

FORT DONELSON.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Great Siege.

THE STORY TOLD ONCE MORE

When, Where and How the Famous Battle Was Fought.

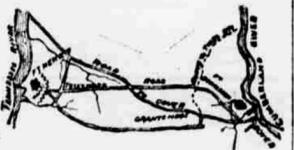
Men Who Afterward Became Distinguished That Took Part in It—Political Leaders, Senators, Governors and Presidents That Were to Be—Either Side Ready to Give Up—From Henry to Donelson—The Sortie That Failed, Blue and Gray.

Once again the young people gather around and listen while veterans lips tell the story of Fort Donelson. That story was made twenty-five years ago this February.

The writers and raconteurs have preserved the history more faithfully than the map makers have. Neither Fort Henry nor Fort Donelson is marked upon the newest atlases. Nature herself has obliterated their traces so speedily. The trees yet stand as scattered veterans of the mighty fight. Bullet marks, stumps and broken limbs are yet to be seen when in winter they are unaided of leaf and vine.

THE PREPARATION.

Turn to your map. You will see that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers run through the state of Kentucky side and side, like twin sisters. They empty into the Ohio not far apart. They come together first inside the Tennessee line, and flow through that state close beside each other. The Tennessee forms part of the boundary between the two states for some distance. On the Tennessee side, just opposite where the corner of Kentucky begins, was Fort Henry. Twelve miles across from it, slightly north of east, was Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. Henry was on the right bank of the Tennessee, while Donelson was on the left bank of the Cumberland.



HENRY AND DONELSON.

Henry and Donelson were important Confederate stations. Henry was captured Feb. 6, 1862. A rising young brigadier general, named Ulysses S. Grant, was at the head of the force that took it. The victory called for the first time the attention of the country to this officer. The victory at Fort Henry, too, was, strictly speaking, the beginning of the turning of the tide in favor of the north. A gloom like the fog of a winter's day had been on the country till then. Men in the north were sighing for a hero—a man who should be strong enough to take the head of affairs and turn heart sickening failure into victory. The hero was developing, though they knew it not. He was to lift the cloud was the silent man that, even in the midst of the victory of Fort Donelson, was "too busy to write a word."

A notable point is the shortness of Grant's dispatches at all times. A few messages, of not many lines, to his superior officer tell the story of both Henry and Donelson. Gen. Halleck, then at St. Louis, was in command of the department of the Missouri. Grant dispatched Halleck, Feb. 6, that Fort Henry had fallen. He added these words:

"I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 17th and return to Fort Henry."

But he had undertaken a larger contract than even he could fill in the time he proposed. The freshets and overflows, which always work such mischief in the south and west, prevented, for one thing, the roads leading to Donelson were a sea of mud. By the sackwater of creeks on each side of the fort there was a sea of water two miles inland from the fort.

The Cumberland runs north at the point selected for Fort Donelson. About a mile south of the fort, up the river, is the little town of Dover. This hamlet was the headquarters of the Confederate general, Gideon J. Pillow, during the siege. It was in Dover that the last Confederate council of war was held between Gen. Pillow, Buckner, Col. N. B. Forrest and others took place previous to the surrender of the fort to Grant. Below Fort Donelson, on the north, Hickman's creek emptied into the Cumberland. It was overflowed for miles, the water up to a horse's breast. Grant could not attack the fort from that side. On the other hand, however, in case the Confederates, being hard pressed, wished to make a sally out from the fort and escape by the Fort Henry road, as in fact they did wish to do, this overflowed creek would prevent them. So, on the whole, the low water of Hickman's creek was an advantage to both besieger and besieged. Above Fort Donelson, and between that and Dover, was another stream of water, Indian creek, also overflowed.

Mud. There was never anything like it. It was "half log deep," as specially mentioned in Confederate official dispatches. Grant's soldiers fairly waded in mud "up to their eyes" when they marched from Fort Henry to besiege Dover and Donelson. It flew from the horses' hoofs like rain and peppered man and beast, when the cavalry splashed hither and thither, in the vain fancy that they were trotting. It rolled from the gun carriage wheels and fell in huge masses at every turn the artillery made.

It must be remembered that it was Grant, brigadier general, who had urged the reduction of Fort Henry and Donelson. The object to be gained by it was the clearing of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and the occupation of Tennessee and its lines of railway. Grant was at Cairo and repeatedly urged Halleck to let him visit St. Louis. Leave was at length given. Grant visited his superior and began to unfold his plan for the capture of the two forts. But Halleck silenced him at once and snubbed him sharply.

Force Jones, in his book, says that Grant "returned to Cairo believing his commander thought him guilty of proposing a military blunder." And yet he persisted, importuning again and again. Flag Officer Andrew H. Foote, of the Mississippi squadron, urged the same, and begged Halleck's permission to let him and Grant move on Henry and Donelson. It was at length given, and Feb. 2 Foote and Grant, infantry and cavalry forces united, started up the Tennessee to Fort Henry, with 17,000 men and seven gunboats.

Fort Henry fell on the 6th. The Sunday after Commander Foote took his place in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Cairo and preached an eloquent sermon on the text:

"Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Then he came down from the pulpit and made ready his boats for the expedition against Donelson, which surrendered Feb. 16, just one week from that Sunday morning.

Engineers of the Confederate service agree that the site of Fort Donelson was badly chosen. It stood upon a river bluff. The situation was elevated, to be sure, but there was a ring of hills around it, at from one to five miles distance. These hills were higher than the bluff upon which the fort was, and convenient for the enemy to plant guns upon.

THE DEFENSES OF FORT DONELSON.

The bluff upon which Donelson stood was 100 feet high. The fort itself was what was called in military language a bastioned earthwork, with angles like star points projecting from the main inclosure outward, and protected by walls of heavy earthworks. It was so situated that its guns commanded the river as far as they could carry. Two water batteries were erected on the slope of the bluff toward the river. The larger battery was the one nearest the shore. It had for armament a 10-inch Columbiad and nine 32-pound guns. The inner battery was supplied with two 12-pounders and one rifled cannon which carried a conical ball of 128 pounds. The water batteries were built by Lieut. Col. J. P. Gilmer, chief engineer of the western department of the Confederate army. They were constructed after the fall of Fort Henry. As soon as that point was captured the region available Confederate force in that region was concentrated at Donelson.

The line of batteries was extended so as to take in Dover, where stores of food and ammunition were. In and out, through silent and reentrant angle, for two miles and a half, the tracery of earthworks and guns went.

Besides that, the fortifications were protected with bristling abatis. It was a wooded region, full of "black jack" oak and other woods. The scrub oaks were felled, their branches sharpened at the point and these and the trees were fastened upon the ground, sharp points outward, in what seemed an impenetrable abatis. To get at Fort Donelson the Union troops were obliged to go up hill over these sharpened points in the face of marksmen whose aim was yet sharper.

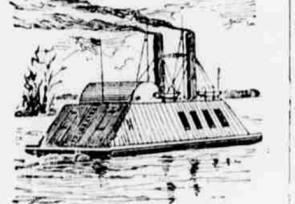
On the east, the river protected the works. Such were the defenses of Donelson.

Lieut. Col. Gilmer says that the effective fighting force within the fort was 15,000. Up to the time the siege began it was commanded by Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson. He was re-enforced successively by Gens. Pillow, Clarke, Floyd and Buckner, with several thousand men each. Gen. J. B. Floyd was the officer highest in rank and had command.

FOOTE'S FLOTILLA.

The Union gunboats had done great service at Henry. At Donelson the fleet did not distinguish itself greatly, except by conveying transports containing troops.

While Grant, with 15,000 men, plowed across the mud sea between Henry and Donelson by land, he sent Foote with six gunboats around by water. They were obliged to go down the Tennessee and up the Ohio a short distance to the mouth of the Cumberland to Fort Donelson. Foote had to make a circuit of 150 miles to go twelve.



THE CARONDELET.

The Carondelet is a good illustration of the old-fashioned gunboat. It was the first to arrive on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 13. It opened fire. It may be mentioned that the old Carondelet, with the same commander, Capt. Walke, was also the first to afterward pass down the river under the batteries at Vicksburg.

The rest of Foote's fleet with the transports, containing six regiments of soldiers, arrived Thursday evening. Friday morning the Presbyterian flag officer opened fire from his fleet of six gunboats, four ironclads and two wooden ones. There was a severe fight of an hour and a half, which did not result in a brilliant success for the fleet. The boats engaged were the ironclads St. Louis, Carondelet, Louisville and Pittsburgh, and the wooden boats Tyler and Conestoga. Four of the boats were disabled. The first fire from the Carondelet had disabled one of the 32-pounders in the water batteries. The same shot instantly killed Lieut. Joseph Dixon, a brave Confederate officer and the accomplished local engineer who had assisted in preparing the defenses of Donelson. That was about the only damage apparently done by the fleet. Then Commander Foote drew off the remains of it and dropped down out of range.



A MORTAR BOAT.

The mortar boat got its name from the gun it carried. First a heavy wooden float was built. Upon it were erected very thick wooden walls. These sloped inward and were about eight feet high. They were plated with heavy iron. Inside was a single heavy mortar, with ammunition below the water line. There was also a tent for the gunners within the walls.

These mortar boats were considered formidable twenty-five years ago. But such is the improvement made since then in destructive warfare that one shot from even a moderate sized gun of the kind now made would knock an old-fashioned mortar boat into flinders.

One youthful Confederate gunner distinguished himself gallantly at the lower water battery at Fort Donelson. While Foote's gunboats were peppering the batteries to the right and left, this youth, John G. Frequa, stood perfectly straight at his gun, taking aim and firing as coolly as if he had been squirrel hunting.

"Now, boys," said he, "see me take a chimney." He aimed at the smokestack of an advancing gunboat. It fell, carrying with it the flag. Frequa threw his cap in the air, yelling defiantly.

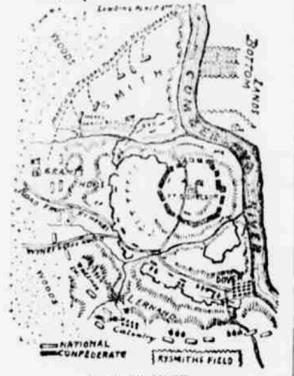
Again the merry boy took aim, clear and straight. Shortly he sent a ball directly through the smokestack, and then the gunboat fell back disabled. The portholes of the boats were quite large.

FOUR DAYS' FIGHTING.

To tell the truth, army officers do not always write the clearest English, not even able regular army officers.

It is difficult, therefore, for the historian to gather from the colonel and brigadier general's reports, just how a battle was fought, and how and where the troops stood. Grant's reports and orders, what there are of them, are models of clearness, brevity and simplicity. From them we gain more clear-headed knowledge than from most of the rest.

Immediately on the fall of Fort Henry, Gen. Halleck began forwarding fresh troops and supplies as fast as possible for the reduction of Donelson. Boys, on whose cheeks the road had not yet given place to tan, regiments, as Judge Force says, "so freshly formed that they had hardly changed their civil garb for soldier's uniform," were hurried to the front to help out Grant at Donelson.



Feb. 11, 1862, the general order was given Grant's men to march from Henry to Donelson. There were two roads; one, the Wynn's Ferry road, leading to Dover south of Fort Donelson, the other north of it some distance. The two came together not far from the fort, the northern road leading directly to the fort.

Along these two roads the men marched, starting the morning of Feb. 12. The First and Second divisions moved forward. The First division was commanded by Gen. John A. McClernand, the Second by Gen. C. F. Smith. They moved forward, McClernand's division by the right hand or southerly road, Smith's by the northerly or left hand road. They came together two and one-half miles from Donelson. McClernand's forces took the right wing south of Donelson, Smith's the left wing north of Donelson. Later word was sent to Gen. Lew Wallace, who had remained at Fort Henry, to bring up the Third division. He arrived on the 14th (Friday) and took position with his division in the center.

Thus the Federal forces invested Donelson in form of a crescent. A diagram of their position would show them as follows:

Smith's division. Donelson. Wallace's division.

There was some skirmishing on the evening of the 12th between the pickets of the two armies. On the 13th the battle began in earnest. Col. Wm. R. Morrison, of the Forty-ninth regiment of Illinois Volunteers, had charge of a brigade that day in McClernand's division. His brigade had some of the toughest work of the whole Donelson fight. Their work was to assault Maney's battery, on the Confederate left, at once the most conspicuous and inaccessible of the entire line of works. They started to climb up hill over the tangled and terrible "black jack" abatis. A double fire of battery and infantry raked them from afar and aft. Once they fell back, and were re-enforced. Four regiments started up the hill a second time. They were met with a better fire than before. Shrapnel and rifle balls flew into their teeth thick as hail. They



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

forced their way farther up the abatis, then wavered and fell back once more.

A curious fact added to the complications of the fight at Donelson. The Confederate forces were largely uniformed in brown jeans. The dead leaves of the scrub oak were almost the exact color of this cloth. The Federal forces, therefore, in climbing the abatis, could not tell what was leaves and what was Confederate soldiers till a line of fire in their faces told them the difference.

The third time Morrison's brigade stormed the heights. This time they climbed quite to the rifle pits. The line in front of them was one sheet of fire, awful and deadly. Just then a musket ball struck Col. Morrison in the hip. The future Illinois political leader fell in his saddle and then fell to the ground. That ended the desperate assault, and Maney's battery remained untroubled.

Another of the curious incidents of war, and a sad one, happened here. The flashes from the guns set fire to the thickly clustering dead leaves. They flamed up like dry straw, consuming the dead, dying and wounded soldiers who lay about in some spots as thickly as the leaves themselves. A considerable number of the helpless ones were burned to death. Col. Heiman, who had distinguished himself at Fort Henry, was in command of the Confederates at Maney's battery. His men leaped over in front of their works, after the assault, and saved such as they could.

So the night of Thursday, the 13th, came and went away. Up to the arrival of Lew Wallace, on Friday, the Federal forces engaged numbered only 15,000 men. The enemy did not know it, but they were without supplies. The roads were too heavy to transport food and munitions, and these had been sent around by water. The morning of the 14th the Union soldiers were absolutely without food.

During the night a storm of snow and sleet came on. It was terrible. The men had not dared to sleep during the night. They could not build fires, for these would have been merely so many targets for musketry and artillery from the fort. There were no shelter tents for them. Dawn found them numb and stiff with the cold, their clothing wet through to the skin and frozen on their backs. Col. Crafts J. Wright, Thirtieth Missouri, sat

upon a log wrapped in his blanket till 3 o'clock in the morning.

So the Federal soldiers stood the night through. As dawn the light began to shine upon a bitterly cold day. Fires were built toward the rear then, and companies, in turn relieving one another, went back and thawed their frozen garments and mules' coats.

But they had no food, not a bite. Their only breakfast was coffee, and thus they made ready to face the day.

For the Confederates in the fort it was not a whit more comfortable. They lay upon their arms all night in the trenches. And yet nobody on either side was disheartened. The Confederate soldiers were full of fight and enthusiasm. At noon the Federal Gen. Lew Wallace and his Third division of mixed veterans and raw recruits arrived into camp in the center with cheers and songs and bugles sounding. Gen. Wallace rode immediately to Grant's headquarters and dined with him on crackers and coffee. The general was nearly as badly off as his men.

It was this day that the interchange of courtesies between the fleet and the fort took place.

Meanwhile there was not much fighting on land. Re-enforcements were arriving for Grant, and were being posted.

Grant's troops were distributed over a line nearly four miles long. His own headquarters were at the log house of Mrs. Crisp, two miles from Dover, at the head of Hickman creek. It was a little to the left of the center of his army, and between the divisions of Lew Wallace and Gen. C. F. Smith.

So having arranged matters to suit him, Grant sat down in the midst of his blue-eyed soldiers to starve out Fort Donelson.

On their part, the Confederate generals inside the fort were quite aware of their peril. The night of the 14th Gens. Floyd, Pillow and Buckner held a council and resolved to cut their way out of the fort through the Federal lines next morning. Two thousand troops were set apart for this grand sortie. The Confederates too had been re-enforced. Brig. Gen. Floyd was the last to arrive, on the morning of the 15th, with 4,000 men.

THE GRAND SORTIE.

In the Confederate council the night of the 14th it was determined that the force in the fort should attempt to cut its way out on the Federal right, through McClernand's division. Driving this division back, it was to be made to roll over upon Wallace's division in the center, thus leaving the Wynn's Ferry road clear. By that road the Confederates were to escape to Charlotte, Tenn. Pillow, with infantry and cavalry, was to make the attack on the Federal extreme right, near the river. Buckner was to follow immediately after, and do for Lew Wallace's division in the center.

That was the plan.



GEN. BUCKNER, C. S. A.

Pillow said he expected to "roll the enemy (McClernand's division) in full retreat over upon Gen. Buckner, when, by attack in flank and rear, they could cut up the enemy and put him completely to rout."

Pillow's attack was sudden and furious. Reveille was just sounding in McClernand's camp, and the troops were not under arms when the onset was made. There was confusion, there was danger that the whole right wing of the Federal army would be routed. In a few minutes though, in scarcely more time than it takes to write it, McClernand's men, gun in hand, had their faces toward the foe.

The account of the fierce onset and shock, and its reception by the Federal soldiers, read like some of Caesar's battles with the Gauls. Gen. Oglesby, of Illinois, who commanded a brigade on the right, received the first tremendous attack. His men returned fire till their ammunition gave out. They snatched up the cartridge boxes from the dead and dying and poured their contents into the foe till that too gave out. Then Col. W. H. L. Wallace's brigade went to the rescue. That at length quailed before the "truly thundering" attack. A lamented statesman, who has lately passed to the realm of the unseen, distinguished himself gallantly here. He was then colonel of the Thirty-first Illinois and his name was John A. Logan. He was here and there and everywhere in that battle, his dark face lit with excitement, his eye shining like an eagle's. By the magnetism of his personal influence he prevented a panic and a rout early in the day.

McClernand's division, with Taylor's, Dresser's and McAllister's batteries of light artillery, met the Confederate onset bravely and well. To the right of Oglesby still was Gen. McArthur, nearest the river. He had been ordered there the night before, with troops who had had no food all day. They passed the night in the snow and sleet, without fires or shelter. Gen. McArthur had had no time to become acquainted with the nature of the ground. He only knew that he faced Fort Donelson. The Confederate design was to make a dash and get cavalry in his rear, and then with cavalry to rear of him, infantry before, he would be powerless.

Soldiers do not always find it easy to fight on a full stomach, but McClernand's men had fasted thirty-six hours. In this state of hunger they were when they heard at 5 o'clock in the morning the firing on Oglesby on their left. As soon as it was heard, without waiting for orders, McClernand formed his empty stomach men in line of battle. They took a lively hand in the fight. But presently a worse trouble than empty stomachs confronted them, and that was empty cartridge boxes. Before that obstacle they were indeed powerless, and so the brigade fell back some hundreds of yards to the rear and took up a new position. It is sufficient to say of them that toward night they got one square meal, and then moved over to the left of the Federal forces to support the troops fighting there.

The morning progressed. It began to look indeed as if Pillow was going to carry out his threat to "roll the enemy over." McClernand's division was in the gravest danger. In the center, Lew Wallace, with the Third division, was lying inactive. His orders were to act on the defensive and watch the Confederates to prevent their escape by this way.

Pillow's division, in deploying, spread wider and wider, and more and more toward Lew Wallace. McClernand's division began to waver. Three Confederate batteries, Maney's, Porter's and Graves', poured a steady fire into it. Buckner was advancing, too, with his

men, with Forrest's cavalry flitting about the outskirts.

The three Federal batteries had exhausted their ammunition. Taylor's alone had fired that morning 1,700 rounds. Buckner had ordered an advance of these regiments before noon. They had been met with a blinding fire from Col. W. H. L. Wallace's brigade. Snow flying in the air confused them so that they could not see their way besides, and they fell back to their entrenchments in disorder.

But presently Buckner gathered his forces and came gallantly on again.

McClernand sent word to Lew Wallace to aid him. In the absence of positive orders from headquarters Wallace declined to move.

The place grew hotter and hotter. Col. John A. Logan was wounded. McClernand again sent word to Wallace, and this time Wallace ordered forward the Sixth and Seventh brigades, the first in his division. Here an unfortunate mistake occurred, and several regiments of Federal soldiers first into each other, doing serious damage. Grant's brigade took the place of McClernand's exhausted men. Craft's men fought gallantly, but at length fell back some distance and took up position near the hospital.

When Logan was wounded he suggested to Col. T. E. G. Hanson, of the Eleventh Illinois, to take his place with the Eleventh. Hanson, too, had been wounded, but had had his wound dressed. Both were heroes that day. Logan's regiment was quite out of ammunition, therefore forced to fall back, when his commander went to have his wound dressed. The Thirty-first marched back for ammunition, leaving the Eleventh alone in the fray. But the Eleventh was attacked not only in front, but on both flanks, and finally broke and retreated.

Gen. Wallace still waited, with his division in line for orders from Grant. McClernand's second message had been that his flanks were turned and his whole command was endangered. It was then that Col. Craft's brigade was sent to his relief. But the Confederate billows still swept on. Fugitives from the fight scattered down the hillside toward Wallace's division. A mounted officer galloped by. He had lost his head completely, and shouted to the general: "We are out to pieces."

Then Lew Wallace took the responsibility of the order of battle upon his own shoulders. Instantly he ordered up his brigade, Col. Thayer commanding, and threw it across between the broken troops and the advancing Confederates. Other regiments were behind as a reserve. He had barely got them in line when Pillow and Buckner, combined, swept down upon them. The brigade stood like a rock. Here was some of the most splendid fighting of the war.

The First Nebraska regiment and Wood's Chicago light artillery received the shocks first, and here at last the Confederate billows were thrown back. They had struck a sea wall, and could sweep no further. "They withdrew," said Gen. Buckner, "in some confusion, but without panic, to the trenches." It was about noon. This was the end of the sortie. Lew Wallace had saved the day at Donelson.

WHERE WAS GRANT?

It may have occurred to the reader that the name of the general commanding the "boss" so to speak of them all, has not been mentioned. In the naval fight on the 14th, Commander Foote had been severely wounded. He sent a message to Gen. Grant that as he, Foote, was severely wounded, the general might perhaps come and see him, and hold a council on board the flag ship St. Louis. Grant did so, starting early on Saturday morning. After this consultation Foote started back to Cairo for mortar boats.

The fleet lay several miles down the river and Grant did not get back till about 1 o'clock. The sound of cannoning that pierced through the woods gave no idea of the seriousness of the situation.

The commander immediately rode from one point to another inspecting matters. His first thought, when he saw his battered battalions was to fall back on the defensive, and wait till Foote came back with a fleet and re-enforcements. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he called McClernand and Wallace to-



COMMANDER FOOTE.

gether for counsel. It was held with all three generals on horseback. Grant seemed excited, and as nearly nervous as Grant could be. His face was very serious, almost overcast. He held a handful of dispatches and seemed in profound thought. All at once a light broke over the commander's face, and then all was serene again. Of this moment he told Gen. Sherman afterward.

"I saw that either side was ready to give up if the other showed a bold front, and I determined to do that very thing."

So the commander became strong and serene again, as usual. Instantly there was activity. Gen. C. F. Smith's forces on the right of the Federal line had not yet taken part in the fight. They were ordered up. Gen. Smith himself, with long, gray hair, a color bearer by his side, rode along the front of his line, a striking, inspiring figure. He told his men he himself would lead them, and directed them when near enough to charge bayonet on the rifle pits. The signal was given, the column moved forward and was met by a roar of musketry from the rifle pits.

Col. Tuttle was in the lead with his Second Iowa regiment. The advancing line wavered a moment under the fire that mowed it down, then steadied and went bravely on. When within range of the Confederate muskets Col. Tuttle shouted to his men, "Forward!" Then they made the rattling bayonet charge. It drove the Confederates from their works and Smith's men occupied them. In the midst of cheers and shouts from the whole division the Stars and Stripes were planted upon the works of Fort Donelson. Thus it was all over with the Confederate right.

Over on the Federal right McClernand's division had been swept from the ground it occupied in the morning. Although Lew Wallace's men had checked the retreat there and stopped the sortie, yet the ground held by McClernand in the morning had not been retaken. Grant ordered Lew Wallace to retake it. As soon as Gen. Smith's division began to move, Wallace was engaged on both right and left. Grant rode down the river to see that Smith was carrying out the order on his side, then he hurried up to the right to watch Wallace's men execute their command.

At noon it looked as if victory was perched on the Confederate standard. The Wynn's Ferry road, which had been occupied by McClernand, was open for the Confederate retreat. Buckner had accomplished what he had been ordered to do. The time just before Grant ordered the renewed attack in the afternoon had been the golden moment for escape. It was lost. Buckner had halted, wait-

ing for his artillery and resources to follow him out of the intrenchments. Pillow had telegraphed A. S. Johnston: "On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours."

All at once Gen. Pillow sent Buckner word to come back and take up his position within the works. He could only obey. As he fell back with his men he met Gen. Floyd. Floyd was surprised, and asked what he was about. He ordered Buckner to stay where he was till he, Floyd, could see Pillow. Thus there was more waiting. Finally Buckner, the fighting general, was ordered to cross to the extreme Confederate right and stop Gen. Smith, who was storming the works.



"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."

Col. Roger W. Hanson, of the Second Confederate Kentucky, led the advance. But when they reached the right it was too late. The Federal forces were already in possession.

Hanson was a brave and accomplished Confederate officer. It is interesting to know that he and Buckner, both fighting men, demanded the surrender of Fort Donelson a necessity after that. Hanson says in his report:

"I will take the liberty to add that up to the time when we were ordered back to the trenches our success was complete and our escape assured."

"It is also my opinion that the exhaustion of the men from labor and loss of sleep, together with the demoralization caused by the loss of our trenches on the right, rendered the surrender unavoidable."

When night closed in Wallace too had done his work—regained the lost ground and cleared the hill. Just when that was done, and he was within a few hundred feet of the Confederate intrenchments, he received an order from Grant to halt and fall back. Wallace disobeyed the order. He felt sure the general did not know his movement had been successful. So he took his own head for it, and bivouacked on the field, just where he was, close to the Confederates, ready in the morning to be up and at them. But when morning came the sun's first rays shone upon a bugler, carrying a white flag from Buckner to Grant. Buckner's message proposed the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation. Grant's reply has become historic:

"No terms will be granted except an unconditional and immediate surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Buckner wrote back: "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."

So on that Sunday morning, Feb. 16, 1862, the Confederate forces surrendered to Grant, and the story of Fort Donelson was told. Buckner had good reason to be in an unpleasant frame of mind that morning. At midnight the night before a council of war was held between himself and Pillow and Floyd. Buckner told them his men could not stand more than half an hour's fighting. Hunger, cold and exhaustion had done their work at last. Besides, there was no more ammunition. If his men tried to escape three-quarters of them must be lost to save the other quarter. Surrender was the only thing.

Floyd and Pillow said they would not surrender, they would die first. Then Floyd handed over the supreme command of the fort to Pillow, who in turn transferred it to Buckner, who surrendered to Grant. Pillow, with some of his immediate personal command, crossed the river upon a scow and made good his escape. Two small steamers from up the river came about daylight to the landing. They took Floyd and some of his men up the river. Forrest and his cavalry escaped on horseback. The two steamers continued on to the Confederates' camp. When dumped out upon shore, then Floyd's men boarded the boats. The conduct of himself and Pillow was regarded as unsoldierly, and was made the subject of a searching investigation from the Confederate government. In an official letter to the Confederate secretary of war, Pillow thought that, considering the sacrifices he had made for the Confederacy, and the large and dependent family of grown up and unmarried daughters on his hands, he had been very slightly treated.

Of the forces engaged in this great fight there were of Confederates, all told, something over 20,000; of Federals, 27,000. The best estimate of the Confederate killed and wounded makes them about 2,000. Of the Union forces the killed, wounded and missing aggregated 3,229.

The troops of Grant's army at Donelson were mostly western men, many of them from Illinois and Indiana. One remarkable fact in this fight is the number of men who afterward became distinguished who were dumped out upon shore. Then Floyd's men boarded the boats. The conduct of himself and Pillow was regarded as unsoldierly, and was made the subject of a searching investigation from the Confederate government. In an official letter to the Confederate secretary of war, Pillow thought that, considering the sacrifices he had made for the Confederacy, and the large and dependent family of grown up and unmarried daughters on his hands, he had been very slightly treated.

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"BURIED WHERE THEY FELL."

Immediately after the surrender Grant, McClernand and Wallace were made major generals. Grant's commission was dated Feb. 15, and he was immediately placed in charge of the military district of west Tennessee.

Numbers of soldiers were buried on the field where they fell. Some of their graves are still to be seen. But of the earthworks and lines of fortifications at Donelson there is scarcely a trace. Even so from the hearts of the contestants that day have faded out the traces of the lines which separated them. Years ago Buckner's former grave at Fort Henry, the northern commander was buried, a year and a half ago, prominent among the pile bearers, who walked with measured tread beside the honored dead, were to be seen the soldierly figure and strong, fine face of Gen. Buckner.

In preparing the story of Donelson, materials have been gathered from many sources, but especially from official documents published by the United States government from the Fort's book, "From Henry to Corinth," "Lossing's Civil War in America," old files of the New York Tribune and Harper's Pictorial History of the War. The illustrations are chiefly from Mr. Lossing's history.