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Oliver Peck
BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION

PART VIII

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN CONTINUED

McCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE AND MALVERN HILL, BY GENERAL D. H. HILL, C. S. A.
(CONTINUED FROM PART VII)

THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, BY GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, U. S. V.

THE "SEVEN DAYS," INCLUDING FRAYSER'S FARM
BY GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, C. S. A.

LEE'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST POPE AND THE SECOND BULL RUN

OUR MARCH AGAINST POPE, BY GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, C. S. A.

A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE IN THE SECOND BULL RUN CAMPAIGN
BY ALLEN C. REDWOOD, 55TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT, C. S. A.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, BY GENERAL JOHN POPE, U. S. A.
(UNION COMMANDER AT THE SECOND BULL RUN)
(CONTINUED IN PART IX)

NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

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ISSUED IN TWENTY PARTS.

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commanding height, the difficulties of approach to it, its amphitheatrical form and ample area, which would enable McClellan to arrange his 350 field-guns tier above tier and sweep the plain in every direction. I became satisfied that an attack upon the concentrated Federal army so splendidly posted, and with such vast superiority in artillery, could only be fatal to us. The anxious thought then was, Have Holmes and Magruder been able to keep McClellan from Malvern Hill? General Holmes arrived at Malvern at 10:30 A. M. on the 30th, with 5170 infantry, 4 batteries of artillery, and 130 improvised or irregular cavalry. He did not attempt to occupy the hill, although only 1500 Federals had yet reached it. Our cavalry had passed over it on the afternoon of the 29th, and had had a sharp skirmish with the Federal cavalry on the Quaker road.

As General Holmes marched down the river, his troops became visible to the gun-boats, which opened fire upon them, throwing those awe-inspiring shells familiarly called by our men "lamp-posts," on account of their size and appearance. Their explosion was very much like that of a small volcano, and had a very demoralizing effect upon new troops, one of whom expressed the general sentiment by saying: "The Yankees threw them lamp-posts about too careless like." The roaring, howling gun-boat shells were usually harmless to flesh, blood, and bones, but they had a wonderful effect upon the nervous system. General Junius Daniel, a most gallant and accomplished officer, who had a brigade under General Holmes, gave me an incident connected with the affair on the 30th, known as the "Battle of Malvern Cliff." General Holmes, who was very deaf, had gone into a little house concealed from the boats by some intervening woods, and was engaged in some business when the bellowing of the "lamp-posts" began. The irregular cavalry stampeded and made a brilliant charge to the rear. The artillerists of two guns of Graham's Petersburg battery were also panicked, and cutting their horses loose mounted them, and, with dangling traces, tried to catch up with the fleet-footed cavaliers. The infantry

troops were inexperienced in the wicked ways of war, having never been under fire before. The fright of the fleeing cavalry would have pervaded their ranks also with the same mischievous result but for the strenuous efforts of their officers, part of whom were veterans. Some of the raw levies crouched behind little saplings to get protection from the shrieking, blustering shells. At this juncture General Holmes, who, from his deafness, was totally unaware of the rumpus, came out of the hut, put his hand behind his right ear, and said: "I thought I heard firing." Some of the pale-faced infantry thought that they also had heard firing.

Part of Wise's brigade joined Holmes on the 30th, with two batteries of artillery and two regiments of cavalry. His entire force then consisted of 5820 infantry, 6 batteries of artillery, and 2 regiments of cavalry. He remained inactive until 4 P. M., when he was told that the Federal army was passing over Malvern Hill in a demoralized condition. He then opened upon the supposed fugitives with six rifled guns, and was speedily undeceived in regard to the disorganization in the Army of the Potomac by a reply from thirty guns,

which in a brief time silenced his own. The audacity of the Federals and the large number of their guns (which had gone in advance of the main body of Porter's corps) made General Holmes believe that he was about to be attacked, and he called for assistance, and, by Longstreet's order, Magruder was sent to him. After a weary march, Magruder was recalled to aid Longstreet; but the day was spent in fruitless marching and counter-marching, so that his fine body of troops took no part in what might have been a decisive battle at Frayser's farm. General Holmes was a veteran soldier of well-known personal courage, but he was deceived as to the strength and intentions of the enemy. General Porter says that the force opposed to General Holmes consisted of Warren's brigade and the Eleventh U. S. Infantry; in all, 1500 infantry and 30 pieces of artillery. Here was afforded an example of the proneness to overestimate the number of troops opposed to us. The Federals reported Holmes to have 25,000 men, and he thought himself confronted by a large part of McClellan's army. That night he fell back to a stronger position, thinking apparently that there would be an "on to Richmond" movement by the River road.

march was much delayed by the crossing of troops and trains. At Willis's Church I met General Lee. He bore grandly his terrible disappointment of the day before, and made no allusion to it. I gave him Mr. Allen's description of Malvern Hill, and presumed to say, "If General McClellan is there in force, we had better let him alone." Longstreet laughed and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." It was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army that made our leader risk the attack. It was near noon when Jackson reached the immediate neighborhood of Malvern Hill. Some time was spent in reconnoitering, and in making tentative efforts with our few batteries to ascertain the strength and position of the enemy. I saw Jackson helping with his own hands to push Reilly's North Carolina battery farther forward. It was soon disabled, the woods around us being filled with shrieking and exploding shells. I noticed an artilleryman seated comfortably behind a very large tree, and apparently feeling very secure. A moment later a shell passed through the huge tree and took off the man's head. This gives an idea of the great power of the Federal rifled artillery. Whiting's

He lost 2 killed, 49 wounded, 2 pieces of artillery, and 6 caissons. The guns and caissons, General Porter states, were afterward abandoned by the Federals. General Holmes occupied the extreme Confederate right the next day, July 1st, but he took no part in the attack upon Malvern Hill, believing, as he says in his official report, "that it was out of the question to attack the strong position of Malvern Hill from that side with my inadequate force."

Mahone's brigade had some skirmishing with Slocum's Federal division on the 30th, but nothing else was done on that day by Huger's division. Thus it happened that Longstreet and A. P. Hill, with the fragments of their divisions which had been engaged at Gaines's Mill, were struggling alone, while Jackson's whole corps and the divisions of Huger, Magruder, Holmes, McLaws, and my own were near by.

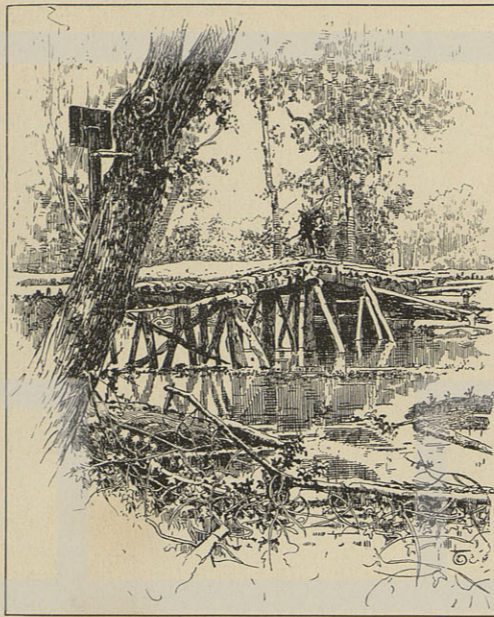
Jackson moved over the swamp early on the first of July, Whiting's division leading. Our



THE REAR-GUARD AT WHITE OAK SWAMP—SHOWING GENERAL W. F. SMITH'S DIVISION, FRANKLIN'S CORPS.
Drawn by Julian Scott after his painting owned by the Union League Club, New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, U. S. V.
From a photograph taken in August, 1862, when General Franklin was temporarily at home on sick leave.



WOODBURY'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY.

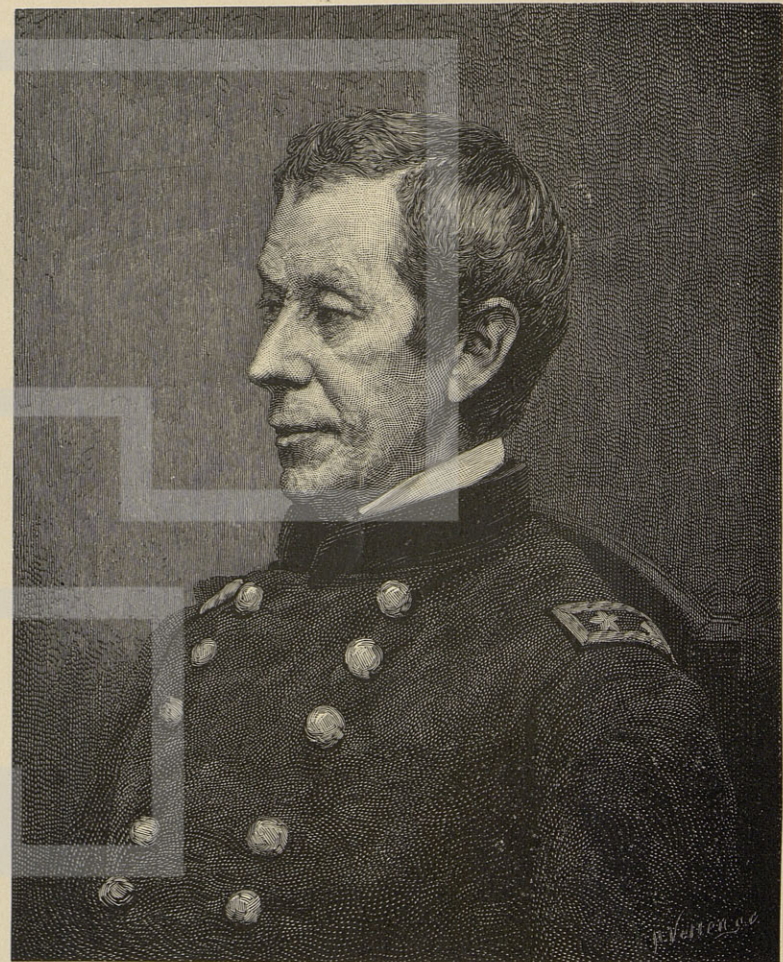
A similar order was sent to each division commander. However, only one battery of our artillery came up at a time, and each successive one, as it took position, had fifty pieces turned upon it, and was

ing to the increasing darkness, and the intricacy of the forest and swamp, they did not arrive in time to render the desired assistance. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon part of the ground that he had gained, after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy."

I never saw anything more grandly heroic than the advance after sunset of the nine brigades under Magruder's orders. Unfortunately, they did not move together, and were beaten in detail. As each brigade emerged from the woods, from fifty to one hundred guns opened upon it, tearing great gaps in its ranks; but the heroes reeled on and were shot down by the reserves at the guns, which a few squads reached. Most of them had an open field half a mile wide to cross, under the fire of field-artillery in front, and the fire of the heavy ordnance of the gunboats in their rear. It was not war—it was murder. . . .

The battle of Malvern Hill was a disaster to the Confederates, and the fourteen brigades that had been so badly repulsed were much demoralized. But there were six divisions intact, and they could have made a formidable fight on the 2d. . . .

Throughout this campaign we attacked just when and where the enemy wished us to attack. This was owing to our ignorance of the country and lack of reconnaissance of the successive battlefields. Porter's weak point at Gaines's Mill was his right flank. A thorough examination of the



GENERAL GEORGE A. MCCALL, U. S. V.

At the battle of Frayser's Farm, General McCall was captured by the Confederates after a most exciting experience in repelling several charges upon batteries. In his report he says: "I rode forward to ascertain whether some men of the Fourth which I had left a little in advance were still on the ground,—they had, as I afterward learned, joined Kearny,—and I had not proceeded more than 100 yards, before I rode right into the Forty-Seventh Virginia Regiment, which, being drawn up under some trees, was not seen by me in the obscurity of the evening, until I had ridden in among them, and thus became a prisoner."

ground would have disclosed that; and had Jackson's command gone in on the left of the road running by the McGehee house, Porter's whole position would have been turned and the line of retreat cut off. . . . The battle, with all its melancholy results, proved, however, that the Confederate infantry and Federal artillery, side by side on the same field, need fear no foe on earth.

Both commanders had shown great ability. McClellan, if not always great in the advance, was masterly in retreat, and was unquestionably the greatest of Americans as an organizer of an army. Lee's plans were perfect; and had not his dispositions for a decisive battle at Frayser's farm miscarried, through no fault of his own, he would have won a most complete victory. It was not the least part of his greatness that he did not complain of his disappointment, and that he at no time sought a scapegoat upon which to lay a failure. As reunited Americans, we have reason to be proud of both commanders.

division was ordered to the left of the Quaker road, and mine to the right; Ewell's was in reserve. Jackson's own division had been halted at Willis's Church. The divisions of Magruder, Huger, and McLaws were still farther over to my right. Those of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were in reserve on the right and were not engaged. At length we were ordered to advance. The brigade of General George B. Anderson first encountered the enemy, and its commander was wounded and borne from the field. His troops, however, crossed the creek and took position in the woods, commanded by Colonel C. C. Tew, a skilful and gallant man. Rodes being sick, his brigade was commanded by that peerless soldier, Colonel J. B. Gordon. Ripley, Garland, and Colquitt also got over without serious loss. My five brigade commanders and myself now made an examination of the enemy's position. He was found to be strongly posted on a commanding hill, all the approaches to which could be swept by his artillery and were guarded by swarms of infantry, securely sheltered by fences, ditches, and ravines. Armistead was immediately on my right. We remained a long while awaiting orders, when I received the following:

"July 1st, 1862.

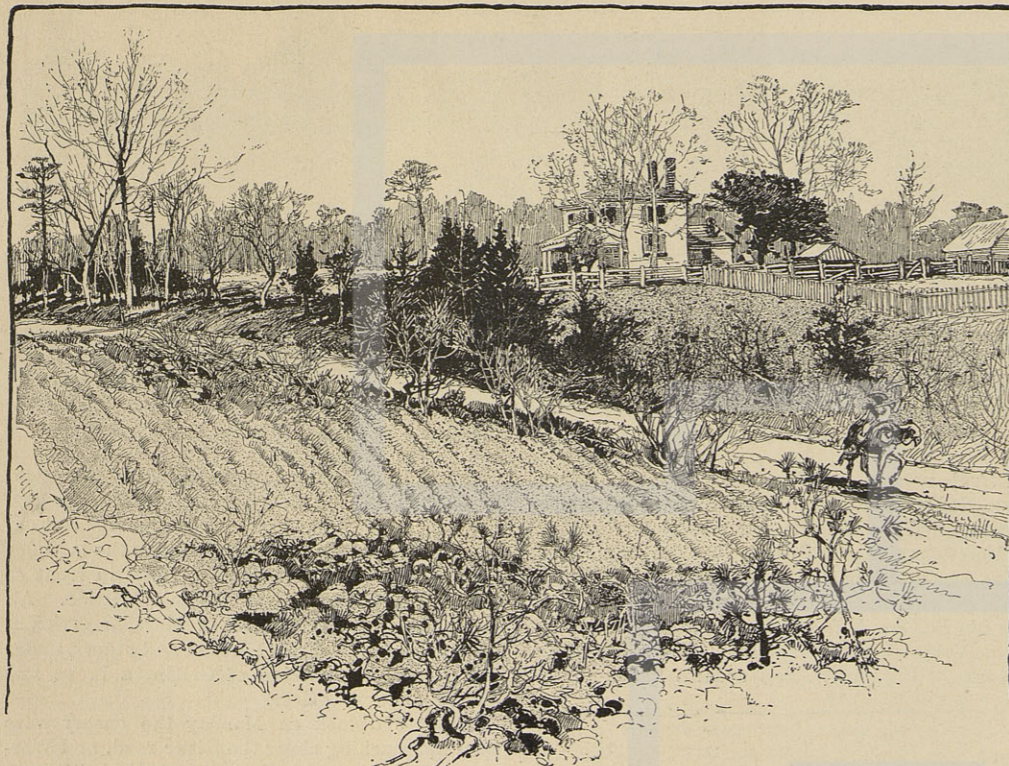
"GENERAL D. H. HILL: Batteries have been established to act upon the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same.

"R. H. CHILTON, A. A. G."

crushed in a minute. Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, I wrote to General Jackson that the condition upon which the order was predicted was not fulfilled, and that I wanted instructions. He replied to advance when I heard the shouting. We did advance at the signal, and after an unassisted struggle for an hour and a half, and after meeting with some success, we were compelled to fall back under cover of the woods. Magruder advanced at the same signal, having portions of the divisions of Huger and McLaws, comprising the brigades of Mahone, Wright, Barksdale, Ransom, Cobb, Semmes, Kershaw, Armistead, and G. T. Anderson; but he met with some delay, and did not get in motion till he received a second order from General Lee, and we were then beaten. . . .

Truly, the courage of the soldiers was sublime! Battery after battery was in their hands for a few moments, only to be wrested away by fresh troops of the enemy. If one division could effect this much, what might have been done had the other nine coöperated with it! General Lee says:

"D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and the numerous batteries of the enemy. Jackson sent to his support his own division, and that part of Ewell's which was in reserve; but ow-



THE PARSONAGE, NEAR MALVERN HILL.

This house was in the rear of the Confederate line, which was formed in the woods shown in the background. It was used as a Confederate hospital after the fight. The road is the Church road (known also as the Quaker road), and the view is from near C. W. Smith's, which was for a short time the headquarters of General Lee. Here the trees were riddled with bullets and torn with shell, and in 1885, when this view was photographed, the corn was growing out of many a soldier's grave.

THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

THE UNION SIDE.

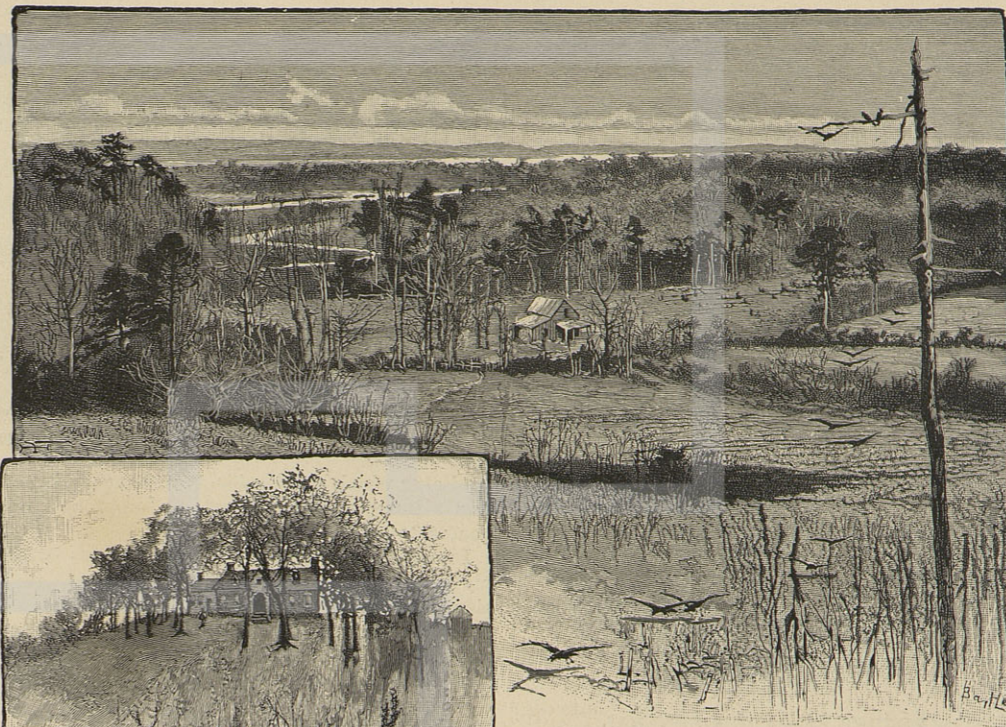
BY FITZ-JOHN PORTER, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Commander of the Center and Left Wing at Malvern Hill.

BEFORE the battle of Gaines's Mill (already described by me in these pages), a change of base from the York to the James River had been anticipated and prepared for by General McClellan. After the battle this change became a necessity, in presence of a strong and aggressive foe, who had already turned our right, cut our connection with the York River, and was also in large force behind the intrenchments between us and Richmond. The transfer was begun the moment our position became perilous. It now involved a series of battles by day and marches by night which brought into relief the able talents, active foresight, and tenacity of purpose of our commander, the unity of action on the part of his subordinates, and the great bravery, firmness, and confidence in their superiors on the part of the rank and file.

These conflicts from the beginning of the Seven Days' fighting were the engagement at Oak Grove, the battles of Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines's Mill, the engagements at Golding's and Garnett's farms, and at Allen's farm or Peach Orchard; the

battle of Savage's Station; the artillery duel at White Oak Swamp; the battle of Glendale (or Charles City cross-roads); the action of Turkey Creek, and the battle of Malvern Hill. Each was a success to our army, the engagement of Malvern Hill being the most decisive. The result of the movement was that on the 2d of July our army was safely established at Harrison's Landing, on the James, in accordance with General McClellan's design. The present narrative will be confined to events coming under my own observation, and connected with my command, the Fifth Army Corps.

Saturday, June 28th, 1862, the day after the battle of Gaines's Mill, my corps spent in bivouac at the Trent farm on the south bank of the Chickahominy. Artillery and infantry detachments guarded the crossings at the sites of the destroyed bridges. Our antagonists of the 27th were still north of the river, but did not molest us. We rested and recuperated as best we could, amid the noise of battle close by, at Garnett's and Golding's farms, in which part of Franklin's corps was



MALVERN HILL, FROM THE DIRECTION OF TURKEY ISLAND BRIDGE.

From a sketch made soon after the war.

engaged, refilling the empty cartridge-boxes and haversacks, so as to be in readiness for immediate duty. . . .

Between 2 and 9 P. M. on the 28th, my corps was in motion and marched by the way of Savage Station to the south side of White Oak Swamp; and at the junction of the roads from Richmond (Glendale) to be prepared to repel attacks from the direction of that city. General Morell, leading the advance, aided General Woodbury, of the engineer corps, to build the causeways and bridges necessary for the easy passage of the trains and troops over the swamps and streams. Sykes and McCall followed at 5 and 9 o'clock, respectively, McCall being accompanied by Hunt's Artillery Reserve.

We expected to reach our destination, which was only ten miles distant, early on the 29th; but, in consequence of the dark night and of the narrow and muddy roads, cut up and blocked by numerous trains and herds of cattle, the head of the column did not arrive till 10 A. M., the rear not until midnight. McCall arrived latest, and all were greatly fatigued.

The enemy not having appeared at Glendale on the afternoon of the 29th, and other troops arriving to take the place of mine, General McClellan ordered me to move that night by the direct road to the elevated and cleared lands (Malvern Hill)

VIEW FROM MALVERN HILL, LOOKING TOWARD THE JAMES.

From a photograph taken in 1885.

This view is taken from near the position of Tyler's siege guns. The engagement of Malvern Cliff, or Turkey Island bridge, on the 30th of June, between Generals Warren and Holmes, took place on the road at the foot of the hill which passes near the house in the middle-ground. The bridge is to the left on this road. The winding stream is Turkey Creek.

on the north bank of Turkey Creek, there to select and hold a position behind which the army and all its trains could be withdrawn with safety. General Keyes was to move by a different road and form to my right and rear.

Again the dangers and difficulties of night marches attended us, followed by the consequent delay, which, though fortunately it was counterbalanced by the slowness of our opponents in moving to the same point, endangered the safety of our whole army. Although we started before dark, and were led by an intelligent cavalry officer who had passed over the route and professed to know it, my command did not reach Turkey Creek, which was only five miles distant, until 9 A. M. on the 30th. In fact, we were misled up the Long Bridge road toward Richmond until we came in contact with the enemy's pickets. Then we returned and started anew.

Our new field of battle embraced Malvern Hill, just north of Turkey Creek and Crew's Hill, about one mile farther north. The forces which on this occasion came under my control, and were engaged in or held ready to enter the contest, were my own corps, consisting of Morell's, Sykes's, and McCall's divisions, Colonel H. J. Hunt's Artillery Reserve of one hundred pieces, including Colonel R. O. Tyler's Connecticut siege artillery, Couch's division of Keyes's corps, the brigades of John C.



BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL
JAMES MCQUADE, U. S. V.
At Malvern Hill colonel of the 14th New York.
Died in 1885.

Caldwell and Thomas F. Meagher of Sumner's corps, and the brigade of D. E. Sickles of Heintzelman's corps. Though Couch was placed under my command, he was left uncontrolled by me, as will be seen hereafter. The other brigades were sent to me by their respective division commanders, in anticipation of my needs or at my request.

This new position, with its elements of great strength, was better adapted for a defensive battle than any with which we had been favored. It was elevated, and was more or less protected on each flank by small streams or by swamps, while the woods in front through which the enemy had to pass to attack us were in places marshy, and the timber so thick that artillery could not be brought up, and even troops were moved in it with difficulty. Slightly in rear of our line of battle on Crew's Hill the reserve artillery and infantry were held for immediate service. The hill concealed them from the view of the enemy and sheltered them to some extent from his fire. These hills, both to the east and west, were connected with the adjacent valleys by gradually sloping plains, except at the Crew house, where for a little distance the slope was quite abrupt, and was easily protected by a small force. With the exception of the River road, all the roads from Richmond, along which the enemy would be obliged to approach, meet in front of Crew's Hill. This hill was flanked with ravines, enfiladed by our fire. The ground in front was sloping, and over it our artillery and infantry, themselves protected by the crest and ridges, had clear sweep for their fire. In all directions, for several hundred yards, the

land over which an attacking force must advance was almost entirely cleared of forest and was generally cultivated.

I reached Malvern Hill some two hours before my command on Monday, June 30th; each division, as it came upon the field, was assigned to a position covering the approaches from Richmond along the River road and the debouches from the New Market, Charles City, and Williamsburg roads. Warren, with his brigade of about six hundred men, took position on the lowlands to the left, to guard against the approach of the enemy along the River road, or over the low, extensive, and cultivated plateau beyond and extending north along Crew's Hill. Warren's men were greatly in need of rest. The brigade had suffered greatly at Gaines's Mill, and was not expected to perform much more than picket duty, and it was large enough for the purpose designed, as it was not probable that any large force would be so reckless as to advance on that road. Warren was supported by the 11th U. S. Infantry, under Major Floyd Jones, and late in the afternoon was strengthened by Martin's battery of 12-pounders and a detachment of the 3d Pennsylvania cavalry under Lieutenant Frank W. Hess.

On the west side of Malvern Hill, overlooking Warren were some thirty-six guns, some of long range, having full sweep up the valley and over the cleared lands north of the River road. . . .

Major Charles S. Lovell, commanding Colonel William Chapman's brigade of Sykes's division, supported some of these batteries, and, with the brigade

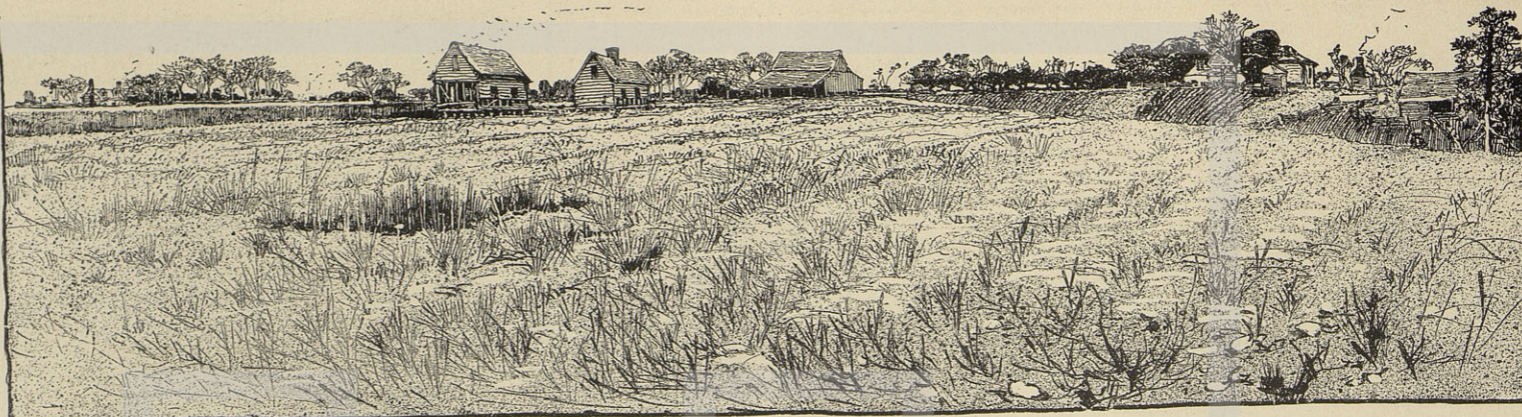
of Buchanan on his right, in a clump of pines, extended the line northward, near the Crew (sometimes called the Mellert) house.

Morell, prolonging Sykes's line on Crew's Hill, with headquarters at Crew's house, occupied the right of the line extending to the Quaker road. To his left front, facing west, was the 14th New York Volunteers, under Colonel McQuade, with a section of Captain W. B. Weeden's Battery C, 1st

Rhode Island Artillery, both watching the Richmond road and the valley, and protecting our left. On their right, under cover of a narrow strip of woods, skirting the Quaker road, were the brigades of Martindale and Butterfield, while in front of these, facing north, was Griffin's brigade. All were supporting batteries of Morell's division, commanded by Captain Weeden and others, under the general supervision of Griffin, a brave and skilled artillery officer.

About 3 o'clock on Monday the enemy were seen approaching along the River road, and Warren and Hunt made all necessary dispositions to receive them. About 4 o'clock the enemy advanced and opened fire from their artillery upon Warren and Sykes and on the extreme left of Morell, causing a few casualties in Morell's division. In return for this intrusion the concentrated rapid fire of the artillery was opened upon them, soon smashing one battery to pieces, silencing another, and driving back their infantry and cavalry in rapid retreat, much to the satisfaction of thousands of men watching the result. The enemy left behind in possession of Warren a few prisoners, two guns and six caissons, the horses of which had been killed. The battery which had disturbed Morell was also silenced by this fire of our artillery. On this occasion the gun-boats in the James made apparent their welcome presence and gave good support by bringing their heavy guns to bear upon the enemy. Though their fire caused a few casualties among our men, and inflicted but little, if any, injury upon the enemy, their large shells, bursting amid the enemy's troops far beyond the attacking force, carried great moral influence with them, and naturally tended, in addition to the effect of our artillery, to prevent any renewed attempt to cross the open valley on our left. This attacking force formed a small part of Wise's brigade of Holmes's division. They were all raw troops, which accounts for their apparently demoralized retreat. This affair is known as the action of Turkey Bridge or Malvern Cliff.

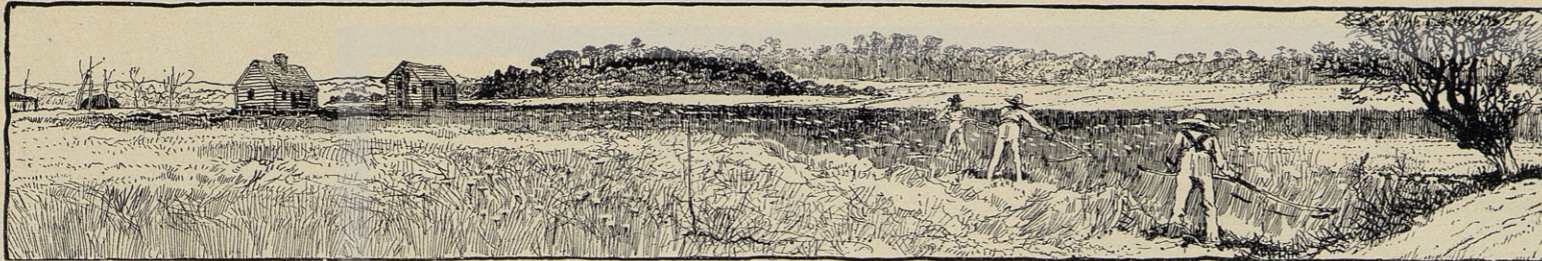
Our forces lay on their arms during the night, in substantially the positions I have described, patiently awaiting the attack expected on the following day.



THE MAIN BATTLE-FIELD—VIEW OF THE UNION POSITION FROM THE WOODED KNOLL SHOWN ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.



BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS (OF MORELL'S DIVISION)
SKIRMISHING IN THE MEADOW WHEAT-FIELD.



THE MAIN BATTLE-FIELD—VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE POSITION FROM THE UNION LINE NEAR THE WEST HOUSE.

McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves, now under General Truman Seymour, arrived during the night and was posted just in front of the Malvern house, and was held in reserve, to be called upon for service only in case of absolute necessity.

Early on Tuesday our lines were re-formed and slightly advanced to take full advantage of the formation of the ground, the artillery of the front line being re-posted in commanding positions, and placed under General Griffin's command, but under Captain Weeden's care, just behind the crest of the hill. The infantry was arranged between the artillery to protect and be protected by its neighbors, and prepared to be thrown forward, if at any time advisable, so as not to interfere with the artillery fire.

The corps of Heintzelman and Sumner had arrived during the night and taken position in the order named to the right and rear of Couch's division, protecting that flank effectively toward Western Run. They did not expect to be seriously engaged, but were ready to resist attack and to give assistance to the center and left, if circumstances should require it. At an early hour in the day Sumner kindly sent me Caldwell's brigade, as he thought I might need help. This brigade I placed near Butterfield, who was directed to send it forward wherever it should be needed or called for. He sent it to Couch at an opportune moment early in the day.

General McClellan, accompanied by his staff, visited our lines at an early hour, and approved my measures and those of General Couch, or changed them where it was deemed advisable. Though he left me in charge of that part of the field occupied by Couch, I at no time undertook to control that general, or even indicated a desire to do so, but with full confidence in his ability, which was justified by the result of his action, left him free to act in accordance with his own judgment. I cooperated with him fully, however, having Morell's batteries, under Weeden, posted so as to protect his front, and sending him help when I saw he needed it. The division of Couch, though it suffered severely in the battle of Fair Oaks, had seen less service and met with fewer losses in these "Seven Days' battles" than any one of my three, and was prepared with full ranks to receive an attack, seeming impatient and eager for the fight. Its conduct soon confirmed this impression. Batteries of Hunt's Artillery Reserve were sent to him when needed—and also Caldwell's brigade, voluntarily sent to me early in the day by Sumner, and Sickles's brigade, borrowed of Heintzelman for the purpose.

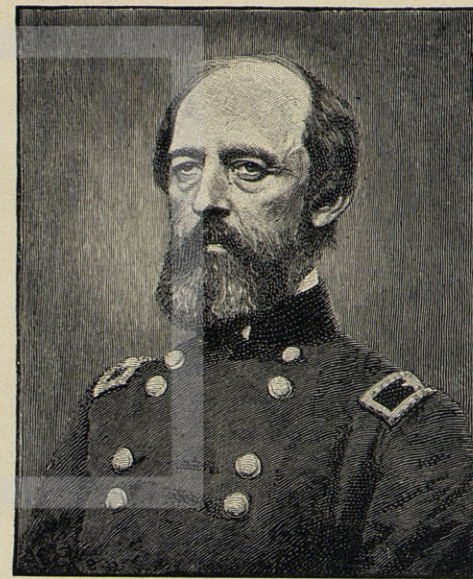
About 10 A. M. the enemy's skirmishers and artillery began feeling for us along our line; they kept up a desultory fire until about 12 o'clock, with no severe injury to our infantry, who were well masked, and who revealed but little of our strength or position by retaliatory firing or exposure.

Up to this time, and until nearly 1 o'clock, our infantry were resting upon their arms and waiting the moment, certain to come, when the column of the enemy rashly advancing would render it necessary to expose themselves. Our desire was to hold the enemy where our artillery would be most destructive, and to reserve our infantry ammunition for close quarters to repel the more determined assaults of our obstinate and untiring foe. Attacks by brigade were made upon Morell, both on his left front and on his right, and also upon Couch; but our artillery, admirably handled, without exception, was generally sufficient to repel all such efforts and to drive back the assailants in confusion, and with great loss.

While the enemy's artillery was firing upon us

General Sumner withdrew part of his corps to the slope of Malvern Hill, to the right of the Malvern house, which descended into the valley of Western Run. Then, deeming it advisable to withdraw all our troops to that line, he ordered me to fall back to the Malvern house; but I protested that such a movement would be disastrous, and declined to obey the order until I could confer with General McClellan, who had approved of the disposition of our troops. Fortunately Sumner did not insist upon my complying with the order, and, as we were soon vigorously attacked, he advanced his troops to a point where he was but little disturbed by the enemy, but from which he could quickly render aid in response to calls for help or where need for help was apparent.

The spasmodic, though sometimes formidable attacks of our antagonists, at different points along our whole front, up to about 4 o'clock, were presumably demonstrations or feelers, to ascertain our strength, preparatory to their engaging in more serious work. An ominous silence, similar to that which had preceded the attack in force along our whole line at Gaines's Mill, now intervened, until, at about 5:30 o'clock; the enemy opened upon both Morell and Couch with artillery from nearly the whole of his front, and soon afterward pressed forward his columns of infantry, first on one and then on the other, or on both. As if moved by a reckless disregard of life, equal to that displayed at Gaines's Mill, with a determination to capture our army, or destroy it by driving us into the river, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, rushed at our batteries; but the artillery of both Morell and Couch mowed them down with shrapnel, grape,



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. MORELL, U. S. V.

and canister; while our infantry, withholding their fire until the enemy were within short range, scattered the remnants of their columns, sometimes following them up and capturing prisoners and colors.

As column after column advanced, only to meet the same disastrous repulse, the sight became one of the most interesting imaginable. The havoc made by the rapidly bursting shells from guns arranged so as to sweep any position far and near, and in any direction, was fearful to behold. Pressed to the extreme as they were, the courage of our men was fully tried. The safety of our army—the life of the Union—was felt to be at stake. In one case the brigades of Howe, Abercrombie, and Palmer, of Couch's division, under impulse, gallantly pushed after the retreating foe, captured colors, and advantageously advanced the right of the line, but at considerable loss and great risk. The brigades of Morell, cool, well-disciplined, and easily controlled, let the enemy return after each repulse, but permitted few to escape their fire. Colonel McQuade, on Morell's left, with the 14th New York, against orders and at the risk of defeat and disaster, yielding to impulse, gallantly dashed forward and repulsed an attacking party. Assisted by Buchanan of Sykes's division, Colonel Rice, with the 44th New York Volunteers, likewise drove a portion of the enemy from the field, taking a flag bearing the inscription "Seven Pines." Colonel Hunt, directing the artillery, was twice dismounted by having his horse shot under him, but though constantly exposed continued his labors until after dark. General Couch, who was also dismounted in like manner, took advantage of every opportunity to make his opponents feel his blows.

It is not to be supposed that our men, though concealed by the irregularities of the ground, were not sufferers from the enemy's fire. The fact is that before they exposed themselves by pursuing



REPULSE OF THE CONFEDERATES ON THE SLOPE OF CREW'S HILL.



SUPPLYING THE HUNGRY ARMY AT HARRISON'S LANDING.
From a war-time sketch.

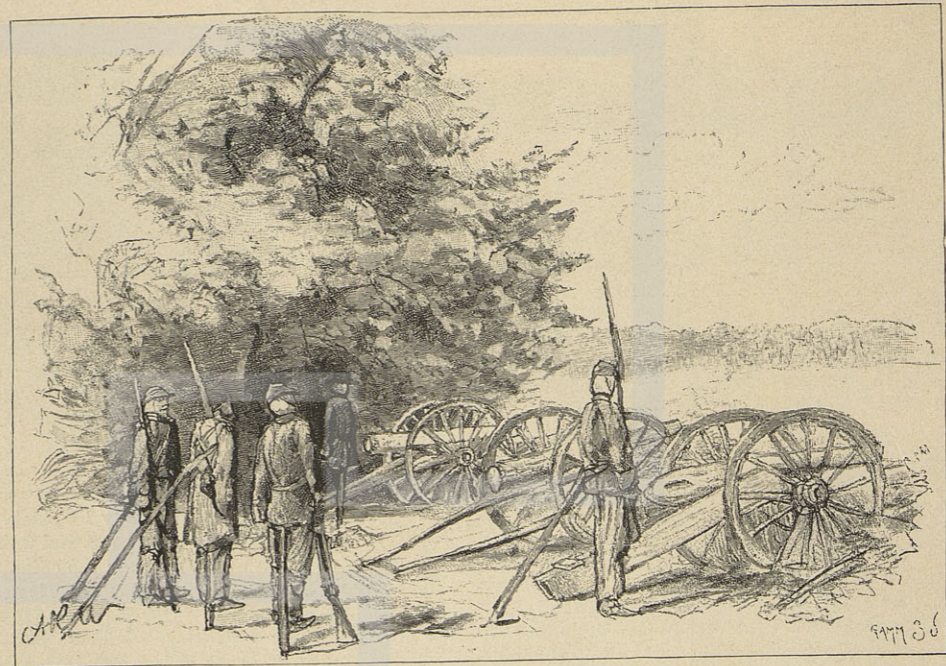
the enemy, the ground was literally covered with the killed and wounded from dropping bullets and bursting shells and their contents; but they bravely bore the severe trial of having to remain inactive under a damaging fire.

As Morell's front ranks became thinned out and the ammunition was exhausted, other regiments eagerly advanced; all were stimulated by the hope of a brilliant and permanent success, and nerved by the approving shouts of their comrades and the cry of "Revenge, boys!" "Remember McLane!" "Remember Black!" "Remember Gove!" or "Remember Cass!" Black and McLane and Gove had been killed at Gaines's Mill; Woodbury and Cass were then lying before them. Colonel McQuade

was the only regimental commander of Griffin's brigade who escaped death during the Seven Days, and he was constantly exposed.

During that ominous silence of which I have spoken, I determined that our opponents should reap no advantage, even if our lines yielded to attack, and therefore posted batteries, as at Gaines's Mill, to secure against the disaster of a break in our lines, should such a misfortune be ours. For this purpose I sent Weed, Carlisle, and Smead, with their batteries, to the gorge of the roads on Crew's Hill, from which the enemy must emerge in pursuit if he should break our lines; instructing them to join in the fight if necessary, but not to permit the advance of the foe, even if it must be arrested at the risk of firing upon friends. To these Colonel Hunt added three batteries of horse artillery. Though they were all thus posted, and their guns loaded with double canister, "they were," as Captain Smead reported, "very happy to find their services not needed on that occasion."

It was at this time, in answer to my call for aid, that Sumner sent me Meagher, and Heintzelman sent Sickles, both of whom reached me in the height of battle, when, if ever, fresh troops would renew our confidence and insure our success. While riding rapidly forward to meet Meagher, who was approaching at a "double-quick" step, my horse fell, throwing me over his head, much to my discomfort both of body and mind. On rising and remounting I was greeted with hearty cheers, which alleviated my chagrin. This incident gave rise to the report, spread through the country, that I was wounded. Fearing that I might fall into the hands of the enemy, and if so that my diary and despatch-book of the campaign, then on my person, would meet with the same fate and reveal information to the injury of our



DUMMIES AND QUAKER GUNS.

These were left in the works at Harrison's Landing on the evacuation by the army of the Potomac.

cause, I tore it up, scattering the pieces to the winds, as I rode rapidly forward, leading Meagher into action. I have always regretted my act as destroying interesting and valuable memoranda of our campaign.

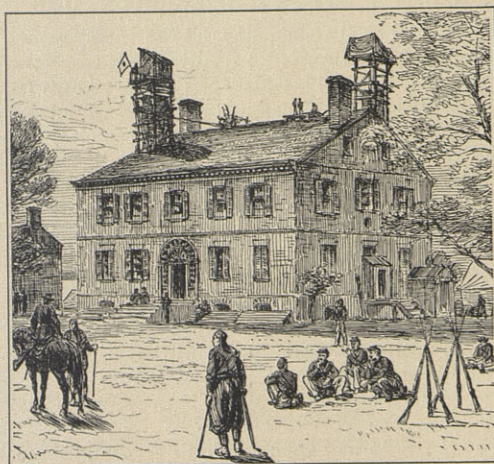
Advancing with Meagher's brigade, accompanied by my staff, I soon found that our forces had successfully driven back their assailants. Determined, if possible, satisfactorily to finish the contest, regardless of the risk of being fired upon by our artillery in case of defeat, I pushed on beyond our lines into the woods held by the enemy. About fifty yards in front of us, a large force of the enemy suddenly rose and opened with fearful volleys upon our advancing line. I turned to the brigade, which thus far had kept pace with my horse, and found it standing "like a stone-wall," and returning a fire more destructive than it received and from which the enemy fled. The brigade was planted. My presence was no longer needed, and I sought General Sickles, whom I found giving aid to Couch. I had the satisfaction of learning that night that a Confederate detachment, undertaking to turn Meagher's left, was met by a portion of the 69th New York Regiment, which, advancing, repelled the attack and captured many prisoners.

After seeing that General Sickles was in a proper position, I returned to my own corps, where I was joined by Colonel Hunt with some 32-pounder howitzers. Taking those howitzers, we rode forward beyond our lines, and, in parting salutation to our opponents, Colonel Hunt sent a few shells, as a warning of what would be ready to welcome them on the morrow if they undertook to disturb us.

Almost at the crisis of the battle—just before the advance of Meagher and Sickles—the gun-boats on the James River opened their fire with

the good intent of aiding us, but either mistook our batteries at the Malvern house for those of the enemy, or were unable to throw their projectiles beyond us. If the former was the case, their range was well estimated, for all their shot landed in or close by Tyler's battery, killing and wounding a few of his men. Fortunately members of our excellent signal-service corps were present as usual on such occasions, and the message signaled to the boats, "For God's sake, stop firing," promptly relieved us from further damage and the demoralization of a "fire in the rear." Reference is occasionally seen in Confederate accounts of this battle to the fearful sounds of the projectiles from those gun-boats. But that afternoon not one of their projectiles passed beyond my headquarters; and I have always believed and said, as has General Hunt, that the enemy mistook the explosions of shells from Tyler's siege-guns and Kusserow's 32-pounder howitzers, which Hunt had carried forward, for shells from the gun-boats. . . .

Thus ended the memorable "Seven Days' battles," which, for severity and for stubborn resistance and endurance of hardships by the contestants, were not surpassed during the war. Each antagonist accomplished the result for which he aimed: one insuring the temporary relief of Richmond; the other gaining security on the north bank of the James, where the Union army, if our civil and military authorities were disposed, could be promptly reinforced, and from whence only, as subsequent events proved, it could renew the contest successfully. Preparations were commenced and dispositions were at once made under every prospect, if not direct promise, of large reinforcements for a renewal of the struggle on the south side of the James, and in the same manner as subsequently brought a successful termination of the war. . . .



BERKELEY, HARRISON'S LANDING.
This house was the birthplace of General (afterward President) William Henry Harrison.



RUSH'S LANCERS—THE SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.
From a sketch made in 1862.

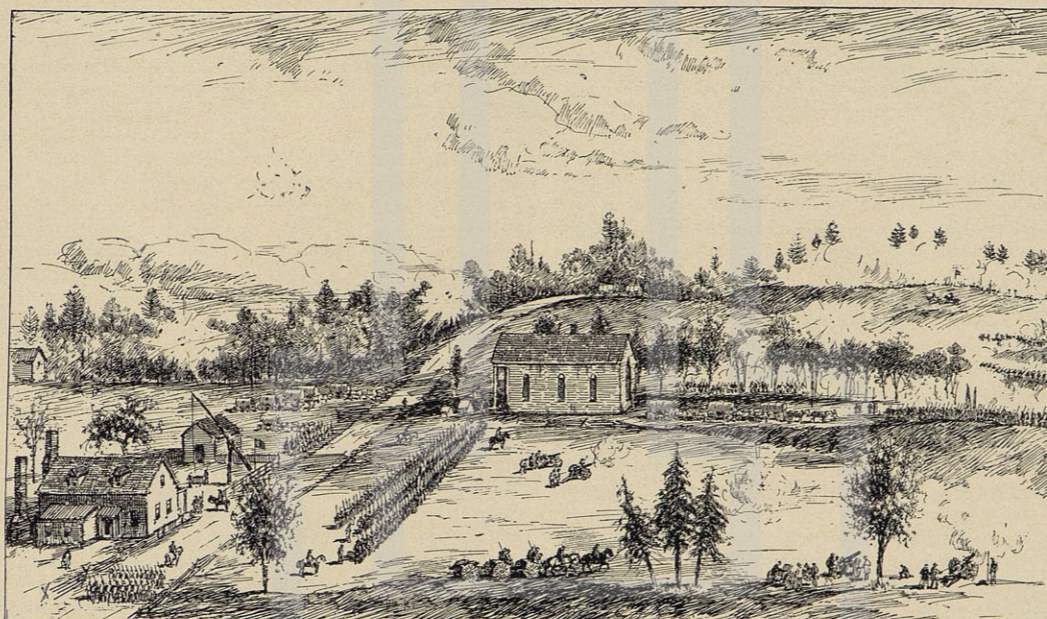
"THE SEVEN DAYS," INCLUDING FRAYSER'S FARM.

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

BY JAMES LONGSTREET, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.
Commander of a division of Lee's army during "The Seven Days' Battles."

WHEN General Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, and General Lee assumed his new duties as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Stonewall Jackson was in the Shenandoah Valley, and the rest of the Confederate troops were east and north of Richmond in front of General George B. McClellan's army, then encamped about the Chickahominy River, 100,000 strong, and preparing for a regular siege of the Confederate capital. The situation required prompt and successful action by General Lee. Very early in June he called about him, on the noted Nine-mile road near Richmond, all his commanders, and asked each in turn his opinion of the military situation. I had my own views, but did not express them, believing that if they were important it was equally important that they should be unfolded privately to the commanding general. The next day I called on General Lee, and suggested my plan for driving the Federal forces away from the Chickahominy. McClellan had a small force at Mechanicsville, and farther back, at Beaver Dam Creek, a considerable portion of his army in a stronghold that was simply unassailable from the front. The banks of Beaver Dam Creek were so steep as to be impassable except on bridges. I proposed an echelon movement, and suggested that Jackson be called down from the Valley, and passed to the rear of the Federal right, in order to turn the position behind Beaver Dam, while the rest of the Confederate forces who were to engage in the attack could cross the Chickahominy at points suitable for the

succession in the move, and be ready to attack the Federals as soon as they were thrown from their position. After hearing me, General Lee sent General J. E. B. Stuart on his famous ride around McClellan. The dashing horseman, with a strong



GENERAL HEINTZELMAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT NELSON'S HOUSE, JUNE 30.

From a sketch made at the time.



FRAYSER'S FARM-HOUSE, FROM THE QUAKER OR CHURCH ROAD, LOOKING SOUTH.
From a photograph taken in 1885.

This house was used as General Sumner's headquarters and as a hospital during the battle. The fighting took place from half to three-quarters of a mile to the right, or westward. The National Cemetery is shown in the middle distance.

reconnoitering force of cavalry, made a forced reconnaissance, passing above and around the Federal forces, recrossing the Chickahominy below them, and returning safe to Confederate headquarters. He made a favorable report of the situation and the practicability of the proposed plan. On the 23d of June General Jackson was summoned to General Lee's headquarters, and was there met by General A. P. Hill, General D. H. Hill, and my-

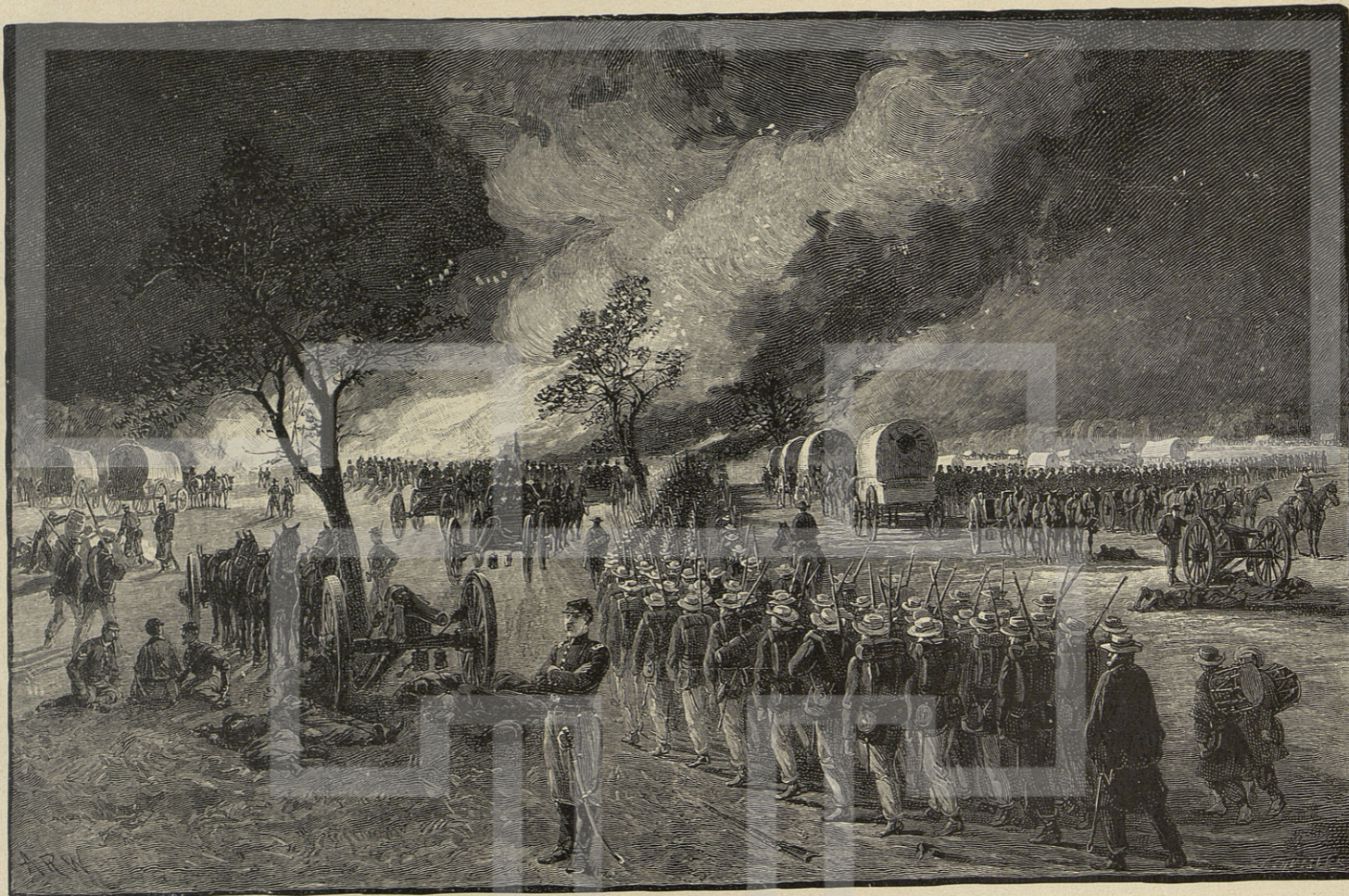
self. A conference resulted in the selection of the 26th as the day on which we should move against the Federal position at Beaver Dam. General Jackson was ordered down from the Valley. General A. P. Hill was to pass the Chickahominy with part of his division, and hold the rest in readiness to cross at Meadow Bridge, following Jackson's swoop along the dividing ridge between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy. D. H. Hill and I were ordered to be in position on the Mechanicsville pike early on the 26th, ready to cross the river at Mechanicsville Bridge as soon as it was cleared by the advance of Jackson and A. P. Hill.

Thus matters stood when the morning of the 26th arrived. The weather was clear, and the roads were in fine condition. Everything seemed favorable to the move. But the morning passed and we received no tidings from Jackson. As noon approached, General Hill, who was to move behind Jackson, grew impatient at the delay and begged permission to hurry him up by a fusillade. General Lee consented, and General Hill opened his batteries on Mechanicsville, driving the Federals off. When D. H. Hill and I crossed at the Mechanicsville Bridge we found A. P. Hill severely engaged, trying to drive the Federals from their strong position behind Beaver Dam Creek. Without Jackson to turn the Federal right, the battle could not be ours. Although the contest

lasted until some time after night, the Confederates made no progress. The next day the fight was renewed, and the position was hotly contested by the Federals until 7 o'clock in the morning, when the advance of Jackson speedily caused the Federals to abandon their position, thus ending the battle.

It is easy to see that the battle of the previous day would have been a quick and bloodless Confederate victory if Jackson could have reached his position at the time appointed. In my judgment the evacuation of Beaver Dam Creek was very unwise on the part of the Federal commanders. We had attacked at Beaver Dam, and had failed to make an impression at that point, losing several thousand men and officers. This demonstrated that the position was safe. If the Federal commanders knew of Jackson's approach on the 26th, they had ample time to reinforce Porter's right before Friday morning (27th) with men and field defenses, to such extent as to make the remainder of the line to the right secure against assault. So that the Federals in withdrawing not only abandoned a strong position, but gave up the *morale* of their success, and transferred it to our somewhat disheartened forces; for, next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer.

From Beaver Dam we followed the Federals closely, encountering them again under Porter beyond Powhite Creek, where the battle of Gaines's Mill occurred. General A. P. Hill, being in advance, deployed his men and opened the attack without consulting me. A very severe battle followed. I came up with my reserve forces and was preparing to support Hill, who was suffering very severely, when I received an order from General Lee to make a demonstration against the Federal left, as the battle was not progressing to suit him. I threw in three brigades opposite the Federal left and engaged them in a severe skirmish with infantry and artillery. The battle then raged with great fierceness. General Jackson was again missing, and General Lee grew fearful of the result. Soon I received another message from General Lee, saying that unless I could do something the day seemed to be lost. I then determined to make the heaviest attack I could. The position in front of me was very strong. An open field led down to a difficult



THE UNION RETREAT FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY.
From a sketch made on the field at the time.

The scene is near McClellan's headquarters at Dr. Trent's farm, before day-light on Sunday, June 29th; the Sixth Corps (Franklin's) is falling back; the fires are from the burning of commissary stores and forage; the artillery in position covers the approaches from the Chickahominy, the artillerymen resting underneath the guns. The regiment in the middle-ground is the 16th New York, who wore straw hats, and were, partly in consequence, such conspicuous targets for the enemy that in the Seven Days' fighting they lost 228 men.

ravine a short distance beyond the Powhite Creek. From there the ground made a steep ascent, and was covered with trees and slashed timber and hastily made rifle-trenches. General Whiting came to me with two brigades of Jackson's men and asked me to put him in. I told him I was just organizing an attack and would give him position. My column of attack then was R. H. Anderson's and Pickett's brigades, with Law's and Hood's of Whiting's division. We attacked and defeated the Federals on their left, capturing many thousand stand of arms, fifty-two pieces of artillery, a large quantity of supplies, and many prisoners — among them General Reynolds, who afterward fell at Gettysburg. The Federals made some effort to reinforce and recover their lost ground, but failed, and during the afternoon and night withdrew their entire forces from that side of the Chickahominy, going in the direction of James River. On the 29th General Lee ascertained that McClellan was marching toward the James. He determined to make a vigorous move and strike the enemy a severe blow. He decided to intercept them in

the neighborhood of Charles City cross-roads, and with that end in view planned a pursuit as follows: I was to march to a point below Frayser's farm with General A. P. Hill. General Holmes was to take up position below me on the New Market or River road, to be in readiness to coöperate with me and to attack such Federals as would come within his reach. Jackson was to pursue closely the Federal rear, crossing at the Grapevine Bridge, and coming in on the north of the cross-roads. Huger was to attend to the Federal right flank, and take position on the Charles City road west of the cross-roads. Thus we were to envelop the Federal rear and make the destruction of that part of McClellan's army sure. To reach my position south of the cross-roads, I had about sixteen miles to march. I marched 14 miles on the 29th, crossing over into the Darbytown road and moving down to its intersection, with the New Market road, where I camped for the night, about 3 miles southwest of Frayser's farm. On the morning of the 30th I moved two miles nearer up and made preparation to intercept the Federals as they retreated toward

James River. General McCall, with a division of ten thousand Federals, was at the cross-roads and about Frayser's farm. My division, being in advance, was deployed in front of the enemy. I placed such of my batteries as I could find position for, and kept Hill's troops in my rear. As I had twice as far to march as the other commanders, I considered it certain that Jackson and Huger would be in position when I was ready. After getting my troops in position I called upon General A. P. Hill to throw one of his brigades to cover my right and to hold the rest of his troops in readiness to give pursuit when the enemy had been dislodged. My line extended from near the Quaker road across the New Market road to the Federal right. The ground upon which I approached was much lower than that occupied by General McCall, and was greatly cut up by ravines and covered with heavy timber and tangled undergrowth. On account of these obstructions we were not disturbed while getting into position, except by the firing of a few shots that did no damage. Holmes got into position below me on the New Market road, and was afterward joined by Magruder, who had previously made an unsuccessful attack on the Federal rearguard at Savage's Station.

By 11 o'clock our troops were in position, and we waited for the signal from Jackson and Huger. Everything was quiet on my part of the line, except occasional firing between my pickets and McCall's. I was in momentary expectation of the signal. About half-past 2 o'clock artillery firing was heard on my left, evidently at the point near White Oak Swamp where Huger was to attack. I very naturally supposed this firing to be the expected signal, and ordered some of my batteries to reply, as a signal that I was ready to coöperate. While the order to open was going around to the batteries, President Davis and General Lee, with their staff and followers, were with me in a little open field near the rear of my right. We were in pleasant conversation, anticipating fruitful results from the fight, when our batteries opened. Instantly the Federal batteries responded most spitefully. It was impossible for the enemy to see us as we sat on our horses in the little field, surrounded by tall, heavy timber and thick undergrowth; yet a battery by chance had our range and exact distance, and poured upon us a terrific



CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UPON RANDOL'S BATTERY AT FRAYSER'S FARM.

The contest for this battery was one of the most severe encounters of the day. The Confederates (the 55th and 60th Virginia regiments) advanced out of formation, in wedge shape, and with trailing arms, and began a hand-to-hand conflict over the guns, which were finally yielded to them.

fire. The second or third shell burst in the midst of us, killing two or three horses and wounding one or two men. Our little party speedily retired to safer quarters. The Federals doubtless had no idea that the Confederate President, commanding general, and division commanders were receiving point-blank shot from their batteries. Colonel Micah Jenkins was in front of us, and I sent him an order to silence the Federal battery, supposing that he could do so with his long-range rifles. He became engaged, and finally determined to charge the battery. That brought on a general fight between my division and the troops in front of us. Kemper on my right advanced his brigade over difficult ground and captured a battery. Jenkins moved his brigade forward and made a bold fight. He was followed by the other four brigades successively.

The enemy's line was broken, and he was partly dislodged from his position. The batteries were taken, but our line was very much broken up by the rough ground we had to move over, and we were not in sufficiently solid form to maintain a proper battle. The battle was continued, however, until we encountered succor from the corps of Generals Sumner and Heintzelman, when we were obliged to halt and hold the position the enemy had left. This line was held throughout the day, though at times, when vigorous combinations were made against me, McCall regained points along his line. Our counter-movements, however, finally pushed him back again, and more formidable efforts from our adversary were required. Other advances were made, and reinforcements came to the support of the Federals, who contested the line with varying fortune, sometimes recovering batteries we had taken, and again losing them. Finally McCall's division was driven off,

and fresh troops seemed to come in to their relief. Ten thousand men of A. P. Hill's division had been held in reserve, in the hope that Jackson and Huger would come up on our left, enabling us to dislodge the Federals, after which Hill's troops could be put in fresh to give pursuit, and follow them down to Harrison's Landing. Jackson found Grapevine Bridge destroyed and could not reach his position; while for some unaccountable reason Huger failed to take part, though near enough to do so. As neither Jackson nor Huger came up, and as night drew on, I put Hill in to relieve my troops. When he came into the fight the Federal line had been broken at every point except one. He formed his line and followed up in the position occupied by my troops. By night we succeeded in getting the entire field, though all of it was not actually occupied until we advanced in pursuit next day. As the enemy moved off they continued the fire of their artillery upon us from various points, and it was after 9 o'clock when the shells ceased to fall. Just before dark General McCall, while looking up a fragment of his division, found us where he supposed his troops were, and was taken prisoner. At the time he was brought in General Lee happened to be with us. As I had known General McCall pleasantly in our service together in the 4th Infantry, I moved to offer my hand as he dismounted. At the first motion, however, I saw he did not regard the occasion as one for renewing the old friendship, and I merely offered him some of my staff as an escort to Richmond. But for the succoring forces, which should have been engaged by Jackson, Huger, Holmes, and Magruder, McCall would have been entirely dislodged by the first attack. All of our other forces were within a radius of 3 miles, and in easy hearing of the battle, yet of the 50,000 none came in to coöperate.



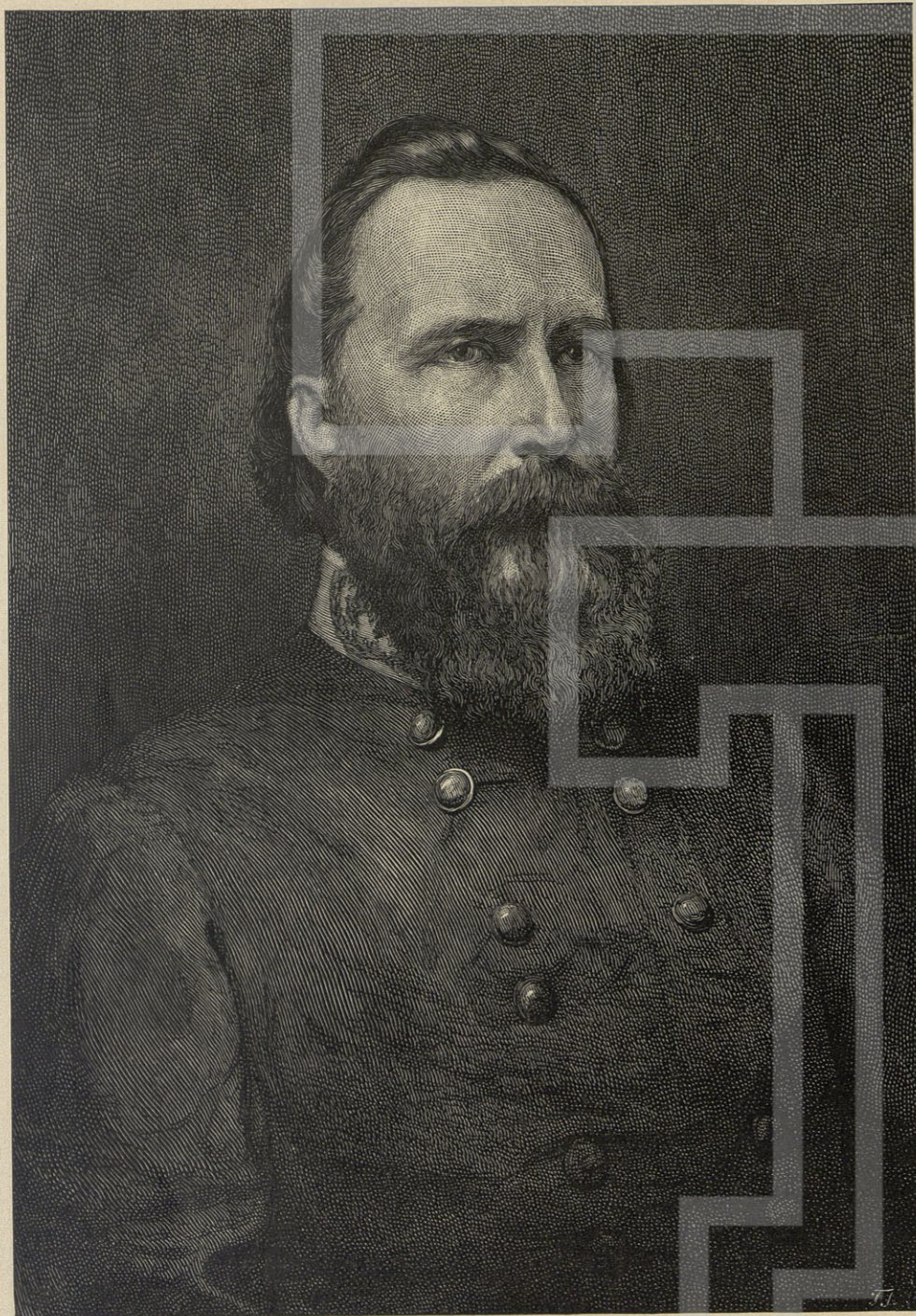
A SAMPLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP.

From a photograph of 1862.

(Jackson should have done more for me than he did. When he wanted me at the Second Manassas, I marched two columns by night to clear the way at Thoroughfare Gap, and joined him in due season.) Hooker claimed at Glendale to have rolled me up and hurriedly thrown me over on Kearny, — tennis-like, I suppose; but McCall showed in his supplementary report that Hooker could as well claim, with a little tension of the hyperbole, that he had thrown me over the moon. On leaving Frayser's farm the Federals withdrew to Malvern Hill, and Lee concentrated his forces and followed them.

On the morning of July 1st, the day after the battle at Frayser's farm, we encountered the enemy at Malvern Hill, and General Lee asked me to make a reconnoissance and see if I could find a good position for the artillery. I found position offering good play for batteries across the Federal left over to the right, and suggested that sixty pieces should

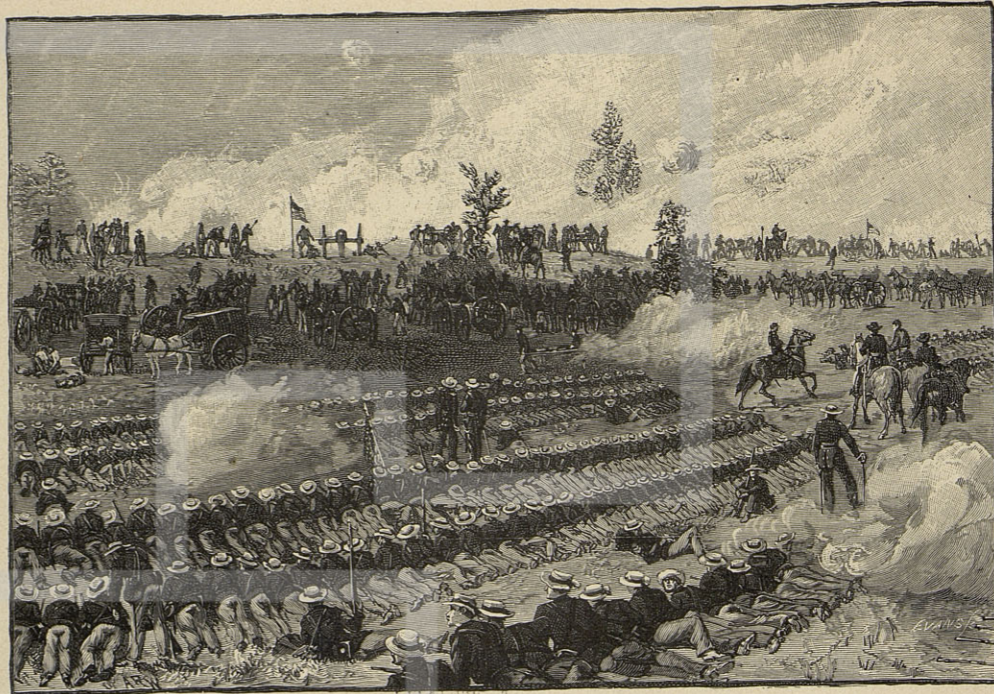
be put in while Jackson engaged the Federal front. I suggested that a heavy play of this cross-fire on the Federals would so discomfit them as to warrant an assault by infantry. General Lee issued his orders accordingly, and designated the advance of Armistead's brigade as the signal for the grand assault. Later it was found that the ground over which our batteries were to pass into position on our right was so rough and obstructed that of the artillery ordered for use there only one or two batteries could go in at a time. As our guns in front did not engage, the result was the enemy concentrated the fire of fifty or sixty guns upon our isolated batteries, and tore them into fragments in a few minutes after they opened, piling horses upon each other and guns upon horses. Before night, the fire from our batteries failing of execution, General Lee seemed to abandon the idea of an attack. He proposed to me to move around to the left with my own and A. P. Hill's division, turning



James Longstreet

the Federal right. I issued my orders accordingly for the two divisions to go around and turn the Federal right, when in some way unknown to me the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing six thousand men and accomplishing nothing.

The Federals withdrew after the battle, and the next day I moved on around by the route which it was proposed we should take the day before. I followed the enemy to Harrison's Landing, and Jackson went down by another route in advance of Lee. As soon as we reached the front of the



OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM.
Slocum's artillery engaged with that of Huger, at Brackett's, on the Charles City Road. (From a sketch made at the time.)

Federal position we put out our skirmish-lines, and I ordered an advance, intending to make another attack, but revoked it on Jackson urging me to wait until the arrival of General Lee. Very soon General Lee came, and, after carefully considering the position of the enemy and of their gunboats on the James, decided that it would be better to forego any further operations. Our skirmish-lines were withdrawn, and we ordered our troops back to their old lines around Richmond . . .

The Seven Days' Fighting, although a decided Confederate victory, was a succession of mishaps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th,—the day of his own selection,—the Federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville without a battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was the first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines's Mill, and the destruction of Grapevine Bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's farm until the day after that battle. If he had been there, we might have destroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's farm, and after his batteries had misled me into opening the fight he subsided. . . .

General McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position of field-marshal as a military chieftain. He organized the Army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skilfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Sumner. Heintzelman crossed the White Oak Swamp prematurely and left the rear of McClellan's army exposed, which would have been fatal had Jackson come

up and taken part in Magruder's affair of the 29th near Savage's Station.

I cannot close this sketch without referring to the Confederate commander when he came upon the scene for the first time. General Lee was an unusually handsome man, even in his advanced life. He seemed fresh from West Point, so trim was his figure and so elastic his step. Out of battle he was as gentle as a woman, but when the clash of arms came he loved fight, and urged his battle with wonderful determination. As a usual thing he was remarkably well-balanced—always so, except on one or two occasions of severe trial when he failed to maintain his exact equipoise.

Lee's orders were always well considered and well chosen. He depended almost too much on his officers for their execution. Jackson was a very skilful man against such men as Shields, Banks, and Frémont, but when pitted against the best of the Federal commanders he did not appear so well. Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln.



"GIN'L LONGSTREET'S BODY-SARVANT, SAH, ENDU'IN' DE WAH!"



LEE'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST POPE AND THE SECOND BULL RUN.

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.

On the 27th of June, 1862, General John Pope, after the capture of New Madrid and Island Number Ten, was transferred from the command of the Army of the Mississippi, to the newly constituted Army of Virginia. That army was composed of the detached corps of Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, stationed in Northern Virginia. Two days later, Frémont was superseded by Sigel. Banks and Sigel moved from the Shenandoah Valley to the Rappahannock line, where McDowell was already encamped. During July, while Pope was engaged in concentrating his forces along the Rappahannock, McClellan's army lay on the James River, and Lee's occupied the defensive lines of Richmond. Meanwhile, on July 11, Gen. H. W. Halleck was transferred from the command of the Western Department, and appointed General-in-chief of the United States forces. Thereafter, until he was superseded by Grant, in March, 1864, he directed the movement of all the armies in the field. At the close of July Halleck planned the withdrawal of McClellan's army from the Peninsula, and its union with that of Pope on the Rappahannock line. In order to facilitate the removal of these forces from Lee's front, Pope was instructed to maneuver with his army beyond

OUR MARCH AGAINST POPE.

BY JAMES LONGSTREET, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.

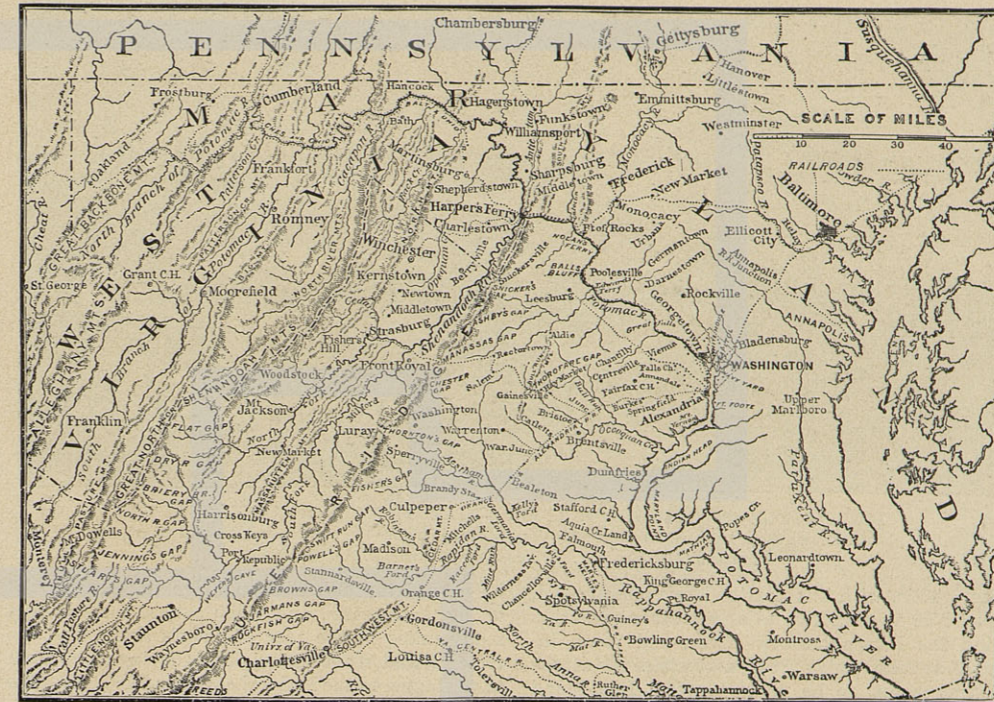
Commander of the right wing of Lee's army at the Second Battle of Bull Run.

... By the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond General Lee frustrated McClellan's plans for a siege. At the end of that campaign Lee retired to Richmond, and McClellan withdrew his forces to Westover Landing, where intrenchments and gun-boats made him secure from attack. As his new position, thus guarded and protected by the navy, was not assailable, General Lee, resuming the defensive at Richmond, resolved to strike out by his left in the direction of Washington, with the idea that the Army of the Potomac might be forced to abandon the James River, in defense of its own capital, threatened by this move.

the Rappahannock toward Gordonsville. Lee dispatched Stonewall Jackson with three divisions to meet Pope. On August 9 Jackson fought Bank's isolated corps at Cedar Mountain, in the angle between the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers, and then, although victorious in the battle, retired south of the Rapidan, Pope following him with his entire army until he reached the north bank of that stream. On the 13th Lee marched from Richmond with Longstreet's command and Stuart's cavalry to reinforce Jackson. Finding his troops outnumbered, Pope retreated behind the Rappahannock (Aug. 20). From this point, the narratives of the movements of Lee and Pope preliminary to the second battle of Bull Run will be found in General Longstreet's article, "Our March Against Pope." Between the 20th and 27th of August the several corps of McClellan's army were transferred from the James River to Alexandria and Aquia Creek—the last named a landing on the Potomac convenient to the left flank of Pope's army. About the same time Burnside's Corps (the Ninth), from North Carolina, joined Pope, and to that corps was added later, the Kanawha Division, a reinforcement from Western Virginia, under Gen. J. D. Cox.

Contemporaneously with our operations on the Chickahominy, the Washington authorities had been organizing the Army of Virginia of three efficient corps d'armée; and, continuing the search for a young Napoleon, had assigned General Pope, fresh from the West, with his new laurels, to command this select organization. This army, under its dashing leader, was at the same time moving toward Richmond by the Orange and Alexandria Railway, so that our move by the left had also in view the Army of Virginia, as the first obstacle in the way of relief to Richmond—an obstacle to be removed, if possible, before it could be greatly reinforced from other commands. . . .

With the double purpose of drawing McClellan away from Westover, and of checking the advance of the new enemy then approaching from Washington by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad,



OUTLINE MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN.

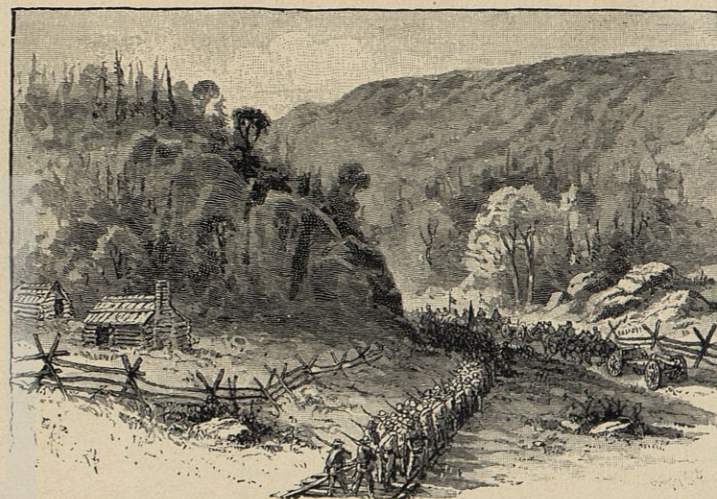
General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to Gordonsville, while I remained near Richmond to engage McClellan in case he should attempt an advance upon the Confederate capital. Jackson had his own division and that of General R. S. Ewell, and later A. P. Hill was sent to reinforce him. McDowell was already in cooperation with Pope, part of his command, however, being still at Fredericksburg. On the 9th of August Jackson encountered the enemy near Slaughter or Cedar Mountain. There the battle of Cedar Run was fought and the Federals were repulsed. . . .

At that time General Lee was feeling very certain that Richmond was in no immediate danger from an advance by McClellan's forces. He therefore began at once preparations for a vigorous campaign against Pope. Divisions under Generals R. H. Anderson, Lafayette McLaws, J. G. Walker, and D. H. Hill were left to watch McClellan, with instructions to follow the main body of the army as soon as the Federals were drawn away from Westover.

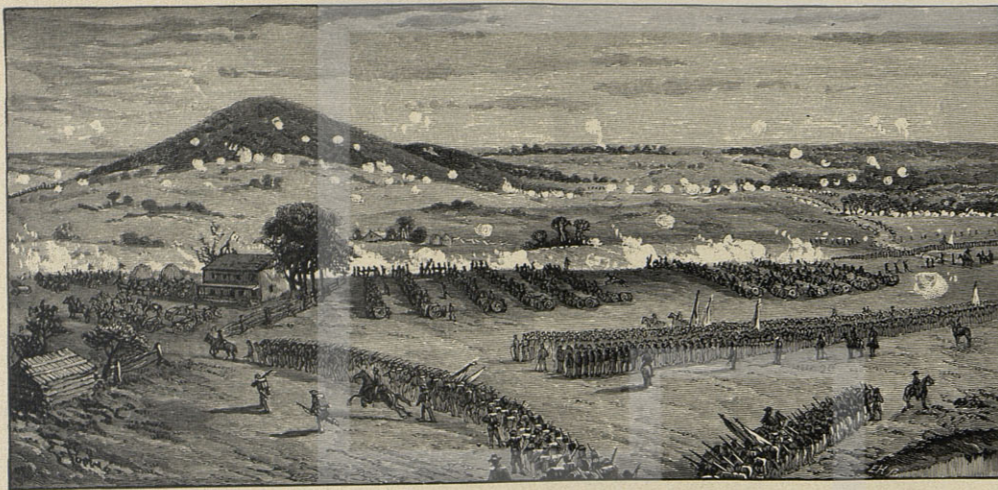
On the 13th of August my command was ordered to Gordonsville, and General Lee accompanied me there. Jackson's troops were stationed on the left of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and I went into camp on the right of Gordonsville.

Northward was the Rapidan River, several miles distant. Farther on, at Culpeper Court House, was the army of Pope, and farther still was the Rappahannock River. . . .

Realizing the situation, General Lee determined on speedy work, and gave orders that his army should cross the Rapidan on the 18th and make battle. He was exceedingly anxious to move at once, before Pope could get reinforcements. For some reason not fully explained, our movements were delayed and we did not cross the Rapidan until the 20th. In the mean time a despatch to General Stuart was captured by Pope, which gave information of our presence and contemplated ad-



LONGSTREET'S MARCH THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.



THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN—VIEW FROM THE UNION LINES.
The picture shows the artillery duel and deployment of troops before the main attack toward the right, in the middle distance. (From a sketch made at the time.)

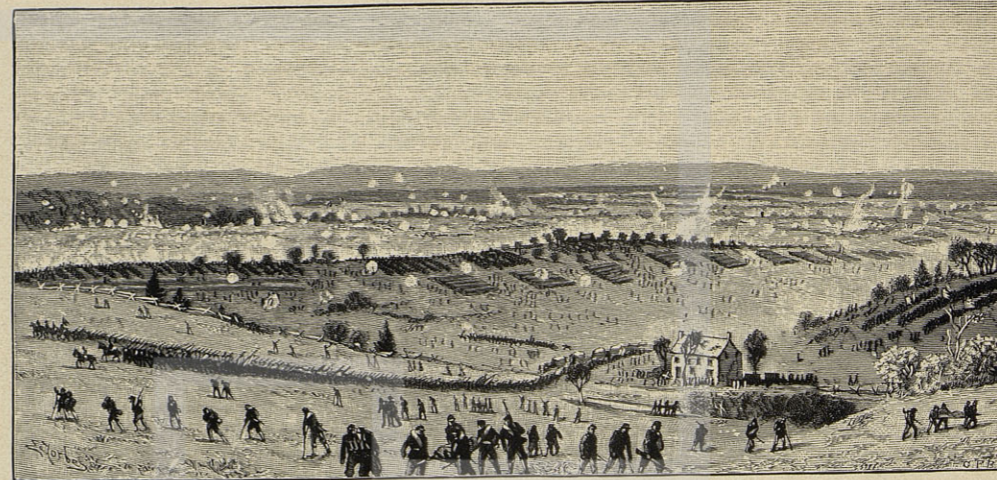
vance. This, with information Pope already had, caused him to withdraw to a very strong position behind the Rappahannock River, and there, instead of at Culpeper Court House, where the attack was first meant to be made, General Lee found him. I approached the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and Jackson approached higher up at Beverly Ford, near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad bridge.

We reached the river on the morning of the 21st, without serious opposition, and found Pope in an almost unassailable position, with heavy reinforcements summoned to his aid. General Lee's intention was to force a passage and make the attack before Pope could concentrate. We hoped to be able to interpose, and to strike Pope before McClellan's reinforcements could reach him. We knew at that time that McClellan was withdrawing from Westover. . . .

Pending our movements southwest of the Rappahannock, General Stuart had been making an effort to go around Pope's army, but, fearing to remain on the Washington side of the river in the face of such floods as had come, recrossed with some important despatches he had captured by a charge upon Pope's headquarters train. This correspondence confirmed the information we already had, that the Federal army on the James under McClellan and the Federal troops in the Kanawha Valley under Cox had been ordered to reinforce Pope. Upon receipt of that information, General Lee was more anxious than ever to cross at once. Pope, however, was on the alert, and Lee found he could not attack him to advantage in his stronghold behind the Rappahannock. Lee therefore decided to change his whole plan, and was gratified, on looking at the map, to find a very comfortable way of turning Pope out of his position. It was by moving Jackson off to our left, and far to the rear of the Federal army, while I remained in front with thirty thousand men to engage him in case he should offer to fight.

On the 25th Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mill, four miles above Waterloo Bridge, and that night encamped at Salem. The next day

he passed through Thoroughfare Gap and moved on by Gainesville, and when sunset came he was many miles in the rear of Pope's army, and between it and Washington. This daring move must have staggered the Federal commander. . . . On the afternoon of the 26th, Pope's army broke away from its strong position to meet Jackson's daring and unexpected move. General Lee decided that I should follow at once, and asked whether I would prefer to force a passage of the river, now rapidly falling, or take the route by which Jackson had gone. From the crossing along the route to Warrenton were numerous strongly defensive positions where a small force could have detained me an uncertain length of time. I therefore decided to take Jackson's route, and on the 26th I started. On the 28th, just before night, I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. As we approached, a report was made to me that the pass was unoccupied, and we



VIEW FROM THE HENRY HILL DURING THE ATTACK UPON JACKSON,
ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK, AUGUST 30TH.
From a sketch made at the time.

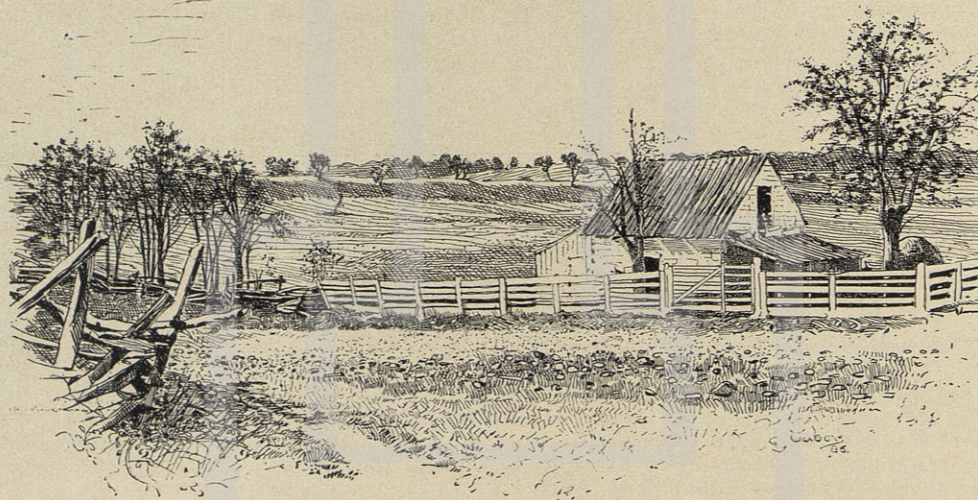
went into bivouac on the west side of the mountain, sending a brigade under Anderson down to occupy the pass. As the Confederates neared the gap from one side, Ricketts's division of Federals approached from the other and took possession of the east side. . . . This sudden interposition of a force at a mountain pass indicated a purpose on the part of the adversary to hold me in check, while overwhelming forces were being brought against Jackson. This placed us in a desperate strait; for we were within relieving distance, and must adopt prompt and vigorous measures that would burst through all opposition. Three miles north was Hopewell Gap, and it was necessary to get possession of this in advance of the Federals, in order to have that vantage-ground for a flank movement, at the same time that we forced our way by foot-paths over the mountain heights at Thoroughfare Gap. During the night I sent Wilcox with

three brigades through that pass, while Hood was climbing over the mountain at Thoroughfare by a trail. We had no trouble in getting over, and our apprehensions were relieved at the early dawn of the 29th by finding that Ricketts had given up the east side of the gap and was many hours in advance of us, moving in the direction of Manassas Junction. His force, instead of marching around Jackson, could have been thrown against his right and rear. If Ricketts had made this move, and the forces in front had coöperated with him, such an attack, well handled, might have given us serious trouble before I reached the field.

As we found the pass open at early dawn, and a clean road in front, we marched leisurely to unite our forces on Manassas plains. Before reaching Gainesville we heard the artillery combat in front, and our men involuntarily quickened their steps. Our communications with Jackson were quite regular, and as he had not expressed a wish that we should hurry, our troops were allowed to take their natural swing under the inspiration of impending battle. As we approached the field the fire seemed to become more spirited, and gave additional impulse to our movements. . . .

Passing through Gainesville we filed off to the left down the turnpike, and soon came in sight of the troops held at bay by Jackson. Our line of march brought us in on the left and rear of the Federals. . . .

The two great armies were now face to face upon the memorable field of 1861; both in good defensible positions, and both anxious to find a point for an entering wedge into the stronghold of the adversary. It appeared easy for us, except for the unknown quantity at Manassas Junction, to overleap the Federal left and strike a decisive blow. This force at the Junction was a thorn in our side which could not be ignored. General Lee was quite disappointed by my report against immediate attack along the turnpike, and insisted that by throwing some of the brigades beyond the Federal left their position would be broken up, and a favorable field gained. While talking the matter over, General Stuart reported the advance



VIEW OF JACKSON'S POSITION AS SEEN FROM GROVETON CORNERS.
The farthest ridge is the line of the unfinished railway. Jackson's center occupied the ground in the right of the picture. There, on elevated open ground, the front of a deep cut, stands the Union monument. (From a photograph taken in 1884.)



COLLISION ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 28TH, BETWEEN REYNOLDS'S DIVISION AND JACKSON'S RIGHT WING.

of heavy forces from the direction of Manassas Junction against my right. It proved to be McDowell and Porter. I called over three brigades, under Wilcox, and prepared to receive the attack. Battle was not offered, and I reported to General Lee some time afterward that I did not think the force on my right was strong enough to attack us. General Lee urged me to go in, and of course I was anxious to meet his wishes. At the same time I wanted, more than anything else, to know that my troops had a chance to accomplish what they might undertake. The ground before me was greatly to the advantage of the Federals, but if the attack had come from them it would have been a favorable opportunity for me. After a short while, McDowell moved toward the Federal right, leaving Porter in front of my right with nine thousand men. My estimate of his force, at the time, was ten thousand. General Lee, finding that attack was not likely, again became anxious to bring on the battle by attacking down the Groveton pike. I suggested that, the day being far spent, it might be as well to advance just before night upon a forced reconnoissance, get our troops into the most favorable positions, and have all things ready for battle at daylight the next morning. To this he reluctantly gave consent, and our plans were laid accordingly. Wilcox returned to position on the left of the turnpike. Orders were given for an advance, to be pursued under cover of night until the main position could be carefully examined. It so happened that an order to advance was issued on the other side at the same time, so that the encounter was something of a surprise on both sides. A very spirited engagement was the result, we being successful, so far at least as to carry our point, capturing a piece of artillery and making our reconnoissance before midnight. As none of the reports received of the Federal positions favored attack, I so explained to General Lee, and

our forces were ordered back to their original positions. The gun which we had captured was ordered to be cut down, spiked, and left on the ground.

When Saturday, the 30th, broke, we were a little apprehensive that Pope was going to get away from us, and Pope was afraid that we were going to get away from him. He telegraphed to Washington that I was in full retreat and he was preparing to follow, while we, thinking he was trying to escape, were making arrangements for moving by our left across Bull Run, so as to get over on the Little River pike and move down parallel to his lines and try to interpose between him and Washington. We had about completed our arrangements, and took it for granted that Pope would move out that night by the Warrenton and Centreville pike, and that we could move parallel with him along the Little River pike. General Lee was still anxious to give Pope battle on Manassas plains, but had given up the idea of attacking him in his strong position.

Shortly before nine on the 30th, Pope's ar-

tillery began to play a little, and not long afterward some of his infantry force was seen in motion. We did not understand that as an offer of battle, but merely as a display to cover his movements to the rear. Later a considerable force moved out and began to attack us on our left, extending and engaging the whole of Jackson's line. Evi-



THE BATTLE OF GROVETON, AUGUST 29TH, AS SEEN FROM CENTREVILLE.

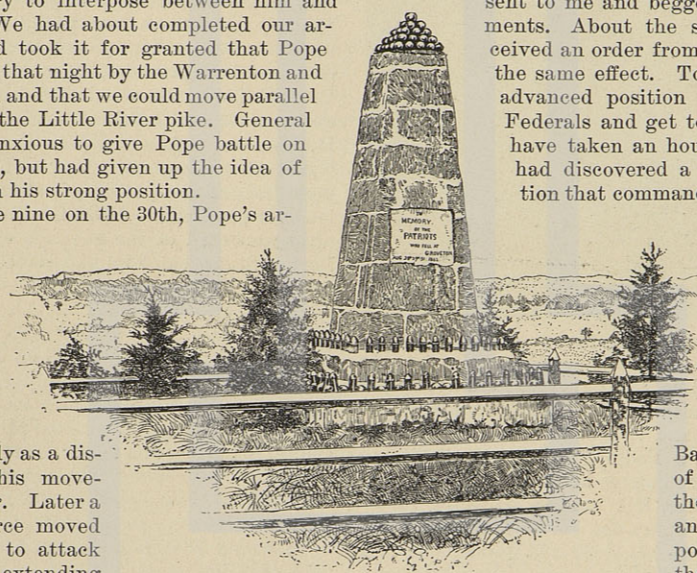
dently Pope supposed that I was gone, as he was ignoring me entirely. His whole army seemed to surge up against Jackson as if to crush him with an overwhelming mass. At the critical moment I happened to be riding to the front of my line to find a place where I might get in for my share of the battle. I reached a point a few rods in front of my line on the left of the pike where I could plainly see the Federals as they rushed in heavy masses against the obstinate ranks of the Confederate left. It was a grand display of well-organized attack, thoroughly concentrated and operating cleverly. So terrible was the onslaught that Jackson

sent to me and begged for reinforcements. About the same time I received an order from General Lee to the same effect. To retire from my advanced position in front of the Federals and get to Jackson would have taken an hour and a half. I had discovered a prominent position that commanded a view of the

great struggle, and realizing the opportunity, I quickly ordered out three batteries, making twelve guns. Lieut. Wm. H. Chapman's Dixie Battery [Virginia] of four guns was the first to report, and was placed in position to rake the Federal ranks that seemed determined to break

through Jackson's lines. In a moment a heavy fire of shot and shell was being poured into the thick columns of the enemy, and in ten minutes their stubborn masses began to waver and give back. For a moment there was chaos; then order returned and they re-formed, apparently to renew the attack. Meanwhile my other eight pieces reported to me, and from the crest of the little hill the fire of twelve guns cut them down. As the cannon thundered the ranks broke, only to be formed again with dogged determination. A third time the batteries tore the Federals to pieces, and as they fell back under this terrible fire, I sprung everything to the charge. My troops leaped forward with exultant yells, and all along the line we pushed forward. Farther and still farther back we pressed them, until at 10 o'clock at night we had the field; Pope was across Bull Run, and the victorious Confederates lay down on the battleground to sleep, while all around were strewn thousands—friend and foe, sleeping the last sleep together.

The next morning the Federals were in a strong position at Centreville. I sent a brigade across Bull Run under General Pryor, and occupied a point over there near Centreville. As our troops proceeded to bury their dead, it began to rain, as it had done on the day after the first battle of Manassas. As soon as General Lee could make his preparations, he ordered Jackson to cross Bull Run near Sudley's and turn the position of the Federals occupying Centreville; and the next day, September 1st, I followed him. But the enemy discovered our turning movement, abandoned Centreville, and put out toward Washington. On the evening of September 1st Jackson encountered a part of the Federal force at Ox Hill [or Chantilly], and, attacking it, had quite a sharp engagement. I came up just before night and found his men retiring in a good deal of confusion. I asked Jackson



MONUMENT TO THE UNION SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT GROVETON AUGUST 28, 29, AND 30, 1862.



DEATH OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

what the situation was, and added that his men seemed to be pretty well dispersed. He said, "Yes, but I hope it will prove a victory."

I moved my troops out and occupied the lines where he had been, relieving the few men who were on picket. Just as we reached there General Kearny, a Federal officer, came along looking for his line, that had disappeared. It was raining in the woods, and was so late in the day that a Federal was not easily distinguished from a Confederate. Kearny did not seem to know that he was in

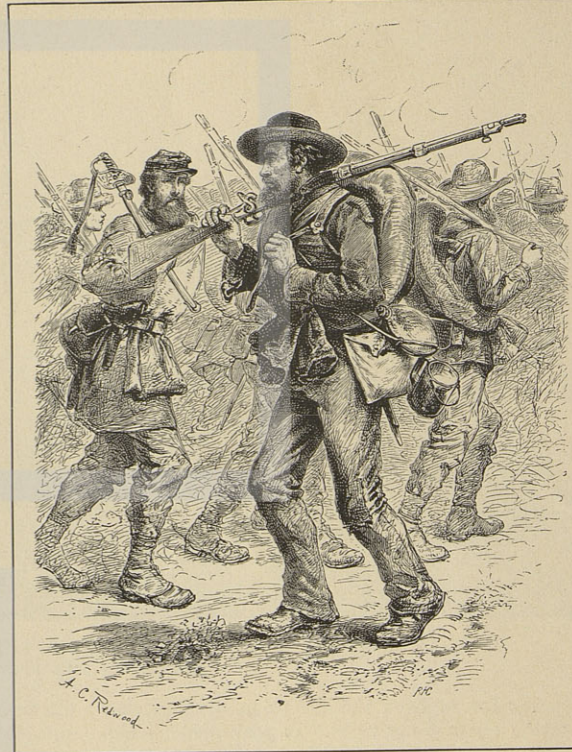
the Confederate line, and our troops did not notice that he was a Federal. He began to inquire about some command, and in a moment or so the men saw that he was a Federal officer. At the same moment he realized where he was. He was called upon to surrender, but instead of doing so he wheeled his horse, lay flat on the animal's neck, clapped spurs into his sides and dashed off. Instantly a half-dozen shots rang out, and before he had gone thirty steps he fell. He had been in the army all his life, and we knew him and respected

him. His body was sent over the lines under a flag of truce. The forces we had been fighting at Ox Hill proved to be the rear-guard covering the retreat of the Federals into Washington. They escaped and we abandoned further pursuit. . . .

The entire Bull Run campaign up to Ox Hill was clever and brilliant. It was conceived entirely by General Lee, who held no such consultation over it as he had done in beginning the Seven Days' campaign. The movement around Pope was not as strong as it should have been. A skilful man could have concentrated against me or Jackson, and given us severe battles in detail. I suppose Pope tried to get too many men against Jackson before attacking. If he had been satisfied with a reasonable force he might have overwhelmed him. General Pope, sanguine by nature, was not careful enough to keep himself informed about the movements of his enemy. . . . I was graduated with Pope at West Point. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, and a splendid cavalryman, sitting his horse beautifully. I think he stood at the head for riding. He did not apply himself to his books very closely. He studied about as much as I did, but knew his lessons better. We were graduated in 1842, but Pope saw little of active service till the opening of the Civil War. When he assumed command of the Army of Virginia he was in the prime of life, less than forty years old, and had lost little if any of the dash and grace of his youth. D. H. Hill, Lafayette McLaws, Mansfield Lovell, Gustavus W. Smith, R. H. Anderson, A. P. Stewart, and Earl Van Dorn were among the Confederate commanders who were graduated in the same class with me. Of the Federal commanders, there were of that class — besides Pope — Generals John Newton, W. S. Rosecrans, George Sykes, Abner Doubleday, and others less prominent. Stonewall Jackson came on four years after my class. General Lee had preceded us about fourteen years. General Ewell, who was hurt in this battle, was in the same class with Tecumseh Sherman and George H. Thomas. A truer soldier and nobler spirit than Ewell never drew sword. "Jeb" Stuart was a very daring fellow, and the best cavalryman America ever produced. At the Second Manassas, soon after we heard of the advance of McDowell and Porter, Stuart came up and made a report to General Lee. When he had done so General Lee said he had no orders at that moment, but he requested Stuart to wait awhile. Thereupon Stuart turned round in his tracks, lay down on the ground, put a stone under his head and instantly fell asleep. General Lee rode away, and in an hour returned. Stuart was still sleeping. Lee asked for him, and Stuart sprang to his feet and said, "Here I am, General."

General Lee replied, "I want you to send a message to your troops over on the left to send a few more cavalry over to the right."

"I would better go myself," said Stuart, and with that he swung himself into the saddle and rode off at a rapid gallop, singing as loud as he could, "Jine the cavalry." . . .



A STRAGGLER ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE IN THE SECOND BULL RUN CAMPAIGN.

BY ALLEN C. REDWOOD, 55TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT, C. S. A.

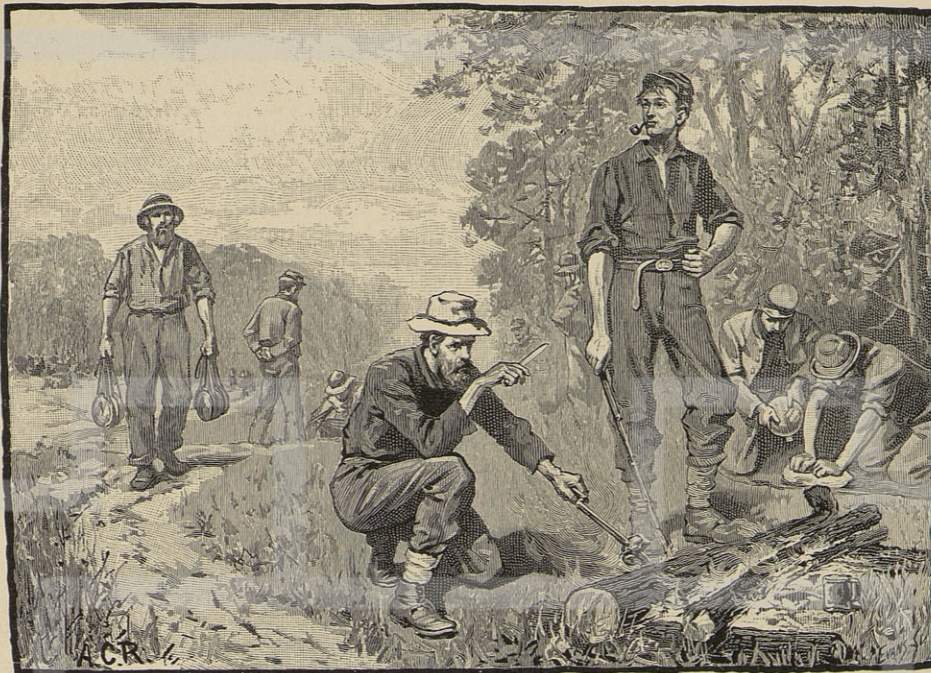
. . . Friday morning early, we started in what we supposed to be the right direction, guided by the firing, which more and more betokened that the fight was on. Once we stopped for a few moments at a field-hospital to make inquiries, and were informed that our brigade was farther along to the right. General Ewell, who had lost his leg the evening before, was carried by on a stretcher while we were there. Very soon we heard sharp musketry over a low ridge which we had been skirting, and almost immediately we became involved with stragglers from that direction — Georgians, I think they were. It looked as if a whole line was giving way, and we hurried on to gain our own colors before it should grow too hot. The proverbial effect of bad company was soon apparent. We were halted by a Louisiana major, who was trying to rally these fragments upon his own command. My companion took the short cut out of the scrape by showing his "sick-permit," and was allowed to pass; mine, alas! had been left in my cartridge-box with my other belongings in that unlucky ambulance. The major was courteous but firm; he listened to my story with more attention than I could have expected, but attached my person all the same. "Better stay with us, my boy, and if you do your duty I'll make it right with your company officers when the fight's over. They won't find fault with you when they know you've



A LOUISIANA "PELICAN."

been in with the 'Pelicans,' he added, as he assigned me to company "F."

The command was as unlike my own as it was possible to conceive. Such a congress of nations only the cosmopolitan Crescent City could have sent forth, and the tongues of Babel seemed resurrected in its speech; English, German, French, and Spanish, all were represented, to say nothing of Doric brogue and local "gumbo." There was, moreover, a vehemence of utterance and gesture curiously at variance with the reticence of our Virginians. In point of fact, we burned little powder that day, and my promised distinction as a "Pelican" *pro tem.* was cheaply earned. The battalion did a good deal of counter-marching, and some skirmishing, but most of the time we were acting as support to a section of Cutshaw's battery. The tedium of this last service my companions relieved by games of "seven up," with a greasy, well-thumbed deck, and in smoking cigarettes, rolled with great dexterity, between the deals. Once, when a detail was ordered to go some distance under fire to fill the canteens of the company, a hand was dealt to determine who should go, and the decision was accepted by the loser without demur. Our numerous shifts of position



SUPPER AFTER A HARD MARCH.

completely confused what vague ideas I had of the situation, but we must have been near our extreme left at Sudley Church, and never very far from my own brigade, which was warmly engaged that day and the day following. Toward evening we were again within sight of Sudley Church. I could see the light of fires among the trees, as if cooking for the wounded was going on, and the idea occurred to me that there I could easily learn the exact position of my proper command. Once clear of my major and his polyglot "Pelicans," the rest would be plain sailing.

My flank movement was easily effected, and I suddenly found myself the *most* private soldier on that field; there seemed to be nobody else anywhere near. I passed a farm-house, which seemed to have been used as a hospital, and where I picked up a Zouave fez. Some cavalymen were there, one of whom advised me "not to go down there," but as he gave no special reason and did not urge his views, I paid no heed to him, but went on my way down a long barren slope, ending in a small water-course at the bottom, beyond which the ground rose abruptly and was covered by small growth. The deepening twilight and strange solitude about me, with a remembrance of what had happened a year ago on this same ground, made me feel uncomfortably lonely. By this time I was close to the stream, and while noting the lay of the land on the opposite bank with regard to choice of a crossing-place, I became aware of a man observing me from the end of the cut above. I could not distinguish the color of his uniform, but the crown of his hat tapered suspiciously, I thought, and instinctively I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and reached behind me for a cartridge.

"Come here!" he called;—his accent was worse than his hat. "Who are you?" I responded as I executed the movement of "tear cartridge." He laughed and then invited me to "come and see." Meanwhile I was trying to draw my rammer, but this operation was arrested by the dry click of several gunlocks, and I found myself covered by half a dozen rifles, and my friend of the steeple-crown, with less urbanity in his intonation, called out to me to "drop that." In our brief intercourse he had acquired a curious influence over me. I did so.

My captors were of Kearny's division, on picket. They told me they thought I was deserting until they saw me try to load. I could not account for their being where they were, and when they informed me that they had Jackson surrounded and that he must surrender next day, though I openly scouted the notion, I must own the weight of evidence seemed to be with them. The discussion of this and kindred topics was continued until a late hour that night with the sergeant of the guard at Kearny's headquarters, where I supped in unwonted luxury on hard-tack and "genuine" coffee, the sergeant explaining that the fare was no better because of our destruction of their supplies at the Junction. Kearny's orderly gave me a blanket, and so I passed the night. We were astir early in the morning (August 30th), and I saw Kearny as he passed with his staff to the front,—a spare, erect, military figure, looking every inch the fighter he was. He fell three days later, killed by some of my own brigade.

Near the Stone Bridge I found about 500 other prisoners, mostly stragglers picked up along the line of our march. Here my polite provost-sergeant turned me over to other guardians, and after draw-

ing rations, hard-tack, coffee, and sugar, we took the road to Centreville. That thoroughfare was thronged with troops, trains, and batteries, and we had to stand a good deal of chaff on the way, at our forlorn appearance. We were a motley crowd enough, certainly, and it *did* look as if our friends in blue were having their return innings. More than once that day as I thought of the thin line I had left, I wondered how the boys were doing, for disturbing rumors came to us as we lay in a field near Centreville, exchanging rude badinage across the cordon of sentries surrounding us. Other prisoners came in from time to time who brought the same unvarying story, "Jackson hard-pressed—no news of Longstreet yet." So the day wore on. Toward evening there was a noticeable stir in the camps around us, a continual riding to and fro of couriers and orderlies, and now we thought we could hear more distinctly the deep-toned, jarring growl which had interjected itself at intervals all the afternoon through the trivial buzz about us. Watchful of indications, we noted, too, that the drift of wagons and ambulances was *from* the battle-field, and soon orders came for us to take the road in the same direction. The cannonading down the pike was sensibly nearer now, and at times we could catch even the roll of musketry, and once we thought we could distinguish, far off and faint, the prolonged, murmurous sound familiar to our ears as the charging shout of the gray people—but this may have been fancy. All the same, we gave tongue to the cry, and shouts of "Longstreet! Longstreet's at 'em, boys! Hurrah for Longstreet!" went up from our ranks, while the guards trudged beside us in sulky silence. . . .



CONFEDERATE CAMP-SERVANT ON THE MARCH.



CHARGE OF UNION CAVALRY UPON THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE NEAR BRANDY STATION, AUGUST 20, 1862.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

BY JOHN POPE, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.
Union Commander at the Second Battle of Bull Run.

... Under the changed condition of things brought about by General McClellan's retreat to James River, and the purpose to withdraw his army [from the Peninsula] and unite it with that under my command, the campaign of the Army of Virginia was limited to the following objects:

1. To cover the approaches to Washington from any enemy advancing from the direction of Richmond, and to oppose and delay its advance to the last extremity, so as to give all the time possible for the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the James River.

2. If no heavy forces of the enemy moved north, to operate on their lines of communication with Gordonsville and Charlottesville, so as to force Lee to make heavy detachments from his force at Richmond and facilitate to that extent the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac.

Halleck was of the opinion that the junction of the two armies could be made on the line of the Rappahannock, and my orders to hold fast to my communications with Fredericksburg, through which place McClellan's army was to make its junction with the Army of Virginia, were repeated positively.

The decision of the enemy to move north with the bulk of his army was promptly made and vigorously carried out, so that it became apparent, even before General McClellan began to embark his army, that the line of the Rappahannock was too far to the front. That fact, however, was not realized by Halleck until too late for any change which could be effectively executed. . . .

Under the orders heretofore referred to, the

concentration of the corps of the Army of Virginia was completed, Sigel's corps being at Sperryville, Banks's at Little Washington, and Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps at Waterloo Bridge. I assumed the command in person July 29th, 1862. . . .

It is only necessary to say that the course of these operations made it plain enough that the Rappahannock was too far to the front, and that the movements of Lee were too rapid and those of McClellan too slow to make it possible, with the small force I had, to hold that line, or to keep open communication with Fredericksburg without being turned on my right flank by Lee's whole army and cut off altogether from Washington.

On the 21st of August, being then at Rappahannock Station, my little army confronted by nearly the whole force under General Lee, which had compelled the retreat of McClellan to Harrison's Landing, I was positively assured that two days more would see me largely enough reinforced by the Army of the Potomac to be not only secure, but to assume the offensive against Lee, and I was instructed to hold on "and fight like the devil."

I accordingly held on till the 26th of August, when, finding myself to be outflanked on my right by the main body of Lee's army, while Jackson's corps having passed Salem and Rectortown the day before were in rapid march in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, and seeing that none of the reinforcements promised me were likely to arrive, I determined to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and communications with Fredericksburg, and concentrate my whole force in the direction of Warrenton and Gainesville, to cover the Warrenton pike, and still to confront the enemy rapidly marching to my right.

Stonewall Jackson's movement on Manassas Junction was plainly seen and promptly reported, and I notified General Halleck of it. He informed me on the 23d of August that heavy reinforcements would begin to arrive at Warrenton Junction on the next day (24th), and as my orders still held me to the Rappahannock I naturally supposed that these troops would be hurried forward to me with all speed. Franklin's corps especially, I asked, should be sent rapidly to Gainesville. I also telegraphed Colonel Herman Haupt, chief of railway transportation, to direct one of the strongest divisions coming forward, and to be at Warrenton Junction on the 24th, to be put in the works at Manassas Junction. A cavalry force had been sent forward to observe the Thoroughfare Gap early on the morning of the 26th, but nothing was heard from it.

On the night of August 26th Jackson's advance, having passed Thoroughfare Gap, struck the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Manassas Junction, and made it plain to me that all of the reinforcements and movements of the troops promised me had altogether failed. Had Franklin been even at Centreville, or had Cox's and Sturgis's divisions been as far west as Bull Run on that day, the movement of Jackson on Manassas Junction would not have been practicable.

As Jackson's movement on Manassas Junction marks the beginning of the second battle of Bull Run, it is essential to a clear understanding of subsequent operations to give the positions of the army under my command on the night of August 26th, as also the movements and operations of the enemy as far as we knew them. . . .

The troops were disposed as follows: McDowell's corps and Sigel's corps were at Warrenton under general command of General McDowell, with Banks's corps at Fayetteville as a reserve. Reno's corps was directed upon the Warrenton turnpike to take post three miles east of Warrenton. Porter's corps was near Bealeton Station moving slowly toward Warrenton Junction; Heintzelman at Warrenton Junction, with very small means to move in any direction.

Up to this time I had been placed by the positive orders of General Halleck much in the position of a man tied by one leg and fighting with a person much his physical superior and free to move in any direction. . . .

The movements of the enemy toward my right forced me either to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and the communications with Fredericksburg, or to risk the loss of my army and the almost certain loss of Washington. Of course between these two alternatives I could not hesitate in a choice. I considered it my duty, at whatever sacrifice to my army and myself, to retreat, as far as I could, the

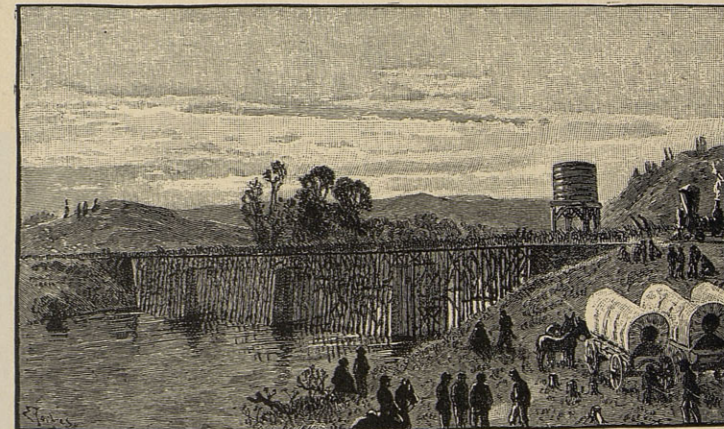


BREVET MAJOR-GEN. CUVIER GROVER, U. S. V.
From a photograph.

On Friday afternoon Grover's brigade, of Hooker's division, charged Jackson's center before Kearny's successful and bloody charge on Jackson's left. Grover led 5 regiments, altogether about 1500 men, and in 20 minutes lost 486, or nearly one-third, of his command.

movement of the enemy toward Washington, until I was certain that the Army of the Potomac had reached Alexandria.

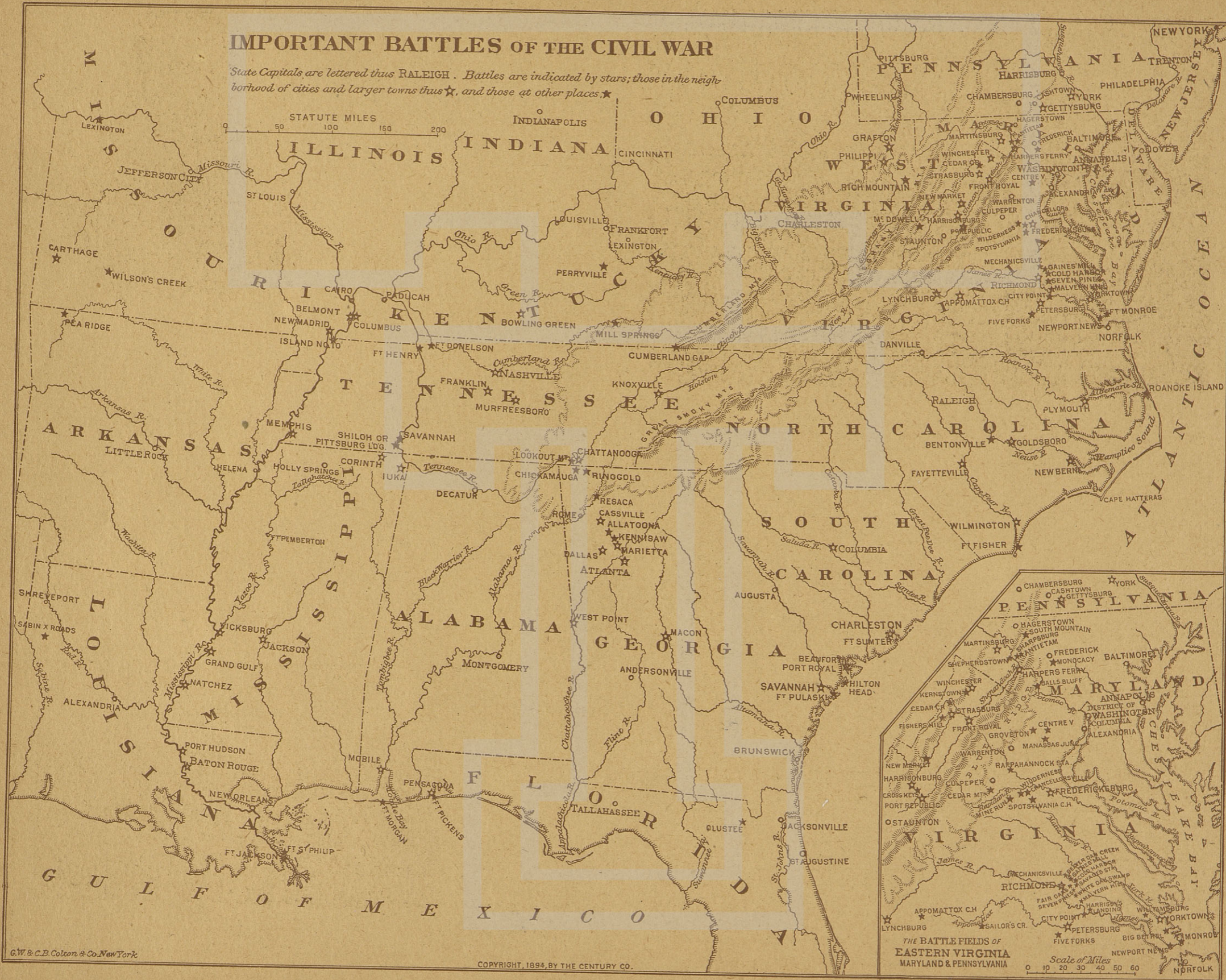
The movement of Jackson presented the only opportunity which had offered to gain any success over the superior forces of the enemy. I determined, therefore, on the morning of the 27th of August to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and throw my whole force in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, to crush any force of the enemy that had passed through Thoroughfare Gap, and to interpose between Lee's army and Bull Run. Having the interior line of operations, and the enemy at Manassas being inferior in force, it appeared to me, and still so appears, that with even ordinary promptness and energy we might feel sure of success.



RETREAT OF THE UNION TROOPS ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR

State Capitals are lettered thus RALEIGH. Battles are indicated by stars; those in the neighborhood of cities and larger towns thus ★, and those at other places ★



PART NINE WILL CONTAIN

The Continuation of General Pope's account of the Second Bull Run, and the Story of Jackson's Raid around Pope, by General Taliaferro, C. S. A.

With articles regarding

Lee's Invasion of Maryland and THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

Lee's Invasion of Maryland from the Confederate Side, by General Longstreet, who commanded a wing of Lee's Army in Maryland.

"Stonewall Jackson's Capture of Harper's Ferry," by General Walker, C. S. A.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN GENERAL McCLELLAN'S TENT AFTER
THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

"Stonewall Jackson in Maryland," by Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of Stonewall Jackson.

General Longstreet's account of the Confederate Side at the Battle of Antietam.

The Last Article Written by General George B. McClellan

(Upon which he was engaged at the time of his death)

"From the Peninsula to Antietam"

8