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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION

PART XII

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UNION TROOPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT ELY'S FORD.

but the unfortunate circumstances that contracted the lines of our army enabled the enemy to inflict the severest punishment upon all the troops that were engaged. In fact, the greatest injury was inflicted on the 3d of May, while the army had no commander. Had the First Corps, which had not been engaged, and the Fifth Corps, still fresh, been thrown into the action in the afternoon of Sunday, the 3d of May, when Lee's troops were exhausted from the struggle, they would certainly have made Chancellorsville what it should have been,—a complete success. These two corps mustered from 25,000 to 30,000 men. There was no one to order them into the fight, and a second golden opportunity was lost. The army recrossed the Rappahannock River on the night of May 5th, and took up again the position at Falmouth which they had occupied before the campaign.

THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY OLIVER O. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.
Commander of the Eleventh Corps.

THE country around Chancellorsville for the most part is a wilderness, with but here and there an opening. If we consult the recent maps (no good ones existed before the battle), we notice that the two famous rivers, the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, join at a point due north of Chancellorsville; thence the Rappahannock runs easterly for two miles, till suddenly at the United States Ford it turns and flows south for a mile and a half, and then, turning again, completes a horse-shoe bend. Here, on the south shore, was General Hooker's battle-line on the morning of the 2d of May, 1863. Here his five army corps, those

of Meade, Slocum, Couch, Sickles, and Howard, were deployed. The face was toward the south, and the ranks mainly occupied a ridge nearly parallel with the Rapidan. . . .

Our opponents, under General Robert E. Lee, the evening before, were about two miles distant toward Fredericksburg, and thus between us and Sedgwick. Lee had immediately with him the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill, besides some cavalry under Stuart. He held, for his line of battle, a comparatively short front between the Rappahannock and the Catherine Furnace, not exceeding two miles and a half in extent. His right wing, not far from the river, was behind Mott's Run, which flows due east, and his left was deployed along the Catherine Furnace road.

Could Hooker, on the first day of May, have known Lee's exact location, he never could have had a better opportunity for taking the offensive. But he did not know, and after the few troops advancing toward Fredericksburg had met the approaching enemy he ordered all back to the "old position," the Chancellorsville line. . . .

On the preceding Thursday, the last of April, the three corps that constituted the right wing of the army, Meade's, Slocum's, and mine, had crossed from the north to the south side of the Rapidan, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon had reached the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where Slocum, who was the senior commander present, established his headquarters. I, approaching from Germanna Ford, halted my divisions at Dowdall's Tavern and encamped them there. Then I rode along the Plank road through the almost continuous forest to the Chancellorsville House. There I reported to Slocum. He said that the orders were for me to cover the right of the general line, posting my command near Dowdall's Tavern. He pointed to a place on



SECOND LINE OF UNION DEFENSE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE ROADS TO ELY'S AND UNITED STATES FORDS.

the map marked "Mill" near there, on a branch of Hunting Run, and said, "Establish your right there." General Slocum promised, with the Twelfth Corps, to occupy the space between his headquarters and Dowdall's clearing; but, finding the distance too great, one of his division commanders sent me word that I must cover the last three-quarters of a mile of the Plank road. This was done by a brigade of General Steinwehr, the commander of my left division, though with regret on our part, because it required all the corps reserves to fill up that gap.

The so-called Dowdall's Tavern was at that time the home of Melzi Chancellor. He had a large family, including several grown people. I placed my headquarters at his house. In front of me, facing south along a curving ridge, the right of Steinwehr's division was located. He had but two brigades, Barlow on the Plank road and Buschbeck on his right. With them Steinwehr covered a mile, leaving but two regiments for reserve. These he put some two hundred yards to his rear, near the little "Wilderness Church."

Next to Steinwehr, toward our right, came General Carl Schurz's division. First was Captain Dilger's battery. Dilger was one of those handsome, hearty, active young men that everybody liked to have near. His guns pointed to the southwest and west, along the Orange Plank road. Next was Krzyzanowski's brigade, about half on the front and half in reserve. Schurz's right brigade was that of Schimmelfennig, disposed in the same manner, a part deployed and the remainder kept a few hundred yards back for a reserve. Schurz's front line of infantry extended along the old turnpike and faced to the southwest. The right division of the corps was commanded by General Charles Dev-

ens, afterward attorney-general in the cabinet of President Hayes. Devens and I together had carefully reconnoitered both the Orange Plank road and the old turnpike for at least three miles toward the west. After this reconnoissance he established his division,—the Second Brigade, under McLean, next to Schurz's first, and then pushing out on the pike for half a mile he deployed the other, Gilsa's, at right angles facing west, connecting his two parts by a thin skirmish-line. Colonel Gilsa's brigade was afterward drawn back, still facing west at right angles to the line, so as to make a more solid connection, and so that, constituting, as it did, the main right flank, the reserves of the corps could be brought more promptly to its support, by extending its right to the north, should an enemy by any possible contingency get so far around. A section of Dieckmann's battery which looked to the west along the old pike was located at the angle.

The reserve batteries, twelve guns, were put upon a ridge abreast of the little church and pointed toward the northwest, with a view to sweep all approaches to the north of Gilsa, firing up a gradually ascending slope. This ridge, where I stood during the battle, was central, and, besides, enabled the artillerymen to enfilade either roadway, or meet an attack from south, west, or north. Here epaulments for the batteries were constructed, and cross-in-trenchments for the battery supports were dug, extending from the little church across all the open ground that stretched away from the tavern to the right of Devens's line.

To my great comfort, General Sickles's corps came up on Friday, May 1st, and took from our left Steinwehr's three-quarters of a mile of the Plank road. Thus he relieved from the front line Barlow's large brigade, giving me, besides the several



THE WILDERNESS CHURCH.

division reserves, General Barlow with 1500 men as a general reserve for the corps. These were massed near the cross-intrenchments, and held avowedly to support the batteries and protect General Devens's exposed right flank.

As to pickets, each division had a good line of them. My aide, Major Charles H. Howard, assisted in connecting them between divisions, and during the 2d of May that fearless and faithful staff-officer, Major E. Whittlesey, rode the entire circuit of their front to stimulate them to special activity. Those of Devens were "thrown out at a distance from a half-mile to a mile and stretching well around covering our right flank"; and the picket-posts in front on the pike were over two miles beyond the main line. . . .

Meanwhile the Confederate General Rodas had been reaching his place in the Wilderness. At 4 P. M. his men were in position; the line of battle of his own brigade touched the pike west of us with its right and stretched away to the north; beyond his brigade came Iverson's in the same line. On the right of the pike was Doles's brigade, and to his right Colquitt's. One hundred yards to the rear was Trimble's division (Colston commanding), with Ramseur on the right following Colquitt. After another interval followed the division of A. P. Hill. The advance Confederate division had more men in it than there were in the Eleventh Corps, now in position. Counting the ranks of this formidable column, beginning with the enveloping skirmish line, we find 7, besides the 3 ranks of file-closers. Many of them were brought into a solid mass by the entanglements of the forest, and gave our men the idea that battalions were formed in close columns doubled on the center. With as little noise as possible, a little after 5 P. M., the steady advance of the enemy began. Its first lively effects, like a cloud of dust driven before a coming shower, appeared in the startled rabbits, squirrels, quail, and other game flying wildly hither and thither in evident terror, and escaping, where possible, into adjacent clearings.



STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS ON THE PLANK ROAD.

The foremost men of Doles's brigade took about half an hour to strike our advance picket on the pike. This picket, of course, created no delay. Fifteen minutes later he reached our skirmishers, who seem to have resisted effectively for a few minutes, for it required a main line to dislodge them. Doles says, concerning the next check he received, "After a resistance of about ten minutes we drove him [Devens] from his position on the left and carried his battery of two guns, caissons, and horses." . . .

I sent out my chief-of-staff, Colonel Asmussen, who was the first officer to mount,—"The firing is in front of Devens; go and see if all is in order on the extreme right." He instantly turned and galloped away. I mounted and set off for a prominent place in rear of Schurz's line, so as to change front to the northwest of every brigade southeast of the point of attack, if the attack should extend beyond Devens's right flank; for it was divined at once that the enemy was now west of him. I could see numbers of our men—not the few stragglers that always fly like chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them—rushing into the opening, some with arms

and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Devens's reserves, and before General Schurz's waiting masses could deploy or charge. The noise and the smoke filled the air with excitement, and to add to it Dieckmann's guns and caissons, with battery men scattered, rolled and tumbled like runaway wagons and carts in a thronged city. The guns and the masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens before McLean's front had given way; and, more quickly than it could be told, with all the fury of the wildest hailstorm, everything, every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men, had to give way and be broken into fragments.

My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprang—he rose high on his hind legs and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aide-de-camp, Dessauer, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as helpless as any of the men who were speeding without arms to the rear. But faithful orderlies helped me to remount. Schurz was still doing all he could to face regiments about and send them to Devens's northern flank to



RACE ON THE PLANK ROAD FOR RIGHT OF WAY, BETWEEN THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY AND A BAGGAGE TRAIN.



MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, U. S. V.

help the few who still held firm. Devens, already badly wounded, and several officers were doing similar work. I rode quickly to the reserve batteries. A staff-officer of General Hooker, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Dickinson, Assistant Adjutant-General, joined me there; my own staff gathered around me. I was eager to fill the trenches that Barlow would have held. Buschbeck's second line was ordered to change front there. His men kept their ranks, but at first they appeared slow. Would they never get there!

Dickinson said, "Oh, General, see those men coming from that hill way off to the right, and there's the enemy after them. Fire, oh, fire at them; you may stop the flight!"

"No, Colonel," I said, "I will never fire on my own men!"

As soon as our men were near enough the batteries opened, firing at first shells and then canister over their heads. As the attacking force emerged from the forest and rushed on, the men in front would halt and fire, and, while these were reloading, another set would run before them, halt and fire, in no regular line, but in such multitudes that our men went down before them like trees in a hurricane.

By extraordinary effort we had filled all our long line of cross-intrenchments, mainly with fragments of organizations and individual soldiers. Many officers running away stopped there and did what they could, but others shouted, "We've done all we can," and ran on. Schirmer managed the reserve artillery fairly. Dilger, the battery commander on Schurz's left, rolled the balls along the Plank road and shelled the wood. General Steinwehr was on hand, cool, collected, and judicious. Like Blair at Atlanta, he had made his men (who were south of Dowdall's) spring to the reverse side of their intrenchments and be ready to fire the instant it was possible.

Let us pause here a moment and follow Doles,

who led the enemy's attack. He states that, after his first successful charge, "the command moved forward at the double-quick to assault the enemy, who had taken up a strong position on the crest of a hill in the open field." This position was the one on Hawkins's farm where Devens's and Schurz's reserves began their fight. But wave after wave of Confederate infantry came upon them, and even their left flank was unprotected the instant the runaways had passed it. To our sorrow, we, who had eagerly observed their bravery, saw these reserves also give way, and the hill and crest on Hawkins's farm were quickly in the hands of the men in gray.

Doles, who must have been a cool man to see so clearly amid the screeching shells and all the hot excitement of battle, says again: "He" (meaning our forces from Schimmelfennig's and Buschbeck's brigades, and perhaps part of McLean's, who had faced about and had not yet given way) "made a stubborn resistance from behind a wattle fence on a hill covered thickly with pines."

Among the stubborn fighters at this place was Major Jeremiah Williams. The enemy was drawing near him. His men fired with coolness and deliberation. His right rested among scrubby bushes and saplings, while his left was in comparatively open ground. The fire of the approaching enemy was murderous, and almost whole platoons of our men were falling; yet they held their ground. Williams waited, rapidly firing, till not more than thirty paces intervened, and then ordered the retreat. Out of 333 men and 16 commissioned officers in the regiment (the 25th Ohio), 130, including 5 officers, were killed or wounded. Major Williams brought a part of the living to the breastworks near me; the remainder, he says, were carried off to the rear by another regimental commander.

During the delays we had thus far caused to the first division of our enemy, all his rear lines had closed up, and the broad mass began to appear even below me on my left front to the south of Steinwehr's knoll. Then it was, after we had been fighting an hour, that Sickles's and Pleasanton's guns began to be heard, for they had faced about at Hazel Grove obliquely toward the northwest, and were hurrying artillery, cavalry, and infantry into position to do what they could against the attack now reaching them.

I had come to my last practicable stand. The Confederates were slowly advancing, firing as they came. The twelve guns of Schirmer, the corps chief of artillery, increased by a part of Dilger's battery, fired, at first with rapidity; but the battery men kept falling from death and wounds. Suddenly, as if by an order, when a sheet of the enemy's fire reached them, a large number of the men in the supporting trenches vacated their positions and went off.

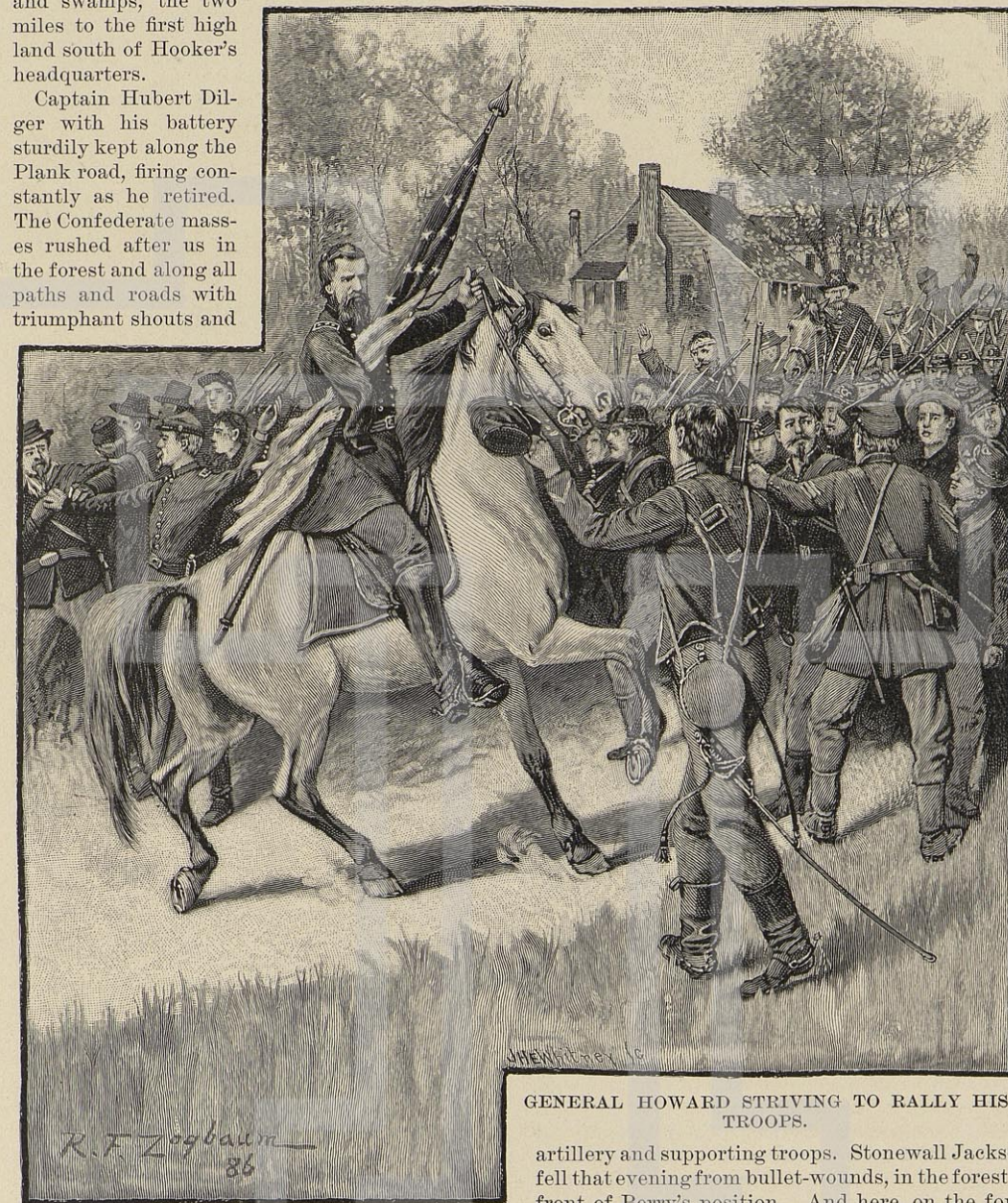
No officers ever made more strenuous exertions than those that my staff and myself put forth to stem the tide of retreat and refill those trenches, but the panic was too great. Then our artillery fire became weaker and weaker.

I next ordered a retreat to the edge of the forest toward Chancellorsville, so as to uncover Steinwehr's knoll, the only spot yet firmly held. The

batteries, except four pieces, were drawn off and hurried to the rear. The stand at the edge of the forest was necessarily a short one.

General Steinwehr, being now exposed from flank and rear, having held his place for over an hour, drew off his small remnants and all moved rapidly through openings and woods, through low ground and swamps, the two miles to the first high land south of Hooker's headquarters.

Captain Hubert Dilger with his battery sturdily kept along the Plank road, firing constantly as he retired. The Confederate masses rushed after us in the forest and along all paths and roads with triumphant shouts and



GENERAL HOWARD STRIVING TO RALLY HIS TROOPS.

redoubled firing, and so secured much plunder and many prisoners.

It was after sundown and growing dark when I met General Hiram G. Berry, commanding a division of the Third Corps, as I was ascending the high ground above named. "Well, General, where now?" he asked. "You take the right of this road and I will take the left and try to defend it," I replied.

Our batteries, with many others, were on the

crest facing to the rear, and as soon as Steinwehr's troops had cleared the way these guns began a terrible cannonade and continued it into the night. They fired into the forest, now full of Confederates, all disorganized by their exciting chase, and every effort of the enemy to advance in that direction in the face of the fire was effectually barred by the

HOOKER'S LEFT WING AT CHANCELLORSVILLE AND THE STORMING OF FREDERICKSBURG HEIGHTS

BY HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON, BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, U. S. V.

Aide-de-camp to General John Newton in the Assault on Marye's Heights.

... During the evening of the 2d of May Hooker sent word to Sedgwick "to take up his line on the Chancellorsville road and attack and destroy any forces he might meet." He also added that "he (Sedgwick) would probably fall upon the rear of Lee's forces, and between them they would use Lee up." If Hooker thought an insignificant force was in Sedgwick's front, the engagement soon to take place showed how mistaken he was. Sedgwick received the order about 11 o'clock at night. He at once advanced his command to the Bowling Green road and then marched by the right flank toward Fredericksburg. Newton's division was in the advance. The night was dark and the road made darker by the foliage of the trees on either side. The progress was necessarily slow. Frequent short halts were made while the skirmishers were feeling their way. Once, when the halt was prolonged and nothing broke the deep silence of the night except an occasional shot followed by the never-to-be-forgotten *ping* of the Minié ball, General Newton, who was riding with the third or fourth regiment from the advance, called out: "Is any one of my staff here?" Those present promptly responded, and I was directed to "ride ahead and tell Colonel Shaler to brush away the enemy's pickets." The road was filled with soldiers, some lying down, others resting on their guns, but a passage was quickly cleared. At Hazel Run Colonel Shaler and Colonel Hamblin were found standing together. Here the enemy made a determined resistance. Their pickets were but a few yards distant. On the other side of the creek the road made a sharp ascent and curved to the right. In a subdued tone Colonel Shaler said: "Colonel Hamblin, you have heard the order from General Newton?" At once Colonel Hamblin left. In a moment there was the noise of hurrying feet, the troops quickly disappeared in the dark; a shout, a bright, sudden flash, a roll of musketry followed, and the road was open.

It was the gray of morning when the advance reached the rear and left of Fredericksburg. A negro who came into the lines reported the heights occupied and that the enemy were cutting the canal to flood the roads. To ascertain whether this was true, another delay was caused. No one in the command was acquainted with the topography of the country, and the advance was compelled to move with great caution through the streets and in the outskirts of the town. As the morning dawned, Marye's Heights, the scene of the fierce attacks under Burnside in the previous December, were presented to our view. Several regiments were speedily moved along the open ground in the rear of the town toward the heights, and this movement discovered the enemy in force behind the famous stone wall at the base of the hill. Lee had left Early with his division and Barksdale's brigade, a force of about ten thousand men, to hold Freder-



THE CONFEDERATES CHARGING HOWARD'S BREASTWORKS ON THE PLANK ROAD, MAY 2.

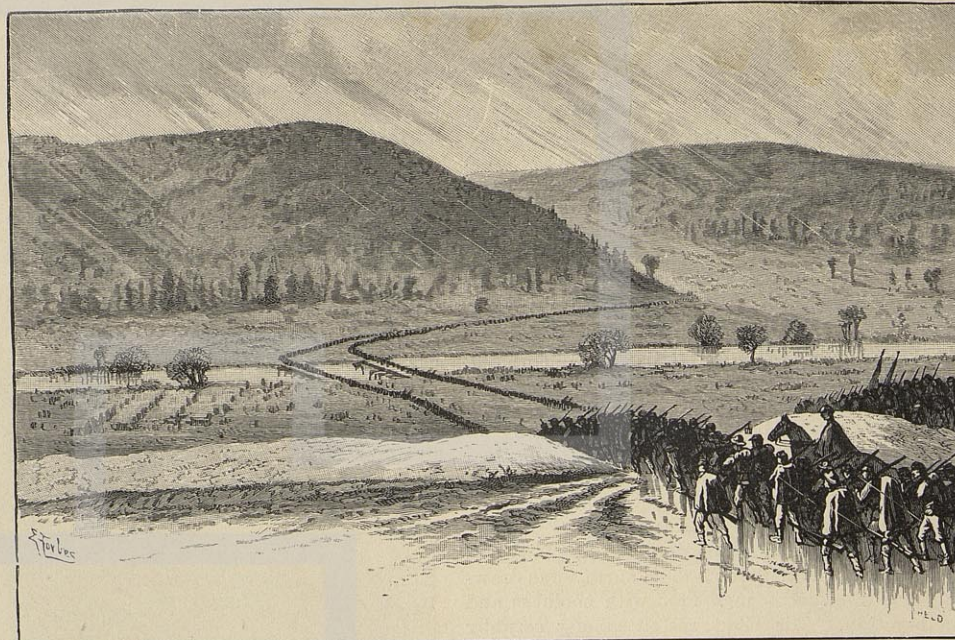
icksburg Heights. They were protected by strong works and supported by well-served artillery. It was at once felt that a desperate encounter was to follow, and the recollections of the previous disaster were by no means inspiring.

It was Sunday morning, the 3d of May, and the weather was beautiful. The town was perfectly quiet, many of the inhabitants had fled, not a person was to be seen on the streets, and the windows and blinds of the houses were closed. The marks of the fierce cannonade to which the place had previously been exposed were everywhere visible.

As soon as practicable and as secretly as possible, Sedgwick prepared to attack the heights. Gibbon, of the Second Corps, who had been left on the north bank, crossed shortly after Sedgwick had captured the town and moved to the right, but his advance was stopped by the canal in front, over which it was impossible to lay bridges in face of the fire from the artillery and infantry on the hill. Sedgwick says, "Nothing remained but to carry the works by direct assault." The attack on Marye's Heights was made under direction of Newton. Two columns, each marching by fours, were formed on the Plank and Telegraph roads, and were supported by a line of infantry from the Light Brigade on the left, commanded by Colonel Burnham. The right column, under Colonel George C. Spear, was composed of the 61st Pennsylvania and the 43d New York. These two regiments belonged to the Light Brigade. This column was supported by the 67th New York and 82d Pennsylvania, under Colonel Alexander Shaler. The left column consisted of the 7th Massachusetts and the 36th New York, under Colonel Thomas D. Johns. The line of battle, commanded by Colonel Hiram Burnham, was composed of the 5th Wisconsin (acting as skirmishers), the 6th Maine, 31st New York (these three regiments also belonging to the Light Bri-

gade), and the 23d Pennsylvania. Howe's division was posted south of Hazel Run, and coöperated handsomely, capturing five guns.

The order to advance was given at 11 o'clock. Sedgwick and Newton with the deepest interest watched the attack from the garden of a brick residence situated on the outskirts of the town and to the left of the Telegraph road, which commanded a full view of the assault. The movements of the enemy showed that they were actively preparing to receive the attack, but the men behind the stone wall were concealed from view. As the left column emerged from the town and was passing near Sedgwick and Newton, the enemy's battery opened, and a portion of a bursting shell struck and killed Major Elihu J. Faxon, of the 36th New York, while mounted and riding with his command, and wounded several others. There was an exclamation of horror and a momentary scattering of the rear of the column, but the men quickly closed up and pressed on. Colonel Spear, commanding the right column, was killed at about the same time. Both columns and line, in light marching order, advanced at double-quick without firing a shot. The enemy kept up an incessant artillery fire, and the noise was deafening. Their musketry fire was reserved until our men were within easy range. Then a murderous storm of shot from the stone wall, and grape and canister from the hill, burst upon the columns and line. For a moment the head of the left column was checked and broken. The column on the right was also broken. Colonel Burnham's line of blue on the green field paused as if to recover breath, and slightly wavered. Sedgwick and Newton looked on with unconcealed anxiety, and turned to each other, but remained silent. The suspense was intense. Was it to be a victory or a defeat? Was the place a second time to be a "slaughter-pen"? Was the Sixth



RETREAT OF HOOKER'S RIGHT WING ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Corps to be driven into the river? Staff-officers, waving their swords and hurrahing to the men, dashed down the Telegraph road. A blinding rain of shot pierced the air. It was more than human nature could face. The head of the column as it reached the lowest part of the decline near a fork in the road seemed to melt away. Many fell; others bending low to the earth hurriedly sought shelter from the undulations of ground and the fences and the two or three wooden structures along the road. Out of 400 comprising the 7th Massachusetts, 150 were killed and wounded. Colonel Johns, commanding, was severely wounded. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse and nerved for a supreme effort, both columns and the line in the field simultaneously sprang forward. The stone wall was gained and the men were quickly over it. Just as my horse was jumping through a break in the wall one of the enemy, standing slightly to the left and about a horse's length from me, raised his gun and fired. The excitement of the hour must have unnerved his hand, for the ball *zipped* harmlessly by to my right. In a second a bayonet was thrust into his breast by one of our men on my left. Along the wall a hand-to-hand fight took place, and the bayonet and the butt of the musket were freely used. The brilliant and successful charge occupied perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, and immediately after the wall was carried the enemy became panic-stricken. In the flight they threw away guns, knapsacks, pistols, swords, and everything that might retard their speed. One thousand prisoners were taken, besides several battle-flags and pieces of artillery. The commander of a Louisiana battery handed his saber to Colonel Thomas S. Allen, of the 5th Wisconsin. This regiment out of 500 men lost 123, and the 6th Maine out of about the same number lost 167 in killed and wounded. Over 600 were killed and wounded

in the direct assault upon the heights, and the loss to the corps on the entire front was about 1000.

General G. K. Warren, who had arrived that morning with instructions from headquarters, said in his telegram to Hooker: "The heights were carried splendidly at 11 A. M. by Newton." Upon reaching the summit of the sharp hill, after passing through the extensive and well-wooded grounds of the Marye House, an exciting scene met the eye. A single glance exhibited to view the broad plateau alive with fleeing soldiers, riderless horses, and artillery and wagon trains on a gallop. The writer hurried back to Sedgwick, who was giving directions for Brooks and Howe to come up, and suggested that it was a rare opportunity for the use of cavalry. With evident regret Sedgwick replied that he did not have a cavalryman. The carrying of the heights had completely divided the enemy's forces, throwing either flank with much confusion on opposite roads, and it seemed as though a regiment of cavalry might not only have captured many prisoners, guns, ammunition, and wagons, but also have cleared the way for the corps almost as far as the immediate rear of Lee's army at Chancellorsville.

Newton's division, exhausted by the night march, the weight of several days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition, and by the heat, fatigue, and excitement of battle, were allowed to halt for a short time. Many were soon asleep, while others made coffee and partook of their first meal that day.

Brooks's division soon came up from below Hazel Run, and took the advance. Newton and Howe followed. The enemy in the mean time had united their forces, and delayed the rapid advance by frequent stands, retiring successively from hill to hill, and opening with artillery. Ravines running at right angles to the main road and the rolling character of the country were favorable for imped-



THE WILDERNESS CHURCH (IN THE LEFT MIDDLE-GROUND) AND HAWKINS'S FARM (ON THE RIGHT) AS SEEN FROM THE PLANK ROAD IN FRONT OF DOWDALL'S TAVERN.

ing the pursuit, which was continued for three or four miles until we reached Salem Church, an unpretentious red-brick structure situated on a ridge covered with dense woods and undergrowth. Today it bears many scars of the contest waged around it.

At this point the enemy were in position with four fresh brigades withdrawn from Hooker's front, and prepared to contest any farther advance. Lee had met with such complete success in his attack upon Hooker that he felt he could well spare these troops and not suffer. Brooks on the left of the road and Newton on the right quickly formed their commands and made several gallant assaults. The fight was very severe in the thick woods, and for a time was waged with varying success. The crest of the woods and a little school-house near the church were gained, and once it was thought they could be held, but the enemy, in superior numbers, pressed on, and the ground and the church were left in their possession. The contest did not last long, but nearly 1500 were killed and wounded. Bartlett's brigade, numbering less than 1500, lost 580 officers and men. That night the soldiers slept on their arms.

It was understood throughout the Sixth Corps that as soon as it should become engaged with the enemy Hooker would immediately attack in his front, and prevent any reinforcements from being sent against Sedgwick. All during that Sabbath day and the next the sound of Hooker's guns was

eagerly listened for. No sound would have been more welcome. But after 10 o'clock Sunday morning axes and spades were used at Chancellorsville more than the guns. The feeling became widely prevalent that the Sixth Corps would be compelled to take care of itself. At first it was cautiously whispered that Hooker had failed, and soon the worst was surmised, and it was concluded that no help could be expected from him. His dash, promptness, and confidence as a division and corps commander were gone.

Lee that night withdrew his troops, flushed with their brilliant success, from the front of Hooker, with the exception of Jackson's corps, and marched against Sedgwick. Still Hooker remained inactive; with a force greatly in excess of the enemy in his front, he made no effort to relieve Sedgwick from his perilous position. Works were thrown up by the enemy along the Salem Church ridge, and they extended their right until on Monday morning Marye's Heights and Fredericksburg, won at so great a sacrifice, were again theirs.

Sedgwick's position, as finally established, was in the shape of a horseshoe, both flanks resting on the river, the line covering Banks's Ford. His line of battle was between five and six miles in length. Frequent attempts had been made, during Sunday morning, to communicate with Banks's Ford and to direct the laying of pontoon-bridges, but for some time roving bodies of cavalry frustrated this. The late Colonel Henry W. Farrar,



STAYING JACKSON'S ADVANCE, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, WITH ARTILLERY PLACED ACROSS THE PLANK ROAD.

then on the staff of Sedgwick, while carrying a message for this purpose, was captured and taken to Richmond. The 4th of May dragged wearily, skirmishing continued all day, the weather was hot, Sedgwick's position was most critical, and the keenest anxiety was felt. Lee was in our front with a force much larger than Sedgwick's then available command of about eighteen thousand men, and an attack was momentarily expected, but fortunately Lee consumed the whole day in establishing his lines. The greatest vigilance and activity were exercised by our men in throwing up rifle-pits. Hooker sent word to Sedgwick to look well to the safety of his corps, and either to fall back upon Fredericksburg or recross at Banks's Ford; he also added that he could do nothing to relieve him. Sedgwick accordingly intrusted Newton with the arrangements for the withdrawal. Newton quickly made himself acquainted with the roads leading to Banks's Ford and succeeded in establishing communication with General Henry W. Benham, who was in charge of the pontoons at that place.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the enemy attacked Brooks and Howe on the center and left, with the design of cutting off the corps from Banks's Ford. Howe not only maintained his position until nightfall, but also made several counter-charges, capturing several hundred prisoners. Brooks also held on until dark, but in retiring was closely pursued by the enemy. The whole corps then successfully fell back to Banks's Ford, and the long and painful suspense of the day was over. The picket line in front and on the left of Salem ridge was withdrawn by General David A. Russell in person. I had been directed to assist him. That sterling soldier, dismounted, moved along the line saying, "Quietly, men, quietly; don't make any noise"; but the jingle of the canteens and other unavoidable sounds on the evening air revealed the movement to the vigilant enemy, and they followed

closely, yelling and firing until the double-quick step brought us to our main column on the march, about a mile distant. Several of the enemy's scouts penetrated almost to the ford and threw up rockets to mark our position. The enemy's artillery responded to the signal, shelling both troops and bridges, but with little injury. During the night we recrossed the river, and took position to meet the enemy should they, as expected at the time, cross to the north side to renew their attack. . . .

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S LAST BATTLE.

BY THE REV. JAMES POWER SMITH, CAPTAIN AND ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.

Aide-de-camp to General Jackson at the Battle of Chancellorsville.

AT daybreak on the morning of the 29th of April, 1863, sleeping in our tents at corps headquarters, near Hamilton's Crossing, we were aroused by Major Samuel Hale, of Early's staff, with the stirring news that Federal troops were crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons under cover of a heavy fog. General Jackson had spent the night at Mr. Yerby's hospitable mansion near by, where Mrs. Jackson [his second wife] had brought her infant child for the father to see. He was at once informed of the news, and promptly issued to his division commanders orders to prepare for action. At his direction I rode a mile across the fields to army headquarters, and, finding General Robert E. Lee still slumbering quietly, at the suggestion of Colonel Venable, whom I found stirring, I entered the general's tent and awoke him. Turning his feet out of his cot, he sat upon its side as I gave him the tidings from the front. Expressing no surprise, he playfully said: "Well, I thought I heard firing, and was beginning to think it was time some of you young fellows were



STONEWALL JACKSON GOING FORWARD ON THE PLANK ROAD IN ADVANCE OF HIS LINE OF BATTLE.

coming to tell me what it was all about. Tell your good general that I am sure he knows what to do. I will meet him at the front very soon."

It was Sedgwick who had crossed, and, marching along the river front to impress us with his numbers, was now intrenching his line on the river road, under cover of Federal batteries on the north bank.

All day long we lay in the old lines of the action of December preceding, watching the operation of the enemy. Nor did we move through the next day, the 30th of April. During the forenoon of the 29th General Lee had been informed by Gen-

eral J. E. B. Stuart of the movement in force by General Hooker across the Rappahannock upon Chancellorsville; and during the night of Thursday, April 30th, General Jackson withdrew his corps, leaving Early and his division with Barksdale's brigade to hold the old lines from Hamilton's Crossing along the rear of Fredericksburg.

By the light of a brilliant moon, at midnight, that passed into an early dawn of dense mist, the troops were moved, by the Old Mine road, out of sight of the enemy, and about 11 A. M. of Friday, May 1st, they reached Anderson's position, con-

fronting Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville, near the Tabernacle Church on the Plank road. To meet the whole Army of the Potomac, under Hooker, General Lee had of all arms about 60,000 men. General Longstreet, with part of his corps, was absent below Petersburg. General Lee had two divisions of Longstreet's corps, Anderson's, and McLaws's, and Jackson's corps, consisting of four divisions, A. P. Hill's, D. H. Hill's, commanded by Rodes, Trimble's, commanded by Colston, and Early's; and about 170 pieces of field-artillery. The divisions of Anderson and McLaws had been sent from Fredericksburg to meet Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville; Anderson on Wednesday, and McLaws (except Barksdale's brigade, left with Early) on Thursday. At the Tabernacle Church, about four miles east of Chancellorsville, the opposing forces met and brisk skirmishing began. On Friday, Jackson, reaching Anderson's position, took command of the Confederate advance, and urged on his skirmish line under Brigadier-General Ramseur with great vigor. How the muskets rattled along a front of a mile or two, across the unfenced fields, and through the woodlands! What spirit was imparted to the line, and what cheers rolled along its length, when Jackson, and then Lee himself, appeared riding abreast of the line along the Plank road! Slowly but steadily the line advanced, until at nightfall all Federal pickets and skirmishers were driven back upon the body of Hooker's force at Chancellorsville.

Here we reached a point, a mile and a half from Hooker's lines, where a road turns down to the left toward the old Catherine Furnace; and here at the fork of the roads General Lee and General Jackson spent the night, resting on the pine straw, curtained only by the close shadow of the pine forest. A little after nightfall I was sent by General Lee upon an errand to General A. P. Hill, on the old stone turnpike a mile or two north; and returning some time later with information of matters on our right, I found General Jackson retired to rest, and General Lee sleeping at the foot of a tree, covered with his army cloak. As I aroused the sleeper, he slowly sat up on the ground and said, "Ah, Captain, you have returned, have you? Come here and tell me what you have learned on the right." Laying his hand on me, he drew me down by his side, and, passing his arm around my shoulder, drew me near to him in a fatherly way that told of his warm and kindly heart. When I had related such information as I had secured for him, he thanked me for accomplishing his commission, and then said he regretted that the young men about General Jackson had not relieved him of annoyance, by finding a battery of the enemy which had harassed our advance, adding that the young men of that day were not equal to what they were when he was a young man. Seeing immediately that he was jesting and disposed to rally me, as he often did young officers, I broke away from the hold on me which he tried to retain, and, as he laughed heartily through the stillness of the night, I went off to make a bed of my saddle-blanket, and, with my head in my saddle, near my horse's feet, was soon wrapped in the heavy slumber of a wearied soldier.

Some time after midnight I was awakened by the chill of the early morning hours, and, turning over, caught a glimpse of a little flame on the slope above me, and, sitting up to see what it meant, I saw, bending over a scant fire of twigs, two men seated on old cracker boxes and warming their hands over the little fire. I had but to rub my eyes and collect my wits to recognize the figures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Who can tell the story of that quiet council of war between two sleeping armies? Nothing remains on record to tell of plans discussed, and dangers weighed, and a great purpose formed, but the story of the great day so soon to follow.

It was broad daylight, and the thick beams of yellow sunlight came through the pine branches, when some one touched me rudely with his foot, saying: "Get up, Smith, the general wants you!" As I leaped to my feet the rhythmic click of the canteens of marching infantry caught my ear. Already in motion! What could it mean? In a moment I was mounted and at the side of the general, who sat on his horse by the roadside, as the long line of our troops cheerily, but in silence as directed, poured down the Furnace road. His cap was pulled low over his eyes, and, looking up from under the visor, with lips compressed, indicating the firm purpose within, he nodded to me, and in brief and rapid utterance, without a superfluous word, as though all were distinctly formed in his mind and beyond question, he gave me orders for our wagon and ambulance trains. From the open fields in our rear, at the head of the Catharpin road, all trains were to be moved upon that road to Todd's Tavern, and thence west by interior roads, so that our troops would be between them and the enemy at Chancellorsville. My orders having been delivered and the trains set in motion, I returned to the site of our night's bivouac, to find that General Jackson and his staff had followed the marching column.

Slow and tedious is the advance of a mounted officer who has to pass, in narrow wood roads through dense thickets, the packed column of marching infantry, to be recognized all along the line and good-naturedly chaffed by many a gay-spirited fellow: "Say, here 's one of Old Jack's little boys; let him by, boys!" in the most patronizing tone. "Have a good breakfast this morning, sonny?" "Better hurry up, or you 'll catch it for getting behind." "Tell Old Jack we 're all a-comin'." "Don't let him begin the fuss till we get thar!" And so on, until about 3 P. M., after a ride of ten miles of tortuous road, I found the general, seated on a stump by the Brock road, writing this despatch, which, through the courtesy of the Virginia State Library, is given in facsimile [see page 188].

The place here mentioned as Chancellor's was also known as Dowdall's Tavern. It was the farm of the Rev. Melzi Chancellor, two miles west of Chancellorsville, and the Federal force found here and at Talley's, a mile farther west, was the Eleventh Corps, under General Howard. General Fitz Lee, with cavalry scouts, had advanced until he had view of the position of Howard's corps, and found them unsuspecting of attack.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. T. NICHOLLS, C. S. A.

Reaching the Orange Plank road, General Jackson himself rode with Fitz Lee to reconnoiter the position of Howard, and then sent the Stonewall brigade of Virginia troops, under Brigadier-General Paxton, to hold the point where the Germanna Plank road obliquely enters the Orangeroad. Leading the main column of his force farther on the Brock road to the old turnpike, the head of the column turned sharply eastward toward Chancellorsville. About a mile had been passed, when he halted and began the disposition of his forces to attack Howard. Rodes's division, at the head of the column, was thrown into line of battle, with Colston's forming the second line and A. P. Hill's the third, while the artillery under Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield moved in column on the road, or was parked in a field on the right. The well-trained skirmishers of Rodes's division, under Major Eugene Blackford, were thrown to the front. It must have been between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, Saturday, May 2d, when these dispositions were completed. Upon his stout-built, long-paced little sorrel, General Jackson sat, with visor low over his eyes and lips compressed, and with his watch in his hand. Upon his right sat General Robert E. Rodes, the very picture of a soldier, and every inch all that he appeared. Upon the right of Rodes sat Major Blackford.

"Are you ready, General Rodes?" said Jackson.

"Yes, sir!" said Rodes, impatient for the advance.

"You can go forward then," said Jackson.

A nod from Rodes was order enough for Blackford, and then suddenly the woods rang with the bugle call, and back came the responses from bugles on the right and left, and the long line of skirmishers, through the wild thicket of undergrowth, sprang eagerly to their work, followed promptly by the quick steps of the line of battle. For a moment all the troops seemed buried in the depths of the gloomy forest, and then suddenly the echoes waked and swept the country for miles, never fail-



THE NEW CHANCELLOR HOUSE.

This picture is from a photograph taken at a reunion of Union and Confederate officers and soldiers in May, 1884. The original house was set on fire by Confederate shells on Sunday, May 3d, shortly after Hooker was injured while standing on the porch. The picture faces south. Jackson

ing until heard at the headquarters of Hooker at Chancellorsville—the wild "rebel yell" of the long Confederate lines.

Never was assault delivered with grander enthusiasm. Fresh from the long winter's waiting, and confident from the preparation of the spring, the troops were in fine condition and in high spirits. The boys were all back from home or sick leave. "Old Jack" was there upon the road in their midst; there could be no mistake and no failure. And there were Rodes and A. P. Hill. Had they not seen and cheered, as long and as loud as they were permitted, the gay-hearted Stuart and the long-bearded Fitz Lee on his fiery charger? Was not Crutchfield's array of brass and iron "dogs of war" at hand, with Poague and Palmer, and all the rest, ready to bark loud and deep with half a chance?

Alas! for Howard and his unformed lines, and his brigades with guns stacked, and officers at dinner or asleep under the trees, and butchers deep in the blood of bees! Scattered through field and forest, his men were preparing their evening meal. A little show of earthwork facing the south was quickly taken by us in reverse from the west. Flying battalions are not flying buttresses for an army's stability. Across Talley's fields the rout begins. Over at Hawkins's hill, on the north of the road, Carl Schurz makes a stand, soon to be driven into

the same hopeless panic. By the quiet Wilderness Church in the vale, leaving wounded and dead everywhere, by Melzi Chancellor's, on into the deep thicket again, the Confederate lines press forward,—now broken and all disaligned by the density of bush that tears the clothes away; now halting to load and deliver a volley upon some regiment or fragment of the enemy that will not move as fast as others. Thus the attack upon Hooker's flank was a grand success, beyond the most sanguine expectation.

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The writer of this narrative, an aide-de-camp of Jackson's, was ordered to remain at the point where the advance began, to be a center of communication between the general and the cavalry on the flanks, and to deliver orders to detachments of artillery still moving up from the rear. A fine black charger, with elegant trappings, deserted by his owner and found tied to a tree, became mine only for that short and eventful nightfall; and about 8 P. M., in the twilight, thus comfortably mounted, I gathered my couriers about me and went forward to find General Jackson. The storm of battle had swept far on to the east and become more and more faint to the ear, until silence came with night over the fields and woods. As I rode along that old turnpike, passing scattered fragments of Confederates looking for their regiments,



MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. COLSTON, C. S. A.

parties of prisoners concentrating under guards, wounded men by the roadside and under the trees at Talley's and Chancellor's, I had reached an open field on the right, a mile west of Chancellorsville, when, in the dusky twilight, I saw horsemen near an old cabin in the field. Turning toward them, I found Rodes and his staff engaged in gathering the broken and scattered troops that had swept the two miles of battle-field. "General Jackson is just ahead on the road, Captain," said Rodes; "tell him I will be here at this cabin if I am wanted." I had not gone a hundred yards before I heard firing, a shot or two, and then a company volley upon the right of the road, and another upon the left. A few moments farther on I met Captain Murray Taylor, an aide of A. P. Hill's, with tidings that Jackson and Hill were wounded, and some around them killed, by the fire of their own men. Spurring my horse into a sweeping gallop, I soon passed the Confederate line of battle, and, some three or four rods on its front, found the general's horse beside a pine sapling on the left, and a rod beyond a little party of men caring for a wounded officer. The story of the sad event is briefly told, and, in essentials, very much as it came to me from the lips of the wounded general himself, and in everything confirmed and completed by those who were eye-witnesses and near companions.

When Jackson had reached the point where his line now crossed the turnpike, scarcely a mile west of Chancellorsville, and not half a mile from a line of Federal troops, he had found his front line unfit for the farther and vigorous advance he desired, by reason of the irregular character of the fighting, now right, now left, and because of the dense thickets, through which it was impossible to preserve alignment. Division commanders found it more and more difficult as the twilight deepened to hold their broken brigades in hand. Regretting the necessity of relieving the troops in front, General Jackson had ordered A. P. Hill's division, his third



LEE AND JACKSON IN COUNCIL ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 1.

and reserve line, to be placed in front. While this change was being effected, impatient and anxious, the General rode forward on the turnpike, followed by two or three of his staff and a number of couriers and signal sergeants. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets (two musket-balls from the enemy whistled over my head as I came to the front), he turned and came back toward his line, upon the side of the road to his left. As he rode near to the Confederate troops, just placed in position and ignorant that he was in the front, the left company began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles dead—Captain Boswell, of the Engineers, and Sergeant Cunliffe, of the Signal Corps. Spurring his horse across the road to his right, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Pender's North Carolina brigade. Under this volley, when not two rods from the troops, the general received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand and was cut out that night from the back of his hand. A second passed around the wrist of the left arm and out through the left hand. A third ball passed through the left arm half-way from shoulder to elbow. The large bone of the upper arm was splintered to the elbow-joint, and the wound bled freely. His horse turned quickly from the fire, through the thick bushes which swept the cap from the general's head, and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face. As he lost his hold upon the bridle-rein, he reeled

from the saddle, and was caught by the arms of Captain Wilbourn, of the Signal Corps. Laid upon the ground, there came at once to his succor General A. P. Hill and members of his staff. The writer reached his side a minute after, to find General Hill holding the head and shoulders of the wounded chief. Cutting open the coat-sleeve from wrist to shoulder, I found the wound in the upper arm, and with my handkerchief I bound the arm above the wound to stem the flow of blood. Couriers were sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire, the surgeon of the corps and the general's trusted friend, and for an ambulance. Being outside of our lines, it was urgent that he should be moved at once. With difficulty litter-bearers were brought from the line near by, and the general was placed upon the litter and carefully raised to the shoulder, I myself bearing one corner. A moment after, artillery from the Federal side was opened upon us; great broadsides thundered over the woods; hissing shells searched the dark thickets through, and shrapnels swept the road along which we moved. Two or three steps farther, and the litter-bearer at my side was struck and fell; but, as the litter turned, Major Watkins Leigh, of Hill's staff, happily caught it. But the fright of the men was so great that we were obliged to lay the litter and its burden down upon the road. As the litter-bearers ran to the cover of the trees, I threw myself by the general's side and held him firmly to the ground as he attempted to rise. Over us swept the rapid fire of shot and shell—grape-shot striking fire upon the flinty rock of the road all around us, and sweeping from their feet horses and men of the artillery just

moved to the front. Soon the firing veered to the other side of the road, and I sprang to my feet, assisted the general to rise, passed my arm around him, and with the wounded man's weight thrown heavily upon me, we forsook the road. Entering the woods, he sank to the ground from exhaustion; but the litter was soon brought, and again rallying a few men, we essayed to carry him farther, when a second bearer fell at my side. This time, with none to assist, the litter careened, and the general fell to the ground, with a groan of deep pain. Greatly alarmed, I sprang to his head, and, lifting

his head as a stray beam of moonlight came through clouds and leaves, he opened his eyes and wearily said: "Never mind me, Captain, never mind me." Raising him again to his feet, he was accosted by Brigadier-General Pender: "Oh, General, I hope you are not seriously wounded. I will have to retire my troops to re-form them, they are so much broken by this fire." But Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice said: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" and so uttered his last command on the field. . . .

Near 3 P.M.
May 2, 1863

General,

The enemy has made a stand at Chancellorsville which is about 2 miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to

attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success.

Respectfully
Stonewall Jackson
Genl R.E. Lee

The leading decision is up to the next two a.p.m. to be well closed.

FACSIMILE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S
LAST DESPATCH TO GENERAL LEE.

T. J. J.



UNION CAVALRY SCOUTING IN FRONT OF THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.*

PRELIMINARY.

AT the beginning of the Gettysburg campaign, June 3, 1863, the Confederate army, under command of General Robert E. Lee, was composed of three large corps under (1) Longstreet, (2) Ewell, and (3) A. P. Hill—about 70,000, including Stuart's cavalry force (11,000, and 16 guns), and batteries of artillery numbering 190 guns. The Union army, then under command of General Joseph Hooker, was composed of seven small corps under (1) Reynolds, (2) Hancock, (3) Sickles, (5) Meade (succeeded by Sykes), (6) Sedgwick, (11) Howard, (12)

Slocum—about 82,000 in all; a heavy cavalry force—about 11,000, and 27 guns—under Pleasonton, and batteries of artillery numbering 300 guns.

Lee was on the south side of the Rappahannock at and near Fredericksburg, guarding the road to Richmond. Hooker was opposite Lee on the north side of the river, guarding the road to Washington.

Lee determined to invade the Northern States. Hill's corps was ordered to remain at Fredericksburg, and the corps of Ewell and Longstreet to join Stuart's cavalry at Culpeper.

LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JAMES LONGSTREET, LIEUT.-GENERAL, C. S. A.
Commander of the First Corps of Lee's Army at the Battle of Gettysburg.

... While General Lee was reorganizing his army he was also arranging the new campaign. Grant had laid siege to Vicksburg, and Johnston was concentrating at Jackson to drive him away. Rosecrans was in Tennessee and Bragg was in front of him. The force Johnston was concentrating at Jackson gave us no hope that he would have sufficient strength to make any impression upon Grant, and even if he could, Grant was in a position to reinforce rapidly and could supply his army with greater facility. Vicksburg was doomed unless we could offer relief by strategic move. I proposed to send a force through East Tennessee to join Bragg and also to have Johnston sent to join him, thus concentrating a large force against Rosecrans, crush out his army, and march against Cincinnati. That, I thought, was the only way we had to relieve Vicksburg. General Lee admitted the force of my proposition, but finally stated that he preferred to organize a campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, hoping thereby to draw the Federal troops from the southern points they occupied. After discussing the matter with him for several

days, I found his mind made up not to allow any of his troops to go west. I then accepted his proposition to make a campaign into Pennsylvania, provided it should be offensive in strategy but defensive in tactics, forcing the Federal army to give us battle when we were in strong position and ready to receive them. One mistake of the Confederacy was in pitting force against force. The only hope we had was to outgeneral the Federals. We were all hopeful and the army was in good condition, but the war had advanced far enough for us to see that a mere victory without decided fruits was a luxury we could not afford. Our numbers were less than the Federal forces, and our resources were limited while theirs were not. The time had come when it was imperative that the skill of generals and the strategy and tactics of war should take the place of muscle against muscle. Our purpose should have been to impair the morale of the Federal army and shake Northern confidence in the Federal leaders. We talked on that line from day to day, and General Lee, accepting it as a good military view, adopted it as the key-note of the campaign. I suggested that we should have all the details and purposes so well arranged and so impressed upon our minds that when the critical moment should come, we could refer to our calmer moments and know we were carrying out our original plans. I stated to General Lee that if he would allow me to handle my corps so as to receive the attack of the Federal army, I would beat it off without calling on him for help except to guard my right and left, and called his attention to the battle of Fredericksburg as an instance of defensive warfare, where we had thrown not more than five thousand troops into the

*The narrative notes standing at the heads of the articles on Gettysburg in the pages following are condensed from a work by Brevet Major-General Abner Doubleday, U. S. A., entitled "Gettysburg Made Plain," and published by The Century Co. General Doubleday commanded a division in the First Corps, Army of the Potomac, and during a portion of the battle he commanded the corps.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, C. S. A.
Confederate Commander at the Battle of Gettysburg. (From a photograph taken after the war.)

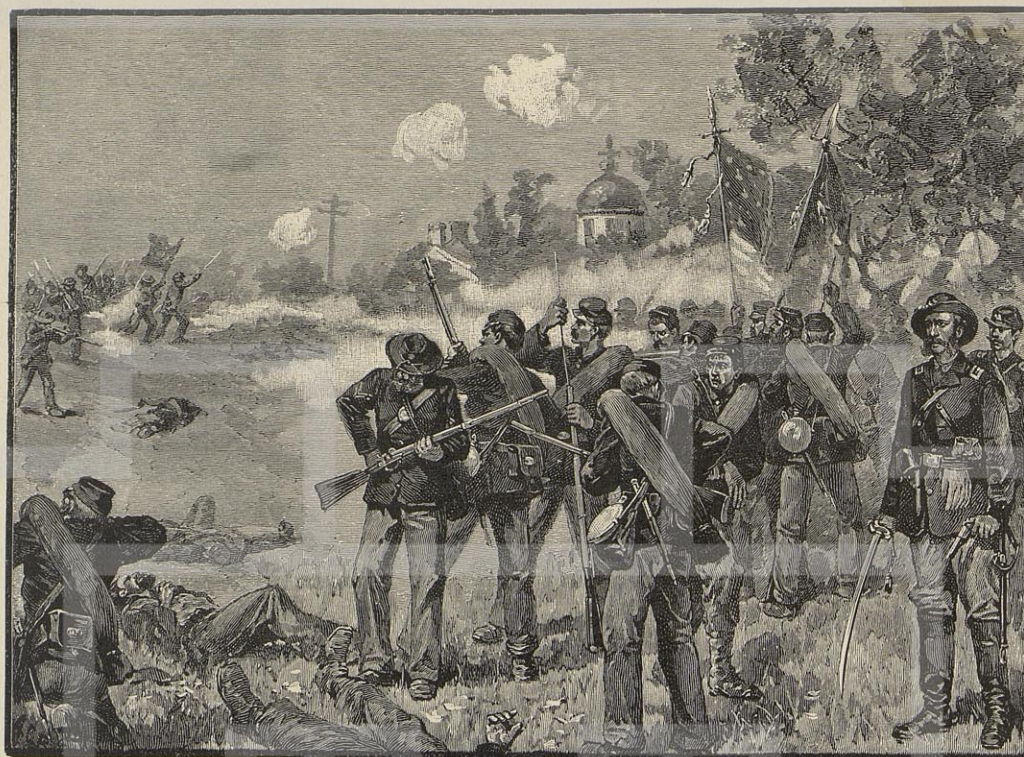
fight and had beaten off two-thirds of the Federal army with great loss to them and slight loss to my own troops. I also called his attention to Napoleon's instructions to Marmont at the head of an invading army.

A few days before we were ready to move Gen-

eral Lee sent for General Ewell to receive his orders. I was present at the time and remarked that if we were ever going to make an offensive battle it should be done south of the Potomac—adding that we might have an opportunity to cross the Rappahannock near Culpeper Court House and

make a battle there. I made this suggestion in order to bring about a discussion which I thought would give Ewell a better idea of the plan of operations. My remark had the desired effect, and we talked over the possibilities of a battle south of the Potomac. The enemy would be on our right flank while we were moving north. Ewell's corps was to move in advance to Culpeper Court House, mine to follow, and the cavalry was to move along on our right flank to the east of us. Thus, by threatening his rear, we could draw Hooker from his position on Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg. Our movements at the beginning of the campaign were necessarily slow in order that we might be sure of having the proper effect on Hooker.

Ewell was started off to the valley of Virginia to cross the mountains and move in the direction of Winchester, which was occupied by considerable forces under Milroy. I was moving at the same time east of the Blue Ridge with Stuart's cavalry on my right so as to occupy the gaps from Ashby on to Harper's Ferry. Ewell, moving on through the valley, captured troops and supplies at Winchester, and passed through Martinsburg and Williamsport into Maryland. As I moved along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge we heard from day to day of the movements of Hooker's army, and that he had finally abandoned his position on Stafford Heights, and was moving up the Potomac in the direction of Washington. Upon receipt of that information, A. P. Hill was ordered to draw off from Fredericksburg and follow the movements of General Ewell, but to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown. When Hill with his troops and well-supplied trains had passed my rear, I was ordered to withdraw from the Blue Ridge, pass over to the west of the Shenandoah, and follow the movements of the other troops, only to cross the Potomac at Williamsport. I ordered General Stuart, whom I considered under my command, to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry and to follow with his main force on my right, to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and move on my right flank. Upon giving him this order, he informed me that he had authority from General Lee to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry, and to follow the Federal army with the remainder. At the same time he expressed his purpose of crossing the river east of the Blue Ridge and trying to make way around the right of the Federal army; so I moved my troops independent of the cavalry, and, following my orders, crossed at Williamsport, came up with A. P. Hill in Maryland, and moved on thence to Chambersburg. . . . The two armies were then near each other, the Confederates being north and west of Gettysburg, and the Federals south and south-east. . . . On the 30th of June we turned our faces toward our enemy and marched upon Gettysburg. The Third Corps, under Hill, moved out first and my command followed.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS ON THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.
NARRATIVE NOTES.

HOOKE SUSPECTS.

Hooker, seeing a great diminution of tents in his front, suspected that the Confederates were leaving Fredericksburg. He said to Sedgwick, a life-long friend and classmate,—"John, go over there and see if the enemy have gone. They may have left merely their empty tents to deceive us."

So, on the 6th of June, Sedgwick threw bridges out, under cover of his artillery, and crossed the Rappahannock. He sent back word to Hooker, "There is a pretty stiff opposition; I think their main body must be still here." Hooker directed Pleasonton to take all the cavalry that could be spared and go to Culpeper, to ascertain if anything unusual was going on there. All of Stuart's cavalry and two-thirds of the Confederate army were in that vicinity.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION, JUNE 9TH.

Pleasanton, who was at Warrenton Junction, backed by two infantry brigades, slipped quietly down to the Rappahannock and bivouacked there without fire or light. At dawn the next morning he crossed the stream, completely surprised Stuart's cavalry, and very nearly captured his artillery. Unfortunately Colonel Benjamin F. Davis, who led the advance, was killed, and there was no officer at hand to take his place. This caused some delay and confusion, which gave the enemy time to rally and form line of battle.

After fighting all day against Stuart's cavalry, the enemy's infantry came up and Pleasanton retired. He reported to Hooker that two-thirds of the enemy were at Culpeper preparing to move on Washington.

Hooker sent troops up the Rappahannock to prevent Lee from crossing by the direct route.

Lee sent Ewell's corps to the Shenandoah valley with

orders to clear out the Union troops under Milroy at Winchester and under Tyler at Martinsburg.

Hooker started toward Washington. Ewell gained possession of Winchester and Martinsburg, but not of Harper's Ferry.

There is a rocky and thickly wooded range of heights called the Bull Run Mountains, running from Leesburg south. As Hooker had not occupied them, but was farther to the east, Lee desired to do so, for it would give him a very strong position on Hooker's flank and bring him (Lee) very near to Washington. He therefore directed his cavalry to reconnoiter in that direction.

BATTLE OF ALDIE, JUNE 17TH.

Stuart's reconnoitering party met the Union cavalry at Aldie, and, after a hard battle, retreated.

A series of cavalry combats ensued, ending in the retreat of Stuart's cavalry behind the Blue Ridge.

LEE ENTERS PENNSYLVANIA.

Hooker was strongly posted east of the Bull Run range and could not be attacked with much chance of success. As Lee could not well remain inactive or retreat, he resolved to invade Pennsylvania. This was a hazardous enterprise, for Hooker might intervene between him and Richmond. Stuart's cavalry was left to prevent this catastrophe by guarding the passes in the Blue Ridge. Stuart was also directed to harass Hooker and attack his rear should he attempt to cross the Potomac in pursuit of Lee.

Lee reached Chambersburg with Longstreet's and Hill's corps. Ewell's corps was in advance at Carlisle and York, preceded by Jenkins's and by White's cavalry, threatening to cross the Susquehanna and take Harrisburg.

In the mean time Stuart's cavalry had crossed the Potomac near Seneca Creek above Washington, reached Rockville, near Washington, on its way north. Two of his brigades under Jones and Robertson were holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge without any enemy in front of them. Hooker's army was still at and near Frederick, Maryland.

A CHANGE OF UNION COMMANDERS.

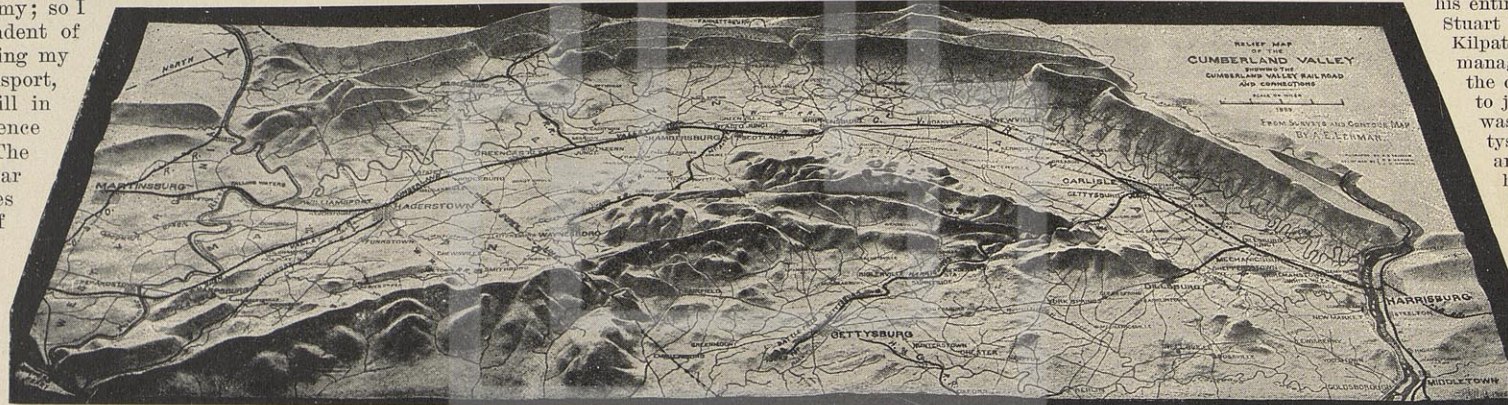
On June 28th, Hooker determined to send Slocum's corps and the garrison of Harper's Ferry—the latter about 10,000 strong—to operate against Lee's rear. This was an excellent plan, but Hooker's superior, General Halleck, refused to allow him to remove the troops from Harper's Ferry; and Hooker said if he could not manage the campaign in his own way, he preferred to give up the command of the army. Halleck gladly relieved him, and Major-General George G. Meade, commander of the Fifth Corps, was assigned to the command in his place.

On June 28th, Lee learned from a scout that the Union army was in his rear and that his communication with Richmond was seriously endangered.

In this emergency he concluded to threaten Baltimore. As a preliminary measure he directed

his entire army to move on Gettysburg. Stuart was intercepted at Hanover by Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, but managed to disengage himself from the contest and continue his journey to join Ewell at York. The latter was, however, on his way to Gettysburg, and Stuart . . . rode night and day to join Lee there. When he finally reached the field in the afternoon of the 2d, his horses were in bad condition from overwork, and his men were utterly exhausted.

General Reynolds commanded the left wing of the Union army, composed of the First, Eleventh, and Third corps. The advance of Hill's corps on the morning of July 1st struck Buford's division of Union cavalry a short distance to the west of Gettysburg.



RELIEF MAP OF THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.
From a photograph of the original cast made by A. E. Lehman for the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company.



BUFORD'S CAVALRY OPPOSING THE
CONFEDERATE ADVANCE UPON
GETTYSBURG.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY HENRY J. HUNT, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL,
U. S. A.
Chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac at the
Battle of Gettysburg.

... On the night of June 30th Meade's headquarters and the Artillery Reserve were at Taneytown; the First Corps at Marsh Run, the Eleventh at Emmitsburg, Third at Bridgeport, Twelfth at Littlestown, Second at Uniontown, Fifth at Union Mills, Sixth and Gregg's cavalry at Manchester, Kilpatrick's at Hanover. ... Lee's whole army was nearing Gettysburg, while Meade's was scattered over a wide region to the east and south of that town.

Meade was now convinced that all designs on the Susquehanna had been abandoned; but as Lee's corps were reported as occupying the country from Chambersburg to Carlisle, he ordered, for the next day's moves, the First and Eleventh corps to Gettysburg under Reynolds, the Third to Emmitsburg, the Second to Taneytown, the Fifth to Hanover, and the Twelfth to Two Taverns, directing Slocum to take command of the Fifth in addition to his own. The Sixth Corps was left at Manchester, thirty-

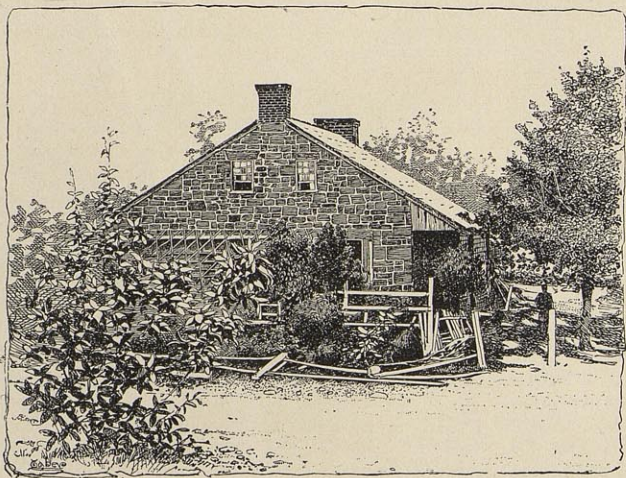
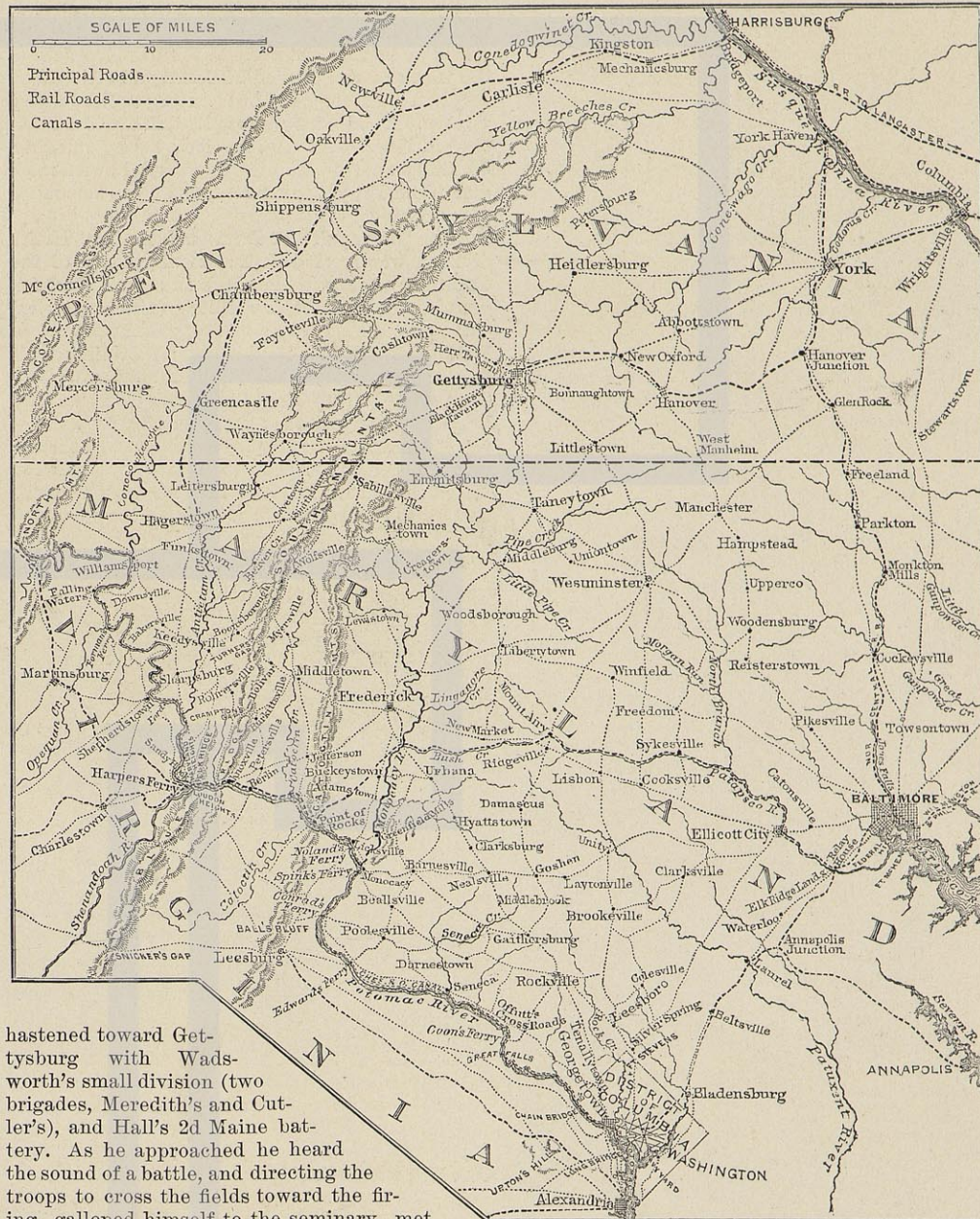
four miles from Gettysburg, to await orders. But Meade, while conforming to the current of Lee's movement, was not merely drifting. The same afternoon he directed the chiefs of engineers and artillery to select a field of battle on which his army might be concentrated, whatever Lee's lines of approach, whether by Harrisburg or Gettysburg, — indicating the general line of Pike Creek as a suitable locality. Carefully drawn instructions were sent to the corps commanders as to the occupation of this line should it be ordered; but it was added that developments might cause the offensive to be assumed from present positions. These orders were afterward cited as indicating General Meade's intention not to fight at Gettysburg. They were, under any circumstances, wise and proper orders, and it would probably have been better had he concentrated his army behind Pike Creek rather than at Gettysburg; but events finally controlled the actions of both leaders.

At 8 A. M., July 1st, Buford's scouts reported Heth's advance on the Cashtown road, when Gamble's brigade formed on McPherson's Ridge, from the Fairfield road to the railroad cut; one section of Calef's Battery A, 2d United States, near the left of his line, the other two across the Chambersburg or Cashtown pike. Devin formed his disposable squadrons from Gamble's right toward Oak Hill, from which he had afterward to transfer them to the north of the town to meet Ewell. As Heth advanced, he threw Archer's brigade to the right, Davis's to the left of the Cashtown pike, with Pettigrew's and Brockenbrough's brigades in support. The Confederates advanced, skirmishing heavily with Buford's dismounted troopers. Calef's battery, engaging double the number of its own guns, was served with an efficiency worthy of its former reputation as "Duncan's battery" in the Mexican war, and so enabled the cavalry to hold their long line for two hours. When Buford's report of the enemy's advance reached Reynolds, the latter, ordering Doubleday and Howard to follow,

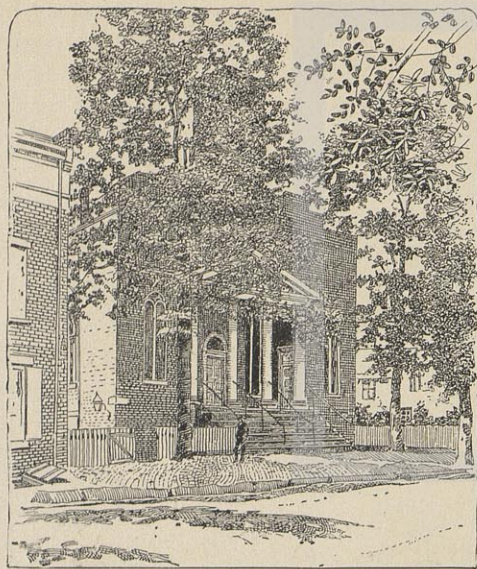
hastened toward Gettysburg with Wadsworth's small division (two brigades, Meredith's and Cutler's), and Hall's 2d Maine battery. As he approached he heard the sound of a battle, and directing the troops to cross the fields toward the firing, galloped himself to the seminary, met Buford there, and both rode to the front, where the cavalry, dismounted, were gallantly holding their ground against heavy odds. After viewing the field, he sent back to hasten up Howard, and as the enemy's main line was now advancing to the attack, directed Doubleday, who had arrived in advance of his division, to look to the Fairfield road, sent Cutler with three of his five regiments north of the railroad cut, posted the other two under Colonel Fowler, of the 14th New York, south of the pike, and replaced Calef's battery by Hall's, thus relieving the cavalry. Cutler's line was hardly formed when it was struck by Davis's Confederate brigade on its front and right flank, whereupon Wadsworth, to save it, ordered it to fall back to Seminary Ridge. This order not reach-

MAP OF THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

ing the 147th New York, its gallant major, Harney, held that regiment to its position until, having lost half its numbers, the order to retire was repeated. Hall's battery was now imperiled, and it withdrew by sections, fighting at close canister range and suffering severely. Fowler thereupon changed his front to face Davis's brigade, which held the cut, and with Dawes's 6th Wisconsin — sent by Doubleday to aid the 147th New York — charged and drove Davis from the field. The Confederate brigade suffered severely, losing all its field-officers but two, and a large proportion of its men killed and captured, being disabled for further effective service that day. In the mean time Archer's Confederate



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE
CHAMBERSBURG PIKE.



LUTHERAN CHURCH ON CHAMBERSBURG STREET, GETTYSBURG, USED AS A HOSPITAL.

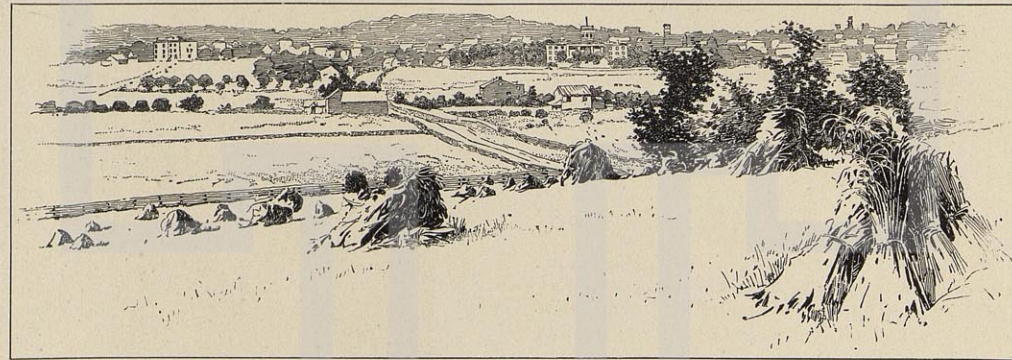
brigade had occupied McPherson's wood, and as the regiments of Meredith's "Iron Brigade" came up, they were sent forward by Doubleday, who fully recognized the importance of the position, to dislodge Archer. At the entrance of the wood they found Reynolds in person, and, animated by his presence, rushed to the charge, struck successive heavy blows, outflanked and turned the enemy's right, captured General Archer and a large portion of his brigade, and pursued the remainder across Willoughby Run. Wadsworth's small division had thus won decided successes against superior numbers, but it was at grievous cost to the army and the country, for Reynolds, while directing the opera-

tions, was killed in the wood by a sharp-shooter. It was not, however, until by his promptitude and gallantry he had determined the decisive field of the war, and had opened brilliantly a battle which required three days of hard fighting to close with a victory. To him may be applied, in a wider sense than in its original one, Napier's happy eulogium on Ridge: "No man died on that field with more glory than he; yet many died, and there was much glory."

After the repulse of Davis and Archer, Heth's division was formed in line mostly south of the Cashtown pike, with Pender's in second line, Pegram's and McIntosh's artillery (nine batteries) occupying all the commanding positions west of Willoughby Run. Doubleday reestablished his former lines, Meredith holding McPherson's wood. Soon after, Rowley's and Robinson's divisions (two brigades each) and the four remaining batteries of the corps arrived. Rowley's division was thrown forward, Stone's brigade to the interval between Meredith and Cutler, and Biddle's with Cooper's battery to occupy the ridge between the wood and the Fairfield road. Reynolds's battery replaced

and Howard called on Sickles at Emmitsburg and Slocum at Two Taverns for aid, to which both these officers promptly responded. It was now no longer a question of prolonging Doubleday's line, but of protecting it against Ewell whilst engaged in front with Hill. Schurz's two divisions, hardly 6000 effectives, accordingly formed line on the open plain half a mile north of the town. They were too weak to cover the ground, and a wide interval was left between the two corps, covered only by the fire of Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries (ten guns) posted behind it.

That morning, whilst on the march to Cashtown, Ewell received Hill's notice that his corps was advancing to Gettysburg, upon which he turned the heads of his own columns to that point. Reporting the change by a staff-officer to General Lee, Ewell was instructed that if the Federals were in force at Gettysburg, a general battle was not to be brought on until the rest of the army was up. Approaching Gettysburg, Rodes, guided by the sounds of battle, followed the prolongation of Seminary Ridge; Iverson's, Daniel's, and Ramseur's brigades on the western, O'Neal's and Doles's on the eastern

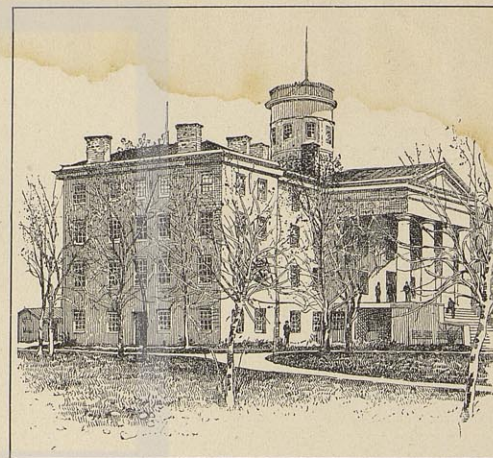


GETTYSBURG FROM OAK HILL.

Oak Hill is a mile north-west of Gettysburg, and the view here is south-east, showing Stevens Hall (named after Thaddeus Stevens), the preparatory department of the Pennsylvania College, on the left; then Culp's Hill; then Pennsylvania College, and, to the right of its cupola, the observatory on Cemetery Hill.

Hall's, and Calef's rejoined Gamble's cavalry, now in reserve. Robinson's division was halted near the base of Seminary Ridge. By this time, near noon, General Howard arrived, assumed command, and directed General Schurz, commanding the Eleventh Corps, to prolong Doubleday's line toward Oak Hill with Schimmelfennig's and Barlow's divisions and three batteries, and to post Steinwehr's division and two batteries on Cemetery Hill as a rallying-point. By 1 o'clock, when this corps was arriving, Buford had reported Ewell's approach by the Heidlersburg road,

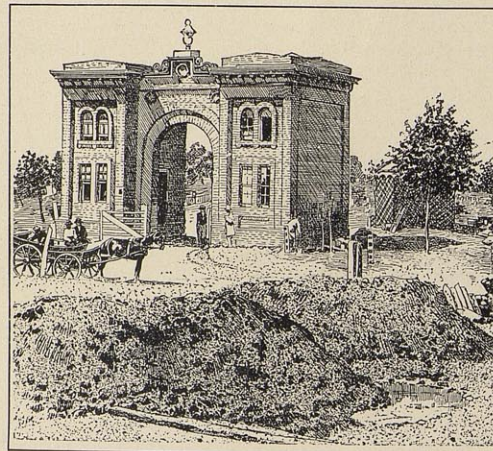
slope. Ewell, recognizing the importance of Oak Hill, ordered it to be occupied by Carter's artillery battalion, which immediately opened on both the Federal corps, enfilading Doubleday's line. This caused Wadsworth again to withdraw Cutler to Seminary Ridge, and Reynolds's battery was posted near McPherson's house, under partial cover. Stone therefore placed two of his three regiments on the Cashtown pike, so as to face Oak Hill. This left an interval between Stone and Cutler, through which Cooper and Reynolds could fire with effect, and gave to these lines a cross-fire on troops entering the angle between them. Robinson now sent his two brigades to strengthen Cutler's right. They took post behind the stone walls of a field, Paul's brigade facing west, Baxter's north. Rodes, regarding this advance as a menace, gave orders at 2:30 P. M. to attack. Iverson, sweeping round to his left, engaged Paul, who prolonged Cutler's line, and O'Neal attacked Baxter. The repulse of O'Neal soon enabled Baxter to turn upon Iverson. Cutler also attacked him in flank, and after losing 500 men killed and wounded, 3 of Iverson's regiments surrendered. General Robinson reports the capture of 1000 prisoners and 3 colors; General Paul



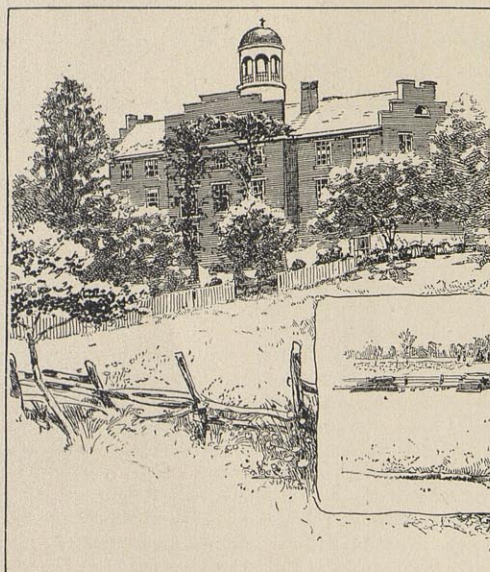
PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, GETTYSBURG.

The cupola was first used by Union officers, and then by Confederate, as a station for observation and signals. During the withdrawal of the First and Eleventh corps through the town, there was hard fighting in the college grounds.

was severely wounded, losing both eyes. Meanwhile Daniel's brigade advanced directly on Stone, who maintained his lines against this attack and also Brockenbrough's, of Hill's corps, but was soon severely wounded. Colonel Wister, who succeeded him, met the same fate, and Colonel Dana took command of the brigade. Ramseur, who followed Daniel, by a conversion to the left, now faced Robinson and Cutler with his own brigade, the remnant of Iverson's, and one regiment of O'Neal's, his right connecting with Daniel's left, and the fighting became hot. East of the ridge, Doles's brigade had been held in observation, but about 3:30 P. M., on the advance of Early, he sent his skirmishers forward and drove those of Devin — who had gallantly held the enemy's advance in check with his dismounted troopers — from their line and its hillock on Rock Creek. Barlow, considering this an eligible position for his own right, advanced his division, supported by Wilkeson's battery, and seized it. This made it necessary for Schurz to advance a brigade of Schimmelfennig's division to connect with Barlow, thus lengthening his already too extended line.



THE LINE OF DEFENSE AT THE CEMETERY GATE-HOUSE.



THE LUTHERAN SEMINARY.

The upper picture from a war-time photograph.

Both pictures show the face of the seminary toward the town, and in the right-hand view is seen the Chambersburg Pike. On the first day, Buford and Reynolds used the cupola for observations; thereafter it was the chief signal-station and observatory for the Confederates.



ASSAULT OF BROCKENBROUGH'S CONFEDERATE BRIGADE (HETH'S DIVISION) UPON THE STONE BARN OF THE MCPHERSON FARM.

The line of the stone barn was held by Stone's brigade, Pennsylvania Bucktails (Doubleday's division), its right resting on the Chambersburg pike (the left of the picture)

The arrival of Early's division had by this time brought an overwhelming force on the flank and rear of the Eleventh Corps. On the east of Rock Creek, Jones's artillery battalion, within easy range, enfiladed its whole line and took it in reserve, while the brigades of Gordon, Hays, and Avery in line, with Smith's in reserve, advanced about 4 P. M. upon Barlow's position, Doles, of Rodes's division, connecting with Gordon. An obstinate and bloody contest ensued, in which Barlow was desperately wounded, Wilkeson killed, and the whole corps forced back to its original line, on which, with the aid of Coster's brigade and Heckman's battery, drawn from Cemetery Hill, Schurz endeavored to rally it and cover the town. The fighting here was well sustained, but the Confederate force was overpowering in num-

bers, and the troops retreated to Cemetery Hill, Ewell entering the town about 4:30 P. M. These retrograde movements had uncovered the flank of the First Corps and made its right untenable.

Meanwhile, that corps had been heavily engaged along its whole line; for, on the approach of Rodes, Hill attacked with both his divisions. There were thus opposed to the single disconnected Federal line south of the Cashtown pike two solid Confederate ones which outflanked their left a quarter of a mile or more. Biddle's small command, less than a thousand men, after a severe contest was gradually forced back. In McPherson's wood and beyond, Meredith's and Dana's brigades repeatedly repulsed their assailants, but as Biddle's retirement uncovered their left, they too fell back to successive positions, from which they inflicted

heavy losses, until finally all three reached the foot of Seminary Ridge, where Colonel Wainwright, commanding the corps artillery, had planted twelve guns south of the Cashtown pike, with Stewart's battery, manned in part by men of the Iron Brigade, north of it. Buford had already thrown half of Gamble's dismounted men south of the Fairfield road. Heth's division had suffered so severely that Pender's had passed to its front, thus bringing fresh troops to bear on the exhausted Federal line.

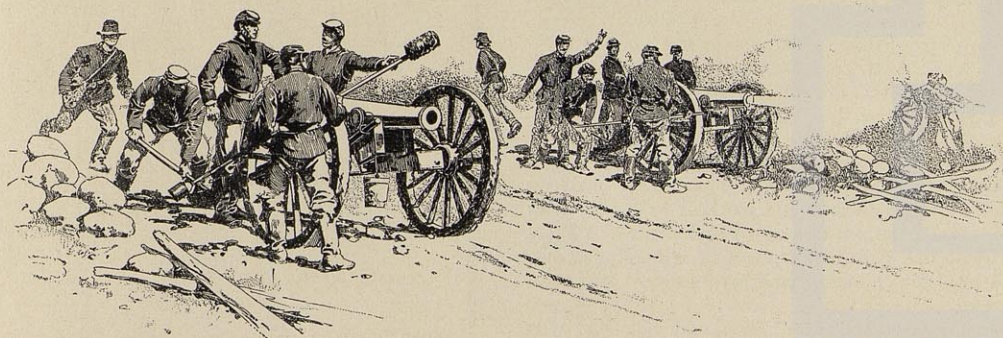
It was about 4 P. M. when the whole Confederate line advanced to the final attack. On their right Gamble held Lane's brigade for some time in check, Perrin's and Scales's suffered severely, and Scales's was broken up, for Stewart, swinging half his guns, under Lieutenant Davison, upon the Cashtown pike, raked it. The whole corps being now heavily pressed and its right uncovered, Doubleday gave the order to fall back to Cemetery Hill, which was effected in comparatively good

order, the rear, covered by the 7th Wisconsin, turning when necessary to check pursuit. Colonel Wainwright, mistaking the order, had clung with his artillery to Seminary Hill, until, seeing the infantry retreating to the town, he moved his batteries down the Cashtown pike until lapped on both sides by the enemy's skirmishers, at close range, when they were compelled to abandon one gun on the road, all its horses being killed. The Eleventh Corps also left a disabled gun on the field. Of the troops who passed through the town, many, principally men of the Eleventh Corps, got entangled in the streets, lost their way, and were captured.

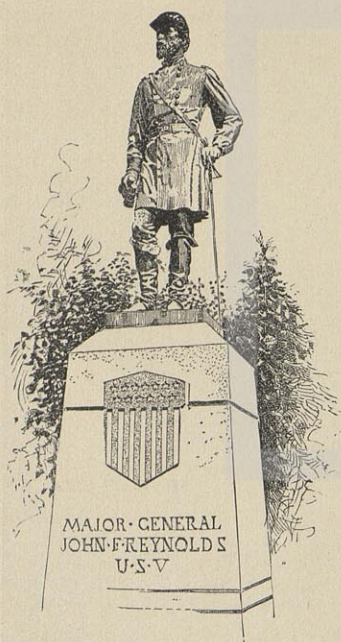
On ascending Cemetery Hill, the retreating troops found Steinwehr's division in position covered by stone fences on the slopes, and occupying by their skirmishers the houses in front of their line. As they arrived they were formed, the Eleventh Corps on the right, the First Corps on the left of Steinwehr. As the batteries came up,



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, U. S. A.
Union Commander at the Battle of Gettysburg.

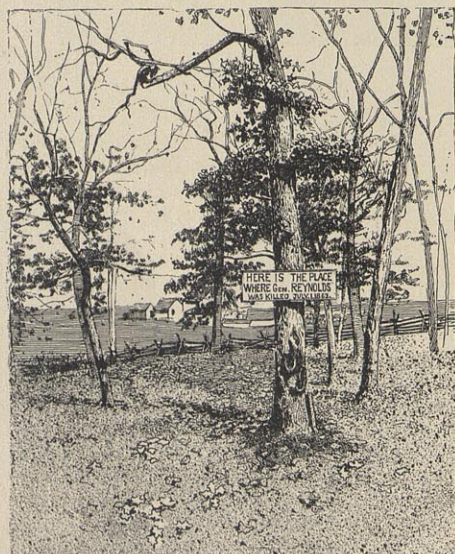


HALL'S BATTERY ON THE FIRST DAY RESISTING THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE ON THE CHAMBERSBURG ROAD



MONUMENT IN THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

they were well posted by Colonels Wainwright and Osborn, and soon a formidable array of artillery was ready to cover with its fire all the approaches. Buford assembled his command on the plain west of Cemetery Hill, covering the left flank and presenting a firm front to any attempt at pursuit. The First Corps found a small reinforcement awaiting it, in the 7th Indiana, part of the train escort, which brought up nearly five hundred fresh men. Wadsworth met them and led them to Culp's Hill, where, under direction of Captain Pattison of that regiment, a defensive line was marked out. Their brigade (Cutler's) soon joined them; wood and stone were plentiful, and soon the right of the line was solidly established.



NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE McPHERSON WOODS, WHERE GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS KILLED.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS, U. S. V.

Killed on the first day at Gettysburg. The uniform is that of a field-officer in the regular army.

Nor was there wanting other assurance to the men who had fought so long that their sacrifices had not been in vain. As they reached the hill they were received by General Hancock, who arrived just as they were coming up from the town, under orders from General Meade to assume the command. His person was well known; his presence inspired confidence, and it implied also the

near approach of his army-corps. He ordered Wadsworth at once to Culp's Hill to secure that important position, and aided by Howard, by Warren who had also just arrived from headquarters, and by others, a strong line, well flanked, was soon formed.

General Lee, who from Seminary Hill had witnessed the final attack, sent Colonel Long, of his

staff, a competent officer of sound judgment, to examine the position, and directed Ewell to carry it if practicable, renewing, however, his previous warning to avoid bringing on a general engagement until the army was all up. Both Ewell—who was making some preparations with a view to attack—and Long found the position a formidable one, strongly occupied and not accessible to artillery fire. Ewell's men were indeed in no condition for an immediate assault. Of Rodes's eight thousand, nearly three thousand were *hors de combat*. Early had lost over five hundred, and had but two brigades disposable, the other two having been sent on the report of the advance of Federal troops, probably the Twelfth Corps, then near by to watch the York road. Hill's two divisions had been very roughly handled, and had lost heavily, and he withdrew them to Seminary Hill as Ewell entered the town, leaving the latter with not more than eight thousand men to secure the town and the prisoners. Ewell's absent division (Edward Johnson's) was expected soon, but it did not arrive until near sunset, when the Twelfth Corps and Stannard's Vermont brigade were also up, and the Third Corps was arriving. In fact an assault by the Confederates was not practicable before 5:30 P. M., and after that the position was perfectly secure. For the first time that day the Federals had the advantage of position, and sufficient troops and artillery to occupy it, and Ewell would not have been justified in attacking without the positive orders of Lee, who was present and wisely abstained from giving them.

NARRATIVE NOTES.

BATTLE OF THE SECOND DAY.

The following diagram will explain the advantages and disadvantages of the battle-field.

The Union army was sheltered by the curved ridge. If it was desired to reinforce any part, it could be done by short lines,—chords of the arc,—and its movements being behind the ridge would be hidden from the view of its enemies.

As the Confederate army acted on the offensive it had

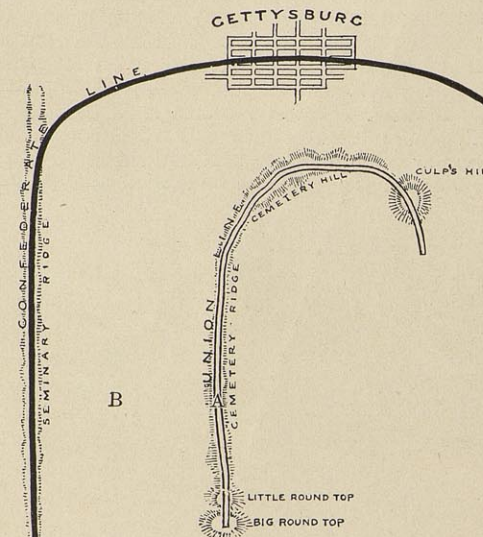


DIAGRAM OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.

to descend into the plain, where all its important operations were in full view of the Union signal-stations on the heights, where were officers with powerful glasses. To reinforce any part of the Confederate line required a long march around, on the circumference of the circle, which consumed much valuable time.

On the other hand the nature of the ground made the fire from the Union batteries diffusive, while the Confederate batteries were able to concentrate a heavy fire upon almost any point in front of them.

THE UNION ARMY REACHES GETTYSBURG.

Most of the troops, though worn out with hard marching, arrived by midday of July 2d. The Sixth Corps had thirty-four miles to march, and came later in the afternoon.

SICKLES MOVES IN ADVANCE.

In the preceding diagram, A marks the position to which Sickles had been assigned with the Third Corps. As the ridge disappears there for a considerable space, the ground is low, and, in the opinion of General Sickles, was unfavorable for defense. He therefore went out about three-quarters of a mile to some high ground in front (marked B on the diagram). General Meade, who visited the position, disapproved this movement.

Sickles was soon fiercely assailed by Longstreet's corps.

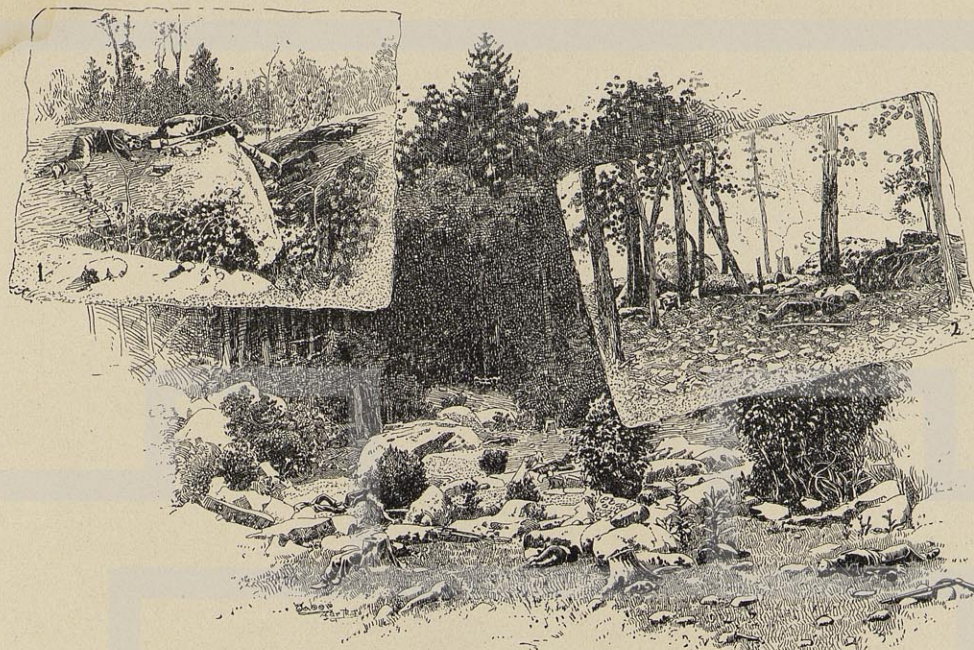
THE SECOND DAY—THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

THE STRUGGLE FOR "ROUND TOP."

BY E. M. LAW, MAJOR-GENERAL, C. S. A.

Commanding a division in the assault on "Round Top."

... The Confederate line of battle occupied a ridge, partly wooded, with a valley intervening between it and the heights held by the Federal troops in front. The position occupied by the Federal left wing in front of us was fully disclosed to view, and it was certainly one of the most formidable it had ever been the fortune of any troops to confront. Round Top rose like a huge sentinel guarding the Federal left flank, while the spurs and ridges trending off to the north of it afforded unrivaled positions for the use of artillery. The puffs of smoke rising at intervals along the line of hills, as the Federal batteries fired upon such portions of our line as became exposed to view, clearly



THE "SLAUGHTER PEN" AT THE BASE AND ON THE LEFT SLOPE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP.

showed that these advantages had not been neglected. The thick woods which in great part covered the sides of Round Top and the adjacent hills concealed from view the rugged nature of the ground, which increased fourfold the difficulties of the attack.

How far up the slope of Round Top the Federal left extended we could not tell, as the woods effectually concealed from view everything in that quarter. . . .

Our order of attack—issued as soon as the two divisions of Longstreet's corps came into position on the line already described—was, that the movement should begin on the right, my brigade on that flank leading, the other command taking it up successively toward the left. It was near 5 o'clock P. M. when we advanced to the attack. The artillery on both sides had been warmly engaged for about fifteen minutes, and continued to fire heavily until we became engaged with the Federal infantry, when the Confederate batteries ceased firing to avoid injury to our own troops, who were then, for the most part, concealed by the woods about the base of Round Top and the spurs to the north of it. Gen-

eral Wood was severely wounded in the arm by a shot from the Federal artillery as we moved into action.

Advancing rapidly across the valley which separated the opposing lines,—all the time under a heavy fire from the batteries,—our front line struck the enemy's skirmishers posted along the farther edge of the valley. Brushing these quickly away, we soon came upon their first line of battle, running along the slopes of the hills known as Devil's Den, to our left of Round Top, and separated from the latter by Plum Run valley. The fighting soon became close and severe. Exposed to the artillery fire from the heights in front and on our left, as well as to the musketry of the infantry, it required all the courage and steadiness of the veterans who composed the Army of Northern Virginia—whose spirit was never higher than then—to face the storm. Not one moment was lost. With rapidly thinning ranks the gray line swept on, until the blue line in front wavered, broke, and seemed to dissolve in the woods and rocks on the mountain-side. The advance continued steadily, the center of the division moving directly upon the guns on the hill adjoining Devil's Den on the north, from which we had been suffering so severely. In order to secure my right flank,

I extended it well up on the side of Round Top, and my brigade, in closing to the right, left a considerable interval between its left and the right of the Texas brigade of Robertson. Into this interval I threw Benning's Georgia brigade, which had up to that time occupied the second line. At the same time seeing a heavy Federal force on Robertson's left, and no Confederate troops having come up to extend our line in that direction, Anderson's Georgia brigade, till then also in the second line, was thrown out on that flank.

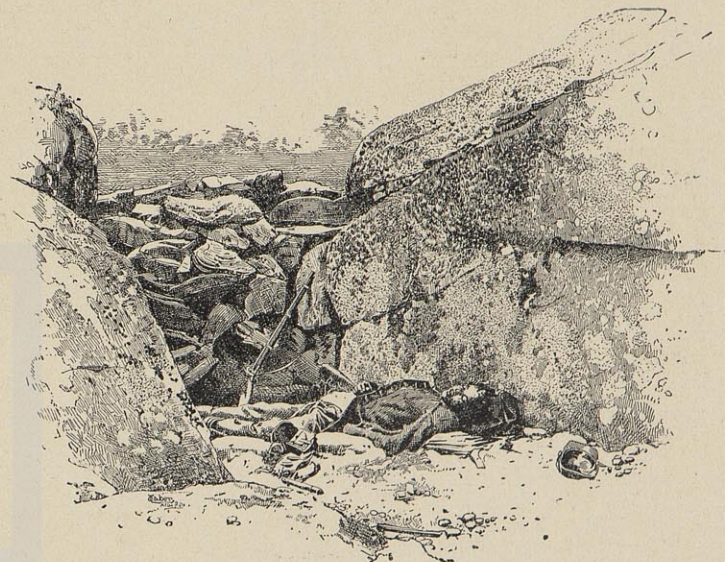
Thus disposed, the division continued to move forward, encountering, as it ascended the heights around the battery on the spur and to the right and left of it, a most determined resistance from the Federal troops, who seemed to be continually reinforced. The ground was rough and difficult, broken by rocks and boulders, which rendered an orderly advance impossible. Sometimes the Federals would hold one side of the huge boulders on the slope until the Confederates occupied the other. In some cases my men, with reckless daring, mounted to the top of the large rocks in order to get a better view, and to deliver their fire with greater effect. One of these, Sergeant Barbee of the Texas brigade, having reached a rock a little in advance of the line, stood erect on the top of it, loading and firing as coolly as if unconscious of danger, while the air around him was fairly swarming with bullets. He soon fell helpless from several wounds; but he held his rock, lying upon the top of it until the litter-bearers carried him off.

In less than an hour from the time we advanced to the attack, the hill by Devil's Den opposite our center was taken, with three pieces of the artillery that had occupied it. The remaining piece was run down the opposite slope by the gunners, and escaped capture.

In the mean time my brigade, on the right, had swept over the northern slope of Round Top, cleared it of the enemy, and then, making a partial change of front to the left, advanced upon Little Round Top, which lay in rear of the spur on which the battery had been taken. This change of direction



THE STRUGGLE FOR DEVIL'S DEN (LOOKING TOWARD THE CONFEDERATE LINES).



DEAD CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTER IN THE DEVIL'S DEN.

soon exposed it to a flank attack on the right by fresh troops (Vincent's brigade), rendering it necessary to retire it to the general line.

While our center and right wing were engaged as I have described, Anderson's brigade, on the left, was subjected to great annoyance and loss by movements of the enemy upon its left flank, being frequently compelled to change the front of the regiments on that flank to repel attacks from that direction.

Up to this time I had seen nothing of McLaws's division, which was to have extended our left and to have moved to the attack at the same time. I therefore halted my line, which had become broken and disorganized by the roughness of the ground over which it had been fighting, and placing it in as advantageous a position as possible for receiving any attack that the Federals might be disposed to make, I hurried back to the ridge from which we had originally advanced. I found McLaws still in position there, his troops suffering considerably from a severe fire of artillery from the opposite hills. I was informed by General Kershaw, who held the right of this division, that although he understood the general instructions that the forward movement was to be taken up from the right, he had not yet received the order to move from his division commander. I pointed out the position of Hood's division, and urged the necessity of immediate support on its left. General Kershaw requested me to designate the point on which his right flank should be directed, and promptly moved to the attack, the movement being taken up by the whole division.

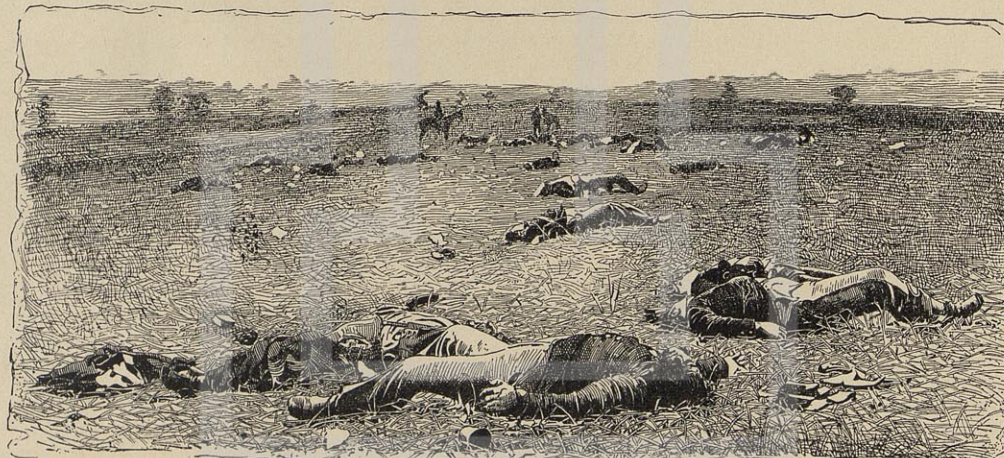
When Hood's division first attacked, General Meade, alarmed for the safety of his left wing, and doubtless fully alive to the importance of holding so vital a point as Round Top and its adjacent spurs, commenced sending reinforcements to the threatened points. We encountered some of these in our first advance, and others were arriving as McLaws came up on our left. In its advance this division extended from the "Peach Orchard" near the Emmitsburg road, on its left, to the "Wheat-field" north of the hill on which we had captured the Federal battery, where its right wing connected with my left. As McLaws advanced, we again moved forward on his right, and the fighting continued in "see-saw" style—first one side and then the other gaining ground or losing it, with small



LIEUTENANT BAYARD WILKESON HOLDING HIS BATTERY TO ITS WORK IN AN EXPOSED POSITION.

NOTE.—The death of Lieutenant Bayard Wilkeson, who commanded Battery G, Fourth U. S. Artillery, was one of the most heroic episodes of the fight. He was but nineteen years old and was the son of Samuel Wilkeson, who, as correspondent of the "New York Times," was at Meade's headquarters during the fight. Gen. John B. Gordon, finding it impossible to advance his Confederate division in the face of the fire of Wilkeson's battery, and realizing that if the officer on the horse could be disposed of the battery would not remain, directed two batteries of his command

to train every gun upon him. Wilkeson was brought to the ground, desperately wounded, and his horse was killed. He was carried by the Confederates to the Alms House (or dragged himself there—the accounts differ), where he died that night. Just before he expired, it is said, he asked for water; a canteen was brought to him; as he took it a wounded soldier lying next to him begged, "For God's sake give me some!" He passed the canteen untouched to the man, who drank every drop it contained. Wilkeson smiled on the man, turned slightly, and expired.



UNION DEAD WEST OF THE SEMINARY.

advantage to either, until dark. At the close of the engagement Hood's division held the hill where the battery had been taken, and the ridge to its left—our right extending across Devil's Den and well up on the northwestern slope of Round Top.

During the night this line was strengthened by the construction of a breastwork of the loose stones that abounded all along the positions occupied by the troops, and the light of the next morning disclosed the fact that the Federal troops in front of us had improved their time in the same way. In fact, all through the night we could hear them at work as the rocks were dropped in place on the work, and no doubt they heard us just as distinctly, while we were engaged in the same life-preserving operation.

Though the losses had been severe on both sides, comparatively few prisoners had been taken. But early in the night, in the confusion resulting from the fight over such rugged ground, and the darkness of the wooded mountain-side, men of both armies, in search of their commands, occasionally wandered into the opposing picket-lines and were captured. Many of the Federal wounded were left in our lines on the ground from which their troops had been forced back, and some of ours remained in their hands in the most advanced positions which we had reached and had been compelled to abandon. Among these latter was Colonel Powell of the 5th Texas regi-

ment, who was shot through the body and afterward died. Powell was a stout, portly man, with a full beard, resembling in many respects General Longstreet, and the first impression of his captors was that they had taken that officer. Indeed, it was asserted positively by some of the prisoners we picked up during the night that Longstreet was badly wounded and a prisoner in their hands, and they obstinately refused to credit our statements to the contrary. . . .

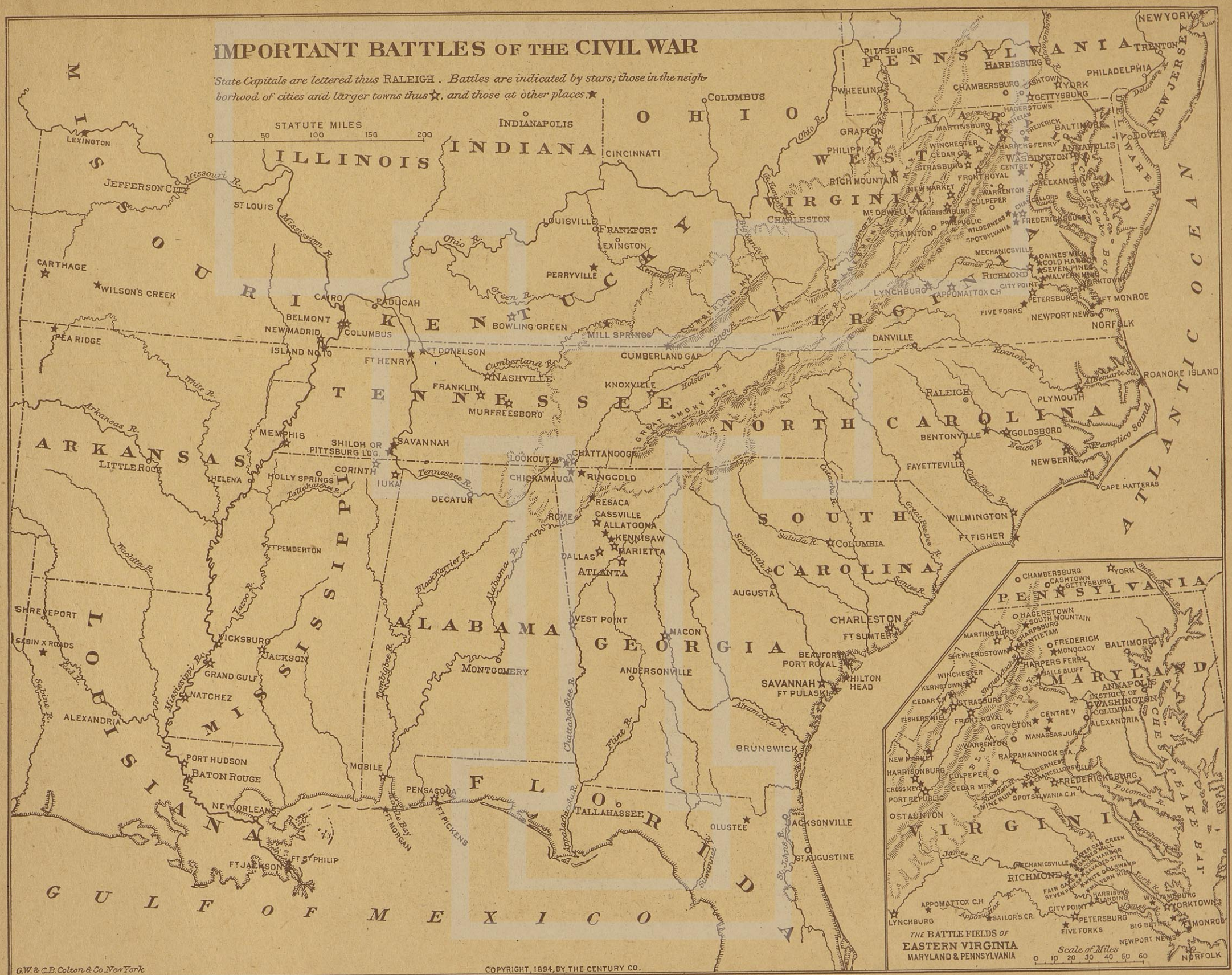
LONGSTREET'S ATTACK AT THE PEACH ORCHARD AND WHEAT-FIELD.

BY J. B. KERSHAW, MAJOR-GEN., C. S. A.
Commanding Kershaw's Brigade at Gettysburg.

MY brigade, composed of South Carolinians, the 2d, 3d, 7th, 8th, and 15th South Carolina regiments, and the Third South Carolina battalion, constituted, with Semmes's, Wofford's,

IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR

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



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The Story of the Second and Third Days

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(CONFEDERATE)

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SAVING A GUN

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