not skip any!

Shall I record it? — all this elaborate preparation ended in a farce! The whole of Morris Island became ours, — Wagner, Gregg, and all, — abandoned the night of the 6th of September, without awaiting our assault, without striking a blow! The moment the report reached me I made my way, under heavy firing from Johnson's, Sullivan's, and James islands, along the beach to Wagner, where, securing my horse, I effected an entrance, regardless of torpe-

does or bursting shells, into the fort. It was of immense strength. As I wandered from one face to another I failed to perceive that our bombardment had done more than deprive it of part of its beauty, — certainly, of none of its strength. I had no time to take measurements, which would have been dangerous business then, but I made up my mind that the fort was strong enough to resist all the fire that rifled and fifteen-inch guns could have brought against it. The open and capacious covered ways leading from gun to gun afforded a sufficient circulation of air, and made stories current among our men, of Rebels fainting in closed bomb-proofs, supremely ridiculous. The number of guns within the fort, the precise measurements of the parapet, the dimensions of the bomb-proofs, the exact form of the work, and the length of its faces, I had no time to investigate. But what had interested us much, — namely, how any garrison could survive the huge shells and shot which our enormous calibres had poured into the fort, — was satisfactorily explained by the perfect bomb-proofs, which so protected the gunners that they could serve their guns in the very face of our fire with almost perfect impunity; even an enfilading fire from our navy was impotent for harm. Still there were many marks of rough usage about the fort. Some guns had been rendered useless, — one knocked out of its carriage, and the carriage broken, while another showed a huge indentation near the muzzle where a solid shot had struck. Many uninjured guns (sixteen of them) had been spiked. More than the usual débris of camp, garrison equipage, and subsistence was scattered around; hundreds of barrels of hard bread, excellent and fresh in appearance, had been emptied and trampled under foot, while hundreds of others, filled and half filled, were piled up for service as a protecting traverse; ordnance stores littered the earth: fragments of shells, and

whole ones unexploded; solid shot, shattered lumber, and broken gun-carriages strewed the ground: there were also dead men lying too long unburied. On its northern side Wagner was open; its gorge faced the work we had known as Gregg, on the extreme northern end of the island. This work, too, had been evacuated; otherwise it would have been uncomfortable, if not impossible, to occupy Wagner, for the latter would have received, without let or hindrance, all the unobstructed fire the former chose to pour into it.

Why these forts were evacuated, was a question upon which there might be great differences of opinion. It could be said of Wagner, that, by our last trench, we had extended our works almost to the line of the surf, gaining a point further north than the southeastern angle of the fort, and almost under its very wall; and that therefore it would have been impossible to hold the fort against our assault. Others, however, would argue that we gained nothing by such surrender, for a fire from adjacent islands, almost if not quite as effective, could be poured into us on Morris Island; and that the possession of the whole of this island did not in the least advance our efforts to acquire an inch of land or water beyond the island itself. However this may be, we should have found it deadly work if, with all Gillmore's engineering science in our behalf, we had attempted to assault Wagner. Buried in the scarp wall of the ditch, breast high, were pointed lances like boarding pikes, and doubtless used as such at a former period, to receive the assailant in an attempt to scale the wall; while on the bottom of the ditch long nails, as sharp as needles, driven through boards to hold them firmly in their places, were placed to impale the intruders. The defence of this fort had been brave and determined; its garrison had been exposed to a terrible and long-continued fire. The courage of its defenders, however, bore no com-

parison to the energy and bravery of our own troops, in pushing forward their siege-works under the fire delivered by the besieged. Never free from exposure to bursting shells; unceasingly at work, by day and by night, on hands and knees, crouching for shelter behind the insignificant protection of a sap-roller,—our fearless troops constructed their approaches and their paralléls.

But now Wagner was ours without a fight; and we thanked God for it. Officers and men jostled one another on the Rebel parapet, or wandered through the bomb-proofs and the ditches, gazing with curious looks at each new revelation of haste or destruction, and unmindful, despite many warnings, of concealed torpedoes or the whirring of shells, with which the Rebels peppered us with an increasing venom.

Mounting my horse, I returned to the observatory. A solid shot, fired from Johnson's Island, struck within a few feet of my path; a fragment of shell howling over the line of my right shoulder in uncomfortable proximity buried itself in the ocean; while another, bursting over my head, spread its fragments around like an enveloping cloud, from which came those peculiar death notes caused by the whir of jagged iron. Gillmore was jubilant. In the fall of Wagner and of Gregg he saw the surrender of every work that impeded his triumphal entry into the coveted city; his heart beat high with hope; he exulted in his own prowess. The navy was also affected. The Admiral decided to attack something or somebody that afternoon with his monitors, and test upon other forts and other islands the full significance of triumphs already won. From the deck of my steamer I had a fair view of an engagement between the iron-clads and Moultrie and other works on Sullivan's Island. I was within range of Johnson's Island, and my vision was uninterrupted. The scene was inde-

scribably brilliant. The iron-clads were enveloped in smoke; the water boiled around them, from the multitude of shot fired from Rebel guns. Sullivan's Island seemed a living mass of batteries. Tier after tier of guns opened on our adventurous fleet. The fire was received with a dignified composure, which was only broken at intervals when our guns vomited forth defiance at the impotent rage of the Rebel foe. I watched the scene until midnight. Long after I had returned to my camp I heard the roar of the prolonged contest, which, alas! did not affect the yet unsolved problem of how to accomplish the capture or the destruction of Charleston. So ended the siege of Wagner.

Almost every one has heard of the gallant conduct of the negro pilot, Robert Small, in running the Rebel steamer "Planter" out of the harbor of Charleston, and delivering her, with all her equipment, as a prize to our navy, then blockading the port. Small was employed by our Government as a pilot, at seventy-five dollars per month; and it was while serving as such on my boat that he told, in a modest way, the details of that escape. No one could have managed with more consummate skill. On the night of his flight, his party of nine colored men and five women and children stole noiselessly on board. There were white men among the crew, but, as was their custom, they were asleep on shore. If the fugitive with his companions were to escape, he must steam out before these men returned, before the watchful sentinels in Sumter or on Sullivan's or Johnson's Island could distinguish the face or figure of this flying slave. It was the habit of General Ripley, the Rebel commander of Charleston, to make a reconnoissance of the waters at an early hour in the "Planter," sometimes at daybreak; and when he did, the pilot gave the usual signal to Sumter of two long whistles and one short one. That this trip, so pregnant with fate to the poor slaves,

might seem to be in the interest of the Rebel masters, it was imperative that none of the usual forms of courtesy should be neglected. Small was familiar with them all, having watched the performance of them by others. Before daylight he put them into practice. Sumter came in view : where Ripley was wont to stand on the vessel, with cloak and cap, to salute the officer of the guard as the signals were given, stood Small, the negro captain of the " Planter," in form and gesture so like Ripley that deception was not dreamed of by the Rebels. Sumter passed, a new danger presented itself. Our fleet, — would the officers there recognize the purposes of this Rebel boat ; or, thinking it on foul things intent, demolish it with their heavy guns ? Out of range of Sumter's guns, our brave negro captain pulled down the Rebel flag and raised a white one in its place. In the indistinct light the watchful eyes of our sailors perceived the boat, and took it for a ram. The alarm was given, and some ships got under way ; but soon the truth was known. Captain Robert Small and his company of fourteen trembling negroes, — the slave pilot and the slave crew, — stepped upon the deck of a gunship, and under the Stars and Stripes made over a free gift of one valuable steamer, with all her outfit and equipments, to the United States, receiving in return the priceless gift of freedom.

We may well pause here to ask if, so short a time ago, such things could be ? Men, women, and children fleeing from the barbarous degradation of slavery ; from a condition so dwarfing to both mind and body that we can only wonder that there was manhood enough left in Robert Small to enable him to design and execute so hazardous a flight ! Yet so modestly, so quietly, did Small relate to me the main facts of his heroic achievement, that I felt myself to be in the presence of a man. God knows that I am thankful enough now, as I was glad enough then, that my steps



had been directed towards those who had it in their power to give freedom to Robert Small, rather than to those who were devoting their homes to the red flame of war that they might hold him and his race forever in slavery.

Like this brave soul, there were many colored men fighting for freedom within our ranks on the shores of South Carolina ; many buried under the parapet of Wagner, waiting for that trump which shall summon free and slave to the same immortality. It was no wonder that sympathy for such men moved many refined and well-educated young men to seek commands where they could lead to liberty the slave soldiers whom we organized into regiments during the Rebellion. This was done, too, with the knowledge that it involved a greater hazard than was incurred in the command of white troops. To deter our officers from enlisting negroes, the Southern authorities declared that white men commanding colored troops should not be included in the cartel of exchanges. Upon this subject Mr. Lincoln was importuned by the father of a captain of negro troops, then a prisoner at Richmond. The President replied "that the cartel of exchanges could not be altered on account of such action by the Rebels ; it would not be just to other officers. Commanders of black troops," he said, "take upon themselves extra risk, and must bear it ; but any cruelty or death to such officers will be visited with retaliation." Yet even this did not deter our young men from accepting such positions, or from becoming enthusiastic about their negro troops. Making all due allowance for the natural enthusiasm and zeal of avowed Abolitionists, when engaged as the officers of colored regiments within my command, I could not doubt or deny their representation of the intelligence displayed by the colored non-commissioned officers in the discharge of their duties. They assisted the commissioned officers as clerks ; were

apt in drills, and ready in the acquisition of knowledge concerning subjects before unknown. They were animated with a desire to show that they were worthy of freedom, and to fight for a recognition of their equality with other races in the eyes of the world. That the colored troops would succeed in proving their efficiency before the war closed their officers did not doubt.

In Wagner we continued to turn up buried torpedoes. Killing by mines and torpedoes, not for defence, but for butchery, is scarcely civilized warfare. We discovered ingenious arrangements by which torpedoes might be discharged by our unsuspecting troops. A line attached to a pocket-knife would meet the eye of a soldier, who naturally enough would stoop to pick it up, and thus explode an instrument of death. Torpedoes were as abundant as blueberries; they floated ashore from the ocean, were discharged in the current of the rivers and inlets, dug up in the sand, or found, as we have seen, in the parapets of Wagner and Gregg. A black object was one day cast up on the beach of Folly Island. It was cylindrical in shape, painted black, and about the size of a barrel. It was at once surrounded by soldiers, who touched it rather tenderly, as one of them said, because "I did not know, sir, what the damned thing would do next;" and then they awaited the return of a comrade with a saw, with which, they thought, they could best get at its contents. Of course there was an explosion and casualties, with "no one to blame."

That the withdrawal of the enemy from the whole of Morris Island was an indication that he would also retreat from Sumter if hard pressed, seemed to be decided by both Gillmore and Dahlgren; and, singularly enough, each felt so sure of this that he determined to make an effort to steal from the other the coveted honor of being the first to

win the fort. Accordingly, on the night of the 8th of September, without concert, expeditions from the army and navy, under separate commanders and with separate if not conflicting instructions, sallied forth to do the deed which should electrify the North. The courtesy of acquainting Gillmore with his intentions was not omitted by Admiral Dahlgren, who by a messenger informed the General that he should send an expedition to capture Sumter. But Gillmore kept his plans to himself; and though he declared that he could not communicate in time with the Admiral, he was discreet enough to guard against the misfortunes that might readily happen to two independent commands in attacking at night, from different directions, the same object. He sent to the Admiral a watchword, as also a suggestion that whoever reached Sumter's parapet first, should burn a red light. With this exception, nothing was agreed upon by the two commanders.

The naval boats, loaded with tars armed with cutlasses and muskets, put off silently and in darkness from the various vessels of the blockading fleet, and were gathered in a single body as near as practicable to the fort, that they might pull vigorously on at the appointed time, and begin their work. The army, with infantry in two long lines, marched at night to the creek, and there quietly seated themselves in barges, ready with oarsmen to pull to the attack of the gorge of Sumter. The naval force, it appeared, was instructed to attack three faces of the work,—the northern, southeastern, and southern, or gorge. As the boats approached the northeastern face, they were discovered and fired upon by musketry from the fort; while at the same time two Rebel steamers, opportunely in waiting, backed off and opened upon the boats with grape, and from the parapet of the fort hand-grenades were thrown upon our sailors. This concerted fire soon threw the boats into

confusion; those that were not destroyed were dispersed, and made their way back to the fleet. The boats that landed at the southern face, where the gorge wall had been beaten down, were a little more fortunate. Several officers gained the crest of the work, but only to be taken prisoners by an overpowering force of Rebels, who were always at night-fall thrown into the fort and safely housed within its bomb and shot-proof shelters, waiting for precisely such a catch as this. During the whole of this disastrous effort a fierce fire from Rebel batteries on James Island and on Sullivan's swept the faces and flanks of Sumter. To fly, therefore, was more hazardous than to remain; and to remain was sure to result in captivity or death. In the midst of this commotion the army boats came up and halted. It was soon perceived that the naval attack had failed. Every Rebel fort in the harbor was aroused; to have proceeded further would have been folly; therefore the troops returned, without loss, to their creeks.

In killed, wounded, and captured, the navy lost one hundred and twenty men and two officers, out of a total of four hundred. The survivors brought back more reliable information of Sumter than Gillmore had ever received. Captain Buchanan of the marines reached the southern face, — the one that had borne all of Gillmore's pounding from Morris Island, — to find a vertical wall of fifteen feet in height from the top of the débris at the foot, which neither officer nor man could scale. It was here, at the foot of this débris, that all the Federal sailors were made prisoners. Our iron-clads were of but little service. Two of them accompanied our boats, but their draught was such that their guns could not be brought to bear to flank the southern or gorge wall; while the Rebel gunboats, lying in shallower water, used their fairer opportunity with great effect upon our men and boats. The southern face was

never stronger; it was simply invincible. The outside had been made impregnable by the débris from Gillmore's bombardment, while sand and cotton-bags within strengthened all the inner part. The result did not dissipate the growing feeling of ill-humor that had been for some time manifest between the land and naval forces. With no single head to devise and execute operations looking to the same end, there must needs be clashing and inefficiency and bad blood. In the mean time Sumter grew daily in strength. In front of its battered walls, at the angle of its gorge and southeastern flank, an immense pile of sand, a little lower than the old embrasures, had been deposited, where new guns and new embrasures and the beginning of a magazine of sand-bags appeared. All this I saw on the morning of the 10th of September from our second parallel; and it did not fill me with the conviction that Sumter had been rendered useless or defenceless. Meanwhile it became more likely that our stay in this region would be much prolonged, and I looked with grief on the lessening rolls of men under my command.

General Schimmelfening, an educated German soldier, who commanded the second brigade of my division, had fought "mit Siegel" both here and abroad, and was a hearty republican. His brigade contained some of the twelve regiments that formed the division which I brought from the Army of the Potomac. Eight of these regiments were formed into two brigades; but no regiment numbered over two hundred men, and some of them counted but ninety. Many of these men were formerly commanded by General Blenker, under Fremont, in the Shenandoah Valley; then by Siegel, Pope, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade. They had fought in the campaigns which each of these generals had in turn directed, and under many different subordinate commanders. Since the battle of Chancellors-

ville their knapsacks had been stowed away under guard; and they had not seen since then their own shelter-tents and blankets, but had eaten their rations of fresh beef and hard bread, with coffee at times, under borrowed blankets and canvas. This was part of the force with which I began, under Meade, the campaign in Virginia in pursuit of Lee.

A series of reconnoissances on Cole's, John's, and Kiowah islands, recently made by General Schimmelfening under my direction, brought that General daily to my tent, where I was often both entertained and instructed by his shrewd and keen remarks. He was well informed with regard to the armies of modern Europe, and had had considerable experience in our war. His conversation did much to enliven the dreary monotony of life on Folly Island.

Folly Island — a dune or sand-bank half a mile in width, with patches of pines and palmettos, with reaches of meadow, stagnant swamps, and fiddler-crabs — is bounded by an ocean of water, and yet has not a drop to drink, except, indeed, the brackish fluid found three feet below the surface. Very tropical is this long and narrow bit of land, with a sand-heap for its eastern and a marsh for its western boundary, while between was vegetable life, rank and luxurious. The palmetto reaches its cabbage-head and its long, sword-like leaf upward towards the gorgeous magnolia; the Southern pines, like stately sentinels, stand erect in the forest; parasitical mosses droop from the trees, and creeping vines cover the earth. Loud-mouthed locusts fill the air with sound; the waters are filled with oysters, and the lands with diarrhoea. Reptiles and bugs, birds with gorgeous plumage and melodious voices, here abound as rich treasure for the naturalist. And here, too, crowded upon the sand-hills to escape the marsh, seeking the sea-breeze to kill the malaria, — here were the camps and cook-

ing persons and properties of my command. "Order is Heaven's first law;" but not that of Folly Island, — there was not room enough for order. The population was too dense to allow to each man a house and bit of land. One A-tent will hold three men, if they lie close and don't kick around much; sometimes we put in four: the area of four was just equal to the superficial area of the tent. One could not stand straight, for the eaves came down to the ground. A company of sixty men lived in fifteen such tents,—seven in one row, and eight opposite; and between was what we called a street, varying in width according to the room for the encampment. The street here was five paces wide; so that it will readily appear that we were crowded. At one end of this spacious avenue were officers' tents, also in a row; at the other was the kitchen, while just beyond were other company tents, miserable imitations of civilized life. Imagine ten of them, and you will have a regiment; imagine sixty, and you will have a brigade numbering over six thousand men!

Here, then, was a population somewhat larger than a so-called populous town in New England. A Yankee would "guess" that the space occupied by our town of six thousand would make a mean pasture for one cow; yet here, by night and by day, lived, ate, slept, and died, six thousand human beings. Ye Gods! what an imperial avenue,—five paces in width, almost enough for an unobstructed passage of a wheel-barrow! What airy mansions these, in which we could not stand erect! what roomy apartments, just holding four, if they touched snugly!

I gave to each encampment all the room I could, and enforced all sanitary rules that could be executed; but alas for the result, where the room was insufficient! The effect of crowded camps is and must be to fill the soil with impurities, which in this case had a pernicious effect on the

health of the brigades. In one, where the tents were well separated and ventilated, I had about 2,500 troops, with only 165 sick; while in another, comprising only 1,800 troops, there were 525 sick. Then the essentials for living in such a community,—how to get things,—indeed it was a complicated question! In the world, each man answers this question for himself; and as he succeeds or fails, he is called wise or foolish. But it was not so easy for one in our contracted community to answer it. For instance, a soldier, one of the six thousand, one fourth of the number that filled the A-tent, wanted a coat or a belt, a gun cartridge, a box, or a coffin: his captain made a requisition on a printed form, with particulars in writing, stating what was wanted; a colonel approved the requisition; so did a brigadier-general; so did the commander of a division; so did the quartermaster,—for upon this functionary finally the procuring and sending depended. More than one year before, General Mitchell, then commanding this department, made a requisition upon the quartermaster for oak plank for military purposes,—say rafts and other uses; General Mitchell died; General Hunter succeeded him; and then Gillmore,—and at about the end of August the plank was received!

Yes, how to get things,—there was the rub, which rubbed even harder than what to do with things when you had got them. How to manage housekeeping without a house, cooking without a cook, catering without a steward, and purchasing without a market,—these were mysteries. It is true we had cattle,—beef cattle, they were called,—but they had suffocated and fevered in cattle-cars on their way from the West; had made a stormy passage of the sea, crowded on a schooner's deck and towed on an ocean voyage to Hilton Head, where they were transferred again to other vessels; then another voyage of two or three days,



until at length they were landed in our neighborhood. There in a close corral, on brackish water and musty hay, sparks of life were fanned into existence, until a merciful butcher ended them. But Death with his scythe sometimes anticipated the bloody Dutchman with his axe; and when the former was foremost, the poor animal was, let us trust, not eaten. But if the latter was ahead, though for never so short a time, we then got the issue three times a week, — thrice theoretically; but at times there were accidents, and events not anticipated, which deprived us of our ration. And if no such mishap, there was the cook! — ay, the cook!

In a fatal moment of forgetfulness I once invited a general officer to dine with me, tempting him with the promise of a nice roast of beef, — and this though but a few days had passed since five pounds of beef had been placed in the cook's hands, resulting in the outside being burned to a cinder, while within it was perfectly raw! To a feast to be prepared by this skilful (!) culinary artist, I had pressed General — to be punctual, as possibly the beef might be — well, overdone. This invitation, I may say, was the result of a momentary inspiration on my part, in which the capacity of the cook never for a moment entered my head; but as I rode slowly home I recalled his existence and his qualifications with some apprehension. However, the die was cast, and the issue must be met. Much care and a special message secured for me ten pounds of the "second cut." I saw it myself, — fresh, inviting upper slices, and tenderloin, — as fair a promise as ever dawned on mortal stomach. On the morning of the eventful day I began early with my cook, giving him instructions so simple and elementary (one instruction involving but a single idea, with a long rest between ideas) that confusion was thought to be impossible. Order, I tried

to believe, *must* reign in the head of this *chef de cuisine*. Informing him that friends would dine with me that day at one o'clock, and that to the appointed time he must be punctual, very punctual, I filled his mind so effectually with beef as to force from him, I fondly believed, all thought, dream, or hope, save that which flowed from the process of roasting. And yet, as the hours went by, I had misgivings, painful lapses from a resigned trust, which were strong enough to draw me at half-past eleven to the coals which my obdurate Teuton ycleped a kitchen. Merciful heavens! shall I ever forget that scene? My hope, my promised joy of beef was transformed into a burned and shapeless mass, hung like some horrid fruit from the branch of a neighboring tree! To my indignant questions the cook replied, with an overwhelming confidence in himself, —

“Oh, I roast him!”

Why should this foreigner attach a masculine personality to a junk of beef? It but served to increase my irritability. “Roast him!” I thundered, “roast him! and why in the (name of an unmentionable old sinner) did you ‘roast him’ one hour and a half before the dinner hour?”

“Oh, I has a good fire then!”

“You incorrigible Dutchman, why did you give to the breeze that beef for one hour and a half?”

“Oh, I hang him on de tree!”

Madness would have overcome me had I confronted this impenitent animal longer. I sought explanations of the cause of committing this diabolical act, only to receive repeated assurances that it *had* been committed, and turned away without another glance at the swarm of flies which were enjoying my dinner. Fortunately I had received a present of peaches; with these I overcame my guest, and so filled him before dinner that he received my explanations about the beef with softened feelings.

Turning now from the dining to the dying, we shall find that more here than elsewhere did red-tape demand its victims. Of all things on earth that should yield to necessity, red-tape should abandon something when human life is the alternative. In the field, if a soldier is sick he should be put under the best treatment and in the most perfect shelter attainable, with the least possible delay. How this was not done in our case I will illustrate. A captain of my command had typhoid fever, and it was necessary that he should be immediately removed to the hospital at Hilton Head, — the only appropriate place. He could not go in the boat which carried the disabled from Morris Island, for that was ordered to take only the sick from that island; he could not go in a boat leaving the southern end of Folly Island, because neither was I allowed to send by it, nor had a board of officers, as required, declared the man to be sick; he could not go from the northern end of Folly Island, because there I was not in command. And so in a very unhealthy locality, under a shelter-tent, this sick captain awaited for three days the useless efforts of my surgeon-in-chief to unravel the mystery of how he could get his patient into the hospital at Hilton Head, — the hospital erected for the sick in this department, and for this alone; about this fact there was no dispute. I believe I stormed over this condition of things until my surgeon succeeded in finding a temporary hospital on Folly Island, from which the sick could be sent to Hilton Head without further circumlocution.

Another case of almost malignant stupidity relating to the sick came before me, through the neglect of my division surgeon, — an unenergetic man with an unpronounceable name. A convalescent doctor, going home on leave of absence, finding it absolutely impossible to procure transportation to the boat, wrote to my headquarters for an

ambulance. "Does he wish me to drive him?" I asked the messenger, reflecting at the same time that it was barely possible that in this department of engineers ambulances might have been overlooked, as of no value in siege operations. "Where, in the name of saints and martyrs, *are* the ambulances?" I at first softly ejaculated; then called loudly for information, only to be informed that there was but one two-wheeled vehicle for the transportation of the sick on the island. One two-wheeled vehicle for more than six thousand men! Twenty and more ambulances I gave up when I left the Army of the Potomac; and now for the same command there was no ambulance, absolutely none at all, poor or good, in this end of the Department of the South. Supplies for the body, for the externals and internals; supplies for fighting, — all these I had gone into, and now I turned to carriages for the sick.

"Mr. — [my aid and temporary assistant adjutant-general], where is the division surgeon?"

"Gone home, sir."

"Ah, yes! Any one to answer for him, to attend to his duties?"

"His clerk, sir."

"Call him."

"He is n't in, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Who is the next surgeon in rank?"

"Dr. Myer, of the second brigade."

"Send for him."

A sergeant enters, and, saluting, says: "I can't get any boards for your tent floor, sir."

"Mr. —," I said, turning to my aid, "write a note to the provost-marshal, and tell him to send boards. I don't care where he gets them."

“ Yes, sir.”

Now, Dr. Myer presents himself. “ Good morning, Doctor. I wish you to attend to the duties of division surgeon in the absence of Dr. ——.”

“ Dr. Brilliantowski ranks me, sir.”

“ What! does he? Mr. ——, send for Dr. Brilliantowski.”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Dr. Myer, we need flooring for all of our hospitals; we need ambulances and hay. There are some three or four hundred men who will die if they are not sent home. Dr. Brilliantowski, the president of the Medical Board, thinks there are too many of them to send home, and yet I know they will die if they remain.” Then, turning again to my aid, I directed an order to be sent to the quartermaster to seize any lumber he could find at the lower end of the island, and take it for hospital purposes. “ Send in your requisitions for hay, Dr. Myer; and Mr. ——, I desire you to tell the quartermaster to make a requisition for two ambulances, one for each brigade of the division. And, Dr. Myer, I shall insist that Dr. Brilliantowski shall send home such sick men as are in danger here.” Exit Myer, and enter German cook.

“ De orderle, he can get no meat, sir.”

“ Well,” — damn the orderly, I was about saying, but did n't, — “ who is the orderly?”

“ Dat bugler.”

“ Oh, a Dutchman! Of course he can't.”

“ No brade neither,” adds the cook.

“ Clear out! Captain ——, see what is the matter.”

Enter Brilliantowski. “ Good morning, Doctor; you will act as division surgeon during the absence of Dr. ——. I wish you to make a rigid examination of hospitals, and see that everything is supplied. Get ambulances, hay,

flooring, medicines, fresh vegetables, and all things needed for sick men. Send home such as will die if you don't, and send others to Hilton Head." Exit Brilliantowski, and enter General Schimmelfening.

"I have come to report to you, General, the result of my reconnoissance on Kiowah Island yesterday, as simply that I did not catch the Rebel pickets, and was fired at from Sea Brook Island, but without any casualties."

Perhaps this chapter, from one day's experiences in this department, may help to explain some facts which puzzled our people so much, concerning the waste of men in war. Is it unaccountable what becomes of an army? The good folks at home know that as many men were sent to the war as the total will amount to of all the names that can be remembered by some one in every village, town, and city in the North; and that if all these names are counted, there will be three, or thirty, or three hundred thousand men, all of them Jacks, Jameses, or Johns, or something else, well known in the home. How did it happen that so few of them were present for duty? Where had they gone; how faded away? They were somewhere, certainly; but where? I will not now take into account the dead, killed in action; but I will endeavor to answer that mystery of why, when men had not been killed in action, so many recruits were required to take the places of the well-remembered but unaccounted-for originals. Here is the report of one division in the army of the United States. Can I account for every man in that division, every unit of each company that formed the regiment,—the men who marched as James, Jack, and John from the old town or city in which they grew up?

All the living men on the first day of September, 1863, contained in the two brigades of my division numbered seven thousand four hundred and sixty-seven. These two

brigades held six regiments in each; twelve in all. If I had now the numbers of those who originally enlisted, and the date of enlistment of each regiment and its service, I could tell how long and through what agencies the twelve thousand men (if each regiment numbered one thousand) had dwindled by death to seven thousand four hundred and sixty-seven. But it will be instructive to deal with the living, of which four thousand one hundred and eighty-eight were present with their commands upon these islands, — present, but not fit for duty. Some were sick; many unto death. Five hundred and two were tossing in pain in that infernal region, victims of this siege of Charleston. Two hundred and fifty-six more were detailed as commissary's and quartermaster's men, — workmen, teamsters, boatmen, carpenters, and laborers in other necessary service, in military and ordinary duties required to keep Gillmore's machine in operation. Twenty-six were in arrest, in the guard-house. This leaves three thousand four hundred and four to do the fighting on the first day of September, 1863.

Not two years before this, these twelve regiments of twelve thousand men left their native towns with the cheers and exultations of admiring crowds ringing in their ears. Let us see where are the absentees. There must be three thousand two hundred and seventy-nine of them, for that is the difference between the total — present and absent — and the present; not the present fighting force, for that must be diminished by the sick and in arrest, as I have explained. Nineteen commissioned officers and two hundred and eighty enlisted men were absent within that department. They were at Beaufort, at Hilton Head, on Morris Island, or sent somewhere by Gillmore. Outside that department there were two hundred and eighty commissioned officers, and two thousand eight hundred and

sixty-four enlisted men; what were they doing? This question opens a wide field to the explorer. There were the sick who had recovered, and who were blacking boots for surgeons in hospitals throughout the loyal part of the United States; the sick who had died, and no account of them been rendered; the discharged that had not been reported; and the absent, detailed, and furloughed. The names of these men were enrolled on the regimental record, and all of them were on the company report-books, in which the history of each man was kept.

After a completely organized army has been ground up in the crash of battle, it is a work of peculiar interest to trace the particles, and thus account for the rivulet into which the torrent has wasted. Some sixty days after the battle of Antietam, I found a soldier standing at the door of a common farm-house near the field where the battle had been fought. "What are you doing here?" I inquired.

"Well, I was left here by my colonel to guard this house," was the reply.

"When were you left here?"

"Well, the day of the fight."

"Why, that was sixty days ago!"

"Yes; but he never relieved me."

"And where is your regiment now?" I asked.

"Well, I s'pose it has gone on Harper's Ferry way."

"What were you to guard this house against?" I said.

"Well, I suppose the soldiers."

"But the soldiers have been gone these two months!"

"Well, yes; but I was never relieved."

I ordered this sneaking coward to strap on his knapsack and start for his regiment. He had taken advantage of the stupidity or criminality of his colonel, or captain, to remain for sixty days at this house, while his comrades were doing his share of the work in an arduous campaign;



and all because he was not man enough properly to interpret his orders. I will be bound that he did not forget to draw his pay for that time.

Many other instances of this kind occurred upon the Potomac within the area of my command, after the battle of Antietam, in which I ordered men — some of whom were guarding property, some staying with wounded comrades, some with wounded officers, but almost all sneaks from duty and from danger — to rejoin their regiments. But it would require a volume to deal specifically with this question, and would, moreover, be too monotonous to be interesting, involving the same dreary repetitions of skulking and desertion, of death and disease. It will be much more profitable to return to the narrative of events.

To the west of Folly Island, and separated from it by a deep and narrow inlet, lies Cole's Island, — a low, marshy spot, crossed by two causeways, and occupied by mosquitoes and one regiment of my division. One Sunday I visited the line of outlying pickets on James Island beyond Cole's, and found them so near the Rebel sentinels (less than two hundred yards) that they could easily talk with each other; there was only a dividing slough between. This would have been a dangerous site, but that it was understood there should be no firing, simply because there had been none for some days. We trusted, and the Rebels trusted, that neither side would resume picket-firing without ample warning. It thus happens that mortal enemies will sometimes indulge in social recreations which soften the asperities of war. Now and then our men were saluted with "Come, Yanks! have a chat, will you?" or, "Yanks! how do you like mosquitoes?" But efforts by either to discover the real numbers and position of opposing forces were sometimes amusingly parried. One of my officers, disguised in a private's uniform, met in the middle

of the bridge which crossed the dividing stream a man dressed in Confederate gray, who seemed to be a private soldier. Both were unarmed.

"You have quite a cavalry force here!" suggested the Yankee, inquiringly.

"Can I buy any cheese of you?" replied the other.

At times, however, we gained positive advantages through verbal information or in newspaper exchanges. Thus we read in a Charleston paper of the 16th of September an admission that the outside of Sumter was effectually battered down; but there was also in the same connection a strong insinuation that the strength of the inside would surprise us. Names of our naval officers captured at Sumter were also therein given; and the dead killed by our shells at the various batteries in the harbor were eulogized. From the same source came a surprising statement concerning the doubtful valor of that quondam fire-eater and ex-Congressman Keitt (the Keitt of the Brooks-Sumner assault) during the last day of his command at Fort Wagner; for he it was who sought notoriety there. When this valiant South Carolinian saw that Gillmore had almost dug him out,—a few more shovelfuls ere the hounds would be in full pursuit,—he asked in terror of Beauregard, very like the "Anne, Sister Anne!" in Bluebeard, if the boats were not coming to take the garrison away. Looking anxiously towards Charleston, fearful that every rising cloud might turn out to be the "flock of sheep" of Sister Anne, appalled at the proximity of the Bluebeard Yankees, he impressed his commander with the conviction that if he had any preference, it was not to remain longer in Wagner. When it became known, however, that the boats were on the way, that the cloud was not a flock of sheep at all, then Keitt cried out with hysteric valor, "I will fight till the last man is killed! We

ought to fight to-night!" But at night the boats came; the gallant Keitt embarked, and proceeded to roar in the Charleston papers louder than Falstaff at Gadshill. We will not call him a coward, — no; but we might offer a thousand pounds to any man who could run as fast as Keitt did.

There were other articles of interest in this Charleston newspaper. A piteous appeal for peace ended with a solemn declaration that the South would never give up the contest. Then followed an article by a poor but sensible man, who asked why he could get only fifty dollars for a whole hide of leather, and yet was obliged to pay seventy-five for a single pair of boots: was it that the planters caused high prices, by keeping their slaves at home and compelling skilled white labor to do all the work of the soldier in the field? A raw-and-bloody-bones article came next. "Let us keep the Yankee prisoners in Sumter," it said, "to prevent any further bombardment of the same; and make them take the fort fairly." This was a germ of wisdom, certainly! Place our prisoners in range of our own shots? How would the Rebels have liked to see us sailing into Charleston Harbor with their people, our prisoners, lashed to the decks of our monitors? To be sure, they were shelling the whole of Morris Island; but we intended to return their compliments when our hundred-pounder Parrotts were in position on Cumming's Point, and Forts Wagner and Gregg were "turned around," as old Governor Wise of Virginia said of the earthworks in front of Williamsburg, which we closed up at the rear when we had captured them. This objection to the further bombardment of Sumter contained an element of Rebel humor, which was more striking in view of Gillmore's congratulatory order, published that same day, wherein he thanked his troops for taking Morris Island, banging Sumter into

a useless pile of bricks, and placing the harbor and city of Charleston under the guns of our batteries. Yet we beheld the Rebel flag run up daily on those ruins which neither Dahlgren nor Gillmore could occupy or neglect, — those battered ruins on whose impregnable walls heavy siege-guns, newly mounted, closed the city of Charleston against our efforts.

Meanwhile Gillmore was aroused by unfounded rumors, or stirred by groundless suspicions. The night of the 17th of September was a night of storm. The ground trembled with the thud of breaking waves; the tents shook and swayed in the tempest. I had just fallen asleep, when I was aroused by a messenger with a note from Gillmore, that he had "*positive* information that an attempt would be made to-night to surprise your [my] post." It availed nothing that I knew this fear was without foundation. Where in the name of common-sense were the Rebels to come from? How in a night of tempest like this could they handle boats on Folly River or on the Stono? Nevertheless, the "Pawnee" had to be warned, and (at Gillmore's suggestion) some of my infantry offered to Captain Balch to repel boarders. Out into the darkness and pelting storm I sent aids and orderlies flying in every direction, to stir from their slumbers in one grand muss the sleeping columns of my division. In a few moments drums were sounding, bugles echoing, and troops marching. General Schimmelfening, with his whole brigade, I directed to the end of the island near the entrance of Stono River, the place where the first attempt at a hostile landing should be met. I posted General Ames where he could throw assistance to General Schimmelfening, or move opposite Secessionville if Rebels chose to come that way. Batteries were aroused, and sleepy sentinels, dozing in the rain over their posts, quickened into keen activity. In thirty minutes

a sleeping camp had become a moving body of armed men. The sloop-of-war "Pawnee," a few moments since holding her crew in the unconsciousness of slumber while she lay idly in the stream, had called all her men to action ; her guns were ready, and all her offensive arrangements made.

Broad daylight came at last. The storm and wind continued ; black billows from the ocean still rolled and scolded on the beach ; the air was thick with mist ; the troops were tired, wet, and cold ; everything about us was wretched and raw, — and this was all that happened ! It was not until a day or two later that we knew whence the "positive information" came. Gillmore employed a scout who pretended to be an expert in the mechanism of telegraphy. If he could use his art to some good end, he might profit greatly. Charleston and Savannah were connected by a wire. A daring man might approach it by night and take off Rebel communications, — tapping the wires, it was called. This the scout proceeded to do ; and whether he knew as much of what was passing as the woodpecker that tapped the hollow beech tree in the adjacent swamps, or whether he knew more, he reported to Gillmore that troops were coming that very night to attack us. To prevent a like disturbance from occurring again, I occupied, the next day, Kiawah Island, south of Folly. This island, like all hereabouts, is but a narrow sandy ridge covered with a scrubby growth of wood, on its western side bounded by an extensive marsh. A narrow water-course, an inner passage from Stono to Edisto Inlet, separates John's Island from Kiawah, and receives the drainage of the marsh and creeks which cut up Kiawah in its seven miles of length. The Rebel pickets were posted on a dilapidated bridge on John's Island, where they could talk with our men, or make harmless incursions upon our domain.

To repeat in detail the too tedious incidents of daily life in efforts to keep my command in good health and condition; to tell of all the varied subjects which served to lighten the weary hours of watching on Folly Island; to dwell upon the never-ceasing sound of heavy guns, — this would be tiresome and of but little profit in the history of proceedings in the Department of the South. Days wore on with an increased mortality, as the fire of Rebel gunners was plied with greater vigor to drive away or annoy workmen engaged on Cumming's Point. Seven soldiers from the Engineer Corps were killed there by a single shell, which exploded behind a traverse. A daring officer, with admirable coolness, seated himself calmly on the parapet, unmoved by the shells which burst over him from Sumter, Charleston, and Moultrie, and gazed serenely on the spires of the city, the ruins of Sumter, and works adjacent. Such presumption was rash. Improved artillery delivers its missile with the precision of a rifle; and a fatal shot severed in twain the body of this fool-hardy man.

In a Charleston paper of the twenty-first, exchanged with Rebel pickets at my outposts, we learned that the occupation of Chattanooga by Rosecrans troubled the Rebel leaders. Bragg, the Rebel commander, — Braxton Bragg, the "little more grape" Bragg, of Buena Vista notoriety, under old Zachary Taylor; the Bragg of the old army, who had graduated at West Point, with whom I had often been associated in garrison and in field, — this Bragg published an order to his troops, in which he declared that they must fight, and "your general will lead you." In imagination the sound of Bragg's artillery mingled with the bugle signals and the solemn, never-ceasing roar of the surf. They were more real than the echo of our guns levelled against Sumter, and more impor-

tant than the doom which Gillmore fancied he was preparing for Charleston.

It was at this time that I received a visit from General Wilde, who was proposing to form a negro brigade. The general was a gallant man, as he had shown on many a field. At South Mountain his left arm was taken off, and he was wounded in the remaining hand. His brother, who was his aide-de-camp, had lost an eye; and so it happened that between the two the full and disposable complement of eyes and arms was three of each.

On the morning of September 26, 1863, there came a newspaper from the North, dated the twentieth, confirming the rumor current with us some time earlier of the escape from Richmond and arrival at Morris Island of three men who were captured in one of our recent efforts upon Wagner. These men confirmed the report which had come to us through a Rebel paper a few days before, that a large movement of Rebel troops southward from Richmond had taken place, which report created in me no little anxiety. Nevertheless, to visit Kiowah Island and inspect the fortifications erecting there; to fall back on the sport of curlew-shooting, and the rich gain to my mess of ten birds, with an addition of small oysters (in which latter the rivers and inlets abound); to hail the arrival of fresh beef, — these are but new illustrations that man is mortal, and the subject of appetite under all circumstances. But so passed the day; and then came Sunday, the twenty-seventh. Sunday is certainly not a day of rest in the army; and this Sunday in particular I spent in ascertaining how many bakers were required to bake six thousand rations of bread daily for my men, and how many butchers to kill beef for them; in examining the condition of outposts, writing letters, directions, and orders, and

taking steps for self-preservation from the action of this wilful moon, which my orderly declared was "larger than the moon we have up North." Inch by inch the land was disappearing in front of my encampment, and tumbling down the precipitous bank which the powerful waves had made in the yielding soil. All forms of vegetable and animal life were thus drawn downward into ocean depths, to be covered and pressed down still further by ever increasing deposits. In view of this inevitable process, I could not help surmising that in ages hence, when all that I then stood upon should have been submerged, and new land created in its place, some Hugh Miller of the future might find my hapless corpse imprinted in a new Silurian system, — the only senseless specimen that had not sense enough to move inland. In fear of this, I strengthened my foundations with huge logs; but the advancing tide tore them away like straws, wrenched them out, and tumbled them about in defiance.

While thus meditating flight and geologic changes, my attention was called from my own safety by a despatch from General Vogdes, who sent one evening at nine o'clock a messenger to inform me that an officer on duty on Long Island, in front of Folly, had observed a large force of the enemy passing through Secessionville towards Stono River. The march was at night; but the troops were counted, as they passed before a light within the town. This village, which was within range of some of our heaviest guns, had not been occupied by Rebel soldier or citizen; and we had been wont to make excursions there. A hostile movement, so carelessly made, seemed hardly possible; but, nevertheless, troops had to be held in readiness, while boats were sent to reconnoitre. The "Pawnee" having been warned, and pickets cautioned, I devoted the rest of the night to preparations, until greeted by the morning's



sun. We saw no more of the enemy, and we had no fight. During the day, however, there seemed to be a movement of the Rebel pickets towards the Stono, which induced me to direct rifle-pits to be prepared on Kiowah and Cole's islands.

This disposed of our time until the twenty-ninth, which brought with it a paper from New York, dated the twenty-third, revealing what I had feared might take place. Rosecrans had been beaten in Tennessee. The Rebel pickets who, two or three days before, had called over to mine, "We have licked Rosecrans, and taken more than thirty thousand prisoners," — those Rebel pickets who received with derision the retort of ours, "That's more men than he had in the fight," — had, after all, cause for satisfaction. The official intelligence spoke of Rosecrans being compelled to fall back to Chattanooga, of desperate fighting, of loss of some artillery and prisoners; yet of course the article added: "Rosecrans inflicted great loss upon the enemy, but was overpowered by numbers, a large portion of Lee's army being opposed to him." As we lingered over this cheerful information, we pondered on our fears when we read in the Charleston papers of the nineteenth of the exclusion of citizens from the use of the northeastern railway, as it was wanted for troops. Rosecrans had been whipped and driven back to Chattanooga, and the reoccupation of Tennessee by the Rebels had begun. Was it continued? The first blow had fallen; any day, I thought, might bring events of great moment.

• Meanwhile I found it hard to dwell with patience upon the silly and unprovoked quarrel which Gillmore had brought to a culmination with the Admiral. Envious of Dahlgren, and determined if possible to attribute to the navy his own failure to achieve anything, Gillmore had replied to a note from the Admiral in a petulant spirit.

The naval commander had written to our chief of engineers, that he wished to have removed those obstructions in the harbor which barred his nearer approach to Charleston. Sumter he considered an obstacle to such an approach; "and although," he continued, "I could remove it [Sumter], I do not like to put this task upon my iron-clads, which I wish to preserve for the great work of reducing the difficulties I may find after I get in." The letter ended with a request that Gillmore would possess the work. As reasonable as this request was, and as fully justified as the Admiral was in making it, it filled our engineer commander with anger. Gillmore had come down to the Department of the South to make things lively; to remove such obstructions as would prevent the entrance of iron-clads into the harbor of Charleston; to hold the rebellious city under our guns, or to demolish it at will. The events which occurred before my arrival, and which I had often heard discussed, — of Gillmore's descent from Folly to Morris Island; his failure at Wagner; and his occupation, when the enemy withdrew, of the whole of Morris Island, — these I have already mentioned. These operations had, to be sure, been interspersed with a great deal of artillery pounding, as I have also recorded. Under this Sumter grew day by day more impregnable, though much of its beauty had disappeared. There had also been a great deal said of the Swamp Angel, and much about firing into Charleston; and there had been one or two disastrous attempts to assault "defenceless" Sumter, in which we had lost heavily. Since the 12th of August how little had been accomplished, and at what a sacrifice had that little been gained! Indeed, without the destruction of all the forts which shut out the iron-clads from Charleston Harbor, not one really useful step had been taken. And this the Admiral asserted.

“The only fort you have attempted,” he wrote to Gillmore, “Sumter, you have not reduced at all.” This upon the very heels of our engineer’s promotion to a major-generalship of volunteers for doing that which an army of observers at Washington publicly praised, but which an army of fighters on the spot privately condemned! This, while from iron-clad to tender the navy saluted Gillmore’s promotion! This, too, in the presence of puffings and praises in the Northern newspapers, which undertook to show that he had to contend with a line of small development, with sand of little depth for his trenches, in his advance with pick and spade on Wagner; and also with the fire of two forts in his front, while (according to them) he was reducing a third — Sumter — beyond. This was fulsome praise, and with not a word about the navy, without whom Gillmore could not have stayed an hour on Morris Island. At such a time as this, in the very heat and fire of his fame, with the plaudits of an admiring engineer corps ringing in his ears, with the parchment recording his promotion to be a major-general (for the reduction of Sumter and laying Charleston at our feet) from a too zealous and over-credulous Secretary of War, — just here and now to be asked to reduce Sumter, was too cruel and keen a thrust, and it elicited a reply in which ill-concealed rage and satire were combined. Imagine Napoleon receiving a laurel crown for Waterloo, or his successor for Sedan! “By concurrent testimony of deserters,” wrote Gillmore, “by admissions in Southern papers of eye-witnesses, as well as by your own, Fort Sumter is no longer to be considered capable of doing any harm to any one. But,” he continued, “if you think, after one naval failure to capture this fort, the few infantry there are any real obstacle to your removal of the obstructions from Sumter to Sullivan’s Island, I will agree to remove them with my own force.”

To this threat of converting his infantry into marines to grub for obstructions at the bottom of the ocean, the Admiral responded that Gillmore had misunderstood him. He wished him to open again with his guns upon Sumter; and he had no more ground for saying that he would remove obstructions for the Admiral because of the request contained in his letter, than would the Admiral have to offer to dig Gillmore's trenches because he asked him to keep down for him the fire of Wagner. This hit at our chief was a fair one; but it availed not, for before the Admiral's reply had been received, Gillmore returned to his routine of pounding the already pulverized embankments of Sumter; and although a great deal of noise was made, and a great amount of money squandered, Sumter, holding its force unharmed, replied with its heavy artillery, and laughed at our impotent efforts.

I awoke on the morning of the 13th of September to receive papers from New York, of the twenty-fifth, wherein I learned the full measure of the disaster to Rosecrans. It was better than I feared. Though we were compelled to fall back before superior numbers, the enemy gained but little. The Rebel General Harris, of Tennessee, on Sunday night telegraphed that the contest was undecided. That night Rosecrans fell back, and on the next morning Harris reported that the victory was complete, although nothing but the falling back of the Federal general enabled him to discover it, and although Rosecrans at Chattanooga assured the Government that he could hold his position against anything the Rebels could bring against him. Meade had again crossed the Rapidan. He was at Madison Court-House closing up the railroad line *via* Knoxville to Chattanooga; so that he would soon be able to communicate with Rosecrans by rail. "Two years ago," mourned a Rebel editor, "our armies at Bowling-green, Kentucky, threat-

ened Cairo, Illinois; we are now fighting to defend Atlanta, Georgia." Where will they be two years hence? I asked.

Good news was meanwhile brought to us from every quarter. On the 5th of October we heard that Rosecrans had turned upon the victorious Bragg and whipped him soundly. This statement was confirmed by a Rebel paper of the fourth instant, exchanged on our picket line. And as if to fill our cup of cheer to the brim, we heard from the Army of the Potomac that Meade was below the Rapidan and advancing rapidly on Richmond; and there was a wild report that the Rebels were evacuating Virginia. The air was filled with rumors, and we believed what we hoped to be true. Rosecrans was advancing east and south from Tennessee; Meade was moving towards Richmond, the seat of Rebel power; Grant was clearing away obstructions on the Mississippi, — and all this, while we were chafing at our inability to do anything before Charleston.

This was the time when a private soldier presented General Gillmore with an American eagle, — the same bird, a counterfeit presentment of which adorns our colors and our coins. The bird that swooped over the headquarters of our chieftain was a living bird, a Southern eagle caught in its nest by a Yankee soldier, by whom it was presented to Gillmore on the day he received his promotion; but whether to indicate that the Southern eagle had been caged, or that the American eagle might find its most appropriate perch on Morris Island, the giver did not indicate. Speeches were made at the presentation. The presence of the eagle and of Gillmore were in some manner inseparably connected in the minds of the speakers as they delivered their spread-eagle orations. Unconscious of the inevitable accompaniment of American presentations, the noble bird stood on the edge of a full water-bucket

devouring chickens and fish, oblivious of its own heroic nature, and as stupidly indifferent to the flights of rhetoric as were the poor "contrabands" who gazed open-mouthed at the singular spectacle, listening to the eloquence of volunteer generals and colonels as it soared around the head of Gillmore, with praise and adulation scarce lower than an eagle's flight.

Whether this occasion was deemed a fitting one for a Rebel demonstration, or whether it was a happy coincidence, we may never know; but the opportunity was taken to make a daring attack on the brave old battle-ship, the "New Ironsides." In front of all the fleet this vessel serenely lay at her anchorage on the night of the 5th of October. No picket-boats were in advance, none but the ordinary watch upon her decks. The bells had sounded the hour of midnight, when suddenly from the gloom the look-out descried a strange-looking craft submerged almost to the water's edge. A hail was instantly answered by a volley of musketry. The officer of the deck fell, fatally wounded. The marines returned the fire, but without avail. On came the mysterious float, until she touched the iron walls of the ship, when there came a crash, a jar so heavy and severe that our men were thrown violently to the deck, their limbs broken by the fall. It was apparent to all that the mysterious stranger was a torpedo boat attempting to destroy the "Ironsides." Officers and men, peering out in the darkness, saw nothing, heard only the swashing of the tide breaking against the ship. In vain was the search; the explosion of the torpedo had dashed its frail conveyance to atoms! It took but a moment for the Federal sailors to lower their boats, and in a glance to discover that the noble ship had shaken off this attack under her water-line as disdainfully as she had withstood all attempts to pierce her deck or her sides by the most

powerful bolts from the guns of Sumter and Wagner. But the Rebel crew, the daring fellows who had made this attack, where were they? The first one caught was a certain Glassell, formerly a lieutenant in our navy; he was directing the torpedo, and had jumped or was blown overboard when the shock came. The effect on the "Iron-sides" was very severe; her timbers were strained, and she showed signs of leaking, though not enough to take her from her station. Had this missile struck her fore or aft her armor, she would have sunk at her moorings; and, as it was, her heavy beams were crushed. The firing of musketry was heard at our camps on Morris Island, and the alarm was sounded. Drummers beat the long roll; armed men sprang hastily from their blanket beds and formed in ranks or rushed to their posts by the guns. What was it? None knew, though all inquired, and stared and wondered, — then tumbled back to bed again to a sounder slumber than before.

This daring attack caused much uneasiness among our officers. If men would do and dare so much, why not do more with less hazard? Why not attempt our islands? That Gillmore believed they would, and that General Vogdes coincided (for he had seen movements of the enemy from which he inferred mysterious purposes), I knew on the 12th of October, when word came to me from Vogdes that the hour had come; that the enemy had been seen moving bodies of infantry and artillery towards the southern end of James Island; and that he expected an attack that night. So did Gillmore, and directed me to place a boom of logs in Folly River to obstruct the enemy's boats. Before twelve at night I had given the requisite orders, and had taken proper measures for safety. At midnight there were no sounds at the front, nothing but the roaring waves and the thunder of heavy guns from the

forts. Morning came, and with it more reports of Rebel concentration on the Stono. Was there no fire in all this smoke? We must not be caught napping. Brave Captain Balch decided to take the "Pawnee" up the river and see what the enemy was preparing for us. Meanwhile all went on as usual in my front. The Rebel pickets indulged in courteous and friendly pleasantries with mine. At times they were even jocose: "If you are going to attack us, you better hurry up; we have got a crowd of negroes digging, and an additional division of Southern troops from the Army of Virginia is in Charleston," they shouted over to us one day. Another exchange of newspapers took place. I got a Charleston paper of the eighth, in which subscriptions were solicited for the brave men who attempted to destroy the "Ironsides" with their torpedo boat, and who, it was admitted, were only partly successful.

In order to talk matters over with Captain Balch, I invited him to dine with me. He brought with him Captain Buchanan of the marines.

It ill becomes me to boast of the successor of my previous cook. I will rather speak of the old-time memories revived during this visit; for was not Captain Buchanan with us in Mexico during the war, with the detachment of marines that marched to the capital under Major Dulaney? Of course the captain knew my old regiment well, and could repeat the names of nearly all the officers in it. Ah, what a grand time I had revelling in the past! So long it was since I had talked with any one of that campaign, so much a thing of the past had it become, that it remained with me as the memory of a gorgeous painting seen long ago, but when or where I could not tell; nor sure, even, was I that ever I had seen it at all, so misty was the outline in my mind. Oh, that city of the Aztecs! It is true, then, that Cannette was the charming actress; and Tapia, the fairy-



like *danseuse*! Ah, Cannette, — the saint, the virgin, in the play, tempted by a holy padre, and descending with him to the realms of Hades, — how archly you smiled upon us, the invaders of your country and your domain, when we visited you behind the scenes, with the smoke of your mimic hell still curling around your head! Was not this also true? Yes, the captain remembered it. And Old Barnes, too, the gentlemanly gambler whom we paid for good suppers at his table with the little game, — obliging Barnes, who cashed our pay accounts in advance, and bagged the amount in so gentlemanly a manner with his little pack, — Old Barnes, who so feelingly advised the young officers never to touch the cards, because luck would be ever against them, — Old Barnes, too, was not a myth, for had not the captain seen him within three years at Vera Cruz, the owner of a fine hacienda, where he was growing rich by stock-raising? And the *Passéo* was real, and the *Aleméda*, and the beautiful girls with fine figures, — the loves! And it was true that General Harney hung thirty of our deserters at a time, and Twiggs fifteen men who had fought against us and were captured at the battle of Churubusco. Mexico, — a country and climate the finest in the world, but cursed with a people and a government the poorest, — how vividly did its long-forgotten scenes clothe themselves in the bright robes of reality! The romance of our trip to Molino Blanco; the beautiful Miss —, and the hours of charming entertainment at her father's house in the city of Mexico; the march to Vera Cruz, and the presence of this family with us at nightly camps, in their departure from the country to find a securer home; their more than loving care when one day on the road I fell grievously wounded, — all this I told. And then we talked of times still longer past; of my old regiment, the Mounted Rifles, and my first introduction

to it at Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, in 1846; of its political organization, by President Polk (before the days of civil-service reform), from the Democratic fold. There was Stephe T——r, a captain from Arkansas, who could boast of tavern brawls and knock-down arguments, — Stephe T——r, who throve on whiskey and double-jointed elbows; an angel of Democracy, who began his career in the United States Mounted Riflemen at the discreet age of forty, — yes, maudlin, swearing, tearing Stephe T——r, you were one of them. And so, too, was Joe B—k—s, whilom Democratic sheriff of Illinois; Captain Joe of the Rifles, whose fame in pursuit of Mormons, when that sect inhabited his State, had given him such notoriety that he claimed and received a captaincy in the regular army by virtue of the possession of much knowledge of horse-thieves and many captures of the same, — a wily, deceitful, unprincipled scamp, apt to know and discover that which was to himself of kin, was Captain Joe. There, too, were Captain P——e from Kentucky, once a man of fine mental powers, but at last, wrecked and besotted, he fell in a duel; and C—r—n, a captain (afterwards a Rebel general), son of the good and loyal Senator from Kentucky, — whiskey was his bane; N—w—n, a lawyer from Ohio, burnt out with whiskey, — ever in pursuit of something fresh from the sea, he died in search of oysters in Texas; Captain ——, a noted gambler from Cincinnati, murdered in Texas for his money; L——g (a major-general in the Southern army, and afterwards high in rank in the Egyptian army), a captain in the Rifles, vivacious, brave, and quarrelsome; T—y—r, who lived on army rations, and lunched on pork and hard bread; F——k R——l, — poor F——k! he struggled with rum, and fell; and so did H——s, and M——y. Of such as some of these, graduates from schools of political intrigue in their

most depraved forms, was the Mounted Rifle regiment composed in 1846. Into this innocent fold, as brevet second lieutenants, graduates from the military academy, where chivalric and honorable sentiments were enforced, were allowed to enter. I was the ninth in order awaiting promotion. If four years of West Point life and instruction were required to enable a young graduate of twenty-two to be a second lieutenant by brevet in the army of the United States, what requirement should be exacted to entitle to be captains, majors, and colonels, men of forty who have graduated from political brothels?

But I am wandering away into the past, and using harsh language of many whose hearts are cold in the dust.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SEA ISLANDS OFF CHARLESTON (*continued*).

“TAKE care!” shouted the careful watchman at Cumming’s Point, as a small puff of white smoke issued from the muzzle of a hostile gun; and almost before a man could take in the meaning of the words a crash came overhead, as if earth, air, and sea impressed their significance upon him. Yet so reckless had our men become on Cumming’s Point, that they would not protect themselves by bomb-proof or traverse, but out of mere bravado ran for luck, the loss of which was the loss of life. A fragment of a shell tears such an ugly hole in a man’s body that life cannot stay. If the men could have seen what inevitably came after in hospitals, where weakness and suffering took all the nerve and manhood out of them, and they moaned like children, and thought of home and tender care,—care that was not to be found in the circuit of that sandy island,—they would have been more prudent, while no less brave.

Rumors were again frequent that the Admiral intended to go into Charleston Harbor, and that he had written to the Navy Department that he should soon have eight or nine new monitors, and that though he might lose half of them he would make the attempt. Gillmore and Dahlgren were sent to capture the city of Charleston. By the aid of the navy the former had spoiled the beauty of Sumter, occupied the whole of Morris Island, and was prac-

tising on the church spires of the city. This was all that Gillmore could do; and the Admiral had done all he could in aiding and abetting it. Neither could have done what he had without the aid of the other; but neither had done what was expected of him, and what he had hoped to do. Nor had Gillmore, even with naval aid, done what he declared he *would* do, as a preliminary to enable the Admiral to run into the harbor; for Sumter was not silenced, — it was as formidable as ever, if not more so. It would seem that to save General Gillmore's reputation a pack-horse was needed, and that that animal was found in Admiral Dahlgren. Under the heading of letters from "our special correspondent," there went out from Morris Island many misrepresentations about the navy, — false statements, revised and corrected, to prejudice the public. Day by day these stories were circulated in Northern newspapers; day by day they grew meaner and more contemptible. If the Admiral had allowed a swarm of reporters to find refuge on board the ships to malign and denounce the operations of the army, our commander would have been keenly alive to the ownership of the gored ox. Sumter was not reduced; its beauty was destroyed, to be sure, but its garrison was uninjured, — the sunset gun was fired every evening.

Who that has tasted the applause of the multitude can bear to give a sip of the cup to another? Certainly General Gillmore had but little inclination to do this: he was rather enraged with those who seemed to him to be attacking his fame. "Am I to be stripped of everything?" he said. "Here, now, is an engineer officer asserting that to him is due all the credit for planning and building my Swamp Angel battery; and the paper in which his letter is printed contains at least five distinct falsehoods about the way it was built and the money it cost." I agreed with Gillmore that this effort was an unworthy one, a positive

case of petty larceny; for the battery in its grand conception and in its unimportant achievement was a child of his own. And it was as wrong, as unprincipled and ungenerous, for the engineer officer to try to strip Gillmore of the glory of it, as it was for any one to endeavor to keep the fires of his fame aglow by making an *auto-da-fe* of his naval brother.

This senseless and bitter feud among those who ought to have sacrificed all personal feeling for the greater good of their country, paralyzed our efforts. "It's not night yet!" shouted that gruff soldier, General Sumner, in answer to my joyous exclamations that we had repulsed the enemy, as I met him at the head of his glorious corps coming up in our rear upon the bloody field of Antietam,— "It's not night yet!" he shouted again, as forward in order of battle, with his lines but fifty feet apart and swaying with the uneven ground, he dashed up against the wood where stood the Dunker church, and where, too, the enemy was at bay. Alas! it was an eternal, a bloody, and an everlasting night for hundreds on hundreds of those poor fellows, as grape, canister, and musketry tore huge rents and left fearful openings, where the life went out of that brave body of men. Not "night yet" then, nor was it night with us at Folly Island. There was work to do from day to day; and when the sun sank low in the horizon, touching with roseate hues the gathering clouds, then came the hour to watch and wait for the morrow, with the anxious solicitude with which a sick mother might look upon her infant child.

But we were not alone in our unhappiness and despondency. Our enemy had heard bad news, and his adversity was our joy. At my picket station, when exchange of papers was proposed, the reply from the Rebel sentinel was, "We have no papers," while at the same time a group

of Rebel soldiers further to the rear listened eagerly to what a comrade read from one. Favors, however, they were willing to receive. They wanted coffee; but our men had none to spare, and were chaffed by two squadrons of mounted and dismounted Rebel cavalry who appeared at the little creek which separates Kiowah from Cole's Island. "Why don't you go up and help Meade?" they asked, in a friendly but impertinent tone. What was not revealed at the picket station became clear to me the next day. Jefferson Davis had been making a speech to his troops at Chattanooga, telling them truths he would fain conceal from us, — unpalatable facts, I believed, or the usual courtesy of the picket station would have been displayed. I learned this from two deserters from the enemy's works at Secessionville, who brought in a paper of the 21st of October, and gave us much valuable information besides. They told me that the lower tier of casemates in Sumter, — those which look towards the north and could not be seen in our land or water operations, — were entirely uninjured by the bombardment; that the numbers and works of the enemy consisted of ten thousand men on James Island, and a new line of fortifications to protect the rear of the city; and they also gave an intelligent enumeration of the number of guns in and around the city of Charleston.

Compare this successful effort of the enemy to shut us out of the harbor to ours at an early period of the war to shut him in, when forty-eight old whalers, laden with stone, were towed from the North to Charleston bar and sunk there, to close, as it was believed, forever the port of that city of treason. The captain of the steamer "Delaware," running between the Sea Islands and Hilton Head, a master of one of those vessels, told me the story of the deed, and speculated on its utter failure. "We towed to the bar," said the captain, "a long line of vessels. There

[pointing to the position on the chart] they were scuttled and sunk. But they did not sink fairly, turning over on their sides; and so we left them to find sandy graves. They did not lie quietly, though; the waves beat upon them, and the sea swashed over them, until they were broken up into fragments and tossed anywhere and everywhere along the coast. Nor did the stone cargoes offer any real impediment. The waters of Ashley and of Cooper rivers poured down in torrents, and soon wore a new channel, which in time, as the ships broke up, became merged in the old one. Nothing of the old stone fleet remains; the masts and cordage floated to the shore, and furnished oakum for the Rebel rams. Out of this scheme Gideon Wells could not claim profit to the United States; and the loss has never appeared in his report."

This story of the stone fleet I listened to on a tedious passage within this department (where steamers, like verbs, are both irregular and defective) to Hilton Head, where I arrived at nine at night, a day's journey, and was kindly received by Captain Gadsden, of the "Arago." He provided me with a comfortable room on his ship while I was awaiting impatiently the morning of the twenty-seventh, — the day and hour when for a brief period I was to overcome that barrier which separated from home so many yearning hearts. The day fixed at this island for an ocean steamer's departure for New York was marked by unusual excitement. Soldiers with longing eyes, quartermasters bustling and consequential, stevedores hurrying and shouting, the sick on the steamer "Cosmopolitan" *en route* to Florida (a healthy place wherein to save life or prevent permanent disability), barrels of beef and boxes of hard bread, — all these met my gaze as the "Arago" left behind the Department of the South.

We arrived at New York on the 13th of October, where



the most notable thing I saw was a New York "Herald" but fifteen minutes old. By November 1 I was at home; and on the twentieth of the same month sailed again from New York, arriving at Hilton Head on the twenty-fourth, whence on the steamer "Columbia," formerly a blockade runner, I reached Folly Island (after being out all night in a fog) on the 25th of November at nine A. M., and entered my tent with a feeling of depression and discomfort as much below the plane of my average state as thoughts of home and of going there had lifted me above it. Ah, how little we know of ourselves, or of what will give us content and rest! How we long for we know not what, and wrestle with disquiet and unrest, and will not be satisfied! I went resolutely to my work, however, shut out thought and memory, and in the living present found content.

I especially found consolation in a paper brought in from my picket station, wherein I saw that Grant had wiped out our disaster at the West in a grand victory at Chickamauga, and read confessions that the part of the city of Charleston into which our shells had fallen had been made uninhabitable; that the main hotels in the city had been abandoned, and that stores and offices were to be moved to other and safer parts of the city. "Well," I thought, as the cold and rain chilled me under a bit of canvas while I sat reading this intelligence, as my Dutch cook, too, was driving me distracted with his unsavory messes and his more unsavory person,—"well, it is some consolation to know that those who make us so uncomfortable are not quite happy themselves."

At Legareville, opposite my picket stations on the north bank of the Stono, I found what was once a somewhat pretentious line of houses, conspicuously white, and in marked contrast with the sea of surrounding foliage.

These houses, occupied alternately by Rebel and Yankee troops, had been subjected to a usage which would have wrecked more solid buildings. Windows had been broken, door-knobs taken away, furniture destroyed. In the halls and churches the seats had been torn out, and the walls disfigured with Rebel or Yankee taunts, with threats of impending vengeance allegorically expressed. Jefferson Davis hanging on the lyric apple-tree, rudely sketched by the Yankee picket, aroused the ire of the alternating Rebel occupant, who wrote underneath in furious gascnade, "The last man will die!" and so forth; to which our Yankee in his turn of occupancy retorted, "Gas!" During the day my troops on this advance picket station occupied the houses, but at night they retired to a single habitation near the marsh, where they had intrenched themselves in the most improved style of modern engineering for converting houses into castles. Amidst the strange wreck and ruin of this Southern summer retreat, on the 30th day of November, 1863, roses were blooming in all the luxury of leaf and flower, to waste their sweetness where once their fragrance had been so welcome. It was here that the best-known people of South Carolina had lived. And here, too, were created and organized plans for a rupture of this government which had now brought its doom upon the very place itself. My pilot, a refugee from Beaufort, remembered these original secession discussions at Legareville. He remembered that they always turned upon the vital question, Would the Yankees fight? And he further recalled that but rarely was any other answer made to this inquiry than that they would *not*, — though sometimes this was denied, and warnings were given that if the South continued her course the Yankees would pour into and over South Carolina, and blot out her lines as a sovereign and independent

State. But this sentiment or opinion was not received with favor; and so the deluded people were led on to their destruction.

December came, and with it the same duties, the same eternal roar of surf, the same continuous boom of artillery. Once more we had our usual exchange from the picket line. One of my officers, disguised as a private, visited the Rebel guard, from which a private soldier had been sent to the rear to give warning of the approach of their officers. A gift of cheese opened the way to a most friendly conference, in which the guard told all they knew. The soldiers were discouraged, they said, and so were the people, — both tired of the war; the citizens were moving out of Charleston into the country; the late explosion in Sumter was caused by trifling with an unexploded shell from Yankee batteries, by which four men were killed and two were wounded. It was of no use, they said, for us to make signals to them in the daytime, for if we did, and were seen, they were watched all night; their officers distrusted them, and had given them strict orders not to go on the bridge which separated the Rebel from the Yankee post; one of their men was now confined in the guard-house for "talking with the Yankees." How many troops we had, and where, and in what direction Gillmore's headquarters were, they asked, but were not informed. The friendly chat closed with a suspicion that after all Yankee cheese had not caught a Rebel rat.

Efforts by the civil department to manage the military were most amusing anywhere, but especially so when some emissary of the Government made his habitation among us, and in the plenitude of his brief power attempted to ignore our authority. At my post was a man calling himself Supervising Special Agent of the Treasury Department, whose sphere of duty it was to add to the treasures

of the Treasury by enforcing taxes upon traders and looking after captured and abandoned property. Here too, with my permission, was a sutler's store for supplying the troops. The special agent, being wroth with the sutler, absolutely ordered my provost-marshal to close up the sutler's shop. I in turn ordered the provost to throw the special agent into the sea if necessary, but not to interfere with the sutler. Not that I was desirous of aiding the sutler, — a Jew accused of violating Treasury laws in the mode in which his goods were transferred to this district, — but because I would not recognize orders delivered to my subordinate by a Treasury agent. But when the agent, communicating with the military head, made known the Jew's violations of law, I closed his store, turned a deaf ear to his cries, and listened unmoved to the summing up of his gains and losses as he hugged himself with delight that the forfeited goods were not his, but another's; that in all and after all he, the fawning Shylock, had made "much moneys." But this was not the end. The scheming Jew held close relations with a power at court, a certain Post-master General; who, when he heard the course which things had taken with the Jew, so used his influence that the fellow gained a most complete triumph over all his adversaries, and left me wondering what relation could exist between this ugly dwarf and an officer of our Cabinet, that not only should the Jew's confiscated goods be returned, but that, in a letter addressed to me, the right honorable P. M. G. should commend the fellow to *my* consideration! Was it a political affinity; was the Jew a leader in some American Jerusalem, and did he bring a host of Israelites to the polls for the advantage of the Honorable Post-master General?

O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! But it is a pleasure to turn from the city of Judea to the dignity of *action* within the

Department of the South ; to be aroused before the dawn on Christmas morning with the hurried message, "Sir, there is an affair at Legareville ; the gunboats are heavily engaged, and the 'Marblehead' has dropped down out of range!" My sleep had been so profound—for I had gone late to bed—that there was needed a moment's chase for my scattered senses, a moment's struggle to grapple with and master my faculties of perception, will, and judgment ; and then I hurried, half dressed, to my saddle, galloped to the wharf, boarded the old ferry-boat "Philadelphia," and was speedily on my way to this outpost. In the stream I passed the "Pawnee," covered with smoke, as Captain Balch fired away like a human Vesuvius in the direction (though to the rear) of my garrison at Legareville, at something or somebody concealed by the trees on the river's edge. Further up the river, off the town, lay the "Marblehead," a tender to the "Pawnee," blazing away with a will, while a mortar schooner attached to Captain Balch's small fleet was under way.

It was my duty, of course, to land at the festive town, care for my garrison if not already captured, and do whatever I could in any emergency. Before I reached the troops, fire from the Rebel guns had materially slackened, though the "Pawnee" and "Marblehead," unable to recover suddenly from the excitement of the fight, were plumping huge shots into the wood. I jumped ashore upon the remnant of a wharf, found the garrison all right, and was off again, boarding the "Marblehead." Three of her crew had been killed and three desperately wounded, and there were twenty-four shot-holes in her sides. The suddenness of this Rebel attack was startling. Neither the land forces nor the water forces suspected that behind the thick foliage which lined the right bank of the Stono huge guns had been transported and placed in battery, rudely to break the

morning slumbers of those dreaming ships (if ships do dream!), and send on this Christmas morning a Christmas gift of solid shot and deadly shell to their Yankee countrymen. Without one warning note, the "Marblehead," while lying calmly with her beam to shore, felt solid shot crashing through sail and mast or tearing away life and limb. Two, however, could play at that game, as the Rebels found; for their Christmas gift was soon hurled back with blessings on their heads.

Up to the deck of the "Pawnee" I clambered like a land-lubber, to find Captain Balch beaming with a love of the thing, making fast time across his sanded decks to get everything trig and taut, and the men at quarters, with plenty of shot and shell, ready to go in again. Staying long enough to peer through the edge of the wood at one or more Rebel guns, the cause of all this rout, I hurried back to Folly Island, took on board the "Philadelphia" the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania, of my command, followed them with another boat, landed again at Legareville, and moved out, with skirmishers in advance, in the direction of the Rebel guns. Fifty-five new shovels, Confederate property, I sent to the rear on my way to the battery, from which the living had fled in a disorderly flight, panic-stricken by the havoc wrought by our great missiles. One dead Rebel, five dead horses and one disabled, many knapsacks, the ground ploughed up, huge branches lopped off from trees,—these bore witness to the severe punishment we had inflicted. A marshy spot prevented the removal of the guns; so they were spiked and dismantled. The "Pawnee" had come in as near the shore as she could, that on the very tip-top of her tall mast a sailor might hang by his eyelids, to explore the surrounding country and send down word that over a patch of intervening timber, to the rear of the deserted battery, he had discovered a

long line of Rebel infantry which he reckoned as in number two thousand. Mounting the highest point attainable on the highest house-top I could find, I got with my field-glass an excellent view of the situation. Before me was a wide field covered with high grass, which concealed effectually our skirmishers, and on the opposite side a gate, up to which a tall, fine-looking horseman in Confederate uniform, with a few companions, had just ridden. The leader of the skirmishers was standing erect and gazing earnestly, as it seemed to me, into the very eyes of the Rebel horseman; indeed, the officer with my advance and the Rebel horseman might, as they appeared through my glass, shake hands with but a half-extended arm. Why they did not do so, or why they made no demonstration, either friendly or hostile, it would have been difficult to understand, had not due allowance been made for the telescope. With the eye one judges of actual distances by the dimensions of actual objects; the eye makes the standard by which the judgment unconsciously decides. But with a telescope, by which all objects are magnified, the judgment is at fault, and one is apt to make mistakes. Had the object-glass of my telescope contained wires which measure the height of a known object at a given distance, all difficulties would have vanished; then I should have appreciated that what was so plainly in my view would be unseen by others with the naked eye. The enemy, far outnumbering my force, were drawn up in line, awaiting in their ambush our approach. It was impossible to reach or fight them on even terms, so I kept them well under observation until the sun went down, and then withdrew. Their captured guns were held under the fire of our vessels for a day or two, and then were brought away by a small force from the gunboats, which found a passage through the marsh. After this the old order of events was resumed;

the silent, useless hours sped on, and brought us to the end of the year 1863.

My good friend Captain Gadsden of the "Arago" having sent, with his compliments, a plump turkey and six bottles of champagne, with Captains Balch and Meade of the navy, with Paymaster Lawrence and my staff, we had on New Year's day in my mess-tent a royal dinner, — oysters from Southern waters, ducks and curlew from Southern haunts, mince-pies from the North, and nuts and raisins from no matter where. With such an abundance of good things we were all as merry for five hours as if we had been jolly friars instead of "heroic defenders." How can I ever forget my gratitude to my servant Jack, a colored boy of exceeding comeliness, for his graceful attendance upon that table? Where he borrowed his white shirt and new pantaloons, was for me a matter of conjecture.

While our men at the outposts were saluting their Rebel brethren with nothing stronger than the compliments of the season, being unable, from want of supplies, to offer anything more refreshing than that, or at best an interchange of newspapers, a Confederate soldier, under cover of a heavy fog which shrouded the earth and partially concealed his form, rushed precipitately to the bridge which divided our opposing forces, exclaiming eagerly: —

"Have you any copies of the President's proclamation? We have heard there is one, but can't get a copy."

"Here is one," replied the sergeant, handing him a paper.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Rebel, "my officers are at my post! I can't go back now. One of our men was shot a little while ago for communicating with your pickets. Can't you take me prisoner?" he inquired with ludicrous anxiety.



"No," replied the sergeant; "that would be a breach of confidence. We have been accustomed to meet and exchange papers without danger to either party; the rest of your men won't understand it."

"But I only came over for the President's proclamation," repeated the man; "and now that I am discovered I cannot go back."

"Go back to the other side of the bridge," said the sergeant; "get your gun and equipments, and let them see that we don't detain you against your will."

"But I want to be kinder taken prisoner," he urged.

"Yes," replied our sergeant; "you would like to have it appear that we have abused the confidence your comrades have reposed in us, that you may escape the odium of desertion!"

He could n't desert! Oh, no; he could n't do that!

"Then you may return," said the sergeant; "and there is no other alternative."

The man, a Yankee living at the South when the war broke out, had with commendable acuteness calculated that the last chance for the South had about gone, and that he had better start early to escape the falling ruins. Waiving his objections to appearances, he dashed across the bridge, seized his gun and cartridge-box, returned, and was duly taken in as a deserter. From this dry well I pumped the information that but a small force occupied James Island; that three more iron-clads were building in Charleston; that the South was tired of the war (as usual); that Beauregard had ordered that no quarter be given to black troops or to their white commanders, — and so forth and so on, until I turned his attention to the country in front of our pickets, and to the roads we should use if we made a descent upon James Island. "There, sir," he replied, "do you see that road through the woods

[pointing directly in front of my picket line]? Well, sir, there are torpedoes in that road ; and in a hole dug in the ground there is a can of liquid or Greek fire, with a friction match so arranged that if you step there you will ignite it. We take a circuitous path to the right to avoid these dangerous places."

Further revelations from deserters, it soon appeared, had been provided against by the Confederate officers. Artillery had been brought to the Rebel picket station ; our men had spied it in the thicket.

Captain Balch, who is always ready with the "Pawnee," came to my tent early on the 9th of January, with the commander of the "Cimmarone," to arrange for a searching reconnoissance up the Stono, beyond the site of the captured battery, past Legareville, to the permanent Rebel fortifications now going up on the St. John's River. Everything finally being agreed upon, I prevailed on my naval friends to pass the day with me in good cheer ; which in truth I found them nothing loath to do, for in anticipation thereof they had brought their "knitting" with them. This metaphor may describe the long yarns they spun, even if it fails to show that anything useful was constructed in the tales they wove.

The "Pawnee" was ready and awaiting my arrival, as on the morning of the eleventh, with her men at quarters, guns shotted and lanyards ready, we slowly steamed by the hushed and lifeless forest, past dead and deserted Legareville, past an opening in the forest, where, through the smoky air, we dimly saw the spires of Charleston, — on until a row of piles across the river seemed to bar our progress, though as we approached we saw an opening wide enough for the "Pawnee" to pass ; through this without hesitation we steamed, and so, gently moving, still sped onward, regardless of concealed batteries on shore or

obstructions beneath the water, until a large and heavy mound of earth freshly thrown up, with embrasures for cannon, announced a new work for defence. Here we stopped and looked leisurely at the Rebels hard at work, and at their troops, — they in turn gazing intently at us, as we thought, but making no effort to use their guns, and none to oppose our passage through the narrow way staked out. We could but speculate on this strange indifference, which, however, was in a few days explained to us by a boat-load of deserters who gave themselves up to Captain Balch. The inviting passage through the piling carried us over several large torpedoes, and the Rebel garrison were much chagrined that we did not disappear in a tremendous explosion and vanish in the air. "We thought this would be the case," said the deserters, "as you came up and passed through; and we were quite sure of it when you returned, — yet you passed in safety. Nevertheless the torpedoes are there, and you can find them if you will." We would and did. From their watery bed Captain Balch rescued some three or four large barrels filled with powder, and so arranged with soft sheet-lead, covering friction primers in their bungs, that contact with our vessel's keel would explode them in the magazine. Certainly we had been in a dangerous neighborhood; but fate had soaked the powder with sea-water, despite the thick coating of tar or pitch by which the sunken barrels were protected. Over those that were undamaged by the water we managed to pass unhurt. One of these torpedoes I sent to the military school at West Point.

Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom in peace, the price of victory in war. This continuous reconnoitring, this unceasing guard-duty, these pickets extended where they could best observe the ground which the enemy occupied in our front, — were only that we might know what we

had to defend or attack. Every commander should be able at all times to place on paper a sketch of the forces and positions of his enemy. Overlooking hills may be occupied; but where the field is a plain, as it was with us on those flat marshes, it is easy to build tall scaffoldings, upon which sentinels may keep watch on front and side and rear, so that the scene of military operations may lie before the commander as the moves on a chess-board.

With a sense of the importance of accurate information, I visited, on the 11th of January, one of my most important picket stations, and found that where a tall look-out had been built no sentinel for many days had climbed to take observations, because "some steps of the ladder had been broken off, and there was nothing to nail them on with"! Regularly established and regularly relieved, the men posted at this important station had day after day wilfully and stupidly neglected their duty,—the very object of their coming,—because there was "nothing by to nail on the slats with"! I rode away asking myself if man was an intelligent being,—if his creation evinced design in the Creator? But I did not solve the problem that day nor the next; and perhaps it was because I devoted the period to a reconnoissance on Seabrook Island (adjoining Kiowah), abandoning the conundrum to moralists and theologians, while with a competent force I pushed through the dense foliage until I stood in an opening in the midst of which was a veritable old Revolutionary mansion called the Vanderherst estate. Our invasion awoke echoes which had been silent for many months in the spacious but empty halls. The house was untenanted, the grounds were almost deserted. Three old negroes, surviving slaves of fugitive masters, bade us welcome, in the presence of two ancient mules which browsed around and stared at us, as we approached and questioned these forlorn

darkies. "No, massa," they said, "'cept dese yer mules, dere's nobody here." A legend of two wild asses and a phantom deer flitted before their dazed minds; but save these, the deep and luxuriant verdure shaded no life.

Early in the war the old Rebel Vanderherst fled with his valuables, leaving the tumble-down mansion to the tender mercies of those who, animated by curiosity or a hope of reward (a combination of motives irresistible to a soldier), might choose to rest under the trees or roam through the deserted dwelling. Absolutely nothing of value was found in the house, save a fine old mahogany bedstead, and this my men kindly proposed to bear off for my use; but I forbade it, for it would have been an infraction of a good rule in warfare, that private property may be devoted to public uses, but never to personal. Our expedition revealed the fact that there was no occupation of the island by the enemy, and that it would be useless to maintain a garrison there, even if we were to remain longer on Morris or on Folly Island; and that we were not, had now passed from the region of rumor into certainty. On Wednesday, the 13th of January, Gillmore returned from Hilton Head with the announcement that hereafter his own headquarters would be established there. This was the beginning of the end. Tired of a costly and profitless struggle, the War Department had now begun what had been too long delayed,—the removal of Gillmore from this region.

Before continuing this history in pages which shall record the disaster of Olustee in Florida,—the scene of Gillmore's next operations,—I will follow on with varied experiences, as they are recorded in my note-book, of the last days of our operations on Morris and Folly islands,—among which was a visit by a young lady whom I had met on the "Arago." Attended by her father and a staff of officers, the party came upon me so suddenly in my tent

that I had no time to remove a long flannel night-shirt which my chamberlain (Jack) had displayed in its most effective manner for sanitary purposes; but this confusion did not repress the melody of her laughter, nor shade the sunlight which she brought into the chilling atmosphere of perpetual bachelordom. The angel never came again, though Jack paraded the old talisman with a feeling that it might bring a similar visitation.

Meanwhile my tent saw visitors of a very different sort. Two Irishmen and a German were ushered into it as deserters, under cover of a dense fog, from a Rebel fort on the Stono, who had delivered themselves to Captain Balch on the 15th of January, the day of their escape. Without a moment's reluctance, they told me that they came from the Fifteenth Independent Battalion, commanded by a Major Lucas; that they estimated the number of the enemy on James Island at ten thousand men, and that they got at it by knowing that one third of the whole number there were ordered to be present at a military execution, and that third they estimated at three thousand; but when pressed for positions, names of regiments and commanders, they utterly failed to respond. Their own battalion, they said, belonged inside the fortification on the island; but they did not know the position of Colquitt's brigade, numbering eight hundred men, recently from the Army of Northern Virginia, nor could they place Colonels Symington and Galliard with a total of one thousand men. They did not know what other troops were on the island, but did know that at night a whole regiment was stationed in front of the fortifications, and withdrawn at daylight.

This was the meagre information I received; and it was about what might be looked for from such sources. Men are very apt to jump at an exact estimate when asked for the numbers that occupy a territory; but they are gen-

erally staggered when questioned as to the positions and names of commanders. I should look with great suspicion upon a deserter who reported a territorial disposition with precision, and should require confirmation before acting on such information. Our deserters were honest enough, without doubt, and had brought off all the facts which their not enormous crania could hold.

I questioned these men on another subject, where knowledge is apt to be accurate,—their rations. They looked fat, and were ready enough to reveal that one and one fifth pounds of corn-meal, or grits, or rice, or hard bread per day, with a quarter of a pound of bacon or one pound of beef, constituted their daily food. They had had no vegetables for eighteen months, and nothing but water for the same period to drink. Soap was issued once more,—three pounds to one hundred rations. Their pay was eleven dollars per month. Such was their physical condition.

As to their mental, I found them much dissatisfied with the status of Rebeldom. All the men of their company would desert, they said, if they could get away. (Deserters, however, are apt to talk thus.) Their officers did not confide anything to the men, and the men did not think they could whip the Yankees. They believed the war would end that year, but predicted more fighting in the spring; furloughed men, returning from Virginia, spoke of Lee's intention to invade Pennsylvania at that time. I also learned that a distinguished functionary in North Carolina so far forgot Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy as to drink to the success of the Stars and Stripes; while reports from other officials in that State were rife, that the will of the people to return to the Union was so strong that they could not be controlled. With the further information that there were obstructions in Charleston Harbor and a living, active garrison in Fort Sumter, I closed my interview with these

deserters, with perhaps as little valuable information as one would look for from such sources.

More evidence of our disintegration came to us on the 15th of January in an order to detach from my command and send to Hilton Head the Fortieth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, to report to General Seymour, to be used as mounted infantry. This valuable regiment, which had been with me for nearly one year, I brought in my division to this department from the Army of the Potomac after Gettysburg. I was sorry to lose it; nevertheless I published the order on the same day I received it, directing the regiment to leave in the morning. During the evening of the same day I had pleasant interviews with the officers, and was serenaded by the band in token of kindly feeling. At ten A.M., the 16th of January, the regiment, *en route* for embarkation, formed in line as they passed my tent and saluted me. Undisturbed save by the gentle murmur of the waves, I spoke in parting of my regrets at the loss, praised them as efficient and soldierly men, and called their attention to the fact that as Massachusetts troops they had, without murmuring, stood for many weary weeks under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes on this sandy coast, in sight of that city which Massachusetts had special cause to remember. With three cheers, the regiment moved away forever from my command.

The departure of the Fortieth Massachusetts was followed by an order putting me in charge of the whole of Folly Island, with instructions to hold myself in readiness to leave this delectable spot at any moment. The reader will believe that I could comply with this order without a murmur. The troops on the island, divided into seventeen regiments and several batteries, numbering over five thousand men, were organized into brigades and divisions. The first division, commanded by General Vogdes, consisted of



three brigades, one of which, composed of but two regiments, was made up of negroes with white officers, — the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, Colonel Hartwell, and a North Carolina regiment, Colonel Beecher. In my own division there were two brigades, with three light batteries. I reviewed these troops on the morning of the 20th of January, and carefully inspected the line, which was nearly a mile in length.

I was not impressed with the negroes as soldiers; but there was a difference between the colored men from Massachusetts and those from North Carolina. Those from the former State were well made and intelligent, while those from the latter were dwarfed and ill formed. From revelations subsequently made before a general court-martial, in the trial of an officer for selling colored recruits to a Massachusetts agent under a Presidential call for patriots, this curious bit of history appeared. A witness, a citizen of Massachusetts, being under oath, swore that he formed a copartnership with others to go to Newberne in North Carolina and buy up negroes to fill the requisition made upon Massachusetts; that he went, accompanied by a paymaster from that State, who carried with him four hundred and twenty-five dollars for each recruit, of which one hundred dollars was "hand money," as it was called, — that is, it was furnished by private subscription from towns to aid in getting their quota, each town thus receiving a credit of negroes in proportion to the "hand money" furnished; that three hundred and twenty-five dollars was the State's bounty to recruits, and that of this the negro got but two hundred, the other one hundred and twenty-five being profits of the business, out of which he had made ten thousand dollars as his share; that he paid much more than many other State agents, and that as sharp a bargain as could be was generally driven with the poor ebony emblems of patriotism.

At this time I visited again Forts Wagner and Gregg. We could stand at the extreme end of Cumming's Point, on the precise spot which in April, 1861, held the first Rebel battery that fired on Fort Sumter. From our line of sand embankments, scarce twelve hundred yards over the waters of the harbor, we could gaze upon the shapeless sides of Sumter, still defiant. From her ruins rose the Rebel flag, and over her crumbled parapet the muzzles of huge guns yawned, while behind it there were stout hearts and arms to defend them; we could not take the ruined fort if we would. All around our circle of vision, Rebel batteries frowned upon us. Sullivan's Island, Mount Pleasant, Castle Pinckney, James Island, Middle Battery, — from all of them black-mouthed engines of death, in ranges and in tiers, threatened us with concentric destruction. Some were not more than a mile away, and all (over one hundred in number) could have deluged us with shell and grape. Rebel soldiers were in sight everywhere, and we could clearly discern Charleston, its houses and its wharves, — *that* Charleston whose streets were once filled with a shouting and excited multitude of men and women listening with exultation to the cannon's roar as Beauregard (in 1861) assailed in Sumter his fellow-citizens and life-long companions in arms; *that* Charleston whose maddened mobs cursed the North, and defiantly challenged it to mortal combat. Well could I recall the hour when these men of South Carolina paraded in their shallow pomp before the representative of the London "Times," to tell him that they would like a prince of the royal English blood to rule over them. Oh, how time deals with the follies of fools! "We never can be whipped, sir," — "I tell you the whole world cannot conquer us," — "Cotton is king," — "Where will be your carrying trade then?" — "The Yankees won't fight," — "The negroes are

the happiest people in the world while they are slaves," — and so on *ad nauseam* to Mr. Russell, as one may read in his very interesting "Diary North and South," in 1863.

All this I thought, as I stood on the very end of Cumming's Point and listened to the crash of the thirty-pounder Parrott by my side, whose booming sounds had now for more than fourteen hundred times carried consternation to the enemy, and saw that dark globe flying through space to fall with merciless and savage power within the very heart of the city itself. The Swamp Angel was silent, and since our occupation of Cumming's Point we had established there the "Avenging Angel," which hurled bursting bomb and Greek fire not alone upon the heads of enemies, but, alas! upon those of our own poor fellows who had been taken as prisoners and sent to Charleston to divert Gillmore from his work. How those emaciated captives prayed that they might escape, and how they did escape this horror, has often since the war been told. "Stand where your own guns with hottest fire may tell upon you," said the Christian Beauregard to these helpless men, as he placed them in Charleston within the circle of our fire. And there they stood until the next steamer from the North brought to Morris Island an equal number of Rebel prisoners, whom we posted where the Rebel fire came strong and hot, at the end of Cumming's Point, when the Rebels saw the game, and begged to be allowed to stop.

The bombardment of Charleston was of no service in bringing about peace, but it satisfied a certain thirst for vengeance, — such, for instance, as existed in a certain seeker after fame, a restless, irrepressible female, a Gideonite, as her class was called, wandering here as a teacher of abandoned negroes, a stranger without fear of Rebel shot. Listening on a time with rapt attention to the story which

told the fame of our thirty-pounder Parrott gun at Cumming's Point, she became animated with a desire to gain one knows not what, and asked to be conducted to the gun. She took in at a glance the bank of earth — the shelter of our gunners from the danger of a bursting gun — and the long lanyard attached to the friction-primer; and she felt that to fire a shell into the very heart of that city of traitors, to add another to the fourteen hundred discharges of that historic gun, to stand within the range of Charleston's spires, defying the Rebel storm upon her head, was surely such an opportunity as had never descended upon Gideonite before. The hour of her destiny had arrived. Scarcely awaiting permission, she advanced boldly to the intervening earth embankment, looked in triumph from gun to city, then to heaven, with inward petition that she might survive the hour and live to thrill the Northern heart with a recital of her deeds, seized the lanyard firmly in her hand, and pulled with energy enough to dare a platform in behalf of woman suffrage. To its appointed duty each element was true, save one. The gun, with thundering sound, sent out its missile, while clouds of smoke concealed from view the agent and the actors in the scene; when it cleared away, there, far down a steep descent, clutching a broken lanyard in her hand, in posture quite reversed, her limbs, like Charleston's spires, pointing heavenward, — there, unharmed but most discomfited, lay the heroic woman. The gun had gone off in one direction, the schoolmarm in the other; the shell exploded with powder, the soldiers with laughter. The act of the Gideonite *was*. historical in more senses than one.

From the 26th of January until the end came, in the Florida disaster, but little of interest took place. General Terry had been left in command; he was next in rank to Gillmore. But there was little for him to do. When the

enemy opened with mortars upon Cumming's Point, he went there and saw guns in process of erection upon the land side of Sumter: that was on the 28th of January, 1864, and the situation was confirmed to us on the last day of that month by deserters, who told us that the fort was now very strong, that the garrison were secure in bomb-proofs, and that more heavy ordnance was there ready to be placed in position.

On the night of the 1st of February a blockade-runner, in attempting to enter the harbor of Charleston, was driven by our fleet—or through fear of our fleet drove herself—so far out of the channel that she ran ashore under the guns of Sullivan's Island. Daylight revealed to the eyes of our soldiers and sailors this prize hard and fast on the beach in such a way that the Rebels were working like beavers in removing the cargo. Instantly the guns from Wagner and the iron-clads opened on the steamer, making great holes in her iron sides, but not frightening away the Rebels themselves, who defiantly and openly continued in the removal of the valuable cargo, with a spirit and vigor which made prize money to our fellows in this case a shadow and a myth.

But it was not to blockade-runners, nor to the tedious monotony of operations against Charleston, that we were henceforth to give our attention. When it became apparent that nothing more could be accomplished here, the Administration ordered a military movement in Florida, the effect of which, it was thought, would be felt in the coming Presidential election. It was believed that large numbers of whites and blacks would, if protected by the United States Government, cast their ballots for the Republican party; all that was needed was to cover with our troops as much of the State as possible, and to furnish the civil machinery for the collection of votes. To Mr. John Hay, the Presi-

dent's private secretary, was deputed the work of registration. This functionary appeared in our department laden with the requisite papers, at about the time the forward movement took place.

On the 6th of February the troops that were to be taken from Morris and Folly islands set sail for Florida, to be united with others from Beaufort and Hilton Head. At Jacksonville the invading army under Gillmore was organized. Colonel Hawley, of Connecticut, commanded a brigade of infantry made up of his own, the Seventh Regiment, and the Seventh New Hampshire. Colonel Barton, of New York, was assigned to a second brigade composed of the Forty-eighth, the One Hundred and Fifteenth, and the Forty-seventh New York regiments of infantry. To another brigade, consisting of two colored regiments, — the First North Carolina and the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, — Colonel Beecher was assigned ; while a fourth, composed of five colored regiments, — the Second South Carolina, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, the Third and Eighth United States, and the First South Carolina, — was under the command of Colonel Montgomery. Three field batteries were commanded by Captain John Hamilton, of the regular artillery, and by Captain Elder, also a regular. The cavalry was improvised, with the exception of a single squadron, from mounted infantry ; the Fortieth Massachusetts regiment was mounted on animals raked and scraped up within the department.

This entire heterogeneous body was commanded by General Truman Seymour, of the United States Army, — an officer of skill and great bravery. It numbered less than five thousand men, as given at the time by Captain Elder ; about four thousand eight hundred were reported by General Seymour as in the fight which afterwards took place. On the 9th of February, Seymour, *en route* from Jackson-

ville to Lake City, had advanced to Baldwin, a distance of twenty miles. Beyond, the railroad was to be destroyed. Thirty-five miles more were before him. After marching thirty-two of it he came to a small town called Olustee.

Gillmore went with his troops as far as Baldwin. From there he dated his last despatch to Halleck, claiming to be with the "advance;" but he advanced no further. Returning immediately to Hilton Head, in South Carolina, he issued, on the 15th of February, a flaming manifesto or proclamation of his occupancy of the country, and called on all Floridians to take the oath of allegiance. Florida, he said, had been recovered from Rebel rule; the United States would not again abandon it; they were abundantly able to protect all loyal citizens!

It was the 20th of February when General Seymour reached Olustee. His movement from Baldwin — in obedience to Gillmore's orders, or the spirit of his orders — has been criticised.<sup>1</sup> There is evidence of vacillation here. Gillmore did order the advance, and then, as if halting in fear, countermanded the order. But nine hours had intervened between the first and second order, and in the mean time disaster had overtaken us. General Seymour relied upon the railroad for his transportation; but it proved a failure, for he had in use but a single engine, which was captured at Fernandina, and proved to be out of repair, and which soon broke down and became useless. The country through which he moved was open and even; one searched in vain for the slightest elevation. Where the ground was dry the bottom was firm and the footing safe. Strategically, however, no position was safe, and few tactically. Troops could march in any and every direction. "It was damned nonsense to advance without a base: even Gillmore's line of communication was not secure," was the

<sup>1</sup> See General Seymour's Report.

criticism of a general officer who did not march under Seymour.

As the troops were, however, on they went in that fatal march of the last day (the twentieth), hurrying forward to Lake City. Hawley's brigade was in the advance, moving in three parallel columns by flank, — one in the road and one on each side dressing on the centre. In Hawley's rear came Barton; and following him were Montgomery and Beecher, — all formed and moving like the head brigade. Musketry firing was heard; the column halted. Hawley's brigade moved forward, and Barton's followed. At two P. M. the first cannon was fired. It came from the enemy, who was in position before our troops. Hawley hurried forward, and Barton followed; but the latter did not get up till Hawley had been repulsed. Langdon had lost his guns, and the dickens was to pay. Montgomery was not within supporting distance when the action began, but under peremptory orders hurried forward and aided in the four hours' contest which ensued before the Federal troops were fairly driven from the field and put in flight for Jacksonville.

The contest appears to have begun with a blunder. The enemy awaited Seymour's approach; his line crossed the railroad at right angles, his flanks resting on two lakes; his front was strengthened with embankments and logs, behind which his infantry and artillery, thrown forward like the heels of a horse-shoe, found cover. In number he had, as he claimed, but eight regiments and three battalions of infantry, with three batteries, mostly Georgia troops,<sup>1</sup> — in all about five thousand men. Our officers place the number at ten thousand; but that was when the fight was just over.

We were whipped in detail. Our advance was in the enemy's works before we knew it, and the troops first in

<sup>1</sup> Report in a Confederate paper of Feb. 27, 1864.



were whipped before they were fairly engaged. Langdon lost his guns almost within pistol-shot of the enemy's line; the fire was too hot to bring them off, though our troops were at one time within twenty-five yards of them. In forming for action after our first surprise, another blunder was committed. Our rear was rushed forward to support a disheartened force, when this force itself should have fallen back on a cool and unbroken one. The Federal troops fought well, with some few exceptions, the officers said. One white and one colored regiment formed the exceptions in the opinions of some; although both General Seymour and an officer of his staff agreed that the colonel of the white regiment (the Seventh New Hampshire) behaved well in trying to rally his men, and that the Eighth (colored) United States did not break till most of its officers were killed or wounded. When our men first turned in flight, the enemy gave three cheers, dashed forward, and pursued for five hours. The cavalry seem to have been useless. Two thousand Rebel horse remained passive on the Federal left flank, observing a few companies of Federal cavalry sent out to fight it.

The first reports of this disaster came to us on Folly and Morris islands, through a captain of a steamboat, on the twenty-first of the month; on the twenty-second we knew it all. Five brigadier-generals had remained idly awaiting results on those islands, while as many brigades commanded by colonels were being whipped at Olustee. Save General Seymour in command, there was no general officer with Gillmore's Florida army. Now it was time for brigadier-generals to be called in. General Terry was directed to send two brigades to Jacksonville, — one of them under General Ames from my division, a second under General Foster from General Terry's; the whole to be commanded by General Vogdes.

On the twenty-fifth, in the afternoon, all that remained of our Florida army were again at Jacksonville intrenching against a further pursuit and a renewed attack by an enemy in whose hands we had already left eight hundred dead, wounded, and missing, while we held in our own of wounded and dying eleven hundred more. We also lost in artillery five pieces, and in small arms fifteen hundred muskets.<sup>1</sup> The Rebel army was commanded by a General Finnigan, who was much praised for his skill in entrapping Yankees. The enemy's losses are put by them at eighty killed and five or six hundred wounded. Gillmore's staff loudly declaimed against Seymour; indeed so did Gillmore himself, who charged him with disobeying orders, but was silent in his specifications. It was further charged against Seymour that he marched in three parallel columns, with his cavalry in the middle, and with no skirmishers or advanced guard to the front; and that he walked into the arms of a concealed enemy in a wood which was alive with his numbers. Seymour's affair is spoken of as a Braddock's defeat or a Dade's massacre; but there was no reason in this denunciation. An army of several thousand men could conceal themselves among the pines in that flat region so as to avoid detection. That Seymour was surprised when he found himself actually engaged with an army in position, one may not doubt; but his men fought well, even though fate was against them at the beginning.

While these events were happening in Florida, Gillmore was safely housed in South Carolina, in his headquarters at Hilton Head. There he heard both of the defeat and of the rout of his troops. Our loss, it was said, now footed up twenty-two hundred men.

Preceding this fiasco, and as a diversion in its behalf,

<sup>1</sup> Gillmore's Official Report.

Gillmore had sent orders from Hilton Head to General Terry at Morris Island to make a demonstration with five or six thousand troops on John's Island. Not a word of his purposes, upon which Terry's plans should hinge; not a syllable of where on John's Island the diversion was to be made, nor how long it was to be kept up, nor when it was to begin, did Gillmore vouchsafe, nor could Terry discover, though he sought it from Gillmore's chief of staff. On the 12th of February, eight days before our troops had met the enemy at Olustee, Terry's expedition returned. The results were summed up in a loss of three or four Federals killed and some six wounded; but we captured five horses. Nor was this all. General Schimmelfening in command discovered and brought away with him from a Rebel outpost a book in which all of Gillmore's preliminary despatches concerning his contemplated invasion of Florida, transmitted from Folly Island to Hilton Head and Jacksonville,— despatches giving the numbers of his expedition, its armament, and so forth,— had been transcribed. There were seen the vacant places where the most important ones had been cut out to be sent to Beauregard; and there, too, were some of Gillmore's unimportant messages, which our signal officer admitted to have been sent. The point of Rebel observation was in full sight of one of our signal stations, at a place called Botany Bay, on a short line to South Carolina at Hilton Head, where our flag signals were received and repeated.<sup>1</sup>

Much impressed with this revelation, General Schimmelfening sought to use it to our advantage, and to avert, if possible, a consequent disaster. "I will make use," he wrote to General Terry, "of this unhappy fact to our ad-

<sup>1</sup> I have since been informed by General Couch that all of Gillmore's despatches, as they were taken by Rebel signal officers, were captured by Sherman on his march through South Carolina, and that they were a faithful transcript of Gillmore's plans.

vantage." Then followed certain fictitious messages, sent by an orderly, which Terry was requested to transmit by signal to Schimmelfening, who would in turn send a reply, — the whole, it was not doubted, to be read as before by the Rebel signal officer. This stratagem was to help on the present diversion. Accordingly there soon came from Terry, "I have sent you the thirty-pounder Parrotts and three thousand more infantry;" and there went back to him, "I have received and placed them in position; the infantry are coming up. The Rebel infantry fight badly." This was followed by another signal from Terry of, "How many more infantry do you want?" and a reply, "I have enough to whip the force in front of me; send the force around as agreed upon." Thus full of his device, Schimmelfening started for the enemy, with the results which have been given. He had advanced beyond Haulover Cut; and, although it was no part of his instructions to bring on a fight, he had assumed a threatening attitude, which, but for revelations to the enemy of Gillmore's real purposes in Florida through inexcusable carelessness at the signal stations, might have weakened the enemy's line at Olustee to strengthen it on the Stono. Had not the enemy cheated Gillmore, he might have cheated the enemy; though, owing to the abandonment of the diversion for so many days before the battle of Olustee, even this is doubtful. Here was one conspicuous instance of the cross and vague purposes which paralyzed effort in that department.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Upon an inquiry by General Terry of Turner, General Gillmore's chief of staff, for more definite instructions as to the purposes of this demonstration, Turner informed him that all the information he had from Gillmore was, that, as he (Gillmore) was going aboard the steamer for Florida, he turned to Turner and said: "Tell Terry to make a demonstration with five or six thousand troops on John's Island." "This is all," said Turner, "that I know." Terry, much perplexed, sought advice from others in vain. He was compelled to grope in the dark.

But it was the last; for Gillmore now received a peremptory order to wind up his operations in the Department of the South, and with some of his troops report to and serve under General B. F. Butler, then laboring with the enemy on the James. On Morris Island some show of occupancy was still to be kept up, — some perhaps on Folly, Cole, and Kiawah, — while on the water the navy was to maintain the blockade of the port.

From other departments, within and without the field of military operations, we received exciting reports. The President of the United States had called for two hundred thousand troops, and ordered a draft to be made on the 10th of March. There also came news from Sherman, who was reported in the Charleston "Mercury" to be marching through Jackson, Mississippi, with a body of men on whose caps was conspicuously displayed the motto, "Mobile or Hell!" And there was a report also that the Confederate war-steamer "Alabama" had captured a Northern clipper in the East Indies, valued at three hundred thousand dollars.

But the enemy was not idle in our department. One of our large blockading ships, the "Housatonic," had been utterly destroyed by a torpedo. As a head-board marks a grave, her masts above the water pointed to where she sank at her anchorage. The hour of this achievement was after eight in the evening, — an hour when the officer of the deck could scarcely make out that something like a plank was moving rapidly towards the ship. All hands were called, and the cable slipped; but before the vessel could move she was struck near her mizzen chains. An explosion instantly followed, which so fairly blew off the whole stern of the steamer that she settled immediately, and in a few moments sank. Some lives were lost, among whom we heard of the captain's clerk, an ensign, and two

or three men. The commander was blown overboard, but regained the rigging of the ship after she sank. Others were saved by boats from neighboring vessels. The torpedo boat — in shape like a cigar — was furnished with an iron rod projecting from its bow, on the extremity of which a large shell containing powder was secured, designed so as to ignite by concussion with a vessel's side.

After the attempt on the "New Ironsides," and the success with the "Housatonic," unusual precautions were taken to guard against this formidable danger. Around the "Ironsides" boats pulled at night, and a steam-tug made its rounds; while a calcium light with a large reflector, constantly revolving, threw a wide beam around. Thus our navy hoped to hold their present position until some strategic movement should throw Charleston into our hands; and until then I doubt if any naval officer had ever seen the hour when he would attempt to run his ship into that harbor. Commander Rowan of the "New Ironsides" was not in favor of making the effort. The problem had at last become one of staying as we were. Practically we had simply assisted the navy in maintaining a blockade; but, as it was put by an intelligent observer, "the amount of money disbursed for the use of all the unarmed steamboats used as transports for troops to aid the navy in maintaining the blockade, would have supplied enough naval armed steamers to fence in every inlet on the coast of this department." The quartermaster-general asserted that it cost more to maintain this department, while it returned less, than any other; and that more stationery was used within it than in any other military division. There is a red-tape formality, much writing and many clerks, where military achievements are rare. No fighting begets much writing. Military O'Triggers at Washington began to appreciate this; and even

Halleck cannot understand that to continue the Department of the South as an aggressive one was a folly — nay, more, a crime.

The 7th of March brought with it the last night of my tent home on that island of desolation. It would be strange indeed had I felt any regrets at leaving; certainly there were none. But I had passed seven long months with these surroundings, and somehow or other my own individuality took something from those familiar objects, despite the cares and vexations which had perplexed me. I had scarcely turned my back, however, before I found my heart thumping with excitement as I looked forward with new hopes to a return to the old Army of the Potomac.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See "Atlantic Monthly," May, 1865, Criticism of Gillmore's Report of Operations in 1863-64, Department of the South.

## CHAPTER IX.

HILTON HEAD. — FLORIDA. — MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

AT Hilton Head, in South Carolina, on the 18th of March, 1864, perfume of yellow jessamine, orange blossoms, and violets filled our encampments, penetrated the negro huts, and swept over abandoned cotton-fields, as lavish in its delicious fragrance as if the lords of the manors were the owners and cultivators of the old Sea-Island cotton plantations as of yore.

But a few miles from the fortifications which Dupont captured with his wooden ships there was a plantation of twelve hundred acres, on which a Northern doctor was trying the experiment of raising cotton. Between rows of negro cabins this Northern vandal ambled gently to the decaying mansion, to repose under the shade of superb live-oaks with their drapery of Southern moss, or to slumber away the heat of noon-day under beautiful magnolias in the yard. It may be true that the occupier of this domain deceived himself; that with these remnants of baronial splendor, these trees, negroes, the old mansion, and the view of the bay from the embowered porch, he was beguiled into indulging delusive hopes and dreams, and was fain to strut awhile in his new robes of borrowed splendor. But there was a death's head at this feast. Near him, on the left of his fine old avenue, there was an encampment of Yankee soldiers, with its attendant bones and offal of slaughtered beeves; and within his halls two energetic,



well-formulated Yankee schoolmarms were teaching twenty young negro children of assorted sizes their alphabet, — violating South Carolina law on South Carolina soil ; while in his fields, his cotton-planting ran every chance of proving but a delusion and a dream, born of a belief that a freedman would find his greatest pleasure in working for reward. But it is not by work that the negro is made content.

For instance, Richard and his wife Daphne were our servants. The former had been the slave of Lawyer Trescott, of Charleston, whom Richard says he remembers with affection ; for the master used to give his servant money and clothes, and would “back him” when he was in trouble ; but now Richard complained, that he had no time to himself ! Was Richard a philosopher, that he had discovered the slavery in freedom ; that, though the money he made belonged to him, necessity was a harder taskmaster than his owner ?

It was a change, and a bitter one, for these poor negroes, who had to learn that a condition which demanded all their earnings in return for food and raiment, was superior to that in which these things were provided for them as a matter of course. They doubtless looked back with regret to the days when they had spare hours, gifts of money, and an opportunity to turn a penny by raising a few vegetables, and all the more that now they had to work hard merely to support themselves. Freedom brought with it new cares and rigorous responsibilities, and must at first have seemed to them less attractive than they had thought it to be from the accounts of those who spoke of nothing but its dignity.

Troops were arriving from Morris and from Folly islands and from Jacksonville to sail away with Gillmore, who, with the Tenth Army Corps, was to report, as we have seen, to Benjamin F. Butler at Fortress Monroe. Gillmore

was crestfallen. His nomination to be a major-general of volunteers was suspended in the Senate by senators who declared that he had done nothing worthy of promotion. Shades of Sumter *not* battered down; spirits of Greek fire within the city of Charleston *not* destroyed; echoes of Parrot guns, two and three hundred-pounders, uselessly discharged; the blood and disgrace of the Florida campaign, — these all had been transformed into a bubbling cauldron of toil and trouble, from which spectres were arising to “break the word of promise to our hope.”

Great excitement centred upon the question, who was to go to the Army of the James, and who remain. Steamers crowded the port. The old “Ericsson” was there, but her four smoke-pipes and her caloric engines had been adapted to steam. The ship was dirty, dirtier even than a troop-ship, and she was slow. On the twenty-fourth she sailed with troops, and on the twenty-eighth troops were still leaving the department. The “Arago” was lying off the dock; river steamers with soldiers on board were in the stream; the “Ben Deford” sailed; and at last all had gone save the few who were to leave on the “Arago” with Gillmore. On the night of the 1st of May the “Arago” sailed, and Gillmore’s life and administration within these waters was a thing of the past.

General J. P. Hatch was left in command. Acting on the advice of Gillmore, Hatch had ordered me to proceed at once to Jacksonville, Florida, to relieve General Birney and take command of military operations within that State. Hatch was an old army friend of mine, a thorough soldier, and a gentleman. But Hatch was also stubborn. No entreaty on my part could move him to reconsider his order.

The cotton was just appearing above the ground. In a ride around Hilton Head, I saw a negro woman trudging

along with a load on her head, and asked her if she was sorry her master had run away from her. "No," she replied, "I am not; for now I have time to sit down." The bodies of two conscripts who had just been shot for desertion came next in view. They lay dead by their coffins, while the troops (I think they belonged to a Connecticut regiment) were marching by to look upon the unhappy victims of military law.

On the afternoon of the 2d of May I went over to St. Helena Island. A rather famous plantation of thirteen hundred acres, with all the buildings thereon,—mansion-house, negro huts, and stables,—had been purchased at a tax sale, two years before, by a son of New England, for fifteen hundred dollars. No furniture was found in the house,—that had been stolen after the flight of the family,—but the walls were still embellished with family portraits, in which the old men and women looked grave and severe, the young ones simpering and helpless. The females, taken in light silks and set off with bouquets and roses, in attitudes of sweet simplicity, passed with the estate into the possession of its Yankee occupant, by purchase from the tax commissioner at forty cents a head. Our Northern planter with a Yankee wife lived meanwhile on this Southern plantation, worked the negroes on his land, raised a goodly amount of cotton, and gathered beautiful roses from a garden in which rare varieties bloomed for those who would look in vain for smiles from the fugitives who set them there.

There was no time to linger over changes which this war had wrought in Southern homes, for I was off for Florida, touching first at Fernandina, where I carefully examined Fort Clinch, in charge of Captain Sears, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, and arrived at Jacksonville at twelve noon on the 7th of May.

As near as could be estimated (and this was afterwards confirmed by reports from scouts and deserters), the entire Rebel force within the State numbered about three thousand men. Finnigan's brigade of infantry — consisting of Martin's and Brevard's battalions, the Sixty-fourth Georgia, and Bowman's battalion — numbered fourteen hundred and forty, while two cavalry regiments (Georgians and the Second Florida), three batteries of artillery of four pieces each, and seventy men made up the remaining fifteen hundred and sixty. These troops were stationed at different points, and were occupied with various duties. Detachments of cavalry, engaged in offensive operations, were at Pilatka, under command of Captains Dickerson and Gray; infantry regiments guarded railroad bridges from Baldwin to Cedar Keys and to Tallahassee, reclaimed deserters in the counties of Orange, Brevard, and Alachua, or wherever else a strong Union sentiment prevailed, and gathered cattle and agricultural products in the counties of Brevard, Hillsborough, Monroe, Polk, Marion, and Sumter. Heretofore a noted Rebel cattle agent had been able to gather the beeves required for the Rebel army at his residence near Lake Ware, to be driven to Georgia. But because of the activity of the Federals, or the hostility of Union men in Florida, the aid of troops had become a necessity. At Camp Milton, a short distance east of Baldwin, the largest body of Rebel troops within the State held a line of strong works under the command of Patton, Anderson, Major-General commanding the military District of Florida. So far as I could get reliable information, their number was about six hundred men, with artillery. At Baldwin there was artillery, but no infantry. At a trestle bridge across the St. Mary's, negroes were throwing up fortifications. Some State troops, raised for the defence of the State, were expected at Camp Milton by the 1st of June. Three

companies were already raised, and two thousand men in all were hoped for. In addition to these there were Rebel pickets at Green and Cove springs, and a body of one hundred men near Doctor's Lake, so called, engaged in placing torpedoes in the St. John's. On the 1st of May these men had set fourteen adrift, and had twelve more in readiness.

I was hardly seated in my office before I had another proof of the value of torpedoes, in the fate of our boats on the St. John's. The "Harriet Ward" was the first victim. She was struck by this infernal machine, and sank in the channel; five men were killed and wounded. The steamer "Boston," with a large number of men and women on board, just in advance, had haply passed unharmed. The captain of the "Ward" reported his misfortune to me while the coal-dust was still in his hair and the cry of his mates still ringing in his ears. Who would come next? How were we to navigate these waters?—and yet upon them we depended for communication within and without. These questions I discussed with the captain, with a view of constructing some sort of invention to catch torpedoes and outwit the Rebels; but our efforts were in vain, and we were obliged to take our chances, with the pleasant feeling that at any moment we might find ourselves blown high in air or struggling in the waters of the St. John's.

Meanwhile loyal Floridians flocked to my headquarters. The sufferings of Union men moved me to the extreme of patience. They had lived in swamps, where they had suffered untold horrors; their families had hungered for food, and their relatives had been hung: they were willing to fight for the Union. Women suffered alike with men. Jacksonville had been a Union city; it had been occupied by Northerners, some of whom, however, were more rebellious than the Southern born. It was a Northern man with a Southern wife who drew up the ordinance under

which Florida seceded from the Union; and they were Northern men who burned the buildings of those who refused to give aid to Southern armies in their rebellious war. Now the hour for vengeance had come. Long lists of names of those who were willing to enroll themselves in our army — some plucky to the last, others cowed and intimidated — were handed in to my headquarters. The stories of their sufferings were incredible, the romance of their lives wonderful. From among those who were willing to do the State some service as scouts and in burning bridges that were of use to the enemy's communications, I armed and organized twenty-one; while from those whose practices and experiences had been confined to the more difficult methods of statecraft, I entertained plans for bringing the State back into the Union, through a convention of such loyal citizens as should first be submitted for approval.

Of the United States troops in this department the 7th Colored, the 144th New York, 107th Ohio, 3d Colored (acting as heavy artillerists), Battery A 3d Rhode Island (six guns), four companies of mounted infantry from the 75th Ohio, and three mounted companies from the 35th Colored, were stationed at Jacksonville. Four companies of the 157th New York, two of the 8th, and seven of the 35th United States Colored, were at and near Picolata on the St. John's. At St. Augustine the 17th Connecticut was stationed, with small bodies thrown out to the St. John's, of whom fifty men were at Volusia, fifteen at Sanders to the north, and fifteen at Welaka to the south. At Smyrna, fifteen mounted men of the 157th New York Infantry were guarding captured cotton. At Yellow Bluff there were seven companies of the 5th, and at St. John's Bluff one of the 8th United States Colored Infantry; while between Enterprise, Volusia, and Smyrna, six mounted companies

of the 75th Ohio, under Colonel Harris, were raiding after cattle. To watch all these posts; to familiarize myself with all the territory we held, confined as it was mainly to the eastern bank of the St. John's River; to hold frequent interviews with Floridians, loyal and disloyal, with rebellious women of Massachusetts origin, with detectives,—one of whom was a long South Carolina parson transplanted to Florida, an itinerant of the Church Militant, and another a farmer, whose cattle had been taken by Southern commissaries from his pastures and his yards; to look after my vedettes; to patrol the river at night for torpedoes; to forecast Presidential action in utilizing the orange groves and the cotton lands, the lumber and the logs of this land of sun and flowers,—to do all this, the reader will readily believe brought very busy days to me.

To St. Augustine from Jacksonville is forty-one miles by land. Over the road, under the pines, it was a desolate, wild, and solemn ride. My horse measured it in exactly five hours. It was on the 14th of May that I drew rein under the shade of trees from which hung in rich profusion oranges, figs, bananas, and pomegranates, within that quaint old Spanish town of St. Augustine, with its narrow streets, ample balustrades, and old fort; with its mysterious dungeons, which yet bore witness to the torture inflicted (so says tradition) by the cruel Spaniards upon their prisoners. For a single night I enjoyed the hospitality which this luxurious climate enabled our officers to bestow, and then galloped away in the morning to Picolata, with the delicious melodies of some of the daughters of the ——th regiment still ringing in my ears as I threaded the inevitable pine forest and passed the miserable huts, called settlements, in my course to the St. John's. From the 15th to the 21st of May my time was taken up with the exami-

nation of deserters, many of whom came over from the western bank of the river; with the organization of small scouting parties, to burn bridges or to break up the enemy's communications; with the removal of cotton from Smyrna; with the preparation of an imperfect torpedo-catcher; with reviews of troops, conferences with the provost-marshal, devising new and better police and sanitary measures; with organization of a court for civil administration; with oaths of allegiance; with calling a convention to send delegates to the National Conference for a Presidential nomination; with listening to music, salutes, and exultation for victories under Grant in Virginia, of which we heard on the 19th of May; with revising a printed memorial from citizens to the President, asking protection and permanent occupation of the State; with hearing arguments by lumbermen of the immense fortunes to be made if the port of Jacksonville were thrown open to the world; with endeavoring to foresee the effect upon Northern minds when they should learn that sweet oranges might be grown at Mandarin and elsewhere, twelve hundred to a tree; with providing schools for the town; with a vain effort to drive the laziness out of natives whose sole ambition was satisfied by the ownership of a few cattle that fed, summer and winter, on grass which cost nothing, and of hogs which cost less, and of a few acres of corn requiring but little labor to ripen; and last, but most essential of all things, with a gun and ammunition for the hunt.

On the twenty-first, however, hostile movements upon my picket stations called for greater activity on the upper waters of the St. John's. Colonel Noble, commanding all the forces east of the river, wrote from St. Augustine on the twentieth that the Rebel cavalry officers — Dickerson and Gray — had crossed the river and made prisoners a captain and twenty men at Welaka. The Colonel had ordered



Colonel Harris to push forward with cavalry to protect our posts at Volusia, Enterprise, and Sanders on the river, and Colonel Beecher to occupy Welaka, Horse Landing, and south to the mouth of Dunn's Creek. A raid within that domain which furnished our political supplies for conventions, petitions, delegations, Union meetings, and so forth! — this would never do. But there was still more to come. Another communication from Colonel Noble, received at eleven at night, startled me with the report that a small body of our troops had been captured at another station; and that the enemy, four hundred strong, were marching northward on our side of the river. Directing Colonel Noble to withdraw his men from the St. John's opposite Volusia and Sanders, I started in an hour on the steamer "Houghton" for the nearest point threatened. From Jacksonville I carried two hundred men. By the kindness of Captain Balch, my old friend of the Stono, I was accompanied by two gunboats, the "Ottawa" and a little steam launch named the "Columbine." At Picolata I increased my force by six companies of Colonel Beecher's regiment and all the available men of the 157th New York Volunteers, until the whole numbered between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred men. At the same place I filled bags with sand for the protection of the troops on the "Columbine" (there were no cotton bales, and but one of hay) on her trip through the narrow passes of the river to Volusia.

These preparations caused so much delay that we did not reach the landing opposite Pilatka until the afternoon of the twenty-second. At this point the river begins to narrow so rapidly, that in following it with the boats the men would have been unnecessarily exposed. By marching the troops inland to Volusia through the forest, and sending a gunboat up the river to cut off retreating Rebels, we should have them between the ocean and the St. John's.

Acting on this plan, I directed the "Columbine" to proceed to Volusia, and as much further as her services might be required. With a guard of two officers and twenty-five men from Colonel Beecher's regiment, and his small naval force, the daring commander of this little craft went on, accompanied as far as the mouth of Dunn's Creek by the "Ottawa" under Commander Breese, who was ready and willing to afford all possible protection both to the launch and to the "Houghton." I told him that I intended to push forward towards Volusia, and to assist the commander of the "Columbine" as soon as I could reach him; adding that I should not regard the discharge of artillery as an indication of his being in danger, while he in turn agreed with me to throw up a rocket if he required assistance.

All these proceedings were in full view of the enemy, who, concealed behind his leafy cover on the left bank of the river in and near Pilatka, had prepared to receive us with batteries of artillery as soon as ever our boats, crowded with troops, might be hopelessly entangled in the narrow reaches of the St. John's. Notwithstanding his chagrin at my disembarkation below, the enemy opened upon the gunboats after the "Columbine" had passed, keeping up a spirited fire until finally driven off. So far it was well with the little "Columbine." I directed my march towards the place where the road from St. Augustine crosses Haw Creek, and thence pushed on to Volusia. At Haw Creek I had ordered Colonel Noble, with all his available infantry and cavalry, to meet me.

At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 22d of May, we moved out from under the shade of the superb oaks that lined the banks of the river. It was a late start; but we made nine miles, halting in the night at a miserable hut on the south side of Haw Creek, where I slept on a floor surrounded by negroes, dogs, cats, and babies. I found

the creek unfordable. During the march we heard a great deal of artillery firing in the direction of the mouth of Dunn's Creek ; but as no rockets were fired and no despatches received, I presumed that the gunboats were engaged in the not uncommon occupation of shelling the woods.

In proceeding further on Monday morning, a guide was a necessity. The owner of an adjoining cabin would do ; he was a fine-looking man, athletic and determined, but he would not serve me. It was useless to expostulate with him, or to entreat him ; go he would not. Nor would he reason about it. Nothing could be more ridiculous than that this single man should defy seven hundred soldiers drawn up before his miserable hut ; and it seemed so preposterous that I doubted his sincerity. I therefore rode up to him, so near that I could hear a whisper ; when, "Take me," he said, "and tie me by force. Use force, and I will go with you." In a moment the truth flashed through my mind. He was surrounded by spies ; any offer of aid to us would have been fatal to him after our departure. We therefore adopted his suggestion ; went through a great show of seizing and tying him, and then, lifting him struggling and kicking to the back of a lively mule, with two armed men on either side, we struck out for the forest with the most willing Southerner who ever guided a Yankee army on its way. A better Union man, a truer guide, or a more interesting fellow-traveller I never found during all the war. That day we made thirty miles. Through the woods all the way, over a perfectly flat country, under the same monotony of pines, on the edges of swamps which were to my unskilled vision ever the same, over paths never changing in aspect, this experienced hunter led us, pointing out the slightest variations which served as landmarks.

We came at last to the crossing of Haw Creek, beyond which I found that Colonel Noble had pushed his infantry four miles, and that his cavalry was at Volusia. The garrison at this place was safe; but the two small posts at Welaka and Sanders had shamefully surrendered without firing a gun. There was no enemy on our side of the river, though the country people were much excited, affirming that there were seven hundred Rebels on Haw Creek. On Tuesday, the twenty-fourth, I directed the cavalry to drive in all the beef-cattle that could be found, for it was well known that they were being gathered for Rebel use; also to send word to the "Columbine" to return. The infantry I ordered to concentrate in camp nine miles south of St. Augustine, at the city itself, and at Picolata. The troops I had brought from Jacksonville were to return there. I found my transport steamer, the "Houghton," at Orange Mills. In the fracas of Sunday she had been struck three times with twelve-pound shot amidships and near her walking-beam. She did n't like it, and steamed down the river. Here I heard of the loss of the naval steam-launch "Columbine," and the capture of most of those on board. She had gone up safe to her destination, and safe she might have returned, had my advice, to run only by night, been heeded. But, scorning the words of a landsman, the over-zealous commander came to grief opposite Horse Landing, on Monday, the twenty-third. A Rebel battery had been so posted on the left bank of the river as to make his capture a certainty. In the narrowest part of her course the "Columbine" met her doom. The youthful naval commander made some resistance, but in vain; for his rudder-chains were shot away by a raking fire of artillery, his decks were swept fore and aft, while a brisk musketry fire disabled many of his men. The situation was desperate, and nothing was left but to surrender,

which was done, although a few escaped and made their way to Haw Creek with news of the disaster.

By this movement I confirmed reports that there was no enemy at Camp Finnigan; that the force at Camp Milton numbered six hundred effective men of the Second Florida Cavalry and two pieces of artillery; that at Baldwin there were no troops and only two pieces of artillery; that there were two hundred men at Pilatka, and two thousand State troops expected at Camp Milton; and that Dunham's light battery was on the St. John's, near Welaka, Sanders, and at Horse Landing.

When I had arrived at Jacksonville, I determined to return the enemy's attentions by a raid on his works at Camp Milton. This strongly-intrenched camp was about eleven miles from my headquarters, and contained the largest body of troops collected at a single station in the State. This defensive work, which covered the railroad to Lake City and all the dirt roads that ran due west from Jacksonville, was constructed after the Olustee disaster to oppose marches to Baldwin and beyond. I knew that it would be very difficult to capture the works by a direct assault; but I discovered from scouts and from deserters that it could be very easily turned.

By the twenty-eighth my preparations were nearly complete. Colonel Noble, with a command numbering twelve hundred and fifty-two, collected at night and concentrated at Jacksonville, was directed to effect a landing at the intersection of Cedar with McGirt's Creek, — a point two miles from the mouth of the latter, on the St. John's River, and easily reached by boats from Jacksonville, — and thence to march rapidly before morning in a southwesterly direction to a crossing of the same creek, where, turning northerly, he was to follow it up until he had gained the rear of the enemy's line of intrenchments. A second

column under Colonel Shaw, numbering twelve hundred and ninety-nine men, was ordered to move from Jacksonville, march on the dirt road south of the railroad, and threaten the intrenched line in front.

Colonel Noble, with assistance from naval boats, landed his troops and began his march at about three o'clock in the morning of the 1st of June. At the same hour Colonel Shaw moved out from Jacksonville. The front and rear of the enemy's works were gained at about the same time, but too late to capture the enemy. We saw abundant evidence of his hasty flight in trestle-work on the railroad in flames, in stores abandoned, cooking utensils thrown away, and in one hundred bushels of corn involuntarily issued for our use. The line of Rebel fortifications surprised me; it was of great strength, and capable of offering resistance to a very large force. The breastworks were made of huge logs firmly fastened and covered with earth. At the base the log parapet was six feet in width; at the top three feet. Field artillery could have made but little impression upon this work. The stockades were composed of timber from twelve to sixteen inches thick, with loop-holes two feet apart, and protected at the base by dirt thrown up from a ditch, which covered the whole line of works. At every fifty yards there was a salient or re-entering angle. Two works in the rear for artillery had been erected; they were very strong and most elaborately finished, having a sharpness of outline almost equal to masonry. Guns on these works completely commanded the approach from Jacksonville by rail. The line as I have described it extended about a mile and a half, when a new line began. Across the dirt road, north of the railroad, the works were of the same character as the others, save that in addition to stockades there were platforms and embrasures for artillery. Here, too, the defences were of great solidity

and beautifully finished. These defences were fired; the logs burned fiercely, and the works were completely demolished. Thus not only was the labor of many thousands of men for many weeks rendered utterly useless, but one of the most formidable barriers to the march of an army to Tallahassee removed.

The column that moved to the rear was strong enough to hold its own against any force it was likely to meet. As it moved with its right resting on the creek, it gradually opened easy communication with the column moving from Jacksonville. Not even an attempt was made by the enemy in defence, so surprisingly had we come upon him, so rapidly and so promptly had my plans been executed.

Having accomplished the sole object of the movement, having remained from twelve to twenty-four hours within the enemy's camp, I ordered, on the morning of the 2d of June, a return to Jacksonville. As the troops were forming, the enemy made a demonstration with some show of numbers and a heavy skirmish fire. Reports from the front, that two large columns of the enemy were passing to the rear of my left, moving down the railroad to gain a nasty defile at Black or Cedar Creek, seemed to make it a work of prudence to hold that crossing with my own troops; for this was the only place where the creek was passable on my line of communication with Jacksonville, where I had left but four hundred men. Colonel Shaw was directed to send his own colored regiment rapidly to the creek, and Colonel Noble to retire to within one mile therefrom,—which he proceeded to do, although at the time the enemy were falling back before him. The position at Cedar Creek secure, I halted my command, and the men got breakfast. We were here an hour, at the end of which time the enemy again appeared, and opened with a purposeless skirmish fire, which we easily silenced. At

no time could we possibly discover the actual numbers before us. The country is flat and wooded; and one must guess as to the strength or purposes of his enemy. In the Seminole war our officers suffered from the peculiar adaptability of the country to concealment. Major Dade and his command were all massacred by a foe in ambush. Seymour at Olustee moved in this cribbed and confined forest to a disaster second only to Dade's.

We reached Jacksonville at dusk of the 2d of June. And here ended my Florida campaign. General Birney had returned to his old command; and I was ordered to present myself in person to the Adjutant-General at Washington.

Once more on the steam-ship "Arago," bowling along off the Jersey shore, I filled my lungs with fresh and invigorating air. On the morning of the 13th of June I was at Washington, where I received with ill-concealed chagrin an order to report in person to Major-General Canby, commanding the Military Division of the West Mississippi, for assignment to duty. On Sunday, the eighteenth, I sailed from New York for New Orleans, where I arrived on the twenty-sixth, having been detained on the bar for twenty-four hours. Neither waste nor desolation had touched the plantations and cultivated fields on the Lower Mississippi, though most of the Rebel owners had fled from their stately homes. Near the city the New Orleans barracks came in view, and then the old battle-field where General Jackson won renown. Eighteen years had passed since, on my way to Mexico with General Scott, I had drilled my company of Mounted Riflemen upon that field, lived in those barracks, and galloped with my companions to the St. Charles Hotel, now filled with Yankee officers, within that city where Butler once reigned.

New Orleans was intensely hot. Charges for living



were most exorbitant; room without board at the St. Charles, three dollars a day; a simple breakfast at a restaurant, one dollar; a frugal dinner, two dollars; two small slices of dry toast, fifteen cents; the same for a cup of tea or coffee; ten cents for ice and butter; sixty cents for one small mutton chop. The simplest fare cost six dollars a day. I heard of money-making and corruption. Perhaps the officers could not live on their pay! It was said that Butler allowed his civilian brother to make money by the purchase of unadvertised property at enforced sales; but who that knows Butler will believe this?

The city presented an appearance of great activity. There was a vast deal of cotton here; twenty-five hundred bales had just come in, — the property, I was told, of those who were outside, claiming to be loyal men. So might any man claim to be loyal who, by sending his cotton to New Orleans, could get a good price for it in gold. A convention was in session in the city to manufacture a Constitution for the State on its readmission to the Union. A majority of the members were policemen, it was said, and all were men of little ability and less honesty. They were then, I was told, discussing a constitutional provision that policemen should hold office during good behavior, and receive one thousand dollars a year; and still another, that nine hours should constitute a day's labor on the public works. The convention held its meetings in the City Hall, a large stone building, in which over the President's head stand forth in bold letters the words, "Louisiana! the first returning State. Her voice is liberty!—*Major-General N. P. Banks.*" But the reign of Banks was over. The fearful fiasco of the Red River campaign had been much talked about, and a great deal of scorn was expressed for Banks and his generalship.

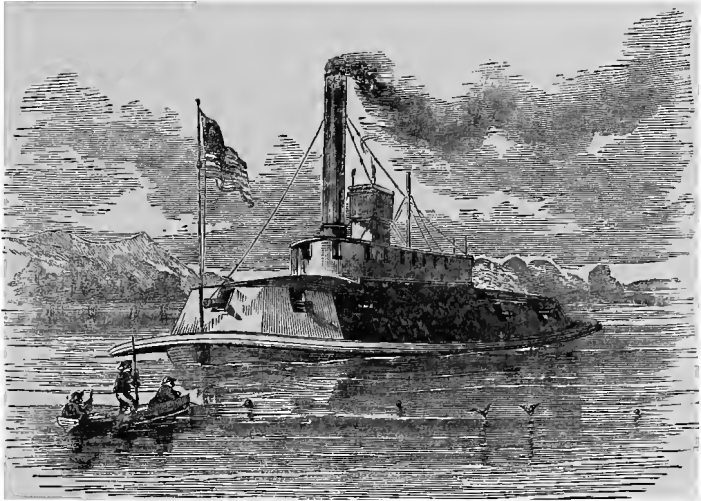
On the 2d of July I received from General Canby orders

to report to Major-General C. C. Washburn at Memphis, then in command of the District of West Tennessee. Special instructions accompanied this order. Five thousand troops were supposed to be on their way down the river to Morganzia, Louisiana, by virtue of orders sent to Washburn on the 28th of June. It was Canby's wish that these troops should be sent, if needed, to the support of General Steele, whose headquarters were at Little Rock. I was consequently directed to keep an incessant watch for the transports carrying this command, and to order them to return to the mouth of White River if I met them below that point; but if above, then to direct them to return there. The use to be made of this command was specified. If General Steele's communications were endangered, — of which I should be informed by the officer commanding the naval district, — I was to proceed up the White River and use the troops to the best advantage.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we left New Orleans for Memphis, on the passenger steamer "Olive Branch," — a fine, commodious boat, running on private account and risk from New Orleans to St. Louis. River navigation was not secure. Despite the efforts of all our gunboats and all our land forces at various points, it was seldom that a transport escaped a severe fire from Rebel artillery and musketry. Whether the quality of Rebel mercy would be strained in our behalf by the gentle name of peace which our steamer bore, remained to be seen. The captain, at all events, did not rely upon it, for he had covered his bow and his boilers with huge piles of cord-wood, and somewhat protected the forward part of his upper deck with boxes of hard bread, lest, as on his last downward trip, he should receive salutations from Rebel riflemen along the river.

On Sunday, the third, I had time to study the appearance of those who were making this perilous passage in a

flimsy boat, unarmed and unguarded against dangers which might burst upon us from the wooded cover of the bank, or at any bend of the many windings of the Mississippi, where the channel carries one into the very arms of a waiting foe. At various points said to be dangerous there were gunboats in waiting along our course; but neither in strength nor numbers could they be of much service to prevent our great unwieldy white-pine transport



GUNBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

from being riddled with musketry or with artillery. There were along the river certain places known to be held by the enemy in strong force, and these it would be necessary to pass at night. There was Marmaduke with five thousand men and seventeen pieces of artillery, a portion only of his command, who, it was said, had blockaded the river between the mouths of the Arkansas and the White. But all such threatened ills did not deter a dozen women, as

well as many male non-combatants, from rushing into possible peril. There were also some children on their way to St. Louis schools; soldiers going home for a brief furlough; soldiers discharged, who had had enough of it; cotton merchants from New Orleans, and citizens not travelling for amusement, I fancy. In every state-room there were suggestive notices that life-preservers at the head of each mattress "can be put on like jackets;" that the doors and blinds could be easily lifted off, and that these would save from drowning.

On Monday, the 4th of July, we were fifty miles above Natchez. It was a dangerous neighborhood. Near a point we had just passed our boat had been fired at on her last downward trip; but now we went unmolested towards an abrupt bend on our left, thickly wooded to the water line. On our right a gunboat at anchor arrested us with a signal to await the arrival of one of her small boats with a communication. This proved to be a statement that the enemy in large force, with infantry and artillery, had within an hour taken possession of the bend of the river, and that it would be very dangerous to proceed. Saying this, and calling attention to a long line of fires indicated by smoke curling above the tree-tops, the officer in charge returned to his gunboat, leaving us to the counsels of our own unaided wisdom. In this extremity the captain of the "Olive Branch" consulted my pleasure; for it was well understood that on all transports within the theatre of our military operations, or when engaged in the transportation of troops, the highest officer in rank assumed command of the vessel. We were as yet such a distance from the entrance to the channel which was to be followed in doubling the dangerous point, that there was ample time to steam away to the gunboat, tie up, and allow it, with such consorts as it could gather, to try their mettle upon the enemy. Should we do it, or

run on and take our chances? The captain thought he could pass safely, and was quite willing to run; but would do as I ordered. My mind was instantly made up; and I told him to go ahead. In less time than I can write it the "Olive Branch" was ready for action. Women, children, and male non-combatants were thrust into the hold below the water-line; the clerk took refuge behind his safe, the captain and pilots behind the iron gratings in the pilot-house, while those whose duty it was to appear indifferent to danger remained on the upper deck behind a parapet of hard-bread boxes. Thus defying artillery and musketry, the "Olive Branch" buckled down to her work. Out of her huge smoke-stacks rolled black smoke in thick clouds, out of her steam-pipes the steam puffed from her high-pressure engines, until the water spurted from her bows as she tore into the very teeth of the enemy, sheered gracefully off or on for many an anxious mile as the tortuous channel wound its course around the point, and carried us all, unharmed and unmolested, beyond and above the wooded bend. That there was an enemy in our path was not to be denied; yet that the "Olive Branch" was in but little danger from any organized body of the enemy operating anywhere on the Mississippi River did not, in my mind, admit of doubt. When the captain paid such little heed to advices from the gunboat, and was unmoved by camp-fires, I more than half suspected some understanding with the enemy, some consideration moving them in his behalf. I hoped he knew his risk; I doubted not that he did. Indeed, we saw enough to know that profitable mercantile relations between Northern traders and Southern owners of cotton and merchandise all along the Mississippi and its tributaries were winked at by Southern civil and military authorities, provided those engaged in the iniquity, by the permission of Northern civil function-

aries and very grim Union generals, gave as a consideration exchange on London or contraband of war. "Why," I asked in amazement of our captain, "Why do I see under the very noses of our gunboats small river steamers plying up and down the Mississippi and all the lesser streams and bayous in its valley, stopping at small towns and villages, where all the life to be seen is in the scowling, ugly faces of rascals who look as if they would murder a man for his boots, or lying at night near some settlement, with their cabins aglow with lamps, and festive sounds of music on their decks?" And I was answered that through such means our merchants of the East collected Southern cotton within the lines of Southern Rebel occupation, often without even a pretence of prior purchase by Union men, which was sometimes needed to overcome the scruples of honest civil or military authorities. Such purchase indeed was at best a shallow device, and never worked to despoil the Rebel army of its equivalent return of contraband of war. The methods of this dishonest business were revealed to me by a smart cotton trader from New York, which in his case consisted of a purchase in New York some months before — from a person whose home and whose cotton were within Rebel lines — of several bales of cotton at eight cents per pound. The next step in the game was played by an alien, who could plead exemption from the restrictions of trade which hamper the non-combatants of belligerents, or, that failing, could deceive an honest Union general into a belief of ownership through forged and fraudulent bills of sale. In this case the alien was a Frenchman, who willingly agreed to land the cotton in New Orleans as his own, for twenty thousand dollars. This sum was paid, and the New Yorker got his cotton.

On the fifth, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we reached a small place called Columbia, — a dangerous point, which

was invariably passed by boats at night. A fortnight before, the Rebels had placed guns in position to stop the upward passage of General A. J. Smith with twelve thousand men; but Smith landed below, put the Rebels to flight by threatening their rear, and impressed them with such wholesome convictions of the determination of the Union forces to keep the river open, that, as we were informed by a gunboat off the point, there had been no renewal of the hostile occupation. We reached the mouth of the White River at half past one A. M., of the sixth, without having received a sign from the five thousand troops with which I was to operate on that stream. They had not passed me; for every boat we had encountered, whether by night or by day, had been halted and questioned. Nor had they left Memphis. Nothing remained, therefore, but to inquire about the situation, and then proceed to Memphis and endeavor to collect troops for further action.

The commander of the naval fleet off the mouth of the river was disturbed in his slumbers by my inquiries at the very moment of my arrival. Steele's communications, he informed me, were not threatened by the enemy at this time; he had sent him yesterday two and one half millions of money to pay troops with. A Rebel general (Shelby) had, however, made a demonstration on the Mississippi near the White River with twenty-five hundred men, and had captured and destroyed a gunboat; but the guns and material had been recaptured by another gunboat, and Shelby's troops had been driven some eight or nine miles back by our General Carr, to Cache River, where he then was. Then there was the Rebel General Marmaduke with eight thousand men and forty-seven pieces of artillery on the right bank of the Arkansas River, extending his lines from Red Pine Fork to a point about eight miles from the mouth, intending as soon as he could to close both

the Arkansas and White River; and this accounted for his disproportionate amount of artillery, and for the twenty-pounder Parrotts among his pieces. The Rebel General Price was also at hand, with an intention, so the naval officer thought, to unite with Marmaduke in an attack on Steele, but not until the waters of the Arkansas were low enough to afford a better opportunity for the Rebels to retreat in case of defeat. Nothing was left me but to proceed to Memphis in search of the promised infantry, *en route* to Morganzia. I arrived there late in the night of the sixth, found a bed at the Gayoso House at two o'clock on the morning of the seventh, and reported early to General Washburn, to find him sick in bed, and to learn that he had no troops to send either to Morganzia or to White River.

We were delayed until the eighteenth by events which were not under our control, and sailed on that date on the steamer "Continental" for the mouth of the White River. There we were to meet one brigade of infantry and two batteries of artillery, with the possibility of securing other troops if we needed them.

The days I had spent in Memphis had been dreary. We had heard of the splendid triumph of the "Kearsarge" over the "Alabama;" and there were reports of Rebel raids across the Potomac, quotations of gold at two hundred and seventy, the resignation of Mr. Secretary Chase and Mr. Lincoln's effort to fill his place with an incompetent Mr. Todd, and the War Secretary's action in sustaining a detective named Baker in his infamous charges concerning the male and female operatives in the printing department of the Treasury, — these and more, that it would not now be wise to recall, scarce served to lighten a single hour of our wretchedness.

At nine at night the "swift and commodious" steamer



"Continental" was still harrying the air with that hideous sound of escaping steam which precedes the moment of departure. A single plank connected the outer darkness with the brilliant illumination of the saloon. Beyond the glare of pine torches at the landing, within the indistinct film of blackness which covered the streets, the houses, and the people, human figures flitted restlessly around, or squatted feebly on their hams, idly gazing at and idly dreaming of anything and everything that came athwart their vision. The boat was crowded with passengers; there were soldiers, convalescents, returning to their commands; citizens, followers of such fortune as might fall to them from the wreck and ruin of their fellows; and women, young and old. The decks were even more crowded, — cattle and hogs, ammunition, boxes piled up to the floor-boards of the cabin above, and a very heavy load of commissary stores heaped in that confusion which is always manifest in the few last moments before a boat's departure. "What a freight this is," I thought, "to expose on these amiable waters, where snags, sawyers, bars, fire, and exploded boilers have enlisted the co-operative deviltry of man's destructive ingenuity." And what that deviltry was capable of doing, we most unexpectedly realized in the last moments of our stay at Memphis. As the captain was about giving his final order to get under way, a man rushed along the hurricane deck, jumped to the shore, and disappeared in the darkness. With this episode there came the cry of "Fire!" and then a yell of "Shoot him!" followed by a glare and lighting up of eager faces, as flames began to lick up the light woodwork which, connecting with the cabins on the hurricane deck, held the rope controlling the rudder from the pilot-house. For a moment there was a panic among the passengers, but it was soon at an end, and an orderly movement for the

shore was arrested with the cry that the fire was out and all danger passed. A slight examination revealed that a sponge saturated with turpentine had been crammed into the pine guides which held the rudder-rope, and set on fire, with the hope that when the boat backed into the stream the flame would make headway, and the boat, thus without a rudder, would be beyond control. In the darkness of that night, helplessly afloat on the turbulent waters of the Mississippi, with ammunition on board, and under the appalling fear of flames, the result to man and beast would have been too dreadful to contemplate. The fiend who made this attempt escaped; but the "Continental" survived to carry us without further adventure to our destination, which we reached at eleven the next night.

On the 21st of July, with a brigade of infantry and one section of artillery on seven transports, I began the ascent of White River, under convoy of four gunboats, for the occupation of St. Charles Bluff. Our movement was very slow, for the channel was tortuous and shallow (a scant four and one half feet of water on the bars). At Little Island we were several hours getting over the bar; the fleet meanwhile lay at anchor in the river, exposed to attacks from an irregular force that infested the banks. On the twenty-third we approached the Bluff. There seemed to be an understanding between the Rebels in this neighborhood and the pilots of our transports, for the latter saluted these gentry with a white handkerchief, or with a friendly greeting when near. At all events we had not been molested, nor had the pilot of my boat been fired into in twenty-one previous trips. At nine o'clock in the morning we were ready to land.

A reconnoissance with cavalry under General Lee was made, but no enemy discovered, though our troops were fired at by one of our own gunboats higher up towards

Duvall's Bluff, under the mistaken impression that we were the enemy whom we expected to find. The works at St. Charles Bluff had been erected more than one year previously by the enemy to hold the river. They were extensive and strong. The line was crenellated with platforms for artillery in the salients, and ditches and parapets were well revetted. The abandonment of the place was probably due to the occupation of Arkansas by our troops from Missouri. But whatever may have been the motive, I was saved an immense amount of digging, for it was only necessary to throw up short lines to complete works on the most important positions.

Picks and shovels having been provided, the men were soon at work, while in the mean time residents were interviewed, who could not, it seemed, feel too thankful for this break in their monotonous lives. A peaceful-looking old man, originally from Pennsylvania, withheld nothing he knew ; but unfortunately he knew nothing which he might not have withheld without loss to us or fear for his surroundings. The poor inhabitants remained to meet us ; but the chickens, pigs, cattle, and a patriarchal cock, with a most sagacious instinct, had fled from the blandishments of seven-foot Indiana volunteers to the protection which my presence afforded. Here I awaited the expected reinforcements from Vicksburg and the establishment of an infantry force at Prairie Landing to protect the river, which was falling rapidly to three feet on the bars. Then, under the convoy of a slow Western river monitor called the "Turtle," — a saurian it greatly resembled in form and movement, — we made in thirty-six hours of floating what should have been done in six of sailing, and arrived after butting the points, rubbing the bars, and jamming the curves, at two o'clock P. M., of the 24th of July, at that delectable abode of human misery stranded at what is

known as "the mouth of White River." The habitations, the population, and the surroundings of this avenue to a Western slave State differ but little from similar points all along the Mississippi. A half-dozen wretched log-houses on a muddy bank, and two or three flat-boats fitted up as stores on the water; heaps of damaged corn, bundles of musty hay, and miserable refugees sick and dying; children, motherless, fatherless, homeless, a dirty bundle their all; steamboats overloaded with private and Government stores; a few dirty soldiers and many sick ones; officers eating at soldiers' tables in soldiers' kitchens; accumulated filth, diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera, — these all marked and characterized the low and foggy spot off which three gunboats were then lying to protect the avenue to Arkansas, which was the highway to Duvall's Bluff, one hundred and eighty miles up a river, with three feet of water in the channel, and thence forty miles to Little Rock.

We did not get flattering accounts of our army in Arkansas. Want of discipline, want of police, want of proper civil and military administration, corruption and drunkenness, unrestrained liquor-selling, contractors and quartermasters engaged in knavish practices (among which I may mention a contract to cut and press prairie hay for the Government at thirty dollars a ton, for which the man was offered, so he informed me, seven thousand dollars in Chicago), — these were some of the evils that threatened the efficiency of our army there. And this too at a time when there was evidence of remarkable Rebel activity in Arkansas; of Shelby's moving from Jacksonport with two thousand cavalry and artillery to the neighborhood of Little Red River, where there were said to be two or three thousand infantry under a General Adams, who had replaced one McCrea, arrested for cotton trading with "truly loyal Yankees;" of Mar-

maduke, who with five to six thousand men had crossed the Arkansas, and was marching northerly towards the White River; of Fagan at Monticello, with six or eight thousand cavalry; of Price with ten or twelve thousand men at Camden; of Kirby Smith at Shreveport, and Buckner with from twenty to twenty-five thousand men (Dick Taylor's late command) at the same place; and of attempts to close the White River with batteries as soon as infantry could be brought to support them at Crockett's Bluff, at Prairie Landing (twenty-five miles from the mouth), if I should not get there first, and at St. Charles, if I had not already occupied that place.

The arrival of General Bailey from Vicksburg, on the twenty-fifth, with but eight or nine hundred of the twelve hundred that had sailed, filled me with such apprehensions of disaster that I sent one of my boats in search of the "Clara Bell," in which the missing men had taken passage. Meanwhile I was watching eagerly for the arrival of the much-needed commissary stores and ordnance from Memphis. During this wearisome time General Bailey was a most entertaining companion. He told me of the commencement, methods of construction, and the difficulties he had to contend with in building his successful dam on the Red River. At first Banks would not listen to him; then Admiral Porter was sceptical; but at last every prejudice gave way before his earnest demonstration, and thus a practical mill-builder saved the navy from probable destruction. The 26th of July passed without news from the missing steamer, and without supplies from Memphis. Having determined, therefore, to await them no longer, I had given orders to my boats to be in readiness at daylight of the twenty-seventh to take us up on the morrow, when I was aroused at night by news that the steamer "Gladiator," on her way to New Orleans, reported heavy

fighting at Helena, Arkansas, and that our loss was sixty or seventy in killed. A change in my plans became necessary. The gunboat "Tyler" of our convoy was requested to go to Helena; General Bailey, with six companies of the Sixth Michigan regiment, was despatched to St. Charles, and I remained to await the arrival of expected troops, and to put them to such uses as the future might demand.

Before General Bailey's departure, which was delayed until the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, the supplies from Memphis had arrived; but it was not until the convoy had sailed that I became apprised of the disaster which had overtaken the "Clara Bell" and the missing troops on board. With four companies of the Sixth Michigan, their equipments and engineering tools, the steamer, it appeared, was passing along the Arkansas shore at a point forty miles below Napoleon, when a Rebel battery, till then concealed, opened with a rapid fire upon the boat and her defenceless passengers. With shot-holes clear through her hull below the water-line, with the troops crowding to the boat's side farthest from the point of attack until she keeled almost to the water's edge, she made for the Mississippi shore, plunged her bows into the mud, and exposed to the Rebel battery the view of a steamer unloading living freight with more celerity than ever before known on that river. Out of range, the soldiers halted and took counsel of affairs. It was thought possible to plug up the holes and continue the passage; and so they would have done, had not the Rebels changed the position of their guns, and opened so furiously with shells that the boat was set on fire and utterly destroyed. The first gun had been fired at ten A. M., and at two P. M. the "Clara Bell" was in ashes. One of our many gunboats went to the steamer's assistance, only to seek her own safety in flight. Some ten miles down the river from where the flames were destroying the

last vestige of their boat, the Sixth Michigan soldiers made their way to where a gunboat lay, thence they re-embarked on a regular passenger steamer from New Orleans, and again were on their way to the wooded shore which hid the Rebel gunners. Concealing the troops and so disposing his lights as to resemble a gunboat, the captain passed safely under cover of night, and delivered his men at the mouth of the White River without further illustration of the delightful pastime it had become to sail the waters of the Mississippi or its confluents.

On the morning of the 30th of July, at three o'clock, I was aroused to another realization of this shuttlecock existence by an aid of General Canby's, who had arrived on the steamer "Continental" bringing me orders to sail with my whole command for Morganzia, La., as soon as I should be relieved by troops to be sent by General Washburn. On the 1st of August in the afternoon, no troops having arrived for my relief, I took the steamer "White Cloud" for Memphis. Since my occupation of St. Charles I could say with truth that "peace reigned in Warsaw." Every steamer from these waters, reports from our General Lee, and personal inspection by General Bailey revealed a condition of absolute security, save in a single instance of impotent guerilla firing upon our boats at Prairie Landing. Lee had sent a reconnoissance to the Arkansas River and found nothing between it and St. Charles; nothing at Arkansas Post. He had also further acquainted himself with the position of all the Rebel troops in Arkansas, and with the fact that many commanders were away recruiting men for their depleted ranks. The good effects of the seizure of St. Charles Bluff were also testified to by Generals Lee and Bailey, who were persuaded that after our possession of that point hostile movements were abandoned by the enemy. The further confirmation of this belief by General

Steele, in a letter to me written on the 26th of July, with a memorandum of the position of Rebel forces west of the Mississippi, resulted in the conclusion which I had reached, that I should be justified in visiting Memphis, to urge upon General Washburn immediate compliance with General Canby's orders; for only thus could I, with proper expedition, report for the new field awaiting me.

At five o'clock of the 3d of August I was with the General in Memphis, hearing the disagreeable news that he had no troops to spare, that General Sherman had ordered him to send out a command under A. J. Smith to keep French from entering Tennessee, and that I should have to wait some time for troops to relieve my command on the White River. Calling his attention to the fact that General Canby's orders were peremptory, and that I might be obliged to abandon St. Charles, I was met by Washburn's assertions that he was under Sherman's orders and must obey him; but that after tea, if I would call again, he would in the mean time confer with General A. J. Smith and give me an answer. This he did, and a favorable one, though he cut down my demand for two thousand troops to a division numbering a little over twelve hundred men and two sections of artillery. I suspected that this small concession was due to new light which broke upon him, as upon a closer inspection of his military status he found that General Canby was in fact empowered to order Washburn's troops to be sent wherever he desired. At my solicitation the movement of this division began as soon as the steamers had coaled, — a preliminary which I made it my business to get under way that very night.

With everything in training for an early start, I fell into a most interesting discussion with General Washburn about the cotton trade between rebellious and loyal persons within his own military district. The General was



anxious to put a stop to all private trade in cotton, reserving the buying of this staple for the exclusive benefit of the United States. His reasons for this he had imparted to our Government in a long communication which he read to me. A system of checks and balances was to be so arranged that dishonesty and bribery should be impossible; and the Government was to have the profit. Out of the so-called cotton trade, as then conducted, came swindling, dishonesty, corruption, and violations of law, of which supplies of contraband of war to the enemy was not the least; all private rights in this traffic were pernicious, and the permissive clemency of the Government was abused. Three hundred thousand bales of cotton, General Washburn thought, could have been obtained that year, which, at one dollar and fifty cents per pound, would have amounted to seven hundred dollars per bale, or two hundred and ten millions of dollars. The profit on this sum would have accrued to the Government if private trade had been suppressed. But, as it was, much of this cotton was sure to find its way to our lines in exchange for ammunition, supplies, and sterling exchange. There was at that time but little effort made to exclude Rebel emissaries from our lines on the Mississippi. I found one at the mouth of White River, who, without let or hindrance, had been exchanging commodities with army and navy commanders. He did not wish money for his vegetables, he said, he would take commissary stores; he had twelve in his family and seven negroes, whom he "fed precisely as he fed himself;" he was a Union man; the Rebels knew it, and would not interfere with him; he could come and go as he wished. By such drivelling utterances had this knave so imposed upon a gunboat commander, an easy and hungry man, that a free passage and unlimited smuggling had resulted for the small consideration of green corn and vegetables for gunboat use.

Nor was this the only result of maladministration within this region. Every day I discovered the evil effects which this traffic in cotton was producing in both branches of our service. To the closed eye the mouth of the White River was nothing but a Sahara, a stopping-place for boats, redolent with chills and fever and poverty; but to the open eye it offered a most promising future for greenbacks. So thought Major—— of our army, an ex-major, who came, saw, and resigned. A covered flat-boat (one among the many mean-looking craft, roofed over head and holding goods enough to supply a city, owned by "truly loyal peddlers" wanting "facilities") holding a bar, loafing-room, sleeping-rooms, dining-room, and kitchen; a second boat for a store, filled with cheap goods; a log-house on shore as store number two; a contract with our Government to supply boats on White River with wood at three dollars a cord, and a contract with negroes (refugees) to cut it on Rebel lands at one dollar, to be paid in goods; a cotton field, under cover of United States gunboats, of more than one hundred acres, with the cotton now in bloom, and carefully cultivated by contrabands at one dollar a day in goods,—these were the tangible fields in which the Major sought compensation for that sense of glory which makes it "sweet for one's country to die." No more for him the tented field, ear-piercing fife, and army muster-rolls; but instead thereof the steamers that wanted cord-wood, seven or eight at a time, to ascend White River; the mouths that wanted feeding while waiting for boats; the soldiers and negroes and Rebel deserters and refugees who traded at his stores; the cotton which found its way out from Rebel fields and from his own; and last, but not least, the enemy's desire to trade, which the Major found more pleasant and profitable than danger from his bullets. For all that any man could make out of this place the Major was the man;

but he was not the only man. Movements here that had seemed strange and unintelligible were becoming clear.

I had seized a steamer for service on the White River, much to the regret and dismay of its captain, who pleaded a release from Government use as a reason why I should relieve him, for a short visit to his home. "You would not believe me," he said, "if I told you that I have been up the Red River by permission of Abraham Lincoln on the one hand, Jefferson Davis, Kirby Smith, and other Rebel characters on the other, for cotton to be delivered to an old friend or partner of Lincoln's; but it is true nevertheless." General Washburn explained this enigma. The traffic was allowed, with the understanding that if the Rebels could sell their cotton they would evacuate the region which held it.

Banks's Red River expedition was solely a cotton speculating raid. It was well understood that all the cotton seized by the troops should be paid for. But the expedition came to grief through the arrival of Admiral Porter with his fleet within the waters of the river, and his seizure as prizes of war of all the cotton that the Rebels had transported to the banks. The bluff old Admiral was not informed of the uses to which he was to be put, and went about this business in a sailor-like way which seemed to Rebel traders to savor strongly of treachery. Kirby Smith was so enraged at what he called a violation of the contract that he burned thousands of bales, and drove Banks and his wagons in confusion from the region. Banks's expedition in the Têche country, General Washburn says, was organized for a similar purpose; but there, rumor had it, the speculators were more fortunate. Under threats of destruction of cotton and sugar, these products were transported in immense quantities to New Orleans, where a low price was offered the unfortunate owner, with the choice of accept-

ance or confiscation for disloyalty. I withhold the names of prominent officers whose fortunes were made while the soldiers were gulled, the owners defrauded, and the country's fame besmirched. Washburn could make any day, he said, one hundred thousand dollars by closing his eyes to the true inwardness of this vile cotton traffic. "Have you ever thought," he asked, "that the cotton crop within the Rebel country would in a single year, at present prices, pay the whole debt thus far incurred by the Rebels in carrying on the war?"

The further discussion of this interesting subject was interrupted by the necessity of giving my personal attention to the embarkation of troops; and even then there were irritating delays, so that it was half-past three o'clock in the morning of the 4th of August before we were off. On the way down I stopped for half an hour at Helena. General Buford was in command, and occupied, with his wife and a pleasant young lady from Boston, the only decent house in tumble-down, shaken-down, seedy, frowzy, ragged Helena, — a place which rum, negroes, and predestination had made a by-word and a reproach among habitations. Buford deemed himself insulted by a body of Rebel troops reported to be within nine miles of Helena, and determined to remain. "Why can't you," said Mrs. Buford, "disembark your troops and help my husband drive this Rebel force away? We have a leave of absence, and can't take it, General Buford says, until the Rebels move. And then, too," she added, "there is such a chance for glory!" This was ingenuous and pertinent. It reminded me of a late newspaper paragraph mourning the death of General McPherson at Atlanta; it closed with the announcement that his grandmother attended the funeral. I was obliged to excuse myself with a plea of more important duties, and bade good-by to those who

in half an hour had filled my whole future with pleasing remembrances.

At eight in the evening we had made the mouth of the White River. Everything was *in statu quo*. The quartermaster, running over with an unusual abundance of rumors, chewed his usual amount of tobacco, and was more than usually addle-headed. General Bailey was not ready to go down the river. In the mean time my new troops were to leave under convoy, August the 5th, to relieve General Lee and his command; and General Bailey with three boats was to take the "Polar Star," "Kenton," and "St. Cloud," at a quarter before five in the afternoon, for Morganzia, running as much as possible at night.

On the sixth, at noon, the steamer "Gladiator" arrived, bringing an aid from General Canby with despatches to the effect, that, the enemy having left the neighborhood of Morganzia, I should remain where I was if Steele's communications were threatened, unless Washburn's troops had arrived to relieve me,—in which event I should proceed down the river, and if I found the enemy attempting to cross the Mississippi, use "to the best advantage the force at my disposal;" and suggesting that perhaps I might stop at Vicksburg and act with or aid General Slocum. When I received this order Bailey's command was below Vicksburg, and Washburn's force, or rather Colonel Moore's division, was steaming up White River. My plans, therefore, were not changed, and I only awaited the arrival of General Lee's brigade to follow General Bailey. By three o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth the whole brigade had arrived, but could not get off in time to run by night past certain Rebel batteries which were said to be awaiting us. Our start was therefore deferred until the next day, and hence two more events of minor importance remain to be chronicled.

We had overhauled a dug-out floating "way down the river," laden with its proprietor, one passenger, several watermelons at seventy-five cents each, and chickens at fifty cents, — those that had not died from the heat, — when a man was captured as he was dashing into the forest. A search revealed a half-bushel of quinine upon his person. The man had come from Memphis, was suspected and followed by one of General Washburn's aids, through whom the capture was made, and by whom the penalty of confiscation was imposed. The second incident furnished an illustration of the prevailing demoralization which on this river offers its seductions to all grades and manners of persons alike. Through my staff I had been approached by the owner of five hundred bales of cotton, which he wished to sell me at fifty cents a pound. The cotton was deposited not far from where we were, in a safe place, whence it could be easily brought. No commander could have availed himself of this opportunity without doing so at the expense of impairing his own usefulness in his country's service. It was a palpable case of "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" and I made it by bidding an eternal farewell, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the ninth, to the mouth of the White River and its speculators.

In the early night the moon sank below the horizon, and the darkness covered us, as, with our six boats trimmed to resemble gunboats, we approached the dangerous point. That a Rebel battery was in position on the Arkansas shore, where a bend offered a most favorable site, I had been informed and believed. Crammed with troops, we turned into the exposed channel. Everything was still, save the plashing of the wheels and the sullen roar of escaping steam. Anxiously I watched the dark shore-line, nervously I awaited the first gleam of light and roar of artillery. A faint breeze swept our decks; the single lamp

at our bows shone out a single speck on the muddy face of the Father of Waters, and on we went, unmolested by those sleeping gunners, who on the morrow glutted their vengeance for our escape by attacking the mail steamer on her way north from New Orleans (laden with sick soldiers, women, and old men), with such venom that nothing saved her but being towed out of range by the timely arrival of a gunboat. The mail-boat was severely crippled, and some of her passengers were killed. Among them was the captain, poor fellow, who lost his head by a cannon-ball as he thrust it from the pilot's window at the first report of a gun. Had our advice been followed, this boat would have escaped. We had met her coming up swiftly in the morning with a superb sweep, had replied to her captain's hail, and given our advice that he should run the Rebel batteries by night. But he scorned the caution, and paid the penalty.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the tenth we were off Skipworth's Landing and making good headway towards Vicksburg, where we arrived at five in the afternoon, to find that General Slocum did not require assistance, and knew nothing of any probable attempt of the enemy to cross the river. At a wooded reach in our course a man from the bluff made frantic signals, waving a white rag furiously, and slapping his pockets to intimate that he had money to pay his passage if we would only take him on board. I think I should have halted; but the captain of my boat declared that this display was only to lure us to the shore, where there were probably concealed a party of guerillas awaiting a good opportunity to fire and run before we could get under arms. It was a wild-looking place in which to play this trick, — an old one, the captain said, and often successful.

Leaving Vicksburg at six o'clock in the afternoon, we

were ten miles below Natchez at seven o'clock on the morning of the eleventh. Here we were hailed by a gunboat, and with great respect for its guns we obeyed. A boat in charge of a subaltern came alongside. "What do you want?" from our captain.

"Say! a God damned fool in that boat wants a paper!" was the reply.

"Have n't got any," says our captain.

"Well, go ahead; sorry to detain you;" and we went ahead, our men chuckling, and I reflecting upon the character and degree of that discipline which would allow a subaltern in the United States Volunteer Navy so to characterize the respectable commander of a gunboat. At half-past two we were at Morganzia, where there were fifteen thousand troops, a well-constructed redoubt, and plenty of artillery.

On the twelfth, at eleven at night, I was summoned by a despatch to report to General Canby at New Orleans. Near Baton Rouge and Port Hudson we were brought up by an unshotted gun, but went on after a regulation amount of whistles and jarring and see-sawing, to pass at daylight one hundred miles of abandoned mansions, sugar-mills, negro quarters, churches, asylums, colleges, and thrifty plantations, whence the owners had fled, and on which Government contractors had entered and begun to cultivate, when assured of protection,—and protection by certain military commanders could generally be assured under certain conditions. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the thirteenth we were at the city. It was the General's desire that I should command the troops at Morganzia, but just then the need of commanders seemed greater at Mobile Bay, where a combined army and naval movement was in progress.

On the fourteenth, the order to repair to Mobile Bay



was issued. Major-General Gordon Granger was the commander of the land forces there engaged, and to him I was to report for assignment to duty. Owing to a delay with which I had nothing to do, I was not apprised of my destination until the evening of the sixteenth. At this time I fell in with a political supporter of Banks, a man whose peculiar eloquence had often resounded at the North. I met him at the St. Charles Hotel. He had made a show of serving his country by skipping out of the line into an office in the State of Louisiana at a salary of five thousand dollars per annum and a brigadier-general's uniform. For a man whose safety was secured he was wonderfully patriotic, thinking this whole generation should die (and no matter) rather than not press forward to the end. "If we fail," he continued, "let me flee from the name of America, — from every line of American literature, from every breath of American poetry; let me hide away from this shame, and be hereafter unknown." These fragments of stump oratory from a hale and hearty man who howled for the advance while he consented to remain ignobly in the rear at a salary of five thousand a year, moved a few straggling hearers to sneers.

## CHAPTER X.

MOBILE BAY. — ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. — NEW YORK CITY.

AT five o'clock on the afternoon of the seventeenth I left New Orleans for Lakeport; arrived there at eight after many obstructions, and took passage for Fort Gaines, Mobile Bay. We had made but five miles when the engineer told us that it would be unsafe to proceed, the steam having blown a hole in the boiler. At half-past ten at night we were back again at Lakeport. A telegram to the quartermaster, "The 'Dale' cannot be repaired until twelve to-morrow; shall I take the 'Clyde'?" (a fine-looking little steamer which seemed to be in order) brought a reply: "Take the 'J. M. Brown.'" But the "Brown" was out of repair, and the engineer and pilot were in New Orleans. The "Clyde" also was found to be out of sorts, and could not be got into condition until the next day at noon. So I pushed forward repairs on the "Dale." It was eleven at night before steam was up, and then the boiler burst in a new place. The "Dale" was hopeless. There was nothing for it but the "Brown," and she was most unfit to traverse the lake; her hull rotten, her boilers and machinery out of order, she was a most unpromising craft for rough weather. But there was no alternative; so despite the captain's assertion that he could not tell when she would break down, I went on board with staff, luggage, and horses, and started at noon.

On the nineteenth, at nine in the morning, our rickety

and weather-beaten old steamer passed out of Lake Pontchartrain into Mobile Bay. There a most impressive scene was presented. On our right was Fort Gaines, flying the Stars and Stripes from a Rebel staff. In the bay we saw our gallant ships at rest, among them the "Hartford," with the brave Admiral Farragut on board. The Rebel ram "Tennessee" lay quietly alongside our vessels, looking like a square box on a raft. From Fort Morgan the Rebel flag was flying in defiance. With the old "Brown" I steamed around the bay, stopping a moment at Fort Gaines to find that General Granger was in the rear of Fort Morgan, conducting movements to compel its surrender. There I found him with but few troops for siege operations, though enough, for he had but few troops to besiege. In anticipation of movements on Mobile I was assigned to the command of all the forces operating on the western shore of Mobile Bay.

On my way from Fort Morgan I took on board Captain Stephens, of the navy, who had fought a double-turreted iron-clad in making the passage of the forts, and with him visited the principal ships, wooden and iron, of as gallant a fleet as had ever immortalized itself in a gallant action. I saw the ram "Ossipee," once our formidable enemy, but then — docile and obedient — flying the Stars and Stripes. In the "Oneida," Rebel shells burst in the cabin and killed a luckless steward there, while from stern to stern she was perforated with round shot. On the "Brooklyn" more than a ton's weight of shells, bolts, and round shot had been gathered from those that had penetrated her sides or remained on board. On the "Monongahela" I saw fearful signs of the ordeal through which our vessels had passed. This ship had butted the Rebel ram "Tennessee" with such force that her bow showed crushed ends of timbers, and such deep inden-

tations that for more than a mile I saw them as I approached. The commander of this vessel described and pointed out to me the course he took in making for the ram, the effect of his blow, and how, as he sheered off for another, the Rebel commander of the "Tennessee" waved a white flag.

Of all those naval officers who deserted our colors at the outbreak of the Rebellion, none was braver or more daring than he who had been removed from his captured ram and sent, grievously wounded, to our naval hospital at Pensacola. Captain Buchanan had shared with Dupont an enviable reputation in the navy. In the Rebel service he had been intrusted with great responsibilities. He had fought on the "Merrimac" until that armored monster was whipped by an insignificant monitor under Worden. Then he had turned boldly from the protection of the guns of Fort Morgan to plunge unattended into the fight with our fleet under Farragut. Relying upon the invincibility of the "Tennessee," he exhibited a hardihood which came near ending in his destruction. Had he not surrendered when he did, he would have been sunk. It was no slight praise that was accorded to Captain Strong of the "Monongahela," when Captain Buchanan sent with his surrender his compliments for Strong's bravery. Had the other vessels of the Rebel navy behaved with as much valor as was shown by the "Tennessee," the naval conflict in the Bay of Mobile would have been, to say the least, more desperate.

Resuming my visits to the ships, I saw where two marines had been killed on the "Brooklyn" by the same solid shot as it glanced from the water. The commander of this vessel showed me the blood stains on the deck, still plainly visible, though the men had holy-stoned and scrubbed to remove them. On the "Oneida" a solid shot struck the heavy gun-carriage of an eleven-inch gun, shiver-

ing the solid oak as if it had been of the softest pine, and decapitating a marine with such force that a piece of the skull was driven a quarter of an inch into the oaken carriage. By other fragments of the skull, which flew around like bits of shell, several men were wounded. But why enlarge on these horrors? Wherever I went, from ship to ship, I gazed on battered timbers, yawning shot-holes, crushed oaken knees, torn bulwarks, gouged sides, and deep indentations, — speaking witnesses of the serious conflict in which these vessels had been engaged. But what shall I say of the noble officers and seamen into whose faces I looked as they told me how they had fought their ships, how each had outrun the other to reach first the point of danger; of this commander, who plunged fiercely into the conflict with the “Tennessee;” or of that, who turned his vessel when deadly torpedoes lay in his path; or still of a third, who, unappalled by the fire of the hostile fort, escaped unharmed by running so near the muzzles of the enemy’s guns that he escaped through his own rashness. How proud these sailors were of their achievements, and how they rejoiced that they had borne the dear old flag of their country to victory in this fearful conflict! In those days of our tribulation and trial, — in the days when a world looked upon us to see what manner of men we were, — we could rejoice in our noble navy, and praise the wisdom that sustained and supported the school from which it sprang.

Fort Morgan still held out, but could not be saved. Our little army was strong enough to shut out reinforcements from the eight hundred men that formed its garrison; while on the water front the navy was nearly ready to begin. By approaches and by taking advantage of natural cover, our sharpshooters had got within two or three hundred yards of the walls, — so near that the Rebel

guns were rendered useless on that face. The fort contained six months' provisions; but there was no hope for the imprisoned garrison.

The scene of my future operations was in plain view of the fort, the ships, and the beleaguering army. At sunrise on the twentieth my duties began. The occupation of Fort Gaines, on the western entrance to the bay, demanded my attention. This stronghold was abandoned early in the fight. The action of its commander was very unfavorably criticised by his superior, as will appear. The fort, though covering a small area, was strongly built, well supplied with artillery, and sheltered with bomb-proofs. There was an inner parapet of earth for artillery, and beyond it, at the foot of the exterior slope, a wall of brick loopholed for musketry, uniting at the angles with a bastion for one heavy gun. Beyond the wall came the ditch, with a trend and parapet for infantry on the counterscarp. In the lower part of the bastioned wall there were embrasures for light pieces to defend the ditch. This system of fortifying was new, and had grown out of the necessity for applying new defences to attacks by improved artillery. The crest of the glacis protected the wall and the earthwork behind it, leaving nothing to be battered down. I found everything within the fort in a dirty and disorderly condition, comparing favorably, however, with its custodians, — a detail from a colored regiment, one of whose members, a watchful sentinel, guarded the entrance by sitting at the sally-port in a rocking-chair. The distance to Fort Morgan across the bay is three miles, so that we were within range of its heavy guns, had there not been more important matters to claim the attention of its garrison. With my glass I could count three tiers of guns in that still defiant fort, with seven guns in each tier, — one set in the low sand-battery, one above in casemates, and one on the

parapet of the enceinte. The Rebel flag was flying, but it flapped mildly, as if without confidence in its length of days.

The bay is singularly beautiful, and abounds in fish, oysters, and fresh air,—though the air was the only delicacy which we were able to enjoy. For food we had ham and hard-bread for breakfast, varying it with bread and ham for the rest of the day. At daylight, on the morning of the twenty-second, the bombardment of Fort Morgan began. From shore and sea our guns sent their missiles over, into, and around the doomed fort. For a time the firing was wild; but soon the range was more accurate, and our shells plunged squarely into the inclosure. The firing was continued through the day, and prolonged into the night. The concussion shook the room in which I slept, and filled the air with its reverberations. During the night a bright flame shot up from within the fort, and on the morning of the 23d of August, the day of the surrender, a dense black smoke arose from it. The day before, I had been ill, and unable to leave my bed, being threatened with congestive chills. At length I slept, and rose refreshed at half-past six on the morning of the second day of the bombardment, to see the Rebel commander of Fort Morgan run up a white flag. Hardly had our fire ceased, when the enemy showed himself on the glacis. Negotiations for surrender were begun. Unconditional and immediate surrender was the demand, with the single condition, which was allowed, of remaining within the fort until two o'clock in the afternoon, to enable the officers and men to pack up their luggage,—for they had made no preparation to leave. The Rebel commander — one Page, a former officer of the United States Navy — signified his ready compliance with the terms. Captain Arnold, in behalf of the army, and Captain Drayton, flag-captain, for the navy, were ordered

by Admiral Farragut and General Granger to receive the surrender.

When the white flag was run up, I pushed off in a small boat for the fort, where Drayton and Arnold soon appeared, walking on the glacis with the Rebel commander. Page, in a plain suit of citizen's clothing, looked very stiff as he pointed seaward to what I afterward learned to be the positions of formidable torpedoes. From the starched manner in which this late lord of Fort Morgan bore himself, I could well understand why our sailors had dubbed him "Ramrod Page." It had leaked out that Page was very indignant with his brother-in-arms, Colonel Anderson, for surrendering Fort Gaines when Farragut summoned him. The Mobile papers had spoken of this surrender as a shameful and cowardly act, and had asserted that Page had not only signalled to Anderson, "Don't give up your fort," but had rowed there in the night in a small boat, to find that Anderson was with our fleet, negotiating terms of surrender, and that Page then placed a subordinate officer in command. Such an invincible spirit, it may be thought, would have scorned to surrender his charge until the heroic defence of Saragossa had paled before his achievements. Indeed, a blush of such determination did mantle the stern cheek of Sir Ramrod; for it was said that when, before the bombardment, he was summoned to surrender, he replied that he would exhaust the lives and the means at his disposal in defending the fort. Twenty-four hours of bombardment so changed the whole aspect of things, that Page declared his willingness to surrender to prevent further suffering and loss of life. Though not a gun had been fired from the fort in reply to ours from land and sea; though not a soul had been killed or wounded by our fire; though our land batteries had without serious opposition been established within short range of his covered way, and



our sharpshooters permitted to take positions where the effective use of the Rebel guns was rendered impossible, — yet, to prevent further suffering and loss of life, Page surrendered!

Who is entitled to praise for the manhood displayed in the defences of Mobile Bay, — Page, or Anderson? When the latter saw that nothing had availed to hold back the hostile fleet; that the strongest of forts manned with the most formidable guns, the channel filled with torpedoes, the harbor holding its fleet of armored ships and dreaded rams, — that all these were swept away from the path of our vessels as obstructions of but little weight, he knew that his position was hopeless. The great guns of our navy commanded his fort, and could destroy it; the forces of our army invested his position, and he could not escape: so, braving public obloquy, Anderson surrendered Fort Gaines, though not without a vigorous fire upon our ships and a considerable loss of life. It would seem that had the commander of Fort Morgan exercised as sound judgment as did the commander of Fort Gaines, he would have spared the country that exhibition of mock heroism in which he played so conspicuous a part.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, when our forces took possession of Fort Morgan, it was found that all the artillery had been spiked and the powder destroyed. Upon being interrogated as to when this destruction took place, Page replied that it was done before the surrender. But if this were so, the commander of Fort Morgan was guilty of false statements to Captain Drayton and General Arnold, for he told those officers at the morning conference that there was no necessity for his surrender at all; that he had not been materially injured by the bombardment; and that he could, if he chose, have prolonged the combat. Moreover, he added, "The army has done me no harm what-

ever;" with more twaddle of like nature, all of which was refuted by the condition of the fort. Could he have continued the fight with his guns spiked and his powder destroyed? Of course not. Then these acts must have been committed before the conference with our officers, before the white flag, as large as a sheet, was thrown out in token of submission; or the spiking and destruction must have been committed after the surrender, and during the delay granted to enable his officers to pack their luggage and get ready to leave the fort. If before, Page deceived Captain Drayton and General Arnold; if after, he violated all rules of honor and abused our clemency, for he had no right to take anything away, nor to injure or destroy anything that remained. When his own life and the lives of his garrison were given him at his own beseeching, the public property became ours; and the pitiful excuse made by this modern Don Quixote, that because General Granger came in a small unarmed boat close to the wharf of the fort when the white flag was thrown out, and overlooked his works, he was obliged to surrender, and therefore could in turn justify himself for violating the laws of war, shows to what extremes this chivalric Virginian was pushed. Any sea-lawyer would have told Page that this was pettifogging.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Rebel garrison, six hundred strong, marched out of the fort. Page had added a straw hat to his citizen's dress. Like his officers, he was unarmed. Some of them said they never had had swords, others that they had lost them. After the surrender and departure of the troops the fort was overrun with our soldiers and sailors. They looked into every box and trunk, into every hole and casemate, dragging into light odds and ends that were odd and endless enough. "I have got a woman's likeness," shouted one young sailor to his com-

rades; "and Jack has got an ink-bottle, and there's lots of plunder," — all of which was exhibited as men and officers staggered along with spoil, which, however, they were soon compelled to disgorge to the sentinels as they emerged from the sally-port. The inside of the fort showed hard usage. The Rebels described the effect of the bursting of fifteen-inch shells as terrific. The work was an old-fashioned one, with a low sand-battery added. An immense citadel, occupying the middle of the enceinte, took fire from our shells and burned until the wood-work was destroyed. This may have hastened the surrender. Guns were dismounted, carriages broken, and so much débris scattered around that the interior presented a sad spectacle. Although the casemates were not properly protected by blindages, the fact that six hundred officers and men remained in the fort during a twenty-four hours' bombardment without death or injury, proves that there must have been ample protection within, and that the fort could have held out much longer.

At four P.M. General Granger left for New Orleans, and the command of all the forces and operations in Mobile Bay devolved upon me. On the twenty-fourth I visited Admiral Farragut on his ship, the "Hartford," and dined with him. In preparing for a movement of troops, I sought the Admiral's co-operation, which he gave, of course, most cordially. He was as brown as a nut, with a fresh, manly, and honest countenance, such as one would expect to find in a man whose achievements had entitled him to a foremost, if not the first, place among the heroes of the war. Dinner was announced shortly after my arrival, to which the Admiral insisted I should, with my adjutant-general, accompany him. His invitation was so cordial that I could not decline. When we were seated, the Admiral in low tones asked a blessing upon our repast. The

dinner passed in pleasant talk about Mobile, the bay, the chivalric honor of Colonel Anderson, and the questionable conduct of Commander Page,—all of which I will not elaborate further. Said the Admiral: "Passing the forts was nothing. I wrote the Department that I could pass the forts at any time; all I wanted was a single iron-clad. Well, it never rains but it pours. Four iron-clads came down to me; and then I went in immediately. But I could have gone in at any time within three months, and so I informed the Department." To my question, whether the fire from the forts seriously damaged his ships, he replied, with some show of contempt for the enemy's fire, "No!" then added, "The main fight was with his iron-clads: that was severe. I watched it very closely. Our ships were all around the ram 'Tennessee,' and when I saw him begin to back one wheel, as you did when you came up alongside, I said, 'We've got him!'" I spoke of the loss of the "Tecumseh," a monitor carrying a fifteen-inch gun, which went down with all on board while our fleet was entering the harbor. Referring to her sudden disappearance (she struck a torpedo), I asked if Craven, her commander, entered the harbor in the course pointed out for him. The Admiral thought he might have departed a little from his orders; but upon being set right by Captain Drayton, added: "Well, he took his chances." On the matter of torpedoes I questioned the Admiral eagerly, for I was deeply interested in knowing whether in his wooden ships he attempted to avoid them. He laughed as he said: "No! I heard torpedoes cracking all around me; I knew there were chances of getting in without their exploding; I knew also that there were chances of their exploding without blowing up my vessels, and I took these chances. I know of no other way to fight an enemy but to take chances and go ahead!" The capture of Vicksburg

coming up, the Admiral said that he first proposed to Grant to drop down below Vicksburg, land, and make his way around by Jackson; that Grant looked over the map which Farragut had exhibited in his cabin, and said: "It looks well: I'll try it; and if I don't succeed, I will come back and fight it out in front of the city." I saw where the "Hartford" was struck by the "Lackawanna" in her attempt to run down the "Tennessee." An awful hole it was, indeed, though at the time the "Lackawanna" was backing; she saw how inevitable the impact must be in spite of her efforts to avoid it. The Admiral was outspoken in condemnation of the use of torpedoes in warfare; he thought their employment about on a par with poison, though he admitted that he would "fight fire with fire." The Admiral believed in wooden ships. He had been in the "Hartford" since the war broke out. "A ship of wood and a heart of iron," he said to me, "are as good as an iron-clad." I left the Admiral with a confirmed conviction that in capacity and valor he was one of the ablest officers of the navy.

One of my aids brought with him from Fort Morgan a few articles for our table use, which Page had not carried away; also two good negro servants, both of whom I hired. These men told me that Page used silver forks and spoons, but that he saw them all packed in his trunk before the hour of surrendering came. The Rebel sick, surgeons, and matrons I sent to New Orleans. A chaplain who accompanied them begged to be released as a non-combatant; but I replied: "Not yet; for you parsons stir up bad blood by your preaching, — at least the people say so of you." We found many sacks of fine coffee in the fort, with other evidences that good living abounded. It was amusing to hear from my new colored servants a recital of what Page threatened to do with our fleet. He had roared like a lion

of his achievements; he had "kept the whole Yankee fleet at bay, sir! would sink them, sir! should they attempt to enter." Chivalry had listened to, and ladies had smiled upon, Sir Ramrod. Even when our fleet had passed the fort, this bragging went on. He signalled Buchanan not to go out and fight them; "For, sir," said he, "I've got every one of them; they've got to run by my fort to get out, and they can't get by, sir! Every one of those ships is mine."

The twenty-fifth was passed in advancing my lines for the occupation of Cedar Point, which was on the direct road to the city of Mobile. Four transports, two tin-clads borrowed from the navy, and two army boats carried the troops. In all there were two thousand men, two batteries, and a large quantity of engineering tools. We made the landing with difficulty, over a wharf at least one third of a mile in length, and in a most desperate condition. General Emery, the Rebel commander at Mobile, had attempted to render this wharf altogether useless; but the men clambered over leaning piles, broken stringers, and crazy planking to the shore. The tin-clads, after landing their troops, took positions on each side of the narrow peninsula along which we were to march. The captured ram "Selma," with her heavy battery of Brooks guns, towed launches in which, if necessary, to land the troops. I went forward to reconnoitre. The sun was hot, and the mosquitoes were frightfully thick. We advanced towards a Rebel fortification which was in fine condition, having heavy bomb-proofs. We neither saw nor heard the enemy. Save on the shell road, the country on either side from water to water was a marsh. Deciding to occupy the Rebel fort, I ordered the engineers to complete the lines by additional works, and directed the bridge and wharf to be completed and artillery landed. This occu-

pied until eight P. M., when I was rowed in a small boat about five miles to Fort Gaines, which I reached at fifteen minutes past nine, having passed the day without food or rest, to look forward to a night in which heat and mosquitoes contended for the mastery.

Our enemy was hard at work erecting batteries near Mobile in every conceivable place and situation, also in laying down obstructions to our ships,—some of these, however, the navy had blown up at night. My cavalry had found the enemy's pickets on the easterly side of Mobile Bay. Every day furnished new and amusing revelations of the hopes and fears which had been indulged in by those in Fort Morgan in anticipation of our attack; much was said, of course, in the presence of servants at the table, with that forgetfulness of the "cheil amang" them taking mental notes which is not uncommon everywhere. Olmstead, Page's colored waiter in the fort, now mine, said that the Rebel commander could not conceive how Farragut got by his guns. "I do not see how I failed to sink the 'Hartford.' I do not see how I failed to sink her," he muttered at his table. Why should he not wonder? All his guns bore upon the "Hartford," and all his will was to sink the brave old ship which bore the gallant Admiral. Page knew that the loss of Farragut would be almost irreparable to us; so he trained his guns, and fired his huge shot, and looked out from the flame and smoke to see the "Hartford," with our plucky Admiral on board, pass on unscathed. So muttering and musing of his failure, he spiked his guns and surrendered without a shot.

Two young engineer officers on my staff found in Fort Morgan a classmate of Southern birth and proclivities, who, while condemning the act of the Rebel commander in spiking his guns, and excusing him through ignorance of proper observances in such situations, severely criti-

cised our inhumanity in maintaining fire on the fort after flames had burst out from its citadel. "Why did you not stop it by raising the white flag?" was asked, and answered with the statement that this course was not thought necessary. Our inhumanity! Of what was the Rebel milk of human kindness made, when our sailors, blown into the water by torpedoes and struggling for life, were shot dead by concealed riflemen from the shore; when our women, children, and sick soldiers, traversing the Mississippi, were greeted with batteries of artillery, amidst cries of non-combatants, bursting boilers, smoke and flame, and sinking wrecks? What shall be said of Sumter, where the Rebels began the war by the very act which is now condemned; of Fort Pillow, where hell itself was shadowed in that glare of Rebel wickedness; of Quantrell and Forrest; of Libby Prison and Andersonville? One could hardly believe that we had been so long associated as fellow-countrymen with such cruel monsters as some of these denizens of a slave-holding region showed themselves to be.

On the twenty-eighth I could not neglect the progress of that malarial poison which had for several days oppressed me. So utterly wretched with aches in head, eyes, and limbs I had never felt. And yet the duties devolving upon me had to be performed as long as soul and body could hold together. A movement upon Mobile, it seemed to be conceded, was not to be made at that time,—there were not troops enough; and General Canby had plans of action on the Mississippi at Morganzia, where troops were to be sent, and the Nineteenth Corps re-organized.

On the thirty-first, the last day of summer, in the evening, Admiral Farragut came ashore in his steam yacht to call upon me. I had been visiting the eastern side of the



bay in a miserable old tub of a metamorphosed canal-boat, too ugly to make headway, too perverse to keep still, and too ungainly to tie up, and had arrived at my wharf to find the Admiral, with some officers of his staff, awaiting my landing. Exchanging salutations at a distance, I curbed my impatience while the foolish captain of my pig-headed beast of a boat "roped her in" near enough to enable me to jump ashore and accompany the Admiral to my quarters. I called Olmstead in to tell about Page's close confinement to his bomb-proof during the day of the bombardment, and of his begging for a cup of tea, which, not forthcoming (because Olmstead declined to go to the kitchen to make one), left him with nothing but the *shells* which had been so liberally supplied by our navy during the day. Speaking of the political contest in Virginia which preceded the Rebellion, the Admiral said that both he and Page, finding themselves in the same representative district, in or near Norfolk, Virginia, worked together against Secession sympathies and tendencies. "Together," continued the Admiral, "we carried our district for the Union; and yet Virginia was *dragged* out. Page had no sympathy with Secession, and I don't believe he has any now. I have heard him say to men who argued in its favor, that he had no patience with them. 'But,' he said to me, 'if my State goes out, what am I to do? I can't give up home and friends.' 'I know I can,' I replied; 'I know there's some other place in the world to live in besides Norfolk.'" Again the Admiral repeated that Virginia was most infamously dragged out of the Union, and that he could not follow her. Suppose there had been more men like him, — men who not only wished Union, and talked Union, and voted Union, but who were determined to fight for Union, — we should have had more Farraguts and so small a volume of Pages, that Virginia, true to her best thought, her best

history, and best men, would not have been dragooned by political knaves and mountebanks. Such as these, with a few historic names, it is painful to think, were potent to drive her into rebellion against the Government.

As the Admiral returned to his yacht, I fell in with Captain Drayton and spoke to him of what was then much talked of, — the Admiral's passing Fort Morgan lashed in the rigging of the "Hartford." I was much surprised at the reply that others of his officers were also equally exposed; and that as to the lashing, it was a measure of prudence suggested by the captain himself, who, perceiving the Admiral about to take his position in the shrouds, advised this precaution. Indeed it did not seem that this, which has so added to Farragut's reputation for daring, was more than was expected of him, or that it exposed him to greater peril than if he had remained on deck.

A spicy letter, reported to have been sent by General Canby to the President, in which he wrote that if the cotton traffic was to be continued within his division by permits from Washington, in the face of Treasury regulations prohibiting it outside of our picket lines, he could not control the military situation west of the Mississippi, — called forth an opinion from the Admiral that such permits, if they had been given, were justified by the necessity of relieving our cotton-spinners at the North, and therefore that the proceeding was both patriotic and justifiable. The Admiral proved himself daily to be a dear old fellow, an innocent, fighting Admiral. But the torpedoes that he had fished up in this bay, where there were some hundreds more planted, — would it not have injured Northern manufactures and trade to discourage or condemn their use in Rebel warfare? Might we not as well have manufactured war material for the enemy as buy his cotton with that which enabled him to purchase war material? What

would Page say, — Page, who fought the political contest side by side with the Admiral, who went out because Virginia went out, and who planted torpedoes for his friend and old comrade to sail over, because that friend and comrade bore at his top the flag of the Union? Ask Page what he thought of Lincoln's permits for traffic in cotton on the Red River, and whether our nation was benefited thereby. Any officer of our army would agree with General Washburn, that our Government was entitled to all it could make out of all the cotton it could seize in the South, to pay for food supplied to Southern paupers, if for no other purpose. In June of that year, Banks at New Orleans, as was shown by figures taken from the provost-marshal's books, issued seven thousand nine hundred rations daily to those negroes who were not employed by the Government; at Vicksburg, in the same month, the rations issued to the same class of persons amounted to forty-eight thousand four hundred. What were the net receipts from a region which drew so largely upon the Treasury? Was there not a better use for cotton than granting permits to private favorites to exchange for it contraband of war? How many more Southern cities ought we to have taken if the capture required a daily gift of seventy-nine thousand rations to contrabands?

By the 2d of Séptember it became apparent, through orders for the transfer of two of my regiments at Cedar Point to Morganzia on the Mississippi, that no immediate movement would be made on Mobile. Sickness was on the increase; malarial fever patients filled our temporary hospitals. Strange pains and aches and debility were with me a daily experience, which baffled the doctor's drugs and the doctor's care. Northern air was recommended and ordered; but I was averse to giving up, though I was stricken with a violent chill while in a boat transferring

troops on the bay. Absolute prostration and utter helplessness oppressed me for the first time in my life. The heat in the bay was not relieved by the wind which our boat had stirred. A sudden chill in all this heat, an unbearable suffocation followed by a burning fever, sent me to the shore, whence I was carried to my camp-bed, and there restored to life from the beginning of death. The next day found me weak, unable to rise, and in receipt of orders from General Canby to report for duty to Major-General Reynolds, commanding the Nineteenth Army Corps. Through the aid of quinine, I was able to take an outside passage for New Orleans on the 4th of September, stopping a moment at the "Hartford" to say farewell to Farragut and to give him a rocking-chair which came out of Fort Morgan, for which he had expressed a wish. By night we were off the mouth of the Mississippi, and on the fifth at New Orleans, with Page's servants exulting in their freedom. On the seventh, with a leave of absence for twenty days on account of sickness, I was on board the steamship "Empire City," bound for Fortress Monroe, with permission to make application for duty at the North.

On the twenty-seventh, after a few days at home, I touched again at the Fortress on my way to City Point, where I arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. General Grant was near the landing, within the square which held his own tent and the tents of his staff. As I approached, a mutual recognition followed, though we had not met since we were in the city of Mexico under Scott. Grant was talking with his staff in an easy and familiar way, when General Hunter, who had come up on the steamer, introduced me. "Why," said the General, "I knew you, Gordon, a quarter of a century ago." We were together two years at West Point. Cadet Grant graduated in 1844.

It was twenty years since I had first met him. "Come to my tent," he added, in an easy and cordial way; and we directed our steps towards a good-sized wall-tent, with a carpeted floor and but little camp furniture, pitched on the greensward of a rich estate on the bank of the James. The scene, with the flag flying in front near the cottage of the owner of this domain, which was surrounded with hedges, shrubbery, and roses, was both beautiful and picturesque. Beyond, where soldiers overran, batteries defaced, and hungry mules destroyed, the usual desolation and destruction were exhibited. Grant offered cigars. Of course he was smoking; indeed he was rarely without a cigar. He made the frank admission, however, that he "smoked too much," and thought he "felt better when he hankered after a cigar" than when he "smoked one." The General's mail was handed him. Some letters he read with great interest; one from a mutual friend (an old flame of his, he said, the wife of an officer in his army) could not have been addressed to one more potent. Another was from the President, — Uncle Abe, as Grant called him. After reading it he said, "That's kind of Uncle Abe; he says he won't do so any more; good boy!" Still another, with an envelope enclosed, was torn up and thrown on the floor. "An application for an autograph?" asked General Hunter. "Yes," replied the General; then added, "I don't get as many as I did when I answered them." But he continued, "I do get a great many letters telling me how to take Richmond. One writer thinks if I and all my soldiers would pray at one and the same moment for the fall of Richmond, we might fetch it. Another thinks I ought to surround Richmond with a water-tight dam, and pump the James into it." The conversation lasted for two or three hours, and was shared with large numbers of civilians of note and general officers who had dropped in, all of whom

however could do little more than listen, for the General steadily held the floor and did most of the talking. Grant is a much better looking man than his photographs represent him to be. I could easily discover the old resolute look which I had often noted when he was a gray-coated cadet at West Point; and it gave me every encouragement to believe that at last the right man was in the right place. In that face of courage, capacity, watchfulness, hopefulness, and reticence, I saw self-confidence, without which all other soldierly qualities are as nothing.

In the morning I saw Butler on the other side of the Appomattox, ready for his "bottling." He had pretty well exploded General Quincy A. Gillmore's military pretensions, though he said he had as yet only begun on him, — he had "charges to prefer against him." But General (Baldy) Smith's case was a puzzler to Butler, — one of "pure cussedness" he called it. He could not understand it. "Smith is a valuable officer," he said, and he would have done him no injustice any more than he would have knocked the horse on the head that was safely carrying him on his journey. "But," added Butler, "I am reminded of the old couplet, —

" ' He digg'd a pit and digg'd it deep,  
And digg'd it for his brother,  
But he fell into that pit instead of t'other !"

Butler was, as usual, a little mistaken, as was proved by after events then moving rapidly on.

I left Grant's headquarters with assurances from the General that I should be ordered on duty with his army. On the 3d of October I received a despatch from General Grant, dated at City Point, October 1, directing me to report to General Butler. This assignment was not what I had anticipated from the General-in-Chief; but there

was no remedy for it, so I prepared to obey, with the belief or hope that it was only a stepping-stone to better things beyond. On the 13th of October, at nine o'clock in the morning, I took passage for Bermuda Hundred, on the same steamer in which, but a few days before, I had sailed for City Point with General Burnham of Maine, who was returning from a furlough. The General had his little son with him, "taking him out," he told me, "to see something of the army. He will probably be a soldier, as his father is," he added, patting the boy's head in a gentle, loving way. Alas for human hopes! The next trip the steamer made she bore the dead body of the General, with his weeping son, back to the old home. On the day after our landing an engagement between the enemy and our forces, including General Burnham's command, had blotted out the life of the fond father and the gallant soldier.

By steamer, tug, and ambulance, I reached Butler's tent, on the north of the James, on the 13th of October, to find that a division in Birney's corps, then temporarily commanded by General Terry, was to be assigned to me. I studied carefully the position occupied by the Tenth Corps, the scene of its exploits in conjunction with the Eighteenth, afterwards designated as the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth, — the former white, the latter black, — the enemy's line of rifle-pits, the good work done by our colored troops on the New Market Heights, and the loop (bottle) which Butler made for his troops in strengthening his right by returning it to the James.

An overpowering sense of debility from malarious attacks in the Gulf convinced me that it would be but justice to myself and the troops I might command to ask for a few days' respite, that I might test my strength and tone. Butler, kindly assenting, suggested that I take a tent near his headquarters and await movements soon to be made,

in which I should participate. I gladly accepted this condition, and went to bed, — returning the next day, however, to Fortress Monroe, to hurry forward my horses and equipage, daily expected there. Not a mile to the front, strains of music from our battle-line came to my ears. Behind thirty-two miles of intrenchments, crossing the James and the Appomattox from the New Market Road on the right to and over the Weldon Railroad on the left, the armies of the Potomac and of the James confronted, in some places within half pistol-shot, the Rebel lines.

On the fifteenth I was again at Fortress Monroe. My expectations of returning on the next day were not to be realized. After a sleepless night I was prostrated with fever. Mustard baths and medicines were prescribed by two physicians, with the usual good effects in such cases. The utter impossibility of returning to duty at once was also pointed out, and a stay of fifteen days in a more northerly climate insisted on as indispensable to recovery. On the seventeenth, Butler, who had come to the Fortress, approved of the surgeon's decision, and offered me the command of a colored corps when I should return.

On the nineteenth I arrived at Philadelphia, and gave myself up to medical treatment. By the 5th of November, under the skilful handling of Dr. Neill and the tender care of loving friends, I was able to go to New York and offer my services to Butler, of whose arrival there on that day to control the city during the forthcoming Presidential election, I saw note made in the morning papers. A division of troops from the armies of the James and the Potomac had been landed at Forts Richmond and Hamilton for use in the streets of New York if occasion should require. These troops, Butler informed me, he designed to place under my command.

At ten in the morning of Sunday, the 6th of November,



I was driven in a buggy from Englewood, where I had passed the night, to the landing at Hoboken for the ferry to New York. It was a bright sunny day, and the hillsides, the palisades, the villages, churches, and taverns by the Hudson never before looked so picturesque. Butler had made his headquarters at the Hoffman House, and there I met him at noon. With Major-General Butterfield and a brigadier-general then on duty in New York I held a long consultation upon a plan of operations. We also consulted the chief of police and others as to the probabilities of mob violence on election day. The plan decided on and approved by Butler contemplated the disposal of the troops in ferry-boats along the North and East rivers in complete readiness to land at any moment. On the seventh, at noon, I visited the troops, and made final dispositions for the eighth, the day of election. The positions the boats were to occupy, the number and kind of troops for each boat, food and water, — everything, even to hitching the horses to the gun-carriages, was provided for and communicated to General Hawley, commanding the provisional division. It was dark when I returned to the Hoffman House. At Butler's desire I had accepted for this duty the position of chief of his staff.

Tuesday, the 8th of November, was a muggy day. Early in the morning I made the circuit of the North and East rivers in a tug. The ferry-boats with artillery were in the slips, and those with infantry off the piers. Tugs to carry orders, staff-officers and mounted orderlies were in readiness. In my office at the hotel telegraphic communication was held with every public station in the city, and a commissioned officer was stationed at each to communicate instantly with headquarters. The quiet of New York was unparalleled, if not ominous. During the day but two policemen were at the Hoffman House. At night the

building was guarded by sixty soldiers. Save these, there was no display of force within the city itself. When the returns came in, for the first time in his life Butler found that he could rejoice over a Democratic defeat.

On the fourteenth Butler received an ovation from the citizens, during which Henry Ward Beecher nominated him for the Presidency. This ended the military occupation of New York. If mobs had been organized, or relied upon, to defeat Lincoln's election to the Presidency, our formidable preparations had subdued them. Before the eighteenth the troops had returned to the armies whence they were taken, and the Hoffman House was no longer subject to siege.

## CHAPTER XI.

## DISTRICT OF EASTERN VIRGINIA.

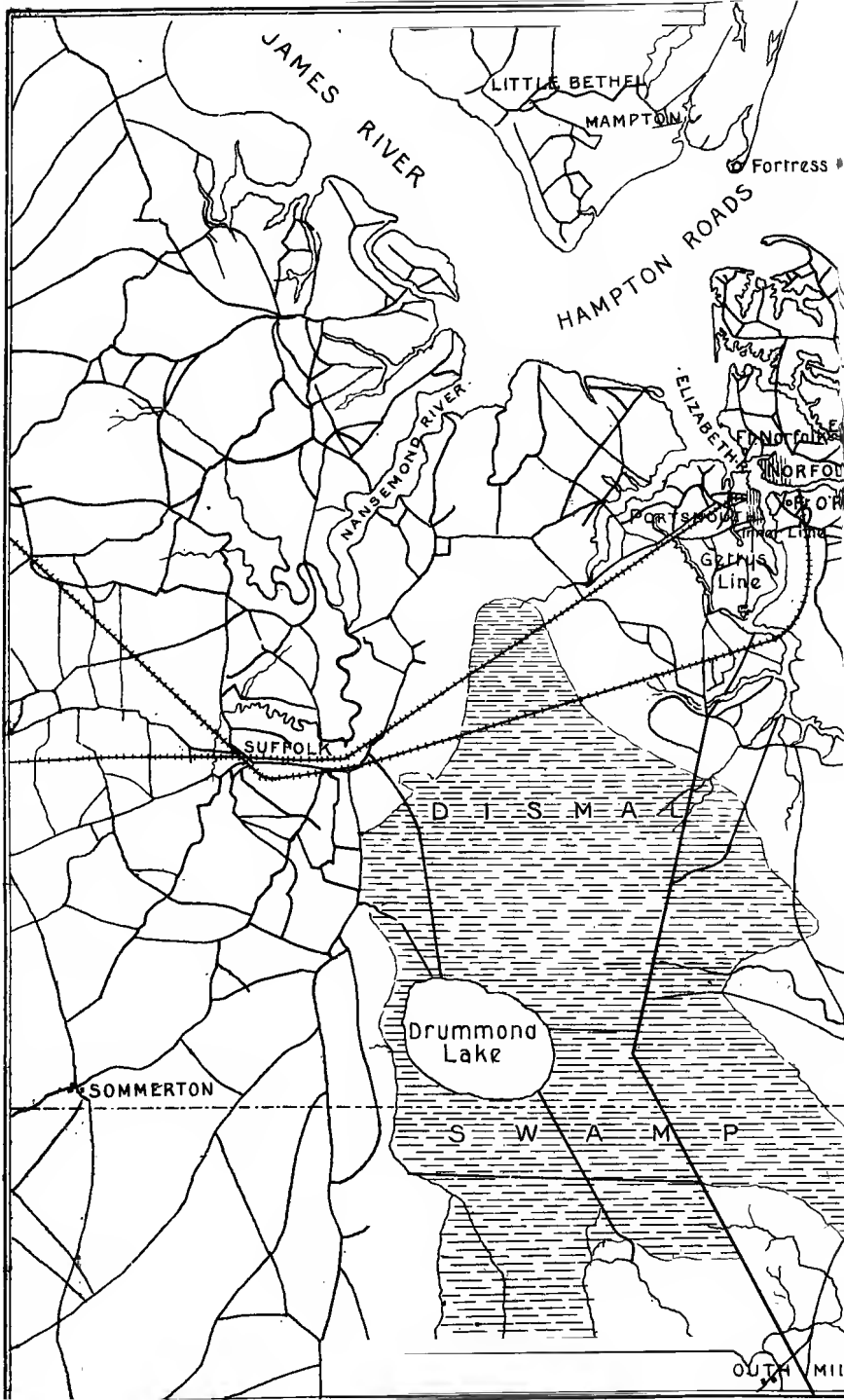
ON the 9th of December troops from the Army of the James were lying in transports at anchor in the bay under command of General Weitzel, with Generals Ames and Paine as subordinates. The destination of this expedition, unknown to all but the parties interested, was supposed to be Wilmington, in North Carolina. Rumors that "Butler goes along" were current, but whether he was to command was uncertain. Until some time during the night of the twelfth, a storm had detained the fleet; but in the morning the transports got under way. Admiral Porter was off at three o'clock in the afternoon of the thirteenth, and Butler sailed the next day in the "Ben Deford." Contemplating his departure, I reflected that it would be hard, indeed, if he who had thus far impressed his admirers with a conviction that human agency could not avail against his imperious will, should fail in this his great opportunity.

Some of the engineers at Fortress Monroe laughed heartily at Butler's efforts, when he first came to that post, to introduce labor-saving methods. He laid rails to transport heavy guns and material from the wharf to any part of the fort. Old army officers protested that the fort would be ruined, that proper drainage would be impossible. In the previous spring the rain fell; for forty days and forty nights it poured, and the winds blew. The water rose in the fort, and the drains refused to do their duty.

Engineers said that the fort was in danger; the water could not be removed from the parade-ground. Butler sent for a steam-engine and pumped it out. John Phœnix, in his great work on Astronomy, discourses of how to "find" the sun at sea: "You can find the sun any day," he says, "through a piece of smoked glass, when clouds do not intervene."

There were many sights of great interest at and around Fortress Monroe. Near the Chesapeake and Hampton Hospitals were graveyards where the dead soldiers lay. Each grave had its own white wooden slab, each slab its own inscription, and the slabs and inscriptions were all pretty much alike. The Hampton field covered a little less than one acre, and yet it contained one thousand five hundred and eighty graves, and all but three hundred of them had been made since the preceding July. Deaths from wounds and sickness had fallen from ten to five a day. Whatever might have blotted out these lives, here lay the bodies buried, perhaps forgotten. "*Dide* [as it was sometimes spelled], — —," is all the passing stranger knows. Near the beach by the Fortress there was an old enclosure thickly covered with headboards and graves. It was the old Fortress Monroe Cemetery, — a lovely spot. The surf rolled in from the ocean, a never-ceasing requiem. Before the war much taste was exhibited in its adornment; but so rudely did Death swing his scythe in the abundant harvest of the present, that for some time but little effort had been made at order or preservation. Rebel and Loyal, soldier and sailor, foreign and native, all lay peacefully together. Eulogies and prayers were inscribed in German and French on some of the headstones. On some, too, the names were in full, on some abbreviated, while on others there was a blank. The ground was furrowed with the dead. "Jo Johnson, of Jeff Davis artil-





JAMES RIVER

LITTLE BETHEL

HAMPTON

Fortress

HAMPTON ROADS

NANSEMOND RIVER

ELIZABETH

NORFOLK

SUFFOLK

SUFFOLK

D I S M A L

Drummond Lake

S W A M P

SOMMERTON

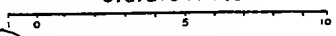
OUTH

Monroe

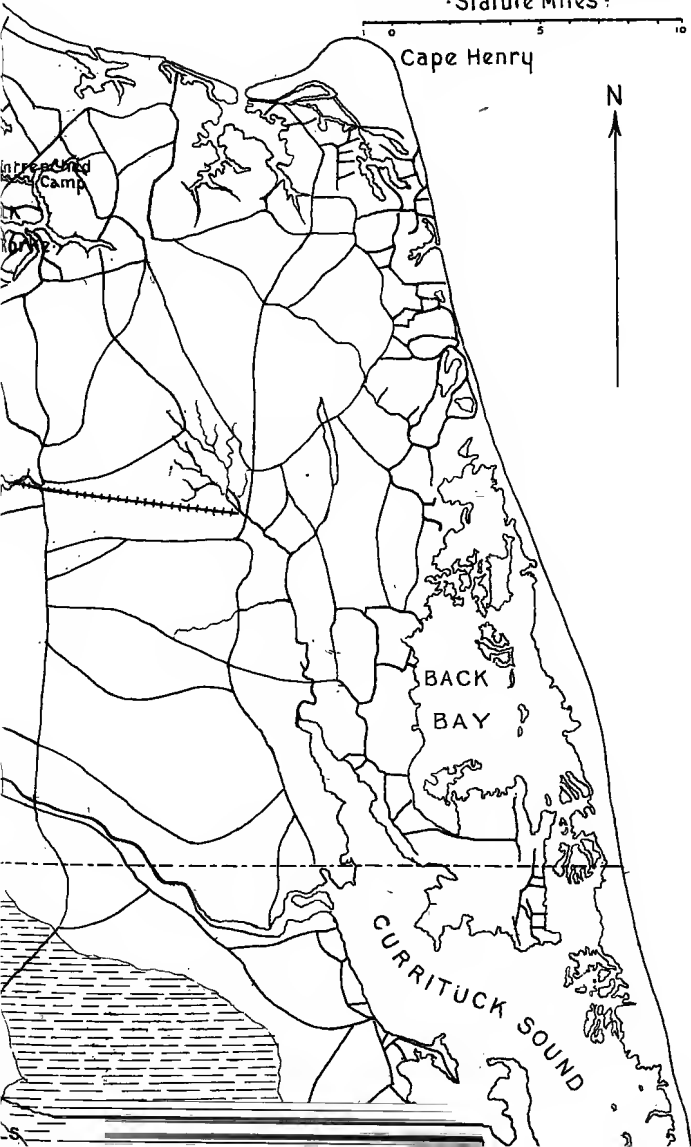
# MAP OF EASTERN VIRGINIA

South of James River.

Statute Miles:



Cape Henry



Unrecovered  
Camp

BACK  
BAY

CURRITUCK SOUND





lery ;” “Thom ——, of North Carolina infantry ;” and others of a Mississippi, Georgia, or South Carolina battalion. Above them the strife went on, until friend and foe should be laid to rest side by side in the sleep that knows no waking.

Many of the farms around the Fortress were occupied by their original owners. Between Hampton Creek and the bay the farmers were thriving on good prices for corn and vegetables. Two dollars a bushel was their price for potatoes (Irish or sweet), ninety-five cents a pound for butter, and three dollars and fifty cents for turkeys. The farmers complained loudly of their taxes. The control of the entire region within the Department of Virginia and North Carolina was exercised by Butler. He made the laws and administered them, dealt out justice and inflicted punishment, levied fines and collected taxes. An enormous civil fund, said to amount to an unexpended quarter of a million of dollars, was thus created, of which Butler disposed as he pleased. Under the permissive power of martial law, he conducted and managed every movement of every person within his department. No one could enter without his consent ; no one could leave without his order ; and each paid from the gains and profits of his business as much as Butler chose to command. Kimberly Brothers were traders, paying as ground rent, for the privilege of keeping a store near the Fortress, one thousand dollars a month, and paying it cheerfully, recompensing themselves for this outlay from the pockets of their customers. Proof of this came to me in a charge of four dollars for a small turkey. “Forty cents a pound, sah,” replied the grinning darky to my amazed expression.

“But does this turkey weigh ten pounds?”

“Dun’no, sah.”

“Did Kimberly weigh it?”

"Es, sah."

"What did it weigh?"

"Dun'no, sah; did n't tell me."

"Take it back, and bring me the weight."

"Eight pounds" was soon returned.

"Now go and tell them that forty times eight is three dollars and twenty cents. Tell them to correct this bill."

"Es, sah." And back he came with the figures for this amount.

I was still in doubt. I knew that the one-thousand-dollar civil tax per month was somewhere apportioned on that turkey, and I determined to give my mind to the discovery.

"William," to the darcy, "how much do you think that turkey weighs?"

"Dun'no, sah; says eight pounds."

"Go to the commissary, ask him to weigh that turkey, and put the weight on paper."

"Six pounds, three ounces," was in a few minutes displayed before my indignant eyes.

"Turkey, six pounds and three ounces, at forty cents per pound, comes to two dollars and fifty cents," I exclaimed. A brief note, reciting my wrongs, brought from the Brothers Kimberly the reduced charge of two dollars and fifty cents, with an apology for *mistakes*, which they laid to a great press of business.

Where there was no money the tithing system was enforced. Many abandoned farms were occupied by Government agents, white and black, paying a tithe of the products as rent. The negroes on the Hampton Road, and beyond, had set up the characteristic shanty, quite recognizable from its form and newness. There was a collection of these huts, called Slabtown, near Hampton. The houses were generally comfortable, enclosing a space about as large

as a wall-tent, and were made of rough shingles, riven from an easily-splitting wood. Clusters of them had sprung up like mushrooms at various places on the road to Big Bethel. At one, I saw a schoolhouse with pupils who were genuine ebony, and white teachers. There was "right smart" of stock at some farmyards, and a thrifty-looking peach-orchard within two miles of Hampton. Some of these contrabands, slaves before the war, were now living on, and cultivating "ole massa's" farm, from which "massa" had run away.

A bright, smart, colored fellow, whom I met about five miles from Big Bethel, travelled on foot by my horse for about seven miles on my return, affording me much entertainment. He lived in Warwick, five miles from Yorktown; was going to Hampton to meet his wife, unless he encountered her on the road. She had gone to Hampton that morning, with a hired horse and cart, on a shopping excursion. The husband had walked twelve miles, with seven more before him, and he had been married five years, too. He occupied a Government farm (the one on which he had been raised, and from which his master had fled), and paid one fourth of his produce as rental. To insure returns from proper labor, the agent of the Government compelled the ducky to buy a horse (for which he charged him ten dollars in gross, and one dollar a month for six months), which died on his hands at the expiration of four months. Then there were charges for the use of a plough, and a few other little things furnished,—all of which he told me was "hard down on him," particularly "de hoss." But I made him admit that in trying to do well by himself the horse had had a hard time of it; and though he insisted that he stinted himself, he admitted under pressure that he had generally meat, corn-bread, flour, potatoes, and vegetables, with sugar, butter, eggs, and chickens. The man

had his own views of the war. That the Rebels "nebber gib up," he called the necessary result of Rebel reflection upon the loss of their slaves. "Wen dey tink," he said, "nebber ole nigger do fur 'em eny mo', dey fight as long as dey last. Dey 'member wen dey sot back in der carege and fan dar sef wen hot, or shet up wid glass cases wen cole, and ole nigger in de sun and in de snow; and wen dey tink ob dat, dey fight on sure. Dey alw'ys will fight wen dey tink dey nebber hab ole nigger eny mo'." At the *famous* battle of Big Bethel this man was a cook for the "Sesh," as he called the Rebels. "Wat 'stonish me mos' wus to hear de Sesh brag, and den see 'em run; dat 'stonish me, sure."

Thus chattering on, the negro plied his legs stoutly, often wondering, sometimes sorrowfully, where his wife could be, until I became interested in the meeting of such a loving pair. But cart after cart rolled by without any recognition. We were within half a mile of Hampton, when this faithful lover espied his wife. "Dar she comes!" he exclaimed with a broad grin of delight. As the pair approached, the man was greeted with a sweet and affectionate salutation by a good-looking woman, who exclaimed, "I done feel like a fish out ob water widout him." As the man climbed into the cart, his face wreathed with smiles and his whole soul happy in his love, I felt that in the sight of God, who gave us hearts and affections, there is but little difference between high and low. This poor freed slave, in his humble toil under his lowly roof, was much happier, and more blessed in his happiness, than many of the mighty of the land with all their external grandeur. An honest man is generally a happy one.

The new iron-clad "Dictator" arrived here about this time from New York, under the command of Commodore Rodgers, who captured the Rebel gunboat "Atlanta" off

Savannah River. This iron-clad was of the monitor class, and about three hundred and twenty feet in length, and greater in beam than any other ship afloat. Ready for sea, she drew twenty-one feet of water. Her engines were ponderous, being of five thousand horse-power, and her speed was sixteen miles an hour. Her side armor was of iron, nine inches thick, backed with four feet of oak. Her turret was of iron, thirteen inches in thickness, and her top was covered with seven-inch iron and oak. The roomy apartments for officers and crew, the fire-room, coal-bunkers, and engine-room filled me with amazement. At my request the Commodore ordered the steam to be turned on. Through the enormous cylinders and connecting pipes the steam rushed, hissing like a demon, imparting motion to the huge cranks and levers which communicated with the main shaft. I stood on an elevation, from which, according to the chief engineer, the best view of the machinery could be had, to witness the wondrous adaptability of this immense mass. At the first glance all was chaos; the second showed the application of the means to the end. But there was yet more to follow; moving through an elliptical opening into a water-tight compartment, I seemed descending into infernal depths. The passage-way was lined on either side with cavernous furnaces in double rows, forty-eight in all, blazing with the glare of anthracite coal. Beyond, over a railway, through a subterranean, or more properly subaqueous, passage, was the coal mine,—food for these dark and fiery furnaces. The ventilation was perfect. In the engine-room, the fire-room, the coal-mine, the cabins, wherever we went, the cool air swept over us, making the temperature delightful. This was effected by a large wheel, which, revolving on an axis perpendicular to the horizon, sucked in the cold air from the outside, and forced it by its paddles through the ship. The use of

water for cleansing purposes was ingeniously arranged, as indeed any one will see it would have to be, where everything but the turret was either under or flush with the sea. To prevent the rushing in of water, a valve closed communication with the outside, until the basin was so secured that there could be no overflow. Everything was then forced out with one or two strokes of an air-pump, and the valve closed again. From the hold we went to the turret. I did not at the time quite take in a very interesting discourse which the Commodore gave on the mode of preserving the magnetic needle from deflection by the mass of iron around the compass. The height at which the needle was placed was clear enough, but how a card floating in liquid was arranged to keep the needle in the plane of the magnetic meridian, I did not quite catch. Two enormous fifteen-inch guns, and the method of loading them, next attracted my attention, and filled me with renewed admiration. Rodgers felt that his ship could whip anything afloat, unless it met its like, when there would come the "tug of war."

On Christmas day news was brought to Fortress Monroe by an ocean steamer from Savannah that Sherman had occupied that city, captured thirty thousand bales of cotton, and lost General Hardee, who had escaped, through a loop-hole between the Savannah River and the coast, with ten thousand men. How sweet in the nostrils of cormorant non-combatants was the odor of those thirty thousand bales, and the opening trade which loomed up through Sherman's triumph! How was greed sharpened and cupidity increased! The telegraph had hardly carried to New York the news, before the wires vibrated with schemes and petitions, and bargains for military permits to gather up the treasure, quite indifferent to what went in to pay for the cotton, turpentine, and tar that might come out. There

were cormorant traders bent on making money ; cormorant provost-marshals regulating trade ; cormorant tax-collectors drawing money into invisible pockets for personal use ; cormorant Treasury-agents seizing the so-called Rebel products of the country — furniture, abandoned dwellings, whatever they could lay their hands on — to convert them into cash, which sometimes found its way into the Treasury ; cormorant philanthropists, who laid up great treasure of reputation at small expenditure of discomfort, who made great professions and bore small burdens ! It seemed possible that it might have been better for the honest, earnest, and hearty prosecution of the war that Sherman had not left one stone upon another in the Rebel city.

There were many rumors afloat here, spoken with bated breath, — for Butler had filled his department with spies and informers, — of the means and methods by which a most infamous Rebel trade was maintained within the territory ruled over by Butler and his confidants ; of the trade stores beyond our picket lines, in full blast, under Treasury regulations which were not enforced ; of the military commander of the District of Eastern Virginia, who adjudged the amount and kind of sales that were defined by the Treasury regulations, and from whom permission to make such sales was obtained ; of a certain detective, disreputable and degraded even for a detective, who farmed out his privileges of securing permits from a military sub-commander of the department for such compensation as would remunerate himself and his master, — a man who at that moment had been charged, so he informed me, with seeing that no telegraphic information of disaster to Butler's expedition, if there should be disaster, should be sent from Fortress Monroe. Did Butler's prophetic soul foresee the dark result ?

On the 27th of December, at nine o'clock in the evening,

we heard that the expedition against Fort Fisher had terminated in disaster. Butler was the herald of his own dishonor. At nine o'clock, with General Weitzel, he returned in the same steamer in which but one short week before he had sailed in all his glory. He was at his own quarters within the Fortress with an acrid temper, though why or wherefore none seemed to know, and few to care.

As has been narrated, transports, with the troops of the expedition destined for the capture of Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River on the coast of North Carolina, left Fortress Monroe on the thirteenth. Fine weather favored the plan. The troops arrived on the fifteenth, but the naval fleet was not there. The weather changed, and the transports put into Beaufort, where fresh supplies of water and provisions were secured. On the twenty-third the troops and ships were ready, and awaiting Butler's grand pyrotechnic display, for which he had been for some time preparing. This consisted in an explosion near the hostile fort of more than two hundred and thirty-five tons of powder, which had been packed into the hold and on the decks of an iron steamer (belonging to the navy), for conveyance as near the fort as she could be run. The better to deceive the enemy, the vessel was to play the part of a blockade-runner under fire of our guns.

On the night of the twenty-third the grand performance came off. Fort Fisher, situated at the angle of the peninsula made by the Cape Fear River and the ocean, was about two hundred and fifty yards from the shore. The explosion took place, as desired, one hundred and fifty yards from the landing, and about four hundred from the fort. There was a great shock, a terrific noise, and a dense smoke; but the fort was uninjured. A captured Rebel officer, near the fort when the powder was fired, was carried off his feet for some distance, uninjured.



The ships of our own navy were fortunately unharmed ; they lay off a great distance for safety. Over half a million of dollars having been thrown away on this idle experiment, the fleet and the troops began operations. At one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth the ships opened fire, continuing during the day, and firing, according to a Rebel newspaper, thirty shells a minute. At night, two divisions of three thousand men, under General Ames and General Paine, were thrown ashore about three or four miles above the fort. By the morning of the twenty-fifth, the debarkation was complete. During this day the navy continued their fire, and the troops drew near the fort. When night came on, our skirmishers were within two or three hundred yards of the outworks. As yet there had been no attack upon Weitzel's force by any considerable body of the enemy, and the few guns fired from the fort had hurt no one. It was plainly perceived that the fort was not entirely surrounded by a ditch, and that it was casemated towards the ocean, but open on the river side. An officer of Colonel N. M. Curtis's brigade, under cover of the darkness, stole around between the river and the fort, got inside, and brought off the Rebel flag, which had been shot away in our naval bombardment. Once during the night our picket line had become confused, and in an attempt to re-establish it — which was successful — there were brief exchanges of musketry, and the Rebels claimed to have repulsed us. At this time Colonel Curtis felt sure that the fort could have been taken by assault, and he wished to make the attempt, but was forbidden to do so, and ordered to withdraw to the place of debarkation. Why this was done Curtis did not know ; but he was grieved and disappointed, and so expressed himself to me after his return to the Fortress, declaring again and again that then and there that fort could and should have been captured. The

valor shown by Colonel Curtis when, a few weeks later, he exhibited such conspicuous bravery in the capture of Fort Fisher, where he came near losing his life, entitles him to consideration.

On the twenty-sixth, Butler's grand expedition took to their boats and sailed for Fortress Monroe. A few of our men were wounded, and we took two hundred and fifty prisoners, who were captured in the outworks. General Weitzel was at the front with Curtis on the night of the twenty-fifth. Did Weitzel order this withdrawal, thinking the fort could not be taken? Is there a mystery about it? Would an assaulting column have found themselves in a trap? General Ames thought the naval delay, from the fifteenth to the twenty-third, enabled the enemy to throw a large force into the fort; but he was not sure that this was the case, and Curtis was sure it was not. Butler, who was punished for his timidity, and his failure in ordering the withdrawal, was evidently frightened away. Even a quartermaster asked me if Butler should not have known the strength of the fort before he attacked it.

The two hundred and twenty prisoners captured at the half-moon and other batteries were brought to Fortress Monroe. Not the grave only but the cradle must have been robbed when this dwarfed and weazened lot frightened Butler away from Fort Fisher. That the navy were justly indignant because their efforts were not seconded by the land forces, that the newspapers praised Curtis and condemned Butler, and that gold rose from two hundred and eight and one-half to two hundred and sixteen and seven-eighths, were among the interesting topics of the day.

But whatever Admiral Porter thought of Butler's flight (it was said that he intended to put upon the General the blame for not taking Fort Fisher), it did not move him to follow Butler's example. All that could be done to dis-

mount the guns and knock the work into an unsightly mass, Porter did, and with such effect that again the commander-in-chief determined with the same troops and another general to assault and occupy the fort.

On the 5th of January, 1865, very early in the morning, Colonel Curtis aroused me with the information that, with his brigade, he was again to take ship; and that the same troops that had but just returned from Fort Fisher (Ames's division and Paine's colored), with an additional brigade, in all numbering eight thousand men, the whole commanded by General Alfred Terry, would be down from the front that day. Where they were going he did not know, though he had seen the order to report to Sherman at Savannah, and Terry told him to make this public, but he looked when he spoke as if Savannah were not the real destination of the expedition. In the afternoon, General Ames arrived with the whole of his division. He also had seen Terry's orders to go to Sherman; but certain sealed orders which Grant had given Terry, not to be opened until at sea, Ames had not seen. Everything pointed to a renewal of the attack upon Fort Fisher. The troops were the same, the staff-officer from Grant's headquarters was the same, — all but Butler, and he knew nothing of the destination of the expedition; he had been left out.

On the evening of the fifth the troops went to sea. Butler at Fortress Monroe was suspicious of the movement. "Terry is going to try it, they say," he knowingly remarked; adding, "I shall be glad if they take Fort Fisher, but I am sorry for Terry. However, I shall be glad if they take it; and if they do not, I shall find my vindication." Butler then informed me that Grant had been *ordered* to send a second expedition; that there had been a stormy meeting of the Cabinet; that his (Butler's) de-

patches were refused publication; and that Porter was ordered to run by the forts. Butler then addressed himself to a defence of his own course. First making a rude sketch of the peninsula, with positions of the forts, place of landing, trace and mode of construction of Fort Fisher, he pointed out where Colonel Curtis's picket line was, how far from the outer ditch, and explained (as he thought satisfactorily) how impossible it would have been for Curtis to have taken the fort. Moreover, argued Butler, "Curtis never got in the rear of the work; he was prevented by piling, which he never passed." Of its garrison Butler was equally confident: he knew they had all the men inside the work they could use; he had information that a large force, more numerous than his own, were just from Richmond, and not two miles in the rear of the work.

Thus did Butler, until the 9th of January, disport himself to all who would listen upon his great military achievement in running away from Fort Fisher. On that day an order which arrived from Washington, relieving him from further command and sending him to Lowell to await orders, started him on a new course of scandalous and bitter vituperation. In the presence of a large number of staff officers and clerks, he avowed himself to be the last of those monumental volunteer officers who, starting out in high command at the beginning of the war, had been removed by "regular army influence." As this remark was delivered, with furious irony or ironical fury, in my presence, I replied: "Not so, sir; for those who have removed you hold, like yourself, volunteer rank. The President and Secretary of War are, like yourself, from the people, and should not be presumed to lean more to regulars than to volunteers." "That is not so," grimaced Butler; "I am removed on account of the influence of

regular army officers upon General Grant,—one General Patrick, one General Ingalls, and another Colonel ——. I have interfered,” shouted Benjamin, “with General ——, who finds it necessary to go to Washington once a week to do his courting, while in the mean time our horses starve. Besides, he wishes to marry —— ——, who does not like me because I kept, so she says, her husband from being President; and I did do as much as any one to that effect. I sent word to —— that if he married —— ——, I hoped he would not be dowered with all her hates.” Long did Butler discourse to his audience of the spites which had culminated in his ignominy; bitterly did he strive to convince himself and his hearers that not his utter and absolute inability to command, but jealous interferences and malign influences were the cause of his removal to the serene and secure atmosphere of Lowell in Massachusetts. One thing more was left him: he could publish a farewell order to his troops, and he did it. First reciting, in imitation of Ossian, the heroism of his soldiers, he concluded: “Such men your General could not lead to sacrifice, and he is relieved.” The New York “Herald” of the fourteenth, containing the official reports of Butler, Weitzel, and Ames, with certain letters, telegrams, and indorsements by Grant relating to the Fort Fisher matter, threw an additional ray of light upon that ill-starred expedition. It may seem strange that it was through this medium that these official communications should have first appeared; but I was prepared for it through a revelation from Butler that his report of the Fort Fisher expedition which had been delivered to Grant, was found subsequently on the floor of the Norfolk Theatre, where it had evidently been dropped by some one at the play; and this, Butler thought, might “cause its publication by the person who picked it up.”

However it may have appeared, Butler therein blamed the navy for a delay which lost to the army three fine days, in which it could have operated before the enemy was reinforced by numbers superior to his own; asserted that an assault upon landing would have been folly; that no siege was contemplated, and no preparation for one made; that it would have been bad generalship to have kept his troops on shore to await reinforcements and siege material; and that the same military result might follow the efforts of any new expedition which might have been accomplished by the first, if it had been reinforced and supplied with materials for a siege, — perhaps better, for the enemy had now been thrown off his guard.

General Grant reported that he did not order or contemplate Butler's presence with the expedition; affirmed that the delay in attacking was due to the powder-boat, — a design which he indirectly censured; that if a landing were effected and an assault found not feasible, a siege *was* contemplated; and that the return with the troops to Fortress Monroe was in violation of his order. When Butler saw in the "Herald" Grant's comments upon his report, he was excited and angry, crying out, "Well, he makes a direct issue; he says I was not ordered to accompany the expedition. I can prove that he directed his aid, Comstock, to accompany me." Where, Butler did not say; but as he had previously told me that he went "to keep Porter from overriding Weitzel," I fancied that in his peevishness he had resorted to pettifogging.

On Sunday the fifteenth, at six o'clock in the afternoon, Butler left Fortress Monroe for Lowell. He was escorted to the boat by a small body of troops, and by Generals Shepley and Marston, both of whom hung about him as a victim of regular army persecution. Once in the cabin of the boat, — where his family had secluded themselves in

their state-rooms, — none were so poor as to do him reverence. Butler seemed excited and unhappy. Cut down in the spring-tide of his popularity, it was with pleasure that he grasped the hand of a coal-heaver who happened to be passing, and who was much astonished at the unexpected honor.

Out of all this blackness one ray of light still shone above Butler's horizon. The Massachusetts Legislature had deferred its election for a United States senator, and spoke of Butler as a possible candidate. The deposed and disgraced general was in his office at the Fortress when this plan of the newspapers dispelled for a moment the clouds which enveloped him. The office was filled with people, — spies, detectives, clerks, confidential agents, and reporters; a goodly crowd. Ben availed himself of his opportunity. In boisterous tones he ordered Captain —— to write to Henry Wilson an epistle in which "duty to the State," "claims of friendship," and "your own unqualified services" laid that foundation for official intimacy on which were subsequently reared so many political monstrosities that even Henry Wilson at last threw back the alliance in disgust. Even Sumner, who was won, and used, and flung away, could not despise Ben Butler more. Butler's civil-fund system had hardly been throttled by his departure; the artesian well and Dutch Gap had hardly been baptized with the names of "Butler's Folly," which they have since borne; Gillmore had hardly been returned from the active service of the James to the quiet of his old command at South Carolina, — when a vessel, covered with flags and firing its rejoicing guns, brought to the Fortress at an early hour of the seventeenth the news that Fort Fisher had been taken by assault after a severe struggle on Saturday the fourteenth, at three in the afternoon. Under a civilian brevet major-general, with the same troops and

a few more added, Fort Fisher had fallen. General Terry, the hero of the hour, had entered service from civil life as the commander of a Connecticut regiment, and had won his promotion and his honors by study and practice in a modest and painstaking way. He had never blustered of what he would do, and failed; we had first heard of him through his successes. Colonel Curtis also was vindicated at last. He lay, seriously wounded in the eye, on a boat just in from the scene, on its way to Chesapeake Hospital. Instant promotions followed as a reward for this gallant affair, — General Terry to be a full major-general of volunteers, Ames to be a major-general by brevet, and Curtis to be a full brigadier.

And these promotions were justly deserved. We will not here discuss degrees of merit. In the words of General Ames, "seldom have we passed through a fiercer fire." Our troops, he wrote (in a private letter from Fort Fisher), were put into position, — Colonel Comstock's formation (an officer of General Grant's staff, who accompanied both expeditions and who knew the region, and that this expedition came to assault the fort) being adopted. The assault took place at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the advance, Ames lost three of the five staff officers who started with him. All day long he fought his men with sound judgment and valor. The struggle at one time was fearful, — the result being so doubtful in the mind of General Terry that he gave an order to some one to tell Ames to make a vigorous effort, and if it failed to withdraw at once. This order did not reach Ames, and he fought on. Night came. Ames thought a movement should be made to gain the whole work. He sent for General Terry, who came; so did Colonel Comstock. What should be done? Terry proposed one plan, Comstock another, and Ames a third, which he (Ames) carried out, and soon had the work.



General Whiting, its commander, surrendered to General Ames.

The Secretary of War, in writing to the President from Fortress Monroe concerning Fort Fisher, did not mention General Ames, who fought so bravely. General Curtis, too, fought like a lion. I visited him in hospital, and went over the attack with him,—his position; how the palisades were cut away; how the parapet was gained by escalade, by the use of sword and bayonet; how they struggled inch by inch, driving the Rebels, who fought with desperation, from the bomb-proof. Curtis had talked with Colonel Lamb, a Rebel captive, who said that in Butler's expedition there were no veterans in the fort, while in Terry's the fort was filled with Lee's troops. Weitzel, however, who accompanied Butler, attributed Terry's success to a diversion made by the sailors from the fleet, which misled the Rebels and drew off attention from the real point of attack.<sup>1</sup>

In the same hospital where Curtis was lying were wounded Rebel officers from Fort Fisher,—among them General Whiting and Colonel Lamb, the latter grievously hurt, and yet not forgetting to send greeting to General Curtis for his valor. Such are the amenities of war. Among others dreadfully wounded in this affair I found the brave General Pennypacker, who suffered too much to be sensible of the glory he had gained; his sufferings were indeed terrible.

At this period the War Department was once more aroused by rumors that a large trade in contraband of war

<sup>1</sup> Since the war, Colonel Lamb, in a reported criticism of Jefferson Davis's statements, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," concerning Fort Fisher, says that when Butler attacked him, with 6,500 men, he had but 1,371 men in the fort; and that when the fort was taken he had but 1,900.

was being carried on from and through Norfolk with the Rebel army under Lee. General Grant was ordered to appoint a military commission to examine into this matter, and to try suspected persons. General Ord, who had on the fifteenth relieved Butler and assumed command of the Departments of Virginia and North Carolina, was directed by Grant to comply with the Secretary's instructions; whereupon my name as chief of that commission was submitted to Grant, and by him, in a letter written to Ord, heartily approved. It was in vain to remonstrate, or to remind Ord that since the 30th of December I had been hurrying through a court-martial, at his suggestion, in order to take command either of the front at Bermuda Hundred, or of a division in the Army of the James, both of which he had placed at my disposal. No excuses or remonstrances were accepted or allowed, and I entered upon the duty assigned to me. To go into the history of all the trading and traders in Norfolk, to know what goods they had received and how these goods had been distributed, presented a fine piece of work, which, however, I hoped to dispose of before active operations under Grant should begin. Rumors were everywhere current that ardent lovers of their country, many of them from Lowell, Mass., were engaged in dividing the profits of a contraband trade carried on extensively in the district bounded by the Albemarle Sound on the south, and extending as far west as the Rebel commissaries found it convenient to establish their dépôts.

On the 21st of January, at eleven A. M., at Norfolk, Virginia, the reputed headquarters of the Lowell ring, the commission were to assemble and try such persons as might be implicated in trading with the Rebels, in supplying them with food or other aid and comfort not authorized by military orders or instructions from the War Department.

The first day, January 23, was devoted to the examination of the military commander of the District of Eastern Virginia. General Shepley's examination revealed that on the 1st of December the port of Norfolk was opened to commerce; that prior to that date goods were allowed to enter only upon the application of a trader approved by the commander of the district, by the department commander, and by the War Department, with invoices in duplicate forwarded to the Treasury Department. It also appeared that since December no restrictions on the admission of goods, wares, and merchandise to Norfolk had been exercised; that our pickets did not cover the neutral territory between the enemy's lines and our own; that there were three stores for trading purposes on, within, or outside our picket lines; that a territory claimed as loyal beyond these lines was supplied by these stores; that Norfolk merchants had been permitted to take goods into this territory; that no particular restrictions had been placed on the amounts which individuals might purchase of these, and no particular caution used to prevent purchasing by people from the lines of actual Rebel occupation.

On the twenty-fourth, the examination of Shepley was resumed. It occupied the whole day, and revealed that but little attention had been paid to the Treasury regulation of allowing the Yankee trader to purchase one third of the value of goods sold (not contraband of war) in cotton and other products from within insurrectionary States. Whether from our revelations or because of new knowledge of the unpardonable iniquities allowed in Norfolk, General Grant sent an order to Shepley to allow no more goods to go into insurrectionary regions.

On Saturday, the 25th of February, the last testimony was taken on the subject of contraband trade from Norfolk. The examination had lasted more than one month. In this

time over fifty witnesses had been examined, one thousand and ninety-six pages of testimony taken, and a report of sixty pages, without accompanying abstracts, made. In the mean while, great changes had taken place. Shepley had been removed from the command of the District of Eastern Virginia, and from his position as military governor of Norfolk. Through an order which I vainly protested against, I was compelled on the 11th of February to take upon myself temporarily the command.

The military duties of the district I found to be coextensive with almost all the requirements of the Department of Virginia, save the management of the Army of the James in the field. Among others were included the guarding and holding all the territory in Virginia south of the James, and north of it up to the lines of Grant's operations, including the Peninsular lines at Williamsburg and Yorktown, as well as the eastern shore. Within this large area were to be found forts, field-works, and troops, prisons, military and civil, almshouses and poorhouses, hospitals for citizens and soldiers, magazines and arsenals, contrabands and refugees; and last, but not least, was included the imprisonment of the scoundrels who had been engaged in contraband trade with the enemy, the breaking up of trade-stores on and outside our picket lines, and the shutting up in Norfolk of all goods, wares, and merchandise beyond possibility of escape to the enemy's lines. The government and control of the city of Norfolk involved also judicious and continuous labor. Being charged with the care of all its civil and municipal duties, I administered justice between quarrelsome neighbors; decided causes on appeals from the provost-court; cared for the lighting, cleaning, and guarding of the streets; approved licenses for trade within our lines of absolute military occupation, or without, where the supplies under any one

permit going from Norfolk were only enough to feed a single family for a day or more ; watched over the markets ; with many other matters, an enumeration of which would tire one to read. Among them, however, I may mention a Congressional committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate this great crime of contraband trade. This committee, of which the Hon. E. B. Washburn was chairman, sat with me in Norfolk, heard and reported the same testimony from the mouths of the same witnesses that had been before my commission, and expressed themselves in their report in as strong a manner as I had done concerning that crime which would not have been possible without the assent and approval of generals high in command.

Besides this, another investigation devolved upon our commission. Butler had set up "an organ" in Norfolk, "The New Régime," — his advocate and clarion, — edited by one Clark, of Massachusetts, formerly a newspaper man of Boston, but now a staff officer and follower of the Butlerian dispensation. Through reports made to General Grant, that soldiers were detached from their companies to run Clark's printing-office, Ord was instructed to direct my commission to inquire into the management of this paper, and to ascertain and report "by whom and by what authority the same has been carried on, and whether any commissioned or non-commissioned officers or enlisted men have by detail or otherwise been engaged upon it." Let it suffice to say here that we found that all the reports made to Grant were true, and that a full and circumstantial account thereof may be found in the report of the commission, on file within the archives of the War Department at Washington. Butler's organ was instantly suppressed, the enlisted printers and compositors returned to their companies to perform the duty for which they

were receiving Government pay, and the presses and types returned to their owners, who had been despoiled of them by Butler's orders. And thus the whole establishment was rendered extremely unprofitable as a money-making investment.

My action in limiting trade within this district to the lines of absolute military occupation, and allowing no cotton to be purchased outside of our lines or to come into them, caused a great deal of excitement among traders and Treasury agents, who had never been ignorant of the fact that every pound of cotton entering Norfolk came from an appointed agent within Lee's army, receiving its equivalent in army supplies (contraband of war) at rates proclaimed and published by General Lee, — a transaction which afforded an immense profit to the dastardly traders. General Grant's approval of my administration came to me in an order which is given below.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
CITY POINT, VA., March 10, 1865.

*(Special Order, No. 48.)*

1. The operations on all Treasury-trade Permits, and all other trade-permits and licenses to trade, by whomsoever granted, within the State of Virginia, — except that portion known as Eastern Shore, and the States of North Carolina and South Carolina, and that portion of the State of Georgia immediately bordering on the Atlantic, including the city of Savannah, — are hereby suspended until further orders. All contracts and agreements made under or by virtue of any trade-permits or licenses within any of said States or parts of States during the existence of this order will be deemed void, and the subject of such contracts or agreements will be seized by the military authorities for the benefit of Government, whether the same is at the time of such contracts or agreements within their reach, or at any time thereafter comes within their reach, either by

the operations of war or the acts of the contracting parties or their agents. The delivery of all goods contracted for and not delivered before the publication of this order, is prohibited.

2. Supplies of all kinds are prohibited from passing into any States or parts of States, except such as are absolutely necessary for the wants of those living within the lines of actual military occupation; and under no circumstances will military commanders allow them to pass beyond the lines they actually hold.

By command of Lieutenant-General Grant,  
(Signed)

T. S. BOWERS,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

This suspension of all permission to trade in the enemy's country where there was the least possibility of supplying him with the sinews of war, not only covered the ground of the report of our commission, but used in some cases its very language. It was such an order as might have been looked for from any honest commanding officer, whether he were the commander of the District of Eastern Virginia, of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, or of all the armies in the field; and it fully sustained my hostility to those rascals who bragged that they had the President's ear, and would get out cotton yet, in spite of me.

To be quite sure that those who had negotiated for the delivery of supplies to Lee's army at Murfrees Dépôt (a noted station for the trade on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railway, between the Meherrin and Nottoway rivers), and to obtain in return cotton marked "C. S. A." awaiting their arrival, should be disappointed, I sent an expedition to destroy this cotton. Colonel George W. Lewis, of the Third New York Cavalry, with his command, reached the Black-water to find his passage opposed. At length, however, he overcame the enemy, gained the dépôt, fired and destroyed

fifty bales of cotton and all the warehouses, and returned with the loss of but three men. This successful raid of the 10th of March was followed by another a few days later, also under Colonel Lewis, in which he destroyed the enemy's ferry across the Blackwater at South Quay, and found it perfectly easy to make a dash on the bridge across the Nottoway. This raid on Murfrees Dépôt was appalling to the enemy. A Mrs. Gore, who left Richmond on the eighth, reached Weldon *via* the Danville and Raleigh Railway, remained there during the night of the tenth, and came into my lines on the fourteenth, reported that Weldon was in a great state of excitement; that Union troops were at Murfrees Dépôt, and it was feared that they would soon appear at Weldon, where, at that very hour, there were eight hundred Union prisoners on their way to Wilmington to be exchanged. At Richmond there was, she said, a belief that the city must soon be evacuated; provisions were becoming very scarce, and bacon could not be purchased at any price.

The purposes for which I was placed in command of this district having been accomplished, General Ord, in conformity with many previous and urgent notifications, informed me on the 18th of March that I was to be transferred to the Army of the James, either to a division or to the command of the front at Bermuda Hundred. On the nineteenth I was ready to go,—was indeed awaiting impatiently the summons,—when a messenger announced that the Secretary of War had arrived at Norfolk, and was somewhere in that city. After an exhaustive search I found him with a party of ladies and gentlemen in an old and venerable church in the city,—I think it was St. Paul's. The Secretary had but just arrived from the front, where I had met him. It was at the last grand review by General Grant of the Twenty-fourth (white) and Twenty-



fifth (colored) Divisions of the Army of the James, before the final movement which ushered in the beginning of the end,—an occasion on which I had ridden with the General during the review and found him very hopeful and communicative, he having just heard from Sheridan, who was smashing up things generally, having destroyed all the railroads from Lynchburg to Richmond, as well as all the bridges and canals, and was then making his way to White House, where he would arrive, Grant thought, in spite of all the efforts made by two divisions of the enemy to intercept him. The General had also received a letter from Sherman, who was at Fayetteville, and who reported that Johnston's army was breaking up. The Secretary being fresh from such an occasion, and having such cheering news, was in the best of spirits, though fatigued and careworn, and received me very kindly. We sat together in conversation for a few minutes, when Mr. Stanton introduced the subject of my command. I said I was expecting at any moment an order relieving me from the command of that district, and directing me to go to the front. "No," he replied, "you are not to be relieved. I fixed that matter with Generals Grant and Ord last night. You are doing too much good here, and we cannot afford to lose you; you are doing better work here than if you were commanding a corps or a division in the field, for you are stopping supplies from going to the enemy, and Hartsuff [who was to take my place] would have matters all mixed up in a short time." I was disappointed and vexed; but there was no help for it. Though Grant and Ord had proposed, the Secretary had disposed; and when Mr. Stanton had once made up his mind, one who would think to move him could not know him. I had never seen the Secretary in such a kindly mood, or when he manifested so much interest in others as he expressed for me and mine,

assuring me that I should be relieved and sent to the field as soon as the dangers which I was trying to ward off should have passed.

Hard upon this visit came the official promulgation of the Secretary's order, from General Ord, "by telegraph from Headquarters, Army of the Potomac," dated March 18, 1865:—

"The Secretary of War, when informed of the order about to issue, owing to matters still pending, prefers that you continue in command of the District of Eastern Virginia. You will therefore not be relieved by General Hartsuff."

## CHAPTER XII.

DISTRICT OF EASTERN VIRGINIA (*continued*).

TOWARDS the end events became as confused as pictures in a kaleidoscope. Hard upon the heels of an impromptu dance at Fortress Monroe, at which several officers of the English frigate "Galatea" were present, Stephens, Vice-President of the so-called Confederacy, with others, arrived at City Point to treat of peace with Mr. Seward and President Lincoln. The conference took place on the "Indian Queen." So suddenly had the President come, and so quickly had he gone, that few knew of it, and none knew of the significance of the visit. But that its purpose was to gain something from the inevitable ruin before the final crash, we felt assured from the testimony of the numerous deserters and refugees who swarmed into our lines, bringing one and all the same story of falling fortunes and hopeless prospects of the Rebel Government. Of twenty-five who surrendered to me in a single batch, all were dispirited and dejected.

"You won't believe us, sir," they said, "when we tell you of the hopelessness of our troops. We are whipped, sir, that's all."

"Well, where do you wish to go?" I asked.

"Home," they replied.

"But you can't," I said.

"We have General Grant's order," they pleaded.

"Let me see it."

A soiled and torn paper, bearing General Grant's promise that all deserters from the Rebel army should be permitted to go to their homes — which, they said, had been given to them by our pickets — was handed to me.

“How did so many of you escape at once?” I asked.

“We bought furloughs,” was the laconic reply.

“Bought furloughs! Of whom?” I said.

“Oh, you can buy them for fifty dollars apiece of a fellow who gets them forged for you.”

Another turn of the kaleidoscope, and a gallows appears, which was erected for the execution of an officer of our own army who had caused a sutler, with whom he had had an affray, to be shot by his men. Death by hanging was the sentence which I was ordered to see executed. Could I save him? The order was peremptory; it was the sentence of a court-martial, confirmed by the commander of the department. But were there no mitigating circumstances? Inquiries were set on foot, and a slight thread of hope appeared, with which I procured a postponement of his sentence for two weeks. The wife of the condemned man, in ignorance of the fate of her husband, had written to announce to him the birth of his first-born, and to ask him to name it, — and this, with his death-warrant ringing in his ears! In two weeks I had made out a case; the order was reconsidered, and the officer finally saved by the President's reprieve and pardon. I do not know the officer's name, and I never saw him; nor do I believe he ever knew that my unmilitary interference saved him from an ignominious death.

And then came another interference; and this time it was with the Tax Commissioners, whose sales of confiscated property for non-payment of taxes I had arrested sometime before, under the plea of reservations for military uses. These honest and high-minded gentlemen,

being anxious to get as much property as possible out of the hands of its original owners, seemed only desirous of cutting off by sale the possibility of redemption; for, once sold, the right was permanently lost. "Much has been lost to the Government," they complained to me, "by your order; for since your interference many owners have redeemed their estates by paying their taxes." I replied that this was all the Government wanted; of which I was soon able to convince these patriotic (!) commissioners by showing them telegrams from the President, and from the Secretaries of the Treasury and of War, directing that all tax sales should be stopped until further orders.

While these half-gorged harpies went away, sharp of scent, to pounce down on other garbage, I turned my attention to my own civil fund, with which I supported orphans and almshouses, lighted streets, established schools, maintained fire-engines, and so forth. This fund, accruing from taxes, licenses, polls, fees, permits, and small fines through the provost-marshal's court, was regularly turned over to a responsible financial agent, whose account of receipts and disbursements was always open to the examination of the district and department commander. Then, too, there were the rents paid by the Government for buildings for public uses, which in the hurried and partial decisions of the hour had been grossly unjust, sometimes to the owner, and sometimes to the Government. This question of rents had been deferred until claimants could be heard at the close of the war, when it was thought greater justice might be done.

From the 6th to the 26th of March I had received, through deserters and refugees, most satisfactory evidence in justification of the course I had pursued in stopping the infamous traffic which had been allowed in the District of Eastern Virginia. Through Weldon in North Carolina, — a

point eighty miles from Norfolk on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, where that and other railways from the south and west unite with the Petersburg and Roanoke and Richmond and Petersburg roads, — all the forage and supplies had passed for Lee's army. At this gateway from Norfolk, from the seaboard, and from such interior roads as the Raleigh and Gaston, the Weldon and Wilmington, Lee's army had been largely supplied with food and munitions of war. From the officer charged with the examination of refugees and deserters a daily report, embodying the fullest details of the foul traffic which had been carried on with the enemy, was made to me. Parties who left Murfrees Dépôt as late as the 2d of March reported that large lots of cotton were then being brought to that place by rail, and thence carted to where it could be exchanged for supplies; and that the quantity arriving daily at this Dépôt was much greater than it was before the capture of Charleston and Wilmington. On the 9th of March, refugees and deserters from Edenton on the Chowan River reported that there was a regular line of vessels running from that place, each carrying about one hundred bales of cotton; that they lay there generally four or five days for a load, and that the Confederate Government had nine mule teams drawing this same cotton from Murfrees Dépôt; that cotton was also sent from this dépôt to South Mills, where, said the informants, "it is supposed to be within your lines." But the most convincing testimony was given by one William Whitehead, who came into my lines on the eighteenth as a deserter from the Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry. Whitehead had been detached from his regiment since October, and placed on duty in the quartermaster's department at Weldon. This position afforded an admirable opportunity for observing the amount of supplies passing through Weldon, the sources whence

they came, and their final destination. All of the sugar and coffee which had of late been issued to General Lee's army had been carried through that town, and most of it came from Murfrees Dépôt. At the time Whitehead left, about four bales of cotton were stored there.

Cotton seized by the Confederate Government was turned over to the commissary of subsistence, who appointed agents to carry it into the Union lines and dispose of it. These agents were obliged to give security to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, and were thereupon allowed to take that amount of cotton out of the Confederacy and exchange it for coffee, sugar, and bacon. Usually from six to twelve thousand pounds of bacon passed daily through Weldon in exchange for cotton; but the cotton trade had become very dull after the late restrictions. On the twenty-sixth, however, on the testimony of one Thomas Montague, a ship carpenter, who left Halifax, on the Roanoke River, eight miles from Weldon, on the twentieth and came into my lines on the twenty-sixth, I had reason to believe that cotton was still flowing towards Murfrees Dépôt, to the left bank of the Chowan, and to the points formerly occupied by Shepley's trade-stores. He said that he crossed the Chowan at Manny's Ferry, one mile below Reddicks-ville, and that there were eight bales of cotton on the boat on which he crossed the river, which cotton came from Murfrees Dépôt; and, further, that he saw quite a number of bales in the woods about Reddick's. John Gillot, a deserter from the Sixty-first Virginia Infantry, came from Reddicksville on the twenty-fourth, where he saw about one hundred bales of cotton. He said that Reddicksville was a sort of rendezvous for men who were trading between the two armies; that as soon as cotton was landed on the east bank of the Chowan River it was considered to be within Federal lines; and that Man-

ny's Ferry was a point where quantities of cotton were sent over.

On the thirty-first several mechanics and others who had been in the service of the Seaboard Railway came into my lines. They stated that the average amount of cotton carried over that road was fifty bales a day, and that the amount carried to Murfrees Dépôt depended upon the amount of supplies which was expected to be received for cotton. Some days three car-loads were sent down, and every day at least one car-load went, carrying about thirty bales. The average amount of bacon carried over this road daily was about ten thousand pounds. Sugar, coffee, molasses, codfish, candles, etc., were also sent over this road.

A single glance at the map will show, stronger than any argument, the degree of that human "cussedness" which could have allowed unlimited supplies of contraband of war to pass into that region bounded by the Albemarle Sound, the Chowan River, and the Seaboard Railway, where free and uninterrupted communication, for cotton to come out and supplies to go in, was allowed with Weldon, Petersburg, and Richmond. A single reflection will show that a traffic in which the profits were so enormous would not have been allowed and encouraged, if that region had not been governed after the manner of the Roman governors under Cæsar, who plundered subject States, sold justice, pillaged temples, and stole all they could lay their hands on, in the belief that they were safe from punishment if they returned to Rome and admitted others to a share in their spoils.

By the 20th of March, Sheridan had arrived in safety at White House on the Pamunkey, and there, by Grant's order, I sent a boat to him. Everything confirmed his conviction that the end was nigh. Deserters, refugees,



and our own men escaping from the enemy swelled the list of those who told of a Rebel downfall. This was confirmed by the condition of Hood's army, which had arrived a month before at Charlotte with only twenty thousand men and no artillery; moreover, Bragg and his army were falling back from Goldsborough and Raleigh, while Sherman and Schofield, uniting, interposed between Lee and reinforcements. There was also disaffection within the enemy's lines. Rebel soldiers refused to fight if negroes were to be armed, while Rebel leaders acknowledged that there was no hope for them if negroes were not armed and forced into the ranks. Jefferson Davis was treated with contempt; he had ceased to be an oracle, and was violently finding fault with every one.

On the twenty-eighth General Sherman passed through my district to the front to see Grant. He arrived there in time to meet the President, who had himself arrived in season to be part witness of a lively fight which had been going on for a few days. It was begun by the enemy, who came forward in front of Petersburg as if to surrender, and then made a rush by which they gained an entrance to one of our forts and proceeded to drive out our men. The fight was sharp and decisive; the Rebels captured eight hundred of our men, besides killing a few, while we of theirs took twenty-eight hundred, killing many. These little affairs were very entertaining to the Washington officials, as a relief to the ocean of dreariness in which society in that city floated, and those who were fortunate enough to be present on such occasions never tired of describing the scene.

Mr. Seward followed the President. He came from the front with the Spanish and English ministers, his own daughter, and a large retinue of ladies. I found them seated in the parlor at my headquarters; introduced my

wife and several lady visitors from Boston, and then with our distinguished guests, including Admiral Farragut, we had an interesting talk. Mr. Seward, ever on the watch for a diplomatic result, stood ready, I fancied, to extinguish my conversation the moment it glanced in any direction where he thought silence would be more profitable. The premier had enjoyed the excitement of a heavy fight on the left, where an attempt had been made to break up the South-side Railway; he believed that this would prove to be the final struggle of the war, and that it would end in our success. So did the President, who still remained at the front, in readiness to make peace at any moment with the enemy, whenever he should show pacific intentions. Our triumph did indeed seem assured by every word that came to us. On the 2d of April it was telegraphed from Fortress Monroe that Sheridan had captured three brigades of the enemy and several batteries, had possession of the South-side Railway, and was driving everything before him; and hardly had this report been received, when we learned that Rebel rams yet on the stocks had been blown up, in order to choke the channel of the James River.

I cannot describe my feelings when these events were followed, on the morning of the third, by an announcement from Fortress Monroe that General Weitzel entered the city of Richmond at fifteen minutes after eight that morning! It was but two hours to midday. I was at my office; and there the message was received, — “authentic beyond doubt,” it said. I put the telegram in my pocket and rushed on to the street. An officer spoke to me, and I replied, “We have Richmond!” In a moment I was with Admiral Farragut. He could hardly contain himself at the news. In his hand he held a copy of my despatch. Could this news be true? — the Admiral doubted.

But his wife did not ; she was jubilant ; she had never a misgiving. We consulted a few moments upon the condition of affairs, upon the movement of Grant's left to cut off Lee's railway communications between Richmond and the Southwest, and then I returned to my office. A boat was ordered to be in readiness to convey the Admiral and myself to Richmond that night. Everything that could be turned out, I commanded to parade the streets of Norfolk, with music, flags, and cheers. The provost-marshal organized civil processions. Bands in wagons played to the echo in every street ; bells were rung and cannon fired till "further orders." Till nightfall the carnival continued. The first gun boomed out on the same spot where, it was said, a householder at his own expense had fired a salute when Sumter fell in 1861. The city was wild with excitement. Crowds, composed largely of negroes, surged through the streets till midnight.

On the evening of the same day a reception had been prepared for Admiral Farragut. It was tendered to him by the "citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth and vicinity," at Mechanics' Hall, at half-past seven. The Admiral's speech was received with enthusiastic cheers. It was followed by some fancy dancing, which was in rather bad taste ; but the dancers were wreathed in garments of red, white, and blue, which made the performance a patriotic one. After the reception, at eleven o'clock at night, we were on the boat steaming up the James. Of those who accompanied me there were, of officers, Admiral Farragut, my staff, Colonel Martindale, and Majors Stackpole and Binney ; of ladies there were Mrs. Gordon and two ladies from Boston ; and several citizens, who, without license or invitation, stole on board, and lay concealed until we were under way. At daylight, on the 4th of April, we were at City Point. There were many boats at

this place filled with prisoners ; and there also was the President's boat, the "River Queen." Nothing was to be learned here, and on we went to Dutch Gap, where we were told by some naval officers that the navy under Admiral Porter had not yet gone up to Richmond, but were engaged in dredging for torpedoes, which were said, or thought, to be very abundant, and that the river was full of obstructions. One mile below us was Aiken's Landing ; it was the best starting-point for an overland journey to Richmond, for which I had brought horses and saddles. Returning there, we were soon on shore, and mounted for our ride of fifteen miles.

A sailor on horseback is not the man he is on his own quarter-deck. Consequently, we had a scene at the outset. The Admiral had great difficulty in mounting ; his short legs would not go over a rolled overcoat which was strapped to the "gunwale" of his saddle ; and when we got off he was much troubled with his trousers flying up to his knees in an unruly manner. We stopped, therefore, rigged straps, got him taut and ship-shape, and on we went in rear of our lines up to General Ord's old headquarters, by Butler's "bull pen," up to Fort Harrison, along the lines of our deserted camps and intrenchments, out through an opening in our most advanced breastwork, across the ditch, over the abatis (the two lines of them, by the way, were not very strong), and into the open fields which lay between the hostile lines that separated the armies besieging and defending the Rebel capital. From near Fort Harrison, where we left our advanced lines, it was about one-half or two-thirds of a mile to the first defences of the enemy. Over the intermediate space, which was filled with rifle-pits and stripped of trees and everything that could cover an enemy, we approached the Rebel defences. They were superior in strength to ours. Between two lines of

abatis covering the front, *chevaux-de-frise*, perfectly formed and chained together, rendered a successful assault almost an impossibility until these obstacles were cleared away. These overcome, ditches with wire entanglements and torpedoes before the parapets presented themselves as devilish designs to impede an approach. Rebel huts and tents were still standing; but there was not a solitary vestige of life within them. From here we pushed on impatiently towards Richmond, eagerly gazing for its spires, which were wrapped in the smoke rising from the burning city. Passing many detached works, — forts, defences, outer and inner lines, — we at last reached the entrance to Richmond. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. We made our way through dirty and tortuous streets, by the ashes of countless houses and burning timbers, by household goods and furniture, amid multitudes of men and women gazing hopelessly at the wreck and ruin, down the main avenue and into the square where stood a monumental group of Washington and Patrick Henry and Clay.

Here we found General Weitzel. He had established his headquarters at the house and home of Jefferson Davis. The lower part of the house was roomy and somewhat imposing, but the upper part was poor and mean in the extreme. When Weitzel entered he was met by Davis's servants with the announcement that their master had told them that the Union commander would probably occupy the house, and that they must treat him well. The Rebel President's wines had been preserved, and in his parlor we drank to the health of the fugitive ruler of the Confederacy. As a memento I took away a group of bronze and wood representing an eagle being strangled by a crocodile. From the eagle's beak hung a chain. It was thus, I suppose, that the United States were to be throttled in an attempt to enslave the South. We were joined in

the parlor by the ladies. They were the first to enter Richmond after its capture; and this they owed to Colonel Martindale, who, pressing an ambulance into service, made his way into the Rebel city, to the entire and lasting gratification of these irrepressible women.

A cunning device now entered the Admiral's head. What a fine thing it would be to run the river and triumph over Admiral Porter; to hail him on his upward course with the President, with a report that the way was clear, and that he, Farragut, though present as a tourist only, had cut in and investigated, while the naval commander to whom the work belonged was sounding and feeling his way cautiously up the James. No sooner was this plan conceived, than Farragut turned to execute it. Since the evacuation no boat had passed down from Richmond, and none from below had arrived there. The only one in Weitzel's possession was the Rebel flag-of-truce boat, which was at its wharf with its captain, mate, and engineer aboard. The Admiral could have that boat and its pilot (if Weitzel could find him), who knew the river well, and the position of the torpedoes in its channel. With unbounded confidence in the Admiral's seamanship and good luck, I put myself at his disposal. With a skilful pilot who knew the way, there were good chances that we might escape the censure which would inevitably follow our flight from this world while engaged in an officious intermeddling with the plans and duties of others. So we started for the boat.

On our way we came to Libby Prison, and stopped to enter that gloomy hell. It was occupied by Rebel prisoners under a Federal guard. On the lower floor piles of cast-off shoes and clothing, miserable reminders of our own poor fellows, awoke feelings both of pity and of rage. We were shown a hole where a torpedo was planted to blow

the prison and its inmates to atoms, had Dahlgren in his raid succeeded in effecting an entrance to the city. On the ground-floor there were no prisoners. Our officers of the guard, with more humanity than theirs, had given the Rebels the healthier quarters above. As I gazed upon the Stars and Stripes floating gaily over Libby Prison in Richmond, I felt that the day of our deliverance was indeed at hand.

Continuing on to the river, we came to the Rebel steamer, and found her captain, but no pilot on board. We waited until our patience was exhausted, and then consulted the Rebel captain. What did he think of the dangers of this proposed trip, we asked. He said he "did n't like to try it;" was afraid of the torpedoes, especially as he did not know where they were planted. On Sunday night (it was then Tuesday) he had made his last trip, and since then he had seen a whole boat-load of torpedoes carried down to be placed in the channel. We had by this time lost all hope of seeing our promised pilot; and nothing was left us but to go without him or abandon the trip. The latter was not to be thought of; go the Admiral would, and at once. What did he care for torpedoes? We must take our chances; the captain knew the channel, and this was sufficient. I acquiesced, for I was determined to stick by the Admiral. I had brought him into Richmond, by land; and what now could be more appropriate than that he should take me out by water? Then, too, there was the fun of the thing. How Porter would enjoy it!— if we got through!

The Admiral's arrangements were soon made. He promoted himself to be captain of the boat, assigned me to duty on his staff, put the ex-captain at the wheel, and ordered the engineer to go ahead. The Admiral and his staff took post on the hurricane deck near the bow, with weather

eyes out sharp after obstructions. How the Admiral felt I cannot say ; but I saw no indications, in his calm and serene expression, that he looked for any sudden translation into the higher ether. I did ; but I hope he did not see it. The shores on either side were lined with wrecks. Huge pieces of stone and rubbish walled up the narrow channel, leaving only room enough for the flag-of-truce boat to make its way. " Not one hundred monitors," said Admiral Radford to me at a subsequent period, " could have opened the James against such obstacles, under the fire of opposing guns. It would have been utterly impossible for our fleet to have passed up until these barriers were removed ; and they could not have been removed until the shore batteries were silenced. Add to what you saw," he continued, " torpedoes innumerable, some of them immense in size and filled with two thousand pounds of powder, to be ignited by a galvanic wire from shore, and you can see how safe Richmond was from a forced passage of the river by any fleet." And how much was due to Sheridan, I thought, who by his flank movement on the southwestern railways rendered all this costly preparation abortive ! About six miles below Richmond our passage was stopped by a bridge. While we were attempting to open the draw a naval tug steamed into view, with a gun at her bow, the Stars and Stripes flying from her stern, and a petty officer in command. This was the advance boat of the fleet under Porter. The sight of a steamer coming down the river flying the Rebel flag (we had no other, and took the steamer as we found her, colors and all) surprised our jolly tars, who hailed us with the cry, —

" What boat is that ? "

" Good morning, Mr. —, " replied the Admiral.

" Admiral Farragut ! is that you ? "



“Yes, sir, it is. We have come down from Richmond to meet you.”

“Well, Admiral, you had better take in that flag, or the next boat you meet, seeing those colors, may fire into you.”

An hour or more of delay at the bridge, and we steamed on until a launch hove in sight, with quite an array of officers in its stern. Among them I recognized Admiral Porter and Abraham Lincoln. Porter's expression was one of blank amazement; the President's was sad, but satisfied. “How are you Porter?” and “Is that you, Farragut?” with “How is Libby?” from the President, accompanied by an audible and very open smile, and the reply from Farragut, “Very full of Rebel prisoners,” were the salutations and replies which passed as we continued on by still heavier batteries, whose huge guns pointed aimlessly down the river, — on by more wrecks of iron-clads and gunboats, forts deserted, houses and green wheat-fields, powder-blackened shores, where boats had been blown up, — on by machinery sticking up above the water-line, by mailed timbers, sunken boats, and all the wreck and ruin of war, — on by twenty-five miles of fortifications to Aiken's Landing, which we reached at nightfall. At City Point we found Mrs. Grant, with whom we exchanged congratulations upon the happy event; then steamed homeward, arriving at Norfolk at daylight on the morning of Wednesday, April 5.

A despatch from General Grant to his wife, that she had better go home, as he intended to follow up Lee till there was no more Lee to follow, when he would turn his attention to Joe Johnston, was an expression of that purpose which was manifested when Sheridan overtook the fleeing army at Burkesville, and held it until our infantry came up, when Lee, again breaking away, was pursued and captured by Grant. In the mean time, Richmond was

being made accessible from all quarters, — by rail from Acquia Creek and from Suffolk, and by boats on the James. Trade was resumed, treasures of the soil — cotton and tobacco — were seized, and the day of lasting peace seemed near.

All the facts of Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, on the 9th of April, are known to the world. It is not within the scope of this work to dwell upon the public history of that event. I am dealing here with private history, and shall conclude these pages with what concerned me in the final winding-up of the Great Rebellion.

Smarting under the disappointment of the hour, querulous and scolding from the well-merited punishment inflicted upon him by Grant, Butler addressed to me two letters, the occasion of which was certain articles in the "Old Dominion," — a newspaper published by its owner within my district, — reflecting upon his administration and his career. It was useless to assure General Butler that I had no hand in the matter, and that I knew nothing of the articles until they appeared in print; or to suggest that, if the accusations were unfounded, none knew better than he that no injury could befall him thereby. He insisted that I should have suppressed them; that the bare fact of their publication within my district was evidence that my relations with him were not friendly, — nay, that I actually inspired the articles; and he concluded the correspondence by a declaration of war, in the quotation, "Time at last sets all things even." With many irons in the fire, Butler, on the 14th of April, in Washington, sought to heat some of them, "and set things even;" for he, like many other politicians such as he, seemed to think that the word friendship signified an obligation to indorse every act and to support every measure,

however wrong, which it might please him to practise or to countenance.

To return again to active service as military governor of Richmond and its vicinity would have suited very well Butler's peculiar complaint; and it would, moreover, have made good his oft-repeated boast, that he had never been relieved from duty without being intrusted with a higher command. But in Ben's path to this object of his ambition there stood a lion, and Benjamin did not like lions. Governor Pierpont, whom the President seemed quite inclined to recognize as the Governor of Virginia, entertained for our Benjamin a contempt which was surpassed only by the degree of Benjamin's hate for Pierpont. The President's method of bringing the rebellious States into harmony with the loyal North, was through a reconstruction which should be based upon forgiveness for the past. Butler therefore was anxious to close the deadly breach between himself and the Governor; to forget that he had offered a number of thousands of dollars for the privilege of catching Pierpont within the Military Department of Virginia and North Carolina; to become oblivious to the fact that he had allowed his soldier printers to print, with a Government press on Government paper, and his soldier binders to bind, a pamphlet inspired by himself, scoring Pierpont severely on personal matters; and, in short, he was making overtures of peace, and pointing to the blessings which would flow to each from a fraternal embrace. Butler as the high priest of a dispensation of forgiveness and love to his Rebel brethren, and especially to Pierpont, would have been an unlooked for event in the President's policy.

But Butler's mission was not altogether for personal redress; he wished to interfere in this era of brotherly love in behalf of the Lowell knaves and the Southern rascals then held in prison in Norfolk, awaiting trial for supplying

the enemy with contraband of war. A pardon for several of these men convicted of this detestable crime had been promised by Butler's brother-in-law, upon the sole condition that they should arrange for the exchange of a whole steamboat load of contraband of war for cotton at the enemy's outpost. More than this, the pardon had actually been granted after the delivery of the cargo was made, the cotton secured, the transaction known, and Butler's authority to grant pardons had been stripped from him. I was for a moment somewhat startled that the era of good feeling could have produced such results in the Presidential heart as to induce Mr. Lincoln to desire to know from me by telegraph by what authority there were certain persons restrained of their liberty within my district. My reply, that these traders in contraband of war were held in duress substantially by Grant's order, drew the controversy into a different channel, and I heard no more of Mr. Lincoln's interference, and should doubtless have heard nothing of any future proceedings concerning the cargo of the "Philadelphia," had not Butler, emboldened by his success with the President and the Republican party, in which he became a shining light, endeavored to overcome the Supreme Court of the United States in an effort to obtain redress for the knaves in matters connected with the seizure by our navy of the steamer "Philadelphia" and her cargo of cotton as she was making her way from a Rebel outpost on the Nottaway River into Albemarle Sound, and thence to a market in New York. In this court at last the entire transaction was characterized as it deserved to be, and the whole subject exhibited to the world in its true light.

Of all the woes that had befallen us, the worst seemed to have been reserved for the hour of our rejoicing. Never before in this rebellion had the whole category of human

afflictions, — downfall, prostration, and ruin, — seemed to me so possible as when, on the 15th of April, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I received from Fortress Monroe the following despatch: —

GENERAL, — Not knowing whether the sad intelligence we have received here has yet reached you, I have thought proper to send you this by special boat. President Lincoln was shot last night at Ford's Theatre, and died at 7.30 this A. M. Secretary Seward was stabbed, may recover; his son also stabbed, will probably not recover. We have no further particulars here.

Later in the day, a telegram confirmed this sad news, and added that Vice-President Johnson was officiating. This deed, so paralyzing both on account of its intrinsic atrocity and its startling effect on the nation, I could not at first grasp. In vain I tried to penetrate that region of despair where men brood over the desperate possibilities of assassination. Such awful crimes we thought had passed from us forever. We could not credit it, that any man could be found wicked enough or foolish enough to believe that our Government could be shaken by the violent death of its President. With a determination to throw off the dejection which oppressed me, I wrote and published to my command on the next day the following order: —

HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF EASTERN VIRGINIA,  
NORFOLK, VA., April 16, 1865.

(*General Order No. 25.*)

The General commanding announces with sorrow the sudden death of Abraham Lincoln. All the intelligence yet received is contained in the following telegram, dated the 15th inst.: —

“President Lincoln was shot through the head at 10.30 last night, while in his private box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, and died at 7.22 this morning. Secretary Seward's house was

visited by another assassin at about the same hour (10.30 P. M. 14th), and the Secretary stabbed in several places; may possibly recover. His son Frederick was also stabbed, and will probably die of the wounds. Vice-President Johnson is now officiating."

In the death of Abraham Lincoln the country has lost one of its best citizens and one of its most conscientious rulers. Our President was a just and a good man. However deeply we may mourn his loss, let us be thankful to God that our country stands unshaken; and let those who believe our foundations are based upon anything but the firm and unshaken rock of the will of the people, lay to heart the truth of history, that neither King nor Parliament can ever resist the omnipotence of popular ideas.

As each day seemed to add new horrors to the horrid tragedy, so each day revealed to us that the plot was more extensive in its scope than we had dreamed of. Booth the assassin had escaped; Andrew Johnson had been duly installed as the President of the United States; the body of Abraham Lincoln was removed, on the 19th of April, to his old home at Springfield, Illinois, for burial. Home again, and for burial! as so many brave men had been carried before him in our civil war.

Permission having been granted from the headquarters of the army to all officers and soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia who were not present at the surrender of that army by General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Court House on the 9th of April, upon laying down their arms and receiving their paroles, to avail themselves of the terms of that capitulation, the constant influx within my lines of those who had thus been paroled seemed to me to call for a proclamation which should make clear the *status* of those deceived and deluded masses whom we had vanquished in war. Accordingly, on the 19th of April, I distributed the following:—

“To those erring and misguided persons who have been allowed to return to their homes, and to all to whom it may be applicable, this order is promulgated.

“Many of you have been madly attempting the destruction of our common country, but a just God has defeated your efforts. You have experienced the might of your Government; you are now permitted to enjoy its clemency. You are again at home, with the loved flag of the Nation to defend, succor, and protect. You are received into this district in the belief that, truly penitent for the past, you will become good citizens in the future; that you will, in return for the confidence bestowed, show yourselves worthy that confidence.

“In that belief, you may rely upon fair and impartial treatment. Upon a proper manifestation of allegiance, you shall seek your own living as you may choose, and be subjected to no excessive restraints. You shall share equally all the privileges that can with safety be bestowed on any. Thus will you be trusted.

“With yourselves and your families remains your future of happiness, or of misery. As you give, so shall you receive. With what measure you mete out your loyalty, protection and pardon shall be meted out to you. A surly and dogged obedience, a traitorous lip-service, and a sneering worship in God’s holy temple, with treason in the heart, will not assure such happiness to the male or female subject that joy will be born therefrom.

“Let there be thanks to God that the heart of the Nation has been turned to pardon, rather than to punishment; but take heed that offence cometh not again!”

There are many interesting bits of history connected with the first efforts of loyal commanders to tone down the rebellious spirit of returning Rebels. On the one hand there was the rage, chagrin, and mortification of the conquered, and on the other, the overbearing and sometimes unreasonable exercise of unrestrained will by the conqueror. If, on the one hand, it was hard to yield, on the other it was hard to be just. Submission and penitence

were exacted from those who still held in their hearts all the malevolence and anger that civil war engenders. The following case illustrates the animosity which existed, the degree of self-imposed mortification which followed, and the harsh spirit in which commanders received the submission of returning Rebels.

The Rev. George D. Armstrong, a Presbyterian clergyman of Norfolk, had taken, in December, 1863, the oath prescribed by the President as a condition of grace, under which he was to enjoy his civil privileges so far as was possible in a state of war,—doing nothing which could give aid or comfort to the enemy, and receiving in return immunity from vexatious proceedings. On the 4th of March, 1864, Butler sent this reverend gentleman to Fort Hatteras in North Carolina, there to be held as a prisoner of war. The somewhat entertaining tournament between Butler as an expounder of Christian principles and church practices and the Rev. Mr. Armstrong was preserved in the files of the “New Régime,” where all the most savory performances of the commander of that department were served up to enrapture his obsequious worshippers. I give it with its heading, as cut from a Richmond paper of the 23d of April, 1864,—thus not only snatching this literary gem from oblivion, but preserving some of the compliments with which our enemies greeted Benjamin in that season:—

AN EXAMINATION IN A “SUBJUGATED” CITY.—A few days since we published the examination of Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, by an order of Butler, upon the charge of disloyalty. The oath which the accused had taken was an oath of parole, and the charge against the prisoner seems to have been disloyalty in his feelings. In a late copy of “The New Régime,” published at Norfolk, we find a report of a subsequent examination



of Mr. Armstrong by the —— in person at Fortress Monroe. We give it as a part of the history of the times:—

“*General B.*—I have read a report, Mr. Armstrong, of an examination of yourself by one of my aides-de-camp in regard to the question of your loyalty. Now I need not say to a man as experienced as yourself, that taking the oath of allegiance is only a manifestation of loyalty; that as a man might join your church and still be a very bad man after so doing, so a man may take the oath of allegiance and still be a very disloyal man.

“*Rev. Mr. A.*—If you will allow me to make a statement to you, I will do so; or I will answer such questions as you please.

“*General.*—Make your own statement, sir.

“*Mr. A.*—The view with which I took the oath was this: I believe the military commander has a right to demand of the citizens at any time that they shall take a parole. I regard Norfolk as for the present a conquered city; indeed, I have had no idea that the Confederates would again take it, and that if it ever again did become a part of Virginia, it would be by treaty at the end of the war. I wished, in accordance with the Scriptural injunction, to ‘obey the powers that be,’ and I believe the United States to be ‘the powers that be.’ I took the oath with the intention of keeping it so far as my actions were concerned. *My feelings, of course, I cannot control.* My words and actions I can.

“*General.*—That brings me, sir, to a matter to which I wish to call your careful attention. Your unrevealed thoughts I can only get by asking questions. Now, sir, I want to ask you a few questions. Did you in any way advise, consult with, or give any information to Mrs. McIntosh in relation to selling any property in Norfolk?

“*Mr. A.*—Not that I recollect.

“*General.*—Let me try and quicken your recollection a little. You know her?

“*Mr. A.*—Yes, sir.

“*General.*—She is a sister of Captain McIntosh, of the so-called Confederate States Navy?

"*Mr. A.* — His wife; she is a member of my church. She was about selling her property —

"*General.* — Wait one moment. Don't you remember whether you advised her about selling it in any way?

"*Mr. A.* — I talked with her. I don't recollect what I said. I believe there was a conversation about her selling her property and removing to Baltimore, — no, not about selling her property. She told me, as her pastor, that she was going to remove to Baltimore.

"*General.* — Did you then and there say to her, that she had better not remove or sell her property, because the Confederates would soon have the city of Norfolk, and her property would then be worth more, or words to that effect? Answer me that question, now, without mental reservation or equivocation.

"*Mr. A.* — No, sir. I urged her not to go away from Norfolk, on account of her church.

"*General.* — Did you say anything like it?

"*Mr. A.* — No, sir.

"*General.* — Did you say anything as to the time when you thought the Confederates would have Norfolk?

"*Mr. A.* — No, sir.

"*General.* — Anything of the sort?

"*Mr. A.* — No, sir.

"*General.* — You pray for the authorities?

"*Mr. A.* — I pray for the authorities over us; and I publicly explain to my congregation, that in so doing we were praying for the President of the United States.

"*General.* — Do your people understand it?

"*Mr. A.* — They do. I have publicly explained it.

"*General.* — Have you, since taking the oath of allegiance, or at any other time, checked one of the members of your congregation when he was praying for the President?

"*Mr. A.* — Have I checked them?

"*General.* — Chided them in any way or form of words?

"*Mr. A.* — Not that I recollect.

"*General.* — I beg your pardon, sir; it is not a matter of recollection. It is a thing you cannot forget.

“ *Mr. A.* — No, sir.

“ *General.* — Did not one of the members of your congregation pray for the President of the United States, and did not you say that it had better not be done ; that there were two parties to please here ?

“ *Mr. A.* — Never, sir.

“ *General.* — Nothing of the sort ?

“ *Mr. A.* — Nothing of the sort.

“ *General.* — I perceive that in your former examination you declined answering this question : ‘ Do you call yourself a loyal man in letter and spirit to-day ? ’

“ *Mr. A.* — I do not decline to answer now. If I were to put my own interpretation upon it I should say I am ; but I don’t know, sir.

“ *General.* — Well, sir, perhaps I can teach you. Now, sir, what is the name of that gentleman who had taken the oath, and, while coming out of the Custom House with you, made the remark that he ‘ would like to spit upon the Northern Yankees ’ ?

“ *Mr. A.* — Mr. Charles Reid. I declined to answer on my former examination because I had not his consent to tell, sir ; but since that I have seen him, and he has given me his consent to mention his name.

“ *General.* — Where is Mr. Reid ?

“ *Mr. A.* — He is in Norfolk.

“ *General.* — (To an aid.) Telegraph to Colonel Whelden (provost-marshal, Norfolk) to arrest Mr. Charles Reid and send him here. He lives on Main street.

“ *General.* — He stated that as he came out from taking the oath ?

“ *Mr. A.* — Yes, sir.

“ *General.* — With the oath fresh on his lips and the words hardly dry in his mouth, he said he ‘ wanted to spit in the face of the Northern Yankees ’ ?

“ *Mr. A.* — Well, General, *he took it with the same view as I did.*

“ *General.* — I agree to that, sir.

“ *Mr. A.* — I meant to say —

“ *General.* — Stop, sir. I don’t like to be insulted. You said, sir, that that infernal Secessionist wanted to spit in the faces of

loyal men of this Union, and that you took the oath with the same view as he did, or rather he took it with the same view that you did, — it makes no difference which. I agree, sir, that you did. I have treated you, sir, during this interview, with propriety and courtesy up to this moment, and yet you, sir, here tell me, in order to clear this vile wretch who shall be punished as he deserves, that *you took the oath to my Government with the same view that he did.*

“*Mr. A.* — Well, sir, it was a mortifying fact to confess that we were a conquered people, and it was the irritation growing out of that fact.

“*General.* — You have not helped it, sir. You had not better go on in that direction any further, sir, for your own sake. Now, sir, while you did preach a very virulent sermon upon ‘The Victory of Manassas,’ at the recommendation of the Confederate Congress, have you ever since preached in your pulpit a sermon favorable to the Union cause, or one that would be likely to please the loyal and displease the disloyal?

“*Mr. A.* — No, sir, I never have.

“*General.* — You have said you ‘do not think this a wicked rebellion.’ Do you still hold to that opinion?

“*Mr. A.* — Yes, sir.

“*General.* — You have not opened your church upon any of the days recommended by the authorities. I want a more explicit answer, sir, than you have given previously. You know whether you have or not. How is it?

“*Mr. A.* — I should have to answer, sir, that I did. There were prayer-meetings held in the church. No addresses were made. There was a prayer for peace.

“*General.* — You said you ‘would not willingly open your church to any recognized minister of the Gospel from such denominations as before the war you would have exchanged with, did you know he would pray for the Union, and against the Rebels’?

“*Mr. A.* — Yes, sir.

“*General.* — You said you looked upon the hanging of John Brown as just and right because he interfered with the peace of the country?

“*Mr. A.* — Yes, sir.

“*General.* — Very good, sir. Now, then, would you look upon the hanging of the prominent Rebels, Jefferson Davis, for instance, as just and right? — You know the Rebels have interfered with the peace of the country, and have caused rivers of blood to flow where John Brown only caused pints. What do you say to that?

“*Mr. A.* — I would not, sir.

“*General.* — Are your sympathies with the Union or the Confederate cause?

“*Mr. A.* — With the Confederates.

“*General.* — I don't see, sir, what good the oath has been to you.

“*Mr. A.* — I thought the oath was an oath of amnesty.

“*General.* — You took the oath, sir, for the purpose of having the United States protect you while you should, by your conduct and your life, aid and comfort the Rebels. It is an oath of amnesty to those who take it in truth, and come back repentant to the United States. You are a Presbyterian. A man comes to you; you are about to take him into communion. You say to him, ‘You have heretofore been a wicked man.’ He says, ‘Yes, sir.’ You ask him if he has experienced a change of heart. He says, ‘No, sir.’ You ask, ‘Are your sympathies with us or the devil?’ He says, ‘The devil.’ You ask, ‘Which would you like to have prevail in this world, God or the devil?’ He says, ‘The devil.’ You ask, ‘Where are your friends?’ He says, ‘With the devil.’ Then you ask him, ‘Do you think you can join the church with your present feelings?’ He replies, ‘I think I can, to get the bread and wine at the altar.’ Think of it, sir, anywhere else, and as a man of Christian professions, saying nothing of Christian practice. I call upon you to think of it. Sworn to be loyal and true to the United States, here you are with your sympathies against them. You, sir, are a perjured man in the sight of God. It is an oath of amnesty to those who truly repent, precisely as Christ shed his blood for those who repent, but not for those who would crucify him afresh. For you, sir, it was an oath of amnesty. I should be just as wrong in receiving you, sir, as a loyal man, as you would in receiving such a man as I have described into your church. (To

an aid.)—Make an order that this man be committed to the guard-house, in close confinement, there to remain until he can be consigned to Fort Hatteras, there to be kept in solitary confinement until further orders, and send a copy of this examination to the officer, in command there.”

In a subsequent number of “The New Régime” we find the following:—

“The Rev. George D. Armstrong, of this city, who, after taking the oath of allegiance, had given utterance to disloyal sentiments, yesterday sailed for Fort Hatteras, where he is to be confined for some time.

“Charles Reid, of this city, has been ordered outside our lines for a like offending, and will go up the James River in the next flag-of-truce boat.”

The manner of this reverend gentleman’s release from imprisonment, his return to Norfolk, and his desire to resume his pastoral duties, were set forth in a letter to my provost-marshal as follows:—

NORFOLK, VA., April 22, 1865.

*To Colonel Mann, Provost-Marshal, District Eastern Virginia :*

SIR, — Having returned to Norfolk after a constrained absence of more than a year, I wish to resume my ministerial charge of the Presbyterian Church in this city, and now ask that I may be allowed to do so.

In connection with this request, I make the following statement of facts in my case.

1. On the 4th of March, 1864, I was arrested, sent to Fort Hatteras, North Carolina, and there imprisoned by order of Major-General B. F. Butler. Early in the December preceding, I had taken “the oath of amnesty” published by the late President of the United States, and had never, in so far as I know, by any act of mine, violated that oath. In his order directing my imprisonment, General Butler does not charge me with any act or word spoken in public in violation of my oath, but with having taken the oath improperly.

2. After being detained in prison for several months, I was, by General Butler's orders, sent through "the lines" to Richmond, which place I reached September 28, 1864. This was not at my request, or the request of my friends, — my wish being to return to my home in this city.

3. Shortly after reaching Richmond, I received an appointment from the Presbyterian Board of Missions at Columbia, South Carolina, as a Missionary to the Third Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia (from the Government I had no commission); and in this capacity I was laboring at the time of the retreat of that army to Appomattox Court House. At the surrender of that army, by advice of General Longstreet then commanding the Third Corps, I was paroled along with his staff as a missionary in the army, and in this situation I have now returned to Norfolk.

4. By the events of the last few weeks, I consider the war as practically ended. I accept the result as it is. I regard the authorities of the United States as "the powers that be" of Scripture, and therefore "powers ordained of God," and acknowledge it to be my duty to yield them the obedience and support of a good citizen. This obligation it is my intention honestly to discharge.

5. As I have never regarded "the oath of amnesty," taken in December, 1863, as a proper oath of allegiance, I this day applied to the Assistant Provost-Marshal to administer to me the oath of allegiance to the United States. This he informed me a recent order prohibited his doing in cases such as mine, except upon order of the General commanding. For this reason my request is not accompanied with any certificate of having taken such oath.

In view of the above statement of facts and intentions, I would now repeat my request that I be allowed to resume my ministerial duties in the Presbyterian church in this city.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. D. ARMSTRONG.

The request to take the oath of allegiance and to be permitted to resume his clerical duties, was granted upon

condition that he should make due submission by signing a paper which I drew up and forwarded for his signature. It is perhaps needless to add that the *conditio sine qua non* was not accepted, and that Mr. Armstrong, therefore, abstained for a period from further ministerial duties.

Next in order came an appeal, so deferential and pathetic, that it inclined my heart unto a willingness to do all in my power for one so crushed and humbled. The appeal was as follows:—

NORFOLK, May 4, 1865.

GENERAL :

SIR, — I very respectfully submit myself to you ; and in the same tone ask that you will give me a pass to my farm, six miles in the country on the Government Bridge Road. I own property in this and the connected counties. I am, sir,

Your very obedient servant,

SAM. WELES,

*Surgeon-in-Chief of General Johnston's Army.*

There was also a notable correspondence with that irrepressible Virginian whom we left, it will be remembered, in 1863, quarrelling with General E. B. Keyes over a lunatic asylum at Williamsburg, on the Peninsula. Now we found him at Norfolk, addressing the commanding general in the following letter:—

NORFOLK, May 30, 1865.

GENERAL GORDON, — It is indispensably necessary for the interests of the Government and myself for me to have a brief interview with the executive officer having the most extended jurisdiction in this place. Believing that you are that officer, I beg you will grant me such interview at your earliest convenience ; an almost total physical decrepitude induces me to add the hope that if you grant it, you will not defer it a moment longer than necessary.

Respectfully,

JOHN C. WISE,

(per amanuensis).



To a request that he would make known his wants, he replied, on the 30th of May, that he wished to inquire as to the nature of the relation between the United States Government and himself: whether he was a citizen, and entitled to the privileges and franchises of such. He further stated that the greater part of his farm had been seized by the United States authorities, and that his family was consequently destitute. He closed by asking for assistance. To this communication I so replied that the following rejoinder closed the correspondence:—

ROLLESTON, June 1, 1865.

GENERAL, — Thankful for your note just handed me, I reply that self-respect will not allow me to notice your personal charges. It is also absolutely impossible, owing to my physical condition and want of agents, to attempt the prosecution of a claim for damages against the Government; nor can I apply to or receive anything from a charity commission.

Respectfully,

JNO. C. WISE.

Brigadier-General Gordon.

In this hurly-burly of restoration many odd perplexities arose. The Rebel uniform, as a badge of rebellious service, was so offensive to the eyes of Union men, that I felt constrained to suppress it upon its first appearance; and I did so in an order which for a time caused much concern as to how long a returned Rebel would be compelled to lie in bed if his tailor were false to his agreement, or if the man were too poor to employ a tailor. The Attorney-General of the United States having considered this among other questions connected with the surrender at Appomattox, published his opinion, that the act of wearing the Rebel uniform by a paroled Rebel was a new act of hostility, which justified the Government in withdrawing its parole.

This judgment was promulgated as a military order by the Secretary of War, for the government of all concerned.

But I soon found that there might be other acts of hostility much more reprehensible than wearing a Rebel uniform, and better justifying the withdrawal of a parole. A positive manifestation of hostility or a continuing rebellious state furnished much stronger evidence of alienation, and one upon which I felt justified in acting under the Secretary's order. A former resident of Norfolk, a surgeon in the Rebel army who had been paroled and allowed to return to his home, accosted one of his old acquaintances in the street with —

“Where have you been?”

“I've been in the service,” was the reply.

“What service?” said the doctor.

“Why, the United States service, of course!”

“If you have been in the mean Yankee service, don't dare to shake hands with me! I don't desire to have anything more to do with you,” was the retort.

When this pleasant little episode was brought to my attention I sent for this distinguished Rebel, confronted him with his accuser, established the facts as I have given them, and sent him to the provost-marshal for confinement, until he made such a public revocation of his words as the occasion demanded. To let it be known to all that the Government was administered upon the principle that one may be punished for rebellious utterances as well as rebellious acts, I published an order that the contumacious Rebel be confined by the provost-marshal as a disturber of the peace and as a Rebel who avowed his unwillingness to associate with a loyal man who, singularly enough, seemed willing to associate and shake hands with him. And in another case, in which a Rebel lieutenant, wishing to salve his wounded feelings by a show of dignity, wrote

to an officer of my command, on the 20th of April, at Yorktown, that, to avoid further collision between his men and the Federal troops, he wished to surrender upon the same terms that were accorded to the Army of Northern Virginia by General Grant, I replied that he need not bother himself about a collision, for if he did not surrender he would be caught and hanged.

The army that surrendered to General Sherman made an even greater effort to preserve its dignity, as well as more material advantages; but it will be remembered that what at first threatened to be the cause of great uneasiness was finally settled by orders from Washington. On the twenty-eighth I received the following despatch from Richmond:—

Fire one hundred guns! General Johnston has surrendered with all his army north of the Chattahoochie, on the same terms with General Lee.

E. O. C. ORD,

*Major-General Commanding.*

Then we knew that our work was done, and that the cloud which had been gathering over Sherman's head had passed away.

As early as the 3d of May, Salmon P. Chase, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, accompanied by a party of ladies and gentlemen, left Washington for a Southern tour, intending to go as far as New Orleans, to observe as he went the adaptability of the people in their then condition for civil government. Norfolk was taken on the way, and there I met the party. Mr. Chase distinctly enunciated the policy to be pursued in restoring civil government to the insurgent States. Governor Pierpont, he told me, was to be recognized as governor of Virginia; the Constitution as adopted at Alexandria was to

be acknowledged as the new Constitution of the State. Whether Rebels not entitled to the benefits of the amnesty proclamation of Dec. 8, 1863, were to be permitted to vote, and if so when, was to depend upon future National and State legislation. The Chief Justice expressed himself as decidedly of the opinion that the colored people should be allowed to take a hand in the reconstruction of the Southern States; that they should be encouraged to meet in conventions, and should be intrusted with the ballot,—“For,” said he, “their hearts are right, if their heads are empty.” Thus it happened, — *mirabile dictu!* — that the slave was permitted to pass upon the question whether his former master should be endowed with those civil rights which he had forfeited through treasonable acts. I entertained the party at my house for a time, and then drove with them to the outskirts of Norfolk, where Mr. Chase viewed with much interest the outer line of defences,—for he had entered Norfolk with General Wool when that old hero made his grand march to the city. This was the scene of Mr. Chase’s first and last military achievement. The savage front of war had become very peaceful now; strawberries grew on the half-destroyed Rebel parapet, and the ladies plucked them as mementos of the day when the honored Chief-Justice was a soldier of the Union.

With the surrender of Johnston’s army came the annihilation of the Confederacy. The war of destruction at an end, the war of reconstruction began. For a time there was no method in the work; it was a jumble of collisions. Hardly had I, in conformity with direct orders from the Department Commander, declared that paroled officers of the Rebel army could, if they desired, be furnished with free passages and passports to Halifax, and that paroled mechanics, upon taking the oath of allegiance, could, if

they desired, be furnished with free passages to Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, than an exceedingly bitter outburst came from the Secretary of War or his servitor, directing an immediate revocation, and demanding by what authority I had done this thing. Soon, however, Presidential proclamations resolved chaotic elements into a more orderly arrangement, and commanding officers used their power to restore the civil machinery which had so long been trampled out of sight under the feet of contending armies. Before the 1st of May internal domestic and commercial restrictions had been generally removed, within the lines of national military occupation, in favor of those who had taken the oath of allegiance since Jan. 1, 1865. On the 13th of June a proclamation declared that sea-ports were to be opened to foreign commerce on the 1st of the ensuing July, and a provisional governor was appointed for Mississippi.

In the internal administration of each military department or district, however, each commander used his own discretion. In the Military Division of the James, Halleck declared the taking the oath of allegiance to be a *sine quâ non* to a license to practise a profession, follow a trade or business, or to act as a president or director of a corporation within the cities of Richmond and Petersburg, or to engage in domestic commerce within the State; and that prior to taking the oath, no claimant for the restoration of private property before any provost-marshal or any military officer, court, or commission, should be heard, or his claim considered or granted; no clearance or permit to ship or land any goods should be given to any person; no marriage license should be issued to persons desiring to be married, and no clergyman or magistrate should perform the marriage ceremony; and an arrest was to follow disobedience of any of these orders. My district

being within Halleck's division, I was of course governed by these regulations.

But there were difficult problems beyond the reach of oaths of allegiance. The poor, the starving people, — what should be done with them? It is much easier to convert a busy multitude of workers into soldiers, camp-followers, and drones, than it is to reconvert them into laborers. I appointed boards of officers to examine into the subject, and so far as possible to report what steps should be taken within my district to furnish work for the willing, homes for the destitute, and food for all. The steps taken to bring about this end, as published at the time, more fully reveal the exact facts to be considered than anything I can write at this day.

HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF EASTERN VIRGINIA,  
NORFOLK, May 10, 1865.

*To the People, White and Colored, within this District :*

You are now called upon to meet a question of vast importance, the discussion of which has often agitated the country, and been presented as an insurmountable barrier to the freedom of the colored race.

Now, through the grace of God, the colored man is free, and he is here demanding a social status in your midst. He is here upon your farms and your plantations, in your towns and your cities; and to-day you must meet the fact, and this hour begin the solution of the problem. Bad men for political ends, weak-minded men and women (and therefore pitiable, not blamable), have been deceived, or have deceived themselves, in regard to the difficulties of its solution. There are no real obstacles in the path; nothing that for one moment should make colonization or expatriation questionable or debatable.

Whatever rule may be for the present enforced by the Nation, or whatever policy adopted by the State, it may be safely asserted that it must be in accordance with laws adopted at the North, governing free labor for those who can work, an entire

or partial support of those who cannot, and compulsory labor for those who can, but will not. Entire or partial support, in States heretofore free, of the infirm and aged poor, or the homeless too young to labor, is secured in every town or county in the most humane manner, on farms conducted and supported by the town or county for whose poor provision is thus made. From these farms minor children are bound out to proper persons upon proper and humane conditions. At the poor-farms, all who are able labor under the supervision of a competent overseer, and thus aid the town or county in their support. For the idle and lazy vagabond the penitentiary is provided, where compulsory labor lessens expense.

Thus in each community there is provided the home, the poorhouse, and the penitentiary. As the whites of the South appreciate the incomparable value of the free labor of the colored man; as they find, as they surely will, that their capital increases, and new channels for industry arise in proportion to a just, moral, and intelligent aid given to raise and educate his labor, — they will loudly call for still another Northern institution that lessens expense and diminishes inmates of poorhouses and penitentiaries, and increases the number of homes, — the schoolhouse. Then they will appreciate that the colored labor in their communities is of priceless value, and will regard any effort to rid themselves of it as springing from lamentable ignorance or hopeless insanity.

The colored race wish to live and labor where they were born, and they are anxious to support their families in the community where they were raised. That they may be encouraged in this work; that they may sustain themselves and save the community from expense; that they may build up their homes and educate their children, — is it not both economy and wisdom for the farmers and planters to hire them as laborers upon their lands, and thus relieve the community from the support of many that would otherwise fall upon the public charity? Is it not only economical, but does not such a course insure greater public security? To this consideration your attention is invited. Aid the willing laborer, punish and confine the idle and lazy,

support the pauper, and educate the race. Let each city, county, and town charge itself with the management of these institutions, and there will be no insurmountable difficulties arising from freedom to the slave.

In this district, under the disadvantages of a state of war, the negro population have been treated, as far as possible, in conformity with the principles enunciated. From the scarcity of demand for farm hands, from the impracticability of adopting new and as yet untried fields of labor in this community, from the overcrowding of people drawn by the barbarities of war from near and remote plantations and homes, the Government Agents, in adopting as nearly as possible, in the case of the homeless and landless race, the Northern institutions of the home, the schoolhouse, the poorhouse, and the penitentiary, have been compelled to make departures from their practice and bestow charity upon those who would work, if work could have been found, although this class has mostly been confined to females; they have also been compelled to find labor for the colored man where he should have found work for himself. And thus the Government has not been able practically to teach that inexorable lesson which from to-day must be taught the colored man, that support will alone come from the laborer's own earnings, that with impartial laws and all aids to progress, — mental, moral, and physical, — the negro starts forth hereafter to hew his own way through all obstacles to equality before man, as he now stands equal before the law.

For the steps that have been taken in this District, too much praise cannot be awarded to Captain O. Brown, Superintendent of Negro Affairs, under whose intelligent effort the colored man has been partially instructed that he must earn his own bread by the sweat of his own brow.

By Order of Brigadier-General Geo. H. Gordon.

T. S. HARRIS,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

In the midst of all this chaos and confusion I think the newly-appointed governors of insurgent States had a hard



time of it. I know it was so with His Excellency Governor Pierpont, of Virginia, for he appealed to me often in a vehement manner. Now he was very anxious to set up the machinery of civil courts; now he was exasperated because a man whom he knew to be loyal, a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia, had been again arrested by the officer whom I had assigned to the command of the Eastern shore; and again he was fierce in his appeals for my aid in securing the specie and good notes which banks in Norfolk were expecting from Canada, where they had been sent early in the war. There were further ripples of excitement in the disposal of our iron-clads and monitors to meet the Rebel ram "Stonewall," whose arrival at Nassau was communicated to me by telegraph on the 12th of May; and in the announcement that in Washington, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia efforts were being made, through a pretended scheme of emigration, to enlist soldiers from both armies to drive the French out of Mexico.

But these matters were forgotten when we received a telegraphic despatch on the fourteenth announcing the capture of Jefferson Davis by the Union troops, seventy-five miles east of Macon in Georgia. On Sunday, the 21st of May, a transport, with the so-called President of the Southern Confederacy and his family on board, lay at anchor off Fortress Monroe. By the twenty-third a strong cell in a casemate of the fort had received its occupant. There, heavily ironed and securely guarded, hopeless and broken in spirit, lay the once proud and imperious man who defied the power of the United States of America. Colonel Roberts, the late commander of the fort, told me that Davis resisted the attempt to rivet manacles upon his ankles, demanding to see the officer who gave the order, and that he was accordingly summoned. "What!" cried the

fallen President of the Southern Confederacy, "you surely are not going to put irons upon me?" — "It is my order," replied the officer, "and, revolting as it is to me, I have no alternative." Seizing a musket from one of the guards, as if to provoke a mortal blow, — preferring death, he said, to submission, — Davis defied for a moment the efforts of his jailers. It was useless. Four men seized him, and held the struggling captive prostrate on his bed. The work was soon over. Armorer and blacksmith riveted around Davis's ankles the rings which were attached to a connecting bar of iron. His hands were free, but his heart was broken; and in his anguish he cried bitterly. "It was the most painful act of my life," said the lieutenant who superintended this work, as he narrated these incidents to his colonel.

Painful? So it must have been at best, if the deed were one of necessity. But was it? The escape of Mr. Davis was an absolute impossibility. His cell was the inner room of a casemate; his single window was barred with iron; the connecting rooms were filled with guards; beyond, were the outer wall of granite blocks, and a moat; within the fort was a garrison of troops; the shores were lined with Federal monitors and iron-clads, and every Rebel army had been dispersed. The prisoner was held safe beyond all mortal aid or rescue. This resentful and remorseless deed was inflicted by General Miles, the new commander of the fort; but whether under express orders from an implacable authority, or at his own discretion, no one knew, though it was asserted that he had no direct orders to put irons on his prisoner. If this poor, sickly old man was to be treated with inhumanity, our hearts would turn from hate for his deeds to compassion for himself. His separation from his wife and family, who remained upon the transport, was described as most affecting.

The true history of Jefferson Davis's imprisonment will reveal many interesting events. At that time we had only detached incidents of his daily life. For the first twenty-four hours he ate but a single piece of bread, scarcely as large as one's fingers; but after that he did better, and was soon supplied with the same ration that was issued to each private of the company that guarded him,—and as this happened to be one of the best on duty at the fort, the distinguished prisoner had the advantage of one of the best of company cooks. His meat was sent to him in small morsels, and he had to manage it with a spoon; for prudential reasons he was debarred the use of a knife. He breakfasted at six o'clock, dined at one, and supped at six,—primitive hours indeed, but they were the hours of issue for the company in which he was enrolled. So continued the state of his affairs until the last of May, and then came more tender treatment and more wholesome food. This change was wrought through a statement made to Miles by Dr. Craven, the medical director of the department, that he would not be responsible for the life of Jefferson Davis if his food were not changed; after which he was supplied from the good Doctor's own table. That his irons had been removed has been both asserted and denied. On the 6th of June, while he was still confined in the fort, and the guarding sentinels kept sleepless watch, I encountered General Miles prancing gayly by the grated windows and barred doors of his prisoner's cell, by the sentinels beyond the moat and on the parapet, trying the mettle of a spirited horse which had been presented to him by his friends.

In the mean time Mr. Davis had been indicted for treasonable acts in levying war against the United States. A copy of the indictment, which appeared in the New York papers, set forth the specific act and period as occur-

ring in August, 1864, in counselling, aiding, and assisting in an attack on Washington.

At a later date, in June, many indictments were found and returned into the United States District Court for the district of Norfolk, for some of which, in response to a telegram from the commander of the department, I furnished him with the names of Robert E. Lee, James Longstreet, Benjamin Huger, Henry A. Wise, Roger A. Pryor, Jubal A. Early, Wade Hampton, Robert Ould, and others to the number of thirty-four. In the indictments military titles were not given; some of the indicted may have been citizens. Thus, it seemed, might the great and interesting question of the *status* of those who levied war against the United States from 1861 to 1865 be brought before the courts. Patriot or Rebel, through success or failure, was the issue. In the eyes of England our Rebels were belligerents, both upon land and sea; but England made money by that decision, and we lost. In 1864 we had a diplomatic correspondence with Earl Russell, in which he insisted upon England's doctrine of belligerency. On the other hand, in the "Army and Navy Journal" of May 27, 1865, we found Francis Lieber's opinion expressed, that paroled Rebels, in the armies of Lee and of Johnston, might be tried for treason when their parole ceased *de facto*. By the 31st of May all the Rebel troops, from Maine to the Rio Grande, had thrown down their arms and returned to their homes. With the surrender of Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, disappeared the last organized army in the field. The hour of reconciliation had come, and, we hoped, the hour also of punishment for the leaders in rebellion.

Reconciliation! there was much to remind me of the word. My classmate and room-mate at West Point, a paroled Rebel officer just from Mobile on his way home to Maryland, sent his card to me in Norfolk. When he

appeared I recognized him in a moment, though he wore a shabby suit of a civilian; but my impulse to greet him warmly was checked by his downward and repellent glance, as if he were averse to showing a cordial feeling for his foe. As if apologizing for his call, he said:—

“I have come, sir, because I am in trouble.”

“Be seated,” I replied; “you could not have called upon one who would be more glad to relieve you.”

“I want,” he continued, “to go to my wife and child. I am a beggar, and want work, — an opportunity to earn something to live on in the future. But for the present I want money.”

“I see in you,” I replied, “my old classmate and friend. I find you suffering and in want, and you shall have money and all the privileges I can give. But, ——, tell me, how could you, though Southern born, find it in your heart to raise your hand against the old flag? How could you?”

“Don’t talk of it,” he entreated; “don’t speak of anything that has passed,” he almost supplicated. “But, tell me, can I be exempt from the penalties of the law? I am not,” he continued, “by Mr. Johnson’s proclamation.”

“But you can be, doubtless, if you apply,” I replied.

“Then I shall do so,” he said, as he arose and walked abruptly though courteously from my office.

Poor fellow! I thought; could I measure his dejection by my elation, — the depths of his grief by the summits of my exultation? As I would have had him do to me if I had stood like him, a suppliant, so I did to him; and he kept his promise, even to the uttermost farthing.

And now I come to the close of my chronicles. A last pull in a launch, with my good and kind friend Captain Lynch, of the navy, showed us many Rebel iron-clads and rams that had come to us through the surrender. There

was the "Columbia," a formidable and perfect iron-clad, raised in Charleston Harbor and towed here by the "Vanderbilt," looking a shade rusty for her salt-water immersion; the "Albemarle," the object of Cushing's daring exploit, with much of her iron covering removed, to lighten her in raising; the "Texas," with only her hull completed, captured near Richmond; and the "Atlanta," a prize to Captain Rogers in Georgia. Besides these, the superb harbor held two of our own monitors and many war-ships of other kinds. These engines of destruction, as well as those who had surrendered them, both proclaimed alike the joyful period of Peace, the final and complete triumph of the Federal forces, and the maintenance and vindication of the old Union of the United States of America.

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