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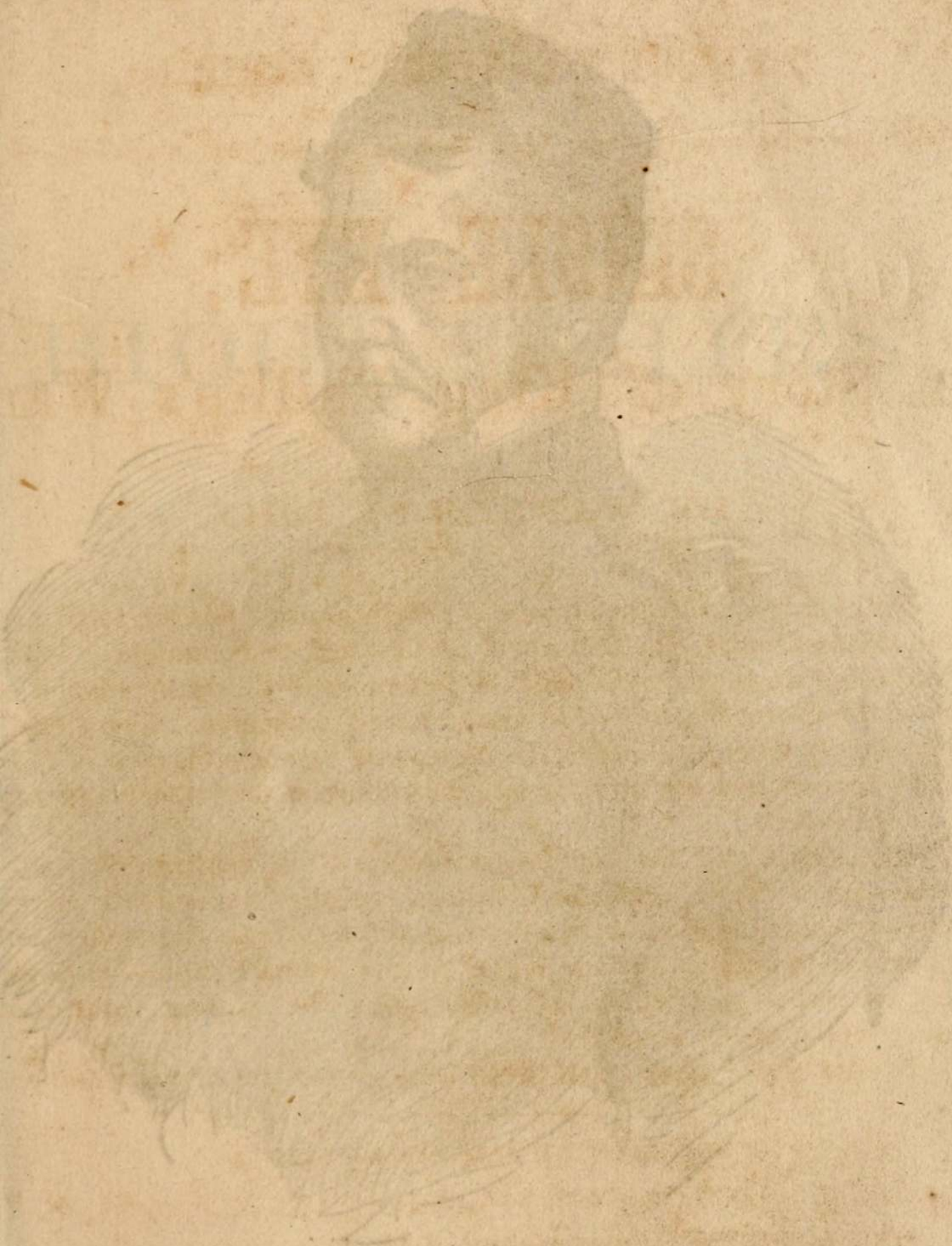

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

MEN OF THE TIME:

BEING

BIOGRAPHIES

OF GENERALS

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CONTENTS.

MEN OF THE TIME.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

Among the brave and capable men whom the intolerance and oppression of Charles I, and the stormy scenes which culminated in his overthrow, led to abandon their native country, and rear new states for freedom and religion beyond the waters, there was none of higher capacity, of more remarkable prescience and talent for government, or of more commanding personal dignity than that Thomas Hooker, who, in the summer of 1636, led a company of over one hundred settlers, one hundred and twenty miles through the wilderness, to found the beautiful city of Hartford, and the colony of Connecticut. As a preacher, he was said by those who knew well the clerical talent of New England, to have had no equal in the colonies; and it is more than hinted that the great men of the Massachusetts colony were not averse to his establishing himself at such a distance from them, lest his transcendent abilities should overshadow theirs. As a statesman, the management of the colony of Connecticut, for a series of years, gives evidence of his talents, for there were few measures undertaken in that colony which he did not suggest, and none which did not receive his sanction. Such was the confidence felt in his judgment and power of discerning the future that men went to consult him as an oracle, and indeed, among the men of his time, he received the name of "Oraculous Hooker."

When he took upon him the clerical garb with his ordination vows, there was lost to the world one who had in him the capacity for a great military leader; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could, in the consciousness of his sacred calling, restrain the military ardor of his nature. In the first Pequot war, he could hardly be dissuaded from going

forth with the little band of heroes which Hartford furnished to subdue the heathen; and the farewell address which he made to them, at the time of their embarkation, so roused the ardor of the soldiers, that their brave Captain Mason said, it made each man a host for the fight.

The descendants of this brave and gifted minister are yet numerous in New England, and form a portion of what Dr. Holmes calls "its Brahmin Caste." They have distinguished themselves in the pulpit, at the bar, in the medical profession and in the practice of arms; and the commanding presence, the intellectual vigor, and the heroic spirit of their ancestor have been perpetuated in his descendants, to an extraordinary degree.

To this family belongs the subject of our sketch, who is a lineal descendant of the Hartford founder, whose noble form, manly bearing and military ardor he fully inherits.

Joseph Hooker was born at Hadley, Massachusetts, in the year 1815.* His parents were Joseph Hooker and Mary Seymour, daughter of Nathan Seymour. His father was born in Enfield, Massachusetts, and his mother in Hadley. The father was a farmer by occupation. After his removal to Hadley, he became a drover. The mother was noted for brilliancy of intellect and great energy, and altogether was more than an ordinary woman. The family were in moderate circumstances, but by practicing strict economy they gained a comfortable living. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker had born to them four children —three daughters and one son. Their names were Mary, Sarah R., Nancy S., and Joseph, from which it will be seen that the General was the youngest of the family. The daughters attended school at Hopkins Academy, where they received good instruction, and finally married men who have gained considerable distinction in their several vocations. Mary married O. B. Brainard, president of a bank, at Watertown, New York, and Nancy married William Wood, a very successful merchant in the same place, where they now reside.

* The house in which he first saw the light is still standing. It is on the west side of West street, opposite the store of James B. Porter, and is now owned by E. & C. M. Thayer. It is an old-fashioned, two-story house, with the gambrel roof so peculiar to olden times, and altogether is a fit place for the early home of genius, whether it be an embryo poet, President, or Major-General.

Sarah married Rev. Dr. M. L. R. P. Thompson, a Congregational clergyman, now settled at Cincinnati.

Joseph's boyhood seems to have been pleasantly spent, and as his father was not an owner of land, and was much of the time absent on business, he was frequently employed by the neighbors on their farms. One relates that he had employed him many a day to hoe broom-corn, at twelve and a half cents for each day's work, and another that he has paid him considerable sums of money for scraping broom-corn, at twenty-five cents per hundred. He is said to have been extremely fond of hunting, but, notwithstanding, was very industrious—always at work when he could get employment, however small the compensation.

As he worked, day after day, on the farm, he used to exclaim to some of his most intimate friends, "that he had a higher destiny than hoeing broom-corn," and as he grew older this feeling seemed to increase. The leisure moments were improved, and, after passing through the district school, he entered Hopkins Academy—an institution, by the way, that has furnished the country with many a distinguished citizen. Here he seems to have fallen into goodly hands, and was there pointed to the profession in which he has gained the distinction that he now enjoys. His preceptor was Rev. Ezekiel Russell, now a resident of East Randolph. The late Hon. Giles C. Kellogg was at that time an assistant teacher in the Academy, and observing the energy and talent displayed by young Hooker, he became at once his friend and counselor. It was through his advice and influence that he entered the military school at West Point, Mr. Kellogg not only advising him to go there, but was the means of obtaining his appointment as cadet. For the services rendered by his early friend we are assured that General Hooker has never ceased to be grateful, and on more than one occasion has acknowledged to Mr. Kellogg his indebtedness.

His parents were opposed to his entering the West Point school. After Joseph had received the appointment, Mr. Kellogg called on his father, when he exclaimed: "Mr. Kellogg, I don't thank you for what you've done. I don't want my son to go into the swamps of Florida, to be shot by the Indians." There had been a difficulty with the Indians which

occasioned the remark. Mr. Kellogg assured the old gentleman that his son would not be obliged to go to Florida, and that really the training and education that he would receive at the West Point Academy would be of great benefit, and on the whole it would be the best thing that he could do to go there. The parents became reconciled, and their son turned his steps toward West Point, from whence he was to go out into the world.

As a boy he was much esteemed. Always good-natured and remarkably kind to his sisters and parents. His affection for them and his other relatives seems to have been very strong. In a letter written twenty-four years ago, after he had graduated at West Point, to his aunt in Hadley, that we now have before us, his strong love of friends and the home of his boyhood seem to be exceedingly prominent. He speaks of "the meeting-house in the broad street of Hadley," and "the valley that till recently (his sisters having been married and moved away) contained all that was dear to him." To show a worthy and commendable example—how he esteemed his parents, we will state that while he held a Lieutenant's commission, he saved his earnings, and supported them in their old age, notwithstanding his sisters were more able to do it than he. He being the only son, he regarded it as his duty, and was always faithful in the discharge of it. As a boy he was very amiable, and the soubriquet of "Fighting Joe" does not correctly represent his trait of character. He was, however, very tenacious, and when he undertook any thing, his efforts were never relaxed till it was successfully accomplished.

William Blake, a very estimable citizen of Hadley, whom General Hooker's father took from a charitable institution at Boston and brought to Hadley when a boy, was living with Mr. Hooker when Joseph was born. When asked if he could tell any thing about the General when a boy, he replied: "I can't tell you any thing *bad* about him. He was a good boy, and I have often carried him in my arms." During his service in the United States, he occasionally, as circumstances would admit, visited Hadley, but his parents finally went to reside with their daughters, and died at Watertown, New York, where they were buried.

Hooker was eighteen years of age when he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, and from which he graduated in the class of 1837, ranking twenty-eighth in a class of fifty-one members. On graduating, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the First artillery. In November, 1838, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in the same regiment. In 1841, he was appointed Adjutant at the Military Academy, and the same year made Adjutant of his regiment, which position he held until 1846. Called to the field on the breaking out of the Mexican war, he there served with distinction. He was in the conflicts of Monterey, on the 21st, 22d and 23d days of September, of that year, and bore himself so gallantly that he was brevetted Captain for his services. Other honors followed. On the 3d of March, 1847, he was placed on the staff of the commanding General, as Assistant Adjutant-General. He was detailed to accompany Scott to Vera Cruz, and, for his "gallant and meritorious conduct" at the affair of the National Bridge, on the 11th of June, 1847, was brevetted Major. On the 13th of September, 1847, he again distinguished himself at Chapultepec, and for his services there received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 29th of October, 1848, he was appointed Captain of the First regular artillery, and the same day vacated his regimental commission, retaining his position as Assistant Adjutant-General, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the close of the war, he was ordered to California. In 1853, then holding the position of Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of the Pacific, he resigned, and purchased a beautiful farm in Sonoma county, overlooking San Francisco Bay. Here he doubtless hoped to enjoy that quiet and comfort which so properly appertains to a rural life; but his life of peaceful industry was not to be of long continuance.

At the urgent solicitation of Colonel Bache, of the topographical engineers, he superintended the construction of the national road from California to Oregon—a work which occupied him for two years. This completed, he returned with new relish to his farm, and its exquisitely beautiful scenery.

The first blast of the war-trumpet, at the fall of Sumter, called Colonel Hooker to arms; like Job's war-horse, "he

scented the battle from afar." The country which had educated him, he felt, needed his services, and was worthy of any and all sacrifices. Making hasty arrangements in regard to the management of his now fine estate, he took the first steamer for New York. Reaching the metropolis in May, 1861, he hastened to Washington, where, on the 17th of that month, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers,*

* There have been various stories in regard to the rejection of Hooker's first application for service. A Chicago paper which seems to speak authoritatively (quoting from Mr. Lincoln's own communications) thus narrates the circumstances:

"When the war broke out, General Hooker, then in California, came post-haste to Washington, to offer his services to the Government. General Scott was at the head of the military affairs of the country, and between that old gentleman and General Hooker was a feud dating back to the Mexican war; hence, as every thing relating to the army was referred to Scott, Hooker was suffered to apply in vain for even a regimental command.

"Disgusted and mad, he made his preparations to return to the Pacific coast, and was about to start, when the first battle of Bull Run was fought. There was nothing in that to encourage, so he went up to the White House, as the last thing before leaving, to call on the President, whom he had never seen. He was introduced, by some mistake of his friend, as Captain Hooker, and the following was the conversation that ensued: 'Mr. President, I was introduced to you as Captain Hooker. I am or was Lieutenant-Colonel Hooker, of the regular army. When this war began, I was at home in California, and hastened to make a tender of my services to the Government; but my relation to General Scott, or some other impediment, stands in the way, and I see no chance of making my military knowledge and experience useful. I am about to return; but before going, I was anxious to pay my respects to you, and to express my wishes for your personal welfare, and for your success in putting down this infernal rebellion. And I want, while I am at it, to say one thing more: I was at Bull Run, the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity or boasting in me to say that I am a sight better General than you, sir, had on that field.'

"The President, in repeating this speech, says he looked at the speaker, to see what manner of a man he was who made such a boast: 'His eye was steady and clear, his manner not half so confident as his words, and, altogether, he had the air of a man of sense and intelligence, who thoroughly believed in himself, and who would, at least, try to make his words good. I was impressed with him, and, rising out of my chair, walked up to him, and, putting my hand on his shoulder, said: "Colonel, not Lieutenant-Colonel, Hooker, stay! I have use for you, and a regiment for you to command."'

"He did stay. The promised regiment was put under his orders, and from it he was soon promoted to a brigade, and thence to a Major-General's place, in command of a division.

"'In every position in which he has been put,' says Mr. Lincoln, 'General Hooker has equaled the expectations which his self-confidence excited. As a Colonel, as a Brigadier, and as a Major-General, he has done exceedingly well, and should he ever be called to command this army, I have no doubt he would acquit himself as gallantly as any man in the country.'"

All this pretty story is spoiled by the dates given above. At the date of the battle of Bull Run he was in command of a brigade in General Dix's department. The above narration is only interesting from the quotations confessedly made from Mr. Lincoln's correspondence.

his appointment being accredited to the State of California. His brigade, which has served under him throughout the war, was composed of the First and Eleventh Massachusetts, the Second New Hampshire, and the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiments. They will be known in history as "Hooker's fighting brigade;" and, though their losses have been terrible, mingling, as they have, in every great battle in Virginia and Maryland, it is their boast that they have never left the battle-field under the enemy's fire.

General Hooker was at first placed under General Dix's command, in the Department of Annapolis, but, after the battle of Bull Run, he was transferred to the army of General McClellan, and intrusted with the work of reducing to obedience the disaffected counties of Prince George and Charles, in Maryland, which he performed most admirably, entirely reoccupying those counties, and disarming the secessionists, without loss of life. He acted, while here, as Major-General, having a division under his command, and took military possession of the northern and eastern shores of the Potomac, and of that portion of Maryland lying between Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac. Numerous expeditions were fitted out, under his direction, to visit and seize the stores and letters sent by disloyal Marylanders to their rebel friends at Budd's Ferry, Port Tobacco, etc., and nearly all of them were successful. In the winter of 1861–2, he sent a considerable portion of his force across the Potomac, captured and destroyed the batteries which had blockaded navigation, and proceeded to some distance from the river shore to the interior. Those who knew him well spoke of him, at that time, as a man who would win distinction as a soldier, if the opportunity was given; but, outside of his division, he was little known, and sought no notoriety, except in the performance of his duty. During the ten months in which he was stationed almost within sight of Washington, he did not spend three nights in that city, nor visit it, in all, a half-dozen times. It was no part of his character to play the sycophant to men in power:

> "To bend the supple hinges of the knee,
> That thrift might follow fawning."

Others, by pertinacious begging and personal influence, attained to ill-deserved promotion; "Joe Hooker," as he was

affectionately called, disdained to wear the stars of the Major-General till all should acknowledge that he had fairly *won* them.

And so it happened, that, when the army of the Potomac became the army of the Peninsula, Joseph Hooker was still but a Brigadier-General, though the commander of a little force that he could lead anywhere, for they knew and believed in their General.

The siege of Yorktown gave few opportunities for distinction; an occasional dash upon the enemy's flank, a sharp skirmish following a reconnoissance, a crowding back of the enemy from some coveted position, effected by dint of sheer bravery—these were all; and, in these affairs, Hooker's brigade took its full share.

But warmer work was to come. Yorktown was evacuated so quietly that the rebels had time to occupy in good order their strongly fortified position at Williamsburg—a position which seemed to our forces, even after they had taken it, utterly impregnable. Heintzelman's corps were there, as always when they could be, *in the advance.* To this corps Hooker belonged, and commanded a division of about eight thousand men, comprising his own and Sickles' Excelsior brigade. On the morning of the 5th of May, this division overtook the rear-guard of the enemy just entering Williamsburg. One of the severest battles of the war ensued. Hooker's division, only eight thousand strong, sustained the whole brunt of the fight from early dawn to three o'clock in the afternoon, *without reinforcement or help of any kind,* although their enemy outnumbered them three to one, besides being strongly intrenched! Such were the ill-devised arrangements of the General commanding. Brave old Heintzelman, almost distracted at seeing these troops slaughtered, sent his aids in all directions to the commanders of other corps, imploring and pleading for reinforcement; but, from some cause never fully explained, aid was *withheld* through the long hours of the morning. It was terrible to see his men falling, like grass before the mower's scythe; but there was no thought of retreat on the part of Hooker or his men. Through the whole fight, wherever the battle raged fiercest, his commanding form was seen—cool, self-possessed, and ready to lead his men

on to the deadly breach. With such a leader there was no flinching; under his General's eye every man felt himself a hero.

It was past three P. M. when the advance guard of Kearney's division, forcing their way through the deep mud, gave the shout which Hooker's wearied veterans knew betokened relief, and an answering shout went up from their parched throats, which sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of the foe. When Hancock's brigade rushed to the front, and, after a couple of terribly destructive volleys, charged upon the enemy at a double-quick, and drove them back into and through a part of their intrenchments, and Hooker saw that the field which he had stubbornly held, and on which lay so many of his dead and wounded, was fairly won, a cheerful smile lighted up his noble face, the first which had illumined it during that day of carnage and magnificent achievement.

Terribly indeed had his division suffered; one out of every eight men who marched to the fight that morning were *hors de combat*, and not less than three hundred of them lay still in death. But their slaughter was not unavenged. Protected as the rebels had been by their fortifications and outworks, the volleys of our artillery and the fire of our infantry had made great havoc among them. Seven hundred of their men lay dead upon the battle-field, a thousand more were writhing in anguish from their wounds, and the morning showed that the Federals held three hundred Confederates as prisoners.

The General and his division had had their baptism of blood and fire; henceforth no man questioned their valor or steadiness in the fight.

But there were other battles to be fought, other fields to be won. On the 30th of May, 1862, a part of Casey's division, a mere handful of men, some three or four thousand at the most, had crossed the Chickahominy, then swelled by a sudden rain, as the advance guard of the great army. This unpropitious movement can not even yet be accounted for. The advance suddenly found a rebel army ten times their strength precipitated upon them, with almost resistless force. The Federal force was composed almost wholly of troops which had seen no service, yet they stood their ground commendably well, till utterly crushed by the superior numbers

of the foe, when a part of them fled. Their peril was known to the Commander-in-Chief, and his utmost efforts were directed to sending them relief. It was a difficult matter; one of the bridges over the Chickahominy was weakened and broken by the flood, and the other was but frail; but Hooker and Kearney, remembering the same terrible mistake at Williamsburg, were determined to bring them aid. At great hazard, they brought their divisions across, and held the field that night. The next morning, the enemy again rushed forward to complete his victory; but he met the veterans of Hooker and Kearney, who charged upon him in turn, and swept down his ranks by hundreds. Other reinforcements came up, and the rebel General, with shattered forces, and sullen, despairing mien, led his men in haste back to Richmond. The hardest fighting of the day in this, the battle of Fair Oaks, was done by Hooker's division, and again they met with heavy loss; yet their only complaint was that they could not be allowed to go on *immediately* to Richmond, which, from subsequent developments, might, in all probability, have been captured, had they moved upon it at once.*

Then came those sultry June days, when the spade and shovel were substituted for the sword and rifle; and the bronzed veterans toiled away their lives in the pestilential and deadly swamps of the Chickahominy. It was sad to see men who had faced the cannon's mouth, and escaped unscathed, withering and wilting under the malaria of those marshes; but Hooker, like a true soldier, obeyed without murmuring; and his troops, though sorely tried, followed his example. But the raid of Stuart's cavalry upon the widely-extended and illy-defended right wing of our army, and the threatening position of "Stonewall" Jackson, put an end to the plan of "fortifying the banks of the Chickahominy, and of moving, by slow approaches, upon Richmond—thus to exemplify the

* That Richmond could then have been taken is confessed even by the enemy. The defeat was overwhelming, and the enemy retired to inform the inhabitants that the Federals were upon their heels. Why Kearney's prayer to at least be permitted to make a dash into Richmond, covered by Hooker's brigade, was refused, the "official records" do not answer. The only official document promulgated at the time was McClellan's severe censure of Casey's men for being defeated! A grateful return, truly, for obeying an order which consigned them to slaughter!

commanding General's idea of how Sevastopol should have been taken in three weeks time.

Our troops were ordered under arms, not as they supposed to march upon Richmond, but, to *make a change of base*, rolling their right wing back upon itself, to cross the Peninsula, and to take a position upon the James river, " where supplies could not be cut off." The movement looked marvelously like a retreat, a proceeding in which Hooker's veterans had received no training; but, it was evident that it was not to be accomplished without fighting. For this they were ready.

The movements of our army were soon known to the enemy; flushed with joy, they pressed constantly upon our troops, who were compelled to defend the long trains, and beat back the foe till these had had time to pass. The first battle was fought at Beaver Dam, and was not decisive in its results, the enemy though repulsed coming back in increased force, on the morning of the 27th of June, to renew the conflict. The right wing, under Fitz John Porter, in pursuance of the design for the change of base, had fallen back, during the night, to Gaines' Hill or Mills, and there awaited an attack in the early morning. It came: and such was the force of the enemy, that Porter's corps, terribly cut up, were obliged to call for aid. Heintzelman's and Franklin's corps came to its relief; conspicuous among these reinforcements, both as earliest to come to the aid of Porter's sorely pressed troops, and as fiercest in the fight, was Hooker and his division, of Heintzelman's corps. Wherever the masses of the enemy were heaviest, and their batteries made the atmosphere seem a hell of flame, there rode Hooker and Kearney, cheering on their men and exposing themselves as if each held a charmed life. Before the charges of their veterans, the battle-field was piled with winrows of the slain. But, the uniform policy of the rebel Generals, of constantly hurling *fresh* troops upon our wearied soldiers, was tried with great pertinacity; and, though our army steadily repulsed them, and, at dark, held possession of the field, it was not without serious misgivings, that, under cover of the darkness, they resumed their retreat, wearied, hungry and toilworn as they were.

The next day proved that their fears were not groundless;

Franklin's corps, which, the previous day, had only partially participated in the fight, took the position of danger as rear-guard, and almost every step of the retreat was contested. At one time a delay of two hours which was liable to happen at any time, would have brought swift destruction upon the whole army. In the fighting of this day, however, Hooker's division had but small share. It was their part to guard the train and protect it from the fierce assaults of the foe, who, at every cross-road and bridge, would swoop down and endeavor to cut it off. Nobly did Hooker's troops perform their duty. Monday saw the tired and sorely-tried soldiers under the protection of the gunboats on the James.

It was not, however, without another terrible struggle that the Federal forces were to be allowed to occupy their new position. At Malvern Hill, on Tuesday, July 1st, the severest battle of the seven days took place. The rebel chief had seen with intense chagrin that the Federal army, amid fearful perils, had escaped the annihilating blow which he had intended to give it, and had reached a position where, with a few days' rest, it could again assume the offensive. His only hope of effectually defeating them lay in assailing while they were thus exhausted by their terrible journey and fighting. He resolved to bring upon them his utmost force. Collecting every man who could be forced into service, and leaving Richmond with but a corporal's guard for its protection, Lee succeeded in massing a force at Malvern Hill which he believed amply sufficient to annihilate our jaded and exhausted troops. To make assurance doubly sure, the men were furnished with a mixture of whisky and gunpowder in their canteens. Half delirious with this fiery potation, the rebels rushed upon our troops like demons; our artillery tore wide lanes through their serried ranks; but, the gaps were instantly filled to be again opened by the next discharge. Here again Hooker and his grim old chief, the war-worn veteran Heintzelman, were in their element; Hooker's conspicuous form and his daring horsemanship made him the mark of a thousand bullets. But none of them reached him, and where he rode with his fighting brigade, there the foe went down. Though the Confederate ranks were speedily filled, they could not resist his repeated charges, and finally fled in confusion

from the aceldama of blood which the terrible fighting of the day had created.

The losses of the day to the rebels were fearful. Ten thousand of their dead, according to their own papers, strewed the Malvern heights, and many thousands more, mangled and torn by the fearful missiles of the rifled cannon, only lived to suffer with untold agonies. The field was won; the army could rest in its new quarters, satisfied that the foe would not soon again venture to assail them; but at what a cost had the movement been made! More than fifteen thousand of the finest troops this country had ever seen, were killed, wounded or missing, and of that number nearly one seventh were from Heintzelman's corps, and the greater part of these from Hooker's division. Of his original brigade, full four thousand strong in the beginning, hardly twelve hundred men were left; the remainder lay in the trenches before Yorktown, on that bloody battle-field at Williamsburg, at Fair Oaks, in the swamps along the Chickahominy, at Gaines' Hill, in the White Oak Swamp, or on the heights of Malvern—quiet sleepers, whom not even the cannon's roar could awaken. Many of them, too, to the grief of their gallant General, were suffering from terrible wounds on the transports and in the hospitals of the North; some were inmates of rebel prisons, and recipients of rebel barbarities as prisoners of war.

Congress was not slow to appreciate the services of General Hooker. On the 4th of July, 1862, he was promoted to the Major-Generalship he had so fairly and worthily won.

Meantime, what with occasional skirmishes across the river, and a strong reconnoissance to Malvern Heights, which Hooker's division were eager to recapture, as an important step in the renewed progress toward Richmond for which their hearts burned, but from which they were recalled, the long summer days drew wearily on; the new position proved as unhealthy as the one they had left. Halleck, in the mean time, having assumed the office of acting Commander-in-Chief, ordered the abandonment of the Peninsula. Among the first to arrive at Alexandria, and to move forward for the reinforcement of General Pope, now sorely pressed by the entire rebel army of the east under the command of General Lee, was Heintzelman's corps, reduced by its numerous battles and

sickness to ten thousand men, but strong in its reputation earned on so many hard-fought fields. Hooker and Kearney commanded each a division in it. On the afternoon of the 27th of August, Hooker came upon the advance of the rebel General Ewell's division near Kettle Run, and after a severe action, in which his men were reduced to five rounds of ammunition per man, drove the rebels from the field with the loss of their camp and three hundred killed and wounded. They rested for the night on the field they had won, expecting a renewal of the conflict in the morning, and General Pope ordered up reinforcements; but the enemy had been so severely punished that he had no stomach for further fight with those veterans, and retreated precipitately from Manassas Junction. The next day, Heintzelman's corps, with Kearney in advance, followed closely by Hooker and Reno, were ordered to move toward Gainesville. On Friday and Saturday, August 29th and 30th, a battle of extraordinary severity was fought between Centerville and Gainesville, in which Heintzelman's corps again bore the brunt of the fight. On Friday night, after a day of fierce fighting, Hooker, Kearney and Reno drove back the rebels, who left their dead and wounded on the field; and their heroic soldiers, wearied with hard marching and still harder fighting, and served with the scantiest of fare, sunk down beside their guns and slept. Morning called them to a renewal of the battle. Again, hungry, grim and weary, they faced the foe, and though unsupported, from the fault or the jealousy of rival Generals, they held their ground against a vastly superior force. On Saturday night, General Pope ordered them to fall back on Centerville, where Sunday was spent as a day of rest. On Monday, September 1st, however, Hooker, Reno and Kearney were again engaged with the enemy, in a severe but short battle, in which, however, the gallant Kearney, and the not less gallant Stevens, fell. The enemy were driven back more than a mile, with heavy loss of killed and wounded, whom they left upon the field. The next day, the "Army of Virginia" withdrew to the intrenchments about Washington.

There had been miscalculation and failure somewhere, but, though charges and accusations were bandied between other Generals without stint, all admitted that General Hooker had

not only maintained but had added to his reputation, both as a commander and a thoroughly loyal citizen. He was, accordingly, transferred to the command of McDowell's corps—that General having been in effect suspended, from alleged dereliction of duty in the battles of the last days of August.

A few days of rest for himself and troops, and the gallant soldier, mounted on his favorite white charger, was again ready for action. The enemy had invaded Maryland, and threatened Pennsylvania, and they were still crossing the Potomac by tens of thousands. Across the Long Bridge at Washington, and along the turnpike from Washington to Monocacy and Frederick, in solid array, marched that *corps d'armée*, not now, as erst, with soiled banner and lowered pennon, when they fled in inglorious confusion from Centerville, only ten days before. Justly or unjustly, it matters not which, they had distrusted their former commander, and his voice wakened no echo of heroism in their hearts; but now they had "fighting Joe Hooker" for a leader, and every man felt that under him he could fight to the death. The first opportunity for proving their valor was at South Mountain, on the 14th of September. Hooker's corps formed the right of the grand army, and had the post of difficulty and danger assigned them. The enemy were advantageously posted on the slope of one of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, but they were driven up and over the summit, and terribly whipped, from the first onset. Of Hooker's men not one straggled, not one fled. Our loss, which fell mostly on Hooker's corps, was four hundred and forty-three killed, one thousand eight hundred and six wounded, and seventy-six missing; our men were exposed from the commencement of the battle to a severe fire, yet the rebel loss was much the heaviest, and they were compelled to retreat.

It has ever been General Hooker's habit to reconnoiter *in person*, and his reconnoissances are usually extremely careful and searching. On Monday, September 15th, the day after the battle of South Mountain, he had followed the retreating foe, who seemed inclined to stay their retreat in a position of unusual strength. One of his brigadiers, General Richardson, brave, but a little rash, had pressed on without artillery and harassed the enemy, till, finally, he had reached a valley from

which their batteries, posted on the adjacent hills, could be seen. There halting, he (Richardson) sent back for guns. In half an hour a battery came up, when he prepared to attack the foe, without definite knowledge of his strength. Before he commenced fire, a single shot from a rebel battery, evidently of much heavier metal than his own, struck beyond his position. At this juncture, General Hooker arrived upon the ground. Riding to the top of a hill on the right, he took in at a glance the position and strength of the enemy, and instantly sent word to Richardson to cease his fire. Meanwhile the General remained on the hill, at which the rebels, who saw him plainly, commenced firing, but without effect. General Richardson having come up, was rebuked for his rashness, with the remark: "General, there are rebels enough in those hills to have eaten up your command, without tasting it." Having satisfied himself of the most available points for attacking the rebels in their position, Hooker withdrew. The following day the two armies faced each other, but without any serious fighting, while our Generals received their instructions in regard to the plan of the great battle which all knew to be imminent.

In the arrangements made for that battle, the desperate and bloody day of Antietam, the advance, and that the right wing, exposed in this case to the greatest danger, was assigned to General Hooker.

A few words in explanation of the position of the two armies, and the topography of the battle-field, will show what was the peril he was ordered to face: Antietam creek, a deep stream, fordable only at distant points, flows in a southerly direction across Maryland, joining the Potomac a few miles below Sharpsburg. On its western shore it slopes for a short distance, gradually, to a line of hills, behind which is a broken, wooded table-land, less elevated than the crest of the hills. On this table-land, and occupying positions masked and sheltered by woods, lay the rebel army, in greater numbers than they had ever before massed in a single engagement. On the eastern bank of the Antietam lay our army. The stream was crossed by three bridges, one the northern, opposite Hooker's corps; another some two miles below, opposite the rebel center, and of no strategical importance; a third, a massive stone

bridge, two and a half miles below the second, over which Burnside crossed in the afternoon of the day of the battle.

On Tuesday afternoon, September 16th, after consultation with his Generals, General McClellan ordered General Hooker to cross the northern bridge and approach and threaten the left flank of the enemy. At four o'clock P. M. he moved on the creek, a part of his corps crossing at a ford above the bridge, well to the right. They reached the other side without molestation. Sending forward skirmishers, he drove in the rebel pickets. Soon his cavalry came upon a rebel battery. Artillery was sent at once to the front, and infantry skirmishers deployed in front and on either flank—General Hooker as usual reconnoitering in person. The skirmishers came to an open grass-sown field, inclosed on two sides with woods, and entered through a cornfield in the rear. Here the rebels opened fire upon them; but, the skirmishers being supported soon cleared the woods on the right. From the left and front heavy volleys of musketry were discharged upon our line and a rebel battery began to enfilade the central alignment. General Hooker immediately formed his brigades in order of battle, and pushed forward upon the enemy; but as darkness came on, the rebel fire grew feebler and finally ceased, our fire having silenced their batteries. The reconnoissance had fully exposed to General Hooker the enemy's position, and with but slight loss. When the firing ceased, General Hooker said to his staff:

"*We are through for to-night, gentlemen, but to-morrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the Republic.*"

Soon the firing commenced again on the left. General Hooker was out of his head-quarters (a barn) in an instant, and, listening for a moment, said, with a grim smile: "We have no troops there; the rebels are shooting each other; it is Fair Oaks over again," and so it proved.

The night's sleep could hardly have been very profound or refreshing, for, with the first dawn, fighting commenced. The two armies were so close to each other, that they could almost look into each other's eyes. Ricketts' division, and Meade's Pennsylvania reserves, were the first to engage, and a battery was pushed at once beyond the woods over a plowed field, near the top of the slope, where the cornfield, memorable in

the history of that day's battle as having been four times lost and won, commenced. For half an hour, desperate as was the battle, neither side flinched; the rebels were incited to do their utmost by the urgency of their leaders, the desperation of their situation, and the knowledge of their superiority in numbers; Hooker's soldiers were emboldened by seeing their leader's manly form always in front, and always exposed as much or more than any private in the ranks. Under his eye they never thought of faltering. At the end of a half-hour the rebels began to give way, very slightly at first, but when they showed the first signs of yielding, Hooker's voice rung out in thunder tones, "FORWARD!" and his men, with a cheer and a rush, drove the enemy before them across the cornfield, over the fence, across the road, and far into the dense woods beyond.

But, as they paused for breath, out flashed from these gloomy woods heavy, terrible volleys of musketry, from fresh troops, which the rebels had brought up to reinforce their flying forces. Before this terrible and unexpected fire, Meade's Pennsylvanians receded, hurled back it would seem by the intensity and continuousness of the volleys; they retreated over half the ground they had won, and then stood, closed up their shattered lines, and endeavored to return to the attack; but now the fortunes of the day seemed to change. The rebels swarmed in thousands out of those woods and pressed upon the decimated Pennsylvania troops till they forced them back. General Hooker lost no time in sending his nearest brigade to reinforce them, but it was so greatly outnumbered that it could not do the work, and, great as was the peril of weakening his center, he saw that it was the only thing that could be done, and sent an aid to General Doubleday—who commanded the center division—with the message, "Give me your best brigade instantly." The "best brigade," Hartsuff's, came down the hill on the run, went through the timber in front, up the hill through a tempest of shot and shell, and straight into the cornfield; as they passed General Hooker, his eye lighted up; he knew that Hartsuff could be depended upon. "I think they will hold it," he said. The fighting of that brigade was not equaled even in that day of desperate encounters. Two regiments of them were

Massachusetts troops, the Twelfth and Fifteenth, who had been tried before in the fire. No veteran soldiers of a regular army ever formed with more precision and coolness on parade, than they did on the crest of that hill under a fire which shrouded them every moment in flame and smoke. Early in the fight, their General was badly wounded; they sent for supports, but as they did not come, they resolved to win with out them; and *they did win.* The cornfield was captured and held.

Meanwhile, the situation elsewhere in the field was becoming critical. Ricketts' division had been forced back, exhausted; a part of General Mansfield's corps was ordered to its relief, but they, too, were pushed back, and the veteran Mansfield was mortally wounded. Still, Ricketts sent word that he could hold his ground, though he could not advance. Doubleday was holding the rebels at bay in the center with his batteries; Crawford's and Gordon's brigades, of Mansfield's corps, still fresh, were now coming up to reinforce his right; dark as the prospect was, Hooker felt that he could still win. To the right of the cornfield and beyond it was a point of woods, the key of the position. He determined to take it, and rode out in front of his furthest troops on a hill to examine the ground for a battery. At the top he dismounted, and went forward on foot, completed his reconnoissance, returned and mounted his horse. All this was done in the midst of an incessant fire from the point of woods. As he mounted his white horse, his commanding form made him a conspicuous mark for rebel bullets; within a minute after mounting, he was struck in the foot by a rifle ball. Three men, at the same instant, were shot down by his side. The ball passed through the foot and the wound was excessively painful; but he would not give up till he had given the order to advance. Turning in his seat, he said to his Adjutant-General: "There is a regiment to the right. Order it forward! Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry those woods and to *hold* them—and it is our fight." With these words he gave up the command, and was borne from the field. The woods were carried, but lost again, and yet again carried; and it *was* our fight, as Hooker had said. Though not a conclusive victory, the advantage remained with us; and but for

that untimely wound, he might, perhaps, have destroyed the rebel army. Such, at least, was the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Potomac, as expressed in a letter of congratulation and condolence to General Hooker.

The wound thus inflicted, though severe, did not prove serious; it did not permanently disable the General. He was promoted, at General McClellan's suggestion, to a Brigadier-Generalship in the regular army, and received the thanks of the President for his gallantry.

The severity of the fighting in that five hours' work, on the 17th of September, may be estimated by the loss in Hooker's corps: three hundred and forty-eight were killed, two thousand and sixteen wounded, and two hundred and fifty-five missing; making, in all, two thousand six hundred and nineteen *hors de combat.* Mansfield's corps, at the same time, lost one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six; and Sumner, who succeeded to Hooker's command, and brought up his own large corps, lost five thousand two hundred and eight, making a loss of almost ten thousand in the three corps.

General Hooker recovered from his wound in a few weeks' time. During this interval great changes in command transpired. McClellan was suspended from the command-in-chief of the combined armies of the Potomac and Virginia, for reasons and causes not necessary to recapitulate at this point. General Burnside was ordered to assume the vacated position. The enemy, beaten out of Maryland, retired quite leisurely toward their old positions at Manassas and the south side of the Rappahannock, neither disorganized nor disheartened. Their foray had been more than a partial success. Although they had failed to "raise" Maryland, and found her too loyal to be moved, they had strengthened their cause by the advance over the Potomac; from being on the defense they assumed the offensive, thus demonstrating their power to be not only unbroken but formidable. Desperate, sagacious, inflexible, Davis and Lee had proven too much for McClellan in every instance, and his supercession came only too late, when we consider the magnitude of the sad results of his reign. He entered the field with an army of operations equal to about

one hundred and sixty thousand men.* He left about one-half of that number, after immense reinforcements. He found the enemy before Washington, and left them still there. He found the country hopeful, resigned; he left it dispirited and irascible. He found the enemy confident and boastful; he left them jubilant and defiant. Whatever the reasons for these reverses, the fact is the same; and the country has to confess itself humiliated at the sad termination of the campaigns of its trusted commander.

After various maneuvers, Burnside suddenly flung his forces to the line of the Rappahannock river, opposite Fredericksburg. Thither Hooker followed, assuming command of the Federal center grand division—Franklin having the left and Sumner the right, while Siegel commanded the reserves *en route* from Warrenton. Hooker's division was composed of the divisions of Generals Birney, Sickles, Humphrey, Griffin and Sykes. Pending the arrival of Siegel's troops, it acted as the reserve.

It is not permitted us, in the space here allotted, to detail at length the terrible three days' fighting which followed the crossing of the river at Fredericksburg. The order of battle was to assail the enemy in his stronghold on the lines of hills encompassing the town. Franklin passed down three miles below, and crossed to come up on the enemy's flank, by way of the Massaponax creek. Sumner crossed on two bridges of pontoons flung over the river, on the 11th (December). December 12th, the divisions were getting into position. Sumner's forces filled the three streets of Fredericksburg densely. On their unenviable quarters the enemy played his guns without much obstruction, save that offered by the protecting vail of fog which filled all the valley. Early Saturday morning, December 13th, Sumner advanced direct against the enemy's front line of works, to find that, during the previous night, he had drawn closer to the town, and taken position in pits, behind fences, houses, etc. Sumner's work was to obtain the first range of hills for his artillery,

* This is the figure fixed by the best *guesses*. The studious concealment practiced in regard to McClellan's forces before Washington and on the Peninsula, leaves certainty of statement out of the question. Without doubt, he had the above number of men with which to do his work before and around Washington.

when Hooker's entire division was to take the responsibility of carrying the second and more commanding range of hills, where it was supposed the enemy would make his last desperate stand. Hooker thus had assigned to him the great work of victory or defeat.

Saturday was a day of disaster. All day long, from daylight, Sumner's devoted men pressed against the enemy's works to be held in check, or to be dearly repulsed. The Federal artillery could do little for the infantry, pent up as all were in a space too confined for half the number of men engaged. It was, therefore, more a sacrifice than an equal contest. The enemy, secure in his pits, and safely ensconced behind battery banks, poured in a shower of shot and shell perfectly appalling. Hour after hour, Sumner's divisions struggled against this hopeless barrier, until reinforcements became absolutely necessary, if the contest were not abandoned. Burnside then ordered Hooker's reserve into action. The three divisions of Butterfield's corps—Humphrey's, Griffin's and Sykes' divisions—crossed the three upper pontoon bridges simultaneously, at two P. M. Griffin was ordered to the left, to relieve French; Humphrey to the center, to relieve Hancock; and Sykes to the extreme right, to hold his position and not engage unless attacked in force. At four P. M., Humphrey and Griffin were both severely engaged. They fought until dark, suffering very much. At dark they held the ground obtained early in the day. Sykes, on the right, was badly worried by the enemy's sharpshooters, and finally so far transcended orders as to make one dashing charge, when he put to rout a heavy body of the enemy, and then, like Hooker and Kearney after the victory at Fair Oaks, begged to be permitted to go into the enemy's works.

Sunday the battle was not resumed, evidently by mutual consent. Monday was passed chiefly in fog and digging. Burnside awaited the coming up of Siegel before another tremendous and simultaneous effort to dislodge the Confederates. Monday night a council of division and corps commanders was in session, and Tuesday morning the entire Federal force had silently withdrawn over the river, leaving behind nothing of any moment, except their dead and many of the wounded. The withdrawal was a matter of necessity,

as Burnside said he must either fight or retreat. He preferred the latter, fully believing that no force possible to place on the ground could carry the enemy's positions. It was a wise conclusion; alas, that it was not arrived at before the direct movement upon such a stronghold.

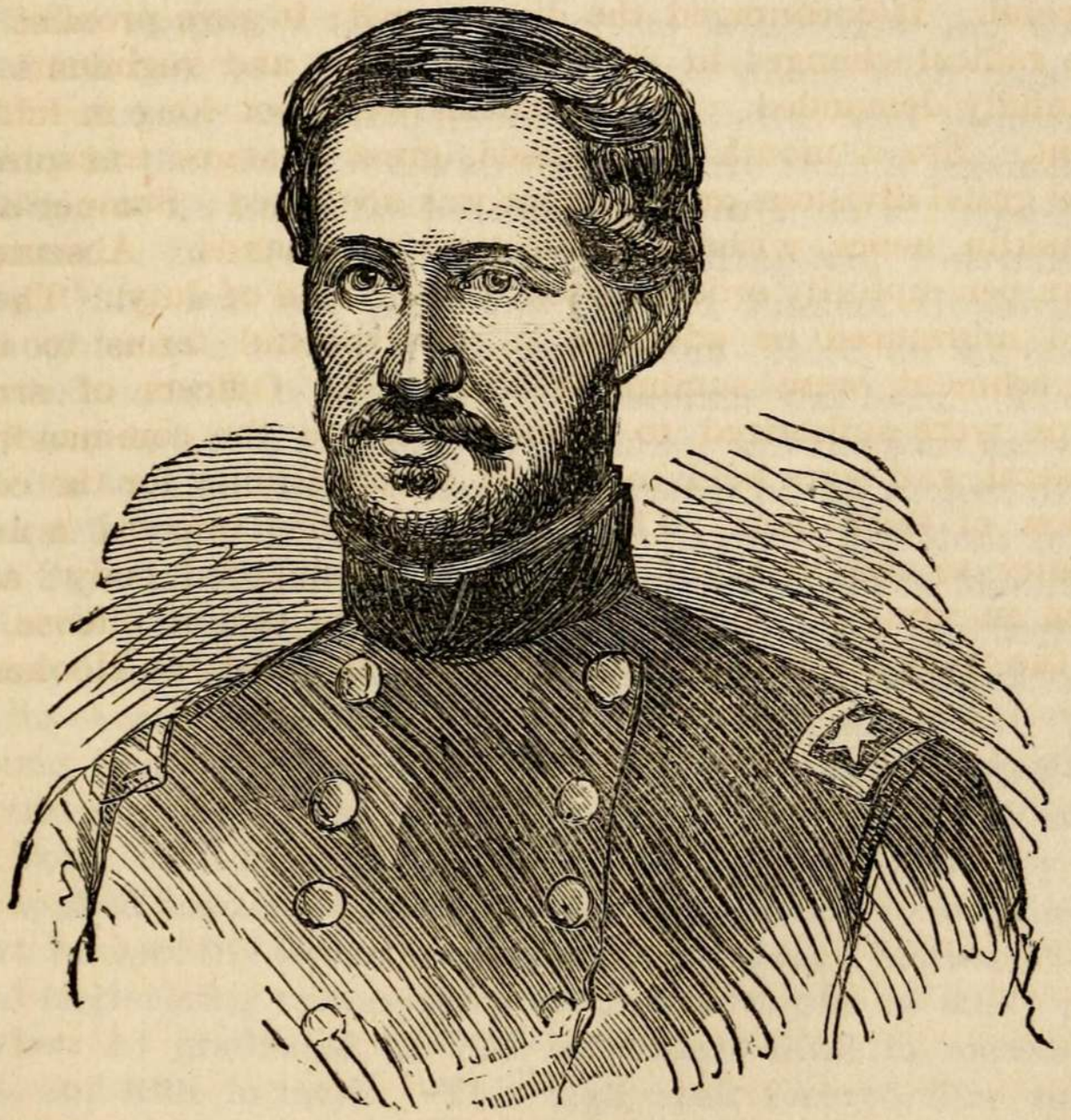
Who was responsible for that movement? Not Hooker. He was known to have opposed it strenuously. The arrival of Sumner's division early in the month, at the river, was the only propitious moment for crossing; but the pontoons were not there; some one had blundered; and so the days passed into weeks; the rebels had ample time to bring up reinforcements from all quarters; their divisions took positions and fortified at all approachable points; hence the great disaster to the Federal arms.

The withdrawal over the river was a success, favored as it was by the darkness, wind and rain. Hooker's divisions were the covering guard. Sykes' regulars were the last over.

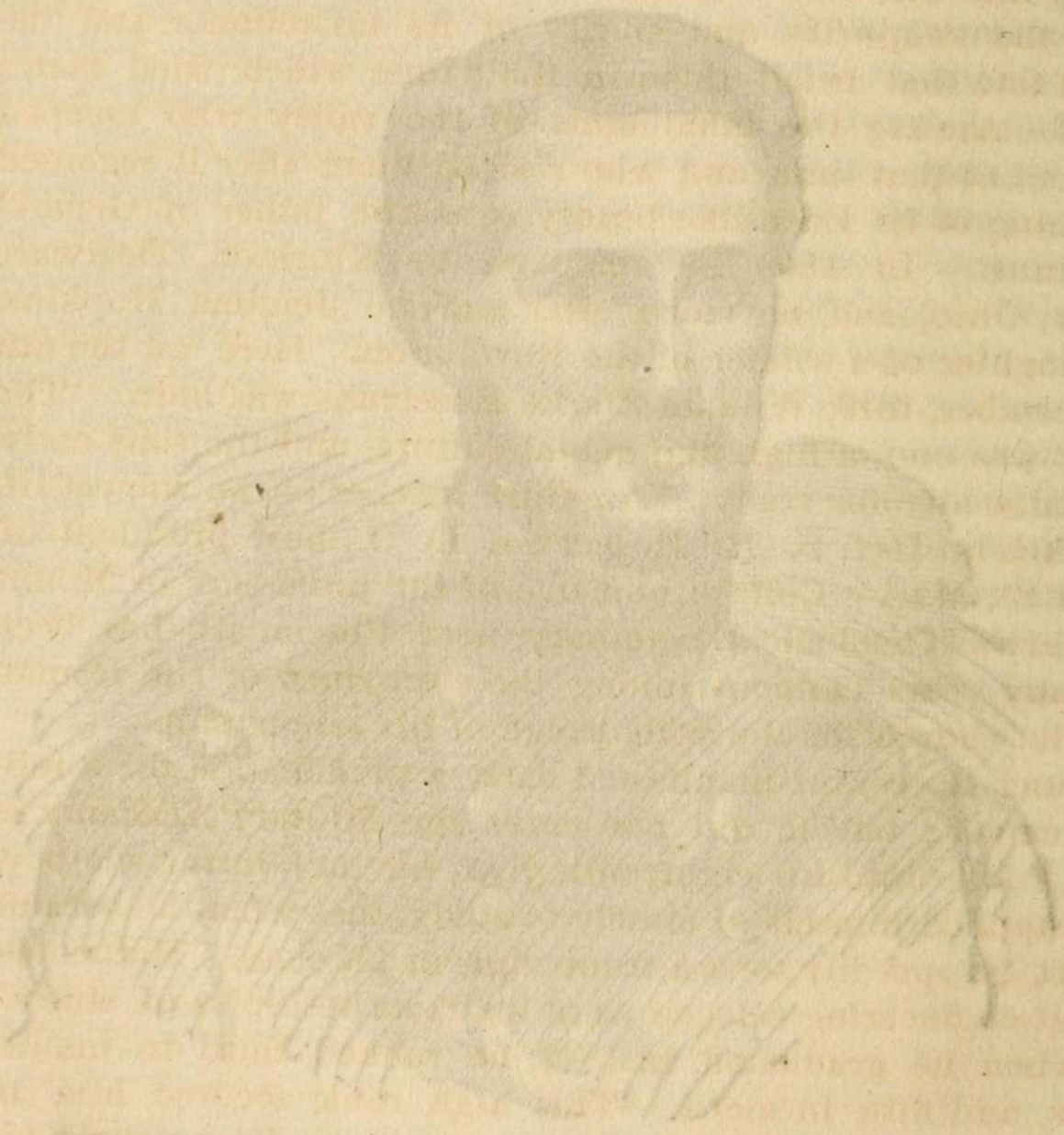
This ended Burnside's offensive movements. The army did not go into winter-quarters, but it did become sadly demoralized. A rebel attack in force, ten days after the withdrawal from Fredericksburg, would have found the Federal forces in a condition of disorganization which would have rendered an overwhelming victory not a matter of doubt. Who was responsible for this state of affairs? No one in particular. The disasters of McClellan, and want of confidence in him; the disasters of Pope, and want of confidence in him; the disasters of Burnside, and want of confidence in him; the bickerings among officers of all grades; the non-payment of the soldiers, and the seeds of disaffection sown by semi-loyal officers who opposed the policy of the Government —all these contributed to the work of demoralization, until it became painfully apparent that some change must be made, of a very radical character, to save the country the humiliation of a total disintegration of the once proud army of the Potomac.

Sumner or Hooker were the prospective successors of Burnside in the chief command, for his supercession was only a question of a few days, and none, we may add, were more rejoiced at the prospect of his release from the always (to him) unwelcome command than Burnside himself. Sumner

had solidity; Hooker had dash. Sumner was wise; Hooker was sagacious. Sumner was of the old school; Hooker of the new school. The public chose Hooker, and the President commissioned him to the chief command. Under date of January 26th, 1863, General Burnside announced the transfer of his command to General Hooker. On the 27th, the latter published his order No. I. It was brief, stern, yet hopeful. It encouraged the discouraged; it gave promise of the radical changes in divisions, brigades and regiments so painfully demanded. The promises were not long in fulfillment. Ere a month had passed, great changes transpired. The grand divisions arrangement was abolished; Sumner and Franklin, hence, withdrew from their commands. Absentees were peremptorily ordered back to their field of duty. Those who murmured or adverted in disrespectful terms to the Government were summarily dismissed. Officers of army corps were authorized to report direct to the commanding General, and were held to a strict accountability for the condition of their men. These quick reforms injected a new vitality to the veins of that lately distempered body; and from an army of simple defense it became one of offense, to do the work allotted by the nation to "fighting Joe Hooker."



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS.

THE valley of the Wyoming is a spot consecrated alike in poetry and history, both of which have conspired to throw around that beautiful region a halo of romance, as they recount the simplicity and purity of its inhabitants, and the fearful fate that befell them in the "time which tried men's souls." Among the inhabitants of the valley who escaped massacre at that time, and who resided there after it regained something of its Eden-like beauty, was the father of General Rosecrans. In 1808 he removed to Kingston, Delaware county, Ohio, and not long after married Jemima Hopkins, the daughter of a soldier of the Revolution. Here, on the 6th of December, 1819, William Starke Rosecrans was born. The family was one of high and genial culture, and the sons early imbibed a love for study. An elder brother of the subject of this sketch, Rev. S. H. Rosecrans, D. D., now president of Mount St. Mary's College, and one of the professors in Mount St. Mary's Theological Seminary near Cincinnati, has been for many years eminent among the clergymen of the Roman Catholic church for the wide range of his scholarship.

Young Rosecrans manifested early a predilection for a military career; but he did not enter the Military Academy at West Point until his eighteenth year, having, during his boyhood, applied himself so closely to study, that when he became a cadet, he speedily took a front rank in his class. Mathematics and engineering science were his favorite topics of study; and when he graduated, in 1842, he ranked third in mathematics, and fifth in merit. This high rank secured him an appointment in the favored Engineer corps. He received his appointment, as brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers, July 1st, 1842; served that year as first assistant engineer at Fortress Monroe, under Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. DeRussey, and, in September, 1843, was assigned to duty at West Point, as assistant professor of engineering. In August, 1844, he was appointed assistant professor of natural and experimental philosophy; in August, 1845, he received the appointment of assistant professor, and subsequently, of first assistant

professor of engineering. In these positions he was retained till 1847. His skill as a teacher made him a great favorite both with the cadets and the faculty, while few would have imagined that under that quiet, scholarly manner, was concealed the remarkable executive ability he has since manifested.

In 1847, Lieutenant Rosecrans was directed to report for duty at Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island, and was charged with the reconstruction of the extensive military wharves which had been destroyed by a storm—a recognition, on the part of the Government, of his ability as an engineer. He remained at Newport till 1852, when he was ordered to superintend the survey (made under a special act of Congress) of Taunton River, and of New Bedford and Providence harbors. In April, 1853, he was assigned to duty as constructing engineer at the Washington Navy Yard. In November following he tendered his resignation on the ground of ill health. The resignation was not then accepted, but he was granted leave of absence with the understanding that if, upon the expiration of the leave, it was again insisted upon, it would be accepted. His health not being restored, he again tendered his resignation ; it being accepted, he retired from the service.

Soon after, he opened an office in Cincinnati as consulting engineer and architect. In June, 1855, he became president of the Canal Coal Company, and acted as superintendent of its works on Coal River, Virginia, where it was endeavoring, by the construction of a series of locks and dams, to effect slackwater navigation. The Cincinnati Coal Oil Company, one of the first of those organizations which attempted the distillation of oils from the rich bituminous coal of the Ohio valley, was soon after organized, and Rosecrans, having taken an interest in its stock, was elected president of the stock organization. This position he held when the war for the Union commenced. When Governor Denison of Ohio called General McClellan to organize the Ohio Volunteers, he immediately appointed Rosecrans—whose abilities he well knew—chief engineer, with the rank of Major ; and the legislature soon after created expressly for him the office of Chief Engineer of the State, with the rank of Colonel. On the 10th of June, 1861, Governor Denison appointed Colonel Rosecrans to the Colonelcy of the Twenty-third regiment of Ohio Volunteers.

In that capacity he visited Washington, and arranged for the pay and maintenance of the troops from that State. On the 20th of June he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the regular army, his commission dating from the 16th of May.

Having been placed in command of a brigade of Volunteers composed of the Eighth and Tenth Indiana, and the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Ohio regiments, he took part in the first advance into Western Virginia, was in command at Parkersburg, and, early in July, 1861, coöperated with General McClellan in that series of brilliant actions which culminated in the surrender of Colonel Pegram, the defeat and death of the rebel General Garnett, and the overthrow of rebel supremacy in Western Virginia.

The conspicuous part which General Rosecrans bore in these battles deserves a particular narrative. From Parkersburg General Rosecrans had advanced to Grafton and Buckhannon, the enemy retreating before him, and General McClellan also approaching by way of Clarksburg and forming a junction with him. The rebel force, under the command of General Garnett, had been driven into rather close quarters, but still occupied two camps about nine miles apart, one on Laurel Hill on the road from Beverly to Phillippi, where General Garnett commanded in person, the other on Rich Mountain, on the road from Beverly to Buckhannon, under the command of Colonel Pegram. The latter had two fortified camps, a strong one at the base of the mountain and a weaker one at the top. The entire rebel force was six thousand men, of which about one thousand were under the command of Colonel Pegram. On the 10th of July, General Rosecrans, proceeding with his force from Buckhannon toward Beverly, had a sharp skirmish with Pegram's brigade at the foot of the hill, and then discovered the relative strength of the two works. After conference with General McClellan, it was decided that General Rosecrans should move with his force along the crest of the mountain, attack the camp on the summit of Rich Mountain, and, driving its garrison down the hill, be prepared to assail the fortification at the base of the mountain in the rear, while General McClellan attacked it in front.

He accordingly took three of his regiments, the Eighth,

Tenth and Fifteenth Indiana, the Nineteenth Ohio, and the Cincinnati cavalry from General McClellan's force. Starting about daylight of the 11th of July, with a trusty guide, he made his way from his camp at Roaring Run, two miles west of Rich Mountain, by a pathless route, through the heavy forest, along the south-western slope of the mountain. As he took his artillery with him, he was obliged often to stop to clear the road, and, at one point, for a considerable distance, to build a road. It had been his hope to take the rebels by surprise; but, the enemy having captured a dragoon sent with dispatches from General McClellan to General Rosecrans, discovered the plans for the attack, and immediately sent a reinforcement of five hundred men to the summit of the mountain, who fortified themselves as well as they could. About noon General Rosecrans and his weary but enthusiastic troops reached the summit, a cold rain falling heavily upon the soldiers, who were without shelter. The rebels hearing them approach, commenced firing, but not being able to see them, fired for the most part too high, and Rosecrans' men, availing themselves of the cover of the thick bushes, crept within rifle range. Then, having drawn the rebel fire by pretending to run, the Union troops poured in a heavy volley from their Minié rifles. By this time the artillery had been so placed as to enfilade the breastwork, and, after a few rounds, the General ordered the Indiana regiments to charge bayonets. They obeyed with a will. The enemy's infantry fled, terror-stricken, toward their intrenchments at the foot of the hill, and the garrison, seized with panic, fled also, abandoning guns, stores and provisions to the invading force.

Rosecrans now moved on to Beverly, to join the army of General McClellan, which had moved rapidly forward after Garnett's force. The flight, defeat and death of Garnett, as well as the prior surrender of Pegram with his six hundred men after two or three days' wandering in the woods, to which they had fled, after the charge of the Indiana troops on their fortification, formed a fitting *finale* to this gallant action. The loss of our troops was about twenty killed and forty wounded.

A fortnight later, General McClellan had been called to Washington, to take command of the army there and retrieve the disaster of Bull Run, and General Rosecrans was made

commander of the Department of Western Virginia. On the 25th of July, he issued his first general order. At that time his army consisted of four brigades, numbering, in all, nineteen regiments of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries, mostly from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Western Virginia. On the very day of assuming command, the fourth brigade, under his orders, occupied Charleston, Virginia. The necessity for a reorganization of his army, which had been composed in a great degree of three-months men, delayed further movements for some time; but precautions were taken to hold what had been won. Head-quarters were made, *ad interim*, at Clarksburg, from whence, on the 20th of August, 1861, he issued an address to the loyal inhabitants of Western Virginia, characterized by a spirit of devotion to the Union, and by a direct eloquence, which gave it the power of a command. He enjoined all citizens to obey the Wheeling Government, as the loyal and rightful Virginia Government; demanded the suppression of all feuds and personal strifes; threatened all guerrillas and breakers of the peace with condign punishment; conjured all who advocated the rights of secession to consider that it meant war, and therefore to abjure its pretended authority.

On the 31st of August, General Rosecrans marched from Clarksburg, and again commenced offensive operations. General John B. Floyd, of the rebel army—though, judging from his previous history, a more consistent devotee of Mercury than Mars—had intrenched himself strongly at Carnifex Ferry, an the Gauley River, with a force of between three and four thousand men. On the 10th of September, General Rosecrans reached the vicinity of his intrenchments, which were of great strength. A reconnoissance ordered brought the Federal forces into action, and an obstinate fight took place in the evening. Lying on their arms all night, early the next morning the Unionists advanced to storm the works. No enemy was there. During the night, Floyd "stole away," leaving to the victors a barren conquest, comprising two stand of colors, and a considerable quantity of arms and stores. The rebel force had retreated, in great haste, over the river, then had destroyed the means of transport to prevent pursuit, and thus they were safe for the time being.

Floyd finally reappeared on the Gauley River at its junction with the Kanawha, and thither Rosecrans centered all his available force, composed of the brigades of Cox, Schenck and Benham. Reynolds was left at Cheat Mountain to guard the approaches from Romney and Greenbrier, by which the rebels, under General Robert E. Lee, were aiming to reach Grafton, thus to cut off Rosecrans and bag the Wheeling Government. Reynolds did his work well, as Rosecrans knew he would; he so effectually disconcerted that able rebel's programme by defeat (September 12–14th) and reconnoissances, as to render him powerless for harm, and Rosecrans pursued his efforts to bag Floyd, without fear of the threatened flank and rear maneuver. General Kelly, at New Creek, guarded the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, in conjunction with General Lander, up to Cumberland, thus securing Wheeling from any danger by that inlet. Kelly did a little fighting on his own responsibility, by sallying out and by a night-march capturing Romney, October 26th—thus doubly securing Rosecrans from any danger in that quarter.

Rosecrans, having matured his arrangements for Floyd's capture, "horse, foot, dragoons and duds," proceeded to work by ordering General Benham, with his brigade, to cross the Kanawha at Deep Creek (November 6th), thence to advance up the creek to the rebel rear, striking the Raleigh road below Fayetteville. Floyd had advanced to the line of the Kanawha River just above Gauley River mouth, where his cannon commanded the communication between the upper and lower camps of Rosecrans' brigades. He was strongly posted, and prepared for obstinate work. His camp, at the mouth of Laurel Creek, was backed by intrenchments at Dickerson's, on the road to Fayetteville. His avenue of retreat, if such a contingency should occur, was by the road (turnpike) from Fayetteville to Raleigh Court House. Thus, it will be seen that Benham's part of the programme was of the most important nature; celerity of movement would determine all; by his occupation of the turnpike, Floyd could not escape except by cutting Benham to pieces. For the front assault, it was arranged to use a deserted ferry on the Kanawha (called New River *above* the confluence with the Gauley) which would permit an approach to Fayetteville

direct, and thus at once bring matters to an issue. After incredible labor, Major Crawford, with his pioneers (regulars) succeeded in landing boats and floats at the ferry; but, at the critical moment, the waters suddenly came rushing along in a great "rise," rendering it impossible to use the floats without a risk of drowning all the men. This approach had, therefore, reluctantly to be abandoned. Rosecrans thereupon determined to strike Floyd's position by a flank movement over the Kanawha just below the Gauley River junction, by way of the Montgomery Ferry. As preliminary to this, it was necessary to dislodge the enemy from his ugly position at Cotton Hill. Rosecrans detailed a detachment from Cox's brigade, consisting of Colonel De Villiers' men, and Major Leeper's battalion of the First Kentucky. These fine fellows crossed at once, and gallantly carried the hill by storm, November 12th, with some loss. The rebels fell back upon their intrenchments at Dickerson, three miles away, when Rosecrans dispatched orders to Benham to hasten forward to Cassidy's Mills, a point from whence to precipitate his column upon the Fayette and Raleigh road, should Floyd attempt a retreat. Benham's tardiness, and the division of his command, lost all at the moment of victory. The enemy, instead of standing at Dickerson's, fled without a halt, and Benham arrived, November 12th, at Cotton Hill, to find Floyd gone and Cox's men in possession. There he remained until the afternoon of the 13th, when he pressed forward to the pursuit. Coming up with the enemy's rear-guard at McCoy's Mills, on the Raleigh pike, November 14th, a sharp fight occurred, by which the rebel cavalry were defeated with the loss of their Colonel, St. George Croghan, formerly of the United States army. The pursuit then continued, the enemy fleeing in the greatest disorder, absolutely lining the road with their cast away property. But the Brigadier, from some unexplained reason, pursued so leisurely that the enemy and his heavy train kept in advance. Late in the evening of the 14th, General Schenck, having been ordered to supersede Benham, commanded the pursuit to be discontinued—the second great mistake of the day. A strong column of fresh troops could have annihilated the runaways. Benham's men were much exhausted by their heavy day's work, though it remains to

be shown why he could not pursue with his light troops as fast as the enemy, with his lumbering trains, could flee.*

After Floyd's retreat, nothing remained for Rosecrans' army but winter-quarters. To pursue he could not. His army was but a mockery for invasion. The insatiable maw of the "army of the Potomac" never would be filled, it seemed to other commands. Rosecrans in vain begged for troops, for provision trains, for artillery, for draught-horses, for clothing; all requisitions were unanswered, and, even before orders came to abandon the advance on Lewisburg, he had resolved to give over the campaign for the winter. The orders here referred to transferred the great bulk of the army of the Kanawha to Kentucky, to swell Buell's already enormous forces; and Rosecrans retired to Wheeling, to await the tide of events which should again sweep him into the field. He published an address to his troops, December 14th, filled with just appreciation of their truly heroic deeds, and offering encouragement for the future.

The appointment, in March, 1862, of Major-General Fremont, to the command of the "Mountain Department" (which included General Rosecrans' department), led to further changes, among which was the calling of General Rosecrans to Washington, and, eventually, to his assignment to another command at the West, under General Halleck. When that commander was summoned to Washington, in July, to assume the position of General-in-Chief, General Rosecrans, who then had been in temporary command of a division, was transferred to the army of General Grant, and put at the head of the army corps previously commanded by General Pope. This corps soon became a distinct army of operations, with headquarters at Corinth. The months of August and September, in the latitude of Memphis and Corinth, are not favorable to active campaigning; but General Rosecrans, quiet and gentle as his manners are, is a strict and admirable disciplinarian, and he took care that his corps should not lose its efficiency. That it did not deteriorate, events soon proved. As soon as

* This version of Floyd's escape we give after a patient study of all the documents submitted in the case. Benham, in his report, labored to give the reasons for his several movements, but no explanation, we hold, should suffice for a total miscarriage of a plan so palpably proper as that comprised in his original orders—*to prevent the enemy's retreat.*

the weather would admit, he was ready for a forward movement. On the 19th of September the opportunity for which he had been watching occurred.

About the middle of August he had sent General C. S. Hamilton's division to Jacinto, Mississippi, as an advance guard and corps of observation between Corinth and the enemy. About the 10th of September, it became evident that the rebel General, Price, was leaving his summer encampment at Tupelo, and preparing to move northward, with the intention of recapturing Corinth—the loss of which had been, for months, a source of great chagrin to the Confederates—and, by crossing the Tennessee at Muscle Shoals, to form a junction with General Bragg. The plan was a capital one but it did not prove successful.

On the 13th Price took possession of Iuka, Mississippi, without opposition—the small Federal garrison there withdrawing at his approach. General Rosecrans determined that the enemy should be driven out of this village, and accordingly ordered General Hamilton's division to be ready to move in light marching order, at daybreak, on the 18th of September. They were ready, but waited till four P. M. of that day, for General Stanley's division and General Rosecrans to come up, and moved that evening only three miles from Jacinto. The next morning at daylight, they resumed their onward way, and, after a march of about five hours, came upon the enemy a mile and a half southward of the village of Iuka. The battle, which commenced toward noon, lasted till night, and was, for the numbers engaged, one of the fiercest and most hotly contested conflicts of the war. The Eleventh Ohio battery, which made fearful havoc among the rebels, was captured and recaptured *four times*, and finally remained in the possession of our troops. The losses on both sides were very heavy, but that of the rebels was far the greatest—they having over five hundred killed, about seven hundred wounded and five hundred prisoners. Among them one General and a large number of other officers killed, and one General taken prisoner. The Union loss was one hundred and forty-nine killed, and six hundred and fifty-two wounded. During the night, Price retreated toward Tupelo. Rosecrans pressed him for fifteen miles, but the Federal troops were too much

exhausted to continue the pursuit. They had had a fearful day's work and demanded rest. A single fresh brigade then would have annihilated Price's command. It was not to be expected that General Price, who is really one of the ablest of the rebel Generals, would submit calmly to so mortifying a defeat. Finding that the pursuit had been abandoned, he halted his wearied men at Fulton, Mississippi, and, after a rest of twenty-four hours, marched north-eastward to Ripley, where he formed a junction with Generals Villipigue and Van Dorn—each having a fine division. Thus reinforced, he determined, after consultation with his brother Generals, to attempt the recapture of Corinth. Their soldiers, it is said, were averse to this undertaking, and were told that it was not the intention of the Generals to attempt the capture of the stronghold by a direct assault. It was represented to them that they were going into Missouri, and must take Bolivar, Tennessee, on their way. They were not undeceived till they were within ten miles of Corinth. Then they were told that the heavy guns had been *removed* from Corinth, and that its capture would be easy. They had, by this time, been further reinforced by General Lovell's New Orleans army, and were, as their own accounts admit, forty thousand strong.

The defense of the town, and the task of beating back this formidable force, was intrusted by General Grant—who commanded the army of the south-west—to General Rosecrans. It could not have been placed in better hands. Having been fully informed of the designs of the enemy, he had directed the erection of new fortifications, which had been accomplished in admirable style by General Ord; and though he could collect in all not more than seventeen thousand men, he awaited in perfect confidence the advance of the Confederates. Skirmishing commenced on Wednesday, October 1st, when the pickets and skirmishers were ordered to fall slowly back, to draw the enemy gradually but surely within the range of the heavy guns of the *new* fortifications. The skirmishing of Wednesday and Thursday had but slight results, but on Friday the fighting commenced in earnest. Then, for a time, the rebels seemed to be gaining the advantage and became confident. An apparent retreat which seemed to leave the town open to an assault. The work of Friday finally resulted

in Rosecrans' drawing the enemy to the position where he wanted them; and when, on Saturday morning, after both armies had slept on their arms, he saw their position, he felt that the battle would be ours. The rebels were equally confident of winning; but when, before dawn, the new battery Robinett, mounting heavy siege guns, began to throw its huge shells into their ranks, and batteries Williams and Phillips—each mounting thirty-inch Parrott guns and eight-inch howitzers—opened an *enfilading* fire upon them, and their light artillery could make no effective reply, matters began to grow serious. Before seven o'clock three of their batteries had been silenced, and their infantry and cavalry had been compelled to withdraw to the woods partly out of range of the Federal fire. Here General Price harangued his men to urge the necessity of capturing battery Robinett, which made such havoc in their ranks, and which was the principal obstacle to their taking the town. After representing the perilous character of the undertaking, he called for volunteers to attempt its capture. Acting General Rogers, a Texan officer, and Colonel Ross of Mississippi, stepped forward and offered to lead the forlorn hope; two thousand men volunteered from the ranks. With a heroism worthy of a better cause, and which commanded the admiration even of their foes, this forlorn hope (forlorn, indeed, in its fate) pressed forward toward the death-dealing battery, in solid column, eight deep. Lieutenant Robinett, who commanded the battery, was a young graduate of West Point, but an accomplished artillerist. His guns were served with terrible precision; a huge shell, bursting in the midst of the column, sent thirty at once to their last account. In breathless silence and without faltering, the living stepped into the places of the dead, and pressed forward. As they approached to within short range, the battery suddenly opened with shrapnell and case-shot. Great winrows of dead went down before that iron hail, while the other batteries made serious havoc by their enfilading fire. Several times their colors disappeared, but each time to be heroically replaced. On, the forlorn hope (oh! how forlorn!) pressed. An abattis of felled trees obstructed their progress, but it was surmounted, though with further fearful loss. The remnant of the two thousand—now not more than half their original

number—rushed forward at a charge, sweeping all before them ; they reached the parapet, and charged up it, but were repulsed ; recoiling, they came up again, and were a second time driven back ; a third time they came on, with Colonel Rodgers himself bearing their flag, rushed up the slope, and planted the flag upon the escarpment of the outer works, and delivered their fire through the embrasures. Their triumph was short ; following General Rosecrans' instructions, the gunners withdrew to the inner works, and poured from thence upon those daring men thus entrapped to their final destruction, from batteries Robinett and Williams, a steady and murderous fire. Nothing human could endure that terrific blast of flame, and the scathed and blackened remnant withdrew reluctantly, leaving two hundred and sixty dead bodies piled in a space one hundred feet by four ! Among the dead were brave Colonels Rogers and Ross. But the perils of that remnant were not yet ended ; as they fell back from the battery, Colonel Mower, with a portion of his brigade, opened upon them with Minié rifles ; the batteries continued to play their charges of grape and canister, until, of that two thousand men, scarce fifty escaped with life. This was the crisis of the engagement. At half past twelve, the rebel army, beaten at every point, and utterly foiled in its well-conceived plan of carrying Corinth, began to show signs of faltering, and, within half an hour, were in full retreat toward Chevalla. Orders had been issued to General Hurlburt to destroy the bridge over the Hatchie River, near Pocahontas, and to occupy a position to repulse the rebels should they attempt to retreat by that route, and General Rosecrans, knowing that he had the enemy in his power, rested his men for the night. At dawn, with five thousand fresh men who had come up from Jackson, Tennessee, during the night, he started in pursuit. As expected, the enemy had attempted to escape over the Hatchie, but finding the bridge gone and General Hurlburt awaiting them, they attempted to retreat by another route and found themselves face to face with Rosecrans' fresh legions ! Here, after a brief stand, they were routed, and fled in utter confusion—leaving many killed and wounded and a large number of prisoners. The fugitives were pursued forty miles by the infantry, and twenty miles further by the cavalry, and the

chase was only given over when the Confederate brigades and regiments were so completely scattered that further pursuit was unavailing.

The results of this remarkable struggle were announced in one of the most admirable general orders ever penned by any Federal commander, from which we may quote:

"Their wounded, at the usual rate, must exceed five thousand. You took two thousand two hundred and sixty-eight prisoners, among whom are one hundred and thirty-seven field officers, Captains and subalterns, representing fifty-three regiments of infantry, sixteen regiments of cavalry, thirteen batteries of artillery, seven battalions; making sixty-nine regiments, thirteen batteries, seven battalions, besides several companies. You captured three thousand three hundred stands of small-arms, fourteen stands of colors, two pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of equipments. You pursued his retreating columns forty miles in force with infantry, and sixty miles with cavalry, and were ready to follow him to Mobile, if necessary, had you received orders. I congratulate you on these decisive results; in the name of the Government and the people I thank you. I beg you to unite with me in giving humble thanks to the great Master of all for our victory."

The Federal loss was three hundred and fifteen killed and six hundred and fifty wounded—a heavy proportion of officers being among the former. As in the succeeding battle of Murfreesboro, the officers were chosen targets for the enemy's sharpshooters; and, by their commander's orders, being ever in the place of danger, had to seal their devotion with their lives.

The great abilities of General Rosecrans, so amply illustrated in the battles of Iuka and Corinth, commanded the attention of Government, as well as the people, on whose lips his name was only repeated in adulation, and he was appointed, on the 24th of October, to supersede General Buell, whose conduct of the campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky had excited great popular dissatisfaction. At the same time, he was advanced to the rank of Major-General in the regular army, his commission dating from July 27th, 1862—the day on which he took command of the *corps d'armée* previously under command of General Pope.

His leave-taking of his army was characteristic of the man. In his general order, after announcing that Brigadier-General C. S. Hamilton would succeed him in the command of the army of the Mississippi, he continued thus:

"The General commanding being called by superior authorities to duty elsewhere, begs leave to bid an affectionate good-by to the officers and men of his command. It is his extreme pleasure to be able to state truthfully he will not bear away a single painful personal feeling toward any one in his command; and he trusts that for any severity he may have exercised, or any feelings he may have wounded, he will be pardoned; attributing it to human frailty, and a sincere desire for the good of the service, and for the honor of those who serve our country. By order of

"Major-General W. S. Rosecrans.

"C. Goddard, First Lieutenant Twelfth infantry, Ohio volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General."

There spoke the true hero! for he who rules his own spirit, and is thus regardful of the feelings of others, may be trusted in the battle-field, or anywhere else.

Repairing promptly to Louisville, Major-General Rosecrans entered at once upon his new duties, to find the department radically demoralized. It was the old story of disaffection among officers, and consequent discontent of the men. While there still was great danger from the enemy, but little time was left for reorganization and recuperation; but the spirit of their commander soon impermeated the several corps, and the rebels, falling slowly back toward Nashville, acted with great wariness. They ran around Buell; they ran from Rosecrans. They thundered at the very gates of Cincinnati in spite of Buell; they vanished from the gates of Nashville at the approach of his successor.

It is unnecessary to detail the harassment which Rosecrans experienced in the organization of an army adapted to the work in hand. His labors were great, and resulted in precipitating the enemy's retreat from the vicinity of Nashville—which city General Bragg had sworn to take, even at the sacrifice of half of his army. That he did not take it was owing to the opportune presence of Rosecrans' advance brigades. At the date of December 26th, the movement

forward from Nashville, in pursuit of the rebels, commenced. The original design, as arranged between Grant and Rosecrans, embraced a combined advance—Grant into Mississippi, and Rosecrans into Northern Alabama, to cut off all rebel communications, and to carry the war into the very heart of the Confederacy. An advance by Foster in North Carolina, and of the forces at Port Royal, had been also ordered as columns of diversion. But, like too many other well-conceived plans, this general movement miscarried, owing chiefly to the difficulty of securing necessary supplies, artillery and men in the time allotted. Grant made his forward movement—was successful for a while, then found the enemy threatening his rear and Memphis itself; hence, he had to retrace his steps, leaving the rebel force on Rosecrans' front very formidable and very confident. This is the reason of Rosecrans' delay, even after his advance toward Murfreesboro had commenced: the enemy was so powerful that the Federal commander was compelled to ask and wait for reinforcements to place his force at least on a footing of comparative equality. He also had to await supplies.

The several sections of Bragg's army were disposed of about as follows, after Rosecrans' full occupation of Nashville: The rebel center, commanded by Breckenridge, Cheatham and Withers, with Wheeler's cavalry brigade, lay in front of Lavergne. Bishop Polk's army corps, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, was at Murfreesboro and on Stewart's Creek. Kirby Smith's corps, with Morgan's cavalry on his front, rested at Perryville. This corps constituted the rebel right. The left, Hardee's corps, was composed of Buckner's old division and Anderson's division. This force lay at Triune, and was afterward commanded by General Lovell. A brigade also lay at Bridgeport. Over these fine forces Braxton Bragg held the position of Commander-in-Chief, with General Joseph Johnston as advisory—he having been especially dispatched from Richmond to oppose a Federal General whose strategy and commanding resources the rebels really feared.

As preliminary to the advance, General Granger detailed General Carter and Colonel Wilson to move down from Danville, Kentucky, into East Tennessee, to sever railway bridges, and thus cut off the enemy's communications with

Richmond, from whence Bragg looked for help, should it be needed. This service the two expeditions performed in an admirable manner. Four leading railway bridges were burned at widely separated points—thus rendering the railways useless for transportation for at least two weeks.

The Federal army lay in a semicircle, about seven miles out from Nashville. The right, General McCook's corps, rested on the Franklin pike; the center, General Thomas' corps, was spread out at Brentwood, on the Nolinsville pike; the left, General Crittenden's corps, stretching out to Mill Creek. The advance determined upon for the 26th of December was thus disposed: McCook was to move direct upon Hardee at Nolinsville and Triune; Crittenden was to push down the Murfreesboro and Jefferson pikes; a brigade was to shove down the Wilson pike; while Negley was to strike out for the enemy's extreme left, in hopes of getting into his rear. Early on the morning of the 26th, the advance commenced. The whole Federal force, artillery and trains were under way simultaneously. It was a sublime spectacle. About noon the dull, distant *thud* of the cannon announced that McCook had found the enemy in force enough to require the use of artillery. Van Cleve's division, in the rear, met the enemy's pickets near Lavergne, and, with Stanley's cavalry, drove them in. In many instances, the rebels used their light artillery against the Federal ranks, which was replied to in a decided manner. About three hundred prisoners were secured. Lavergne was occupied by McCook on the night of the 26th. The 27th, he pushed forward to Lytle's Creek, meeting with much opposition. Beyond the creek the rebels were in position for battle. Upon that line, therefore, Rosecrans formed for his work. The grand divisions of McCook and Crittenden united their wings, presenting an unbroken front. Thomas' two divisions—those of Rosseau and Negley—were in reserve. McCook's force had moved over from the Nolinsville pike during the day—the division of Davis on the van. Hardee opposed the movement very obstinately, and used his artillery so freely that McCook ordered Davis, with Stanley's cavalry, to silence by capture a section of Darden's light battery which worried the advance. After some neat maneuvering, the Federals made a run and took the guns

by storm. They proved to be two rifled pieces taken from Grant at Pittsburg Landing.

Reaching Stewart's Creek, the enemy sought to hold its crossings—a bridge on the Jefferson pike and a ford above it. Saturday, December 27th, after sharp skirmishing, the bridge was secured at four P. M., by Colonel Hazen's and Colonel Beatty's brigade of Palmer's division. A brigade of Wood's division, at the same time, drove the enemy in, and secured the bridge on the Murfreesboro pike. During that night, Negley and Rosseau moved to the creek—the first crossing it, taking what then was the Federal center—McCook being upon the right and Crittenden on the left. The Federal force was thus consolidated, bearing direct upon Murfreesboro. The rebels also drew their lines more closely, to meet the danger of having their center pierced, taking up good positions over Stewart's Creek. Sunday, Rosecrans would not permit any demonstrations likely to bring on a conflict. Monday, December 29th, the entire Federal force moved over the creek to confront the enemy. The design was to flank the rebel position; and for that purpose McCook was directed to advance so as to draw the rebel attack in force. He was directed to hold his ground at all hazards, and while so doing, Rosecrans proposed to sweep with his left around into Murfreesboro. It was a bold plan, but the compacted divisions of the enemy not only on McCook's position, but also on the center, rendered it necessary to let McCook attack, and then await the issue before further movements. The enemy, evidently detecting Rosecrans' strategy, prepared to thwart it by massing such a force close around Murfreesboro as would be quickly moved easily right or left. Their design was to throw all against McCook—forcing him back; then to fling themselves with great celerity upon the Federal left. The enemy's right, as formed Monday, was the command of General Polk, comprising the divisions of Breckenridge, Cheatham and Buckner; their center was the three divisions of Preston, McCown and Rains, commanded by Kirby Smith. Hardee's corps held the rebel left. Monday and Tuesday were spent in obtaining positions, and in "feeling" of the respective lines. Artillery and musketry echoed along the entire front during all of Tuesday, as a prelude to the terrific conflict of Wednesday, December 31st.

The conflict of Wednesday was of the most sanguinary character. Moving under cover of the fog, the enemy massed an overwhelming force, unseen, on McCook's too-extended lines, and, at eight o'clock, flung themselves upon his divisions with such irresistible fury as to soon place the Federal right in extreme peril. Sheridan's brigade received the first shock, and repulsed it. Quickly the rebels fell upon Johnston's and Davis' brigades, and soon bore them before their greater strength. It became painfully apparent, ere long, that the field was lost on that ground, without Sheridan could again hold the confident enemy in check. But it was not to be. The disordered masses of Davis and Johnston soon gave the enemy the vantage even over Sheridan's at first well-composed men; and these, in their turn, were thrown into confusion and retreat. The rebels pressed their advantage with great fury, and with fearful slaughter. Brigade after brigade, battery after battery, from Palmer's, Negley's and Rosecrans' divisions, were sent into the midst of the thickets to check the progress of the foe and rally the fugitives, but all in turn were either crushed by the flying crowds, broken by the impetuosity of the foe, and put to confused flight, or compelled to retire and extricate themselves in the best manner that seemed to offer. The history of the combat in those dark cedar thickets will never be known. No man could see even the whole of his regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought bravest, and they who proved recreant to their trust. One who was present wrote:

"All these divisions were now hurled back together into the immense cedar thickets which skirt the turnpike, and were hurried over toward the right, and massed, rank behind rank, in an array of imposing grandeur, along the turnpike and facing to the woods through which the rebels were advancing. The scene, at this time, was grand and awful as any thing that I ever expect to witness until the day of judgment.

"I stood in the midst and upon the highest point of the somewhat elevated space, being between the turnpike and the railroad, and forming the key to our entire position. Let the rebels once obtain possession of it, and the immense train of wagons parked along the turnpike, and the Union army

was irretrievably ruined. Even its line of retreat would be cut off, and nothing could save it from utter rout, slaughter and capture—and yet each minute it became more plainly evident that all the reinforcements which had been hurried into the woods to sustain and rally the broken right wing, and check the progress of the enemy in that direction, had proved inadequate to the task, and had in turn been overthrown by the great mass which was struggling in inextricable disorder through the woods.

"Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars were enough to appall with terror the stoutest heart. The roar of cannon, the crashing of shot through the trees, the whizzing and bursting of the shells, the uninterrupted rattle of thirty thousand muskets, all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sound, as though all the thunders of heaven had been rolled together, and each individual burst of celestial artillery had been rendered perpetual. Above it all could be heard the wild cheers of the traitorous host, as body after body of our troops gave way and were pushed toward the turnpike.

"Every thing now depended upon the regiments and batteries which the genius of Rosecrans had massed along the turnpike to receive the enemy when he should emerge from the woods in pursuit of our broken and flying battalions. Suddenly, the rout became visible, and a crowd of ten thousand fugitives, presenting every possible phase of wild and uncontrollable disorder, burst from the cedar thickets, and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Among them all, perhaps, no half-dozen members of the same regiment could have been found together.

"Nearer and nearer came the storm, louder and louder resounded the tumult of battle. The immense train of wagons parked along the road suddenly seemed instinct with struggling life, and every species of army vehicle, preceded by frightened mules and horses, rolled and rattled away pell-mell in an opposite direction, pressing onward. The shouts and cries of the terrified teamsters, urging their teams to the top of their speed, were now mingled with the billows of sound which swayed and surged over the field.

"Thick and fast the bullets of the enemy fell among them,

and scores were shot down; but still the number constantly increased, by reason of the fresh crowd which burst every moment from the thickets. It was with the greatest difficulty that some of the regiments which had been massed together, as a sort of forlorn hope, to withstand, and, if possible, drive back the victorious cohorts of treason, could prevent their ranks from being crushed or broken by the mass of fugitives."

Great emergencies sometimes evoke extraordinary displays of genius. It was now that Rosecrans showed his true grandeur of spirit and fitness for command. He drew his reserves close around him along the pike. Crittenden's corps was intact—firm as adamant and as reliant as Romans. The brigades which had been extricated from the cedar forest by Rosecrans' personal presence, with comparatively unbroken ranks, were re-formed, and eager to avenge the disaster by victory. Up and down the ranks the tall form of the commanding General was seen to move; the men knew that he was to lead in person, and then they were invincible. At length the long lines of the enemy emerged from the woods, rank behind rank, and, with a demoniac yell, intended to strike terror into the "Yankees" who stood before them, charged with fearful energy almost to the very muzzles of the cannon, whose dark mouths yawned upon them. A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the Union forces, an awful roar shook the earth, a crash rent the air, the foremost lines of the rebel host were literally swept from the field, and seemed to melt away like snow-flakes before the flame; and then both armies were enveloped in a cloud of smoke which hid every thing from the eye. The combat under that great cloud of smoke was somewhat similar to that in the woods. No one knew exactly what command there was. A shout, a charge, a rush of fire, a recoil, and then all for a time disappeared. Rosecrans moved everywhere. His staff fell away from him, one after another, wounded or off on duty. He was almost alone. Yet everywhere the men acknowledged his presence with shouts, which rung out clear and confident above the din of battle.

The advance was ordered, after the first repulse of the enemy. The Federal troops rushed forward, to find no rebels between the woods and turnpike except the dead, the dying

and the disabled. There were hundreds of these, and their blood soaked and reddened the ground. Since the annihilation of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, there has probably not been an instance of so great a slaughter in so short a time as during the repulse of the rebel left at Murfreesboro, and it will hereafter be celebrated in history as much as is the fierce combat which crushed forever the power and prospects of Napoleon.

The rebel left was now thoroughly repulsed, and our troops, emboldened by their success, pushed after them into the woods, driving them back in turn over a considerable portion of the ground which we at first occupied. The roar of our artillery sounded further and further off, as the different batteries moved on slowly after the retreating foe, and hostile cannon-balls no longer plowed up the earth around me.

But the day was not yet won. Only Hardee's corps was *hors de combat.* There was a lull in the storm after eleven A. M. for a brief period. Scarcely a volley of musketry or boom of cannon was heard for three-quarters of an hour. Some hoped that these bloody scenes were ended for the day, but the rebel leaders, disappointed by their failure to penetrate to the Federal camp by way of the right wing, were preparing for a bold blow at the center. All the reserves were attached to the center of their army under Polk; Bragg in person placed himself at the head of columns, and now was presented an imposing spectacle. The nature of the ground in their part of the field was such that every movement of either army could be distinctly seen. The rebel column came on steadily, as if walking on parade, stretching away diagonally over the great open field to the left of the cedars; its length seemed interminable. This first line was followed, at a proper interval, by a second, equal in masses and length of line. Ere long a third line came forth to sustain the advance, and overwhelm the now comparatively weak Federal force on the front. It appeared to an observer as if these living masses must crush the Union brigades deploying and taking new positions to meet this foe. The watchful eye of Rosecrans had penetrated the rebel proceeding and read their purpose. His army was like a set of chessmen in his hands, and its different brigades and divisions were moved about with as much facility as are

pawn and pieces in the royal game. The least exhausted troops of the left and center were hurried forward on the double-quick, to combat this new effort of the enemy, and even from the extreme left, where Van Cleve was posted, a brigade was brought over to take part in the defense. The same formidable array of batteries and battalions again confronted the foe as that upon which the violence of horse and corps had spent itself, and severe results followed.

Almost simultaneously a spot of fire leaped forth from each of these opposite lines, and for a few minutes both stood like walls of stone discharging their deadly missiles into each other's bosoms; then the rebels attempted to charge, but a storm of lead and iron hail burst in their faces and all around them, sweeping them down as the long lines of trains which cross the Sahara are prostrated by the blast of the simoom. If their madness can be called bravery, then, indeed, were those rebels brave. As if actuated by the hellish motive to do as much mischief as possible before they died, they rushed up to the very muzzles of our cannon and hurled their muskets at the heads of our artillerymen; they also shouted demoniacally when their hearts were pierced by bullets, and tumbled to the earth while endeavoring to take another step in advance.

If either of the soldiers of the Union wavered before this onset, it was only for a moment; and forty minutes from the time the first rebel line marched forth, all three of them had been dashed to pieces, and the survivors of the conflict, flying in wild confusion over the slope, were disappearing in the depths of the wood. The battle was over.

Until four o'clock the rebels continued to fire a cannon or two from the direction of Murfreesboro, as though in angry protest against their repulse, but when this ceased, there was silence all over the field, so deep by contrast with the tumult of the battle that had waged all day, that it seemed oppressive and supernatural.

One present on the field wrote of Rosecrans' demeanor:

"General Rosecrans is a man of the most untiring energy. If there are other traits in his character more or equally apparent with this, they are his firm, abiding faith in his ultimate success, and his plain, earnest practicability. The

disaster with which the battle had so inauspiciously begun did not in the least depress his spirits. He only seemed to labor more untiringly and unceasingly to retrieve the day. Among men and officers he appeared in the liveliest humor, and with his plain orders, that any man could understand, he gave a few words of encouragement to each around him. In the fight he had been cool, calm, and though his teeth clenched and the veins of his face swelled and the nerves contracted, he did not for a moment appear to lose his self-possession and imperturbable composure. He felt that he had the fate of a campaign in his hands, and went to work to make the result a glorious victory."

The New Year opened with an artillery duel. The enemy evidently preparing for another onslaught on the right, moved up a battery to the left and from the cover of a wood began to play furiously into Wood's division of Crittenden's corps. Wood soon, however, made it too hot for the rebels—their battery was silenced This feint, it was supposed, was to call attention to that section of the field, but it effected nothing. Rosecrans had, with extraordinary energy and great personal labor, succeeded in placing McCook's corps in the field in tolerable condition. McCook and all his officers labored with a double zeal, in hopes to retrieve their lost laurels. All night long the cavalry was engaged in picking up the stragglers in the rear, and returning them to duty. They came back with very little disposition to fight again, but were forced back into the ranks, and muskets furnished to those who had thrown theirs away. Officers, in one or two instances, had thrown away their swords, and General Rosecrans ordered them to be furnished with muskets and put in the ranks—a just punishment for their cowardly action.

General McCook, during the night, had intrenched his line, and now presented to the rebels a front they did not appear to be desirous of disturbing. He, as yet, faced not toward Murfreesboro, but to the south-west, looking the hills where Stewart's creek arose in the face. But, Rosecrans had determined that the sun should go down over McCook's right shoulder, and at noon, on Thursday, McCook's right division began to move forward, that of Davis immediately following. The rebels had no disposition to give way, and the Federals

soon found themselves engaged in a bloody effort to drive them from their position. Johnson succeeded, with the aid of General Davis, in forcing them to gradually retire before him, and Sheridan was enabled to move up with his now small division and take position on Rosseau's right, by this means perfecting the line thus far.

Johnson and Davis found it more difficult to get into the position to which they had been ordered. As if aware of the fact that General Rosecrans was attempting to get a position which entered largely into his plans, the enemy made a desperate resistance, and drove our forces back again. But, the imperative order to take the position had to be obeyed, and the men again came up to their work. The left and center were, meantime, quiet, though a few of the older regiments had been massed on the right to aid McCook in the work. At the second effort, they again met with a repulse; but, on the *third* attempt they pushed forward with desperate energy, and drove the enemy from their works. General McCook then received orders to intrench his front and right flank, and thus he rested for the first time in his proper place—*facing Murfreesboro.* The line of General Rosecrans was now complete. He had now reached the point at which he had proposed starting for Murfreesboro. The brigade of Engineers and Mechanics had been engaged in cutting a road through an almost interminable cedar forest by which to communicate with McCook, and by which he could reach the center of the army. This had been abandoned, however, on Wednesday, when McCook had fallen back. It was now completed, and, for the first time, General Rosecrans was in a position to advance upon Murfreesboro. Accordingly, he instantly made the first movement in that direction.

McCook's men were in better spirits. Their success in regaining a position, and our unvarying success during the sharp and severe skirmishing which took place in the latter part of the day, had reassured them. They lay behind their rifle-pits, and once more confidently looked at the rebels in their front. They were ready, too, for any labor that might be given them; for they were anxious to redeem their lost reputation. They felt and recognized that the disaster had set General Rosecrans back just two days in his plans, and

that, on Thursday night he was no further than he had been on Tuesday night.

As stated, it was the commander's design to *feint* an advance by his right, and while McCook was holding the enemy, then to throw the Federal left into Murfreesboro. McCook's repulse, of course, thwarted all that programme. Now, however, that he was in good position again, he resolved to pursue his first plan so far as to attempt to right-flank the rebels. After the brave and efficient Van Cleve was wounded in the terrific fight of Wednesday, his division fell to the command of Colonel John Beatty, of the Nineteenth Ohio, an old and experienced officer. The division had all along formed the extreme left, and had rested on Lytle's creek. By order of General Rosecrans, Colonel Beatty, late on the afternoon of Thursday, moved his division across the stream at several of the numerous fords in his vicinity. Here he obtained position in front of one of Polk's divisions, and rested in peace for the night. Friday, January 2d, was the decisive day. The disposition of Rosecrans' forces were as follows: Van Cleve's division, commanded by Colonel Beatty, rested with its left on the Lebanon and Murfreesboro road, and its right on Lytle's creek. Wood rested his left on the same stream, and Palmer was now east of the Nashville and Murfreesboro road. Rosseau had taken Palmer's place between the turnpike and railroad, and McCook's corps lay on Rosseau's right. Negley had been left in the rear for some purpose. Rosecrans' earnestness in arranging his lines showed how well he adapted means to ends. Every one, from the highest to the lowest in command, felt their General's earnestness enter into them as an infusion of strength necessary to bear them through the trials of the day to victory. Negley's detachment from the front was a piece of admirable foresight, as the sequel proved.

The enemy opened the confiict by an attack upon Rosseau, where Colonel C. O. Loomis' four batteries were known to the enemy to be in position. It was Bragg's wish to dispose of these terrible batteries if possible. The rebel advance drove in Rosseau's pickets and advanced to the Murfreesboro road, where two fine batteries were soon engaged in a cannonade of the Federal quarters. Loomis immediateiy ordered out Captain Stone's First Kentucky and his own famous First

Michigan battery and replied to them. The cannonading for a few moments was terrific. Both parties worked with a will well seasoned with vengeance. Rosseau's men were all in arms ready for an expected assault. No assault followed, and Loomis was left to his work of using up the two offensive batteries, which he did in splendid style. One battery was entirely smashed except one gun, which the few remaining gunners hauled off by hand. The second battery limbered up and moved off as soon as the Federal guns were all directed upon it. The Federal loss in this affair was twenty-three killed and one hundred and twenty-seven wounded.

The rebel main attack came in the afternoon at the moment when the division of Rosseau was about to move to flank Bragg's position. Beatty's division received the first brunt of the stroke. The entire division of Breckenridge, Claiborne and Anderson were thrown suddenly upon him. They came on with a wild rush and literally rained their iron hail into the Union ranks. Beatty's men were firm as a wall of concrete. They answered the rebels with a fire that was so carefully directed as to stagger Breckenridge's line and cause it to fall back in some disorder. Claiborne's column then advanced rapidly, taking the front. The fight then became furious. Slowly Beatty's line was forced back to the line of Lytle's creek, over which the artillery passed—the infantry soon following. The enemy pressed his vantage well and appeared on the very banks of the stream just passed by the Federal brigades. The combatants then took position on each side of the creek, and kept up an unintermitted fire, while the artillery added its thunder to the dreadful storm.

At this juncture, Negley's men came upon the bloody stage with a wild shout, followed by the reserve division of Jeff. C. Davis. Negley advanced to the line of the stream. The fury of his fire was irresistible, and the rebel front fell back. As Davis came up into line on his left, Negley ordered his division to advance and cross the stream. With a bound and a shout, the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Colonel Sirwell, pushed forward, and was the first to cross. The Nineteenth Illinois and the rest of the two brigades followed. Davis took the order to include him, and Beatty was not slow in following. On the other shore, in admirable disorder, but a

line sufficiently good, as Negley remarked, for practical purposes, the gallant Pennsylvanian suddenly found himself the senior division commander on that part of the field. He looked along the line. A glance of the eye at Beatty and Davis told what was in his heart and his mind. He passed through his ranks, placed his hat upon his sword, shouted to them to charge, and led his line to the top of the hill. The charge was the most desperate and the most brilliant of the day. The rebels could not stand it, but broke and fled. The Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania captured the entire Twenty-sixth Tennessee infantry, Colonel Lilliard, securing their colors. The Nineteenth Illinois and Seventy-fourth Ohio dispute the honor of having taken what was reported as Douglass' Kentucky artillery.

Negley did not halt with this temporary success. His batteries were immediately ordered to cross. The captured rebel battery was put to work, and poured shell into the ranks of the retiring enemy. As soon as his batteries came up, Negley moved his whole line rapidly forward. He then sent word to General Rosecrans that he was driving the rebel right, and asked for instructions. General Rosecrans sent word in answer—"Drive 'em." It was the moment to press on for victory, and Rosecrans ordered the entire line to advance. The ranks, from the distant right to the far left, in a moment were wreathed in fire. Artillery and musketry answered to the foe's furious efforts to stay the tide of defeat, but the onward pressure of Negley, Davis and Beatty caused Polk to fall back, left and center. Then the rebel right became endangered, and it had to retire. The entire Confederate line was broken. The outer defensive works surrounding Murfreesboro were entered by the Union forces with a shout which must have made mad music for their now thoroughly discomfited foe. But night came on to close the scene. The rebels were shielded by its great drop-curtain.

To secure this position, Rosecrans brought the spade into requisition; and, when Saturday morning (January 3d) came it found the Federals admirably intrenched within cannon-shot distance of Murfreesboro. An ugly rain fell during all the day, rendering offensive field operations too severe for safety and but little was done except to keep the enemy awake with

shot and shell. During Saturday evening, as if preluding their final retreat, a rebel redoubt on Rosseau's front opened on his camp with considerable fury. The fiery Kentuckian begged permission to take the work. Rosecrans sent him word that he could take Murfreesboro if he wished. Rosseau detailed the Third Ohio and Eighty-eighth Indiana for the duty. They advanced rapidly upon the works in the midst of a heavy fire, and, without firing a shot, took the works at the point of the bayonet, securing its guns and fifty prisoners.

Early light, Sunday morning, revealed the fact that the rebels had "skedaddled" during the night, taking the routes to the South. The evacuation commenced at dark Saturday evening, and, as Rosecrans surmised, the fire on Rosseau's camp betokened the rebel retreat. Had the night been less dark, Rosseau would have gone into the town (or to the place where the town was), and have secured something of the rebels' property.

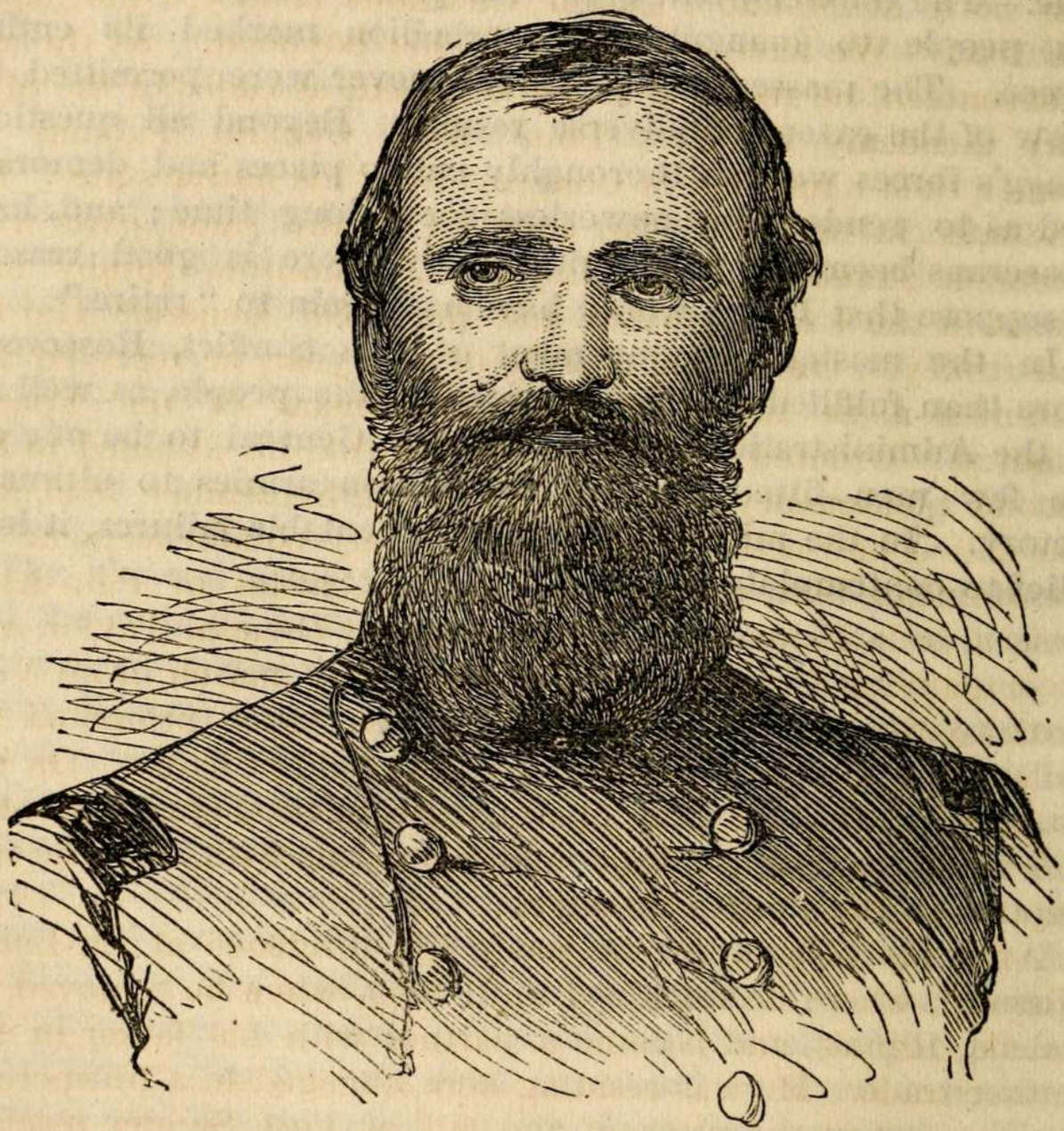
The Federal army moved on Sunday morning, and occupied the enemy's late works, which were found to be neither very extensive nor strong.

The Federal cavalry pursued the flying foe, but he was too far advanced to make it safe for an extended venture by Negley and Stanley. Bragg fell back upon Tullahoma, where he recruited and reorganized, while Rosecrans did the same at Murfreesboro. The loss of the Federals had been so severe as to render the army no longer one of offense. In the defeat of McCook's division, on Wednesday, the enemy took about four thousand prisoners and twenty-eight pieces of artillery. The Federal dead amounted to about seventeen hundred, and the wounded to over forty-five hundred. This reduced Rosecrans' strength fully one-third; while the dreadful loss of officers left the commands in a condition requiring almost a general reorganization. The destruction, on the fatal Wednesday, by the rebel cavalry, of an immense quantity of Federal stores—in a most daring and reckless dash upon the Union army's rear line of communications, rendered it necessary for the commissariat to "reorganize" its train and stock. The immense expenditure of ammunition rendered further supplies from the Ohio River necessary.

All these conspired to prevent the advance expected by the people.

The rebel loss never was even approximatively stated. Their studious suppression of losses, or their most outrageous misstatements of them, leave them a matter of guess at any time. The duplicity and deception practiced upon the Southern people to inaugurate the rebellion marked its entire career. The masses of the South never were permitted to know of the extent of adverse results. Beyond all question Bragg's forces were so thoroughly cut to pieces and demoralized as to render him powerless for a long time; and, had Rosecrans been able to recruit rapidly, there is good reason to suppose that Bragg would have had again to "retire."

In the masterly management of this conflict, Rosecrans more than fulfilled the expectations of the people, as well as of the Administration. It proved the General to be one of the few men fitted to lead the Union armies to ultimate victory. In the midst of so many lamentable failures, it is a relief to contemplate his career.



MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

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ULYSSES S. GRANT, "the hero of Fort Donelson and Shiloh," was born at Mount Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, April 22d 1822. We have no record of his boyhood. At the age of seventeen, he received an appointment as cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, from General Thomas L. Hamer, then a member of Congress from his native state. He graduated in 1843, with fair standing, in the same class with Generals Franklin, Peck, Reynolds, Hamilton, Quinby and others in the Union service, and the rebel Generals Hardee and Ripley. On the 1st of July of that year, he received his commission as brevet Second Lieutenant of the Fourth infantry. Ordered to duty on the frontier, he attained to his Second Lieutenancy at Corpus Christi in September, 1845, and was called into active service at the very commencement of the Mexican War, participating in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey under General Taylor, and accompanying General Scott in his entire march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. He was twice promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle. On the 1st of April, 1847, he was appointed Regimental Quartermaster, and when he resigned his commission, July 24th, 1854, he was Captain in the Fourth infantry.

After his resignation, he made his residence at St. Louis, Missouri, where he remained until 1859, when he removed to Galena, Illinois, and became a partner with his father in the leather trade. He was residing here, engaged in a prosperous business, when the news of the fall of Fort Sumter reached him. Like other loyal graduates of West Point, he felt that he owed his services, and life if need be, to the country which had educated him. He promptly hastened to the State capital, and offered his services to Governor Yates, who willingly accepted them, and appointed him Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois volunteers. He served in this capacity in Missouri, being assigned at first to positions in Northern and afterward in South-eastern Missouri.

In July, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General, his

commission dating from the 17th of May. In August, Brigadier-General Grant was placed in command of Bird's Point, and, subsequently, of the district of Cairo. In the beginning of September, the rebel force, notwithstanding their protestations of a desire to respect the neutrality of Kentucky, had occupied Columbus, Kentucky, and several points on the lower Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and were making Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, a dépôt of supplies, by receiving from thence the supply of food, shoes, clothing and arms which they needed. It was deemed necessary to occupy the town with a sufficient force of Union troops to put an end to this illicit traffic, and at the same time, to be able to command the Tennessee River and thus counterbalance the force stationed by the rebels at Columbus. Accordingly, on the evening of September 5th, 1861, the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois regiments (infantry) and a section of the Chicago artillery, were embarked at Cairo, and, convoyed by the gunboats *Tyler* and *Conestoga*, ascended the Ohio to the mouth of Tennessee River, landing at Paducah about eight o'clock the next morning. The town, which contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants—the greater part of them strongly sympathizing with secession—presented a very gloomy appearance on their arrival, and " curses not loud but deep " greeted them on every hand. The secessionists saw that their occupation was gone—that the smuggling of goods, by which they had so largely profited, would not be allowed henceforth, and that they were in danger of losing their ill-gotten gains. Of course *they* were furiously angry. Many, too, who were neutrals or conditional Union men, as well as the greater part of the women, believed that the rebel General Pillow would speedily appear and attempt to drive out the Union troops, and that the place would, undoubtedly, be burned. Hence, there was a rapid stampede of the greater part of the inhabitants for towns in the country and for Illinois. General Grant, under whose direction the whole movement for occupation had been made, arrived on the afternoon of the 6th. The troops had already taken possession of the railway dépôt, the telegraph office, and the marine hospital. He immediately issued a proclamation reassuring the people and quieting their alarm.

The assurances thus given quieted the fears of the loyal citizens, but the secessionists, who feared nothing so much as a just and equitable administration of the laws, were not to be appeased, and most of them withdrew to their friends at Columbus and Hickman.

Early in November, ascertaining that General Polk, commanding at Columbus, had arranged to dispatch reinforcements to Price, at Springfield, Missouri, Grant determined to thwart their plans, by making an attack upon the town of Belmont, Missouri, a town lying nearly opposite Columbus. On the night of November 6th, a force consisting of the Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Illinois, and Seventh Iowa regiments, Taylor's Chicago artillery, and Dollen's and Delano's cavalry—in all three thousand five hundred men—embarked on steamboats for Belmont, convoyed by the gunboats *Lexington* and *Tyler*.

They landed the next morning, about eight o'clock, at Lucas Bend, on the west side of the Mississippi, about two and a half miles above Belmont, and immediately formed in line of battle, to fight their way, step by step, to the enemy's camp. Nothing could resist the impetuous valor of the troops. The rebel camp was finally captured and destroyed. Meantime, General Grant, ascertaining that the rebels were sending over large reinforcements from the Kentucky shore, to cut off retreat to his transports at Lucas Bend, gave the order for a fighting retreat. His little force was confronted by several thousand fresh troops, and a severe battle ensued, in which the Union regiments, though they succeeded in regaining their boats, suffered severely. The object of the attack, the preventing of the intended expedition of the rebels against our forces in South-east Missouri, was gained; and this, perhaps, was sufficient to compensate for the very considerable loss incurred.

The Department of Cairo was created December 23d, 1861, in order to give Grant a separate command, with the design of carrying the war up the Cumberland River—thus to pierce the enemy's lines, and flank the two rebel strongholds of Bowling Green and Columbus. December and January were busy months. Preparations were made on a scale of considerable magnitude, for the work was a great one. That it

was confided to good hands the sequel proved. Flag-officer (now Rear-Admiral) Foote was assigned to the command of the gunboat flotilla in the western rivers. Upon his arrival, the details of the first expedition were arranged. Grant, in command of the land-forces, passed his force up the Tennessee River in transports. The advance, McClernand's two brigades, reached the vicinity of Fort Henry February 4th, where they disembarked, while Commodore Foote, with three iron-clads, steamed up to "feel" of the fort.

Reinforcements to this advance rapidly followed, until, by the 6th, the Federal column was deemed equal to a siege and assault of the fort. But Commodore Foote had designs of his own, and he played off a "good joke" by taking the fort with his iron-clads, February 6th, to the surprise of himself as well as of Grant. He steamed up the river on the 6th, passing to the west of Painter Creek Island—the enemy having foolishly neglected to obstruct that channel. The iron-clads emerged just above the fort, and steamed down. The conflict which followed was terrific. It was the final test of the experiment of plated vessels assailing forts. The iron-clads dropped slowly down to within three hundred yards of the fort, when they came to anchor, to receive its tremendous fire. This close-quarter conflict was too much for the fort. It struck its flag after standing the iron shower about forty minutes. General Lloyd Tilghman surrendered, with his staff and garrison. A large infantry force fled to Fort Donelson. Grant came up one half hour after the surrender to take possession. Foote's too prompt action had lost the Federal commander the opportunity to "bag" the entire rebel force in and around the fort.

Having taken possession of the fort, he proceeded, on the 12th of February, to invest Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, some fifteen miles distant. This was a much more extensive fortification than Fort Henry, and was held by about twenty thousand men, under the command of Generals Floyd, Pillow and Buckner. Flag-officer Foote returned to Cairo, and ascended the Cumberland, to coöperate with him. The attack commenced on the morning of the 13th of February, and was continued on the 14th and 15th, the troops being exposed for four nights without shelter, during the

most inclement weather known in that latitude. On the morning of the 16th, General Buckner (his colleagues having stolen away in the night with five thousand men) addressed the following letter to General Grant:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT DONELSON,
"February 16, 1862.

"SIR: In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces, the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and fort under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"S. B. BUCKNER,
"Brigadier-General C. S. A.

"To Brigadier-General GRANT, commanding U. S. forces near Fort Donelson."

General Grant replied as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD,
"CAMP NEAR DONELSON, February 16.

"*To General S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army:*

"Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT,
"Brigadier-General U. S. Commanding."

This reply was very distasteful to the aristocratic Buckner, but knowing that he could not make any vigorous opposition to another assault, he was compelled to submit, which he did very ungraciously in the following reply:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DOVER, TENN.,
"February 16, 1862.

"*To Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:*

"SIR: The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms

yesterday, to accept the *ungenerous and unchivalrous* terms which you propose.

"I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

"S. B. BUCKNER,

"Brigadier-General C. S. A."

The prize thus gained was indeed a valuable one. By the statements of the rebels themselves, they surrendered thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine effective troops as prisoners, and had two hundred and thirty one killed and one thousand and seven wounded. The number of killed was undoubtedly underrated. They also surrendered a large number of cannon, horses, arms, equipments and stores—estimated at between two and three millions of dollars.

For his solid achievements up the rivers the President conferred upon Grant the rank of Major-General. Reorganizing his army, he rapidly pushed his "conquests." Pressed out of Kentucky by this flank movement up the river, the entire rebel host was compelled to fall back before the now united Federal advance, deserting their reputed Gibraltar of Columbus, and their stronghold of Bowling Green. Johnston receded to Nashville, and from thence to the South as rapidly as consistent with the pride of men who despised the "Yankees." Buell came down quite as slowly as the enemy could wish—his lack of haste seeming to be well designed to permit his Southern friends to escape, bag and baggage. He took possession of Nashville, and there gathered his hosts. Thomas' fine division was recalled from its work upon East Tennessee (alas for it!), and Mitchell was drawn from Bowling Green. Andrew Johnson was instated as Military Governor of Tennessee. Grant moved forward from Donelson direct to the South, by the Tennessee River, designing to strike into Northern Alabama and Mississippi, and break the railroad connection with Memphis and the East. This would flank and turn Memphis, compelling its evacuation, while the very center of the Cotton States would be open to invasion.

In order to counteract this invasion, which promised to swoop up the Confederacy with a grand completeness, the rebels bent their whole energies to oppose the progress of the Federal army. General A. Sidney Johnston, as Commander-

in-Chief, and Beauregard, as second in command, called to their aid the redoubtable General Bragg, with his well-drilled army, from Pensacola; Price and Van Dorn, with their wild brigades from Arkansas and Texas; Breckenridge, with his well-ordered brigades of recusant Tennesseeans and Kentuckians; Pillow and Floyd, with their forces of Mississippians and Virginians; Cheatham and the Reverend General Polk, with their well-drilled brigades from the line of the Mississippi. Hardee, Hindman and others were also detailed to the rebel lines, which were centered around Corinth, Mississippi. To fill up the ranks to a number equal to the work in hand, of staying the Federal progress, a conscription was enforced, by which great numbers of those who had not borne arms against the Union were forced into the service. Corinth was fortified. Memphis was strengthened by the strengthening of the defenses above it. Every appearance seemed to indicate that the decisive struggle for the possession of the Mississippi valley was at hand.

The Federal Government, appreciating the greatness of the emergency, prepared for it by ordering Buell to join Grant at Savannah, thence to move direct against Corinth, while the indefatigable Mitchell "sky-rocketed" down upon Huntsville, Decatur, etc., to cut off the railway and river communication with the East. Halleck was given the command-in-chief of the combined forces—thus to bring all the Federal military resources in the West to the work in hand.

It was not until late in March that Buell's divisions began to move out of Nashville toward Savannah and Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River—there to join Grant's forces, already on the ground, for the advance against Corinth. Buell's forces consisted of the superbly-equipped divisions of Nelson, Thomas, Wood, McCook, Negley and Crittenden—Mitchell going south toward Huntsville, by way of Murfreesboro and Fayetteville. Grant's forces comprised the divisions of McClernand, Lew Wallace, W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss, Hurlburt and W. T. Sherman, with most ample equipments, artillery, etc. All of these forces were Western men—there being not a single regiment in that combined army from east of the Alleghanies.

To prevent the unity of the forces of Grant and Buell was

the suddenly conceived design of Johnston. With their usual success, the rebel commanders ascertained the plans and disposition of the Federals, and prepared to strike a blow at once on Grant's divisions, advanced to Pittsburg Landing, and located in a semicircle around the landing, as a center. If Grant could be beaten back before Buell could reinforce him, the rebels were sure of being able then to overmatch Buell; and, if he was forced back, the way was again opened to recover the ground lost in Tennessee and Kentucky. Immense forces, a steady hand, a daring will might accomplish all, and these Johnston had.

Grant, advancing his forces over the Tennessee, only awaited the coming up of Buell's divisions to assail the enemy intrenched at Corinth. Sherman's division had the extreme advance, left wing, supported by General Prentiss; McClernand held the left center; W. H. L. Wallace (commanding General Smith's forces) held the left right; Hurlburt's fine brigades formed the reserve; General Lew Wallace's division was stationed at Crump's Landing, forming the Federal extreme right wing.

The skirmishes of Friday and Saturday (April 4th and 5th), chiefly with the enemy's cavalry, kept Sherman's men on the alert. Friday the Federal pickets were driven in on the main line of the division, with a loss of one Lieutenant and seven men, when Sherman ordered a charge. The rebel cavalry were, in turn, driven five miles, with no small loss. Saturday the rebels again made a bold push at the lines, in considerable force, and retired after a warm reception. These advances were but reconnoissances to test the Federal spirit, and to locate his lines.

The pickets were again driven in at an early hour on the morning of Sunday (April 6th)—a day the rebels always seemed to choose for fight when the choice lay with them. Sherman immediately ordered his entire division to arms, as, also, did Prentiss his division—both commanders, it is ascertained, being suspicious of the impending attempt of the enemy, in force. The troops stood under arms for an hour, when, no heavy firing occurring, the General and his staff rode to the front. The enemy's sharpshooters picked off Sherman's orderly, standing near the General. This shot, and others

which rapidly followed, came from a thicket, lining a small stream, flowing north into the Tennessee. Along this stream Sherman's line was stretched. Sherman observed that, in the valley before him, the enemy was forming. He said, in his report:

"About eight A. M., I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front, in the woods beyond the small stream alluded to, and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp. All the regiments of my division were then in line of battle at their proper posts. I rode to Colonel Appler and ordered him to hold his ground at all hazards, as he held the left flank of our first line of battle, and I informed him that he had a good battery on his right and strong supports to his rear. General McClernand had promptly and energetically responded to my request, and had sent me three regiments which were posted to protect Waterhouse's battery and the left flank of my line."

This shows that there was no surprise. McClernand was informed, as early as half-past six, of the enemy's presence, and had placed his troops in order of battle. The same with Prentiss and Hurlburt—both of whom were ready before the assault on Sherman's front.

It would be impossible, in the space here allotted, to detail the movements and events which followed on that most momentous day. A book alone would suffice to tell the story in detail.* The first news dispatched of the battles which reached the North, gave a graphic, and, in the main, a correct description of the two days' struggle. It, we may quote:

"PITTSBURG, *via* FORT HENRY, April 9th, 3:20 A. M.

"One of the greatest and bloodiest battles of modern days has just closed, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy, who attacked us at daybreak, Sunday morning.

"The battle lasted without intermission during the entire day, and was again renewed on Monday morning, and continued undecided until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced their retreat, and are still flying toward Corinth, pursued by a large force of our cavalry.

* See "Pittsburg Landing and the Investment of Corinth," in Beadle's series of "American Battles,"—where a 12mo, of 100 pages, is devoted to the subject.

"The slaughter on both sides is immense.

"The fight was brought on by a body of three hundred of the Twenty-fifth Missouri regiment, of General Prentiss' division, attacking the advance guard of the rebels, which were supposed to be the pickets of the enemy, in front of our camps. The rebels immediately advanced on General Prentiss' division on the left wing,* pouring volley after volley of musketry, and riddling our camps with grape, canister and shell. Our forces soon formed into line, and returned their fire vigorously; but by the time we were prepared to receive them, they had turned their heaviest fire on the left center, Sherman's division, and drove our men back from their camps, and bringing up a fresh force, opened fire on our left wing, under General McClernand. This fire was returned with terrible effect and determined spirit by both infantry and artillery along the whole line, for a distance of over four miles.

"General Hurlburt's division was thrown forward to support the center, when a desperate conflict ensued. The rebels were driven back with terrible slaughter, but soon rallied and drove back our men in turn. From about nine o'clock, the time your correspondent arrived on the field, until night closed on the bloody scene, there was no determination of the result of the struggle. The rebel regiments exhibited remarkably good generalship. At times engaging the left with apparently their whole strength, they would suddenly open a terrible and destructive fire on the right or center. Even our heaviest and most destructive fire upon the enemy did not appear to discourage their solid columns. The fire of Major Taylor's Chicago artillery raked them down in scores, but the smoke would no sooner be dispersed than the breach would again be filled.

"The most desperate fighting took place late in the afternoon. The rebels knew that if they did not succeed in whipping us then, that their chances for success would be extremely doubtful, as a portion of General Buell's forces had by this time arrived on the opposite side of the river, and another

* This account, in common with most all others made by newspaper reporters, was incorrect in the particulars of the enemy's first advance. The reader will find the correct statement of the first assault given in our own version above.

portion was coming up the river from Savannah. They became aware that we were being reinforced, as they could see General Buell's troops from the river-bank, a short distance above us on the left, to which point they had forced their way.

At five o'clock the rebels had forced our left wing back so as to occupy fully two-thirds of our camp, and were fighting their way forward with a desperate degree of confidence in their efforts to drive us into the river, and at the same time heavily engaged our right.

"Up to this time we had received no reinforcements. General Lew Wallace failed to come to our support until the day was over, having taken the wrong road from Crump's Landing, and being without other transports than those used for quartermaster's and commissary stores, which were too heavily laden to ferry any considerable number of General Buell's forces across the river, those that were here having been sent to bring up the troops from Savannah. We were, therefore, contesting against fearful odds, our force not exceeding thirty-eight thousand men, while that of the enemy was upward of sixty-thousand.

"Our condition at this moment was extremely critical. Large numbers of men panic-stricken, others worn out by hard fighting, with the average percentage of skulkers, had straggled toward the river, and could not be rallied. General Grant and staff, who had been recklessly riding along the lines during the entire day, amid the unceasing storm of bullets, grape and shell, now rode from right to left, inciting the men to stand firm until our reinforcements could cross the river.

"Colonel Webster, Chief of staff, immediately got into position the heaviest pieces of artillery, pointing on the enemy's right, while a large number of the batteries were planted along the entire line, from the river-bank north-west to our extreme right, some two and a half miles distant. About an hour before dusk a general cannonading was opened upon the enemy from along our whole line, with a perpetual crack of musketry. Such a roar of artillery was never heard on this continent. For a short time the rebels replied with vigor and effect, but their return shots grew less frequent and destructive while ours grew more rapid and more terrible.

"The gunboats *Lexington* and *Tyler*, which lay a short distance off, kept raining shell on the rebel hordes. This last effort was too much for the enemy, and, ere dusk had set in the firing had nearly ceased, when night coming on, all the combatants rested from their awful work of blood and carnage."

Then followed a list of the leading officers known to have been killed or wounded. It was meager, but gave names enough to plunge the country into mourning. Over Congress it threw a shadow which was betokened by the silence reigning in the halls after the news was received. That splendid army of the Union comprised some of the country's bravest spirits among its commanders, and all dreaded to read the lists which were hourly looked for, after the receipt of the first news. The dispatch added: "There has never been a parallel to the gallantry and bearing of our officers, from the commanding General to the lowest officer. General Grant and staff were in the field, riding along the lines in the thickest of the enemy's fire during the entire two days of the battle, and all slept on the ground Sunday night, during a heavy rain. On several occasions General Grant got within range of the enemy's guns, and was discovered and fired upon. Lieutenant-Colonel McPherson had his horse shot from under him when alongside of General Grant. General Sherman had two horses killed under him, and General McClernand shared like dangers; also General Hurlburt, each of whom received bullet-holes through their clothes. General Buell remained with his troops during the entire second day, and with General Crittenden and General Nelson, rode continually along the lines encouraging the men."

This refers specially to the first day's battle, which closed leaving the enemy in the camps held in the morning by the Federal troops. No wonder that Beauregard—Johnston being among the enemy's fearful list of slain—telegraphed a victory to the Confederate arms. To have given the Federal advance a staggering blow—to be permitted to feast his half-fed troops on Federal rations, and to rest their dirty limbs on Federal blankets, in Federal tents, was indeed a victory for them, even if the morrow should find them hurled back in confusion, upon their intrenchments and reserves at Corinth.*

* As one of the "humors of the campaign," we may mention that the Memphis *Appeal* charged the Monday's defeat of the rebels to the *whisky found, the night before, in the Federal tents!*

The second day redeemed the disasters of the first. Buell's forces were marching in divisions, six miles apart. The advance (Nelson's brigades) reached Savannah on the 5th. There Buell arrived in person, on the evening of the same day. Crittenden's division came in during the evening. Hearing the terrific cannonading, Buell surmised its meaning and ordered forward Nelson's division at a quick march, without its train. Ammen's brigade arrived at the opportune moment, when Grant's forces were being slowly but surely pressed to the river's bank after their whole day's struggle. The fresh brigades immediately crossed and walked to the front. This arrival gave the wearied men fresh heart, and caused the enemy to fall back. The residue of Nelson's division came up and crossed the ferry early in the evening. Crittenden's division came on by steamers from Savannah. The batteries of Captains Mendenhall and Terrell, of the regular service, and Bartlett's Ohio battery, also came up. McCook's division, by a forced march, arrived at Savannah during the night of the 6th, and pushing on immediately, reached the Landing early on the morning of the 7th.

Buell's divisions, taking the Federal left wing, opened the day's work, soon after five o'clock, when Nelson's division moved forward upon the enemy's pickets, driving them in. The rebel artillery opened at six o'clock on Nelson's lines.

Grant gave the right Federal wing to General Lew Wallace's fine division of fresh men, which had arrived at eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday. Sherman's broken brigades again assumed the field, taking position next to Wallace. On the right the attack commenced early after daybreak, by Thompson's artillery, which opened on a rebel battery occupying a bluff to the front and right of Wallace's First brigade.

The battle soon became general. The enemy, during the night, had been reinforced to the utmost extent consistent with the safety of his defenses at Corinth, and was, therefore, prepared for a desperate conflict. It was evident, from his fighting, that if victory was won by the Union army, it must be at a fearful loss of life. But, the Federals—officers and men—were resolved upon victory even at a sacrifice of half their numbers, and they went into the fight with astonishing alacrity. The rebels fell back gradually till about half-past

ten, when they made a general rally and hurled their force, compact and well-handled, upon our left. This furious assault at first caused our men to halt, waver and fall back. Terrell's regular battery, brought up just at this juncture, checked the enemy, who, however, did not retreat, but, for two hours, fought with intense fury until charged by our troops, at a double-quick, in brigades. Then they broke and fled ingloriously. Foiled in this, they made a demonstration upon the center, but were again repulsed, by General McCook's division, when, with the sudden movement which has always characterized Beauregard's management in the field, their whole force was hurled upon the right wing, and a desperate attempt was made to crush and turn it by sheer weight. They had, however, mistaken the character of the force with which they were to cope—General Lew Wallace held the right, with that fighting division of Indianians who have become famous in the history of the war; and he was not of the stuff to give way, let the onset be ever so desperate. Sherman, too, whose division had recovered from the panic of the day before, supported him. Though the attack was fierce it was repulsed, and the foe was driven back, though not without repeated rallyings, and heavy losses on our part as well as on theirs.

By four o'clock the rebels were in full retreat at all points, though not in serious disorder. They retreated toward Corinth. No effective pursuit was made.

On the afternoon of the 8th, General Beauregard addressed a note to General Grant, in which, acknowledging that he had "withdrawn" from the field in consequence of our reinforcements, he asked permission to send a mounted party under flag of truce to bury their dead. General Grant replied courteously, but as he had already buried the dead, declined to allow the flag of truce.

The losses in this sanguinary battle of two days on both sides had been fearful—heavier than in any single engagement of the war. On our side they were officially reported as one thousand six hundred and fourteen killed, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-one wounded and three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three missing, making a total of thirteen thousand five hundred and eight. The rebel General

admitted that their loss in killed was about four thousand, among whom was their ablest General, A. Sydney Johnston. The number of their wounded has never, we believe, been published.

In the subsequent movements of the army of the south-west, which was for several months under the supreme command of General Halleck, General Grant took an active and important part. After the evacuation of Corinth, he was in command of the *corps d'armée* which held the region about Corinth, and the Memphis and Charleston railroad; and when General Halleck was called to Washington, and General Pope to the command of the army of Virginia, Pope's corps was also placed under his (Grant's) command. His army was then distinguished as the "army of the Mississippi." The summer months passed without important incident, save the capture of Memphis and the stationing of a portion of his command there. Early in September commenced the series of movements, under his command, by the *corps d'armée* of General Rosecrans, which have been more fully detailed in the biographical sketch of that General. The battles of Iuka and of Corinth, though their fame and success inures mainly to the benefit of the skillful and accomplished General whose admirable management made them victories, were yet projected, and, in part at least, planned by General Grant.

The General sought no furlough nor respite during those eighteen months of arduous duty. His way to do things is to see to affairs personally. He is patient, studious, careful, considerate—at once an indefatigable worker, and a man of extraordinary courage. In all his battles he has invariably exposed himself without stint, and asked no soldier to take any risk he would not himself incur.

In person, he is of commanding form, with a bright, clear blue eye, and a fair complexion, though now bronzed by exposure; he impresses the visitor as a genial, courteous, gentlemanly man of good address and fair executive abilities.

He is thoroughly loyal, and if, in the conduct of a battle, other Generals seem to surpass him in "skill of combination" or in readiness of resource, none excel him in daring, in discretion, in economy of human life, in devotion to duty, and in faith in the sublime cause of the Union.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. McCLERNAND.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN ALEXANDER M^{c}CLERNAND.

THE West has produced wonderfully efficient soldiers, not because its citizens are braver than those of the Eastern and Middle States, but for the reason that only the ablest men have been given commands. There is no country on the globe where *the people* read men more scrutinizingly than in the Western States. A free atmosphere—a region of limitless farms and fortunes—a section where a man is judged for what he *is*, not for what he has—all have conspired to make Western men quick judges and severe censors, and have contributed, in no small degree, to indicate their rulers in the field.

General McClernand is a people's man. He comes from the people, his heart beats with and for them, and his patriotic ardor is in that tenfold degree necessary to inspire the confidence requisite to a lasting success. Hence, he is singled out as a kind of representative man—one who typifies the feelings of a section, and in whose achievements that section will participate as if they sprung from its loins.

John Alexander McClernand is a Kentuckian by birth. He was born in Breckenridge county, of that State, May 30th, A. D. 1812. His father dying when John was but four years of age, the boy was, at a very early age, thrown upon his own resources for his livelihood. In 1816, the mother and family removed to Shawneetown, Illinois, where they resided during John's youth. There he attended school, until old enough to work on a farm, when he was compelled to "earn his way and do something for others." But in all his early years the growth of a naturally quick intellect was not stunted—it was only restrained. The boy resolved to be a man of name, and cheerfully worked his weary months of patient service in order to attain his desired goal—a law office. His wish was attained. He commenced the study of the law in 1827, and in 1830 was admitted to the bar. But duty called him to the field. The rise of the Indians compelled the border settlements to raise an army for defense. Young McClernand enlisted in the ranks, and served out "the campaign," which closed with the defeat of the Sac and Fox tribes at Bad Ax.

Ill health followed this brief service, and, for several years, John followed a trader's life, passing up and down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, which, in those early times, were the great highways of commerce. In these mercantile adventures he found both health and wealth, and "retired" at the end of two years, with sufficient means to start a newspaper. He started the Shawneetown *Democrat*, in the year 1830, of which he assumed editorial control. His practice of the law then commenced; and, ere long, he found himself in the full tide of success. The year 1836 saw him elected to the State Legislature—then the arena of excitement, and the convention of men of stirring natures. It was the era of Jackson's ascendancy, when Democrats and Whigs (Jackson and Clay men) were divided by the most intense partisan antagonisms. Into this seething sea McClernand threw himself with zeal, espousing the Democratic side, and fighting its battles like a Saladin. Governor Duncan, of Illinois—who had served several terms in Congress as a Democrat—espoused the cause of the opposition. In his message to the Legislature of 1836, he opened a full battery against his old associates, by assailing Jackson with much bitterness. He arraigned the President at the bar of public justice as guilty of outrageous abuses of power, of dishonorable use of executive patronage, of wasteful and needless expenditure of national finances; he impugned the President's conduct in the matter of vetoing the bill for the recharter of the United States bank; he denounced him for the removal of the deposits, and for other specified delinquencies. All this was preliminary to an open war against the Jacksonian Democracy, whose power in the State the Governor had resolved, in conjunction with the Whigs, to break. Against this "conspiracy" McClernand threw his influence, and labored with a zeal which resulted in success: the Democrats retained their power unbroken in the Legislature during the years following. In the case of the message above referred to, a legislative committee was appointed to "investigate the charges"—the first instance, we believe, of a State Legislature formally placing a President of the United States upon trial. McClernand prepared and presented the Democratic report of the committee, in which he showed great readiness of pen and logic.

The question of "internal improvements" then was a Whig measure. McClernand was instructed *pro forma* by his constituents to vote *for* such a system. This he did, evidently from a desire to follow orders, but it was so anti-Democratic, that his votes on that subject ever afterward bothered him politically. He urged the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal on a basis of magnitude to have made it available for lake vessels—a far-seeing and desirable consummation, when we take into consideration the fact that each year sees efforts made to widen and deepen the canals of the country. They will, eventually, be made great internal rivers, instead of great ditches, and another generation will see a vessel laden at Chicago unloading at New York or Liverpool. Upon the initiation of the canal referred to, McClernand was offered and accepted the positions of commissioner and treasurer. This connection continued until 1839, when work having been suspended for want of means, McClernand resigned, having acquitted himself honorably in the performance of his responsible trust.

He was not permitted to remain a simple citizen. In 1840, he was again chosen to the Legislature from Gallatin county. In the session following, the Democrats ruled by a heavy majority. The majority set about to reform the Judiciary of the State, and McClernand took so active an interest in the matter of reform as to greatly offend one of the Supreme Judges, whose decisions it was the purpose to overrule. This offense produced a challenge from the Judge (T. W. Smith), which the belligerent Democrat instantly accepted. It took only a brief time to repair to the field chosen for the trial of blood; but no Judge Smith appeared, and the challenged party returned from the field guiltless of having shot a fellow-citizen.

McClernand was nominated on the Democratic ticket (December, 1840) as one of the Presidential electors. The Whig ticket, in opposition, comprised the name, among others, of Abraham Lincoln. The canvass which followed was one of intense excitement and interest. It was thought the vote of Illinois would elect or defeat Harrison. Had the vote been determined by that State, Harrison must have been defeated, for the Democrats carried it by nearly two thousand majority.

Log-cabins and hard cider, however, were more potent in other States, and "Old Tippecanoe" was made President by a heavy majority.

McClernand was elected a third time to the Legislature, in 1842. The year following, he was elected to Congress from the Gallatin district. His course in Congress was one of strong partisan coöperation with the Democracy. It gave such satisfaction to his constituents as to cause his reëlection, without opposition, in 1844. He was regularly reëlected in 1846, 1848 and 1850. He withdrew from the arena in 1852, refusing to run again; but, so strong was his name, that he led the list of nominees for Presidential electors on the Democratic ticket.

After withdrawing from Congressional life, McClernand devoted himself assiduously to the practice of the law, to recruit his worldly fortunes. He removed, for this purpose, to Jacksonville, in 1854, and, finally (in 1857), to Springfield —then the focus of great legal talent. His practice was attended with eminent success.

But so active a partisan could not entirely eschew politics. He was Chairman of the Resolutions Committee of the Democratic State Convention (Illinois) of 1858. The resolutions were very significant—preluding the coming "split" in the Democratic party. They sustained Douglas, and repudiated Buchanan's Lecompton policy. What else could the Democracy do to sustain its self-respect and its cardinal principles? The excitement which followed again brought out McClernand as an active supporter of the cause of Mr. Douglas. As such, he was returned to Congress (1859) from the Springfield district. The annals of the session of 1860–61 will show how stanch and clear-sighted a friend of the Union he was. His Democratic prejudices all melted away before the fiery ordeal presented; and when the war for the Union broke out he resigned his seat in the House to return home and prepare for the field. His confreres, John A. Logan and P. B. Fouke, also resigned, and at once recruited the McClernand brigade.

McClernand was appointed a Brigadier-General in the list of nominations dated May 17th, 1861. The brigade referred to was quickly recruited, and McClernand assumed command

of it at Cairo. When Grant took command there, McClernand was second, and soon made for himself a name for efficiency and tireless activity. His case admirably illustrated the fact that a good officer could come from the plains and woods as well as from West Point.

In the affair at Belmont the brigade participated, and won lasting honors by its conduct on the field. McClernand, as second in command, led in person, and sustained himself in a manner to elicit the admiration of the country.

So intimately is McClernand associated with Grant, that much of his history is written in Grant's biography. There are several episodes, however, in his military experiences to which we should recur more fully.

Of the reconnoissance in force toward Columbus, made in January, to determine the enemy's exact disposition, McClernand assumed command. It was prosecuted with great vigor, skill and success. He returned with his powerful force, having swept all the country intervening between the Cumberland and Columbus—proceeding almost within gunshot distance of the latter place.

In the advance up the rivers, he assumed command of a division, embracing the brigades of McArthur, Ogleby and W. H. L. Wallace. The brigades were composed wholly of Illinois troops, viz.: the Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Eighteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Forty-fifth, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth regiments of volunteers. The premature attack by Commodore Foote on Fort Henry gave the enemy's infantry outlying the fort time to escape to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River. McClernand's troops, however, pursued; and Colonel John A. Logan's regiment (Thirty-first) succeeded in securing a fine battery of eight brass guns, and thirty prisoners.

Seeing the imminence of the danger, the rebels hastened to reinforce Fort Donelson—a very powerful fortification, occupying a position of great natural strength on the Cumberland River, one hundred and seven miles from its mouth. The divisions of Pillow, Floyd and Buckner all gathered there for its defense, which, with the troops already in the garrison, gave the place a truly formidable character.

Grant, however, was soon ready for his work. The fort

was invested completely by the 12th of February. Grant awaited the powerful coöperation of the gunboats. Six of these efficient ministers of destruction opened their tremendous fire on the lower (water) tier of the enemy's batteries on the afternoon of February 14th. A very severe conflict followed, lasting one hour and a half, when the gunboats were compelled to withdraw in a disabled condition. Their upper works were fairly riddled with balls. The "flag-ship" *St. Louis* alone received fifty solid shot in her mail—all of which penetrated—the vessel much of the time being within four hundred yards of the enemy's powerful guns. Grant determined not to await the repairs and reinforcements to the gunboats necessary. He made his disposition for siege and assault at once. McClernand held the Federal right, General C. F. Smith the left, and General Lew Wallace the center.

Early on Saturday, the enemy assailed, with great fury, McClernand's position, with the design, it was afterward ascertained, of cutting their way out and opening an avenue of retreat to the South. The troops on the right were disposed as follows: First, McArthur's brigade, consisting of the Ninth, Twelfth and Forty-first Illinois, having temporarily attached the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Illinois. Next came Ogleby's brigade, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Illinois, and Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries. Next, Colonel W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Illinois, and Taylor's and McAllister's batteries.

These three brigades bore the brunt of the conflict. Upon that point the rebels pressed with the utmost tenacity, and the deeds of valor there performed by both parties form one of the most splendid, though bloody, records of the entire war. McClernand's men exhausted their ammunition entirely, and, finally, were called from the field to recuperate and obtain reinforcements. With this returning movement, a counter movement was made by the charge of Smith's entire division upon the enemy's works. The charge was so furious as to bear all before it, and Smith's men occupied the entire works of the rebels on the left. Grant announced this to McClernand, ordering his advance. This was then made, in a brilliant manner, and the enemy was forced back within

his works on the Federal right. Thus the Union army found themselves in a position to carry the enemy's main work by assault on the morning of Sunday.

But no such service was required of the elated and brave fellows whose achievements during the Saturday's contest covered them with glory. At a very early hour, General Simon Buckner, the senior rebel General in the fortification, sent out to obtain an armistice preliminary to arrangements of terms of honorable capitulation. Grant replied that nothing but unconditional and immediate surrender would answer—that he was prepared for the assault, and should soon carry the works by the bayonet. Grumbling at the discourtesy (!) shown him, Buckner unconditionally surrendered with his force of nearly fifteen thousand men.

Upon entering the premises it was found that Generals Pillow and Floyd, with their troops, had flown. During the night they had, at a council of war, declared their purpose to leave by the three steamers still at the landing above Dover. Pillow said he would not surrender—Floyd said it never *would* do for *him* to fall into Federal hands; and so Buckner, the unfortunate ex-chief of the Kentucky State Guard, was forced to do the deed—to give up his arms and submit to the tender mercies of the Government which he had betrayed. The flight of Floyd and Pillow was the theme of much amusing comment by the Northern forces. The escape of the great "chief of thieves" was certainly greatly deplored, for if any rebel among the conspirators deserved the halter more than another, that man was John B. Floyd, Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of War.*

The armament of the fort and water batteries consisted of forty-four guns, most of them of superior make and heavy caliber. About seventeen thousand stand of small-arms were taken, and an immense amount of stores—among which were twelve hundred boxes of beef, showing that the rebels had resolved to stand a siege before giving up. Floyd's and Pillow's men, in crossing the river, pitched all superfluous arms and baggage into the stream. A Louisiana cavalry

* This surrender was the occasion of a pretty sharp correspondence among the Confederates; and Johnston had to "explain" to his Government. Buckner felt that he was made the scape-goat for greater rogues than himself.

company made its way, during the darkness, up the river, and thus escaped. Pillow and Floyd made direct for Clarksville.

The Union loss was: killed, four hundred and one; wounded, one thousand five hundred and fifteen; prisoners, two hundred and fifty. The rebel loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was fifteen thousand seven hundred.

As was expected, these rapid strokes of the Union army astounded and disconcerted the enemy. His boasted strongholds at Bowling Green and Columbus were quickly abandoned; Clarksville was soon deserted, and Nashville temporarily occupied by the fast retreating rebels. But the operations of the gunboats on the Tennessee River promised to cut off retreat by the south, and Nashville was therefore soon given up without a struggle—the enemy falling back upon Murfreesboro, then upon Chattanooga, and finally upon Corinth, where Johnston and Beauregard determined to await the shock of the combined Federal armies, and thus decide the fate of the Mississippi valley.

Of the part played by McClernand in the terrible two days' struggle at Pittsburg Landing we have spoken in general terms in our notice of Grant. His division literally walked to glory through a field of dead. Comprising the Federal right, his division came into action after the Confederate onslaught had driven in the regiments of Prentiss, after having engaged Sherman's entire line. McClernand led in person, and kept his men in excellent order, even where the enemy had pressed him back. Beauregard commanded the section of the rebel army pitted against McClernand, and maneuvered his men with masterly skill—as, indeed, did all the rebel Generals during the entire two days' conflict. McClernand plotted and counterplotted with shrewdness and discretion, and maintained, or retired from, his positions with great deliberation. His charges are represented as having been brilliant, and twice gave a shock to the advancing hosts which drove them back and gave the Union army new courage. For nearly six hours his regiments stood up to the work. Then it became apparent that the enemy had been reinforced, and was rapidly turning his (McClernand's) right, at the same time that the entire lines were being pushed backward by the outnumbering Confederates.

Sherman, adverting to the fortunes of the first day's struggle said:

"It was about half past ten A. M., when the enemy made a furious attack on General McClernand's whole front. He struggled most determinedly, but finding him pressed, I moved McDowell's brigade directly against the left flank of the enemy, forced him back some distance, and then directed the men to avail themselves of every cover, trees, fallen timber, and a wooded valley to our right; we held this position for four long hours, sometimes gaining and at others losing ground, General McClernand and myself acting in perfect concert and struggling to maintain this line."

It would be difficult to paint the awfully sanguinary nature of the four hours' endeavor to sustain their positions. One on the ground wrote:

"By eleven o'clock, quite a number of the commanders of regiments had fallen, and in some cases not a single field officer remained; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness which plainly showed that the contest on both sides was for death or victory. The almost deafening sound of artillery, and the rattle of the musketry, were all that could be heard as the men stood and silently delivered their fire, evidently bent on the work of destruction with a fervor which knew no bounds. Foot by foot the ground was contested, a single narrow strip of open land dividing the opponents. Not having had time, in their hasty departure from their camps, to bring forward the hand-stretchers so necessary for the easy transportation of the wounded, such available means as were at hand were adopted, and the soldier's outstretched blanket received his crippled comrade, as the only available method by which he could be carried to the rear. Many who were maimed fell back without help, while others still fought in the ranks until they were actually forced back by their company officers."

But, exhausted with their almost superhuman endeavors to hold their own, bereft of officers to an extraordinary extent, with no fresh troops to respite their labor, the weary and almost disheartened troops fell back toward the river. Major Foster said, in his report:

"About five o'clock in the evening the enemy made a

heavy charge and attempted to carry this position. The contest was most terrible—the roar of musketry was one continual peal for nearly half an hour. All that saved us was two heavy siege pieces on the hill, and the firmness of our men on this last stand. Night closed in on us, with almost the whole of our extensive camps in the hands of the enemy."

Sherman states, in his report: "We fell back as well as we could, gathering, in addition to our own, such scattered forces as we could find, and formed the line. During this change the enemy's cavalry charged us, but were handsomely repulsed by an Illinois regiment, whose number I did not learn at that time or since. The Fifth Ohio cavalry, which had come up, rendered good service in holding the enemy in check for some time, and Major Taylor also came up with a new battery, and got into position to get a good flank fire upon the enemy's column as he pressed on General McClernand's right, checking his advance; when General McClernand's division made a fine charge on the enemy, and drove him back into the ravines to our front and right. I had a clear field about two hundred yards wide in my immediate front, and contented myself with keeping the enemy's infantry at that distance during the rest of the day. In this position we rested for the night."

The anxiously looked-for relief came at length. Buell's forces hearing the sound of the battle hurried forward in light marching order—Nelson's division coming up late in the afternoon and at once passing to the front, to the dismay of the then fully confident Confederates.

The second day's battle was but little less sanguinary than the first, and McClernand again acted a conspicuous part. His division, reorganized as well as circumstances would permit, went into the battle cheerfully. McClernand still held the center, against which the enemy now bent their utmost energies. If it were broken and pressed back, Buell's advance on the left would be flanked, and a defeat rendered comparatively certain. Seeing this, Hurlburt's reserve brigades at once moved up to McClernand's position, taking his extreme left where the fight raged with great fury, and where the fortunes of the day were only sustained by the unflinching tenacity of the Union troops. It was a conflict where the last man would fall rather than retreat. One of the newspaper

correspondents who was present on this section of the field wrote: "It now became evident that the rebels were avoiding the extreme of the left wing, and endeavoring to find some weak point in the lines by which to turn our force, and thus create an irrevocable confusion. It is wonderful with what perseverance and determination they adhered to this purpose. They left one point but to return to it immediately, and then as suddenly would, by some masterly stroke of generalship, direct a most vigorous assault upon some division where they fancied they would not be expected. The fire of our lines was steady as clock-work, and it soon became evident that the enemy almost considered the task they had undertaken a hopeless one. Notwithstanding the continued rebuff of the rebels wherever they had made their assaults, up to two o'clock they had given no evidence of retiring from the field. Their firing had been as rapid and vigorous at times as during the most terrible hours of the previous day, yet not so well confined to one point of attack."

This obstinacy of defense was victory. Step by step Buell's advance pressed forward on the left, while Sherman, on the Federal right, with Crittenden's aid, again looked upon the Shiloh church where Beauregard had located his head-quarters. The enemy had to retire, therefore, from their pressure of the center, or be flanked and surrounded. They retired in good order, securing the direct road to Corinth, over which the entire Confederate army passed during the afternoon of the 7th of April.

The losses in this now celebrated battle were fearful indeed. McClernand's division suffered as follows: killed, two hundred and fifty-one; wounded, one thousand three hundred and fifty one; missing, two hundred and thirty-six; making a total of one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight.

McClernand's conduct, throughout the entire battle, was beyond praise—it was admirable. He handled his men like a veteran field marshal, and displayed those qualities of courage and resource which commended him at once to the Government as one of the few men fitted for the responsibilities of an extensive command. He was soon given such a command—being commissioned to organize an army destined, first, to open the Mississippi, then to coöperate with Banks in

recovering Federal possession of Texas and Arkansas—thus to consummate the restoration of these States, at least, to the Union. All the summer and fall of 1862 was spent by McClernand in organizing his force, and by January 1st it was ready to move from Cairo. From thence it proceeded to Vicksburg, arriving on the ground at the moment when Sherman was retiring from his gallant but fruitless attempt upon the rebel stronghold from the north and east. As we write, the grand tragedy of the "Siege of Vicksburg" is progressing, in which McClernand is playing a leading part.

MAJOR-GENERAL ORMSBY McKNIGHT MITCHELL.

Of all the men who have sacrificed their lives in their country's cause, not one was more widely known and appreciated for his versatile and brilliant talents than Major-General Ormsby McKnight Mitchell. Though a lover and student of science, and wont to hold long and select vigils with the stars, he yet was a man of the people. They knew him as the fascinating, scientific lecturer, willing, nay anxious, to impart the things learned in the quiet and seclusion of the study. They knew him as the splendid platform orator, imparting enthusiasm to every good cause—the earnest patriot, the alert and brilliant officer. His personal friends and the Christian public knew him as a devout and humble disciple.

His military career is fresh in the minds of all, and needs no eulogy. The high promise and pledge made by the two chief orators at the great Union square uprising of New York in April of last year—the promise made on that ever memorable occasion, when the metropolis was stirred as never before and was out in her strength and majesty—the promise made by Baker and Mitchell, in speeches that are destined to ring in our schoolrooms for generations to come, as among the finest specimens of patriotic literature—these are this day gloriously fulfilled in death. Said Mitchell, on that great occasion:

"I have been announeed to you as a citizen of Kentucky. Once I was, because I was born there. I love my native State; I love my adopted State of Ohio; but, my friends, I am not a citizen now of any State. I owe allegiance to no

State, and never did, and, God helping me, I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. A poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve turned out to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars per month, I worked my way onward until this glorious Government gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point. There I landed with my knapsack on my back, and—I tell you God's truth—just a quarter of a dollar in my pocket. There I swore allegiance to the Government of the United States. I did not abjure the love of my own State nor of my adopted State; but all over that rose proudly triumphant and predominant my love for our common country. And now, to-day, that common country is assailed, and, alas! alas! that I am compelled to say it, it is assailed in some sense by my own countrymen. My father and my mother were from old Virginia, and my brothers and sisters from old Kentucky. I love them all; I love them dearly. I have my brothers and friends down in the South now, united to me by the fondest ties of love and affection. I would take them in my arms to-day with all the love that God has put into this heart; but if I found them in arms I would be compelled to smite them down."

General Mitchell knew, even at that early day, what the struggle was to be. He did not indulge in boastful words or anticipate an easy conquest. His words were:

"Oh, listen to me, listen to me! I know these men; I know their courage; I have been among them; I have been with them; I have been reared with them; they have courage, and do not you pretend to think they have not. I tell you what it is, it is no child's play you are entering upon. They will fight, and with a determination and a power which is irresistible. Make up your mind to it. Let every man put his life in his hand and say, 'There is the altar of my country; there I will sacrifice my life.' I, for one, will lay my life down. It is not mine any longer. Lead me to the conflict. Place me where I can do my duty."

Have not these prophetic, eloquent words been made good? But, as already intimated, we can not rehearse his recent military career.

In the fall of 1841, an observant attendant of the Second Presbyterian church, in the good city of Cincinnati, of whom Lyman Beecher was then the popular pastor, must have noticed a man of slight build and scarcely medium stature, but whose step and bearing were those of a soldier. He sat along the west aisle, about a third of the distance from the door to the pulpit, and there was such a quiet and intelligent fixedness of attention to the preacher, that the observer could but wonder who he was. He was the then rising "Professor Mitchell."

"I had often," says one writing of this period, "heard the students of Cincinnati College speak admiringly of Professor Mitchell, 'the great mathematician and the smartest man out West;' but early in the spring of 1842, seeing notices that this idol of the students was to lecture on astronomy, I went to hear him. So far as we know, this was the beginning of his first course of lectures on astronomy—the germ of those he afterward published. On this occasion a hall, capable of holding nearly two thousand people, was crowded during the two months which the course lasted. By illustrations and diagrams, and especially by the simplicity of his language—drawn largely from the people—added to his perfect ease, readiness and eloquence, he kept his audience up to the point of enthusiasm."

At the close of this course, the Professor stated his wish to raise funds to build an observatory in Cincinnati and to procure a first-class telescope. He stated his plan, and it was as shrewd as his lectures. It was proposed to divide the stock into shares of twenty-five dollars each, and, when some three hundred were obtained, these were to elect their directors or trustees. At the time, the Professor was a laborious teacher of mathematics in college for six hours a day, but when that work was done, he was out in the stores, shops, dwellings and streets of Cincinnati, explaining his plan to individuals. He obtained his three hundred subscribers in less than a month, and the society was formed. One of its first resolutions was to send Professor Mitchell to Europe to buy apparatus for the observatory. Concerning what followed we are told in the words of one who was at that time intimately acquainted with the Professor's movements. The celerity of

movement then exhibited has since been carried to the battle-field.

He was absent from Cincinnati just one hundred days, in which time he visited Washington to get his papers and letters of introduction to distinguished persons of the Old World—London, Paris and Munich; found the optic glass wanted, contracted for its mountings, returned to London, made his way into the confidence of Professor Airy, of the Greenwich Observatory, over very great obstacles, studied there with him perhaps two or three weeks, and was back in Cincinnati at the opening of the fall term of college. It was regarded as a great feat, and the popular clamor was for the Professor to give a lecture relative to his experiences of his rapid tour. He consented, and, for sprightliness and interest, it was one of his best.

The rapidity of his movements disgusted the *savans* of Europe; for, although it was his first visit to the Old World, he seemed to have no eyes or ears for any thing but telescopes. His conversation glided into rapid inquiries about optic glasses, the best mountings of a telescope, and the best arrangements of an observatory. The magnificence of the French capital was nothing. As soon as the fact was ascertained that there was no optic glass in Paris such as he wanted, he started for Munich. At some point on the journey travelers usually leave the direct route in order to visit Lake Geneva; but our hardy Professor forced the drivers to push him through on the same night, not a little to their disgust that a gentleman should come so far, be so near such a glorious spot, and yet hurry by it.

At Munich he was successful in finding what he sought, but to get it would require him to raise about three thousand dollars more than his employers had empowered him to do; but there, too, he "went ahead" and made the contract, and dashed back to London. Here his desire was to gain access for a few weeks into the Greenwich Observatory as a student. He had the most pressing letters of introduction, but Professor Airy treated him with the most freezing politeness, not even offering to show him his sanctum.

One afternoon, perhaps at his first interview after his return from Munich, in order to break the Englishman's shell, if

possible, Professor Mitchell asked him his opinion as to the best mode of mounting a telescope. "Go to Cambridge, and you will see my opinion practically embodied in that observatory," was the answer. This hint the Professor was not slow to take; he did not want to go to Cambridge, but he did want to get into Greenwich Observatory, and he was afraid if he did not do the former he might not secure the latter. There were only a few minutes left before the train started for Cambridge, and, calling a hackman, he told him to drive him to the station. He had barely time to get his ticket and his seat before the train was off. It was a superb night for an astronomer, and he well knew that before he could reach the observatory the directors would be locked in. About ten o'clock he rung the bell of the Professor's house and asked for the lady. She proved to be a genuine lady, and not ten minutes had she been under the influence of Professor Mitchell's tongue before she told him she would go and ask her husband to come and see him. And so she did, and her husband did as she asked him. All night long the Englishman and the Buckeye were together in the observatory, the latter recording and copying observations in amounts which astonished his companion. At daylight he was back to the station, and by the time Professor Airy, of Greenwich, had fairly swallowed his breakfast, Professor Mitchell was ready for him. The Englishman, supposing his advice had not been followed about going to Cambridge, was colder than ever; but when Professor Mitchell told him he had been there, he uttered an exclamation which was a genteel way of saying, "That's a lie." Mitchell, however, quietly told the Professor, if he would listen, in a few moments he would convince him that he had been to Cambridge. And then he described the observatory there, telescope and Professor, even to the minutest particular, and closed by displaying the records of the last night's observations. "That beats any thing I ever heard of," exclaimed the astonished Airy; and, thoroughly thawed, he added: "You must dine with me to-day." At the dinner-table he was seated by Mrs. Airy, and in the course of the good cheer she said to her husband: "I have a favor to ask of you—that you will take Professor Mitchell into the observatory and let him have every facility to perfect himself while

he remains." "It is granted on one condition," said the Englishman, laughing, "and that is that while he is in the observatory he shall keep that tongue of his still."

Having spent every available moment in this privileged place, the Professor started for home, and, a new college being opened, he was seated in his class-room, as if nothing worthy of note had happened during the vacation.

Professor Mitchell replenished his resources by acting as engineer in surveying the route of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis; and, as the success of the road was dependent upon securing county subscriptions along the route, it is said that he offered to get those subscriptions for a certain per cent. The offer was declined, and the work made no progress. At last the Professor's terms were acceded to; he appointed mass meetings in the different counties, and soon talked the people into giving the required bonds. Subsequently, he went to Europe, if we mistake not, and successfully negotiated the same with John Bull.

The success of the Cincinnati Observatory was, in such hands, a matter of course. Subsequently, Professor Mitchell, as the leading man of his profession in this country, was called to the charge of the Dudley Observatory, in Albany, in this State, where his quiet residence was at the breaking out of the present war.

We shall see his face no more among the living, nor hear the natural eloquence of his lips. He has gone to join his beloved wife, who preceded him to the silence of an honored grave but a few months.

THE END.

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