

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

BEING FOR THE MOST PART CONTRIBUTIONS
BY UNION AND CONFEDERATE OFFICERS
CONDENSED AND ARRANGED FOR POPULAR READING

New York: The Century Co.



CAMP GOSSIP.

PREFACE TO THE PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION.



UNIFORM OF THE 14TH NEW YORK
AT BULL RUN.

THE present edition of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," known familiarly as "The Century War Book," is issued with the idea of bringing its picturesque features before a larger body of readers than has been reached even by the great circulations of the complete book and of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, upon whose "War Papers" the book is founded. Probably no series of magazine articles ever attracted so wide an interest as the "War Papers" in THE CENTURY. Within six months after the appearance of the first of these articles, the circulation of THE CENTURY was increased one hundred thousand copies. In this unique work many commanders and subordinates have contributed to the history of the heroic deeds of which they were

a part. General Grant wrote for it four papers on his greatest campaigns, and out of them grew his "Personal Memoirs," which retrieved his fortunes, and added new laurels to his fame. The good temper and the unpartizan character of the articles have been an important means of bringing about a better understanding between the soldiers who were opposed in the War for the Union, and indeed between all the people of the North and the South.

Upon the completion of the "War Papers" in THE CENTURY, the work "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" was issued under the editorial charge of Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel, of the staff of THE CENTURY, by whom the war articles had been planned and edited, and to render the book complete many additional articles and illustrations were prepared for it, making the total cost of the four-volume history nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

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*For Mrs. Lucy G. Speed, from whose pious hands I accept the present of an Oxford Bible twenty years ago.
Washington, D.C., October 3, 1861. A. Lincoln*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a photograph sent to Mrs. Lucy G. Speed, Oct. 3, 1861.

WASHINGTON ON THE EVE OF THE WAR.

BY CHARLES P. STONE, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Inspector-General of the District of Columbia at the outbreak of the War.

ALL who knew Washington in the days of December, 1860, know what thoughts reigned in the minds of thinking men. Whatever their daily occupations, they went about them with their thoughts always bent on the possible disasters of the near future. The country was in a curious and alarming condition: South Carolina had already passed an ordinance of secession, and other States were preparing to follow her lead. The only regular troops near the capital of the country were 300 or 400 marines at the marine barracks, and 3 officers and 53 men of ordnance at the Washington arsenal. The old militia system had been abandoned (without being legally abolished), and Congress had passed no law establishing a new one. The only armed volunteer organizations in the District of Columbia were: The Potomac Light Infantry, 1 company, at Georgetown; the National Rifles, 1 company, in Washington; the Washington Light Infantry, of about 160 men, and another small organization called the National Guard Battalion. It had been evident for months that, on assembling in December, Congress would have far different work to consider than the organization of the District of Columbia militia. Nor in the delicate position of affairs would it be the policy of President Buchanan, at the outset of the session, to propose the military organization of the Federal District. It was also evident that, should he be so disposed, the senators



A. Lincoln

From a photograph taken about 1860 by Hesler, of Chicago; from the original negative owned by George B. Ayres, Philadelphia.

and representatives of the Southern States would oppose and denounce the project. What force, then, would the Government have at its disposal in the Federal District for the simple maintenance of order in case of need? Evidently but a handful; and as to calling thither promptly any regular troops, that was out of the question, since they had already been distributed by the Southern sympathizers to the distant frontiers of the Indian country,—Texas, Utah, New Mexico, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Months would have been necessary to concentrate at Washington, in that season, a force of three thousand regular troops. Even had President Buchanan been desirous of bringing troops to the capital, the feverish condition of the public mind would, as the executive believed, have been badly affected by any movement of the kind, and the approaching crisis might have been precipitated. I saw at once that the only force which could be readily made of service was a volunteer force raised from among the well-disposed men of the District, and that this must be organized, if at all, under the old law of 1799. By consultation with gentlemen well ac-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a photograph taken March 6, 1865.

quainted with the various classes of Washington society, I endeavored to learn what proportion of the able-bodied population could be counted on to sustain the Government should it need support from the armed and organized citizens.

On the 31st of December, 1860, Lieutenant-General Scott, General-in-Chief of the army (who had his headquarters in New York), was in Washington. The President, at last thoroughly alarmed at the results of continued concessions to secession, had summoned him for consultation. On the evening of that day I went to pay my respects to my old commander, and was received by him at Wormley's hotel. He chatted pleasantly with me for a few minutes, recalling past service in the Mexican war, etc.; and when the occasion presented itself, I remarked that I was glad to see him in good spirits, for that proved to me that he took a more cheerful view of the state of public affairs than he had on his arrival—more cheerful than we of Washington had dared to take during the past few days.

"Yes, my young friend," said the general, "I feel more cheerful about the affairs of the country than I did this morning; for I believe that a safer policy than has hitherto been followed will now be adopted. The policy of entire conciliation, which has so far been pursued, would soon have led to ruin. We are now in such a state that a policy of pure force would precipitate a crisis for which we are not prepared. A mixed policy of force and conciliation is now necessary, and I believe it will be adopted and carried out." He then looked at his watch, rose, and said: "I must be with the President in a quarter of an hour," and ordered his carriage. He walked up and down the dining-room, but suddenly stopped and faced me, saying: "How is the feeling in the District of Columbia? What proportion of the population would sustain the Government by force, if necessary?"

"It is my belief, General," I replied, "that two-thirds of the fighting stock of this population would sustain the Government in defending itself, if called upon. But



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
Secretary of State throughout Mr. Lincoln's Administration.
From a daguerreotype taken about 1851.

they are uncertain as to what can be done or what the Government desires to have done, and they have no rallying-point."

The general walked the room again in silence. The carriage came to the door, and I accompanied him toward it. As he was leaving, he turned suddenly, looked me in the face, placed his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"These people have no rallying-point. Make yourself that rallying-point!"

The next day I was commissioned by the President colonel in the staff and Inspector-General of the District of Columbia. I was mustered into the service of the United States from the 2d day of January, 1861, on the special requisition of the General-in-Chief, and thus was the first of two and a half millions called into the military service of the Government to defend it against secession. . . .

An office was assigned me in the War Department, convenient to the army-registers and near the Secretary of War, who kindly gave orders that I should at all times be admitted to his cabinet without waiting, and room was made for me in the office of Major-General Weightman, the senior major-general of the District, where each day I passed several hours in order to confer with him, and to be able promptly to obtain his authority for any necessary order.

The Washington Light Infantry organization and the National Guard were old volunteers composed of Washington people, and were almost to a man faithful to the Government. Of their officers, Major-General Weightman, though aged, and Major-General Force, aged and infirm, were active, and true as steel; Brigadier-Generals Bacon and Carrington were young, active, and true. Brigadier-General Robert Ould, who took no part in the preparations of the winter, joined the Confederates as soon as Virginia passed her ordinance of secession, and his known sentiments precluded consultation with him.

Having thus studied the ground, and taken the first necessary steps toward security, I commenced the work of providing a force of volunteers. I addressed individual letters to some forty well-known and esteemed gentlemen of the District, informing each one that it would be agreeable to the Government should he in his neighborhood raise and organize a company of volunteers for the preservation of order in the District. To some of these letters I received no replies to some I received replies courteously declining the service; to some I received letters sarcastically declining; but to many I received replies enthusiastically accepting the service. In about six weeks thirty-three companies of infantry and riflemen and two troops of cavalry were on the lists of the District volunteer force; and all had been uniformed, equipped, and put under frequent drill.

The Northern Liberties fire-companies brought their quota; the Lafayette Hose Company was prompt to enroll; the masons, the carpenters, the stone-cutters, the painters, and the German turners responded: each corporation formed its companies and drilled industriously. Petty rivalries disappeared, and each company strove to excel the others in drill and discipline. While the newly organized companies thus strove to perfect themselves, the older organizations resumed their drills and filled their ranks with good recruits. . . .

While the volunteer force for the support of the Government was organizing, another force with exactly the opposite purpose was in course of formation. I learned that the great hall over Beach's livery-stable was nightly filled with men who were actively drilled. Doctor B—, of well-known secession tendencies, was the moving spirit of these men, and he was assisted by other citizens of high standing, among whom was a connection of Governor Letcher of Virginia. The numbers of these occu-

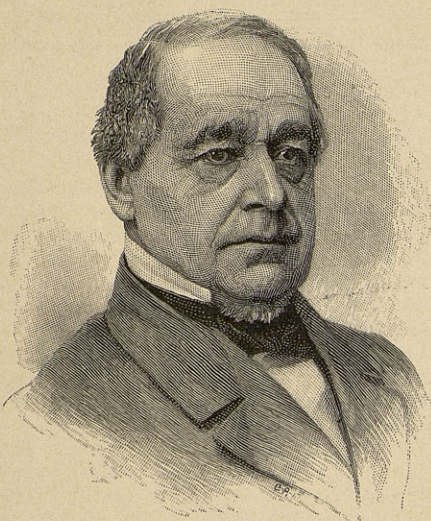


EDWIN M. STANTON.
Secretary of War. Appointed Jan. 15, 1862.

pants of Beach's hall increased rapidly, and I found it well to have a skilful New York detective officer, who had been placed at my disposition, enrolled among them. These men called themselves "National Volunteers," and in their meetings openly discussed the seizure of the national capital at the proper moment. They drilled industriously, and had regular business meetings, full reports of which were regularly laid before me every following morning by "the New York member." In the meeting at which the uniform to be adopted was discussed, the vote was for gray Kentucky jeans, with the Maryland button. A cautious member suggested that they must remember that, in order to procure arms, it would be "necessary to get the requisition signed by 'Old Stone,' and if he saw that they had adopted the Maryland button, and not that of the United States, he might suspect them and refuse the issue of arms!" Doctor B— supported the idea of the Maryland button, and said that, if Stone refused the arms, the Governor of Virginia would see them furnished, etc.



SALMON P. CHASE.
Secretary of the Treasury from the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's Administration until July 1, 1864.



HANNIBAL HAMLIN.
Vice-President of the United States from March 4, 1861, to March 4, 1865. (From a photograph.)

These gentlemen probably little thought that a full report of their remarks would be read the next morning by "Old Stone" to the General-in-Chief. . . .

I must now go back a little in time, to mention one fact which will show in how weak and dangerous a condition our Government was in the latter part of January and the early part of February, 1861. The invitations which I had issued for the raising of companies of volunteers had, as already stated, been enthusiastically responded to, and companies were rapidly organized. The preparatory drills were carried on every night, and I soon found that the men were sufficiently advanced to receive their arms. I began to approve the requisitions for arms; but, to my great astonishment, the captains who first received the orders came back to me, stating that the Ordnance Department had refused to issue any arms! On referring to the Ordnance Office, I was informed by the Chief of Ordnance that he had received, the day before, an order not to issue any arms to the District of Columbia troops, and that this order had come from the President!

I went immediately to the Secretary of War (Mr. Holt) and informed him of the state of affairs, telling him at the same time that I did not feel disposed to be employed in

child's play, organizing troops which could not be armed, and that unless the order in question should be immediately revoked there was no use for me in my place, and that I must at once resign. Mr. Holt told me that I was perfectly right; that unless the order should be revoked there was no use in my holding my place, and he added, with a smile, "And I will also say, Colonel, there will be no use in my holding my place any longer. Go to the President, Colonel, and talk to him as you have talked to me."

I went to the White House, and was received by Mr. Buchanan. I found him sitting at his writing-table, in his dressing-gown, wearied and worried.

I opened at once the subject of arms, and stated the necessity of immediate issue, as the refusal of arms would not only stop the instruction of the volunteers, which they needed sadly, but would make them lose all confidence in the Government and break up the organizations. I closed by saying that, while I begged his pardon for saying it, in case he declined to revoke his order I must ask him to accept my resignation at once.

Mr. Buchanan was evidently in distress of mind, and said:

"Colonel, I gave that order acting on the advice of the District Attorney, Mr. Robert Ould."

"Then, Mr. President," I replied, "the District Attorney has advised your Excellency very badly."

"But, Colonel, the District Attorney is an old resident of Washington, and he knows all the little jealousies which exist here. He tells me that you have organized a company from the Northern Liberty Fire Company."

"Not only one, but two excellent companies in the Northern Liberty, your Excellency."

"And then, the District Attorney tells me you have organized another company from among the members of the Lafayette Hose Company."

"Yes, your Excellency, another excellent company."

"And the District Attorney tells me, Colonel, that there is a strong feeling of enmity between those fire-companies, and, if arms are put in their hands, there will be danger of bloodshed in the city."

"Will your Excellency excuse me if I say that the District Attorney talks nonsense, or worse, to you? If the Northern Liberties and the Lafayette Hose men wish to fight, can they not procure hundreds of arms in the shops along the avenue? Be assured, Mr. President, that the people of this District are thinking now of other things than old ward feuds. They are thinking whether or not the Government of the United States is to allow itself to crumble out of existence by its own weakness. And I believe that the District Attorney knows that as well as I do. If the companies of volunteers are not armed, they will disband, and the Government will have nothing to protect it in case of even a little disturbance. Is it not better for the public peace, your Excellency, even if the bloody feud exists (which I believe is forgotten in a greater question),—is it not better to have these men organized and under the discipline of the Government?"

The President hesitated a moment, and then said:

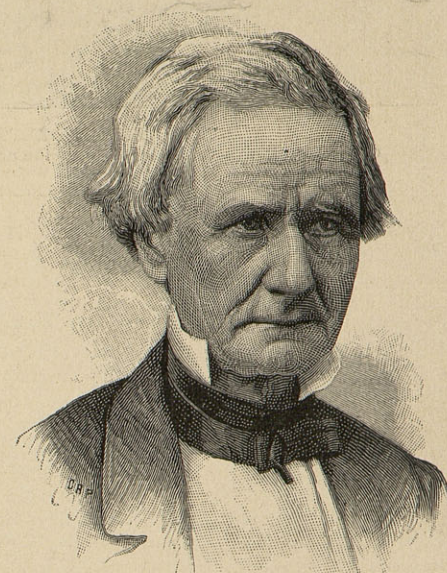
"I don't know that you are not right, Colonel; but you must take the responsibility on you that no bloodshed results from arming these men."

I willingly accepted this responsibility. The prohibitory order was revoked. My companies received their arms, and made good use of them, learning the manual of arms in a surprisingly short time. Later, they made good use of them in sustaining the Government which had furnished them against the faction which soon became its public enemy, including Mr. Robert Ould, who, following his convictions (no doubt as honestly as I was following mine), gave his earnest services to his State against the Federal Government.

I think that the country has never properly appreciated the services of those District of Columbia volunteers. It certainly has not appreciated the difficulties surmounted in their organization. Those volunteers were citizens of the Federal District, and therefore had not at the time, nor have they ever had since, the powerful stimulant of State feeling, nor the powerful support of a State government, a State's pride, a State press to set forth and make much of their services.



GIDEON WELLES.
Secretary of the Navy throughout Mr. Lincoln's Administration.



SIMON CAMERON.
Secretary of War from March 4, 1861, until Jan. 15, 1862. From a photograph.



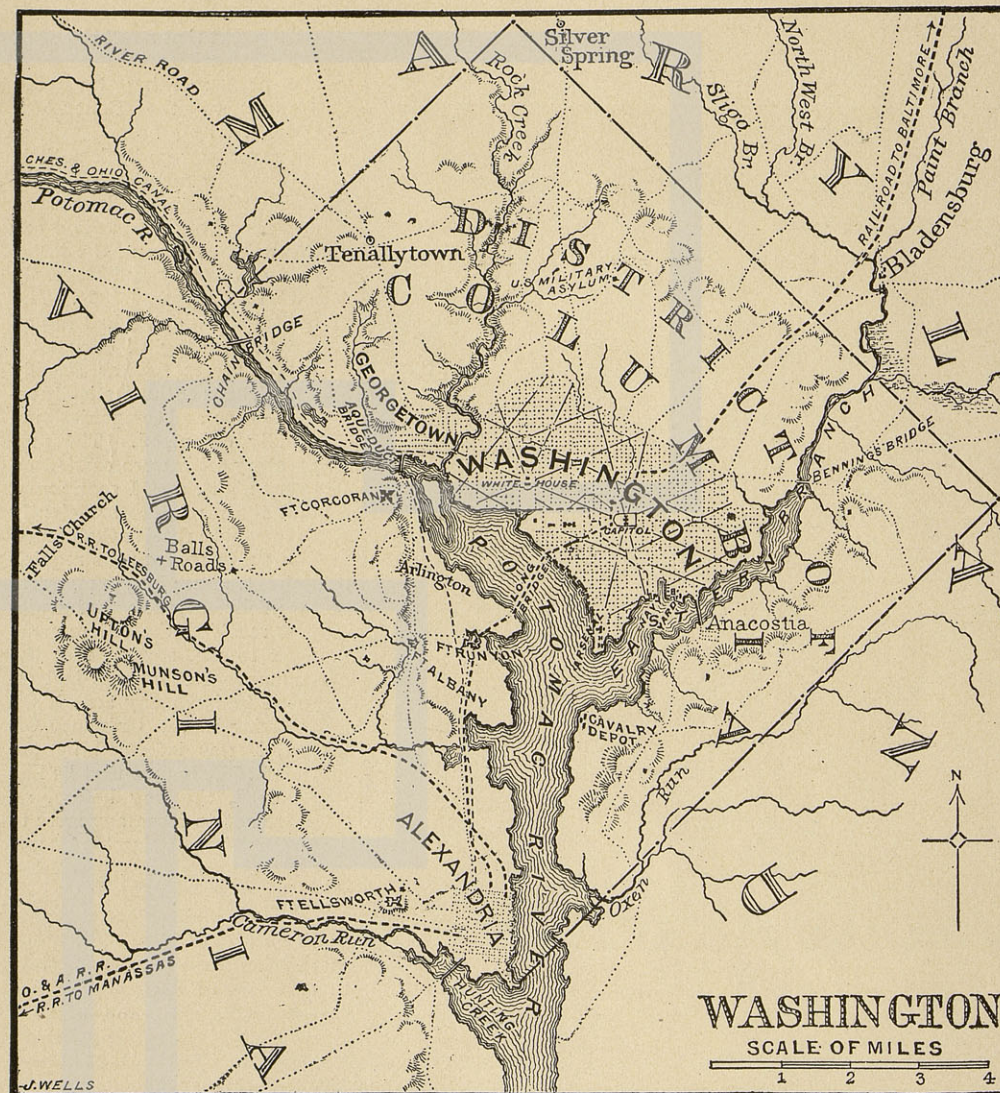
WINFIELD SCOTT, BREVET LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, U. S. A.

General Scott was General-in-Chief of the army until November 1, 1861, when he was placed upon the retired list on his own application, and was succeeded by Major-General George B. McClellan. He died at West Point in May, 1866, in his eightieth year.

They did their duty quietly, and they did it well and faithfully. Although not mustered into the service and placed on pay until after the fatal day when the flag was fired upon at Sumter, yet they rendered great service before that time in giving confidence to the Union men, to members of the national legislature, and also to the President in the knowledge that there was at least a small force at its disposition ready to respond at any moment to his call. It should also be remembered of them, that the first troops mustered into the service were sixteen companies of these volunteers; and that, during the dark days when Washington was cut off from communication with the North, when railway bridges were burned and tracks torn up, when the Potomac was blockaded, these troops were the only reliance of the Government for guarding the public departments, for preserving order and for holding the bridges and

other outposts; that these were the troops which recovered possession of the railway from Washington to Annapolis Junction and made practicable the reopening of communications. They also formed the advance guard of the force which first crossed the Potomac into Virginia and captured the city of Alexandria.

Moreover, these were the troops which insured the regular inauguration on the steps of the Capitol of the constitutionally elected President. I firmly believe that without them Mr. Lincoln would never have been inaugurated. I believe that tumults would have been created, during which he would have been killed, and that we should have found ourselves engaged in a struggle, without preparation, and without a recognized head at the capital. In this I may be mistaken, of course, as any other man may be mistaken; but it was then my opinion, when I had many sources of informa-



tion at my command, and it remains my opinion now, when, after the lapse of many years and a somewhat large experience, I look back in cool blood upon those days of political madness.

One day, after the official declaration of the election of Mr. Lincoln, my duties called me to the House of Representatives; and while standing in the lobby waiting for the member with whom I had business, I conversed with a distinguished officer from New York. We were leaning against the sill of a window which overlooked the steps of the Capitol, where the President-elect usually stands to take the oath of office. The gentleman grew excited as we discussed the election of Mr. Lincoln, and pointing to the portico he exclaimed:

"He will never be inaugurated on those steps!"

"Mr. Lincoln," I replied, "has been constitutionally elected President of the United States. You may be sure that, if he lives until the fourth day of March, he will be inaugurated on those steps."

As I spoke, I noticed for the first time how per-

fectly the wings of the Capitol flanked the steps in question; and on the morning of the 4th of March I saw to it that each window of the two wings was occupied by two riflemen.

I received daily numerous communications from various parts of the country, informing me of plots to prevent the arrival of the President-elect at the capital. These warnings came from St. Louis, from Chicago, from Cincinnati, from Pittsburg, from New York, from Philadelphia, and especially from Baltimore. Every morning I reported to General Scott on the occurrences of the night and the information received by the morning's mail; and every evening I rendered an account of the day's work and received instructions for the night. General Scott also received numerous warnings of danger to the President-elect, which he would give me to study and compare. Many of the communications were anonymous and vague. But, on the other hand, many were from calm and wise men, one of whom became, shortly afterward, a cabinet minister; one was a railway



CAPTAIN GRANT.

From a daguerreotype (one-fourth of the above size) given by him to Mrs. Grant, and worn by her on a wristlet.



LIEUT. U. S. GRANT AND GEN. ALEX. HAYS.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph taken in 1861.

president, another a distinguished ex-governor of a State, etc. In every case where the indications were distinct, they were followed up to learn if real danger existed. So many clear indications pointed to Baltimore, that three good detectives of the New York police force were constantly employed there. These men reported frequently to me, and their statements were constantly compared with the information received from independent sources.

Doubtless, Mr. Lincoln, at his home in Springfield, Ill., received many and contradictory reports from the capital, for he took his own way of obtaining information. One night, between eleven o'clock and midnight, while I was busy in my study over the papers of the day and evening, a card was brought to me bearing the name "Mr. Leonard Swett," and upon it was written in the well-known hand of General Scott, "Colonel Stone, Inspector-General, may converse freely with Mr. Swett." Soon a tall gentleman of marked features entered my room. At first I thought it was Mr. Lincoln himself, so much, at first glance, did Mr. Swett's face resemble the portraits I had seen of Mr. Lincoln, and so nearly did his height correspond with that attributed to the President-elect. But I quickly found that the gentleman's card bore his true name, and that Mr. Swett had come directly from Mr. Lincoln, having his full confidence, to see for him the state of affairs in Washington, and

report to him in person. Mr. Swett remained several days in the capital, had frequent and long conversations with General Scott and myself (and I suppose also with many others), and with me visited the armories of some of the volunteer companies. As he drove with me to the railway station on his departure, Mr. Swett said:

"Mr. Lincoln, and in fact almost everybody, is ignorant of the vast amount of careful work which has been done here this winter, by General Scott and yourself, to insure the existence of the Government and to render certain and safe the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. He will be very grateful to both." I replied, with more sincerity than tact:

"Mr. Lincoln has no cause to be grateful to me. I was opposed to his election, and believed in advance that it would bring on what is evidently coming, a fearful war. The work which I have done has not been done for him, and he

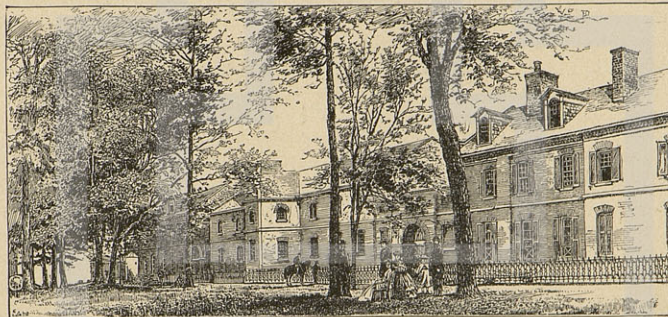
need feel under no obligations to me. I have done my best toward saving the Government of the country and to insure the regular inauguration of the constitutionally elected President on the 4th of next month."

As President Lincoln approached the capital, it became certain that desperate attempts would be made to prevent his arriving there. To be thoroughly informed as to what might be expected in Baltimore, I directed a detective to be constantly near the chief of police and to keep up relations with him; while two others were instructed to watch without the knowledge and independent of the chief of police. The officer who was near the

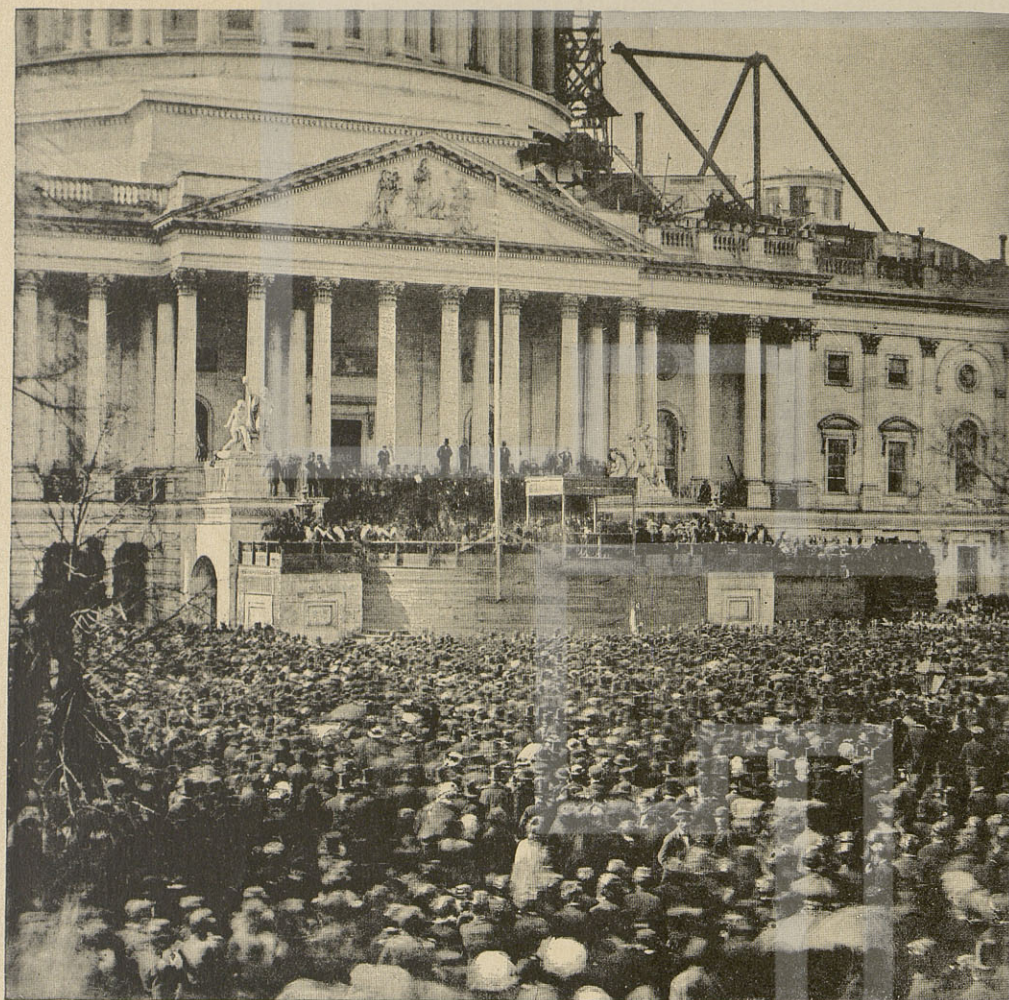
chief of police reported regularly, until near the last, that there was no danger in Baltimore; but the others discovered a band of desperate men plotting for the destruction of Mr. Lincoln during his passage through the city and by affiliat-

ing with them, these detectives obtained the details of the plot. Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore in advance of the time announced for the journey (in accordance with advice given by me to Mr. Seward, and which was carried by Mr. Frederick W. Seward to Mr. Lincoln), and arrived safe at Washington on the morning of the day he was to have passed through Baltimore. But the plotting to prevent his inauguration continued; and there was only too good reason to fear that an attempt would be made against his life during the passage of the inaugural procession from Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln lodged, to the Capitol.

On the afternoon of the 3d of March, General Scott held a conference at his headquarters, there being present his staff, General Sumner, and myself, and then was arranged the programme of the procession. President Buchanan was to drive to Willard's Hotel, and call upon the President-elect. The two were to ride in the same carriage, between double files of a squadron of the District of Columbia cavalry. The company of sappers and miners were to march in front of the presidential carriage, and the infantry and riflemen of the District of Columbia were to follow it. Riflemen in squads were to be placed on the roofs of certain commanding houses which I had selected, along Pennsylvania Avenue, with orders to watch the windows on the opposite side and to fire upon them in case any at-



THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.



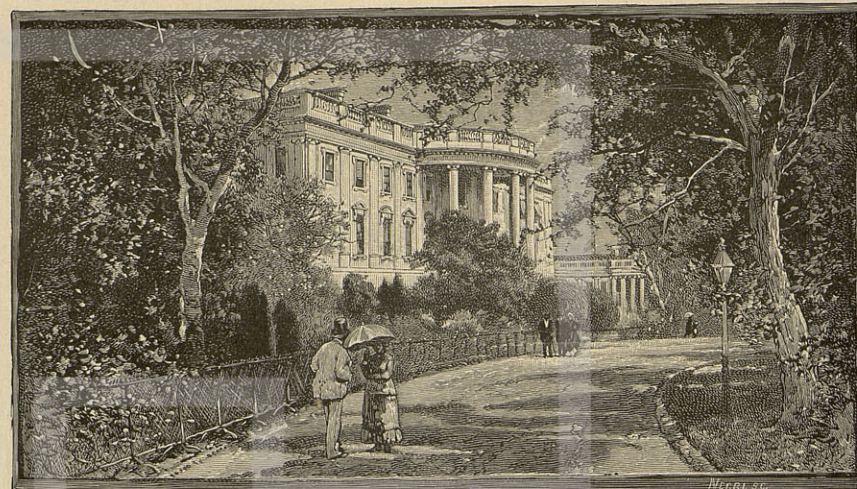
INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MARCH 4, 1861.
Process reproduction of an imperfect photograph.

tempt should be made to fire from those windows on the presidential carriage. The small force of regular cavalry which had arrived was to guard the side-street crossings of Pennsylvania Avenue, and to move from one to another during the passage of the procession. A battalion of District of Columbia troops were to be placed near the steps of the Capitol, and riflemen in the windows of the wings of the Capitol. On the arrival of the presidential party at the Capitol, the troops were to be stationed so as to return in the same order after the ceremony.

To illustrate the state of uncertainty in which we were at that time concerning men, I may here state that the lieutenant-colonel, military secretary of the General-in-Chief, who that afternoon recorded the conclusions of the General in conference, and who afterward wrote out for me the instructions regarding the disposition of troops, resigned his commission that very night, and departed for the South, where he joined the Confederate army.

During the night of the 3d of March, notice was brought me that an attempt would be made to blow up the platform on which the President would stand to take the oath of office. I immediately placed men under the steps, and at daybreak a trusted battalion of District troops (if I remember rightly, it was the National Guard, under Colonel Tait) formed in a semicircle at the foot of the great stairway, and prevented all entrance from without. When the crowd began to assemble in front of the portico, a large number of policemen in plain clothes were scattered through the mass to observe closely, to place themselves near any person who might act suspiciously, and to strike down any hand which might raise a weapon.

At the appointed hour, Mr. Buchanan was escorted to Willard's hotel, which he entered. There I found a number of mounted "marshals of the day," and posted them around the carriage, within the cavalry guard. The two Presidents were saluted by the troops as they came out of the hotel



SOUTH OR GARDEN SIDE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—TREASURY BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE.



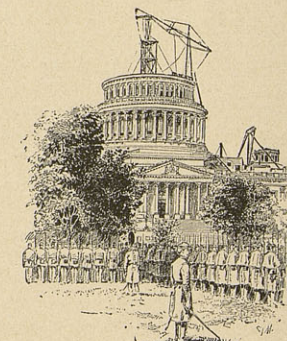
THE WHITE HOUSE AT NIGHT.

and took their places in the carriage. The procession started. During the march to the Capitol I rode near the carriage, and by an apparently clumsy use of my spurs managed to keep the horses of the cavalry in an uneasy state, so that it would have been very difficult for even a good marksman to get an aim at one of the inmates of the carriage between the prancing horses.

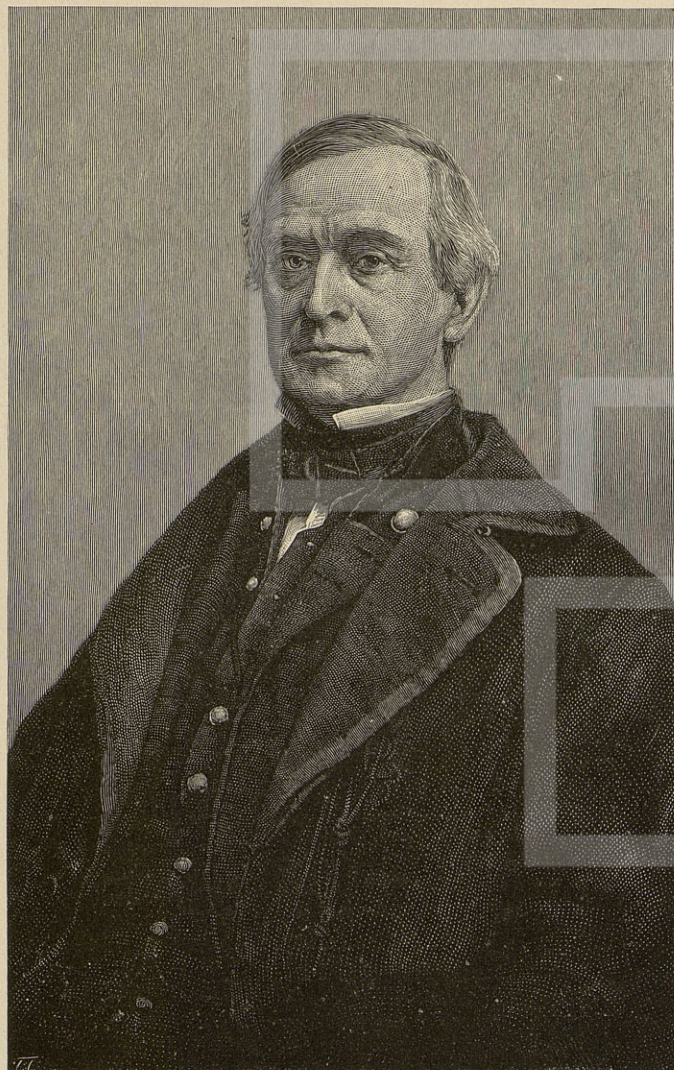
After the inaugural ceremony, the President and the ex-President were escorted in the same order to the White House. Arrived there, Mr. Buchanan walked to the door with Mr. Lincoln, and there bade him welcome to the House and good-morning. The infantry escort formed in line from the gate of the White House to the house of Mr. Ould, whither Mr. Buchanan drove, and the cavalry escorted his carriage. The infantry line presented arms to the ex-President as he passed, and the cavalry escort saluted as he left the carriage and entered the house. Mr. Buchanan turned on the steps, and gracefully acknowledged the salute. The District of Columbia volunteers had

given to President Lincoln his first military salute and to Mr. Buchanan his last.

NOTE.—In December, 1860, the military forces of the United States consisted of 1108 officers and 15,259 men of the regular army; total, 16,367.



ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL IN 1861.



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.
Commanding Officer of the Garrison at Fort Sumter. (From a photograph.)

FORT SUMTER.

FROM MOULTRIE TO SUMTER.

BY ABNER DOUBLEDAY, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A., RETIRED.
Captain U. S. A., and Executive Officer under Major Anderson at Fort Sumter.

AS senior captain of the 1st Regiment of United States Artillery, I had been stationed at Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, two or three years previous to the outbreak of 1861. There were two other forts in the harbor. Of these, Fort Sumter was unoccupied, being in an unfinished state, while Castle Pinckney was in charge of a single ordnance sergeant. The garrison of Fort Moultrie consisted of 2 companies that had been reduced to 65 men, who with the band raised the number in the post to 73. Fort Moultrie had no strength; it was merely a sea battery. No one ever imagined it would be attacked by our own people; and if assailed by foreigners, it was supposed that an army of citizen-soldiery would be there to defend it. It was very low, the walls having about the height of an ordinary room. It was little more, in fact, than the old fort of Revolutionary time of which the father of Major Robert Anderson had been a defender. The sand had drifted from the sea against the wall, so that cows would actually scale the ramparts. In 1860 we applied to have the fort put in order, but the quartermaster-general, afterward the famous Joseph E. Johnston, said the matter did not pertain to his department. We were then apprehend-



BREV.-CAPT. TRUMAN SEYMOUR. LIEUT. G. W. SNYDER. LIEUT. JEFF. C. DAVIS. 2D. LIEUT. R. K. MEADE, JR. LIEUT. THEO. TALBOT.
CAPT. ABNER DOUBLEDAY. MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON. SURGEON S. W. CRAWFORD. CAPT. J. G. FOSTER.

MAJOR ANDERSON AND EIGHT OF HIS OFFICERS.

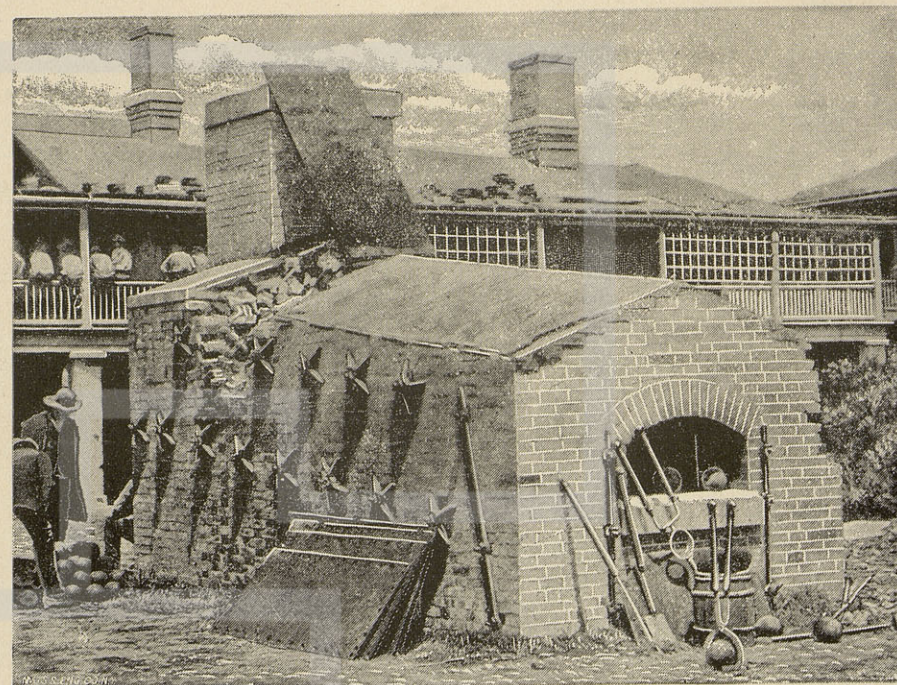
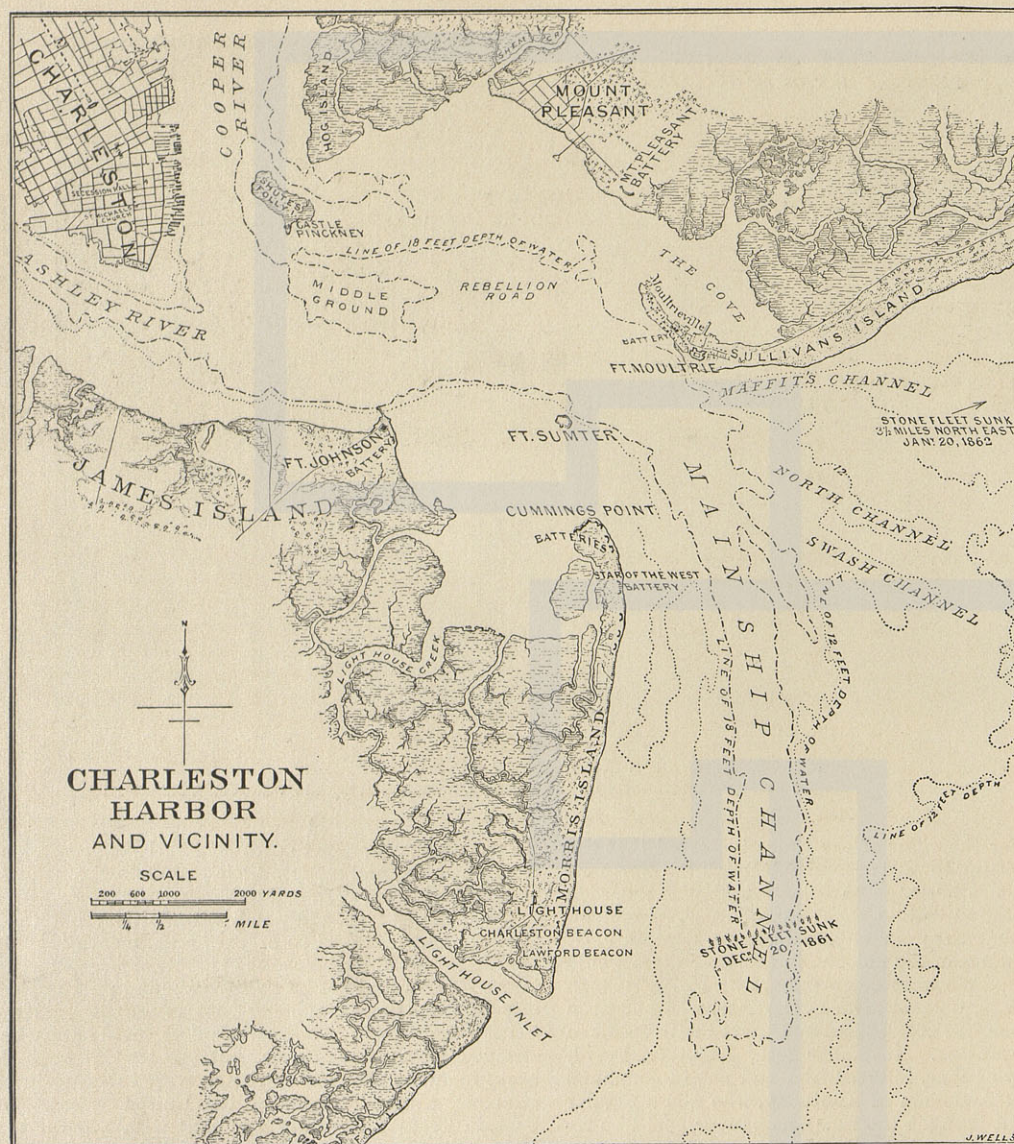
Process reproduction of an imperfect photograph. The picture, though dim, has the value of a fac-simile.

ing trouble, for the signs of the times indicated that the South was drifting toward secession, though the Northern people could not be made to believe this, and regarded our representation to this effect as nonsense. I remember that at that time our engineer officer, Captain J. G. Foster, was alone, of the officers, in thinking there would be no trouble. We were commanded by a Northern man of advanced age, Colonel John L. Gardner, who had been wounded in the war of 1812 and had served with credit in Florida and Mexico. November 15th, 1860, Mr. Floyd, the Secretary of War, relieved him and put in command Major Robert Anderson of Kentucky, who was a regular officer. Floyd thought the new commander could be relied upon to carry out the Southern programme, but we never believed that Anderson took command with a knowledge of that programme or a desire that it should succeed. He simply obeyed orders; he had to obey or leave the army. Anderson was a Union man and, in the incipency, was perfectly willing to chastise South Carolina in case she should attempt any revolutionary measures. His feeling as to coercion changed when he found that all the Southern States had joined South Carolina, for he looked upon the conquest of the South as hopeless.

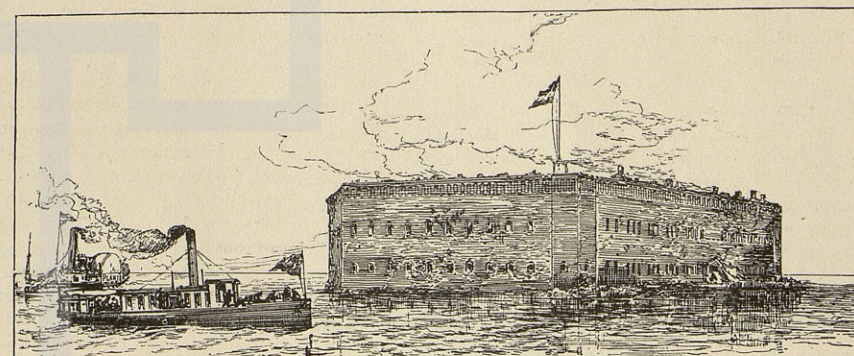
Soon after his arrival, which took place on the 21st of November, Anderson wanted the sand removed from the walls of Moultrie, and urged that it be done. Suddenly the Secretary of War seemed to adopt this view. He pretended there was danger of war with England, with reference to Mexico, which was absurd; and under this pretext was seized with a sudden zeal to put the harbor of Charleston in condition,—to be turned over to the Confederate forces. He appropriated \$150,000 for Moultrie, and \$80,000 to finish Sumter. There was not much to be made out of Fort Moultrie, with all our efforts, because it was hardly defensible; but Major Anderson strove to strengthen it.

He put up heavy gates to prevent Charleston secessionists from entering, and made a little man-hole through which visitors had to crawl in and out.

We could get no additional ammunition, but Colonel Gardner had managed to procure a six months' supply of food from the North before the trouble came. The Secretary of War would not let us have a man in the way of reinforcement, the plea being that reinforcements would irritate the people. The secessionists could hardly be restrained from attacking us, but the leaders kept them back, knowing that our workmen were laboring in their interests, at the expense of the United States. When Captain Truman Seymour was sent with a party to the United States arsenal in Charleston to get some friction primers and a little ammunition, a crowd interfered and drove his men back. It became evident, as I told Anderson, that we could not defend the fort, because the houses around us on Sullivan's Island looked down into Moultrie, and could be occupied by our enemies. At last it was rumored that two thousand riflemen had been detailed to shoot us down from the tops of those houses. I proposed to anticipate the enemy and burn the dwellings, but Anderson would not take so decided a step at a time when the North did not believe there was going to be war. It was plain that the only thing to be done was to slip over the water to Fort Sumter, but Anderson said he had been assigned to Fort Moultrie, and that he must stay there. We were then in a very peculiar position. It was commonly believed that we would not be supported even by the North, as the Democrats had been bitterly opposed to the election of Lincoln; that at the first sign of war twenty thousand men in sympathy with the South would rise in New York. Moreover, the one to whom we soldiers always looked up as to a father—the Secretary of War—seemed to be devising arrangements to have us made away



THE HOT-SHOT FURNACE, FORT MOULTRIE.
From a photograph.



FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.
From a sketch made in April, 1861.

with. We believed that in the event of an outbreak from Charleston few of us would survive; but it did not greatly concern us, since that risk was merely a part of our business, and we intended to make the best fight we could. The officers, upon talking the matter over, thought they might control any demonstration at Charleston by throwing shells into the city from Castle Pinckney. But, with only sixty-four soldiers and a brass band, we could not detach any force in that direction.

Finally, Captain Foster, who had misapprehended the whole situation, and who had orders to put both Moultrie and Sumter in perfect order, brought several hundred workmen from Baltimore. Unfortunately, these were nearly all in sympathy with the Charlestonians, many even wearing secession badges.

Bands of secessionists were now patrolling near

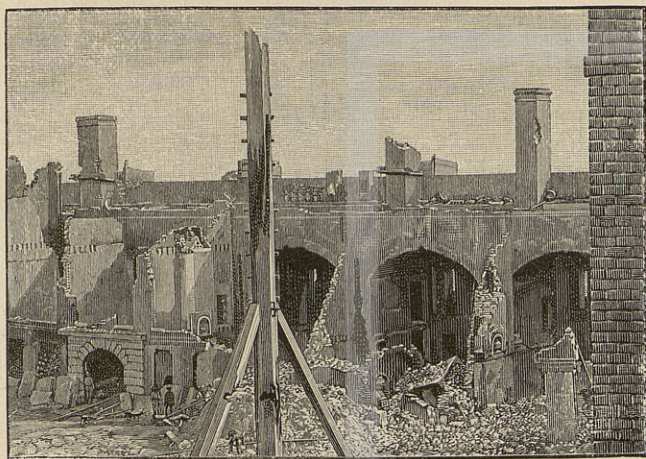
us by day and night. We were so worn out with guard-duty—watching them—that on one occasion my wife and Captain Seymour's relieved us on guard, all that was needed being some one to give the alarm in case there was an attempt to break in. Foster thought that out of his several hundred workmen he could get a few Union men to drill at the guns as a garrison in Castle Pinckney, but they rebelled the moment they found they were expected to act as artillerymen, and said that they were not there as warriors. It was said that when the enemy took possession of the castle, some of these workmen were hauled from under beds and from other hiding-places.

The day before Christmas I asked Major Anderson for wire to make an entanglement in front of my part of the fort, so that any one who should charge would tumble over the wires and could be shot at our leisure. I had already caused a slop-

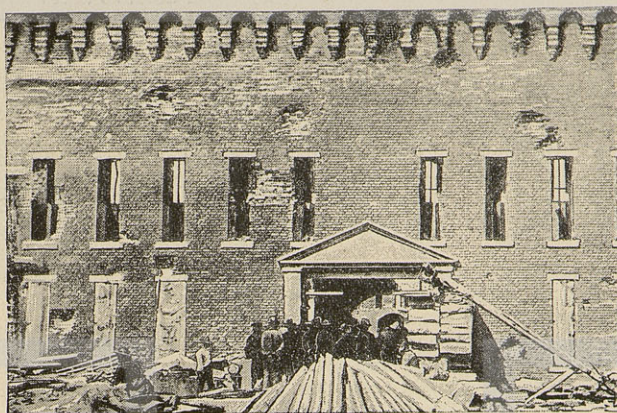
ing picket-fence to be projected over the parapet on my side of the works so that scaling-ladders could not be raised against us. The discussion in Charleston over our proceedings was of an amusing character. This wooden *fraise* puzzled the Charleston militia and editors; one of the latter said: "Make ready your sharpened stakes, but you will not intimidate freemen."

When I asked Anderson for the wire, he said I should have a mile of it, with a peculiar smile that puzzled me for the moment. He then sent for Hall, the post quartermaster, bound him to secrecy, and told him to take three schooners and some barges which had been chartered for the purpose of taking the women and children and six months' supply of provisions to Fort Johnson, opposite Charleston. He was instructed when the secession patrols should ask what this meant, to tell them we were sending off the families of

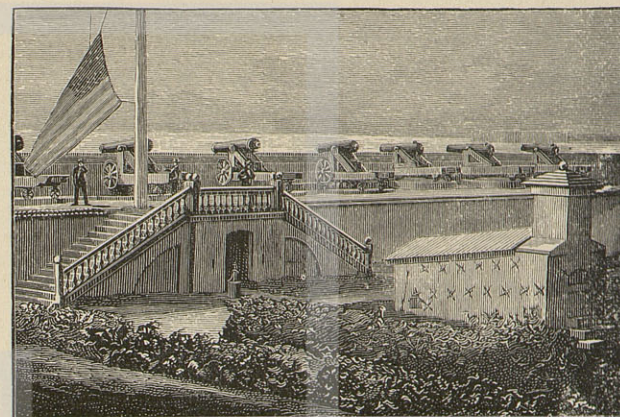
the officers and men to the North because they were in the way. The excuse was plausible, and no one interfered. We were so closely watched that we could make no movement without demands being made as to the reason of it. On the day we left—the day after Christmas—Anderson gave up his own mess, and came to live with me as my guest. In the evening of that day I went to notify the major that tea was ready. Upon going to the parapet for that purpose, I found all the officers there, and noticed something strange in their manner. The problem was solved when Anderson walked up to me and said: "Captain, in twenty minutes you will leave this fort with your company for Fort Sumter." The order was startling and unexpected, and I thought of the immediate hostilities of which the movement would be the occasion. I rushed over to my company quarters and informed my men, so that they



RUINS OF THE CASEMATES NEAR THE SALLY-PORT, AND OF THE FLAG-STAFF.
From photographs.



THE SALLY-PORT OF FORT SUMTER.
From a photograph taken from the wharf.



THE SEA BATTERY OF FORT MOULTRIE.
From a photograph taken before the war.

might put on their knapsacks and have everything in readiness. This took about ten minutes. Then I went to my house, told my wife that there might be fighting, and that she must get out of the fort as soon as she could and take refuge behind the sand-hills. I put her trunks out of the Sally-port, and she followed them. Then I started with my company to join Captain Seymour and his men. We had to go a quarter of a mile through the little town of Moultrieville to reach the point of embarkation. It was about sunset, the hour of the siesta, and fortunately the Charleston militia were taking their afternoon nap. We saw nobody, and soon reached a low line of sea-wall under which were hidden the boats in charge of the three engineers, for Lieutenants Snyder and Meade had been sent by Floyd to help Captain Foster do the work on the forts. The boats had been used in going back and forward in the work of construction, manned by ordinary workmen, who now vacated them for our use. Lieutenant Snyder said to me in a low tone: "Captain, those boats are for your men." So saying, he started with his own party up the coast. When my thirty men were embarked I went straight for Fort Sumter. It was getting dusk. I made slow work in crossing over, for my men were not expert oarsmen. Soon I saw the lights of the secession guard-boat coming down on us. I told the men to take off their coats and cover up their muskets, and I threw my own coat open to conceal my buttons. I wished to give the impression that it was an officer in charge of laborers. The guard-ship stopped its paddles and inspected us in the gathering darkness, but concluded we were all right and passed on. My party was the first to reach Fort Sumter.

We went up the steps of the wharf in the face of an excited band of secession workmen, some of whom were armed with pistols. One or two Union men among them cheered, but some of the others said angrily: "What are these soldiers doing here? what is the meaning of this?" Ordering my men to charge bayonets, we drove the workmen into the center of the fort. I took possession of the guard-room commanding the main entrance and placed

sentinels. Twenty minutes after, Seymour arrived with the rest of the men. Meantime Anderson had crossed in one of the engineer boats. As soon as the troops were all in we fired a cannon, to give notice of our arrival to the quartermaster, who had anchored at Fort Johnson with the schooners carrying the women and children. He immediately sailed up to the wharf and landed his passengers and stores. Then the workmen of secession sympathies were sent aboard the schooners to be taken ashore.

Lieutenant Jefferson C. Davis of my company had been left with a rear-guard at Moultrie. These, with Captain Foster and Assistant-Surgeon Crawford, stood at loaded columbiads during our passage, with orders to fire upon the guard-boats and sink them if they tried to run us down. On withdrawing, the rear-guard spiked the guns of the fort, burned the gun-carriages on the front looking toward Sumter, and cut down the flag-staff. Mrs. Doubleday first took refuge at the house of the post sutler, and afterward with the family of Chaplain Harris, with whom she sought shelter behind the sand-hills. When all was quiet they paced the beach, anxiously watching Fort Sumter. Finding that the South Carolinians were ignorant of what had happened, we sent the boats back to procure additional supplies.

The next morning Charleston was furious. Messengers were sent out to ring every door-bell and convey the news to every family. The governor sent two or three of his aides to demand that we return to Moultrie. Anderson replied in my hearing that he was a Southern man, but that he had been assigned to the defense of Charleston Harbor, and intended to defend it.

Chaplain Harris was a spirited old man. He had lived at Charleston most of his life, and knew the South Carolinians well. He visited Fort Sumter on our first day there and made a prayer at the raising of the flag, after which he returned to his home at Moultrieville. One day he went to the commander of Fort Moultrie and said to him: "Will any impediment be put in the way of my going over to Fort Sumter?" The reply was: "Oh, no, parson; I reckon we'll give you a pass." The chaplain

answered: "I did n't ask you for a pass, sir. I am a United States officer, and will go to any United States fort without your permission. I asked you a different question: whether you would prevent my going by force." He was not allowed to cross, after that.

We had no light and were obliged to procure some if possible, for the winter nights were long. There was much money due the workmen who had been discharged, and the secessionists sent them over to demand their pay. Mrs. Doubleday came in the same boat with them, and managed to ship us a box of candles at the same time; she also brought a handbox full of matches. At the same time Mrs. Seymour reached us stealthily in a boat rowed by two little boys. Mrs. Foster was already there. Anderson thought there was going to be trouble, so he requested the ladies to return to Moultrieville that night. The next day they went to a Charleston hotel, where they were obliged to keep very quiet and have their meals served privately in their rooms. After a day or two they left for the North, on account of the feeling in the city.

From December 26th until April 12th, we busied ourselves in preparing for the expected attack, and our enemies did the same on all sides of us. Anderson apparently did not want reinforcements, and he shrank from civil war. He endured all kinds of hostile proceedings on the part of the secessionists, in the hope that Congress would make some compromise that would save slavery and the Union together.

Soon after daylight on the 9th of January, with my glass I saw a large steamer pass the bar and enter the Morris Island Channel. It was the *Star of the West*, with reinforcements and supplies for us. When she came near the upper part of the island the secessionists fired a shot at her. I hastened to Major Anderson's room, and was ordered by him to have the long roll beaten and to post the men at the barbette guns. By the time we reached the parapet the transport coming to our relief had approached so near that Moultrie opened fire. Major Anderson would not allow us to return the fire, so the transport turned about and steamed seaward. Anderson asked for

an explanation of the firing from Governor Pickens, and announced that he would allow no vessel to pass within range of the guns of Sumter if the answer was unsatisfactory. Governor Pickens replied that he would renew the firing under like circumstances. I think Major Anderson had received an intimation that the *Star of the West* was coming, but did not believe it. He thought General Scott would send a man-of-war instead of a merchant vessel. Great secrecy was observed in loading her, but the purpose of the expedition got into the newspapers, and, of course, was telegraphed to Charleston. Bishop Stevens of the Methodist Church stated in a speech made by him on Memorial Day in the Academy of Music, New York, that he aimed the first gun against the *Star of the West*. I aimed the first gun on our side in reply to the attack on Fort Sumter.

Sure that we would all be tasked to the utmost in the coming conflict, and be kept on the alert by day and night, I desired to get all the sleep I could beforehand, and lay down on a cot bedstead in the magazine nearest to Morris Island,—one of the few places that would be shell-proof when the fire opened. About 4 A. M. on the 12th, Major Anderson came to me as his executive officer, and informed me that the enemy would fire upon us as soon as it was light enough to see the fort. He said he would not return it until it was broad daylight, the idea being that he did not desire to waste his ammunition.

We have not been in the habit of regarding the signal shell fired from Fort Johnson as the first gun of the conflict, although it was undoubtedly aimed at Fort Sumter. Edmund Ruffin of Virginia is usually credited with opening the attack by firing the first gun from the iron-clad battery on Morris Island. The ball from that gun struck the wall of the magazine where I was lying, penetrated the masonry, and burst very near my head. As the smoke from this explosion came in through the ventilators of the magazine, and as the floor was strewn with powder where the flannel cartridges had been filled, I thought for a moment the place was on fire.

When it was fully light we took breakfast lei-

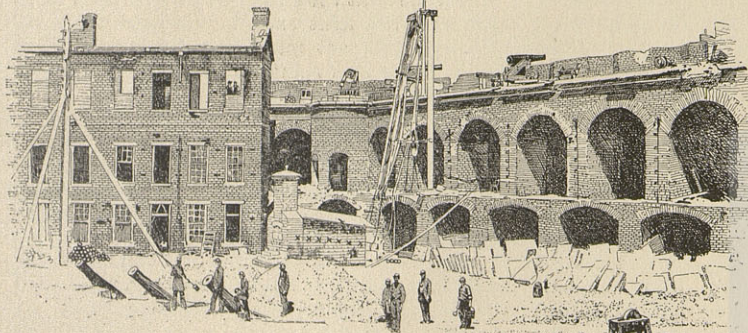


A CASEMATE GUN DURING THE CONFLAGRATION.

surely before going to the guns, our food consisting of pork and water.

The first night after the bombardment we expected that the naval vessels outside would take advantage of the darkness to send a fleet of boats with reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, and as it was altogether probable that the enemy would also improvise a fleet of small boats to meet those of the navy, it became an interesting question, in case parties came to us in this way, to decide whether we were admitting friends or enemies. However, the night passed quietly away without any demonstration.

Captain Chester, in his paper which follows, has omitted a fact



INTERIOR OF SUMTER AFTER THE SURRENDER. Showing the 8-inch columbiads planted as mortars, and the Confederate flag flying from the derrick by which the guns were raised to the upper tier. (From a photograph.)

that I will mention. As the fire against us came from all directions, a shot from Sullivan's Island struck near the lock of the magazine, and bent the copper door, so that all access to the few cartridges we had there was cut off. Just previous to this the officers had been engaged, amid a shower of shells, in vigorous efforts to cut away wood-work which was dangerously near the magazine.

After the surrender we were allowed to salute our flag with a hundred guns before marching out, but it was very dangerous and difficult to do so; for, owing to the recent conflagration, there were fire and sparks all around the cannon, and it was not easy to find a safe place of deposit for the cartridges. It happened that some flakes of fire had entered the muzzle of one of the guns after it was sponged. Of course, when the gunner attempted to ram the cartridge down it exploded prematurely, killing Private Daniel Hough instantly, and setting fire to a pile of cartridges underneath, which also exploded, seriously wounding five men. Fifty guns were fired in the salute.

With banners flying, and with drums beating "Yankee Doodle," we marched on board the transport that was to take us to the steamship *Baltic*, which drew too much water to pass the bar and was anchored outside. We were soon on our way to New York.

With the first shot against Sumter the whole North became united. Mobs went about New York and made every doubtful newspaper and private house display the Stars and Stripes. When we reached that city we had a royal reception. The streets were alive with banners.

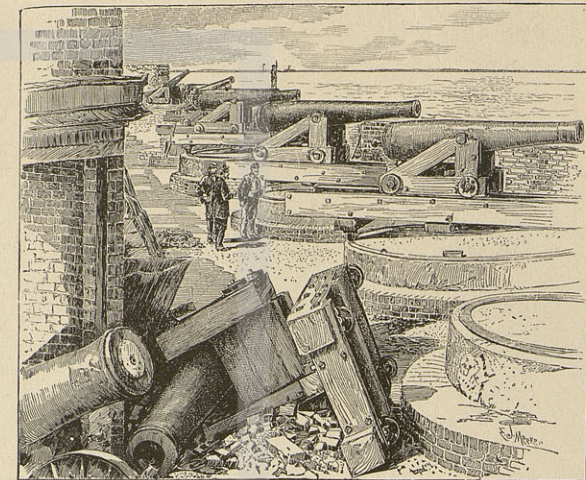


INTERIOR OF SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT. Showing the gate and the gorge wall; also one of the 8-inch columbiads set as mortars, bearing on Morris Island. (From a photograph.)

Our men and officers were seized and forced to ride on the shoulders of crowds wild with enthusiasm. When we purchased anything merchants generally refused all compensation. Fort Hamilton, where we were stationed, was besieged with visitors, many of whom were among the most highly distinguished in all walks of life. The Chamber of Commerce of New York voted a bronze medal to each officer and soldier of the garrison.

We were soon called upon to take an active part in the war, and the two Sumter companies were sent under my command to reinforce General Patterson's column, which was to serve in the Shenandoah Valley. Our march through Pennsylvania was a continuous ovation. Flowers, fruits, and delicacies of all kinds were showered upon us, and the hearts of the people seemed overflowing with gratitude for the very little we had been able to accomplish.

Major Anderson was made a brigadier-general in the regular army, and assigned to command in his native State, Kentucky; but his system had been undermined by his great responsibilities; he was threatened with softening of the brain and was obliged to retire from active service. The other officers were engaged in



SOME EFFECTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT. From a photograph.

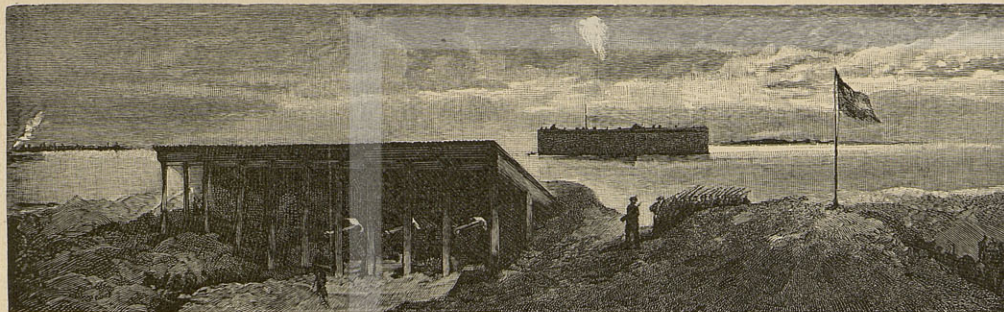
battles and skirmishes in many parts of the field of war. Anderson, Foster, Seymour, Crawford, Davis, and myself became major-generals of volunteers. Norman J. Hall, who rendered brilliant service at Gettysburg, became a colonel, and would doubtless have risen higher had he not been compelled by ill health to retire. Talbot became an assistant adjutant-general with the rank of captain, but died before the war had fairly begun. He was not with us during the bombardment, as he had been sent as a special messenger to Washington with despatches. Lieutenant Snyder of the engineers, a most promising young officer, also died at the very commencement of hostilities.

Only one of our number left us and joined the Confederacy,—Lieutenant R. K. Meade of the engineers, a Virginian. His death occurred soon after.

NOTE.—Under an order from Secretary Stanton, the same flag that was lowered April 14th, 1861, was raised again over Sumter, by Major (then General) Anderson, on April 14th, 1865.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER. The 10-inch columbiad bearing on Charleston. (From a photograph.)



PORT JOHNSON. IRON-CLAD BATTERY, CUMMING'S POINT. FORT SUMTER. FORT MOULTRIE.
BURSTING OF THE SIGNAL-SHELL FROM FORT JOHNSON OVER FORT SUMTER.

INSIDE THE FORT.

BY JAMES CHESTER, CAPTAIN THIRD ARTILLERY,
U. S. A.

A member of the garrison at Fort Sumter.

THE opening of the bombardment was a somewhat dramatic event. A relieving fleet was approaching, all unknown to the Sumter garrison, and General Beauregard, perhaps with the hope of tying Major Anderson's hands in the expected fight with that fleet, had opened negotiations with him on the 11th of April looking toward the evacuation of the fort. But Major Anderson declined to evacuate his post till compelled by hunger. The last ounce of breadstuffs had been consumed, and matters were manifestly approaching a crisis. It was evident from the activity of the enemy that something important was in the wind. That night we retired as usual. Toward half-past three on the morning of the 12th we were startled by a gun fired in the immediate vicinity of the fort, and many rose to see what was the matter. It was soon learned that a steamer from the enemy desired to communicate with Major Anderson, and a small boat under a flag of truce was received and delivered the message. Although no formal announcement of the fact was made, it became generally known among the men that in one hour General Beauregard would open his batteries on Sumter.

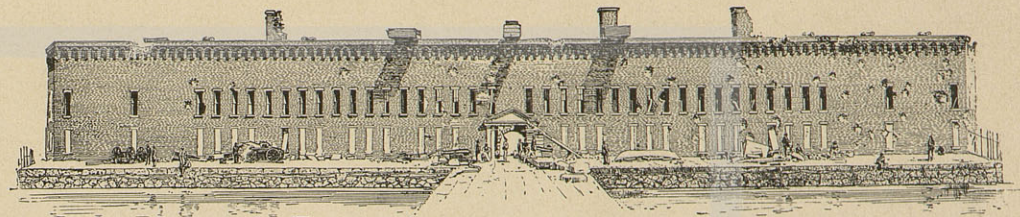
The men waited about for some time in expectation of orders, but received none, except an informal order to go to bed, and the information that reveille would be sounded at the usual hour. This was daylight, fully two hours off, so some of the men did retire. The majority perhaps remained up, anxious to see the opening, for which purpose they had all gone on the ramparts. Except that the flag was hoisted, and a glimmer of light was visible at the guard-house, the fort looked so dark and silent as to seem deserted. The morning was dark and raw. Some of the watchers surmised that Beauregard was "bluffing," and that there would be no bombardment. But promptly at 4:30 A. M. a flash as of distant lightning in the direction of Mount Pleasant, followed by the dull roar of a mortar, told us that the bombardment had begun. The eyes of the watchers easily detected and followed the burning fuse which marked the course of the shell as it mounted among the stars, and then descended with ever-increasing velocity, until it landed inside the fort and burst. It was a capi-

tal shot. Then the batteries opened on all sides, and shot and shell went screaming over Sumter as if an army of devils were swooping around it. As a rule the guns were aimed too high, but all the mortar practice was good. In a few minutes the novelty disappeared in a realizing sense of danger, and the watchers retired to the bomb-proofs, where they discussed probabilities until reveille.

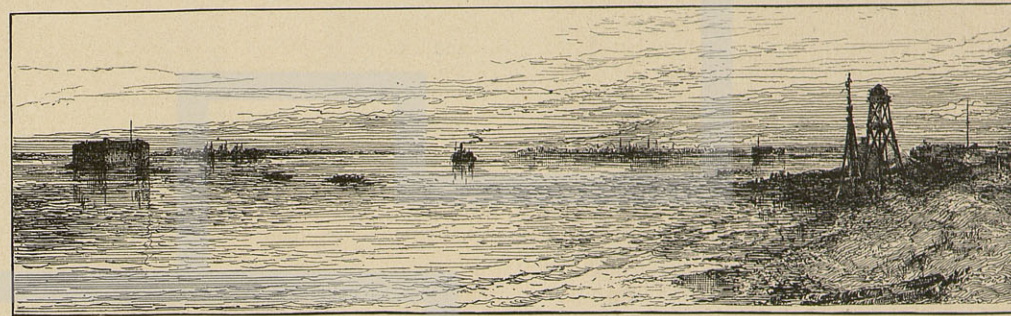
Habits of discipline are strong among old soldiers. If it had not been for orders to the contrary, the men would have formed for roll-call on the open parade, as it was their custom to do, although mortar-shells were bursting there at the lively rate of about one a minute. But they were formed under the bomb-proofs, and the roll was called as if nothing unusual was going on. They were then directed to get breakfast, and be ready to fall in when "assembly" was beaten. The breakfast part of the order was considered a grim joke, as the fare was reduced to the solitary item of fat pork, very rusty indeed. But most of the men worried down a little of it, and were "ready" when the drum called them to their work.

By this time it was daylight, and the effects of the bombardment became visible. No serious damage was being done to the fort. The enemy had concentrated their fire on the barbette batteries, but, like most inexperienced gunners, they were firing too high. After daylight their shooting improved, until at 7:30 A. M., when "assembly" was beaten in Sumter, it had become fairly good. At "assembly" the men were again paraded and the orders of the day announced. The garrison was divided into two reliefs, and the tour of duty at the guns was to be four hours. Captain Doubleday being the senior captain, his battery took the first tour.

There were three points to be fired upon,—the Morris Island batteries, the James Island batteries, and the Sullivan's Island batteries. With these last was included the famous iron-clad floating battery, which had taken up a position off the western end of Sullivan's Island to command the left flank of Sumter. Captain Doubleday divided his men into three parties: the first, under his own immediate command, was marched to the casemate guns bearing on Morris Island; the second, under Lieutenant Jefferson C. Davis, manned the casemate guns bearing on the James Island batteries; and the third—without a commissioned officer until Dr. Crawford joined it—was marched by a sergeant to the guns bearing on Sullivan's Island. The guns



THE SOUTHWEST OR GORGE FRONT OF FORT SUMTER.
Showing the gate wharf, and esplanade, Machicolis galleries on the parapet, and the effect of the fire from Cumming's Point and Fort Johnson. (From a photograph.)



MAJOR ANDERSON'S MEN CROSSING IN BOATS TO FORT SUMTER.
From a war-time sketch.

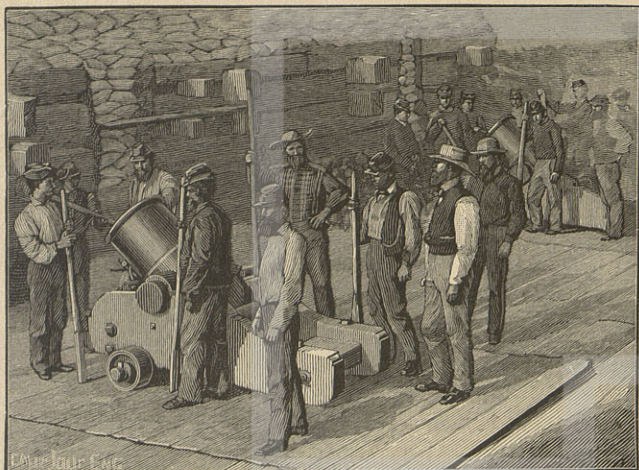
in the lower tier, which were the only ones used during the bombardment,—except surreptitiously without orders,—were 32 and 42-pounders, and some curiosity was felt as to the effect of such shot on the iron-clad battery. The gunners made excellent practice, but the shot were seen to bounce off its sides like peas. After battering it for about an hour and a half, no visible effect had been produced, although it had perceptibly slackened its fire, perhaps to save ammunition. But it was evident that throwing 32-pounder shot at it, at a mile range, was a waste of iron, and the attention of the gunners was transferred to Fort Moultrie.

Moultrie was, perhaps, a less satisfactory target than the iron-clad. It was literally buried under sand-bags, the very throats of the embrasures being closed with cotton-bales. The use of cotton-bales was very effective as against shot, but would have been less so against shell. The fact that the embrasures were thus closed was not known in Sumter till after the bombardment. It explained what was otherwise inexplicable. Shot would be seen to strike an embrasure, and the gunner would feel that he had settled one gun for certain, but even while he was receiving the congratulations of his comrades the supposed disabled gun would reply. That the cotton-bales could not be seen from Sumter is not surprising. The sand-bag casemates which covered the guns were at least eighteen feet thick, and the cotton-bale shutter was no doubt arranged to slide up and down like a portcullis inside the pile of sand-bags. The gunners of Sumter, not knowing of the existence of these shutters, directed their shot either on the embrasures for the purpose of disabling the enemy's guns, or so as to graze the sand-bag parapet for the purpose of reaching the interior of the work. The practice was very good, but the effect, for reasons already stated, was inconsiderable. . . .

The smoke which enveloped the Confederate batteries during the first day, while not so thick as entirely to obscure them, was sufficiently so to make visual aiming extremely unreliable; and during the second day, when Sumter was on fire, nothing could be seen beyond the muzzles of our own guns. But the aiming arrangements, due to the foresight and ingenuity of Captain Doubleday, enabled us to fire with as much accuracy when we could not see the object as when we could. . . .

The first night of the bombardment was one of great anxiety. The fleet might send reinforcements; the enemy might attempt an assault. Both would come in boats; both would answer in English. It would be horrible to fire upon friends; it would be fatal not to fire upon enemies. The night was dark and chilly. Shells were dropping into the fort at regular intervals, and the men were tired, hungry, and out of temper. Any party that approached that night would have been rated as enemies upon general principles. Fortunately nobody appeared; reveille sounded, and the men oiled their appetites with the fat pork at the usual hour by way of breakfast.

The second day's bombardment began at the same hour as did the first; that is, on the Sumter side. The enemy's mortars had kept up a very slow fire all night, which gradually warmed up after daylight as their batteries seemed to awaken, until its vigor was about equal to their fire of the day before. The fleet was still off the bar—perhaps waiting to see the end. Fire broke out once or twice in the officers' quarters, and was extinguished. It broke out again in several places at once, and we realized the truth and let the quarters burn. They were firing red-hot shot. This was about 9 o'clock. As soon as Sumter was noticed to be on fire the secessionists increased the fire of their batteries to a maximum. In the



CONFEDERATE MORTAR-BATTERY ON MORRIS ISLAND.
Commanded by Lieutenant C. R. Holmes.
From a photograph.

perfect storm of shot and shell that beat upon us from all sides, the flag-staff was shot down, but the old flag was rescued and nailed to a new staff. This, with much difficulty, was carried to the ramparts and lashed to some chassis piled up there for a traverse.

We were not sorry to see the quarters burn. They were a nuisance. Built for fire-proof buildings, they were not fire-proof. Neither would they burn up in a cheerful way. The principal cisterns were large iron tanks immediately under the roof. These had been riddled, and the quarters below had been deluged with water. Everything was wet and burned badly, yielding an amount of pungent piney smoke which almost suffocated the garrison.

The scene inside the fort as the fire gained headway and threatened the magazine was an exciting one. It had already reached some of our stores of loaded shells and shell-grenades. These must be saved at all hazard. Soldiers brought their blankets and covered the precious projectiles, and thus the most of them were saved. But the magazine itself was in danger. Already it was full of smoke, and the flames were rapidly closing in upon it. It was evident that it must be closed, and it would be many hours before it could be opened again. During these hours the fire must be maintained with such powder as we could secure outside the magazine. A number of barrels were rolled out for this purpose, and the magazine door—already almost too hot to handle—was closed.

It was the intention to store the powder taken from the magazine in several safe corners, covering it with damp soldiers' blankets. But safe corners were hard to find, and most of the blankets were already in use covering loaded shells. The fire was raging more fiercely than ever, and safety demanded that the uncovered powder be thrown overboard. This was instantly done, and if the tide had been high we should have been well rid of it. But the tide was low, and the pile of powder-barrels rested on the riprapping in front of the embrasure. This was observed by the enemy, and some shell guns were turned upon the pile, producing an explosion which blew the gun at that embrasure clear out of battery, but it did no further damage.

The fire had now enveloped the magazine, and the danger of an explosion was imminent. Powder had been carried out all the previous day, and it was more than likely that enough had sifted through the cartridge-bags to carry the fire into the powder-chamber. Major Anderson, his head erect as if on parade, called the men around him; directed that a shot be fired every five minutes; and mentioned that there was some danger of the magazine exploding. Some of the men, as soon as they learned what the real danger was, rushed to the door of the magazine and hurriedly dug a trench in front of it, which they kept filled with water until the danger was considered over. . . .

It was during this excitement that ex-Senator Wigfall of Texas visited the fort. . . . Wigfall's conference was not of long duration. . . . About 7 o'clock in the evening another white flag brought the announcement that the terms agreed upon between General Beauregard and Major Anderson had been confirmed, and that we would leave Fort Sumter the following day; which we did, after saluting our flag with fifty guns.



GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD.
In command of the Confederate force which bombarded Fort Sumter.

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE AT SUMTER.

BY STEPHEN D. LEE, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.
Captain, C. S. A., and Aide-de-camp to General Beauregard during the bombardment.

AFTER the evacuation of Fort Moultrie, although Major Anderson was not permitted by the South Carolina authorities to receive any large supply of provisions, yet he received a daily mail, and fresh beef and vegetables from the city of Charleston, and was unmolested at Fort Sumter. He continued industriously to strengthen the fort. The military authorities of South Carolina, and afterward of the Confederate States, took possession of Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, the arsenal, and other United States property in the vicinity. They also remounted the guns at Fort Moultrie, and constructed batteries on Sullivan's, Morris, and James islands, and at other places, looking to the reduction of Fort Sumter if it should become necessary; meantime leaving no stone unturned to secure from the authorities at Washington a quiet evacuation of the fort. Several arrangements to accomplish this purpose were almost reached, but failed. Two attempts were made to reinforce and supply the garrison: one by the steamer *Star of the West*, which tried to reach the fort, January 9th, 1861, and was driven back by a battery on Morris Island, manned by South Carolina troops; the

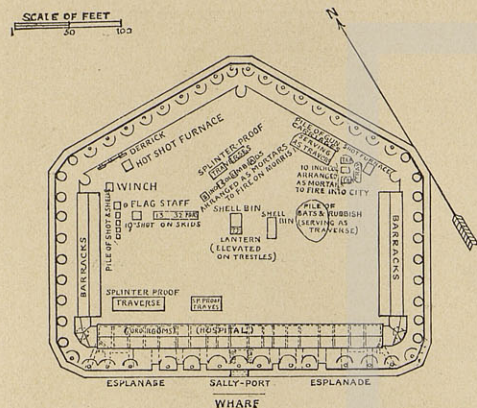


FRANCIS W. PICKENS,
Governor of South Carolina, 1861.
From a photograph.

other just before the bombardment of Sumter, April 12th. The feeling of the Confederate authorities was that a peaceful issue would finally be arrived at; but they had a fixed determination to use force, if necessary, to occupy the fort. They did not desire or intend to take the initiative, if it could be avoided. So soon, however, as it was clearly understood that the authorities at Washington had abandoned peaceful views, and would assert the power of the United States to supply Fort Sumter, General Beauregard, the commander of the Confederate forces at Charleston, in obedience to the command of his Government at Montgomery, proceeded to reduce the fort. His arrangements were about complete, and on April 11th he demanded of Major Anderson the evacuation of Fort Sumter. He offered to transport Major Anderson and his command to any port in the United States; and to allow him to move out of the fort with company arms and property, and all private property, and to salute his flag in lowering it. This demand was delivered to Major Anderson at 3:45 P. M., by two aides of General Beauregard, James Chesnut, Jr., and myself. At 4:30 P. M. he handed us his reply, refusing to accede to the demand; but added, "Gentlemen, if you do not batter the fort to pieces about us, we shall be starved out in a few days."

The reply of Major Anderson was put in General Beauregard's hands at 5:15 P. M., and he was also told of this informal remark. Anderson's reply and remark were communicated to the Confederate authorities at Montgomery. The Secretary of War, L. P. Walker, replied to Beauregard as follows:

"Do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter. If Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that in the meantime he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be employed against Fort Sumter, you are authorized thus to avoid the effusion of blood. If this, or its equivalent, be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be most practicable."



The same aides bore a second communication to Major Anderson, based on the above instructions, which was placed in his hands at 12:45 A. M., April 12th. His reply indicated that he would evacuate the fort on the 15th, provided he did not in the meantime receive contradictory instructions from his Government, or additional supplies, but he declined to agree not to open his guns upon the Confederate troops, in the event of any hostile demonstration on their part against his flag. Major Anderson made every possible effort to retain the aides till daylight, making one excuse and then another for not replying. Finally, at 3:15 A. M., he delivered his reply. In accordance with their instructions, the aides read it and, finding it unsatisfactory, gave Major Anderson this notification:

“ FORT SUMTER, S. C., April 12th, 1861, 3 : 20 A. M.—SIR: By authority of Brigadier-General Beauregard, commanding the Provisional Forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time. We have the honor to be very respectfully, Your obedient servants, JAMES CHESNUT, JR., *Aide-de-camp.* STEPHEN D. LEE, *Captain C. S. Army, Aide-de-camp.*”

The above note was written in one of the casemates of the fort, and in the presence of Major Anderson and several of his officers. On receiving it he was much affected. He seemed to realize the full import of the consequences, and the great responsibility of his position. Escorting us to the boat at the wharf, he cordially pressed our hands in farewell, remarking, "If we never meet in this world again, God grant that we may meet in the next."

The boat containing the two aides and also Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, and A. R. Chisolm, of South Carolina, who were also members of General Beauregard's staff, went immediately to Fort Johnson on James Island, and the order to fire the signal gun was given to Captain George S. James, commanding the battery at that point. It was then 4 A. M. Captain James at once aroused his command, and arranged to carry out the order. He was a great admirer of Roger A. Pryor, and said to him, "You are the only man to whom I would give up the honor of firing the first gun of the war;" and he offered to allow him to fire it. Pryor, on receiving the offer, was very much agitated. With a husky voice he said, "I could not

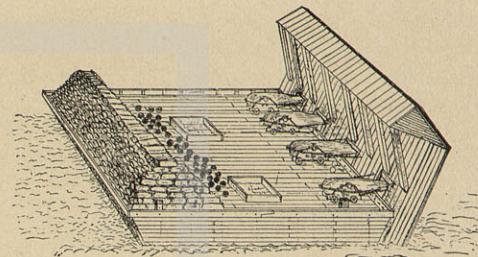
fire the first gun of the war." His manner was almost similar to that of Major Anderson as we left him a few moments before on the wharf at Fort Sumter. Captain James would allow no one else but himself to fire the gun.

The boat with the aides of General Beauregard left Fort Johnson before arrangements were complete for the firing of the gun, and laid on its oars, about one-third the distance between the fort and Sumter, there to witness the firing of "the first gun of the war" between the States. It was fired from a ten-inch mortar at 4:30 A. M., April 12th, 1861. Captain James was a skilful officer, and the firing of the shell was a success. It burst immediately over the fort, apparently about one hundred feet above. The firing of the mortar woke the echoes from every nook and corner of the harbor, and in this the dead hour of night, before dawn, that shot was a sound of alarm that brought every soldier in the harbor to his feet, and every man, woman, and child in the city of Charleston from their beds. A thrill went through the whole city. It was felt that the Rubicon was passed. No one thought of going home; unused as their ears were to the appalling sounds, or the vivid flashes from the batteries, they stood for hours fascinated with horror. After the second shell the different batteries opened their fire on Fort Sumter, and by 4:45 A. M. the firing was general and regular. It was a hazy, foggy morning. About daylight, the boat with the aides reached Charleston, and they reported to General Beauregard.

Fort Sumter did not respond with her guns till 7:30 A. M. The firing from this fort, during the entire bombardment, was slow and deliberate, and marked with little accuracy. The firing continued without intermission during the 12th, and more slowly during the night of the 12th and 13th. No material change was noticed till 8 A. M. on the 13th, when the barracks in Fort Sumter were set on fire by hot shot from the guns of Fort Moultrie. As soon as this was discovered, the Confederate batteries redoubled their efforts, to prevent the fire being extinguished. Fort Sumter fired at little longer intervals, to enable the garrison to

fight the flames. This brave action, under such a trying ordeal, aroused great sympathy and admiration on the part of the Confederates for Major Anderson and his gallant garrison; this feeling was shown by cheers whenever a gun was fired from Sumter. It was shown also by loud reflections on the "men-of-war" outside the harbor.

About 12:30 the flag-staff of Fort Sumter was shot down, but it was soon replaced. As soon as General Beauregard heard that the flag was no longer flying, he sent three of his aides, William Porcher Miles, Roger A. Pryor, and myself, to offer, and also to see if Major Anderson would receive or needed, assistance in subduing the flames inside the fort. Before we reached it, we saw the United States flag again floating over it, and began to return to the city. Before going far, however, we saw the Stars and Stripes replaced by a white flag. We turned about at once and rowed rapidly to the fort. We were directed, from an embrasure, not to go to the wharf, as it was mined, and the fire was near it. We were assisted through an embrasure and conducted to Major Anderson. Our mission being made known to him, he replied, "Present my compliments to General Beauregard, and say to him I thank him for his kindness, but need no assistance." He further remarked that he hoped the worst was over, that the fire had settled over the magazine, and, as it had not exploded, he thought the real danger was about over. Continuing, he said, "Gentlemen, do I understand you come direct from General Beauregard?" The reply was in the affirmative. He then said, "Why! Colonel Wigfall has just been here as an aide too, and by authority of General Beauregard, and proposed the same terms of evacuation offered on the 11th instant." We informed the major that we were not authorized to offer terms; that we were direct from General Beauregard, and that Colonel Wigfall, although an aide-de-camp to the general, had been detached, and had not seen the general for several days. Major Anderson at once stated, "There is a misunderstanding on my part, and I will at once run up my flag and open fire again." After consul-



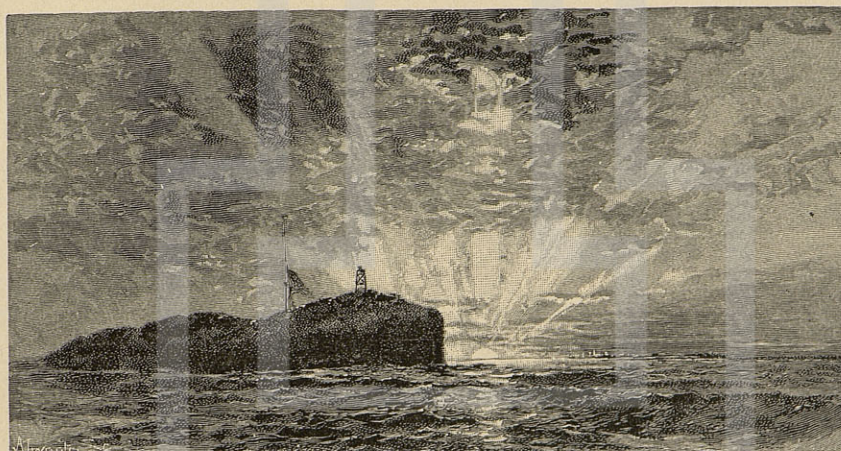
tation, we requested him not to do so until the matter was explained to General Beauregard, and requested Major Anderson to reduce to writing his understanding with Colonel Wigfall, which he did. However, before we left the fort, a boat arrived from Charleston, bearing Major D. R. Jones, assistant adjutant-general on General Beauregard's staff, who offered substantially the same terms to Major Anderson as those offered on the 11th, and also by Colonel Wigfall, and which were now accepted.

Thus fell Fort Sumter, April 13th, 1861. At this time fire was still raging in the barracks, and settling steadily over the magazine. All egress was cut off except through the lower embrasures. Many shells from the Confederate batteries, which had fallen in the fort and had not exploded, as well as the hand-grenades used for defense, were exploding as they were reached by the fire. The wind was driving the heat and smoke down into the fort and into the casemates, almost causing suffocation. Major Anderson, his officers and men were blackened by smoke and cinders, and showed signs of fatigue and exhaustion from the trying ordeal through which they had passed.

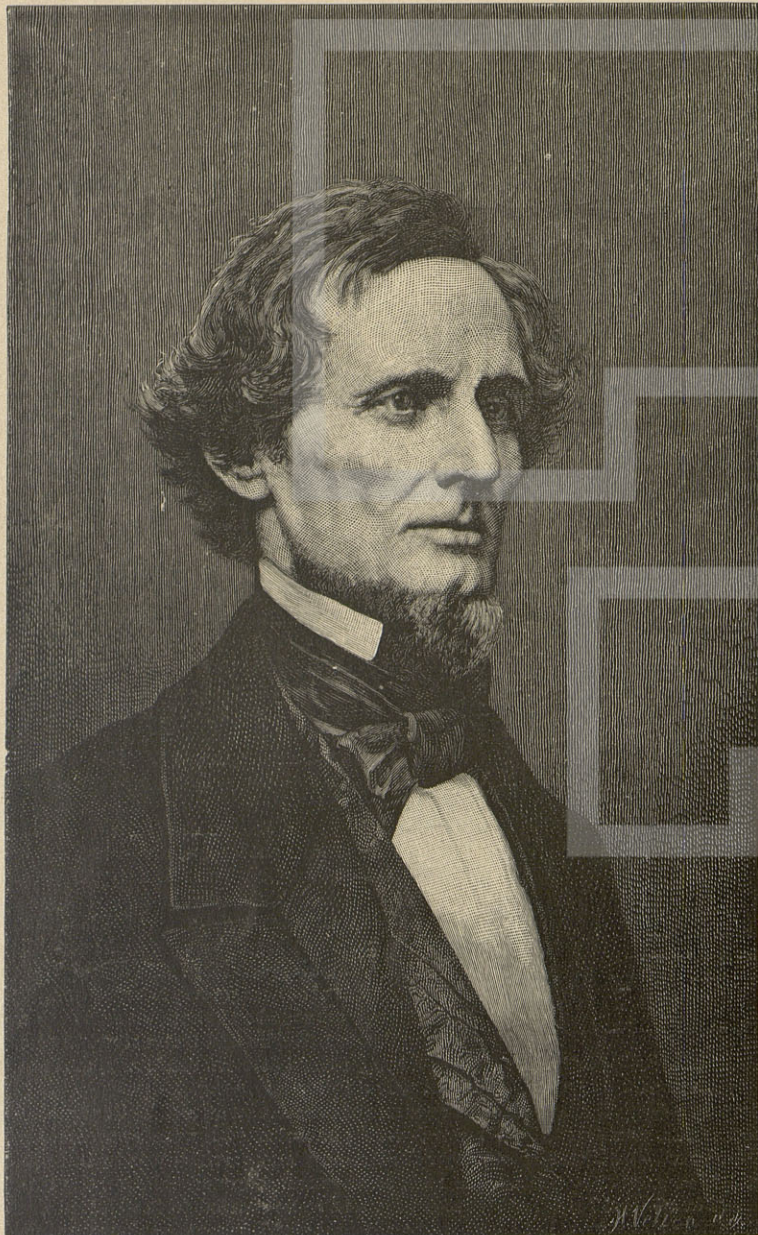
It was soon discovered, by conversation, that it was a bloodless battle; not a man had been killed or seriously wounded on either side during the entire bombardment of nearly forty hours. Congratulations were exchanged on so happy a result. Major Anderson stated that he had instructed his officers only to fire on the batteries and forts, and not to fire on private property.

The terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard were generous, and were appreciated by Major Anderson. The garrison was to embark on the 14th, after running up and saluting the United States flag, and to be carried to the United States fleet. A soldier killed during the salute was buried inside the fort, the new Confederate garrison uncovering during the impressive ceremonies. Major Anderson and his command left the harbor, bearing with them the respect and admiration of the Confederate soldiers. It was conceded that he had done his duty as a soldier holding a most delicate trust.

This first bombardment of Sumter was but its "baptism of fire." During subsequent attacks by land and water, it was battered by the heaviest Union artillery. Its walls were completely crushed, but the tons of iron projectiles imbedded in its ruins added strength to the inaccessible mass that surrounded it and made it impregnable. It was never taken, but the operations of General Sherman, after his march to the sea, compelled its evacuation, and the Stars and Stripes were again raised over it, April 14th, 1865.



FORT SUMTER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.
From a sketch made at the time.

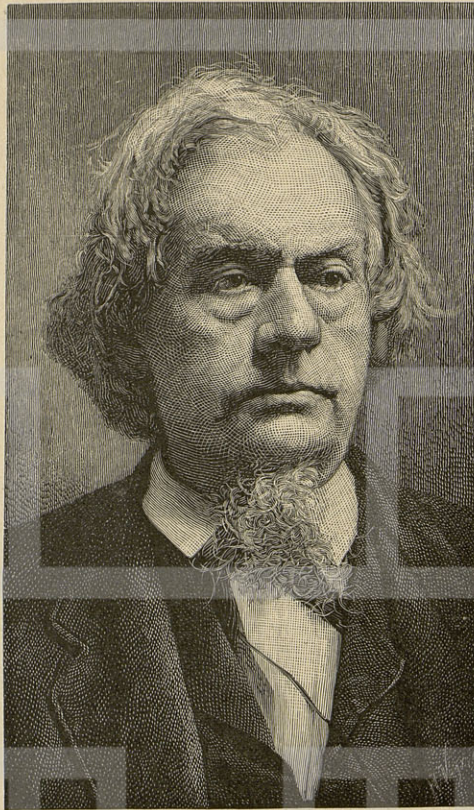


JEFFERSON DAVIS.
President of the Confederate States of America. (From a photograph.)

THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

IN an article on "The Confederate Government at Montgomery," Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett, editor of the Charleston "Mercury," 1860-62, a son of the chairman of the South Carolina delegation to the Confederate convention, says:

... On the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina passed unanimously the first ordinance of secession. . . . On her invitation, six other Southern States sent delegates to a convention in Montgomery, Alabama, for the purpose of organizing a Confederacy. On the 4th of February, 1861, this convention assembled. The material which constituted it was of a mixed character. There were members who were constitutionally timid and unfit by character and temperament to participate in such work as was on hand. Others had little knowledge of public affairs on a large scale, and had studied neither the resources of the South nor the conduct of the movement. A number of them, however, were men of ripe experience and statesmanlike grasp of the situation—men of large knowledge, with calm, strong, clear views of the policies to be pursued. Alexander H. Stephens characterized this convention as "the ablest body with which he ever served, and singularly free from revolutionary spirit."



ROBERT TOOMBS.
First Secretary of State of the Confederacy; Member of the Confederate Senate; Brigadier-General, C. S. A.
From a photograph.

In the organization of the convention, Howell Cobb was chosen to preside and J. J. Hooper, of Montgomery, to act as secretary. It was decided to organize a provisional government under a provisional constitution, which was adopted on the 8th of February. On the 9th a provisional President and Vice-President were elected, who were installed in office on the 18th to carry the government into effect. In regard to this election, it was agreed that when four delegations out of the six should settle upon men, the election should take place. Jefferson Davis was put forward by the Mississippi delegation and Howell Cobb by that of Georgia. The Florida delegation proposed to vote for whomsoever South Carolina should support. The South Carolina delegation offered no candidate and held no meeting to confer upon the matter. The chairman, Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett, did not call them together. . . . On taking the vote in the convention (February 9th) Georgia gave hers to Mr. Cobb, and the other States theirs to Mr. Davis. Georgia then changed her vote, which elected Mr. Davis unanimously. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens was chosen Vice-President. Mr. Rhett was made chairman of the committee to notify the President-elect, and to present him to the convention for inauguration. This office he performed in complimentary style, reflecting the estimate of Mr. Barnwell rather than his own fears. Within six weeks the Provisional Congress found out that they had made a mistake, and that there was danger of a division into an administration and an anti-administration party, which might paralyze the Government. To avoid this, and to confer all power on the President, they resorted to secret sessions.

Mr. Davis offered the office of Secretary of State to Mr. Barnwell, but he declined it, and recommended Mr. C. G. Memminger, also of South Carolina, for the Treasury portfolio, which was promptly accorded to him. Both of these gentlemen had been cooperationists, and up to the last had opposed secession. Mr. Barnwell would not have been sent to the State convention from Beaufort but for the efforts of Edmund Rhett, an influential State senator. Of Mr. Memminger it was said that when a bill was on its passage through the Legislature of South Carolina in 1859, appropriating a sum of money for the purchase of arms, he had slipped in an amendment which had operated to prevent Governor Gist from drawing the money and procuring the arms. In Charleston he was known as an active friend of the free-school system and orphan house, a moral and charitable Episcopalian, and a lawyer, industrious, shrewd, and thrifty. As chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the House of Representatives, he was familiar with the cut-and-dried plan of raising the small revenue necessary to carry on the government of South Carolina. Such was his record and experience when appointed to the cabinet of Mr. Davis. Mr. Memminger received no recommendation for this office from the South Carolina



HOWELL COBB.
President of the First Confederate Congress; Major-General, C. S. A.
From a photograph.

delegation; nor did the delegation from any State, so far as known, attempt to influence the President in the choice of his cabinet.

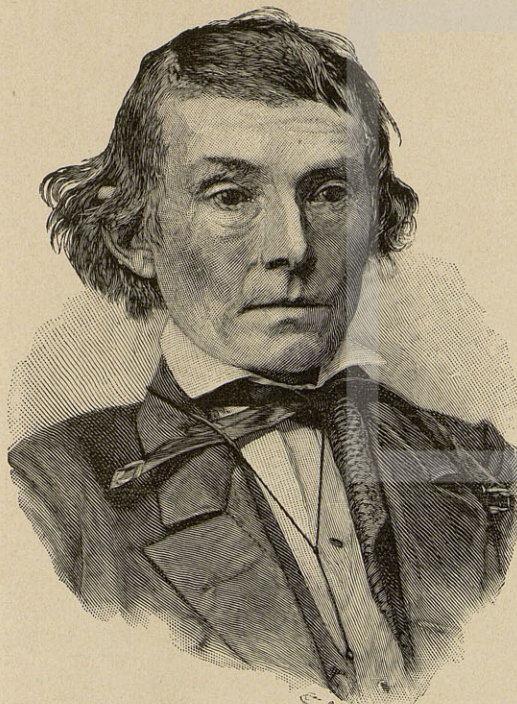
Mr. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was appointed Secretary of State. This was in deference to the importance of his State and the public appreciation of his great mental powers and thorough earnestness, not for the active part he had taken in the State convention in behalf of secession. In public too fond of sensational oratory, in counsel he was a man of large and wise views.

Mr. Leroy Pope Walker, of Alabama, was appointed Secretary of War on the recommendation of Mr. William L. Yancey. Ambitious, without any special fitness for this post, and overloaded, he accepted the office with the understanding that Mr. Davis would direct and control its business, which he did. After differing with the President as to the number of arms to be imported, and the number of men to be placed in camp in the winter of 1861-62 (being in favor of very many more than the President), he wisely resigned.

Mr. Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, was appointed Secretary of the Navy. He was a gentleman of unpretending manners and ordinary good sense, who had served in the Senate with Mr. Davis, and had been chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. With some acquaintance with officers of the United States Navy, and some knowledge of nautical matters, he had small comprehension of the responsibilities of the office. His efforts were feeble and dilatory, and he utterly failed to provide for keeping open the seaports of the Confederacy. But he was one of the few who remained in the cabinet to the end.

Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, was appointed Attorney-General, and held that office until the resignation of Mr. Walker, when he was transferred to the post of Secretary of War. Upon the fall of New Orleans, public indignation compelled a change, and he was made Secretary of State. A man of great fertility of mind and resource and of facile character, he was the factotum of the President, performed his bidding in various ways, and gave him the benefit of his brains in furtherance of the views of Mr. Davis. . . .

Although a provisional government was more free to meet emergencies and correct mistakes, it was determined to proceed to the formation of a permanent government. . . . The committee, of which Mr. Rhett was chairman, agreed at its first meeting that the Constitution of the United States should be adopted with only such alterations as experience has proved desirable, and to avoid latitudinarian constructions. Most of the important amendments were adopted on motion of the chairman. . . . The permanent constitution was adopted on the 11th of March, 1861, and went into operation, with the permanent government, at Richmond, on the 18th of February, 1862, when the Provisional Congress expired. . . .



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.
Vice-President of the Confederacy.
From a photograph.



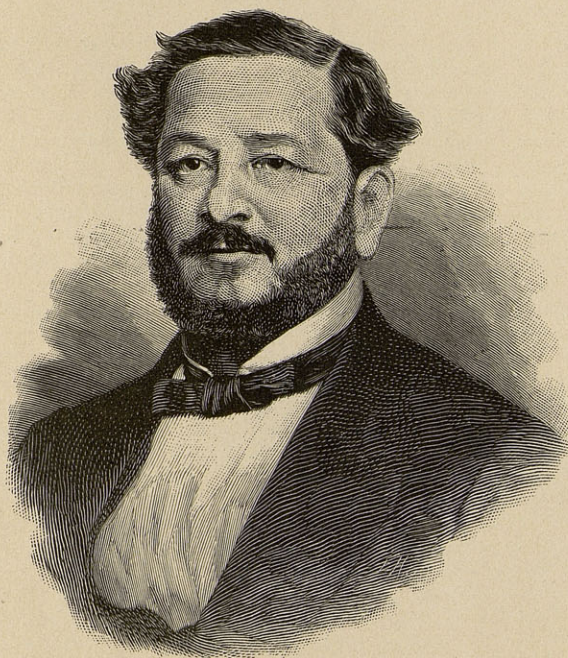
JOHN H. REAGAN.
Confederate Postmaster-General.



CHRISTOPHER G. MEMMINGER.
First Secretary of the Treasury of the
Confederacy.



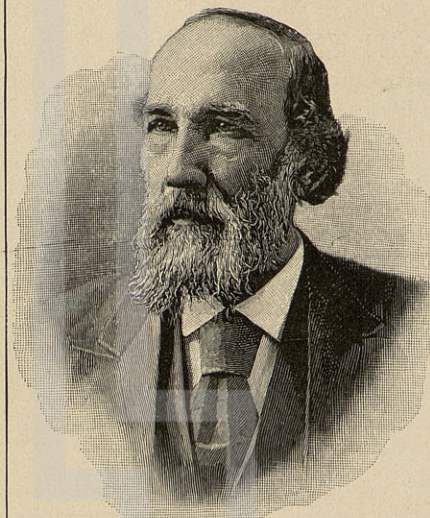
WILLIAM L. YANCEY.
Member of the Confederate Senate; Confederate Commissioner to
Europe in 1861. (From a photograph.)



JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.
Confederate Attorney-General until Sept. 17, 1861; Second
Secretary of War; Third Secretary of State. (From a photograph.)



ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT.
Chairman of Committee on Foreign Affairs, Confederate
Provisional Congress. (From a photograph.)

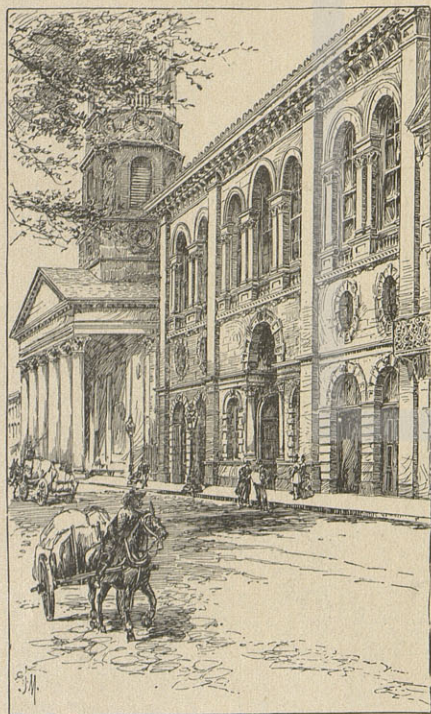


LEROY POPE WALKER.
First Confederate Secretary of War.
From a photograph.



STEPHEN R. MALLORY.
Secretary of the Navy to the Confederacy.
From a photograph.

PORTRAITS OF MEN PROMINENT IN THE
CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.



SECESSION HALL, CHARLESTON.
Scene of the passage of the Ordinance of Secession.
From a photograph.

*If any one attempts to haul
down the American flag, shoot
him on the spot. —*

*John A. Dix
Secretary of the Treasury.*

FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF GENERAL DIX'S "AMERICAN FLAG" DESPATCH.

January 18th, 1861, three days after he had entered on his duties as Secretary of the Treasury to President Buchanan, General Dix sent W. Hemphill Jones, chief clerk of one of the Treasury bureaus, to the South, for the purpose of saving the revenue-cutters at New Orleans, Mobile, and Galveston. January 29th, Mr. Jones telegraphed from New Orleans that the captain of the revenue-cutter *McClelland* refused to obey the Secretary's orders. It was seven in the evening when the despatch was received. Immediately Secretary Dix wrote the following reply:

"Treasury Department, January 29, 1861. Tell Lieutenant Caldwell to arrest Captain Breshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order I gave through you. If Captain Breshwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him as a mutineer, and treat him accordingly. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

"JOHN A. DIX,
"Secretary of the Treasury."



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.
From a photograph.

WAR PREPARATIONS IN THE NORTH.

BY JACOB D. COX, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V., EX-GOVERNOR OF OHIO, EX-SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

A member of the Ohio Senate on the outbreak of the War; made a brigadier-general in the Ohio quota, April 23d, 1861.

THE wonderful outburst of national feeling in the North in the spring of 1861 has always been a thrilling and almost supernatural thing to those who participated in it. The classic myth that the resistless terror which sometimes unaccountably seized upon an army was the work of the god Pan might seem to have its counterpart in the work of a national divinity rousing a whole people, not to terror, but to a sublime enthusiasm of self-devotion. To picture it as a whole is impossible. A new generation can only approximate a knowledge of the feelings of that time by studying in detail some separate scenes of the drama that had a continent for its stage. The writer can only tell what happened under his eye. The like was happening everywhere from Maine to Kansas. What is told is simply a type of the rest.

On Friday, the twelfth day of April, 1861, the Senate of Ohio was in session, trying to go on in the ordinary routine of business, but with a sense of anxiety and strain which was caused by the troubled condition of national affairs. The passage of "ordinances of secession" by one after another of the Southern States, and even the assembling of a provisional Confederate government at Montgomery,

had not wholly destroyed the hope that some peaceful way out of our troubles would be found; yet the gathering of an army on the sands opposite Fort Sumter was really war, and if a hostile gun were fired, we knew it would mean the end of all effort at arrangement. Hoping almost against hope that blood would not be shed, and that the pageant of military array and of a secession government would pass by, we tried to give our thoughts to business; but there was no heart in it, and the "morning hour" lagged, for we could not work in earnest, and we were unwilling to adjourn.

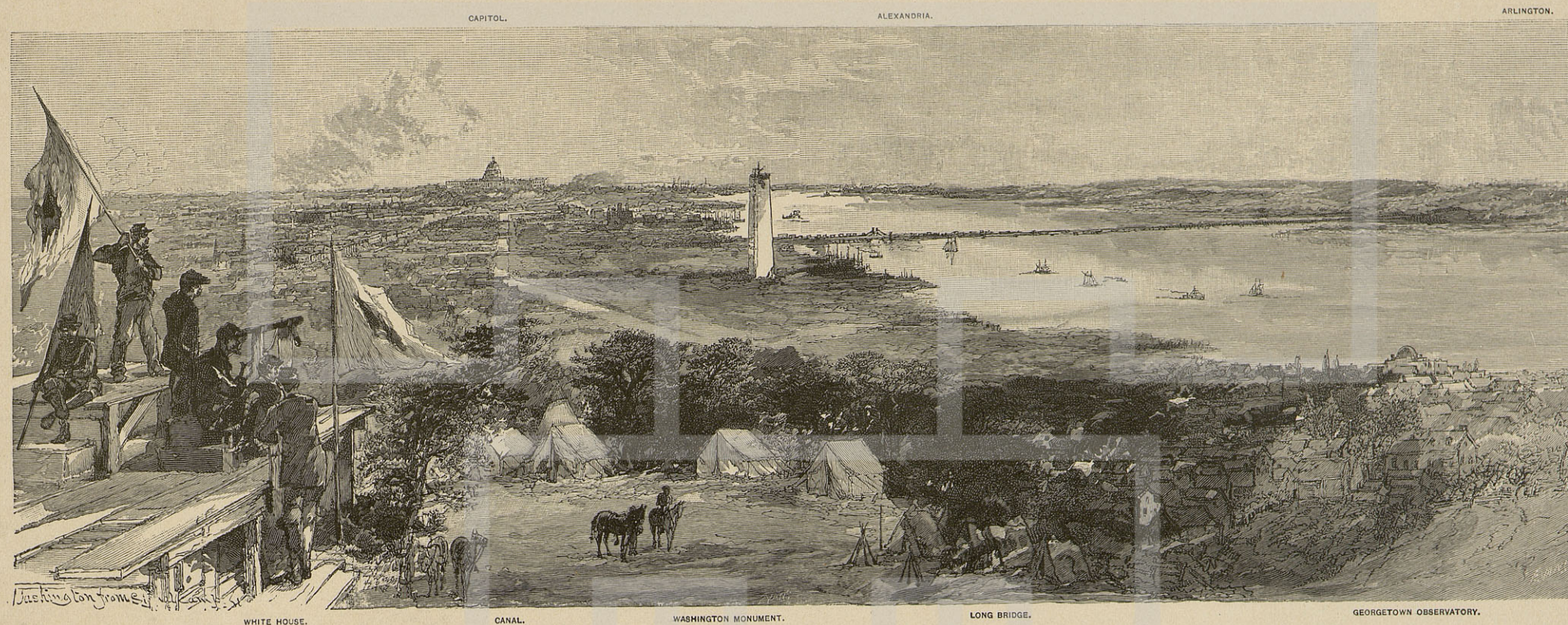
Suddenly a Senator came in from the lobby in an excited way, and, catching the chairman's eye, exclaimed, "Mr. President, the telegraph announces that the secessionists are bombarding Fort Sumter!" There was a solemn and painful hush, but it was broken in a moment by a woman's shrill voice from the spectators' seats, crying, "Glory to God!" It startled every one, almost as if the enemy were in the midst. But it was the voice of a radical friend of the slave, Abby Kelly Foster, who, after a lifetime of public agitation, believed that only through blood could his freedom be won, and who had shouted the fierce cry of joy that the

question had been submitted to the decision of the sword. With most of us, the gloomy thought that civil war had begun in our own land overshadowed everything else; this seemed too great a price to pay for any good,—a scourge to be borne only in preference to yielding what was to us the very groundwork of our republicanism, the right to enforce a fair interpretation of the Constitution through the election of President and Congress.

The next day we learned that Major Anderson had surrendered, and the telegraphic news from all the Northern States showed plain evidence of a popular outburst of loyalty to the Union, following a brief moment of dismay. That was the period when the flag—*The Flag*—flew out to the wind from every housetop in our great cities, and when, in New York, wildly excited crowds marched the streets demanding that the suspected or the lukewarm should show the symbol of nationality as a committal to the country's cause. He that is not for us is against us, was the deep, instinctive feeling.

A few days after the surrender of Sumter, Stephen A. Douglas passed through Columbus on his way to Washington, and, in response to the calls of a spontaneous gathering of people, spoke to them from the window of his bedroom in the hotel. There had been no thought for any of the common surroundings of a public meeting. There were no torches, no music. A dark mass of men filled full

the dimly lit street, and called for Douglas with an earnestness of tone wholly different from the enthusiasm of common political gatherings. He came half-dressed to his window, and, without any light near him, spoke solemnly to the people upon the terrible crisis which had come upon the nation. Men of all parties were there: his own followers to get some light as to their duty; the Breckinridge Democrats ready, most of them, repentantly to follow a Northern leader now that their Southern associates were in armed opposition to the Government; the Republicans eager to know whether so potent an influence was to be unreservedly on the side of the nation. I remember well the serious solicitude with which I listened to his opening sentences as I leaned against the railing of the State House park, trying in vain to see more than a dim outline of the man as he stood at the unlighted window. His deep, sonorous tones rolled down through the darkness from above us, an earnest, measured voice, the more solemn, the more impressive, because we could not see the speaker, and it came to us literally as "a voice in the night,"—the night of our country's unspeakable trial. There was no uncertainty in his tone; the Union must be preserved and the insurrection must be crushed; he pledged his hearty support to Mr. Lincoln's administration in doing this; other questions must stand aside till the national authority should be everywhere recognized. I do not



VIEW OF WASHINGTON FROM THE SIGNAL CAMP, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS.
From a sketch made at the time.

think we greatly cheered him,—it was, rather, a deep Amen that went up from the crowd. We went home breathing more freely in the assurance we now felt that, for a time at least, no organized opposition to the Federal Government and its policy of coercion could be formidable in the North.

Yet the situation hung upon us like a nightmare. Garfield and I were lodging together at the time, our wives being kept at home by family cares, and when we reached our sitting-room, after an evening session of the Senate, we often found ourselves involuntarily groaning, "Civil war in our land!" The shame, the folly, the outrage, seemed too great to believe, and we half hoped to awake from it as from a dream. Among the painful remembrances of those days is the ever-present weight at the heart which never left me till I found relief in the active duties of camp life at the close of the month. I went about my duties (and I am sure most of those with whom I associated did the same) with the half-choking sense of a grief I dared not think of; like one who is dragging himself to the ordinary labors of life from some terrible and recent bereavement.

We talked of our personal duty, and though both Garfield and myself had young families, we were agreed that our activity in the organization and support of the Republican party made the duty of supporting the Government by military service come peculiarly home to us. He was, for the moment, somewhat trammelled by his half-clerical position, but he very soon cut the knot. My own path seemed unmistakably plain. He, more care-

ful for his friend than for himself, urged upon me his doubts whether my physical strength was equal to the strain that would be put upon it. "I," said he, "am big and strong, and if my relations to the church and the college can be loosened, I shall have no excuse for not enlisting; but you are slender and will break down." It is true I then looked slender for a man six feet high; yet I had confidence in the elasticity of my constitution, and the result justified me, while it also showed how liable one is to mistake in such things. Garfield found that he had a tendency to weakness of the alimentary system, which broke him down on every cam-

paign in which he served, and led to his retiring from the army at the close of 1863. My own health, on the other hand, was strengthened by outdoor life and exposure, and I served to the end with growing physical vigor.

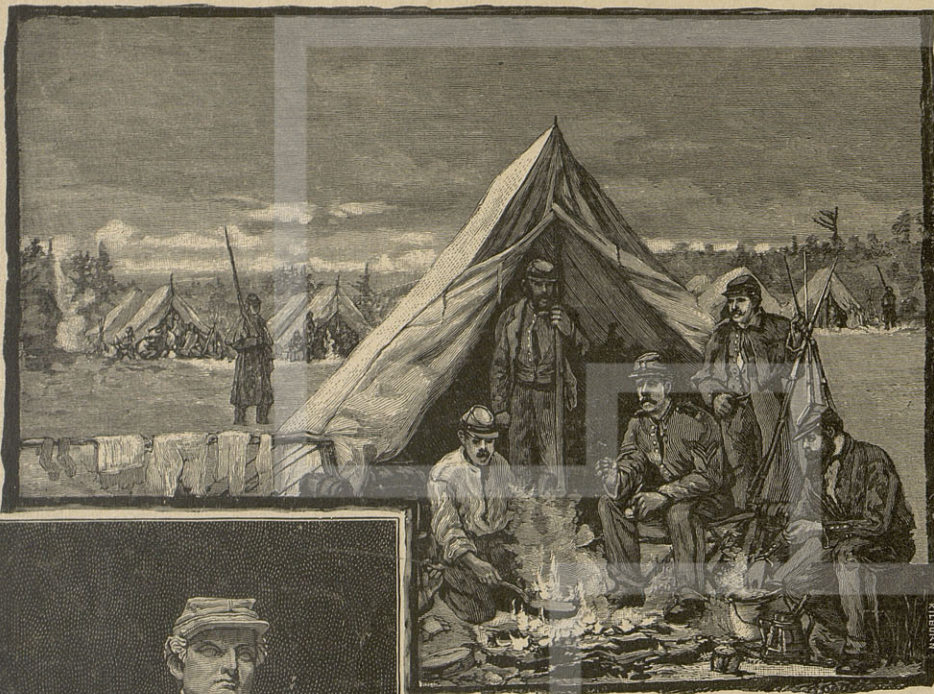
When Mr. Lincoln issued his first call for troops, the existing laws made it necessary that these should be fully organized and officered by the several States. Then, the treasury was in no condition to bear the burden of war expenditures, and, till Congress could assemble, the President was forced to rely on the States for means to equip and transport their own men. This threw upon the

governors and legislatures of the loyal States responsibilities of a kind wholly unprecedented. A long period of profound peace had made every military organization seem almost farcical. A few independent companies formed the merest shadow of an army, and the State militia proper was only a nominal thing. It happened, however, that I held a commission as brigadier in this State militia, and my intimacy with Governor Dennison led him to call upon me for such assistance as I could render in the first enrollment and organization of the Ohio quota. Arranging to be called to the Senate chamber when my vote might be needed, I gave my time chiefly to such military matters as the governor appointed. Although, as I have said, my military commission had been a nominal thing, and in fact I had never worn a uniform, I had not wholly neglected theoretic preparation for such work. For some years, the possibility of a war of secession had been one of the things which were forced upon the thoughts of reflecting people, and I had given some careful study to such books of tactics and of strategy as were within easy reach. I had especially been led to read military history with critical care, and had carried away many valuable ideas from that most useful means of military education. I had, therefore, some notion of the work before us, and could approach its problems with less loss of time, at least, than if I had been wholly ignorant.

My commission as brigadier-general in the Ohio quota in national service was dated the 23d of April. . . .



RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, IN 1861.
From a sketch.



THE NEW YORK SEVENTH AT CAMP CAMERON, WASHINGTON.



A MILITIA UNIFORM OF '61.
After the New York Seventh's Memorial Statue
in the Central Park.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE, BY WARREN
LEE GOSS.

... It was the news that the 6th Massachusetts regiment had been mobbed by roughs on their passage through Baltimore which gave me the war fever. And yet when I read Governor John A. Andrew's instructions to have the hero martyrs "preserved in ice and tenderly sent forward," somehow, though I felt the pathos of it, I could not reconcile myself to the ice. Ice in connection with patriotism did not give me agreeable impressions of war, and when I came to think of it, the stoning of the heroic "Sixth" did n't suit me; it detracted from my desire to die a soldier's death.

I lay awake all night thinking the matter over, with the "ice" and "brick-bats" before my mind. However, the fever culminated that night, and I resolved to enlist.

"Cold chills" ran up and down my back as I got out of bed after the sleepless night, and shaved preparatory to other desperate deeds of valor. I was twenty years of age, and when anything unusual was to be done, like fighting or courting, I shaved.

With a nervous tremor convulsing my system, and my heart thumping like muffled drum-beats, I stood before the door of the recruiting-office, and, before turning the knob to enter, read and re-read the advertisement for recruits posted thereon, until I knew all its peculiarities. The promised chances for "travel and promotion" seemed good, and I thought I might have made a mistake in considering war so serious after all. "Chances for travel!" I must confess now, after four years of soldiering,



THE NEW YORK SEVENTH MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY, APRIL 19, 1861.

that the "chances for travel" were no myth; but "promotion" was a little uncertain and slow.

I was in no hurry to open the door. Though determined to enlist, I was half inclined to put it off awhile; I had a fluctuation of desires; I was faint-hearted and brave; I wanted to enlist, and yet — Here I turned the knob, and was relieved. I had been more prompt, with all my hesitation, than the officer in his duty; he was n't in. Finally he came, and said: "What do you want, my boy?" "I want to enlist," I responded, blushing deeply with upwelling patriotism and bashfulness. Then the surgeon came to strip and examine me. In justice to myself, it must be stated that I signed the rolls without a tremor. It is common to the most of humanity, I believe, that, when confronted with actual danger, men have less fear than in its contemplation. I will, however, make one exception in favor of the first shell I heard uttering its blood-curdling hisses, as though a steam locomotive were traveling the air. With this exception I have found the actual dangers of war always less terrible face to face than on the night before the battle.

My first uniform was a bad fit: my trousers were too long by three or four inches; the flannel shirt was coarse and unpleasant, too large at the neck and too short elsewhere. The forage cap was an ungainly bag with pasteboard top and leather visor; the blouse was the only part which seemed decent; while the overcoat made me feel like a little nubbin of corn in a large preponderance of husk. Nothing except "Virginia mud" ever took down my ideas of military pomp quite so low.

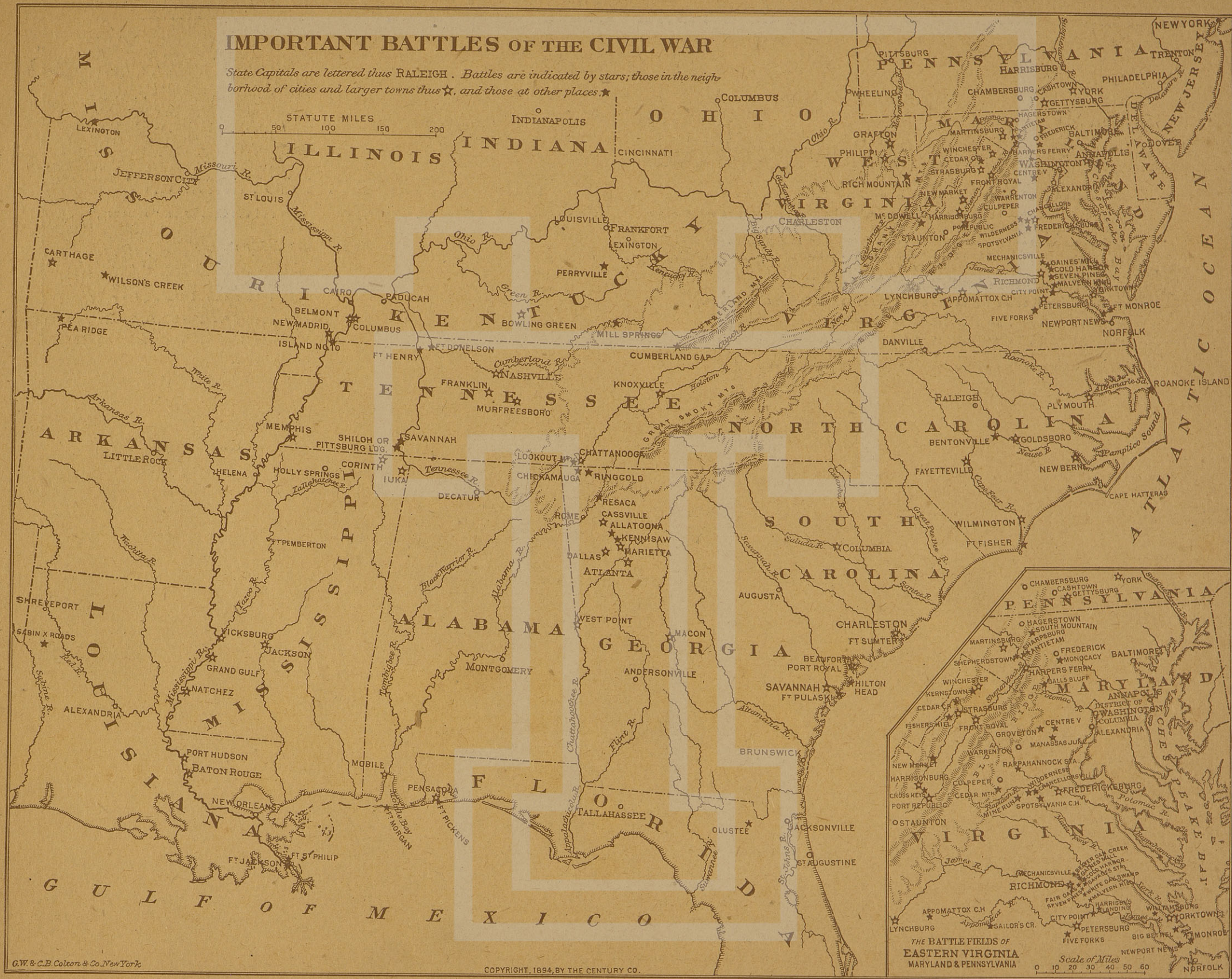
After enlisting I did not seem of so much consequence as I had expected. There was not so much excitement on account of my military ap-

pearance as I deemed justly my due. I was taught my facings, and at the time I thought the drill-master needlessly fussy about shouldering, ordering, and presenting arms. At this time men were often drilled in company and regimental evolutions long before they learned the manual of arms, because of the difficulty of obtaining muskets. These we obtained at an early day, but we would willingly have resigned them after carrying them for a few hours. The musket, after an hour's drill, seemed heavier and less ornamental than it had looked to be. The first day I went out to drill, getting tired of doing the same things over and over, I said to the drill-sergeant: "Let's stop this fooling and go over to the grocery." His only reply was addressed to a corporal: "Corporal, take this man out and drill him like h—l"; and the corporal did! I found that suggestions were not so well appreciated in the army as in private life, and that no wisdom was equal to a drill-master's "Right face," "Left wheel," and "Right, oblique, march." It takes a raw recruit some time to learn that he is not to think or suggest, but obey. Some never do learn. I acquired it at last, in humility and mud, but it was tough. Yet I doubt if my patriotism, during my first three weeks' drill, was quite knee-high. Drilling looks easy to a spectator, but it is n't. Old soldiers who read this will remember their green recruit and smile assent. After a time I had cut down my uniform so that I could see out of it, and had conquered the drill sufficiently to see through it. Then the word came: On to Washington!

Our company was quartered at a large hotel near the railway station in the town in which it had been recruited. Bunks had been fitted up within

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