Number 16

Receiv'd field No. 16 from Keppen

Suspect

From the Potomac 5th. To 7th. June
CHATTANOOGA.

A FRIEND remarks that he is sorry I undertake to write on the battle of Chattanooga, because in his judgment the subject has already been thoroughly exhausted.

I know that there are many accounts. I have read several of them, and, so far as my knowledge goes, they are well written and reasonably accurate; but as I was present myself, and took part in this battle, my experience may differ from that of others, and, my manner of telling what I saw and heard may throw some additional light upon those important events that have already become the subject of controversy.

FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE TENNESSEE.

After pursing Lee to the crossing of the Donomac at Williamsport, General Meade's army, not a little chagrined at the enemy's escape, turned southward, and crossing the river at Berlina pursued direct routes as far as the Rappahannock.

It took up a new position, with the advance at this time in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House and the rear at or near Culpepper's Station. The last named place was my position, looking defensively to the left and rear. There, on September 24, 1863, without previous warning, the following mandatory summons reached my head-quarters:

"The commanding general directs that you have your command [eleventh corps] in readiness to proceed to Washington to-morrow morning by railroad.

"You will at once notify Mr. J. H. Devereaux, superintendat of the road, Alexandria, at what points you desire to have the trains take up your troops, and the number at such place.

"Your command must have five days' cooked rations. You will not wait to be relieved by other troops, but proceed to Washington the moment the trains are ready to take your command. Please acknowledge.

"By command of Major-General Meade.

"S. Williams,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."
The twelfth corps, under General H. W. Shermam, received a similar order. Of course, the general staff was now broken. Cars were drawn from a distance and conveyed rapidly to our vicinity. The wagons were used to haul the baggage to the different depots nearest at hand, and then left behind. The artillery and horses were to be taken.

Cars after car and train after train was loaded with men, animals, and materials, and moved forward, one train following another as closely as a regard for safety would allow. The movement was apparently for Washington, but this was not really our destination. General Hooker telegraphed me, the 23d of September, an order to report to General Hooker at Willard's Hotel in Washington. I did this at once. Hooker had been placed in command of the eleventh and twelfth corps. He informed me that these two corps were to be transferred to the neighborhood of the army of Rosecrans, then at Chattanooga. A battle of Chickamauga had just been fought, closing on the 21st, only four days before this conversation, by Rosecrans withdrawing his army from the battlefield into that ingenious place, Chattooga, afterwards so familiar to our people, the sheltered neck lying against the constricting bend of the Tennessee, and hemmed in by Lookout Mountain below and by Missionary Ridge above. Here the Confederate General Bragg, with his forces shattered and weakened by the terrific fighting near that river of death, the Chickamauga, undertook to besiege the army of the Cumberland. With fever worse than my story, General Hooker asked me of these facts, and that his command, as I have described it, was to proceed westward by rail as far as it could, and join Rosecrans with as possible dispatch.

As one may suppose, the trains did not halt at Washington, but immediately took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Just as soon as everything that pertained to my command was well loaded upon the cars and the last train was in motion, I stepped into a car set apart for my staff and the belongings of the eleventh army corps headquarters, and followed the moving host.

No matter how many precautions may be taken, there will always be the accompanying accidents to mar the progress of an army moving by rail as well as on foot. For some reason the soldiers' thirst for whisky (which is perhaps greater with them than with other men) seemed to be increased by the unusual excitement of this move, and it was arranged that all liquors should be kept out during the passage of the troops. Two or three men, while drunk, had met with fearful falls from our box cars. This arrangement checked the evil.

The operation of crossing the Ohio was rather slow at Brownwood, a town situated not far from Wheeling, West Virginia. The cars had to be lowered, hauled over, and raised by machinery on the other bank, but we proceeded with this work with very little delay. The journey through Ohio with our slow-moving trains was quite a memorable occasion; in all the towns and villages the people twisted not to cheer us on. At Xenia, Ohio, little girls came with presents of flowers, needle-books, thread-books, papers, and everything easily portable and useful to the soldiers that kindness could suggest. How the men did cheer them—all men who knew what war was by experience, fresh from those fields at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and going on to much more and closer work, with few chances in favor of a safe return. It is not strange that many a father's eye filled with tears, and many a rough face softened into a pleasant smile, as these little ones bore them welcome, and kissed them goodbye. I must forget the people of Dayton for their gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic expressions of loyalty and patriotism, as the soldiers of my corps were passing through.

In some places, of course, there was bitterness, but generally in Ohio and Indiana loyalty prevailed. Occasionally we had to take up a winder of whisky (who was horribly edging例子of it into the pockets of the drinkers), carry him a hundred miles or so, and permit.
1864] 

Chattanooga.
And it is to the very highest credit of his army that there was no murmuring, even at this hard condition; a condition that must have seemed desperate to the hungry soldiers, during the thousands of faithless expeditions which had hitherto been tried in vain to give the besieged army substantial relief in the way of supplies.

**GRANT AND HOOKER.**

The 1st of October I visited General Hooker at Stevenson, about ten miles distant from my head-quarters at Bridgeport, and during the interview he told me that General Grant was at the train coming south from Nashville. General Hooker made preparations to receive him, and, doubtless understanding that the general was still lame from the injury he had received through the falling of his horse at New Orleans, sent his spring-wagon to meet him at the depot, and take him, perhaps half a mile, to the house which he occupied. Hooker did not go himself; I do not now remember the reason. I had gone to the depot to catch the train, and supposed, of course, General Grant would stop at least one night with General Hooker, but I was mistaken. As I entered the car I saw, for the first time, that hero of battles who had been for some time occupying the public attention, enjoying the attacks and defenses of our newspaper press, and of whom, as people will, I had formed a decided preconception. I confess I was quite the opposite of my ideal,—in size small, in color pale at that time, in manner remarkably quiet and retiring.

When I was introduced he gave me his hand, and a pleasant smile spread over his face; then, after perhaps a single stoppage sentence, he let me do the talking.

General Hooker's message arrived. Without the least disturbance of manner Grant said, "If General Hooker wishes to see me, he will find me on this train." General Hooker soon appeared and paid his respects to his commanding general. I wondered then at the manner of this meeting, and presumed it was General Grant's method of assessing himself where he thought a general who had had large commands and considerable self-assertion might be seeking an assent from. The train, leaving General Hooker at Stevenson, went on to Bridgeport. Here, at my head-quarters, General Grant and staff were made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, for the night.

One incident that occurred so impressed me that I have remembered it. General Grant stayed with me. An empty liquor flask, borrowed at Chattanooga, was left at my tent hanging against the wall, by an officer who had come down from the army. I feared the general would think I drank liquor, and I related the flask. I never drink," General Grant said pleasantly, "Neither do I." His whole appearance at that time inspired this declaration, and was to me the contradiction of a thousand falsehoods which ambition and envy had industriously circulated against him. The next morning, General Hawkins, Grant's chief of staff, then in full health and vigor, made all the necessary preparations for the ride to Chattanooga. He helped the general upon his horse, and the party started to go along the bank of the Tennessee by the way of Jasper. That rough journey through mud and rain, over roads nearly impassable at any time, and numbered by wagon wrecks and dead animals, that the passing supply train had left behind, has been well described by others. Beulah says, "Grant, who was still lame and suffering, was carried in the arms of soldiers over spattered mud or impossible to cross on horseback." He arrived in Chattanooga the evening of the 29th of October. The noble General Thermopolis already served his orders to General Hooker to collect parts of his command, the eleventh and a portion of the twelfth corps, at Bridgeport. We knew from this his intention to some way to commence the operations intended by our coming West, i. e., to open up...
1870.]

Chattanooga.

The accounts of Chattanooga have been so often made that I will abstain from entering the matter to be already familiar with the place and its vicissitudes. The town and its environs have a striking resemblance to the town of Knoxville, which it is so much like in its situation and topography. The Tennessee River runs through the center of the city, and the mountains rise abruptly on either side. The river is about three miles wide at Chattanooga, and the mountains on either side are steep and rocky.

A NEW LINE OF SUPPLIES; LODGE VALLEY.

On the 4th of October, Generals Grant and Thomas, with the main body of the army, crossed the Tennessee River at Lookout Mountain, and established their headquarters in the rear of the town. The Tennessee River runs through the middle of the town, and the mountains rise abruptly on either side. The stream is about three miles wide at Chattanooga, and the mountains on either side are steep and rocky.

From the base of Lookout Mountain a line of hills extends across the Tennessee River, and the mountains rise abruptly on either side. The Tennessee River runs through the center of the city, and the mountains rise abruptly on either side. The river is about three miles wide at Chattanooga, and the mountains on either side are steep and rocky.

The evening of the 27th, the day that Haig was strengthened his position at the mouth of Lookout Valley, we encamped at Whitehall, about ten or twelve miles. The next day Hood's column moved in the rank general orders as before. General Grant's division of the twelfth corps followed, and the first division took position on the right, and the second division on the left. The march was continued with scarcely an interruption, until we reached the neighborhood of Lookout Mountain. About a mile north of that point scouts and cavalry were met by a fire from the enemy, who were entrenched in the thick woods at the base of a spur which juts out from the river that runs along the Tennessee. This point is at the foot of the mountain.
of the Brown's Ferry and Chattahoochee wagon road. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy gave way. Five or six of our men, of Colonel Barbeck's brigade, were wounded. The scene was peculiar and impressive. The troops were moving in the valley, apparently very close to Lookout Mountain. It appeared not more than three or four hundred yards to the top. The distance to the summit was doubtless greater than it seemed to be. We were in plain sight of Longstreet's men, both those on the high table-land at the foot of the parallel and those above along the frowning crest; their signal flags were clearly visible. We had just passed the fork of the roads at Wauhatchie, toward Brown's Ferry, when the batteries on the highest point of Lookout opened on us. First the smoke could be seen rolling out in curious volumes, and then would be heard the snorting of the shells, then the sound of their bursting low down in the valley. The echoes, mingling with the roaring of the guns, sounded and resounded in a way that reminded us of a similar entertainments at Gettysburg, but here for the most part the enemy's artillerymen overlooked us, so that but one man was killed and one wounded.

The meeting with Hartran's men, who were strongly posted near the ferry, was of course a signal, and whom we did not at first recognize as on our side, though covering the low hills to our front with their waving flags and bright bayonets, was an unexpected and joyous event to us; and not less so to those who lately besieged. They called out a welcome with the usual boisterous cheers and shouts, as we came near, and they cried, "Hurrah! hurrah! you have opened our bread road!" We encamped facing Lookout, the left to Hartran and the right extending toward Raccoon Mountain. Geary with his one division was stopped by General Hooker at Wauhatchie, in order to cover a road that led thence southward to the Tennessee at Kelly's Ferry. Longstreet, as we have seen, had kept an outpost on the river to watch and play upon the wagon road on the north side, and we were in hopes of

chasing his men there, in their attempt to regulate their main lines. In fact, Wauhatchie was deemed an important point for securing the valley. General Hooker left Geary's place, probably three miles from our position.

**BATTLE OF LOOKOUT VALLEY.**

Perhaps an hour after midnight, in that country as yet all new to us, we were aroused by heavy artillery firing; soon the noise of musketry, with its unmistakable rattle, was mingling with the roaring cannon. These ominous sounds seemed to come from the direction of Geary. I was hardly on my feet before Hooker's message came, "Hurry, or you cannot save Geary. He has been attacked."

Schurz was urged to hasten, but Schurz's division being nearest and first under arms was pushed forward toward the sound, followed by the other division. As soon as the troops were in motion I went forward to General Hooker's position, at a turn of the road a half-mile nearer Geary. Hooker and General Butterfield, who was then his chief-of-staff, were sitting on the slope of a hill with a camp-fire just starting. The night was chilly. Hooker seemed quite anxious, as might be expected. The issue of a night engagement under the best of circumstances is more than ordinarily uncertain, and our ignorance of the situation of the country and of the enemy's position, taken up since nightfall, added to the uncertainty. The general was of opinion that we should secure the ridge of hills that run along on our side of Lookout Creek as we moved toward Geary's position. To this end orders were given. Then I said to General Hooker, "With your approval, I will take the two companies of cavalry and push through to Wauhatchie." He replied, "All right. Howard; I shall be here to attend to this part of the field."

Soon after I had left, Orndoff Smith's brigade of Sedgwick's division encamped up the wooded ridge near what was called Billy's house, and found the enemy intrenched on bouldering as well as it
could be done in the night and among the trees and rocks. My report says, "The troops charged up the heights under heavy fire without returning it, until the enemy was completely routed. They took quite a number of guns and prisoners."

General Schenck's command was much delayed by one or more of the night, the low ground, the thick underbrush (for the command at first stood off the road, as being too much exposed up the ridge along whose foot it ran). Finally Schenck and Zobl feed's brigade to clear the heights from which they were assailed by a fire upon their flank. This work was well done. Afterward the brigade of Colonel Hecker, whose name I never mention without a feeling of respect for his uniform bravery and courage, made its way to Geary's position. But long before Hecker's arrival the work of Geary had been done.

An extract from the observation of a spectator among the Confederates will throw some light upon Longstreet's line of battle, as Longstreet, near midnight of the afternoon, the long dark, thread-like line of troops became visible, slowly wending their way in the direction of Chattanooga. He says, "General Longstreet,..., who from the perch had carefully watched the march of the elevens troops, determined to make an attack at another point (not expecting to hinder the main object of the movement), merely to capture, if possible, a large park of wagons and its escort, numbering, as was supposed, from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, who still remained in the rear."

This supposed asset was of course Geary's division with its train. After leaving General Hecker, with the two companies of howitzers, habits the rear side of the rough valley, I reached General Geary at Whitsbee by three o'clock and a half a.m. There was then light enough (to may have been only enough) to see a squad of men moving about in the comparatively open space just north of Whitsbee. This we observed as we emerged from the main line of the enemy's position. The firing was all over and quiet ensued.

I called out to the stranger so closely near, "Who goes there?" "We are Geary's men," was the answer. Proceeding that they belonged to the enemy, I said, "All right, how you whipped the Yankers?" The man's voice replied, "We were on their flank, but our men in front have gave way, and we cannot find our way."

My men then gradually approached, revealed themselves, and took these prisoners, there being probably about twenty of them as of us. I passed into the shelter and came first upon the bust of General George & Green, then a brigade commander. He was badly wounded in the face. After a moment's delay for inquiry and sympathy, his officers conducted me to Green, who was good enough to see me. He had repelled the enemy's attack handsomely, using infantry and artillery. This was the place where the bridge broke loose and the crew ran away round the enemy's line, and grew rest to the story told in verses, entitled The Charge of the Mule Brigade. Geary's hand trembled, and his tall, strong frame shook with emotion, as he held me by the hand and spoke of the death of his men, during that frightful night. This was Lieutenant Edward E. Geary, Battery F, Pennsylvania Light Artillery, killed at Elkhorn during the action. In this way the soldier commemorates that the elevation of victory was often attended with a casual death, by the hand and soul of the one man, and a civil war. Neighbors of the 37th Connecticut volunteers, was deplorably wounded, his wound supposed at the time to be grave. He partially recovered, but to live for life.

It seems a wrong impression
when General W. W. Smith was in command of the Union forces at Lookout Valley. The valley between Lookout and White Mountain was thus securely held and the pass through the latter secured, from which, in the afternoon of the same day, Hooker, with the third and tenth corps of infantry, descended and went into camp in the valley without firing a shot. He means the eighteenth and twelfth corps. There was nothing in the rear, nor any prospect of enemy's forces in the neighborhood. The Union forces numbered about 15,000, and the Confederate about 10,000. The Union forces were commanded by General Thomas. He was leading his troops, reorganizing his supplies, refitting his artillery, bringing up his defenses, and getting ready for real work. The second character was General Hooker, nominally subordinate to Thomas, but from circumstances, perhaps, rather than plan, to play a part as prominent as would seem fitting him, judging from his well-known history as a "fighting man." The third was General W. T. Sherman. The people were learning to watch Sherman's course with ever-increasing interest; there was a pathway of light wherever he moved, like the streaming, forceful waves of a locomotive, under full headway, disappearing in occasional valleys and reappearing around important headlands, but ever making real progress toward the grand destination. Of course the fourth was the new commander of the military division, General U. S. Grant. He had been in command of the division of Tennessee, the Department of Tennessee, and his headquarters in the field. This request was granted. Then he turned toward Sherman, and gave him a dispatch to the Tennessee, "Drop everything at Bear Creek, and move toward Lookout with your entire force, until you receive further orders." The order did not reach Sherman till the 27th of October, the day Harris was securing the stronghold at Brown's Ferry, and we of the East were approaching the valley of Lookout. Sherman, as usual, instantly set to work to fulfill his instructions. With four divisions he reached Bridgeport with his head of column on the evening of the 12th of November.

At General Grant's request, Sherman left his troops and hastened to Chattanooga for a personal interview with him. I was in Chattanooga when Sherman arrived, the evening of the 14th of November, and saw him and General Grant together. I was in the room when Grant entered. After a cordial greeting, Grant offered Sherman a cigar, which the latter took and lighted, talking continually in his peculiar,
uly, and hearty style. Grant says, "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," pointing to an old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair. "Oh no! that belongs to you, general." Grant, showing that unfeigned courtesy that always appears when there are no politicians present to annoy him, continues, "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age." "Well, then, if you put it on that ground, I must accept." So Sherman takes the high-backed chair and leads off in a most entertaining talk, bearing upon passing events. At this interview, casually referred to in his Memoirs, began my personal acquaintance with General Sherman. His character is written on his face and appears in his manner and conversation. He is above the medium height, stout, erect, and carries a head capable of continuous study and thought, with a mind as active as it is capacious. He has a voice that is powerful, hearty, and attractive, and a manner that secures your attention and wins your confidence. Introduce any topic, and Sherman is at home. His memory for detail strikes you as acute to extraordinary, and his ability to carry with him the knowledge of places and battles long since men have forgotten — a remarkable store of power at his command as an officer. He marked probability in earnest with General Grant was a wonderful suggestive talent. He would clear up any place of campaign to another man's eye, while General Grant would regard the matter and select the best.

After the general plan of battle had been settled on, Sherman returned to his troops at Rockport, and marched them to the rear of Hooker's movements, already described. Owing to rain, bad roads, and the breaking up of the bridges at Beaver's Ferry, it took off the 29th for Sherman to get three of his divisions into place, some three miles above Chattanooga, on the north bank of the Tennessee, near the mouth of the North Chattanooga. General Thomas reinforced him directly by the division of General Jeff. C. Davis, and indirectly by instructions to me to open communication with him and cooperate as soon as he had effected a crossing of the Tennessee. For with a view of strengthening Thomas at Chattanooga and keeping the attention of the enemy during Sherman's movements into position, I had been detached from General Hooker, marched early across the Beaver's Ferry bridge, and finally made to cross the other bridge into Chattanooga, and go into camp there near Fort Wood. This was in plain sight of Bragg's position on Missionary Ridge.

**Battle of Chattanooga.**

On the 15th of November General Grant had given orders to General Thomas to attack Bragg, using the private horses of officers and taking such team horses as could be made available for the purpose of moving the artillery. But General Thomas advised against the movement in his crippled condition, so that it was postponed. On the 26th of November, the preparation for the battle not being yet completed, owing to roads, breakages in the bridges, and other incidents belonging to necessity to large combined movements, General Grant determined to make a prompt movement on the eastern extremity of Bragg's position. Bragg, now seeing at the enemy, all disarrayed before him, and Grant and Thomas, and other officers gathered at Fort Wood, General Ewen Graham deployed one division of the north corps and supported by its other two. This force, extending two lines, presented a picture not often seen: the黑客s glaring in the sunlight, the artillery springing forward at proper intervals and covered the entire front, as alert and active as children at play. The fourteenth corps supported the right, and the eleventh, named in close order, was ready in view to follow in up the left. Only a reconnaissance. Nothing of that sort, clear, thoughtful, scheme commenced into battle of Sherman's troops at Antietam, or Frieen's division on the second day at Chattanooga, but a brisk, hearty, honest gay parade. The Confederates stood on their breastworks.
to look at our parade and drill, when our lines went forward with rapidity toward the Orchard Knob. No struggling, no falling out from fatigue and exhaustion, no hiding behind stumps and trees at this time. Soon the enemy's pickets were driven over taken, soon all those outside defenses were made and held, but not without bloodshed. Wood's division alone lost over a hundred, killed and wounded. The fourth corps had done gallantly, what was required, and the other troops were ready and anxious to execute any movement. General Grant, at Fort Wood, kept looking steadily toward the troopers engaged, and beyond. He was donning a cigar. General Thomas, using his glass attentively, made no remark. Rawlins (who was afterward Secretary of War) seemed to be unusually urgent in pressing his reserves into the general's secondary insatiable one. He was heard to say, "It will have a bad effect to let them come back and try it over again." When General Grant spoke at last, without turning to look at anybody, he said, "Intrench here and send us support." In a moment aids and orders were in motion. General Thomas sent messengers to Granger of the fourth, to Palmer of the fourteenth, and to me commanding the fourteenth. Within a few minutes a new line of intrenchments was in process of construction, facing and parallel with Missionary Ridge, with Orchard Knob as a point of support. The batteries were soon covered against sharpshooters and stray shots of the enemy. I know I felt free to breathe when I placed my feet on this little advanced hill, than I had done since entering those beleaguered Chattanooga. General Granger, always gay after an action began, was quite exhilarated by the prompt success of his movement, and was directing the men of the battery when I arrived. He says, "How are you, Howard? This looks like work." Then, as he liked to bring his neighbors to duty, he added, "Your troops on the left have not squared up." I entered a thicket to the left, and, finding my troops too much retired, went from brigade to brigade and drilled up the lines to Granger's satisfaction. General Schurz, commanding the nearest division, declining to be obliged with, declared that this movement would reopen the engagements, but the enemy had by this time vacated the whole line of Chickasaw Creek, so that we of the eleventh—Georgians, Irish, Hungarians, and Saxons—for once pleased our neighbors without loss or detriment. In fact, the better to clear our front of Confederate sharpshooters and skirmishers, General Steinwehr had just before, by my direction, sent the seventy-third Ohio across Chickasaw Creek near its mouth, and marched it up in line near at right angles to our main front.

At the end of this skirmish, there was a cheerful party that gathered for a few minutes at Orchard Knob. Gordon Granger, Phillip H. Sheehan, Abraham Baker, Thomas John Wood, Carl Schurz, and A. von Steinwehr. These had not yet attained the full stature of their reputation, but were such men, whether commanders or simple men, as one likes to be associated with in times of trial. Historians of this field have made detailed exhibits of their leadership and success. I cannot do so without too much extension, but I enjoy the mention of their names, and the recollection of the picture of a half-hour's unprompted grouping on that 28th of November in this foreground of Chattanooga. The beginnings of real success are inspiring.

THE BATTLE: LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

While we were amusing Bragg, keeping him from sending more men against Barlow and at Knoxville, or from rushing away, as Grant feared he intended to do, from his threat to assault and annul preliminary plans. As a result of the battle, Steinwehr's division of the forty-seventh Ohio Volunteers charged over in Lookout Valley.

General Hooker, on the morning of the 28th, taking time by the frolic, reported to General Thomas, probably by the
...signal, as early as four a.m., that he was ready to begin his movement. The hour of his instructions was a "strong demonstration," or to say, the presence of the enemy, the latter to be more conspicuous upon the condition and strength of the enemy. This was just the latitude and contingency to suit the purpose of Hooker, a general always amenable to circumstances. He had now of his own troops, Geary's division, of Sherman's, Osterhaus's division (these being to the western advance, nine miles, from the intersection of the roads that were good anywhere to fight a battle, close to a village, or forge silently on a march), and Whitcher's, and Gross's brigades of the Fourth corps, making a division under General Craft. Add Whitcher's battery I, one New York artillery, and Hecken's battery I, first Ohio, detailed from my corps. Geary with Whitcher joined to his, new few thousand strong, went back under cover of a thick fog (just the still needed before the storm) to the old fighting plain of Washington. He now turned slightly to the left, crossed Lookout Creek, and pushed due east, as if to reach out toward the western, awfully rugged, precipitous side of old Lookout. By eight o'clock he had surprised and seized the enemy's picket line. As quickly as it could be done, Geary's head of column, rolling up the foot-hills and the main stage, reached the foot of the precipitate rocks which led up to this lofty mountain. He led his line toward the north and turned on over rough, rocky, timbered, rolling, over elevations and depressions, past trees and through underbrush — rough pathways instead for the men. Stepping along with his right flank against an impassable barrier he rushed on the enemy's line, which was doubtless quite unprepared for this fresh assault.

Craft, with his remaining brigade, expected with this movement at the bridge, cut off from the mouth of Lookout Creek, and Osterhaus with Charles R. Wood's brigade went in (was an interchange covering, a halt or three quarters of a mile higher up the creek. As Geary came on, these troops, which had kept the attention of the Confederates (particularly those near by and those on the move of the mountain), caught sight of the coming lines and rushed them in charging and pursuing the now fleeing enemy. Butler...
Chattanooga.

[August,]

THE BATTLE ON THE LEFT.

Now for Sherman. Full of nerve and energy, with a spirit that knows no discouragement, and true to the core, he holds only to circumstances, necessity events which I like to believe are under the rule of Providence. He cannot have his fourth division, but he cheerily goes on with the rest of the fifteenth corps, reinforced by General Jeff C. Davis's excellent division, taken from the army of Thomas. When Hooker commenced his grand movement early in the morning of the 14th, the bridge boats, which were launched at midnight seven or eight miles above Chattanooga, could be seen, just as the dawn of day appeared, opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga. Sherman's men were some of them already across the river (here the river is more than twelve hundred feet wide), some were being ferried over, and the larger portion waiting for the completion of the pontoon bridge, which was slowly and steadily putting itself out, like two floating domes, from either bank. The little home-made steamers from Chattanooga came up to lend its aid to Sherman, as soon as it was safe to do so. When Sherman had captured the enemy's pickets and drawn one division across, he ordered that semicircular line of trenches, convex toward the end of Missionary Ridge, which covered the bridge builders against annoyances from sharp-shooters and against assault.

My first plan was to open communications with Sherman. It is not a nice feeling, to know or suspect that an encircling enemy lies between your detachment and the main body. Grant provided against this discouragement for Sherman. He directed Thomas, and Thomas directed me, and I directed Schenck to send Bushveldt with his brigades (supported by Kritzinger's brigade), and covered by one of the eleventh corps batteries (Wheel's), over the river, adding a company of cavalry. These troops were to proceed by the river's bank, on the enemy's side of the river, from our position already named on Catoctin Creek to Sherman's
bridge several miles above. In order to get this ground, and to be ready to cooperate with Sherman with my remaining troops, if necessary, I sent back to accompany Headley's command.

We met very little resistance and no organized troops of the enemy; there was some lively skirmishing on our right. About half past two, while Hooker was steering Bragg's left, I stood on the north and Sherman on the north projection of the bridge, which was steadily growing toward a junction. As the first boat got in, we were conversing, and before the gap was quite closed, General Sherman sprang across, and we joined hands. I think this was the first time Sherman and I had met since our acquaintance. He asked what I would have my brigade do, so as to extend his right flank and make more speedy connection with Thomas than at Orchard Knob, as all advanced. I consented at once. He explained the position, and his intended forward movement just as soon as the troops should be over the bridge, which that frank, hearty confidence of manner that attached me to him every conference on my rear or right troops. General Sherman moved as he had told me, sweeping up the gentle slopes for a mile or more, till his front reached the upswept portion of the ridge. He was not heavily resisted, but having diminished over two ragged knobs, he came to the first prominence north of the railroad track. There are more traverses and ravines on this rocky wooded ridge than appeared before the fight on our observation and study with glass. Bragg's right, Chiles' division, (familiarly called Pat Chiles') division, was strongly posted. Troops, big stones, and logs placed as barricades, and impassable ravine in front, made it almost impossible. Add to this Chiles' brave men in plenty, with large guns and small arms at command, and it is easily conceived that it would be no holiday occupation for Sherman to make a successful advance. I was desirous of resting my tired troops, and it was necessary to delay the assault. After the fire had been opened on the left, which brought out the whole line of Hooker's skirmishers on the east side of Lookout, brought to show also to Grant and Thomas, at Chattanooga, Sherman's assaults on the east of Mission Ridge, it was done absolutely to the stubborn enemy.

The battle at the center.

The reconnaissance of Thomas on the left, resulting in the steep hillside and taking of the outer line of Bragg's position at Orchard Knob, was a successful move against his center. The "demonstration" and counter attack of Hooker on the 31st resulted in a great battle and discomfiture of Bragg's entire force. The well-planned and skilfully executed flank movement of Sherman had taken "the bull by the horns," developed extraordinary resistance, and showed to all of us that there was tough work yet to be done. Sherman received considerable credit in the morning of the 30th. He sent Core's division forward on his right, Meigs L. Smith's on the left of the ridge. He used the bridge of railroad cars that I had brought him. John H. Smith and Lomax were brought up to the attack. These troops gained some ground, and barricaded, but with heavy loss, there being many wounded and many killed. They held what they could, but the struggle against a superior force in as well posted was too unequal for any considerable success here. As the battle grew hotter, Grant held up his advance position from Fort Wood to Orchard Knob, and had a fair view of the movements. He directed me at 9:45 A.M. to go at once and relieve General Sherman. When I reached Sherman's bridge, Colonel Motternburg brought word from Sherman to place my corps on his left flank, extending his line down the rough eastern slope of Missionary Ridge to the crossed Chickamauga Creek. General Hazen, who commanded Bragg's right wing, extended his line constantly to confront me. He received the despot's order, but little change, though the tireless with a very positive effect. As Grant kept continuously
Sherman, Bragg's attention was disturbed by that flank, and he doubtless put every man he dared spare from elsewhere, to help resist this persevering onslaught. At any rate, all the morning, from sunrise, we had seen gray soldiers moving thitherward. General Breckinridge, who commanded Bragg's left wing, confronted Hooker's advance upon his left flank by a small checking force, that gave way when General Hooker had rebuilt the bridge across the Chickamauga, and crossed over, not far from Rossville, to the attack.

When Hooker, elated and honored by streams impossible except by bridging, had at last advanced well on toward the crest of Missionary Ridge, he was met by the main body of Bragg's force, drawn up in battle array.

The divisions of Baird, T. J. Wood, Sheridan, and Johnson (probably thirty thousand effective in all) were in line over the rough ground, through the underbrush, now appearing, now disappearing, to elude again in sight, stage flying bayonets plashing, musketry rattling, cannon roaring, like Tickett's gallant advance at Gettysburg against the terrible Cemetery Ridge. Such was the handsome and rapid movement straight up to the enemy's lower line of rifle-pits. On this event the aroused Thomas reports,

"Our troops advancing steadily in a continuous line, the enemy, seized with panic, abandoned the works at the foot of the hill, and retreated precipitously to the crest, whether they were closely followed by our troops, who, apparently inspired by the impulse of victory, carried the hill simultaneously at six different points, and so closely upon the heels of the enemy that many of them were taken prisoners in the trenches."

General Grant speaks like a diligent and patient observer under some excitement: "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the retiring enemy without further order. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and musket from nearly thirty pieces of artillery, and musketry from still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a volley, however, was seen in all that long line of brave men."

This Grant and Thomas behold from their commanding post of observation: The enemy fly up the ridge without stopping to reform. With me particular noticeable formation, in squadrons, with flags now drooping, now shaken, again uplifted, the men with muskets ordered, followed by their officers, move on up, up the ridge. Batteries upon the crest hear them, and burst the shells over their heads, and cross musketry-die from the rifle trenches on the heights and works on the mountains, and wounds others, but our men do not stop until they have fully crowned the summit of this angry mountain and turned the enemy's guns to fire in an other direction, upon their own fragrant.

The enemy gave way all along the line as the victorious columns of Hooker joined Sheridan's right flank, the last to let go and the hardest to beat being Cleburne's division (which seemed to partake of that Turegan's stubborn nature). This same division, lying in ambush, subsequently met our troops at Tynke's Ridge and gave a bloody revenge for its discomfiture at Missionary Ridge, and put a damper on Hooker's glory, or briefly won. It was the side of November, late in the season, so that
night came on soon after Thomas's men had reached the coast and had taken it in a resolute manner. Sherman's troops, now numbering almost 80,000, were ordered to attack the rebel fortification with all the force they could bring to bear. The attack was successful, and the fort was taken.

The night was dark, and the battle was fierce. As the troops advanced, they moved in a dense formation, with bayonets fixed and rifles ready for action. The sound of musketry and the roar of artillery filled the air. The soldiers were determined to take the fort at all costs.

The Confederates put up a fierce resistance, but they were no match for Sherman's well-trained troops. The Union forces pushed forward, and soon the fort was in their hands. The Confederate soldiers were forced to surrender, and the Union troops celebrated their victory.

The next day, the 14th, while Sherman was

**Chattanooga.**

*Where are you hurt, sergeant?* He answered, *"Almost up, sir."* "I mean what part are you injured?" He fixed his eye on the speaker, and answered again, "Almost up to the top." Just then Mr. Smith discovered his men, and over the fierce, stinging sound of the shell that struck him. "Yes," he says, turning his eye lighter, "you did what I asked. I was almost up; but for that, I should have reached the top." The sergeant was beating the flag when he was hit. He died with the fainter and fainter assurance of "Almost up," while his companions in the height he almost reached were offering the cheers of the triumph that he would not see or feel.

**Pursuit.**

By 8 a.m. on the morning of November 30th, my corps was on the march, following General J. C. Brown's division across the Chickamauga peninsula, in pursuit. Davis led, coming upon the skirmishers of Bragg's rear guard just beyond Chattanooga station. Sherman and I were together much of that day, admiring the complete and sudden manner in which Jeff. C. Davis executed his strange and magnificent plan of attack, at the cost of about 7,000 men, the enemy, and 5,000 killed, wounded, and captured.
was fighting Cleburne at the Ringgold Gap of Taylor's Ridge, I passed through Parker's Gap, farther north, sent forward and broke three miles of the Cleveland and Dalton Railroad, and drew up men back into camp near Taylor's Ridge, having taken quite a number of prisoners, one of whom was an officer bearing dispatches from Longstreet to Bragg.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE.

At the end of this day General Grant, having pursued Bragg, and sent Sherman, attaching my corps to his command, to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. It will be remembered how closely Longstreet invested him there, and how anxious our people were for his safety.

With few wagons, hardly any tents, just enough for the sick, no bridges, trains, scarcely anything, crowded with the three days' fighting and two days' vigorous pursuit, my corps never grumbled. We marched to Louisville, within one day's journey of Knoxville, the troops resting a day, while several of our officers, myself included, accompanied Sherman, to congratulate Burnside that Longstreet had failed in his assault and beeniquelled in his steps Virginia-ward by our near approach. Sherman left Granger with the fourth corps in Burnside's neighborhood, and then we turned back. Did not our engineers work! We gave them plenty of help, however, bridging the Hiwassee and the Little Tennessee. A bridge of half-destroyed, abandoned Confederate wagons, which were roughly repaired and stacked six miles from Loudon, was made at the ford. It was one thousand feet long and was put into the stream between noon and evening. The men were crossing dry, and smoking their pipes and joking, as the sun was appearing in the east. We turned back, retracing the same route, and the 17th of December went into winter quarters at our old camp in Lookout Valley, having made a march up and back of two hundred and forty miles. What results from this steady work of twenty-five days since the first advance on Orchard Knobs, the 24th of November?

The poor, suffering besieged, reinforced from east and west, had beaten the besiegers, gained Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and driven Bragg's army beyond Taylor's Ridge, with a loss to him of at least 10,000 men, gaining in morale far more than in numbers. The victorious army, capturing between 6000 and 7000 prisoners, 40 pieces of artillery, 69 artillery carriages, and 7900 stand of small arms, breaking up connection between Bragg and Longstreet, had forced the one southward and the other northward, compelling the latter to cease harrying Burnside, and had really made a large breach in the enemy's grand strategic line of parallels, and splendidly prepared the way for Sherman's more brilliant ensuing spring campaign.

It is difficult to get at accurate numbers, or even fair estimates. Probably after we were ready for battle, Hood's wing had 10,000 effective, Sherman's, including my corps and Davis's division, at least 30,000, and Thomas, at the center, about the same number of men. Colonel Long, with a small body of cavalry, had operated between us and Cleveland during the battle, destroying Tyner's Station, and taking 200 prisoners and 100 wagons at or near Cleveland.

It is not likely that Bragg, after Longstreet had been detached, had more than 40,000 effective troops, but he had vastly the advantage of natural positions, and they were well fortified. It was Grant's purpose to concentrate superior numbers. It was always the true way against an enemy so much like us in skill, courage, and warlike appliances, such as the splitting of a common country would certainly provide. Our loss, 751 killed, 4352 wounded, and 338 missing, aggregating 5611, was relatively large, but it was caused by our being obliged to attack positions of great natural strength and the best kind of artificial protection, the new way of intrenchments and breastworks.

Gradually the work done by our great soldiers, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas,
DICKENS AND THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mr. T. W. C. W. and other helpers, in passing into history, 1875.

Dickens and the other helpers, in passing into history.

Pickwick were the direct means of killing sectionalism, state supremacy, and slavery in America, and that it is only the enlarged generosity of the victors that has lifted up the vanished into the higher position of power.

O. O. Howard.

Pickwick Papers.

Mr. T. W. C. W. and other helpers, in passing into history.

Mr. T. W. C. W. praised the intelligence of his son Samuel, expressed his pleasure at the compliment as something which reflected honor on himself. "I too," he said, "am a great deal of pains in my education, sir; let him run the streets when he was very young, sir, and shift for himself. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." When Mr. John Dickens was asked where his son Charles was educated, he exclaimed, "Why, indeed, sir,—his bair—he may be said to have educated himself!" The effect of this system of education by neglect, which produced such specimens of humanity as Samuel Weller and Charles Dickens, shows that the method, however raised in the majority of cases, is sometimes surprisingly justified by the results. Still, the great merit of our time, the man who has domesticated himself as a gentle companion to millions of poor men, the man who has provoked so many bursts of humorous laughter and unsealed the springs of so many guffawing tears, would have been a wiser guide, both in what he laughed at and in what he wept over, had his early culture been such as to furnish him, at the start, with demonstrated general principles in matters of history, government, political economy, and science. Such knowledge would have checked and corrected the fallacies into which he was sometimes whirled by the intensity of his perception of unrelated facts, and the overwhelming warmth with which he threw himself into the delineation of exceptional individuals. In comparing him with such a master-workman as Fielding, in the representation of life, manners, and characters, we are at once struck by the difference Dickens of the power of generalization. Fielding generalizes as early as he individualizes; his large canvas is always abreast of his verbal humor, and indeed his humor is enriched by the reason. The characters he draws are not really, and in whom he takes such delight, never possess his sympathy so exclusively as to prevent his lively, subtle criticism of the motives of their acts and of the consequences of their acts. He always conveys the impression of knowing more about them than their self-knowledge reveals; and the culmination of all of his exquisite pleasantry comes from the broad and solid good sense he applies to the ridiculous, amiable or criminal, of the individuals he creates or depicts. He has in him the invariable external laws which his characters can violate only at the expense of being victimized: his disciplined understanding more than keeps pace with his humorous creative imagination; and great as his unquestionably is in characterization, he is never imprisoned in any of his degraded forms of individual excellence, frailty, or depravity, but stands apart from his creations, a philosopher, well grounded in scholarship, in experience, in practical philosophy, and in the art of judging individuals from his generalized knowl-
edge of human life. Dickens never at-
tended, owing to the defects of his early
education, the power of generalization,
and consequently he rarely exhibited
those fatal tendencies of humorous percep-
tion which the possession of it gives. He
had himself in the flow of the individ-
uals which he represents, but Fielding im-
pressed the reader with the fact that he
is never himself the hero of the indi-
vidual which he is told, a humorous
folly which is carried, in certain
circumstances of their career, by
the characters he so vividly represents.

Charles Dickens was the son of John
Dickens, a clerk in the navy.

[August,

pay office. He was born on Friday,
February 7, 1812. Friday is popularly
supposed to be an unlucky day, but cer-
tainly, on the particular Friday when
he was born, the name of Charles Dickens,
however, was in the book. He was the
second of eight children, and was, in his childhood,
a mild, studious, and refined boy —
so sort of Paul Bunyan before he had
devolved into a David Copperfield. As
a boy he was too fond of horse race
or in the ordinary athletic accomplishments
of his companions but in his father's
limited collection of books were the Arabian
Nights, the Tales of the Thousand
and One Nights, the Eneids, the
fairy tales, and the romance of Sir
Erec, Ofing, Smiringet, and Le Sage.

The various schools in which he ob-
tained the refinement of his education
affected him materially afterward;
and before such books could appeal in-
fluence in his nature and appetites, he
had mastered read, in imagination, read-
the life and adventures of Tom
Jones, Robinson Crusoe, Peregrine
Pickle, and Humphrey Clinker. At this
period he was storing up such seeds as
these. Spirit was at the height of his
popularity, yet there are no evidences
that Dickens, at the age of ten, had
counted eight of a volume of Waverley,
Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob
Roy, The Heart of Midlothian. His
care's small library was confined to
reminders of an older date and a common
taste, with books which might have
attracted a youth of thirteen were
comparatively harmless in a boy of eight or
ten; especially as this boy was a genius
in poetry, with something of the
always eloquent finding of children
d and women which was afterwards
honored in the character of young
Walter Day. In connection with this love
of women was temper and pace, he
carefully developed a delicacy, correctness,
and precision of observation, a sense
of the delicacy of what he had observed,
and a power of expressing his observations
with the instinctive play of his best
qualities of sympathy and humor, and
in a sense of his own importance as a
passage not to be con-
trasted with other steps of his age, which
show that the child was, in his own
friendly the father of the man. He
observed everything and forgot nothing.
A boy, his memory generative
identified himself with the best of every
no

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