

NO. II.

THE CENTURY SERIES, VOL. I, NO. II, JUNE 4, 1894
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Miss Oliver Peck

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, PRICE \$7.50 PER YEAR
Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



PART XI

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

THE UNION SIDE—THE STORMING OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS
BY GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH, U. S. V.
(COMMANDING THE SECOND CORPS)

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE

THE DEFENSE OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS AND THE STONE WALL
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CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK

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A HOT DAY ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS

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NOTES BY GENERAL REYNOLDS ON THE ENGAGEMENT AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

THE UNION SIDE, BY GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON, U. S. A.
(COMMANDING THE UNION CAVALRY)

(CONTINUED IN PART XII)



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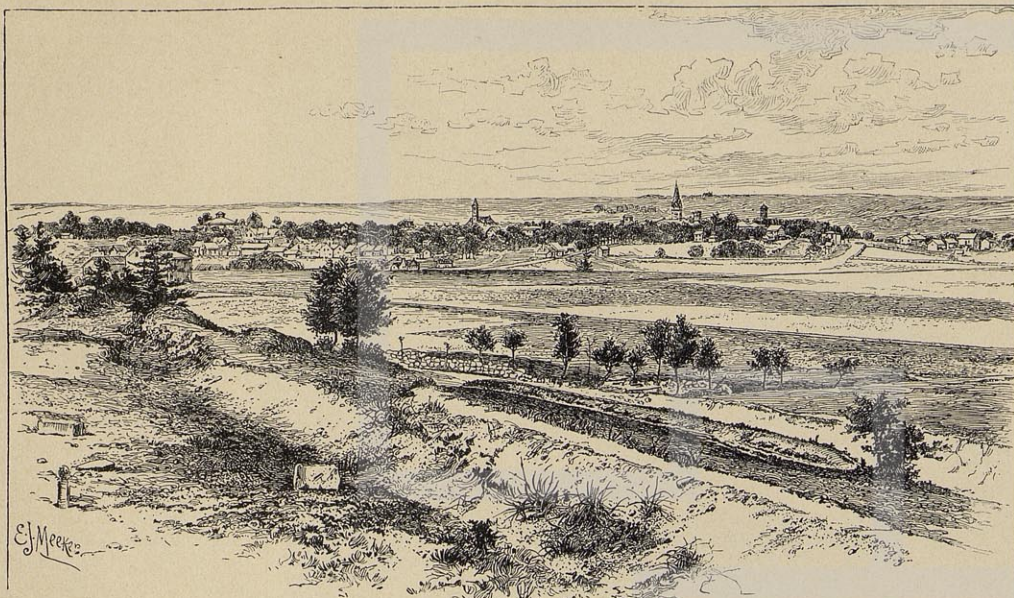
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FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE FOOT OF WILLIS'S HILL.
From a war-time photograph.

In the middle-ground is seen the south end of the stone wall, and it may be seen that the front line of defense formed by the wall was continued still farther to the right by the sunken Telegraph road. At the base of the hill, this side of the stone wall, is seen an earth work which was a part of the second

line. A third line was on the brow of this hill, now the National Cemetery. Between the steeples on the outskirts of Fredericksburg is seen the end of Hanover street, by which, and by the street in the right of the picture, the Union forces filed out to form for the assault.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

THE UNION SIDE—THE STORMING OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

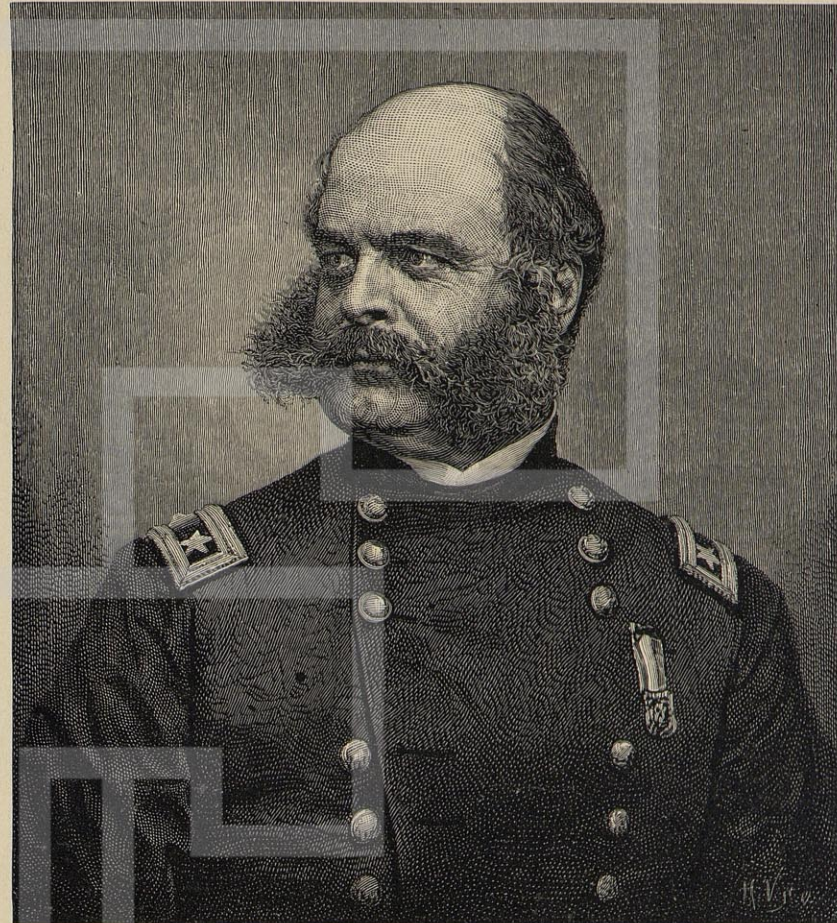
BY DARIUS N. COUCH, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Commander of the Second Corps at the battle of Fredericksburg.

ON the evening of October 15th, 1862, a few days after McClellan had placed me in command of the Second Corps, then at Harper's Ferry, the commanding general sent an order for Hancock to take his division the next morning on a reconnoissance toward Charlestown, about ten miles distant. The division started in good season, as directed. About 10 in the morning General McClellan reined up at my headquarters, and asked me to go out with him to see what the troops were doing. Our people had met the enemy's outpost five miles from the Ferry, and, while artillery shots were being exchanged, both of us dismounted, walked away by ourselves, and took seats on a ledge of rocks. After a little while McClellan sent to an aide for a map of Virginia. Spreading it before us, he pointed to the strategic features of the valley of Shenandoah, and indicated the movements he intended to make, which would have the effect of compelling Lee to concentrate in the vicinity, I think, of Gordonsville or Charlottesville, where a great battle would be fought. Continuing the conversation, he said, "But I may not have command of the army much longer. Lincoln is down on me," and, taking a paper from his pocket, he gave me my first intimation of the President's famous letter. He read it aloud very carefully, and when it was finished I told him I thought there was no ill-feeling in the tone of it. He

thought there was, and quickly added, "Yes, Couch, I expect to be relieved from the Army of the Potomac, and to have a command in the West; and I am going to take three or four with me," calling off by their names four prominent officers. I queried if "so and so" would be taken along, naming one who was generally thought to be a great favorite with McClellan. His curt reply was, "No, I sha'n't have him."

This brief conversation opened a new world for me. I had never before been to any extent his confidant, and I pondered whether on a change of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac the War Department would allow him to choose the generals whose names had been mentioned. I wondered what would be the future of himself and those who followed his fortunes in that untried field. These and a crowd of other kindred thoughts quite oppressed me for several days. But as the time wore on, and preparations for the invasion of Virginia were allowed to go on without let or hindrance from Washington, I naturally and gladly inferred that McClellan's fears of hostile working against him were groundless. However, the blow came, and soon enough.

On the 8th of November, just at dark, I had dismounted, and, standing in the snow, was superintending the camp arrangements of my troops, when McClellan came up with his staff, accompanied by



Ambrose Burnside

In command of the Union forces at Fredericksburg.

General Burnside. McClellan drew in his horse, and the first thing he said was:

"Couch, I am relieved from the command of the army, and Burnside is my successor."

I stepped up to him and took hold of his hand, and said, "General McClellan, I am sorry for it." Then, going around the head of his horse to Burnside, I said, "General Burnside, I congratulate you."

Burnside heard what I said to General McClellan; he turned away his head, and made a broad gesture as he exclaimed:

"Couch, don't say a word about it."

His manner indicated that he did not wish to talk about the change; that he thought it was not good policy to do so, nor the place to do it. He told me afterward that he did not like to take the command, but that he did so to keep it from going to somebody manifestly unfit for it. I assumed that he meant Hooker. Those of us who were well acquainted with Burnside knew that he was a

brave, loyal man, but we did not think that he had the military ability to command the Army of the Potomac.

McClellan took leave on the 10th. Fitz-John Porter sent notes to the corps commanders, informing them that McClellan was going away, and suggesting that we ride about with him. Such a scene as that leave-taking had never been known in our army. Men shed tears, and there was great excitement among the troops.

I think the soldiers had an idea that McClellan would take care of them—would not put them in places where they would be unnecessarily cut up; and if a general has the confidence of his men he is pretty strong. But officers and men were determined to serve Burnside loyally.

A day or two afterward Burnside called the corps commanders together, mapped out a course that he intended to pursue, and among other things he said that he intended to double the army corps and he proposed to call the three new commands

—or doubles—“grand divisions.” Under this arrangement my corps, the Second, and Willcox's, the Ninth, which had been Burnside's, formed the Right Grand Division under General Sumner. When Sumner and I arrived near Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, November 17th, we found the enemy in small force in readiness to oppose our crossing the Rappahannock. Everybody knew that Lee would rush right in; we could see it. If the pontoons had been there, we might have crossed at once. Yet we lay there nearly a month, while they were fortifying before our eyes; besides, the weather was against us. Under date of December 7th, my diary contains this entry, “Very cold; plenty of snow. Men suffering; cold outdoors, ice indoors in my room.”

Sumner's headquarters were at the Lacy House, while the Second Corps lay back of the brow of the hill behind Falmouth.

On the night of the 9th, two nights before the crossing, Sumner called a council to discuss what we were to do, the corps, division, and brigade commanders being present. The result was a plain, free talk all around, in which words were not minced, for the conversation soon drifted into a marked disapprobation of the manner in which Burnside contemplated meeting the enemy.

Sumner seemed to feel badly that the officers did not agree to Burnside's mode of advance. That noble old hero was so faithful and loyal that he wanted, even against impossibilities, to carry out everything Burnside suggested. I should doubt if his judgment concurred. It was only chivalrous attachment to Burnside, or to any commander. But there were not two opinions among the subordinate officers as to the rashness of the undertaking.

Somebody told Burnside of our views, and he was irritated. He asked us to meet him the next night at the Lacy House. He said he understood, in a general way, that we were opposed to his plans. He seemed to be rather severe on Hancock—to my surprise, for I did not think that officer had said as much as myself in opposition to the plan of attack. Burnside stated that he had formed his plans, and all he wanted was the devotion of his men. Hancock made a reply in which he dis-

claimed any personal discourtesy, and said he knew there was a line of fortified heights on the opposite side, and that it would be pretty difficult for us to go over there and take them. I rose after him, knowing that I was the more guilty, and expressed a desire to serve Burnside, saying, among other things, that if I had ever done anything in any battle, in this one I intended to do twice as much. French came in while I was talking. He was rather late, and in his bluff way exclaimed: “Is this a Methodist camp-meeting?”

The heights on the morning of the 11th, before the bridges were thrown across, did not offer a very ani-

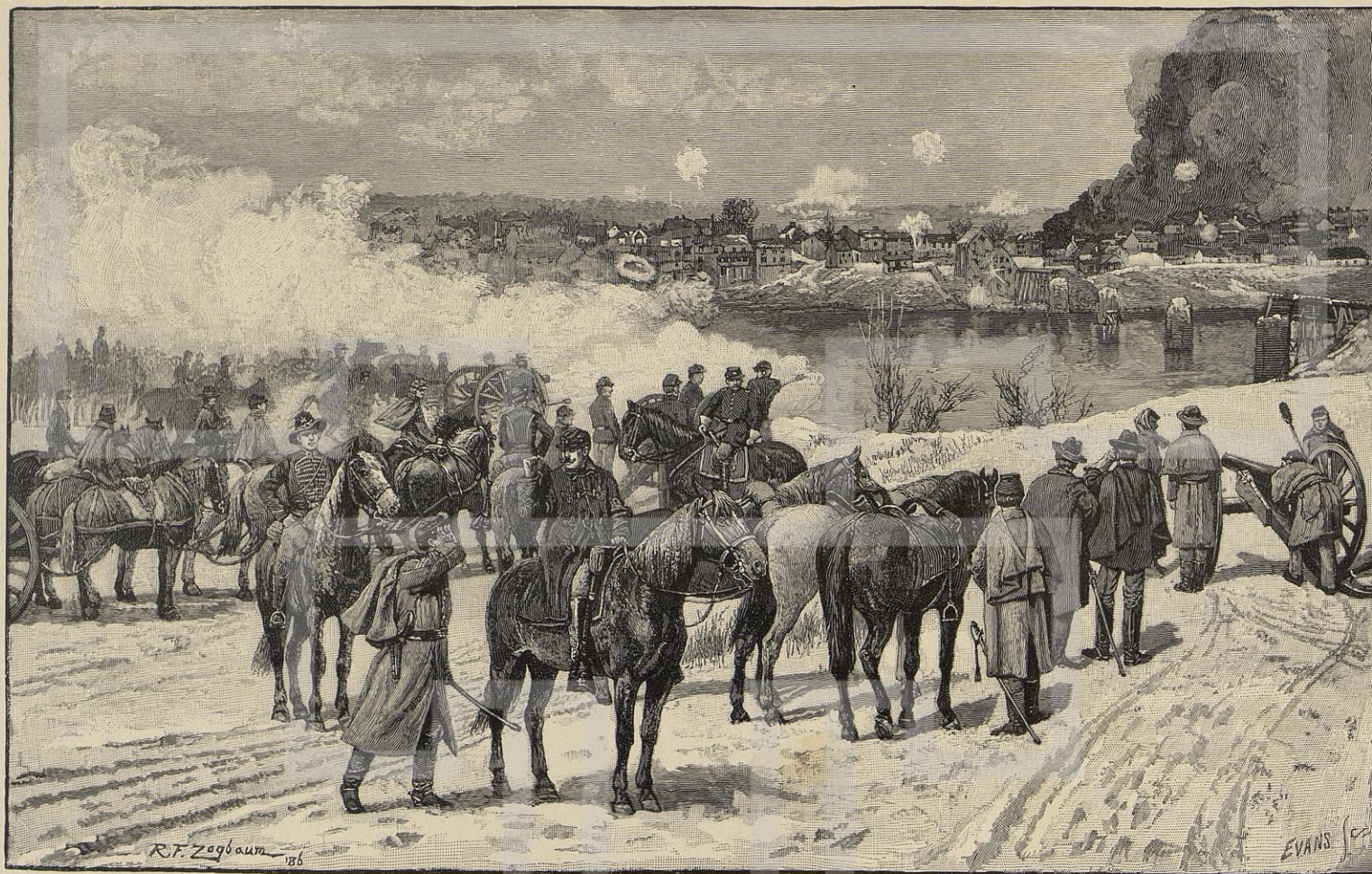
mated scene, because the troops were mostly hidden. The bombardment for the purpose of dislodging the sharpshooters, who under cover of the houses were delaying the bridge-making, was terrific, while the smoke settled down and veiled the scene. After the bombardment had failed to dis-

lodge the enemy, the 7th Michigan and the 19th and the 20th Massachusetts of Howard's division sprang into the pontoons, and rowing themselves overdrove away Barksdale's sharpshooters. This gallant action enabled the engineers to complete the bridges. Howard's division was the first to cross by the upper bridge, his

—had divided our army. The conditions were favorable for a change of position unknown to the enemy, since the night was dark and the next morning was foggy. But it would have been very difficult to make the movement. I was much worried in regard to building the necessary bridges over Hazel Run, and the dangers attending a flank movement at night in the presence of the enemy. But the order to march never came. The orders that were given by Burnside showed that he had no fixed plan of battle. After getting in the face of the enemy, his intentions seemed to be continually changing.

Early the next morning, Saturday, the 13th, I received orders to make an assault in front. My instructions came from General Sumner, who did not cross the river during the fight, owing to a special understanding with which I had nothing to do, and which related to his supposed rashness. At Fair Oaks, Antietam, and on other battle-fields, he had shown that he was a hard fighter. He was a grand soldier, full of honor and gallantry, and a man of great determination.

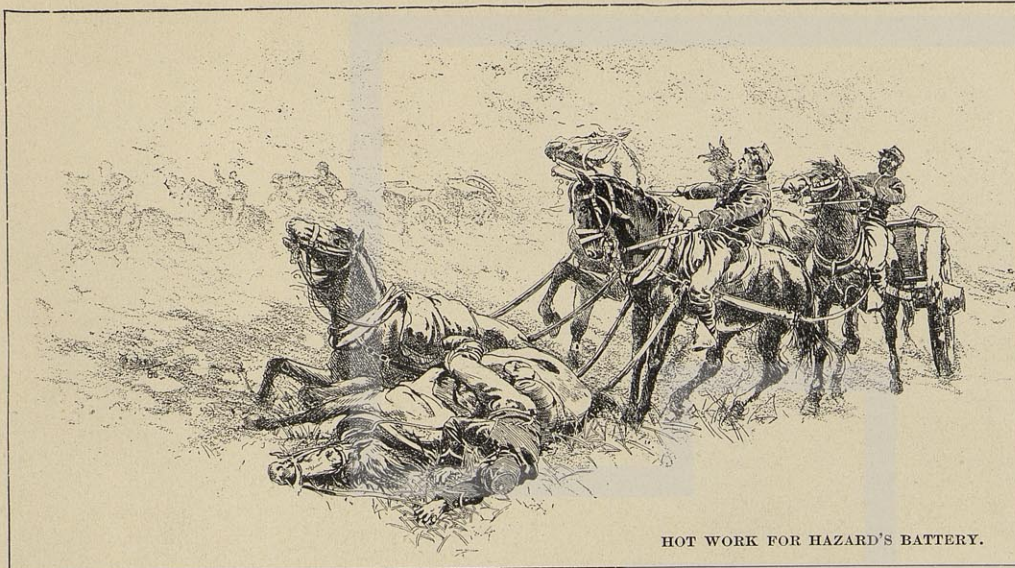
As I have said, on that Saturday morning we were enveloped in a heavy fog. . . . French was at once directed to prepare his division in three



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 11, 1862.



THE PHILLIPS HOUSE, BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS.
From a photograph taken while the house was burning.



HOT WORK FOR HAZARD'S BATTERY.

brigade lines for the advance, and Hancock was to follow with his division in the same order. The distance between the brigade lines was to be about 200 yards.

Toward 10 o'clock the fog began to lift; French reported that he was ready, I signaled to Sumner, and about 11 o'clock the movement was ordered to begin. French threw out a strong body of skirmishers, and his brigades filed out of town as rapidly as possible by two parallel streets, the one on the right, which was Hanover street, running into the Telegraph road, and both leading direct to Marye's Hill, the stronghold of the enemy. On the outskirts of the town the troops encountered a ditch, or canal, so deep as to be almost impassable except at the street bridges, and, one of the latter being partly torn up, the troops had to cross single file on the stringers. Once across the canal, the attacking forces deployed under the bank bordering the plain over which they were to charge. This plain was obstructed here and there by houses and fences, notably at a fork of the Telegraph road, in the narrow angles of which was a cluster of houses and gardens; and also on the parallel road just south of it, where stood a large square brick house. This cluster of houses and the brick house were the rallying-points for parts of our disordered lines of attack. The fork in the road and the brick house were less than 150 yards from the stone-wall, which covered also as much more of the plain to the left of the brick house. A little in advance of the brick house a slight rise in the ground afforded protection to men lying down against the musketry behind the stone-wall, but not against the converging fire of the artillery on the heights. My headquarters were in the field on the edge of the town, overlooking the plain.

A few minutes after noon French's division charged in the order of Kimball's, Andrews's, and Palmer's brigades, a part of Kimball's men getting into the cluster of houses in the fork of the road. Hancock followed them in the order of Zook's, Meagher's, and Caldwell's brigades, the two former getting nearer to the stone-wall than any who had

gone before, except a few of Kimball's men, and nearer than any brigade which followed them.

Without a clear idea of the state of affairs at the front, since the smoke and light-fog veiled everything, I sent word to French and Hancock to carry the enemy's works by storm. Then I climbed the steeple of the court-house, and from above the haze and smoke got a clear view of the field. Howard, who was with me, says I exclaimed, "Oh, great God! see how our men, our poor fellows, are falling!" I remember that the whole plain was covered with men, prostrate and dropping, the live men running here and there, and in front closing upon each other, and the wounded coming back. The commands seemed to be mixed up. I had never before seen fighting like that, nothing approaching it in terrible uproar and destruction. There was no cheering on the part of the men, but a stubborn determination to obey orders and do their duty. I don't think there was much feeling of success. As they charged, the artillery fire would break their formation and they would get mixed; then they would close up, go forward, receive the withering

infantry fire, and those who were able would run to the houses and fight as best they could; and then the next brigade coming up in succession would do its duty and melt like snow coming down on warm ground.

I was in the steeple hardly ten seconds, for I saw at a glance how they were being cut down, and was convinced that we could not be successful in front, and that our only chance lay by the right. I immediately ordered Howard to work in on the right with the brigades of Owen and Hall, and attack the enemy behind the stone wall in flank, which was done. Before he could begin this movement both Hancock and French had notified me that they must have support or they would not be responsible for the maintenance of their position. Sturgis, of Wilcox's corps, who had been supporting my



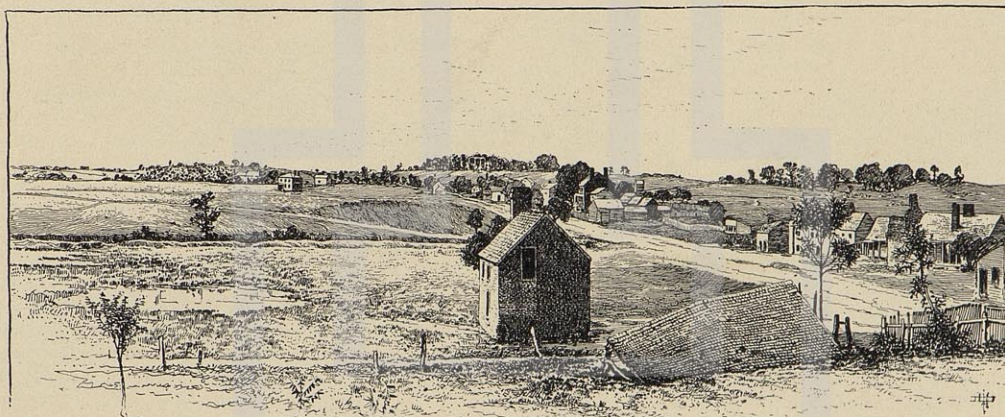
THE NINTH CORPS CROSSING BY THE PONTOON-BRIDGE TO THE STEAMBOAT LANDING AT THE LOWER END OF THE TOWN.

left, sent the brigades of Ferrero and Nagle to the fruitless charge.

About two o'clock General Hooker, who was in command of the Center Grand Division (Stoneman's and Butterfield's corps) came upon the field. At an earlier hour Whipple's division of Stoneman's corps had crossed the river and relieved Howard on the right, so that the latter might join in the attack in the center, and Griffin's division of Butterfield's corps had come over to the support of Sturgis. Humphreys and Sykes, of the latter corps, came to my support. Toward 3 o'clock I received the following despatch:

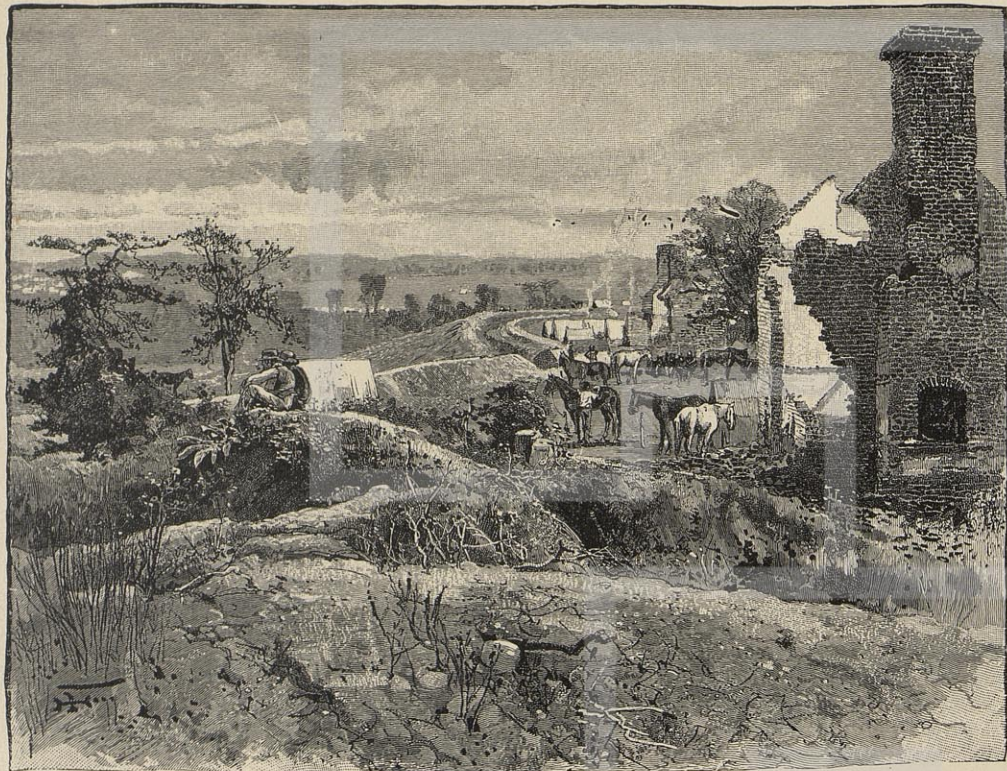
"HEADQUARTERS, RIGHT GRAND DIVISION, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 13th, 1862.—2:40 P. M. GENERAL COUCH: Hooker has been ordered to put in everything. You must hold on until he comes in. By command of Brevet Major-General SUMNER, W. G. JONES, Lieut., Aide-de-camp, etc."

Hooker was the ranking general, and as I understood that he was to take command of the whole fighting line, the putting in of his fresh men beside mine might make a success. His very coming was to me, therefore, like the breaking out of the sun in a storm. I rode back to meet him, told him what had been done, and said, "I can't carry that hill by a front assault; the only chance we have is to try to get in on the right." Hooker replied, "I will talk with Hancock." He talked with Hancock,



THE GROUND BETWEEN FREDERICKSBURG AND MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

From a war-time photograph.



CONFEDERATE WORKS ON WILLIS'S HILL, NOW THE SITE OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.
From a war-time photograph.

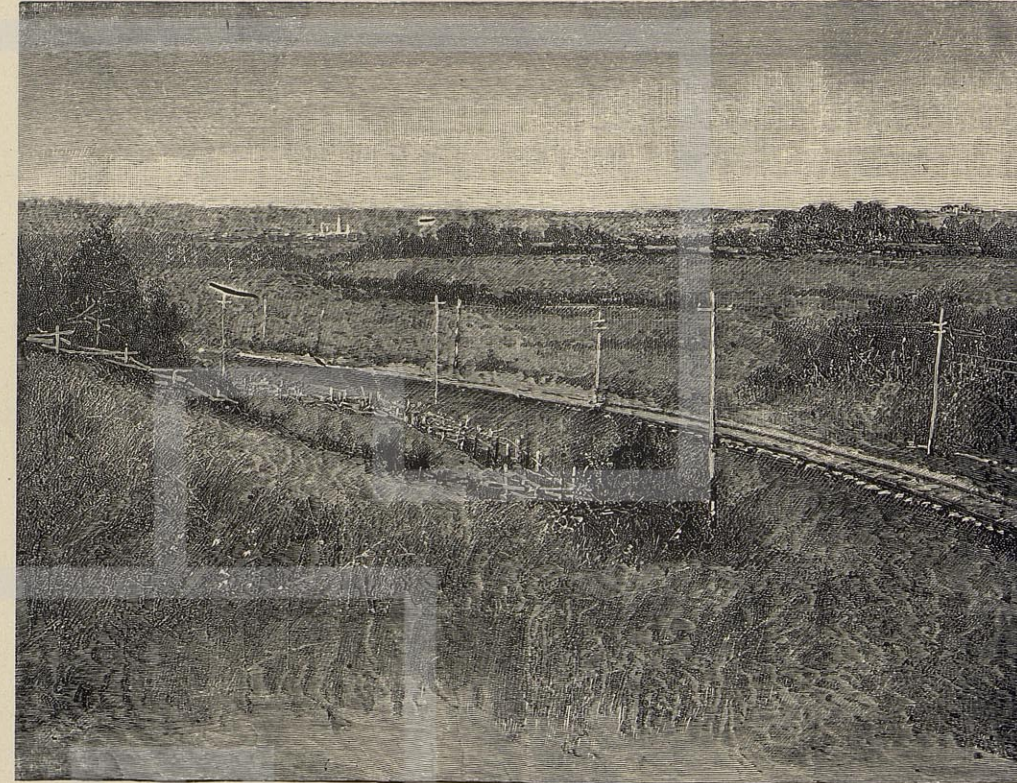
and after a few minutes said, "Well, Couch, things are in such a state I must go over and tell Burnside it is no use trying to carry this line here,"—or words to that effect,—and then he went off. His going away left me again in command. Burnside was nearly two miles distant. It was not much after 2 o'clock when he went away, and it was about 4 when he returned. This was after Humphreys had made his charge and the fighting for the day was substantially finished. We were holding our lines.

Hooker left word that Humphreys, whose division was ready to advance, should take his cue from me. Butterfield also gave Humphreys orders to that effect. After a lull in the battle General Caldwell, a brigade commander under Hancock, sent word to the latter that the enemy were retreating from Marye's house. It was probably only a shifting of the enemy's troops for the relief of the front line. But, assuming that the report was true, I said, "General Humphreys, Hancock reports the enemy is falling back; now is the time for you to go in!" He was ready, and his troops around him were ready. The order had evidently been expected, and after an interval of more than twenty-five years I well recollect the grim determination which settled on the face of that gallant hero when he received the words, "Now is the time for you to go in!" Spurring to his work he led his two brigades, who charged over precisely the same ground, but who did not get quite so near to the stone wall as some of French's and Hancock's men.

The musketry fire was very heavy, and the artill-

ery fire was simply terrible. I sent word several times to our artillery on the right of Falmouth that they were firing into us and were tearing our own men to pieces. I thought they had made a mistake in the range. But I learned later that the fire came from the guns of the enemy on their extreme left.

Soon after 4 o'clock, or about sunset, while Humphreys was at work, Getty's division of Willecox's corps was ordered to the charge on our left by the unfinished railroad. I could see them being dreadfully cut up, although they had not advanced as far



FRANKLIN'S BATTLE-FIELD AS SEEN FROM HAMILTON'S CROSSING.
Fredericksburg steeples in the distance. (From a sketch made in 1884.)

as our men. I determined to send a battery upon the plain to shell the line that was doing them so much harm; so I ordered an aide to tell Colonel Morgan to send a battery across the canal and plant it near the brick house. Morgan came to me and said, "General, a battery can't live there." I replied, "Then it must die there!"

Hazard took his battery out in gallant style and opened fire on the enemy's lines to the left of the Marye House. Men never fought more gallantly, and he lost a great many men and horses. When

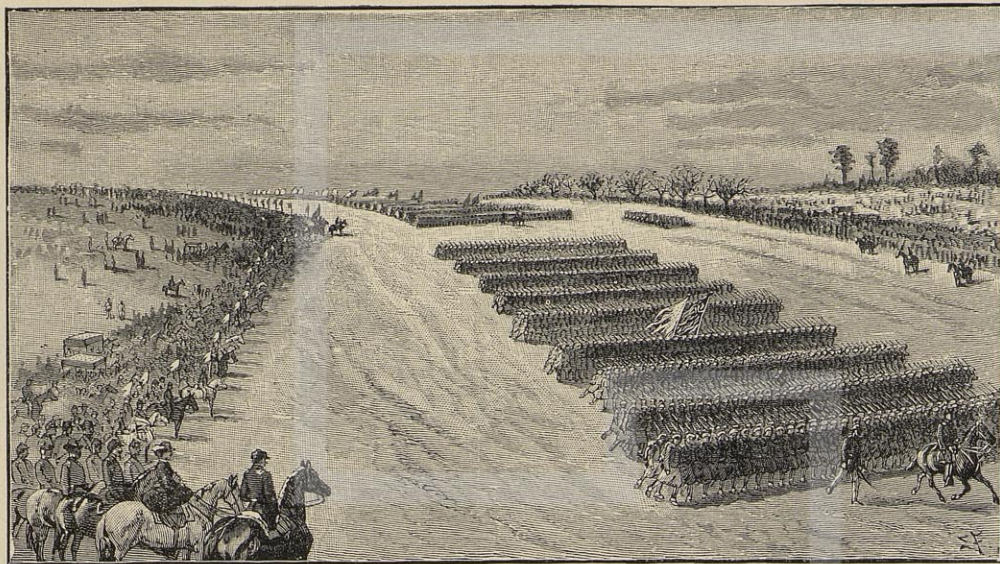
Hooker came he ordered Frank's battery to join Hazard. But this last effort did not last long. In the midst of it I rode to the brick house, accompanied by Colonel Francis A. Walker, Lieutenant Cushing, and my orderly, Long. The smoke lay so thick that we could not see the enemy, and I think they could not see us, but we were aware of the fact that somebody in our front was doing a great deal of shooting. I found the brick house packed with men; and behind it the dead and the living were as thick as they could be crowded together. The dead were rolled out for shelter, and the dead horses were used for breastworks. I know I tried to shelter myself behind the brick house, but found I could not, on account of the men already there. The plain thereabouts was dotted with our fallen. I started to cross to the fork of the road where our men, under Colonel John R. Brooke, were holding the cluster of houses.

When it became dark the wounded were being brought off the plain, and Hooker was talking about relieving my men in front by putting in Sykes's division, and I said, "No! No men shall take the place of the Second Corps unless General Sumner gives the orders. It has fought and gained that ground and it shall hold it." Later the order came for Sykes to relieve the Second Corps, which was done about 11 o'clock.

That night was bitter cold, and a fearful one for the front line hugging the hollows in the ground, and for the wounded who could not be reached. It was a night of dreadful suffering. Many died of wounds and exposure, and as fast as men died



FRANKLIN'S MEN CHARGING ACROSS THE RAILROAD.



THE GRAND REVIEW AT FALMOUTH DURING PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT.
From a war-time sketch.

they stiffened in the wintry air, and on the front line were rolled forward for protection to the living. Frozen men were placed for dumb sentries.

My corps again bivouacked in the town, and they were not allowed fires lest they should draw the fire of the enemy's artillery.

At 2 o'clock in the morning Burnside came to my headquarters near the center of the town. I was lying down at the time. He asked me to tell him about the battle, and we talked for about an hour. I told him everything that had occurred. "And now," I said, "General Burnside, you must know that everything that could be done by troops was done by the Second Corps." He said, "Couch, I know that; I am perfectly satisfied that you did your best." He gave no intimation of his plans for the next day. He was cheerful in his tone, and did not seem greatly oppressed, but it was plain that he felt he had led us to a great disaster, and one knowing him so long and well as myself could see that he wished his body was also lying in front of Marye's Heights. I never felt so badly for a man in my life.

The next day, Sunday, the 14th, our men began digging trenches along the edge of the town. We were on the alert, for there was some fear of an assault. Of course there is no need of denying that after the battle the men became strained. The pressure of a fight carries you through, but after it is all over and you have been whipped, you do not feel very pugnacious. The men, knowing that they had been unsuccessful, were in a nervous state, and officers suffered also from the reaction, the worst of it being that the mass of the army had lost confidence in its commander.

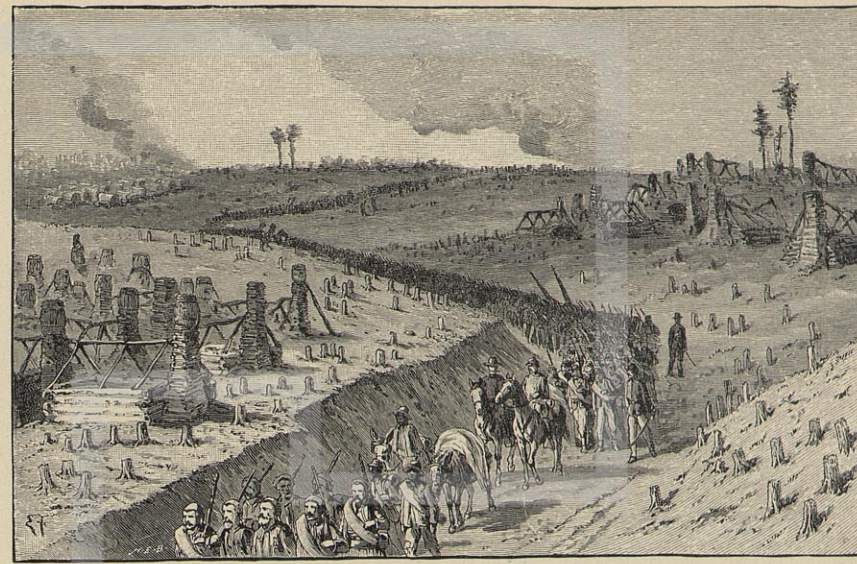
About midday of the 14th Burnside called a council of war, in which it was decided to fall back, but to hold Fredericksburg. No attack was made by us that day, though Burnside had said that he should renew the assault on Marye's Hill, with his old Ninth Corps, and that he would place himself at its head. General Getty of that corps, a very gallant officer, touched me as I passed him and

said: "I understand that Burnside has given out that he intends to lead seventeen regiments to the attack." He urged me strongly to dissuade him if possible, as it would be a perfect slaughter of men.

At the council Hooker expressed himself as against the movement of retreat, saying, "We must fight those people. We are over there and we must fight them." But, as I remember, he did not advocate the plan of holding Fredericksburg if we were not to renew the fight. I urged that the army was not in a condition, after our repulse, to renew the assault, but that we ought to hold Fredericksburg at all hazards. I had an argument with General Burnside upon that point, telling him that I was willing to have him throw all the responsibility upon me; that if we held the town we should have a little something to show for the sacrifice of the day before; that the people would feel we had not failed utterly. It was agreed that Fredericksburg should be held. Then Burnside dismissed us, and sent Hooker and myself to Fredericksburg to arrange for the defense. We held a council at the corner of Hanover street.

It was decided that Hooker's troops should hold the town. The question was how many men would he leave for that purpose, opinions varying from ten to eighteen thousand. My limit was ten thousand men. General Tyler turned to me and said: "Make it higher, General." We compromised on twelve thousand. We remained in the town on the 14th, and that evening my corps and the Ninth Corps recrossed the river. Next morning we found that Fredericksburg had been evacuated. When Willcox and I left, we thought, of course, it would be held. The talk was that during the night Hooker prevailed upon Burnside to evacuate the town. . . . After the battle Burnside tried to regain the confidence of the army, and there is no doubt that Sumner did a good deal to help him. . . .

When Hooker, on January 25th, was placed in command of the army, many of us were very much



ABANDONING THE WINTER CAMP AT FALMOUTH.
From a war-time sketch.

surprised; I think the superior officers did not regard him competent for the task. He had fine qualities as an officer, but not the weight of character to take charge of that army. Nevertheless, under his administration the army assumed wonderful vigor. I have never known men to change from a condition of the lowest depression to that of a healthy fighting state in so short a time. President Lincoln, with his wife, came down to spend a few days with General Hooker, and to see the different officers and talk with them. To further that General Hooker gave a dinner party, at which all the corps commanders were present, and also Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln would talk to the officers on the subject that was uppermost in our minds—how we were to get the better of the enemy on the opposite hills. Before he went away he sent for Hooker and for me, I being second in command, and almost his last injunction was, "Gentlemen, in your next battle *put in all your men*." Yet that is exactly what we did not do at Chancellorsville.

We had a grand review of the army in honor of the President. The Second Corps paraded with Howard's Eleventh Corps, I think; for after I had saluted at the head of my corps I rode to the side of the President, who was on horseback, and while near him General Schurz approached at the head of his division. I said, "Mr. Lincoln, that is General Schurz," pronouncing it *Shurz*, after the American fashion. Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said, "Not *Shurz*, General Couch, but *Shoortz*." But he did it very pleasantly, and I was just a little surprised that our Western President should have the advantage of me. It was a beautiful day, and the review was a stirring sight. Mr. Lincoln, sitting there with his hat off, head bent, and seemingly meditating, suddenly turned to me and said, "General Couch, what do you suppose will become of all these men when the war is over?" And it struck me as very pleasant that somebody had an idea that the war would some time end.

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

THE DEFENSE OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS AND THE
STONE WALL.

BY LAFAYETTE MCLAWS, MAJOR-GENERAL,
C. S. A.
Commander of McLaws's Division at Fredericksburg.

ON the 25th of November, 1862, my division marched into Fredericksburg, and shortly after, by direction of General Longstreet, I occupied the city with one of my brigades, and picketed the river with strong detachments from the dam at Falmouth to a quarter of a mile below Deep Run creek, the enemy's pickets being just across the river, within a stone's throw of mine. Detachments were immediately set at work digging rifle-pits close to the edge of the bank, so close that our men, when in them, could command the river and the shores on each side. The cellars of the houses near the river were made available for the use of riflemen, and zigzags were constructed to enable the men to get in and out of the rifle-pits under cover. All this was done at night, and so secretly and quietly that I do not believe the enemy had any conception of the minute and careful preparations that had been made to defeat any attempt to cross the river in my front. No provision was made for the use of artillery, as the enemy had an enormous array of their batteries on the heights above the town, and could have demolished ours in five minutes.

Two or three evenings previous to the Federal attempt to cross, I was with General Barksdale, and we were attracted by one or more of the enemy's bands playing at their end of the railroad bridge. A number of their officers and a crowd of their men were about the band cheering their national airs, the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and others, once so dear to us all. It seemed as if they expected some response from us, but none was given until, finally, they struck up "Dixie," and then both sides cheered, with much



MAJOR-GENERAL LAFAYETTE McLAWS, C. S. A.

laughter. Surmising that this serenade meant mischief, I closely inspected our bank of the river, and at night caused additional rifle-pits to be constructed to guard more securely the approaches to the bridge.

Early in the night of the 10th General Barksdale reported that his pickets had heard noises, as if the enemy were hauling pontoon-boats to the brink of the river. A dense fog had prevented a clear view. About 2 A. M. of the 11th, General Barksdale notified me that the movements on the other side indicated that the enemy were preparing to lay down the pontoon-bridges. I told him to let the bridge building go on until the enemy were committed to it and the construction parties were within easy range. At 4:30 he reported that the bridge was being rapidly constructed and was nearly half done, and he was about to open fire. I then ordered the signal to be given by firing two guns of J. P. W. Read's battery, posted on the highest point along my front, on the edge of the hills alongside the main road running to the city.

Previous notice had been sent to General Lee and to corps headquarters that the bridge was being constructed. With the sound of the cannon was mingled the rattle of the rifles of the Mississippi men, who opened a concentrated fire from the rifle-pits and swept the bridge, now crowded with the construction parties. Nine distinct and desperate attempts were made to complete the bridge, but every one was attended with such heavy loss from our fire that the efforts were abandoned until about

10 A. M., when suddenly the tremendous array of the Federal artillery opened fire from the heights above the city.

It is impossible fitly to describe the effects of this iron hail hurled against the small band of defenders and into the devoted city. The roar of the cannon, the bursting shells, the falling of walls and chimneys, and the flying bricks and other material dislodged from the houses by the iron balls and shells, added to the fire of the infantry from both sides and the smoke from the guns and from the burning houses, made a scene of indescribable confusion, enough to appal the stoutest hearts! Under cover of this bombardment the Federals renewed their efforts to construct the bridge, but the little band of Mississippians in the rifle-pits under Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Fiser, 17th Mississippi, composed of his own regiment, 10 sharpshooters from the 13th Mississippi, and 3 companies from the 18th Mississippi (Lieutenant-Colonel Luse), held their posts, and successfully repelled every attempt. The enemy had been committed to that point, by having used half their pontoons.

About 4:30 P. M. the enemy began crossing in boats, and the concentrated fire from all arms, directed against Barksdale's men in the rifle-pits, became so severe that it was impossible for them to use their rifles with effect.

As the main purpose of a determined defense, which was to gain time for the other troops to take position, had been accomplished, Colonel Fiser was directed to draw his command back from the river and join the brigade in the city; and just in time, for the enemy, no longer impeded by our fire, crossed the river rapidly in boats, and, forming on the flanks, rushed down to capture the men in the rifle-pits, taking them in the rear. Some of the men in the cellars, who did not get the order to retire, were thus captured, but the main body of them rejoined the brigade on Princess-Anne street, where it had been assembled, and all attempts made by the enemy, now crossing in large numbers, to gain possession of the city were defeated. The firing ceased by 7 o'clock, and as the grand division of Franklin had effected a crossing below the mouth of Deep Run, and thus controlled ground which was higher than the city, and other troops had crossed above the city, where, also, the ground was higher, so that our position would become untenable in the morning, I directed General Barksdale to retire to a strong position I had noticed along a sunken road cut through the foot of Marye's Hill and running perpendicular to the line of the enemy's advance. . . .

On the 12th close and heavy skirmishing was kept up between my advanced parties and the enemy, and whole divisions were employed in fortifying



RUINS OF "MANSFIELD," ALSO KNOWN AS THE "BERNARD HOUSE."
From a war-time photograph.

their positions and preparing for the coming assaults. The grounds in my front had been well studied by myself, in company with my brigade commanders and colonels of regiments, and all the details for the supply of ammunition, provisions, water, care for the wounded, and other necessary arrangements had been attended to, so that we waited for the enemy with perfect calmness and with confidence in our ability to repel them.

A heavy fog hung over the valley, concealing the town from our view, and until late in the day the banks below were not visible. As I was anxiously inquiring for some news from the pickets, since the point of attack had not yet been developed, my aide-de-camp, Captain H. L. P. King, volunteered to go to the river and collect information by personal observation, and I consented to his going, but did not send him. He rode off, and in about two hours returned, reporting that he had ridden down Deep Run as far as he could go in safety on horseback, and, dismounting and concealing his horse, had gone on foot down the run to its mouth, and from there he had watched the enemy crossing the river on two bridges. One or two hundred yards below the mouth of the run large bodies of infantry, artillery, and some cavalry had crossed, while heavy forces on the opposite side were waiting their turn to cross. On his return he had gone into a two-story wooden dwelling on the banks of the river, and had taken a leisurely view of the whole surroundings, confirming his observations taken from the mouth of Deep Run. This was a daring reconnaissance, as, at the time, none of our troops were within a mile of him. Up to this time the enemy had not shown us any very large body of troops, either in Fredericksburg, on the opposite side, or below.

On the 13th, during the early morning, a thick fog enveloped the town in my front and the valley of the river, but between 9 and 10 o'clock it lifted, and we could see on our right, below Deep Run, long lines of the enemy stretching down the river,

and near it, but not in motion. Reconnoitering parties on horseback were examining the grounds in front of our army, coming within range without being fired on. After they retired a strong body of infantry advanced from a point on the river, somewhat below my extreme right, as if to gain possession of the Bernard woods, but I had seven rifle-guns on the hill above those woods to meet this very contingency, and, these opening on this advancing body, it fell back to the river before coming within reach of Barksdale.

As the fog lifted higher, an immense column of infantry could be seen halted on the other side of the river, along the road leading from the hills beyond to the pontoon-bridges in front of the town, and extending back for miles, as it looked to us, and still we could not see the end. In Jackson's front the enemy had advanced, and their forming lines were plainly visible, while in Longstreet's front we could see no body of troops on the Fredericksburg side of the river. The indications were that Jackson was to receive the first blow, and General Longstreet came to me and said he was going over to that flank. I called his attention to the immense column of troops opposite us, on the other side of the river, with its head at the pontoon-bridges, crossing to Fredericksburg in our immediate front, and told him that in my judgment the most desperate assault was to be made on his front, and it would be developed close to us, without our knowing that it was forming, nor should we know when it commenced to move against us; that the assault would be sudden, and we should be ready to meet it, and that there were certainly as many of the enemy in that column threatening us as appeared in the lines opposite General Jackson. General Longstreet agreed with me, and remained.

Not long after, the grand division of General Franklin, in plain view from where we stood, was seen advancing in two lines against Jackson's front, marching in most magnificent order. No perceptible

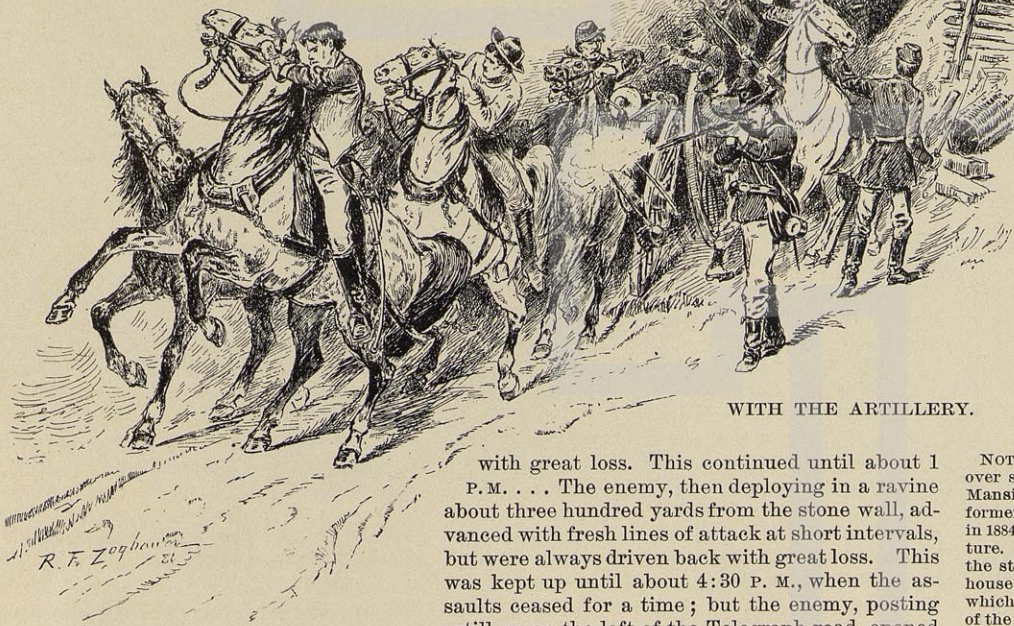
cheek could I observe in the advance, and the first line in good order entered the woods and was lost to our view. But the immediate crash of musketry and the thunder of artillery told of a desperate conflict, and we waited anxiously for some sign of the result. Soon masses of the enemy were seen emerging from the woods in retreat, and the whole body of the enemy marched back in the direction they came from, in excellent order, and very deliberately. Now began the trial against Longstreet's lines; but our confidence in our ability to resist all assaults against us had been wonderfully increased by seeing the repulse of Franklin. [See the narrative by General Reynolds on page 177.]

My line of defense was a broken one, running from the left along the sunken road, near the foot of Marye's Hill, where General Cobb's brigade (less the 16th Georgia) was stationed. During the 12th the defenses of this line had been extended

force anywhere except on top of the hill, as Ransom's troops could be seen there, in reserve, and the men in the sunken road were visible at a short distance only.

Soon after 11 A. M. the enemy approached the left of my line by the Telegraph road, and, deploying to my right, came forward and planted guidons or standards (whether to mark their advance or to aid in the alignment I do not know), and commenced firing; but the fire from our artillery, and especially the infantry fire from Cobb's brigade, so thinned their ranks that the line retreated without advancing, leaving their guidons planted. Soon another force, heavier than the first, advanced, and were driven back with great slaughter.

They were met on retreating by reinforcements, and advanced again, but were again repulsed,

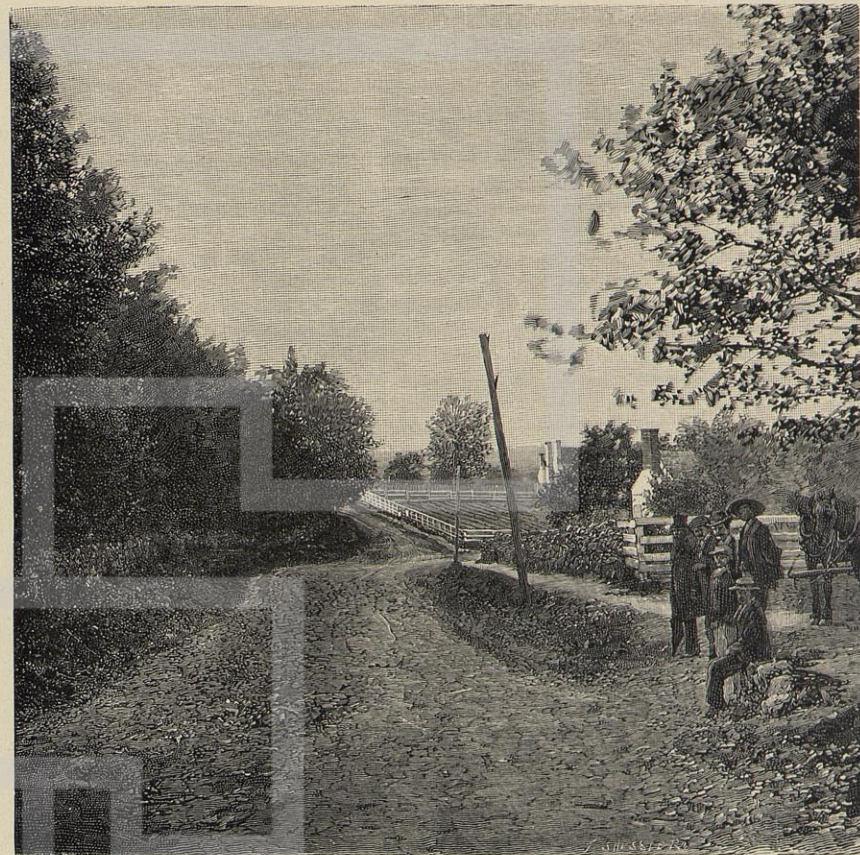


WITH THE ARTILLERY.

with great loss. This continued until about 1 P. M. . . . The enemy, then deploying in a ravine about three hundred yards from the stone wall, advanced with fresh lines of attack at short intervals, but were always driven back with great loss. This was kept up until about 4:30 P. M., when the assaults ceased for a time; but the enemy, posting artillery on the left of the Telegraph road, opened on our position; however, they did no damage worth particularizing.

The batteries on Marye's Hill were at this time silent, having exhausted their ammunition, and were being relieved by guns from Colonel E. P. Alexander's battalion. Taking advantage of this lull in the conflict, the 15th South Carolina was brought forward from the cemetery, where it had been in reserve, and was posted behind the stone wall, supporting the 2d South Carolina regiment.

The enemy in the mean while formed a strong column of lines of attack, and advancing under cover of their own artillery, and no longer impeded by ours, came forward along our whole front in the most determined manner; but by this time, as just explained, I had lines four deep throughout the whole sunken road, and beyond the right flank. The front rank, firing, stepped back, and the next in rear took its place and, after firing, was replaced by the next, and so on in rotation. In this way the volley firing was made nearly continuous, and the file firing very destructive. The enemy were repulsed at all points.



THE SUNKEN ROAD UNDER MARYE'S HILL.

From a photograph taken in 1884.

NOTE.—In the background is seen the continuation of Hanover street, which on the left ascends the hill to the Marye Mansion. The little square field lies in the fork made by the former road and the Telegraph road. Nearly all that remained in 1884 of the famous stone wall is seen in the right of the picture. The horses are in the road, which is a continuation of the street south of Hanover street, and on which is the brick house mentioned in General Couch's article. The house in which General Cobb died would be the next object in the right of the picture if the foreground were extended.

In his official report General Kershaw, who succeeded General Cobb, thus describes the situation during the battle in that part of the road seen in the picture. "The road is about 25 feet wide, and is faced by a stone wall about 4 feet high on the city side. The road having been cut out of the side of the hill, in many places this last wall is not visible above the surface of the ground. The ground falls off rapidly to almost a level surface, which extends about 150 yards, then, with another abrupt fall of a few feet, to another plain which extends some 200 yards, and then falls off abruptly into a wide ravine, which extends along the whole front of the city and discharges into Hazel Run. I found, on my arrival, that Cobb's brigade, Colonel McMillan commanding, occupied our entire front, and my troops could only get into position by doubling on them. This was accordingly done, and the formation along most of the line during the engagement was consequently four deep. As an evidence of the coolness of the command, I may mention here that, notwithstanding that their fire was the most rapid

and continuous I have ever witnessed, not a man was injured by the fire of his comrades. . . . In the mean time line after line of the enemy deployed in the ravine, and advanced to the attack at intervals of not more than fifteen minutes until about 4:30 o'clock, when there was a lull of about a half-hour, during which a mass of artillery was placed in position in front of the town and opened upon our position. At this time I brought up Colonel De Saussure's regiment. Our batteries on the hill were silent, having exhausted their ammunition, and the Washington Artillery were relieved by a part of Colonel Alexander's battalion. Under cover of this artillery fire, the most formidable column of attack was formed, which, about 5 o'clock, emerged from the ravine, and, no longer impeded by our artillery, impetuously assailed our whole front. From this time until after 6 o'clock the attack was continuous, and the fire on both sides terrific. Some few, chiefly officers, got within 30 yards of our lines, but in every instance their columns were shattered by the time they got within 100 paces. The firing gradually subsided, and by 7 o'clock our pickets were established within 30 yards of those of the enemy.

"Our chief loss after getting into position in the road was from the fire of sharpshooters, who occupied some buildings on my left flank in the early part of the engagement, and were only silenced by Captain [W.] Wallace, of the 2d Regiment, directing the continuous fire of one company upon the buildings. General Cobb, I learn, was killed by a shot from that quarter. The regiments on the hill suffered most, as they were less perfectly covered."

pickets of the opposing forces were posted within a short distance of each other, my pickets reporting noises as of movements of large bodies of troops in the city.

Thus ended the battle. The enemy remained in possession of the city until the night of the 15th, and then retired across the Rappahannock, resuming their former positions, and Kershaw's brigade of my division reoccupied the city. . . .

CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK

BY H. G. O. WEYMOUTH, U. S. V., CAPTAIN 19th MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

ON the morning of the 11th of December, 1862, about two hours before daylight, the regimental commanders of Colonel Norman J. Hall's Third Brigade, of Howard's Second Division, Second Army Corps, were assembled at brigade headquarters to receive preliminary orders for the approaching battle. Our brigade commander informed us that our regiment was to be the first to cross the upper pontoon-bridge, which was to be laid by the engineer corps by daylight, and that we were to hold and occupy the right of the town until the whole army should have crossed, when the Right Grand Division, comprising the Second and Ninth Corps, would charge the heights, supported by artillery in front and on the right flank. On our arrival at the river at daylight we found but a very small section of the bridge laid, in consequence of the commanding position which the enemy held on the right bank of the river, secreted as they were behind fences made musket-proof by piling cord-wood and other materials against them. After a fruitless attempt of eight hours' duration to

lay the bridge where the enemy had absolute control of the river front, the idea was abandoned, and notice was sent down to us at the river that the enemy would be shelled from the heights, with orders to take to the pontoon-boats and cross and dislodge the enemy in order to enable the engineer corps to complete the bridge. The instant the artillery ceased firing, the 7th Michigan and 19th Massachusetts took to the boats and poled across the river under a heavy musketry fire from the enemy. The 7th Michigan was the first to make a landing, and marched up Farquhar street in a direct line from the bridge. They immediately became severely engaged, and the first two companies of the 19th Massachusetts that had crossed went forward and joined them. A few minutes later the remainder of the 19th crossed, formed in line on the bank of the river, left resting on Farquhar street, and advanced, deploying as skirmishers in order to drive back the enemy from the western part of the city. We were met with such resistance by Barksdale's brigade, very aptly styled by General Longstreet "Confederate hornets," that it was nearly dusk before we gained the north side of Caroline street. It was now apparent that our thin line could not make any farther advance against the

formidable barricades the enemy had erected on the south side of the street, consisting of barrels and boxes, filled with earth and stones, placed between the houses, so as to form a continuous line of defense, and the left of our line was forced to fall back down Farquhar street, fully one-half the distance from Caroline street. On reporting our position to a staff-officer our brigade commander ordered the 20th Massachusetts to clear the streets. They marched up Farquhar street in company or division front, and on reaching Caroline street wheeled to the right; but before the full regiment had entered the street the enemy, from their snug retreats, poured such a deadly fire on them as to force them to retire with great loss.

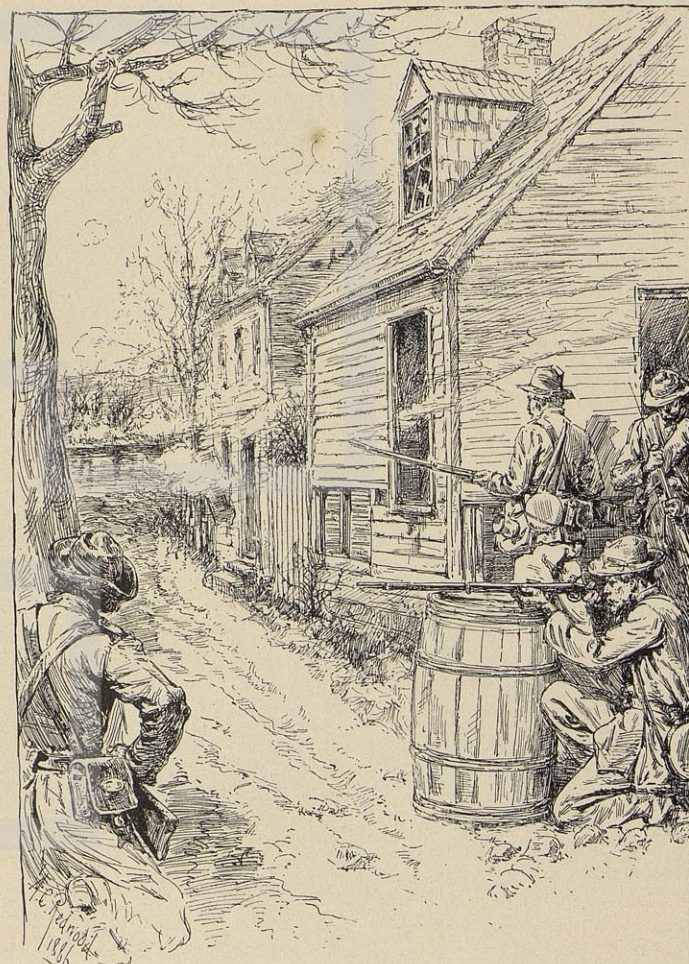
This action of the 20th enabled our left to regain our position on Caroline street, which was maintained until Barksdale withdrew his command to the heights, about an hour after dark. At about 11 o'clock General Howard crossed over to learn our position. Informing him that the enemy had retired in our front, I asked him if we should move forward. After making some inquiries concerning our right, he thought nothing would be gained by doing so. We remained in this position until about noon of the 13th.

A HOT DAY ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

BY WILLIAM MILLER OWEN, FIRST LIEUTENANT, C. S. A.

Adjutant of the New Orleans "Washington Artillery," at the battle of Fredericksburg.

ON the night of the 10th of December we of the New Orleans Washington Artillery sat up late in our camp on Marye's Heights, entertaining some visitors in an improvised theater, smoking our pipes, and talking of home. A final punch having been brewed and disposed of, everybody crept under the blankets and was soon in the land of Nod. In an hour or two we were aroused by the report of a heavy gun. I was up in an instant, for if there should be another it would be the signal that the enemy was preparing to cross the river. Mr. Florence, a civilian in the bivouac, bounced as if he had a concealed spring under his blanket, and cried, "Wake up! wake up! what's that?" The deep roar of the second gun was heard, and we knew what we had to do. It was 4 o'clock. Our orders were that upon the firing of these signal guns we should at once take our places in the re-



BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPIANS OPPOSING THE LAYING OF THE PONTOON-BRIDGES.

doubts prepared for us on Marye's Hill and await developments. "Boots and saddles" was sounded, and the camp was instantly astir, and in the gray of the morning we were on the Plank road leading to the hill. The position reached, . . . the men made the redoubts as snug as possible, and finding the epaulements not to their liking, went to work with pick and shovel throwing the dirt a little higher, and fashioning embrasures to fire through. The engineers objected, and said they were "ruining the works," but the cannoneers said, "We have to fight here, not you; we will arrange them to suit ourselves." And General Longstreet approvingly said, "If you save the finger of a man's hand, that does some good." A dense fog covered the country, and we could not discern what was going on in the town.

The morning of the 12th was also foggy, and it was not until 2 p. m. that it cleared off, and then we could see the Stafford Heights across the river, densely packed with troops. At 3 p. m. a heavy column moved down toward one of the bridges near the gas works and we opened upon it, making some splendid practice and apparently stirring them up prodigiously, for they soon sought cooler



CROSSING THE RIVER IN PONTOONS TO DISLODGE THE CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTERS.

localities. While our guns were firing the enemy's long-range batteries on the Stafford Heights opened upon us, as much as to say, "What are you about over there?" We paid no attention to their inquiry, as our guns could not reach them.

At dawn the next morning, December 13th, in the fresh and nipping air, I stepped upon the gallery overlooking the heights back of the little old-fashioned town of Fredericksburg. Heavy fog and mist hid the whole plain between the heights and the Rappahannock, but under cover of that fog and within easy cannon-shot lay Burnside's army. Along the heights, to the right and left of where I was standing, extending a length of nearly five miles, lay Lee's army. The bugles and the drum corps of the respective armies were now sounding reveille, and the troops were preparing for their early meal. All knew we should have a battle to-day, and a great one, for the enemy had crossed the river in immense force upon his pontoons during the night. On the Confederate side all was ready, and the shock was awaited with stubborn resolution. Last night we had spread our blankets upon the bare floor in the parlor of Marye's house, and now our breakfast was being prepared in its fire-place, and we were impatient to have it over. After hastily dispatching this light meal of bacon and corn-bread, the colonel, chief bugler, and I (the adjutant of the battalion) mounted our horses and rode out to inspect our lines. Visiting first the position of the 10-pounder Parrott rifle on the Plank road, we found Galbraith and his boys wide awake and ready for business. Across the Plank road, in an earthwork, was the battery of Donaldsonville Cannoneers, of Louisiana, all Creoles and gallant soldiers. Riding to the rear of Marye's house, we visited in turn the redoubts of Squires, Miller, and Eshleman, and found everything ready for instant action. The ammunition chests had been taken off the limbers and placed upon the ground behind the traverses close to the guns. The horses and limbers had been sent to the rear out of danger. We drew rein and spoke a few words to each in passing, and at the 3d Company's redoubt we were invited by Sergeant "Billy" Ellis to partake of some "café noir," which his mess had prepared in a horse bucket. Nothing loth, we drank a tin-cupful, and found, not exactly "Mocha," or "Java," but the best of parched corn. However, it was hot, the morning was raw, and it did very well.

At 12 o'clock the fog had cleared, and while we were sitting in Marye's yard smoking our pipes, after a lunch of hard crackers, a courier came to Colonel Walton, bearing a despatch from General



THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY ON MARYE'S HILL FIRING UPON THE UNION COLUMNS FORMING FOR THE ASSAULT.

Longstreet for General Cobb, but, for our information as well, to be read and then given to him. It was as follows: "Should General Anderson, on your left, be compelled to fall back to the second line of heights, you must conform to his movements." Descending the hill into the sunken road, I made my way through the troops, to a little house where General Cobb had his headquarters, and handed him the despatch. He read it carefully, and said, "Well! if they wait for me to fall back, they will wait a long time." Hardly had he spoken, when a brisk skirmish fire was heard in front, toward the town, and, looking over the stone wall, we saw our skirmishers falling back, firing as they came; at the same time the head of a Federal column was seen emerging from one of the streets of the town. They came on at the double-quick, with loud cries of "Hi! Hi! Hi!" which we could distinctly hear. Their arms were carried at "right shoulder shift," and their colors were aslant the shoulders of the color-sergeants. They crossed the canal at the bridge, and, getting behind the bank to the low ground to deploy, were almost concealed from our sight. It was 12:30 P. M., and it was evident that we were now going to have it hot and heavy.

The enemy, having deployed, now showed him-

self above the crest of the ridge and advanced in columns of brigades, and at once our guns began their deadly work with shell and solid shot. How beautifully they came on! Their bright bayonets glistening in the sunlight made the line look like a huge serpent of blue and steel. The very force of their onset leveled the broad fences bounding the small fields and gardens that interspersed the plain. We could see our shells bursting in their ranks, making great gaps; but on they came, as though they would go straight through and over us. Now we gave them canister, and that staggered them. A few more paces onward and the Georgians in the road below us rose up, and, glancing an instant along their rifle barrels, let loose a storm of lead into the faces of the advance brigade. This was too much; the column hesitated, and then, turning, took refuge behind the bank. But another line appeared from behind the crest and advanced gallantly, and again we opened our guns upon them, and through the smoke we could discern the red breeches of the "Zouaves," and hammered away at them especially. But this advance, like the preceding one, although passing the point reached by the first column, and doing and daring all that brave men could do, recoiled under our canister and the bullets of the infantry in the

down the hill with loud yells, and then stood shoulder to shoulder with the Georgians. The 25th North Carolina regiment, crossing Miller's guns, halted upon the crest of the hill, dressed its line, and fired a deadly volley at the enemy at close range, and then at the command "Forward!" dashed down the hill. It left dead men on Miller's redoubt, and he had to drag them away from the muzzles of his guns. At this time General Cobb fell mortally wounded, and General Cooke was borne from the field, also wounded. Among other missiles a 3-inch rifle-ball came crashing through the works and fell at our feet. Kursheedt picked it up and said, "Boys, let's send this back to them again"; and into the gun it went, and was sped back into the dense ranks of the enemy.

General Kershaw now advanced from the rear with two regiments of his infantry to reinforce the men in the sunken road, who were running short of ammunition, and to take command.

The sharpshooters having got range of our embrasures we began to suffer. Corporal Ruggles fell mortally wounded, and Perry, who seized the rammer as it fell from Ruggles's hand, received a bullet in the arm. Rodd was holding "vent," and away went his "crazy bone." In quick succession Everett, Rossiter, and Kursheedt were wounded.

road, and fell back in great confusion. Spotting the fields in our front, we could detect little patches of blue—the dead and wounded of the Federal infantry who had fallen facing the very muzzles of our guns. Cooke's brigade of Ransom's division was now placed in the sunken road with Cobb's men. At 2 P. M. other columns of the enemy left the crest and advanced to the attack; it appeared to us that there was no end to them. On they came in beautiful array and seemingly more determined to hold the plain than before; but our fire was murderous, and no troops on earth could stand the *feu d'enfer* we were giving them. In the foremost line we distinguished the green flag with the golden harp of old Ireland, and we knew it to be Meagher's Irish brigade. The gunners of the two rifle-pieces, Corporals Payne and Hardie, were directed to turn their guns against this column; but the gallant enemy pushed on beyond all former charges, and fought and left their dead within five-and-twenty paces of the sunken road. Our position on the hill was now a hot one, and three regiments of Ransom's brigade were ordered up to reinforce the infantry in the road. We watched them as they came marching in line of battle from the rear, where they had been lying in reserve. They passed through our works and rushed

Falconer in passing in rear of the guns was struck behind the ear and fell dead. We were now so short-handed that every one was in the work, officers and men putting their shoulders to the wheels and running up the guns after each recoil. The frozen ground had given way and was all slush and mud. We were compelled to call upon the infantry to help us at the guns. Eshleman crossed over from the right to report his guns nearly out of ammunition; the other officers reported the same. They were reduced to a few solid shot only. It was now 5 o'clock P. M., and there was a lull in the storm. The enemy did not seem inclined to renew his efforts, so our guns were withdrawn, and the batteries of Woolfolk and Moody were substituted.

The little whitewashed brick-house to the right of the redoubt we were in was so battered with bullets during the four hours and a half engagement that at the close it was transformed to a bright brick-dust red. An old cast-iron stove lay against the house, and as the bullets would strike it, it would give forth the sound of "bing! bing!" with different tones and variations. . . .

At 5:30 another attack was made by the enemy, but it was easily repulsed, and the battle of Fredericksburg was over, and Burnside was baffled and defeated.

IN FRONT OF THE STONE WALL.

BY JOHN W. AMES, BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Captain 11th U. S. Infantry, Second Brigade of Regulars,
at the battle of Fredericksburg.

ON Saturday, December 13th, our brigade had been held in reserve, but late in the day we were hurried to the battle only to see a field full of flying men and the sun low in the west shining red through columns of smoke—six deserted field-pieces on a slight rise of ground in front of us, and a cheering column of troops in regular march disappearing on our left. But the day was then over and the battle lost, and our line felt hardly bullets enough to draw blood before darkness put an end to the uproar of all hostile sounds, save desultory shell-firing. For an hour or two afterward shells from Marye's Heights traced bright lines across the black sky with their burning fuses. Then, by command, we sank down in our lines, to get what sleep the soggy ground and the danger might allow us.



COBBE'S AND KERSHAW'S TROOPS BEHIND THE STONE WALL.

Experience had taught us that when the silent line of fire from the shells had flashed across the sky and disappeared behind us the scream and explosion that followed were harmless, but still it required some effort to overcome the discomfort of the damp ground, and the flash and report of bursting shells, and to drop quietly asleep at an order. We finally slept, but we were roused before midnight, and formed into line with whispered commands, and then filed to the right, and reaching the highway, marched away from the town. There were many dead horses at exposed points of our turning and many more dead men. Here stood a low brick house, with an open door in its gable end, from which shone a light, and into which we peered when passing. Inside sat a woman, gaunt and hard-featured, with crazy hair and a Meg Merrilies face, still sitting by a smoking candle, though it was nearly two hours past midnight. But what woman could sleep, though never so masculine and tough of fiber, alone in a house between two hostile armies—two corpses lying across her door-steps, and within, almost at her feet, four more! So, with wild eyes and face lighted by her smoky candle, she stared across the dead barrier into the darkness outside with the look of one who heard and saw not, and to whom all sounds were a terror.

We formed in two lines,—the right of each resting near and in front of this small brick house, and the left extending into the field at right angles with the highway. Here we again bivouacked, finding room for our beds with no little difficulty, because of the shattered forms of those who were here taking their last long sleep. We rose early. The heavy fog was penetrating and chilly, and the damp turf was no warm mattress to tempt us to a morning nap. So we shook off sloth from our moistened bodies willingly, and rolling up the gray blankets set about breakfast. The bivouac breakfast is a nearer approach to its civilized congener than the bivouac bed. Coffee can be made hot and good in blackened tins; pork can be properly frizzled only on a stick over an open fire; hard tack is a better, sweeter morsel than the average American housewife has yet achieved with her saleratus, sour milk, "emptins," and what-not; and a pipe—who can estimate what that little implement has done for mankind? Certainly none better than those who have sought its solace after the bivouac breakfast that succeeds a bivouac bed, in December.

We now began to take note through the misty veil of the wreck of men and horses cumbering the ground about us, and a slight lifting of the gray

fog showed us the story of yesterday's repeated assaults and repeated failures. When our pipes were exhausted we got up to inspect and criticize the situation. Just here was the wreck of a fence, which seemed to have been the high-tide mark of our advance-wave of battle. The fence was a barrier which, slight as it was, had turned back the already wavering and mutilated lines of assault. Almost an army lay about us and scattered back over the plain toward the town. Not only corpses, but many of the badly wounded, hardly distinguishable from the dead, were here too. To die, groveling on the ground or fallen in the mire, is dreadful indeed. The pallid faces, and the clammy hands clenching their muskets, looked ghastly by the fog-light. The new, bright blue overcoats only made the sight the ghastlier.

About eighty yards in front the plowed field was bounded by a stone wall, and behind the wall were men in gray uniforms moving carelessly about. This picture is one of my most distinct memories of the war—the men in gray behind this wall, talking, laughing, cooking, cleaning muskets,

clicking locks—there they were!—Lee's soldiers!—the Army of Northern Virginia! We were so absurdly near this host of yesterday's victors that we seemed wholly in their hands and a part of their great mass; cut off and remote from the Federal army, and almost within the lines of the enemy—prisoners, of course. That was the immediate impression, as we stupidly gazed in the first moment of the awkward discovery.

But the sharp whistle of a bullet sounded in our ears, and a rebel's face peered through the puff of smoke, as he removed the rifle from his shoulder; then rapidly half a dozen more bullets whistled by us, and the warning sent us all to earth. . . .

The enemy riddled every moving thing in sight; horses tied to the wheels of a broken gun-carriage behind us; pigs that incautiously came grunting from across the road; even chickens were brought down with an accuracy of aim that told of a fatally short range, and of a better practice than it would have been wise for our numbers to face. They applauded their own success with a hilarity we could hardly share in, as their chicken-shooting was across our backs, leaving us no extra room for turning. But this was mere wantonness of slaughter, not indulged in when the higher game in blue uniform was in sight. The men who had left our

ranks for water, or from any cause, before we were pinned to the earth, came back at great peril. Indeed, I believe not one of them reached our line again unhurt. Some were killed outright; others were mortally wounded, and died within a few steps of us; and several who tried to drag themselves away flat upon their faces were put out of their misery. This, too, showed us plainly what we might expect, and fixed our bounds to such segments of the fields as were hidden from the enemy. This was not alike throughout the line. At one point the exposure was absolute, and stillness as absolute was the only safety. A slight barrier was afterward formed at this point by a disposal of the dead bodies in front, so that the dead actually sheltered the living.

After two or three hours of this experience we became somewhat accustomed to the situation,—for man becomes accustomed to almost anything that savors of routine,—and learned with considerable exactness the limit inside which we might move with safety, and the limit also of endurable constraint. It was somewhat curious to see how strong the tobacco hunger was with many—perhaps with most. Men would jump to their feet and run the length of a regiment to borrow tobacco, and in so doing run the gauntlet of a hundred shots. This was so rarely accomplished in entire safety that it won the applause of our line and hearty congratulations to any one fortunate enough to save his life and sweeten it with the savory morsel.

All this would have been ludicrous but for the actual suffering inflicted upon so many. Men were mortally hit, and there was no chance to bind up their wounds; they were almost as far beyond our help as if they had been miles away. A little was accomplished for their relief by passing canteens from hand to hand, keeping them close to the ground out of sight, and some of the wounded were where a little manipulation could be done in safety. It was sad to hear the cries fade away to low moans, and then to silence, without a chance to help. The laugh over a successful chase for tobacco would die away only to change into a murmur of indignation at the next cruel slaughter. A young officer, boyish and ruddy, fresh from a



THE STONE WALL UNDER MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

From a photograph taken immediately after Sedgwick carried the position by assault, at the second attack, May 3, 1863.

visit home, with brighter sword and shoulder-straps than most of us, raised his head to look at the enemy, and a bullet at once pierced his brain. Without a word or groan his head sank again, his rosy cheek grew livid, and his blood crimsoned his folded hands. Next a leg or arm was shattered as it became exposed in shifting from the wearisomeness of our position. Presently a system of reporting the casualties became established; the names of the injured were passed from mouth to mouth—"Captain M—, 17th, just killed"; "Private —, Co. C, 11th —, knocked over." Those who were fortunate enough to have paper and pencil, and elbow-room enough to get them from pocket-depths, kept a list of the names of the killed and wounded; the occupation this gave proved a blessing, for the hours were very long and weary. I suppose *ennui* is hardly the word where nerves are on the rack, and danger pinions one to a single spot of earth; yet something like *ennui* came over us. . . . I was called back to the dull wet earth and the crouching line at Fredericksburg by a request from Sergeant Read, who "guessed he could hit that cuss with a spy-glass"—pointing, as he spoke, to the batteries that threatened our right flank. Then I saw that there was commotion at that part of the Confederate works, and an officer on the parapet, with a glass was taking note of us. Had they discovered us at

last, after letting us lie here till high noon, and were we now to receive the plunging fire we had looked for all the morning? Desirable in itself as it might be to have "that cuss with a spy-glass" removed, it seemed wiser to repress Read's ambition. The shooting of an officer would dispel any doubts they might have of our presence, and we needed the benefit of all their doubts. Happily, they seemed to think us not worth their powder and iron.

Were we really destined to see the friendly shades of night come on and bring us release from our imprisonment? For the first time we began to feel it probable when the groups left the guns without a shot. I grew easy enough in mind to find that sleep was possible, and I was glad to welcome it as a surer refuge from the surroundings than the scrap of newspaper. It was a little discouraging to see a sleeping officer near me awakened by a bullet, but as his only misfortune, besides a disturbed nap, seemed to be a torn cap and scratched face, he soon wooed back the startled goddess. I had enjoyed sleep for its quiet and rest, but never before for mere oblivion.

When I returned to consciousness I found the situation unchanged, except that the list of casualties had been swelled by the constant rifle-practice, which was still as pitiless and as continuous as before. . . .

Slowly the sun declined. He had been our friend all day, shining through the December air with an autumn glow that almost warmed the chill earth; but at his last half-hour he seemed to hang motionless in the western sky. His going down would set us free; free from the fire that was galling and decimating us; free from the fear of guns on the right, and advance from the front; free from numbness, and constraint, and irksomeness, and free from the cold, wet earth. Also it would bring us messengers from the town to call us back from the exposed position and the field of dead bodies. But he lingered and stood upon the order of his going, until it seemed as if a Joshua of the Confederates had caused him to stand still.

When at last the great disk stood, large and red, upon the horizon, every face was turned toward it, forgetting constraint, thirst, tobacco, and rebel fire,

in the eagerness to see the end of a day that had brought us a new experience of a soldier's life, and had combined the dangers of a battle-field and the discomfort of a winter's bivouac with many new horrors of its own.

At last the lingering sun went down. December twilights are short; the Federal line sprang to its feet with almost a shout of relief. The rebel fire grew brisker as they saw such a swarm of blue coats rising from the ground, but it was too late to see the foresights on the rifles, and shots unaimed were not so terrible as the hated ground. So we contemptuously emptied our rifles at them, and before the smoke rolled away the coming darkness had blotted out the wall and the hostile line.

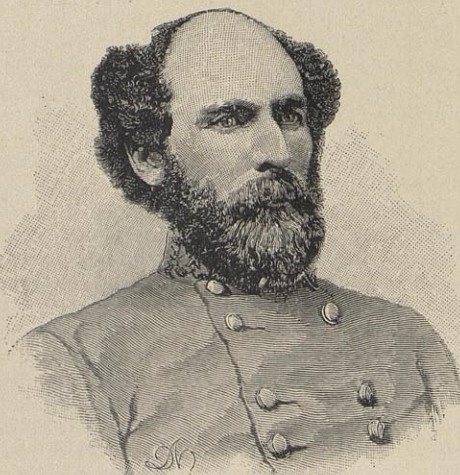
With our line rose also a few men from the ghastly pile of yesterday's dead, who hobbled up on muskets used as crutches. These poor fellows had bound up their own wounds, and the coffee we had given them had cheered them into life and hope. Their cheerfulness grew into hilarity and merriment as they found themselves clear, at last, from the dead, and facing toward home, with a hope not by any means so impossible of realization as it had seemed not long before. Poor fellows! their joy was more touching than their sufferings—which, indeed, they seemed to have forgotten.

In our own brigade we found we had lost nearly



MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW, C. S. A.

150, out of a present-for-duty strength of about 1,000 men. This would have been a fair average loss in any ordinary battle, but we had suffered it as we lay on the ground inactive, without the excitement and dash of battle and without the chance to reply: a strain upon nerves and physical endurance which we afterward remembered as severer than many more fatal fields. In the midst of our buzz of relief and mutual congratulation, the expected summons came for us to fall back to the town. Once more we formed an upright line of battle, then faced by the rear rank and marched in retreat, with muffled canteens and many halts and facings about toward a possible pursuit. Reaching a slight bank, we descended to the meadow through which the Fredericksburg raceway was dug, and here we changed to a flank march and filed into the highway. The highway soon became a street, and we were once more in Fredericksburg. . . .



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT RANSOM,
C. S. A.



HAYS'S BRIGADE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S CORPS, AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING.

JACKSON AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING.

BY J. H. MOORE, C. S. A.

THE morning of the 13th [of December] dawned with a dense fog enveloping the plain and city of Fredericksburg, through which the brilliant rays of the sun struggled about 10 in the morning. In front of the right of the Confederate army was displayed the vast force of Franklin, marching and countermarching, hastily seeking the places assigned for the coming conflict. Here was a vast plain, now peopled with an army worthy of its grand dimensions. A slight but dazzling snow beneath, and a brilliant sun above, intensified the leaping reflections from thousands of gleaming bayonets. Officers, on restless horses, rushed from point to point in gay uniforms. Field-artillery was whisked into position as so many fragile toys. Rank and file, foot and horse, small-arms and field-ordnance presented so magnificent a pageant as to call forth the unbounded admiration of their adversaries. In a word, this was the grandest martial scene of the war. The contrast between Stonewall Jackson's corps and Franklin's grand division was very marked, and so far as appearances went the former was hardly better than a caricature of the latter.

When all was in readiness, adjutants stepped to the front, and, plainly in our view, read the orders of the day. This done, the fatal advance across the plain commenced. With gay pennants, State, regimental, and brigade pennants flying, this magnificent army advanced in three closely compacted lines of battle. At intervals, in front, preceded by horse artillery, and flanked on either side by numerous field-pieces, hundreds of heavy field-pieces from the north bank of the Rappahannock belched forth their missiles of destruction and

swept the plain in advance of Franklin's columns, while at the same moment his smaller field-pieces in front and on the flanks joined in to sweep the open space on all sides. This mighty cannonading was answered by the Confederate ordnance. Onward, steady and unwavering, these three lines advanced, preceded by a heavy skirmish-line, till they neared the railroad, when Jackson's right and right center poured into these sturdy ranks a deadly volley from small-arms. Spaces, gaps, and wide chasms instantly told the tale of a most fatal encounter. Volley after volley of small-arms continued the work of destruction, while Jackson's artillery posted on the Federal left and at right angles to their line of advance kept up a withering fire on the lessening ranks. The enemy advanced far in front of the River road [and crossing the railroad charged the slopes upon which our troops were posted], but at length wavered, halted, and suddenly retreated to the protection of the railroad embankments. The struggle was kept up by sharpshooters for some time, when another general advance was made against a furious cannonade of small-arms and artillery. Again the scene of destruction was repeated; still the Federals crossed the railroad, when a gap in Jackson's line between Archer's and Thomas's brigades was discovered by some of the assailants. This interval was rushed for by a part of Franklin's troops as a haven of safety, while the rest of his command were repulsed in the utmost confusion.

The extreme left of Archer's brigade, and the extreme right of Thomas's brigade, that is, the 14th Tennessee and 19th Georgia, commanded by Colonel Forbes, and a part of the 7th Tennessee, commanded by Colonel Goodner, of the former brigade, believing they were about to be surrounded, gave way. Their comrades on the right, unaware

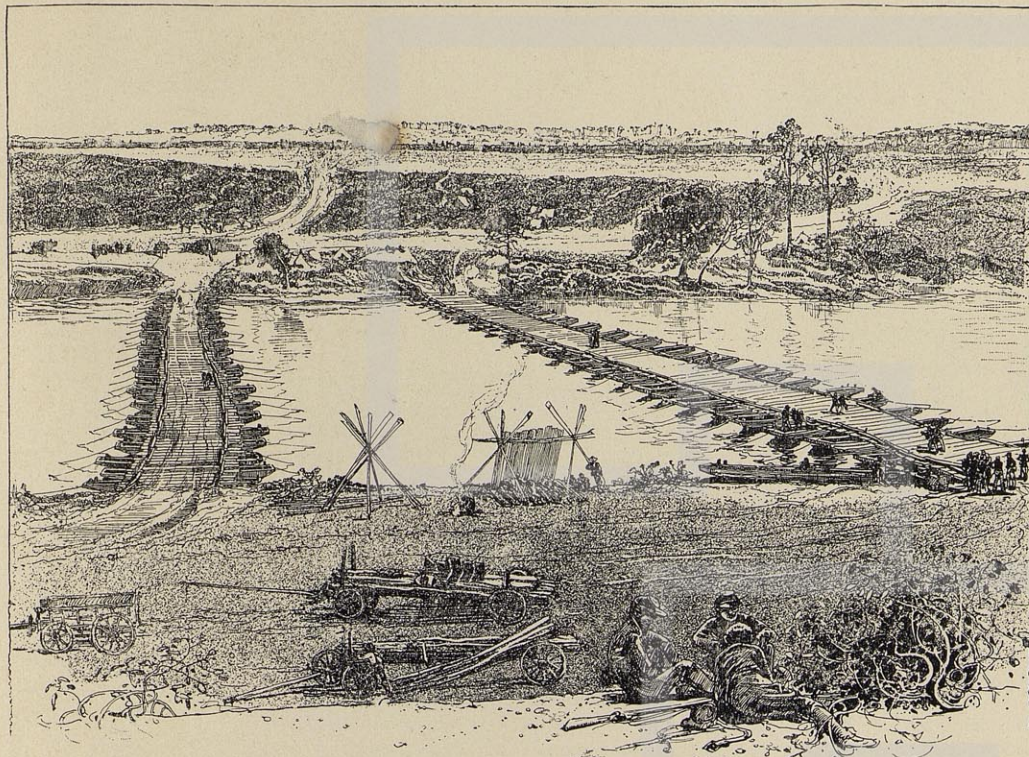


BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS R. R. COBB, C. S. A.
Killed at Fredericksburg.

of the condition of affairs on the left, and seeing the enemy routed in their front, were amazed at this confusion. Officers and men on the right were enraged at what seemed to be cowardice, and, rushing toward the broken lines, officers leveled their pistols and, with many privates, fired into these fleeing comrades.

Presently the true condition of affairs appeared when the victorious brigades of Franklin emerged from the woods. Line and field officers rushed to and fro, wildly shouting, "Into line, into line!" and, even in the face of a flanking foe, the gallant Colonel Turney, who temporarily commanded Archer's brigade, succeeded in re-forming his regiments at right angles to the former line of attack. This gave a brief check to the victors. Still the infantry and artillery fire scourged the line. The rout or capture of the Confederates seemed inevitable. Turney was struck by a Minié ball, which entered his mouth and came out at his neck, and his apparently lifeless body was hurriedly placed on a blanket, and four of his devoted followers attempted to carry him to the rear. They had not proceeded far when a shell burst among them, and they in turn lay helpless by the side of their bleeding commander. Colonel Goodner also did gallant service in preventing a rout, for, with the part of the 7th that still held its ground, he formed a line at right angles to their former position, and aided in checking this dangerous reverse.

Up to the time of the break in our line no one in the ranks apprehended any danger. Those in front and near this scene of defeat and confusion made desperate efforts to rally the men and prevent a stampede, for we looked for nothing but defeat or capture. We were unaware of the fact that we had any reserves. Presently Early's division, in the very mood and spirit that had characterized Archer's brigade before the breaking of the lines, came at double-quick to our relief, jesting and yelling at us: "Here comes old Jubal! Let old Jubal



THE PONTOON-BRIDGES AT FRANKLIN'S CROSSING.

The hills occupied by Stonewall Jackson's command are seen in the distance.

straighten that fence! Jubal's boys are always getting Hill out o' trouble!"

A desperate encounter followed. The Federals fought manfully, but the artillery on our right, together with the small-arms, literally mowed them down. Officers and men lost courage at the sight of their lessening ranks, and in the utmost confusion they again sought the shelter of the railroad. Archer's brigade, of Jackson's corps, was on the extreme right of A. P. Hill's front line, composed of the following regiments, posted in the order named: 19th Georgia, 14th Tennessee, 7th Tennessee, 1st Tennessee, and extended from the interval or space left unoccupied by Gregg's brigade to the railroad curve near Hamilton's Crossing. We occupied ground slightly higher than the level of the plain over which the Federals had to pass. In our immediate rear and left was an irregular growth of timber of varied size, which obstructed the view in the direction of the Gregg interval.

As the battle opened in the morning, the enemy was plainly in our view, and we could distinctly see their approach to the railroad in our front and to the left, where in every attempt to advance they halted. Now and then they would make an effort to advance from the railroad to our lines. We who were on the right had no trouble to repulse those in our front, and, in fact, we successfully met every assault made on the right, and that, too, with little or no loss. We regarded the efforts of the Federals, so far as the right was concerned, as futile in the extreme. In fact, their assaults on this part of the line appeared like the marching of men to certain defeat and slaughter. Our infantry fire aided

by fifteen pieces of artillery placed at our right, did terrible execution as the poor fellows emerged from a slight railroad cut in front of a part of our line. [See the narrative by General Reynolds following.]

On the morning of the 13th General Jackson rode down his lines dressed in a new suit, presented to him, as we understood, by General Stuart. Some of our men facetiously remarked that they preferred seeing him with his rusty old cap on, as they feared he would n't get down to work. He inspected all of his positions, riding alone. After halting near the extreme right, the artillery fire was begun, and here I had an excellent opportunity to see him under fire. I watched him closely and was unable to detect the slightest change in his demeanor. In a few minutes he rode off in the direction of Lee's headquarters.

A very general impression prevails, and it is in a great measure confirmed by writers on Fredericksburg, that Jackson's lines were strongly fortified. This is not correct: we had no time to construct anything like fortifications. D. H. Hill's division had been at Port Royal, eighteen miles below Fredericksburg, to prevent the Federals from crossing at that point; he left Port Royal after the enemy had abandoned the project of crossing there, and did not reach the position assigned him until about daylight of the morning of the battle.

The next morning the scenes of carnage were heart-sickening. To intensify the horrible picture, the dead and the mortally wounded were in many instances burned in the sedge-grass, which was set on fire by bursting shells.

GENERAL REYNOLDS'S ACCOUNT OF THE ENGAGEMENT AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING.

The report of General John F. Reynolds, commanding the First Corps, contains the following account of the engagement of his troops at Hamilton's Crossing: "About 8:30 A. M. Meade's division advanced across the Smithfield ravine, formed in column of two brigades, with the artillery between them, the Third Brigade marching by the flank on the left and rear. It moved down the river some 500 or 600 yards, when it turned sharp to the right and crossed the Bowling Green road. The enemy's artillery opened fire from the crest and the angle of the Bowling Green road. I directed General Meade to put his column directly for the nearest point of wood, and, having gained the crest, to extend his attack along it to the extreme point of the heights, where most of the enemy's artillery was posted. As the column crossed the Bowling Green road the artillery of his division was ordered into position on the rise of the ground between this road and the railroad; Cooper's and Ransom's batteries, to the front, soon joined by Amsden's to oppose those of the enemy on the crest, while Simpson's had to be thrown to the left, to oppose that on the Bowling Green road, which was taking the column in flank. Hall's battery was at the same time thrown to the front, on the left of Gibbon's division, which was advancing in line on Meade's right. The artillery combat here raged furiously for some time, until that of the enemy was silenced, when all of our batteries were directed to shell the wood, where his infantry was supposed to be posted. This was continued some half-hour, when the column of Meade, advancing in fine order and with gallant determination, was directed into the point of wood which extended this side of the railroad, with instructions, when they carried the crest and road which ran along it in their front, to move the First Brigade along the road, the Second Brigade to advance and hold the road, while the Third moved across the open field, to support the First in carrying the extreme point of the ridge. At this time I sent orders to General Gibbon to advance, in connection with General Meade, and carry the wood in his front. The advance was made under the fire of the enemy's batteries on his right and front, to which Gibbon's batteries replied, while those of Smith joined in on the right.

"Meade's division successfully carried the wood in front, crossed the railroad, charged up the slope of the hill, and gained the road and edge of the wood, driving the enemy from his strong positions in the ditches and railroad cut, capturing the flags of two regiments and sending about 200 prisoners to the rear. At the same time Gibbon's division had crossed the railroad and entered the wood, driving back the first line of the enemy and capturing a number of prisoners; but, from the dense character of the wood, the connection between his division and Meade's was broken. The infantry combat was here kept up with

great spirit for a short time, when Meade's column was vigorously assailed by the enemy's masked force, and, after a severe contest, forced back. Two regiments of Berry's brigade, Birney's division, arrived about this time, and were immediately thrown into the wood on Gibbon's left, to the support of the line: but they, too, were soon overpowered, and the whole line retired from the wood, Meade's in some confusion, and, after an ineffectual effort by General Meade and myself to rally them under the enemy's fire, that of the artillery having resumed almost its original intensity, I directed General Meade to re-form his division across the Bowling Green road, and ordered the remainder of Berry's brigade, which had come up, to the support of the batteries.

"The enemy, showing himself in strong force in the wood, seemed disposed to follow our retiring troops, but the arrival of the other brigades of Birney's division on the ground at this critical moment, to occupy our line of battle materially aided in saving Hall's battery, which was now seriously threatened by the enemy, and, together with our artillery fire, soon drove him to his sheltered positions and cover, from which his infantry did not again appear.

"General Gibbon's division was assailed in turn in the same manner, and compelled to retire from the wood soon after Meade's."

General Conrad Feger Jackson, commanding the Third Brigade of Meade's division, was killed within the enemy's lines. General Jackson was a native of Pennsylvania, and was appointed colonel of the 9th Pennsylvania Reserves in 1861. He commanded a brigade in Porter's Corps (fifth) in the Peninsula.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, U. S. V.

Commanding the left grand division at Fredericksburg. (From a photograph taken about 1864.)

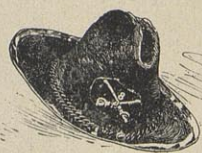


THE RIGHT WING OF HOOKER'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT KELLY'S FORD.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE UNION SIDE.

BY ALFRED PLEASANTON, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.
Commander of the Cavalry on the Field at Chancellorsville.



UNION CAVALRY-MAN'S HAT.

IN the latter part of April, 1863, General Hooker decided to undertake an offensive campaign with the Army of the Potomac against the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee. At this time the two armies faced each other: Lee's, numbering about 60,000 men, being at Fredericksburg, and the Army of the Potomac, numbering about 130,000 men, at Falmouth, on the north side of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. Hooker directed three corps of the army, the First, the Third, and the Sixth, comprising 59,000 men, under the command of General Sedgwick, to cross the Rappahannock River below Fredericksburg and hold Lee's army in that position, while he himself moved secretly and with celerity three corps, the Fifth, the Eleventh, and the Twelfth, numbering 42,000 men, up the river, crossing it and concentrating them at Chancellorsville, ten miles west of Fredericksburg, with the purpose of moving down upon General Lee's army to take it in rear and flank—two divisions of the Second Corps being placed to cover Banks's Ford, the third division being left at Falmouth, while a brigade and battery were stationed at United States Ford to facilitate the crossing. The Cavalry Corps, with the exception of one small brigade of three regiments and a battery of horse artillery, which was left under my command with the army, was ordered

under the command of General Stoneman to make a raid in rear of Lee's army, and destroy his railroads and his communications with Richmond. . . .

The right wing of the army crossed Kelly's Ford on the morning of the 29th, and the Eleventh and Twelfth corps reached Germanna Ford that evening. I had the advance of this column with two regiments of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; the third regiment of the cavalry brigade I sent with the Fifth Corps to Ely's Ford. In the afternoon, at Germanna Ford, I surprised and captured a picket of some fifty of Stuart's cavalry soldiers. With them was an engineer officer belonging to Stuart's staff. On searching the party, as is done with all prisoners, I found on this engineer officer a very bulky volume, which proved to be a diary that he had been keeping throughout the war. I spent the greater part of the night in reading it, in hopes of finding something that would be of advantage to us; nor was I disappointed. This diary stated that in the first week in March a council of war had been held at General Stuart's headquarters, which had been attended by Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Stuart. They were in conference over five hours, and came to the decision that the next battle would be at or near Chancellorsville, and that that position must be prepared. The next day, the 30th of April, I moved on toward Chancellorsville, and at 1 o'clock in the day I captured a courier or orderly from General Lee, who had a despatch from Lee, dated at Fredericksburg, noon of that day, and addressed to Major-General McLaws, stating that he had just been informed that the enemy



HOOKER'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2.

had concentrated in force near Chancellorsville, inquiring why he had not been kept advised, and saying that he wished to see McLaws as soon as possible at headquarters. At 2 o'clock P. M., one hour later, I reported to General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and submitted to him the diary and General Lee's despatch, both of which he retained, and I suggested that we had evidently surprised General Lee by our rapid movements across the river, and, as Lee had prepared for a battle at Chancellorsville, we had better anticipate him by moving on toward Fredericksburg. A march of three or four miles would take us out of the woods into a more open country, where we could form our line of battle, and where our artillery could be used to advantage; we would then be prepared to move on Fredericksburg in the morning. Besides, such a movement would enable us to uncover Banks's Ford, which would shorten our communication with General Sedgwick over 5 miles, and bring us within 3½ miles of Falmouth by that Ford. . . .

[General Pleasanton's cavalry on the evening of the 30th developed the presence of Stuart's Confederates on the right rear of Hooker's army, masking Stonewall Jackson's movements. The narrative proceeds with the events in the Union lines after that information reached General Hooker.]

To move the army down on Fredericksburg with an unknown force on its rear and flank was a hazardous experiment. What could have been done with safety the day before now became doubtful, and it was this uncertainty that paralyzed the vigor and action of General Hooker throughout the 1st of May. Although he started the Second, Fifth, Twelfth, and Third corps in the direction of Tabernacle Church on the way to Fredericksburg, the movement was not of such a character as to bring success. Upon meeting a stubborn resistance from General Jackson's forces, and fearing that if he

should become deeply engaged a force from Pennsylvania would take him in the rear and flank, he withdrew the army and placed it in position at Chancellorsville.

From that time the whole situation was changed. Without striking a blow, the army was placed on the defensive. The golden moment had been lost, and it never appeared again to the same extent afterward—an illustration that soldiers' legs have as much to do with winning victories as their arms.

General Lee knew that General Hooker had taken his army back to its position at Chancellorsville. The Third Corps had already been taken from General Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, and at 2 o'clock on the morning of May 2d the First Corps was also ordered up to Chancellorsville, leaving Sedgwick with the Sixth Corps. These movements did not escape the attention of General Lee, so he decided to assume the offensive and put in operation the plan which had been suggested by Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Stuart, at their council of war in the first week in March. He left a sufficient force at Fredericksburg to watch Sedgwick, while with the bulk of his army he moved on Chancellorsville, sending a force under Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, and Stuart, to make a turning movement and to attack the Union forces in the rear and right flank, and roll them up. Lee himself, in the mean time, with the remainder of his forces, occupied the attention of the left and center of Hooker's army, to prevent any interference with the flank movement. General Lee's strategy was the same that Hooker had carried out so successfully until he stopped at Chancellorsville. Lee was equally successful in his movements, and we will now investigate the causes of his failure to give the Army of the Potomac a crushing blow.

On the 2d day of May the right of the Army of the Potomac was the Eleventh Corps, in the woods



THE 29TH PENNSYLVANIA (OF KANE'S BRIGADE, GEARY'S DIVISION, TWELFTH CORPS) IN THE TRENCHES UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE, MAY 3.

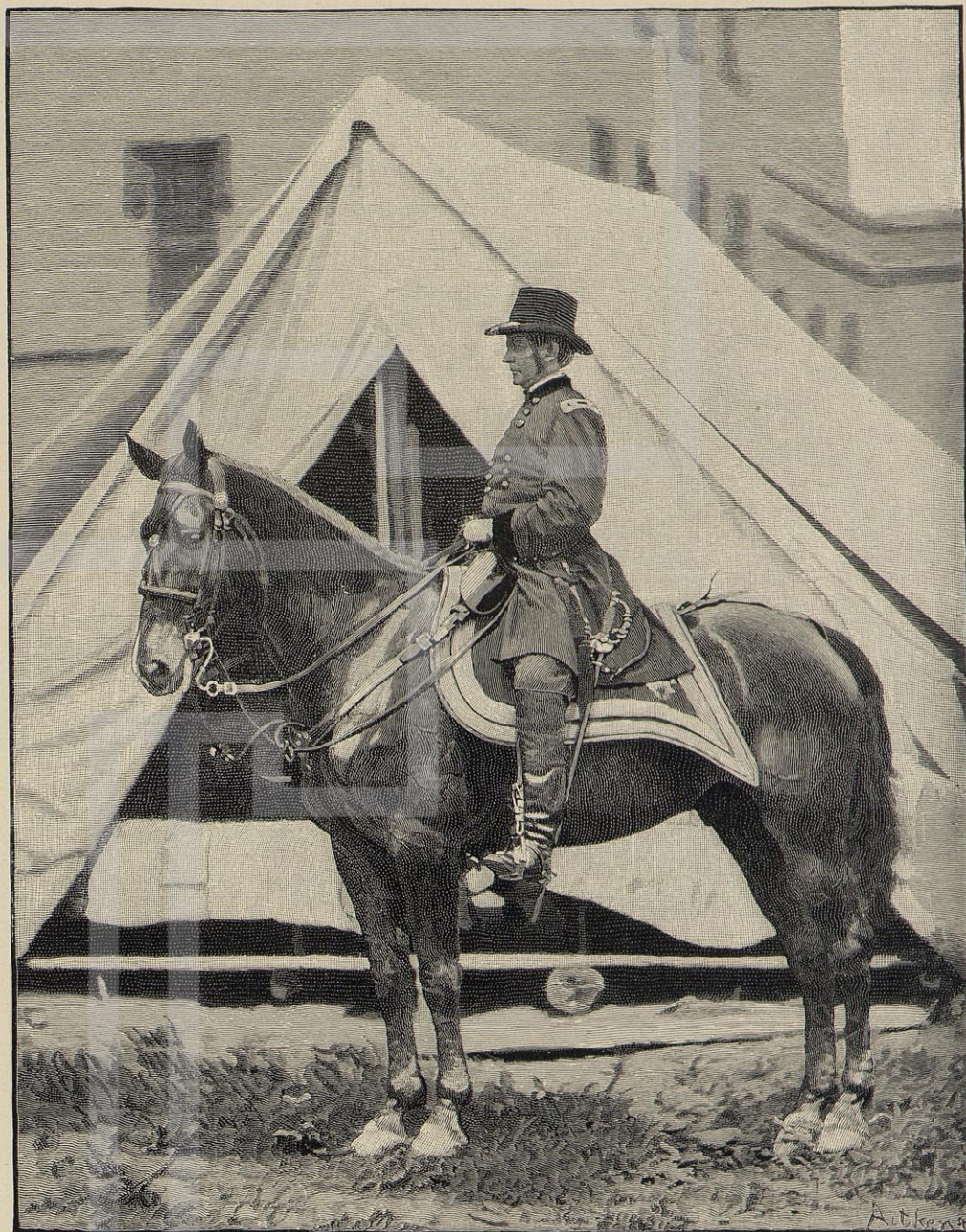
near Dowdall's Tavern (Melzi Chancellor's); the Third Corps connected it with the Twelfth Corps at Fairview and Chancellorsville, facing south toward the woods; while the Second and the Fifth corps were posted to prevent any attack taking the position in the rear and flank from the east. Throughout the morning of the 2d of May, attacks were made on different portions of our line from the east to the west. These attacks occurred at intervals of an hour or more, but always farther to the west. I was satisfied this was done to withdraw our attention from the real point of attack, and I mentioned this to Hooker, who had become more and more impressed with the belief that the information contained in the diary of Stuart's engineer officer was correct, and that Lee had adopted a plan to carry it out.

In the afternoon of May 2d General Sickles, commanding the Third Corps, sent in word that the enemy were retreating toward Gordonsville, and that their wagons and artillery could be seen passing by the Furnace road some three miles to the south. General Hooker sent for me on receiving this report, and stated that he was not sure the enemy were retreating; that he wanted an officer of experience in that part of the field, and that he wished me to take my command there and keep him promptly informed of everything that was going on. I asked him if he considered me to be under the orders of any one. He replied quickly, "You are under my orders only; use your best judgment in doing whatever you think ought to be done."

On arriving at Hazel Grove, about one mile from Chancellorsville, I found that General Sickles was moving two of the divisions of the Third Corps in the direction of Catherine Furnace, and shortly after he became engaged there with a strong rear-

guard. Hazel Grove was the highest ground in the neighborhood and was the key of our position, and I saw that if Lee's forces gained it the Army of the Potomac would be worsted.

General Sickles wanted some cavalry to protect his flanks, and I gave him the 6th New York. This left me with only the 8th and 17th Pennsylvania regiments and Martin's New York battery of horse artillery. I posted this command at the extreme west of the clearing, about two hundred yards from the woods in which the Eleventh Corps was encamped. This position at Hazel Grove was about a quarter of a mile in extent, running nearly northeast and southwest, but was in no place farther than two hundred yards from the woods, and on the south and east it sloped off into a marsh and a creek. It commanded the position of the army at Fairview and Chancellorsville and enfiladed our line. The moving out to the Furnace of the two divisions of the Third Corps left a gap of about a mile from Hazel Grove to the right of the Twelfth Corps. Shortly after General Sickles had been engaged at the Furnace, he sent me word that the enemy were giving way and cavalry could be used to advantage in pursuit. Before moving my command I rode out to the Furnace to comprehend the situation. It was no place for cavalry to operate, and as I could hear spattering shots going more and more toward the northwest, I was satisfied that the enemy were not retreating. I hastened back to my command at Hazel Grove; when I reached it, the Eleventh Corps to our rear and our right was in full flight, panic-stricken beyond description. We faced about, having then the marsh behind us. It was an ugly marsh, about fifty yards wide, and in the stampede of the Eleventh Corps, beef cattle, ambulances, mules, artillery, wagons, and horses



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

G. G. Meade

became stuck in the mud, and others coming on crushed them down, so that when the fight was over the pile of debris in the marsh was many feet high. I saw that something had to be done, and that very quickly, or the Army of the Potomac would receive a crushing defeat. The two cavalry regiments were in the saddle, and as I rode forward Major Keenan of the 8th Pennsylvania came out to meet me, when I ordered him to take the regiment,

charge into the woods, which, as we had previously stood, were to our rear, and hold the enemy in check until I could get some guns into position. He replied, with a smile at the size of the task, that he would do it, and started off immediately. Thirty men, including Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, and Adjutant Haddock, never came back. I then directed Captain Martin to bring his guns into battery, load with double charges of canister,

and aim them so that the shot would hit the ground half-way between the guns and the woods. I also stated that I would give the order to fire. Just then a handsome young lieutenant of the 4th U. S. Artillery, Frank B. Crosby (son of a distinguished lawyer of New York City), who was killed the next day, galloped up and said, "General, I have a battery of six guns; where shall I go? what shall I do?" I told him to place his battery in line on the right of Martin's battery, and gave him the same instructions I had given Martin as to how I wanted him to serve his guns. These 2 batteries gave me 12 guns, and to obtain more I then charged 3 squadrons of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry on the stragglers of the Eleventh Corps to clear the ground, and with the assistance of the rest of the regiment succeeded in placing 10 more pieces of artillery in line. The line was then ready for Stonewall Jackson's onset. It was dusk when his men swarmed out of the woods for a quarter of a mile in our front (our rear ten minutes before). They came on in line five

and six deep, with but one flag—a Union flag—dropped by the Eleventh Corps.

I suspected deception and was ready for it. They called out not to shoot, they were friends; at the same time they gave us a volley from at least five thousand muskets. As soon as I saw the flash I gave the command to fire, and the whole line of artillery was discharged at once. It fairly swept them from the earth; before they could recover themselves the line of artillery had been loaded and was ready for a second attack. After the second discharge, suspecting that they might play the trick of having their men lie down, draw the fire of the artillery, then jump up and charge before the pieces could be reloaded, I poured in the canister for about twenty minutes, and the affair was over.

When the Eleventh Corps was routed, the situation was this: The nearest infantry to me was the right of the Twelfth Corps, over a mile off, and engaged by the forces under General Lee, who was trying to prevent them from impeding the movements of General Jackson. The two divisions of the Third Corps were nearly a mile to the west, at the Furnace. Had Jackson captured the position at Hazel Grove, these two divisions would have been cut off from the army. He would have seen



REPULSE OF JACKSON'S MEN AT HAZEL GROVE, BY ARTILLERY UNDER GENERAL PLEASANTON.

General Hooker and his staff getting what troops he could to prevent the routed Eleventh Corps from demoralizing the rest of the army, and the fatal position which that portion of the army occupied rendered it an easy task to have crushed it. Neither the Second Corps nor the Twelfth Corps was in position to have defended itself against an attack by Jackson from Hazel Grove.

For half an hour General Jackson had the Army of the Potomac at his mercy. That he halted to re-form his troops in the woods, instead of forging ahead into the clearing, where he could re-form his troops more rapidly, and where he could have seen that he was master of the situation, turned out to be one of those fatalities by which the most brilliant prospects are sacrificed. When he advanced upon the artillery at Hazel Grove Jackson had another opportunity to win, if his infantry had been properly handled. The fire of his infantry was so high it did no harm; they should have been ordered to fire so low as to disable the cannoneers at the guns. Had his infantry fire been as effective as that of our artillery, Jackson would have carried the position. The artillery fire was effective because I applied to it that principle of dynamics in which the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection,—that

is to say, if the muzzle of a gun is three feet from the ground and it is discharged so that the shot will strike the ground at a distance of one hundred yards, it will glance from the earth at the same angle at which it struck it, and in another one hundred yards will be three feet from the ground. I knew my first volley must be a crushing one, or Jackson, with his superior numbers, would charge across the short distance which separated us and capture the artillery before the guns could be reloaded.

After the fight at Hazel Grove I sent into the woods and captured a number of Jackson's men. I asked them to what command they belonged. One of them said to General A. P. Hill's corps, and added, "That was a pretty trick you played us this evening." I asked to what he referred. He replied, "By withdrawing your infantry, and catching us on your guns,"—thus showing that the flight of the Eleventh Corps was looked upon as a ruse. To my question, if they had suffered much, he said that they had been badly cut up; that General Jackson had been badly wounded; also General A. P. Hill, and their chief of artillery. I asked how he knew General Jackson had been wounded. He stated that he saw him when he was carried off the field

in a litter. This information I immediately reported to General Hooker, when he directed me to withdraw my command from that position and go into camp on the north side of the Rappahannock River. It was 4 A. M. of the 3d of May when I moved from Hazel Grove. Sickles, with the two divisions of the Third Corps, reached Hazel Grove from the Furnace between half-past nine and ten on the night of the 2d of May. Some of his troops had fighting in the woods before I left, but I am unable to say what was its character.

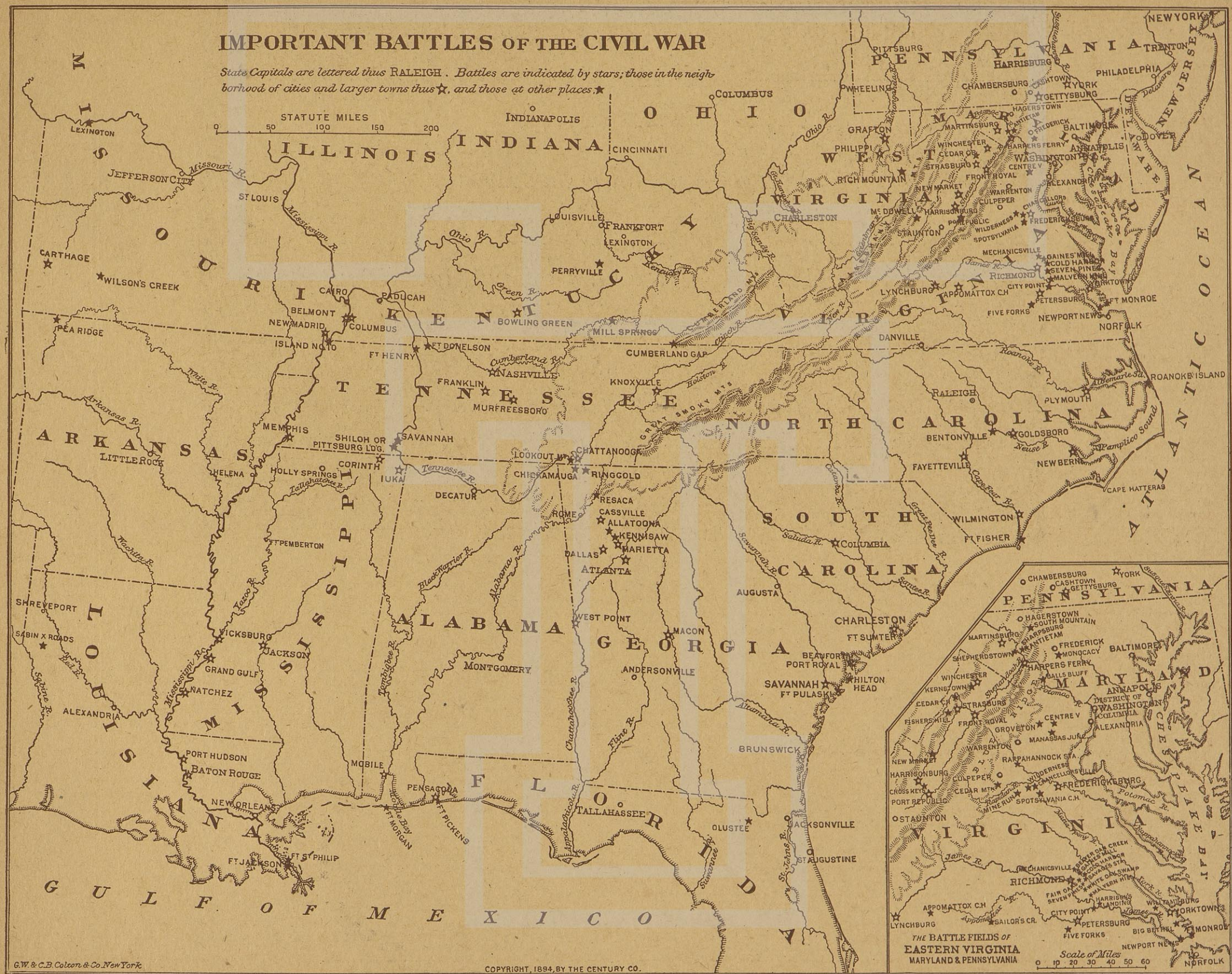
On the morning of the 3d of May (Sunday) General Stuart was in command of Jackson's forces, Jackson and A. P. Hill having been wounded, as reported by the prisoner taken the night before. Stuart prepared, with his usual impetuosity, to renew the attack early that morning, and by one of those unfortunate occurrences so prevalent during the war, he caught the Third Corps in motion to take up a new position, connecting with the Twelfth Corps at Fairview, and facing to the west. This

withdrawal enabled Stuart to take the position at Hazel Grove from which Jackson had been repulsed the evening before. He saw its advantages at once, and, placing some thirty pieces of artillery there, he enfiladed the Twelfth Corps at Fairview and Chancellorsville, and punished the Third Corps severely. The Third Corps was fighting throughout the day under great disadvantages. To add to the embarrassments of the army, General Hooker that morning was disabled by a concussion, and the army was virtually without a head, the different corps commanders fighting their commands on the defensive. Such extraordinary conditions forced the Army of the Potomac to fall back from Chancellorsville and Fairview, and form a new line of battle to the north and some distance from Chancellorsville. This line presented a front to the enemy that could not be enfiladed or turned. Desultory fighting, especially with artillery, was kept up on the 4th of May; but Hooker's battle ended on the 3d, after the army had gained its new position.

It is useless to speculate what General Hooker would have done if he had not been disabled. Up to the evening of the 2d of May the enemy had suffered severely, while the Army of the Potomac had comparatively but few killed and wounded;

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II

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