ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Molding an Aggregation of Young Wolverines into a Splendid Regiment.

By CAPT. C. E. BELKNAP, 21st Mich.

THE BUMMER'S BABY.

A Romance of True Love From a Strange Beginning.

The Captain was one of Sherman's bummers, and had the courage to go back into the Tar Heel State to live after the war; a bummer from the day we left Atlanta smoking on the hills until Joe Johnston stacked arms and the war ended.

His was a brigade detail of 90 men, the hardiest, bravest volunteers of the command. They had passed through Georgia and South Carolina well up into the Tar Hill State. Some of the original detail had been killed, some disabled, a few just "winked out," but other volunteers had kept the number good.

It was a most uncomfortable night; the rain had came down in torrents all the afternoon. We were out on the flanks, miles away from the army all day, in a pine country that grew only nubbins of corn. It is said that crows flying over that district carried a day's rations of meat with them. The people told us of a better country beyond, but the animals we rode were exhausted, and could scarcely move along in the darkness on the trail of mud that led through the forest. We were lost in the night—cared not for points of compass, only that the trail might lead to shelter for man and beast.

Like a star from heaven a glimmer of light led us into an open country, where the road followed between fences to a village of cabins, stables, corn-cribs and a great mansion-house, from which the light came through an uncurtained window. Al others of the houses were deserted; the same story—"Gone 'to jine' Sherman's army."

The animals were soon under shelter, with plenty of feed, the men in the cabins building fires in the great chimneys, cooking coffee and drying their clothing. The men fixed for the night, the Captain called at the mansion-house to pay his respects, hoping he might receive an invitation to a bite to eat and a hot drink. In reply to his knock at the door came a faint "Come in." He passed through the hallway into the parlor, where the fire was burning on the open hearth and the only occupant a woman, who reclined upon a lounge and whose face looked ghost-like in the faint shadows of the room. It looked like a city home; paintings on the walls, books on the table, carpets on the floor, chairs with velvet coverings—so different from what he had met in the past few months that he hesitated, lest his muddy boots might cause ruin. Then, doffing his water-soaked hat, he said: "By your permission, madam, I will build up the fire; I am wet to the skin and chilled to the bone."

The fire burned brightly, lighting up the room. He lighted the candles that were on the mantel. At last the lady said: "I see you are not one of our soldiers. It is as I feared, you are a Federal—one of Sherman's men."

"I am, madam; an officer commanding the men you must have heard outside, and whom I have quartered in the deserted cabins; but I will not intrude, if you are alone. Where are your people?"

"My husband is in Lee's army, dead, I fear, for I have not heard from him in many weeks; the servants and field hands are all gone; they have taken what they could carry on their backs and gone away to Sherman's army, like a lot of crazy children. None of them have taken food; simply backloads of bedding. I am alone; deserted in my time of need; but I have seen your face, and read in it that you will help me. The nearest woman is two miles away, herself many times a mother; she would come if she knew my needs. The house is straight up the road through the forest, then across the river by the shallow ford."

The Captain again donned the wet coat and hat. Hurrying out to the cabins, where the boys were smoking their pipes about the fires, he told them the whole situation. Half a dozen of them started for the stables at once, saddling the Captain's and Lieut. Bob Wilson's horses The Lieutenant was bound to go along. A side-saddle was found and placed upon a third horse. During this time the Captain found Lew Hotchkiss, a man who had experience—three babies of his own in Michigan—and took him to the house.

The rain drops were knocking at the windows to come in, the winds were sighing through the trees, sorrowing for the poor blacks who had left good shelters and were now miles away, homeless wanderers in the woods, learning what war was like.

Lew knew just what to do, and set about it, while the Captain and Bob with the led horse went away in the blackness of the night, using whip and spur, along through the woods where only the keen eyes of the horses saved them from a collision with the trees, down the hill and into the river at the ford with water girth-deep, and then amidst a pack of howling dogs that came from all sides of a house outlined in the gloom. Dismounting at the gate, they wrenched pickets from the fence to defend themselves. One big fellow got Bob by the leg, which by constant tramping and scant rations was no better than a soup bone, but it was the best he had and he wanted to save it, so his Colt's revolver came into play. Between dogs and men the house was aroused; lights glimmered through the windows, and a woman's head appeared at the door. The Captain told his errand, but she was suspicious; she heard that Sherman's army was in the State somewhere, and this was a Yankee trick to carry off the woman and children, which was an easy thing to do, as all the men were in the army. The Captain pushed his way in and found a group of crying children huddled together in a corner by the fireplace.

After threats and pleadings the woman dressed herself for the journey; the Captain putting his rubber poncho over her head and shoulders, helped her into the saddle.

All women in the South at that time were used to the saddle—it was the common mode of travel. Had this one not have been an expert she could not have survived this wild ride. With the Captain holding the lead line and Lieut. Bob in the rear wielding a fence picket, they went splashing through the mud into sink-holes that tried the bones of both riders and horses. Lew had good fires burning and coffee steaming hot when they came in. The guards put the horses in the stables, and soon the two officers were soundly sleeping on the kitchen floor in front of the great mantle of native pine. The polished crane of brass upon which the teakettle was singing a merry song was but a trifle in the homelike picture.

Next morning the sun came out of the clouds, the winds were shaking the rain drops from the trees, and the birds were singing. Outside at the cabins the foragers were gathering in a load of provisions for the day's return to the marching column, 20 miles away to the east.

The Captain and Lieutenant were broiling a chicken over the coals, when the women came out to join them in a breakfast—a cup of real coffee, the first she had tasted since the war began. She was all smiles, and when her eyes rested on the Lieutenant's trousers she said: "Drat that dawg; I hope you killed him. Why, once last Summer that same dawg got set after a nigger that belonged on this same place, and nigh chawed his leg off, and that nigger wan't worth $50 when he let loose of him."

After breakfast the Captain found Lew sitting before the fire in the parlor with a bundle in his arms, singing a sort of lullaby——

"I'm a new recruit in a brand new suit,
Nine hundred dollars bounty;
And I've come down, from Tar Heel Town,
To fight for North Carolina."

Far sweeter than the notes that the song birds sing were the sounds that came from the recruit in response to the voice of the soldier, who with tears in his eyes was thinking of the wife and babies in the far-away home he had not seen in three years.

Some one has said that

"Babies are the flowers of hope that grow upon the trellis of our hearts."

The neighbor woman called the Captain to the mother's bedside, where he was thanked, and when he returned to the kitchen the boys of the command were filing in taking a look at the new recruit. Then they passed along to the fireplace, where each in turn wrote his name with pencil on the side of the mantel—name, company and regiment. There was the detail roster for the first and last time from Captain and Lieutenants down to the last man representing three regiments, or 30 different companies, yet to each other all one family.

There was forage enough on the plantation to feed the entire division, but they carried away only a small part of it. At midday, when they were ready to depart, and even before that time, the colored folks

"THE BOYS WERE FILING IN TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEW RECRUIT."

began to return. One or two days of storm and rain, nights of hunger and suffering in the woods, were lessons quickly to be learned, and they were hastening back to master's corn-cribs and cabins, where hoe cakes came hot out of the ashes.

The army passed on; Joe Johnston surrendered; the Grand Review had its day, and the foragers were scattering for their homes in the West, when one day the Captain received a letter with a North Carolina postmark. It said:

"Dear Sir: Captain Something—May be it's the name on the kitchen mantel that heads the roster impels me to write this. Since that night when you came like a good angel to the plantation many things have happened: First, the confirmation of my husband's death, killed at Petersburg; then peace, with the freedom of the colored folks, who were cast loose for themselves, like Autumn leaves in a whirlwind. Here is the great plantation with thousands of acres and no seed for crops and no one to plant it if there was seed, for the blacks folks think the Government will care for them; while we were away from the lines of the great armies, yet all in desolation, and no one has the heart to again build up a prosperous country and people. The baby is getting to be a big boy; four months old to-day. We call him General, for his father was a General, leading North Carolina troops, when he was killed; but sometimes the old colored mammy who helps care for him, gets vexed and calls him the Bummer Captain—I suppose after you, who went out in the storm the night he was born."

There was some other things, expressing gratitude and thanks, but they were only glimmers of common, every-day life.

When the Captain enlisted he had no settled business—not yet out of school. Four years of war had put a finish to his school days, and now, with a million of other young men, was cast loose to build a future for himself. Like thousands of others, he was meditating on a trip to Mexico, to help drive the fellows from France back into their own Continent. What else was there to do? He knew no trade but that of war. He read the letter, and then again came back those bummer days in Georgia and the Carolinas; the thousands of incidents, then trivial in themselves, came crowding his thoughts; the fellows who had followed him in night and storm, in raid and skirmish with such confidence. Here and there a man had gone down out of sight, their leave-taking only an incident of the time. What a daring, dashing lot of boys they were! Names—why it was only a few short months ago, and yet he could not call them back! How thoughtless it was of him; with 90 men, the best of the brigade, and no roster kept. Were ever in the army a better lot of men? His boys were fast becoming his dreams, mere ghosts of war-time days; and he turned again to the letter.

"The roster on the kitchen mantel." With half closed eye he saw those men come in the door; mud-stained clothing, rained-soaked hats, with carbines trailing in left hands, with right hands reverently touching the blanket and inscribe names and command on the wide pine frame.

There was big Charlie, the Lieutenant, killed only two days later, and his body hung with a trail rope over the limb of a roadside tree, then riddled with musket balls and placarded: "DEATH TO FORAGERS;" and there was the German Lieutenant, who always wanted little fights and no big battles; and Bob, he got his death shot at Bentonville.

And there was Hall; what had become of him? He was a forager, but one day came in to take the place of a fellow who "played out." He was a literary cuss, who went around with a pencil in his hand and a grayback on his shirt collar. The day he reported for duty the command arrived at the Great Peedee River, which was forded, and as they came up the bank they found themselves on the best stocked poultry farm in the country. But from a pole in front of the house there floated a flag, new to all of them. It was fully five minutes before they realized that they were looking at the "Lion and the Unicorn." There in the gateway, under its protective waves, was the British subject, a short, stocky man, with florid face and large stomach, with one wooden leg strapped on at the knee. He looked like a war relic, yet he might have lost that leg in a thrashing machine; one can not always tell. Anyway, he defied them—dared them to insult the Queen by touching a single rooster or married pullet, from beneath her protecting flag. He was aching for a fight; and that man Hall, who rode a switch-tail mare known to all of them as Mary Ann, because of her flighty ways, got out his note-book to make a sketch. While this was going on some one pulled the flag down and was tying it to Mary Ann. With a roar of indignation the owner came out on the road. Mary Ann gave her tail a flip, then with a snort headed for the river. Hall tried to hold her up, turning her about several times. That switch-tail of her's waving the flag, set the men shouting and their horses shying. Just as she went down the steep bank of the river the Englishman got hold of the flag. Next jump the mare was swimming the stream, with one man on her back and another hanging to her tail. When they arrived at the opposite bank the fellow behind let go and the mare went down the road as far as they could see, that tailpiece in a whirlwind. Somewhere on the road Mary Ann fell down, but Hall kept on going until he brought up in his regiment. He never came back to the detail. And the owner of that chicken farm stamped up and down the river bank, inviting them to come over and be killed with a club—they were too busy to accommodate him.

And then it seemed to him that something had happened to almost every man who ever belonged to the command, and their names ran together in such a way that he closed his eyes in dreamland.

The next day the papers said the Captain would start that night for Mexico, where he had been offered a good command; but something in his heart said "Don't go; you have had enough of war." But go somewhere he must; he was dying of rust. He had $1,500 in the bank and $100 in pocket. When he walked into the car—"Ticket," said the conductor. "No ticket; where do you want to go?" "Dum if I know," said the Captain. "Guess I'll go to Detroit." Anyway, in three days he was in Richmond, Va., and three days more walked down by the house where the dog died that bit Lieut. Bob that night. The same old house, the same fence with missing pickets, through which the dogs came out to bark at him; then to the great plantation, where a revival meeting was going on; weeds growing in the fields, niggers sleeping in the fence-corners. The kitchen door was open and he walked in straight to the old fireplace and began to read the name on the wall.

Standing here as in dreamland, a hand was placed upon his arm; "Captain, your name is there."

The old mammy, who had ever since that day when Sherman's army passed through to the east been faithful to her mistress, said that the Captain just caught her mistress up in his arms and kissed her. Be that as it may, there was a wedding there that Fall, and every name on the kitchen roster received an invitation, and a lot of those fellows were there for the first reunion of Sherman's Bummers.

DEATH OF SENATOR QUAY.

The Passing Away of a Brave Soldier, and Probably the Greatest Politician America Ever Produced.

It has been very rare in the history of the country that the death of one man has made so large a vacancy in our society as the demise of Matthew Stanley Quay, Senator from Pennsylvania. He was probably much the greatest politician that this country ever produced. He laid no claims to statesmanship, though there was much in his career that belonged to the higher walks of statesmanship. As a politician, however, he was simply unequaled. He knew the man that he wanted to do any work, he never made a mistake in regard to his personality and powers, he made it clear what he wanted done, and then did it with relentless firmness and almost unbroken success. He owed his mastery first to his patient, careful study of details and men; to a widespread acquaintance; to his long experience in the very thick of things, and finally to a commanding mind and high executive ability. He grasped things with quickness and comprehensiveness and decided and executed with a boldness rare among politicians. He had hosts of friends, and hosts of the bitterest and unrelenting enemies. He stood firmly by his friends, and his loyalty to them was rewarded by an unflinching loyalty to him that was proof against the utmost his enemies could do. He died at last, as he would have wished to die, in the harness, with all his plans going on and his fights and friendships being prosecuted to the end. He was a power in the Senate of the United States, but this was because of his thorough knowledge of its business, of public affairs, and his method of organizing for whatever object he desired to accomplish, or thought ought to be accomplished. He rarely spoke, but when he did commanded attention by what he said. He had a firm, high-pitched voice with no pretentions to oratory.

Senator Quay was born in Dillsburg, Pa., Sept. 30, 1833, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, which had been settled in the country since 1715. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, and pastor of a church at Dillsburg at the time of his son's birth. The son received a common-school education, graduating before he became of age from Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and going to Texas to teach school. He returned, studied law, went into politics, and in 1856 was elected Prothonotary of the County, but resigned in 1861 to enlist in the 10th Pa. Reserves, rising to be a First Lieutenant. He did not remain with that regiment a great while, however, because the Governor appointed him Lieutenant-Colonel, and Assistant Commissary-General of the State, and afterwards his Private Secretary. When the Pennsylvania militia were called out for nine months in August, 1862, Quay went to the front with it as Colonel of the 134th Pa. He was taken with typhoid fever, which left him in such an enfeebled condition that he resigned Dec. 7, 1862, but his regiment being ordered to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg, he joined in the assault on Marye's Hights as a volunteer, and behaved with great gallantry, for which he received a Medal of Honor. He returned to his position as Military Secretary to the Governor of Pennsylvania, and in 1865 was elected a member of the Legislature. From 1872-'78 he served as Secretary of the Commonwealth and began to make his mark as an effective organizer and political manager. He became Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and in 1885 was elected State Treasurer by the largest vote ever cast for that office. His ambition grew with his success, and at the conclusion of his term as Treasurer, in 1878, he secured his election to the United States Senate, to which he was elected three times, and would have completed his third term March 3, next, if he had lived till that time.

In his youth Senator Quay was identified with the Curtin faction of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, which was opposed by the Senator Cameron faction. When Gov. Curtin went off after Greely, Quay came to grief, but quickly got on his feet again, and entered National politics as Delegate-at-Large to the Convention in 1872. He was one of the 306 who went down to defeat with Grant in 1880. In 1884 he supported Sherman, and also in 1888, refusing to go over to Harrison. This did not prevent Harrison making him Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and his generalship in that campaign was very brilliant. He distracted the Democrats with a great show of carrying Virginia and West Virginia, but concentrated his real efforts upon New York. It was his theory that Blaine had the Presidency stolen from him in 1884 by Tammany Hall padding the election returns from New York and Kings County, which were held back. Quay had a careful directory made, and every house in the Tammany districts was mapped out. Then he sent for one of the Tammany chiefs, and told him what he had done, showed it to him, and said: "We will have an honest election this time, or all the jails in the State won't be big enough to hold the men that will be sent to prison."

He also did brilliant work in 1896 in electing Maj. McKinley President, and it was largely his combinations which made Roosevelt Vice-President. In 1898 he had the most serious fight of his career, which was led against him by his old-time friend and associate—John Wanamaker. While this was going on a State Treasury scandal broke out owing to the failure of the People's Bank of Philadelphia, which had deposited in it a large sum of the State's money. When the bank failed the Cashier committed suicide, and in the examination of the bank's papers there were found some letters and telegrams from Quay which gave him a great deal of trouble. He was indicted and tried, but acquitted. He failed of re-election to the Senate, and his friend, the Governor, appointed him Senator to succeed himself, but after a prolonged struggle, the Senate voted by one majority against seating him, which brought about a break between Quay and Hanna, who had absented himself from the Senate without a pair. Quay never forgave Hanna.

In the Senate his career is notable for the successful fight he made in behalf of protection for the iron and steel industries of Pennsylvania against the Gorman-Wilson tariff. When all other tactics failed him, he appeared in the Senate with a massive array of papers, books and documents, which he calmly announced were the material for a speech which it would take him a year to deliver. The Democrats recoiled in alarm, and he got a portion of what he wanted. He got at odds with his own party leaders in the fight over erecting the Territories into States, and after continuing this through two sessions, a compromise was effected by which two States were to be made out of the four Territories.

Along in the last of the '60's he became the publisher of the Beaver Republican, which he made one of the strongest country papers in the State.

One of Senator Quay's ancestors married an Indian woman of the Dalaware tribe, and he was always very proud of having Indian blood in his veins. For this reason he was a special champion of the Indians, and they regarded him as one of their chiefs. His last speech in the Senate was in support of the payment of a large sum of money to satisfy the claims of the Delaware Indians. He had himself photographed in some of the costumes of the Delaware tribe.

Senator Quay was a very cultivated man, a devoted lover of books, and had an unusual store of general information. When he was sure that death was near, he said: "I want to see my books once more before I die." He had been aware for years that his time on earth was short, and he tried to restore his health by spending as much time as possible in Florida, where he had a fine home.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

(Continued from first page.)

effectively until Longstreet's Corps, which had not yet arrived, should come up. To distract attention, therefore, Lee resolved to make a threatening demonstration against the Union right. Thus it came about that 15 minutes before the time appointed by Grant for the general attack, a sudden outburst of musketry from the direction of Sedgwick announced that Lee was beforehand with him in offensive purposes.

The attack was made upon Seymour's Brigade on the extreme right, involved the whole of Ricketts's Division, and then Wright's. But, as has been seen, it had no serious character, and was not pushed with much vigor; so that Sedgwick not only yielded no ground, but was able to push his front forward a few hundred yards. At the same time Warren and Hancock joined in the general attack. But as the left was the point at which, as by common consent, the fiercest dispute took place, I shall first of all set forth the sequence of events on that flank.

When, at 5 o'clock, Hancock opened his attack by an advance of his two right divisions under Birney, together with Getty's command,(109) and pushed forward on the right and left of the Orange plankroad, the onset was made with such vigor, and Lee was yet so weak on that flank, owing to the non-arrival of Longstreet,(110) that, for a time, it seemed as though a great victory would then be snatched. At the same time that Hancock opened a direct attack, Wadsworth's Division,(111) which had the evening before secured a position to assail Hill's flank, took up the action, and fought its way across that part of the Second Corps posted on the right of the plankroad. The combined attack over powered the Confederates, and after an hour's severe contest, the whole hostile front was carried, and Hill's Divisions under Wilcox and Heth were driven for a mile and a half through the woods under heavy loss and back on the trains and artillery and the Confederate headquarters. (112) But here, whether the significance of the success was not understood, or because further advance was rendered impossible, owing to the disintegration of Hancock's line in advancing so far through the thickets, a halt was cried, and a readjustment of the line made. This pause, as will presently appear, forfeited all the gain; for, at the hight of Hill's confused retreat, Anderson's Division, soon followed by the head of Longstreet's column, came on the ground. When, therefore, about 9 o'clock, after an interval of two hours, taken up in the rehabilitation of the line, Hancock, who had been reenforced by Stevenson's Division of the Ninth Corps, in addition to Wadsworth's Division, resumed the advance, he met a bitter opposition, and though furious fighting took place, he gained no more headway.(113)

MISINTERPRETED LONGSTREET'S PURPOSE.

That it was Longstreet that thus met him, Gen. Hancock did not, at this time, know. Indeed, Longstreet's attack had been anticipated, in a very different direction; and the manner in which this expectation influenced Hancock's dispositions is a striking illustration of the kind of agencies that effect the issue of battles. It was known during the night that Longstreet's Corps, which had not been in the previous day's action, was marching up from the direction of Orange Courthouse, to reach the field by a route that would strike Hancock's left flank and rear. That officer was cautioned officially to beware of this.(114) It was with the view to provide against this menace that, in attacking in the morning, Hancock advanced only his right divisions, and allowed his left, under Gibbon, to remain on the original line on the Brock road; so that, in throwing forward his right, he pivoted on his left, and, with that flank, clung to the road on which it was expected Longstreet would come up. Now, at the time Hancock began his attack, Longstreet was really making the movement indicated; but the assault was executed with such energy, and so completely disrupted Hill, that Lee found it necessary to recall Longstreet from his flank march, and bring him forward to meet the more pressing necessity in front. Hancock, however, unaware of this, still looked nervously to his left; and though, after the successful advance of his right, he directed Gen. Gibbon to advance with Barlow's Division, and press the enemy's right, the approach of Longstreet's Corps on the flank gave such constant apprehension, that Gibbon advanced only one brigade (that of Col. Frank), which, after an obstinate resistance, succeeded in forming connection with the left of the advanced line.(115) This apprehension was, throughout the forenoon, constantly revived and strengthened by various incidents that befell. Thus, about 8 o'clock, an outburst of fight was heard considerably to the left, where Sheridan, with a division of horse had engaged the enemy; but, instead of his encountering Longstreet, as Hancock supposed, it turned out to be Stuart's cavalry he had met. Some time after this, there came in a report that infantry was moving up on the Brock road from the direction of Todd's Tavern, about two miles from Hancock's left; and as he knew he had no infantry in that quarter, he again supposed it to be Longstreet, and took measures to meet him.(116) But the reported column of infantry proved to be a body of several hundred Union convalescents, who had come to the front by way of Chancellorsville, and were now following the route of the Second Corps around by Todd's Tavern. Thus it was that the suspicion, continually reawakened, that Longstreet was moving to turn Hancock's left flank, resulted in paralyzing a large number of his best troops—troops that would otherwise have gone into action at the time when the disruption of Hill's force opened a rare opportunity for a decisive blow.

SUCCESS OF LONGSTREET.

The contest that signalized Longstreet's arrival on Hancock's front, and restored the integrity of the shattered Confederate right, now died away; and for some hours, up to nearly noon, there was a lull. During this time, Longstreet's troops continued to arrive; and when, at length, his line had acquired breadth and weight by the incoming force, it was advanced, and Hancock's troops, which had first halted, now began to feel a heavy pressure. The attack first fell on the left of the advanced line, held by the brigade of Frank. This force Longstreet's troops fairly overran; and, brushing it away, they struck the left of Mott's Division, which was, in turn, swept back in confusion; and though Hancock endeavored, by swinging back his left, and forming line along the plank-road, to secure the advanced position still held by his right, it was found impossible to do so, and he had to content himself with rallying and reforming the troops on the original line, along the Brock road, from which they had advanced in the morning. Wadsworth, on the right of Hancock, opposed the most heroic efforts to the onset of the enemy; but, after several ineffectual charges, his troops broke into the retreat; and while striving to rally them, that patriotic and high-souled gentleman and brave soldier received a bullet in his head, and died within the enemy's lines the following day.

But in the very fury and tempest of the Confederate onset the advance was of a sudden stayed by a cause at the moment unknown. This afterward proved to have been the fall of the head of this attack.

LONGSTREET WOUNDED.

Longstreet had made his dispositions for a decisive blow; for while advancing one force in front, he sent another to move round Hancock's left and lay hold of the Brock road. At the time the Union troops were giving ground, and the Confederates were pushing on, that officer, with his staff, rode forward in front of his column; when suddenly confronting a portion of his own flanking force, the cavalcade was mistaken for a party of Union horsemen, and received a volley under which Longstreet fell, severely wounded.(117) Gen. Lee then took formal charge of that part of the field; but it was four hours—that is, about 4 o'clock of the afternoon—before he could get things in hand to carry out the intent of his lieutenant. Before detailing the sequel of events at the left, it will, however, be proper to glance rapidly at what had meanwhile taken place on the center and right of the field.

SEDGWICK FORCED TO THE DEFENSIVE.

The opening of the combat on the right, under Sedgwick, has been already seen; and the history of what subsequently passed here can only be told in the heavy losses sustained by the Sixth Corps in unavailing attempts to carry intrenched positions. On Sedgwick's left was Warren's Corps, placed to the right and left of the Orange turnpike; but as Hancock's needs had compelled the detachment to his assistance of two divisions of the Fifth Corps, the remaining two divisions (Griffin's and Crawford's) held a simply defensive attitude. Severe skirmishing took place throughout the day; but the enemy in front was found to be well intrenched, and no impression was made on his position.

BURNSIDE FELL BACK AND INTRENCHED.

In the action of the previous day there had existed a considerable interval between Warren's Corps on the turnpike and Hancock's Corps on the plankroad. It was designe[illegible] command should advance [illegible]; and the point on which [illegible] directed gave high hopes of [illegible] issue. Advancing through th[illegible] in the morning, the enemy was e[illegible]countered on a wooded crest near the plankroad. An attack on this position was not thought advisable, and the corps was moved further to the left. It was not till afternoon, and subsequent to Hancock's repulse, that it became engaged with the enemy. No decisive result followed, and toward evening Burnside fell back and intrenched.(118)

HANCOCK DRIVEN OUT BY FIRE AND THE ENEMY.

The long lull that had followed the successful attack of Longstreet upon Hancock gave the latter time to thoroughly reestablish his position, now strengthened by fresh troops sent to him by Gen. Meade. His immediate front was cleared by a well-executed movement made by a brigade under Col. Leasure, across its whole extent from left to right,(119) and he was prepared to meet the enemy, who, however, made no demonstration until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour, Lee, having gotten well in hand the troops of Longstreet and Hill, made an impetuous assault upon Hancock's intrenched position, pressing up to within less than 100 yards of his front line. Here the Confederates halted, and continued a long and uninterrupted fire of musketry, which, however, had little effect on the troops behind their substantial breastwork of logs, whence they delivered a sharp fusillade; and the repulse of the Confederate attack would have been easy, but for an accident here occuring. In front of the left of the line a fire, had during the afternoon, sprung up in the woods, and at the time of the attack this had communicated to the log breastworks on that part of the line. At this critical moment they became a mass of flame, which it was found impossible to subdue, and which extended for many hundred yards to the right and left. The intense heat and the smoke, which was driven by the wind directly in the faces of the men, prevented them, or portions of the yet uninjured line, from firing over the parapet. The enemy, taking advantage of this, swept forward; a considerable body of the troops in the first line gave way, and retreated in great disorder towards Chancellorsville, and the enemy, pressing into the breastworks, crowned it with their standards. Yet the victory was short-lived; it was only the more adventurous that had penetrated the breastworks (inside of which, indeed, a few were killed), and these were quickly driven out by a forward rush of Carroll's Brigade. Lee then abandoned the attack, in which he had suffered a considerable loss.

EWELL DROVE RICKETTS.

This closed the main action of the day; but just before dark, Ewell moved a considerable force around the right flank of the wing held by Ricketts's Division of the Sixth Corps, and, in conjunction with a demonstration in front, succeeded in forcing this division back in considerable confusion, making prisoners of Brig.-Gens. Seymour and Shaler, and a considerable number of men. The attack produced a good deal of alarm; but the break was soon repaired, and darkness prevented the Confederates following up the success of this sally.

GRANT DETERMINED TO ADVANCE.

When the dawn of the third day (Saturday, May 7) came to light up the dark hollows of the Wilderness, neither army showed any disposition to take the offensive. The terrible conflict of the past two days had left both combatants bleeding and exhausted, and the events of the 7th were confined to a severe but indecisive combat between the opposing cavalry at Todd's Tavern.

The heavy losses Lee had suffered in the battle, in which he had acted on the aggressive quite as much as his antagonist, admonished a more cautious conduct; and though he was willing to be assailed, he dared not venture further attack. When, therefore, the skirmish line was thrown forward on the morning of the 7th, the Confederates were found standing at bay behind their intrenchments.(120)

But like reasons made Grant equally little minded to renew the assault. Yet the situation was such that it was necessary either to go forward or to go backward.

Had Gen. Grant chosen to adopt the latter course, he would not have been without precedents. But this step was not only unbefitting his position—it was altogether contrary to his bent of mind. There is much in that commander's temper that recalls that old Marshal whom his soldiers named "Marshal Forwarts;" and as Blucher, in the great campaign in France, that ended in the capitulation of Napoleon, would hear of nothing but marching straight on Paris, so Grant, his eyes fixed immovably on Richmond, as the goal of all his efforts, the prize he resolved to seize, through whatever seas of blood he might have to wade, pronounced the magisterial word, "Forward!" When darkness came, the columns began their march for Spotsylvania.

GRANT PURPOSED EXTINCTION OF LEE'S ARMY.

The battle of the Wilderness is scarcely to be judged as an ordinary battle. It will happen in the course as in the beginning of every war that there occurs actions in which ulterior purposes, and the combinations of a military program play very little part; but which are simply trials of strength. The battle of the Wilderness was such a mortal combat—a combat in which the adversaries aimed each, respectively, at a result that should be decisive: Lee to crush the campaign in its inception, by driving the Army of the Potomac across the Rapidan; Grant to destroy Lee.

Out of this fierce determination came a close and deadly grapple of the two armies—a battle terrible and indescribable in those gloomy woods. There is something horrible, yet fascinating, in the mystery shrouding this strangest of battles ever fought—a battle which no man could see, and whose progress could only be followed by the ear, as the sharp and crackling volleys of musketry, and the alternate Union cheer and Confederate yell told how the fight surged and swelled. The battle continued two days; yet such was the mettle of each combatant that it decided nothing. It was in every respect a drawn battle; and its only result appeared in the tens of thousands of dead and wounded in blue and gray that lay in the thick woods. The Union loss exceeded 15,000, and the Southern loss was about 8,000.(121)

FAILURE INCREASED GRANT'S DETERMINATION FOR SUCCESS.

That this result was a grievous disappointment to Gen. Grant will be readily understood, if account be taken of the expectation with which he set out upon the campaign. Gen. Grant at this time shared an opinion commonly entertained in that part of the country where his own successes had been won—the opinion that the Army of the Potomac had never been fought to the uttermost. This belief was, perhaps, natural under the circumstances; for there was much that, to one at a distance, where the peculiar nature of the task given the Army of the Potomac to do was little understood, might inspire this belief. Nevertheless it was fallacious.

Sharing this view, Gen. Grant hoped at one blow to finish the troublesome, and seemingly invulnerable, adversary. And to achieve this end, he made little account of those arts that accomplish results by the direction and combination of forces; for at this period he avowedly despised manuvering.(122) His reliance was exclusively on the application of brute masses, in rapid and remorseless blows, or, as he has himself phrased it, in "hammering continuously." It soon appeared, however, that the hammer would itself break on the anvil; and, taught a lesson by this, he was thereafter more disposed to accept whatever aid the resources of strategy afford. Great results, indeed, are seldom won save by the employment of both agencies. A well-considered offensive is never incompatible with so manuvering as to secure advantageous conditions to strike; and the commander who attempts to renounce these is seldom long in having a costly proof of his error.

Disappointed though he was in the result of the battle, Gen. Grant was, nevertheless, not dismayed nor cast down; but, seizing the masses of his force, he lanched them forward to new trials of fortune.

109. The brigades of Owen and Carroll of Gibbon's Division supported.

110. It would appear, also, that even Hill's Corps was not all up; for Anderson's Division had been left behind to guard certain fords of the Rapidan, and did not arrive for home hours.

111. "During the night I sent instructions to Gen. Wadsworth to form his line northeast and southwest, and go straight through. Precisely at the hour the fighting began. Wadsworth fought his way entirely across the Second Corps front to the south side of the plankroad, and wheeling round commenced driving the enemy up the plankroad."—Warren: Notes on the Battle of the Wilderness.

112. I use here no stronger language than that employed by Gen. Longstreet, in a description he gave the writer of the situation of affairs at the moment of his arrival.

113. The advance was made by Birney's and Mott's Divisions, and Webb's, Carroll's, and Owen's Brigades of Gibbon's Division, all of the Second Corps, together with Stephenson's Division of the Ninth and Wadsworth's of the Fifth. Hancock had been so strengthened that now he had with him nearly one-half the army.

114. Hancock: Report of the Battle of the Wilderness.

115. "I do not know why my order to attack with Barlow's Division was not more fully carried out; but it was probably owing to the apprehended approach of Longstreet's Corps on my left about that time. But had my left advanced, as directed by me in several orders, I believe the overthrow of the enemy would have been assured. At all events, an attack on the enemy's right by the troops of Barlow's Division would have prevented the turning of the left of Mott's Division, which occurred later in the day."—Hancock's Report.

116. Brooke's Brigade of Barlow's Division was sent out on the Brock road to the extreme left, where a strong breastwork was constructed across the road, and Leasure's Brigade of the Ninth Corps and Eustis's Brigade of the Sixth Corps were held ready to support.

117. Gen. Longstreet stated to the writer that he saw they were his own men, but in vain shouted to them to cease firing. He also expressed, with great emphasis, his opinion of the decisive blow he would have inflicted had he not been wounded. "I thought," said he, "that we had another Bull Run on you, for I had made my dispositions to seize the Brock road." But on my pointing out that Hancock's left had not advanced, but remained on the original line covering that road, he admitted that that altered the complexion of affairs.

118. Leasure's Brigade belonged to the Ninth Corps, and held position towards the left of Hancock's line, under the immediate command of Gen. Gibbon. Under orders from Hancock, Col. Leasure formed his command at right angles with Hancock's front: his right, at about 100 paces from the breastworks, swept across the whole front of Mott's and Birney's Divisions, and crossed the Orange plankroad to the right of Hancock's line, encountering in his progress what he supposed to be a brigade of the enemy, which fell back in disorder without engaging him.

119. "The head of the column passed the Lacy House at daybreak. Nothing was encountered until reaching the field this side of Wilderness Run; here the flankers on the right became engaged with the enemy's skirmishers. As soon as the head of the column emerged into the field, a rebel battery at Tuning's opened on them. Some 50 shots were fired, but no one was hurt. The column halted; a strong skirmish line advanced across the run, up the slope covered with thick pines; and as soon as they showed themselves in the edge of Tuning's field, they received a musketry fire and fell back. Perhaps one division of the Ninth Corps was deployed in line of battle on the left of the road in the hollow. A long consultation now ensued between Gens. Burnside and Park and Col. Comstock. No one liked the idea of taking the hill by assault. * * * The idea was entertained that Gen. Crawford was to advance and join on the right of the Ninth Corps; but I explained that if Crawford advanced at all, he would close on the right of Griffin, and advance up the pike away from the Ninth Corps. More than an hour was lost doing nothing, while the firing over by Wadsworth grew very heavy. They finally concluded to abandon this route, and move further to the left, aiming at a point halfway between Tuning's and Tap's. The corps become engaged there about noon, with no decisive result, and fell back toward evening and intrenched."—Notes of a Staff Officer.

Regarding the anticipated effect of Burnside's movements, Gen. Hancock uses the following language:

"I am not aware what movements were made by Gen. Burnside near Parker's Store, on the morning of the 6th; but I experienced no relief from the attack I was informed he would make across my front—a movement long and anxiously waited for."

120. Gen. Grant appears to have drawn an inference from Lee's remaining behind his intrenchments on the morning of the 7th, which facts do not justify. "From this," says he, "it was evident to my mind that the two days' fighting had satisfied him of his inability to further maintain the contest in the open field, notwithstanding his advantage of position."—Report of Operations, p. 6. It is not entirely clear what the Lieutenant-General means by "maintaining the contest in the open field." During the two days' battle, both armies pivoted on intrenchments covering their entire front. From these, one side or the other sallied forth to attack his adversary, who endeavored to receive the attack from behind his breastworks. Lee attacked Grant's force behind intrenched lines, quite as much as Grant attacked Lee's force behind intrenched lines. The real conclusion at which both commanders had arrived was that further assault on these lines was hopeless.

121. This estimate of loss is inferential respecting both sides. The tabular statement of casualties in the Army of the Potomac, embodied in the report of Gen. Meade, gives an aggregate of 29,410 killed, wounded and missing, for the whole period between the 5th and 12th of May. But as the losses in the actions subsequent to the Wilderness, and previous to the 12th of May (which was the date of the main battle at Spotsylvania Courthouse), were probably not much over 10,000, the aggregate of casualties in the Wilderness might perhaps be safely carried up to nearer 30,000. In estimating Lee's losses at 8,000, I proceeded on the basis of the aggregate of Confederate casualties during the entire campaign.

122. I trust the reader will understand that I do not make this statement at random. It is founded on the testimony of the highest authority, and I may mention an incident that corroborates this statement. Shortly before the opening of the Rapidan campaign, Gen. Meade, in conversation with the Lieutenant-General, was telling him that he proposed to manuver thus and so; whereupon Gen. Grant stopped him at the word "manuver," and said, "Oh! I never manuver." This characteristic utterance, which the suavity of biographers might readily pass over in silence, cannot be omitted here; for it is the proof of a frame of mind that essentially influenced the complexion of the campaign. The battle of the Wilderness can hardly be understood, save as the act of a commander who "never manuvered." It was remarked that he was not so unwilling to avail himself thereafter of this resource.

(To be continued.)

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