150TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL ISSUE

MILITARY HERITAGE PRESENTS

Civil War Quarterly

CURTIS 02313

Battle of Manassas
STONEWALL TO THE RESCUE

FIRST SHOTS AT FORT SUMTER

U.S. GRANT AT BELMONT

UNION DISASTER AT BALL'S BLUFF

Wilson's Creek
BULL RUN OF THE WEST

1860: THE ELECTION THAT STARTED A WAR

+

Union's Coastal Invasion, Jeff Davis in Mexico, Camping Along the Potomac, and much more inside!

April 2011

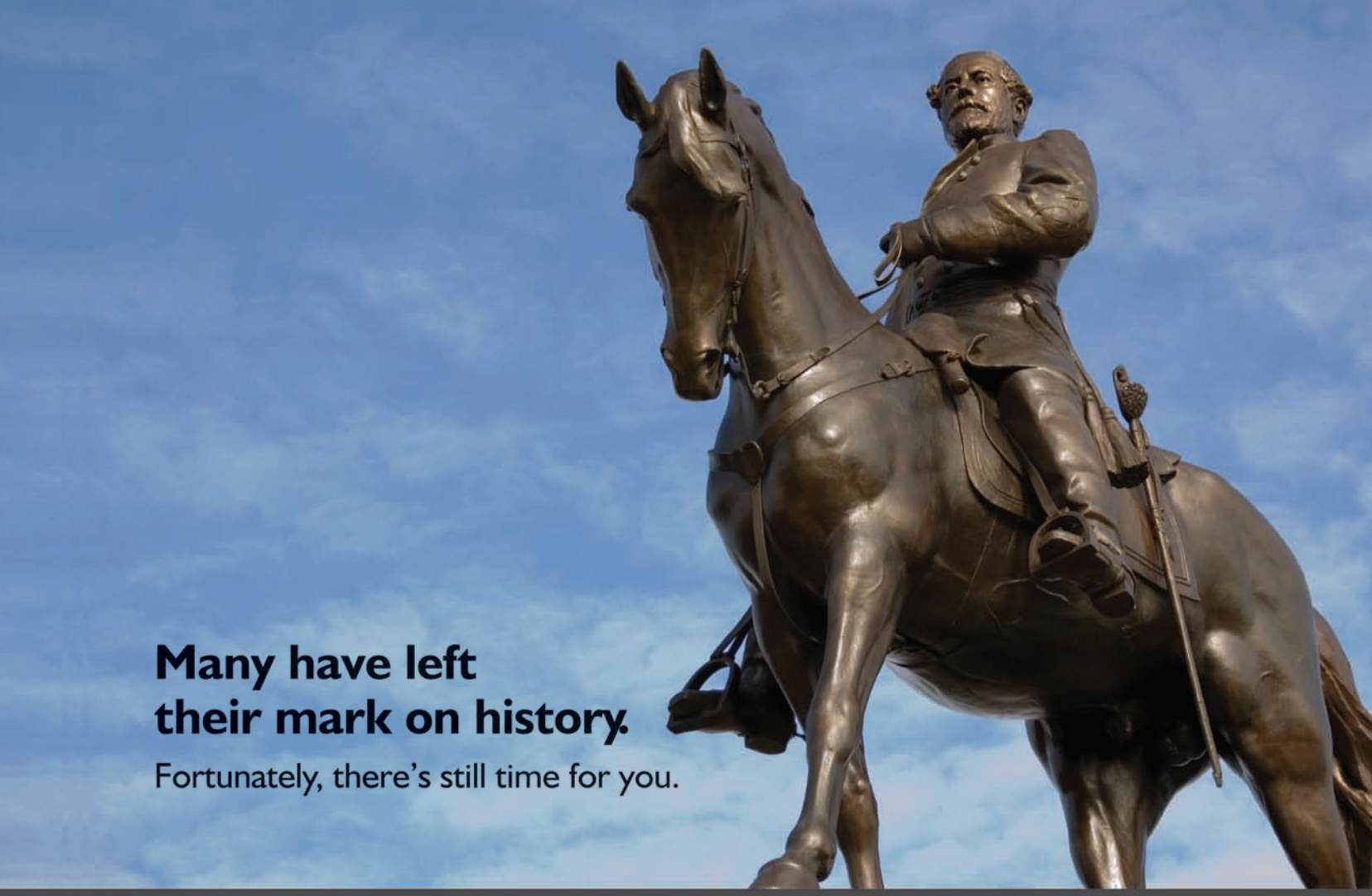
$9.99

04

7 25274 02313 4

DISPLAY UNTIL APRIL 25

CIVIL WAR QUARTERLY ▪ APRIL 2011 Volume 1, No. 1



Many have left their mark on history.

Fortunately, there's still time for you.

American Military University offers a 100% online **Master of Arts Degree in Military History with a concentration in Civil War Studies.** This affordable program is designed for working adults who seek to balance academic study with work and family commitments without sacrificing the quality of their education.

DEGREE PROGRAMS

- B.A., History
- M.A., History
- B.A., Military History
- M.A., Military History

CONVENIENT & AFFORDABLE

- 100% online, with flexible weekly schedules
- 8 and 16 week courses start monthly
- Small class sizes—no cohorts
- No on-campus residency requirements

SLOAN-C Award Winner

2009 & 2010 Effective Practices Award
2009 Ralph E. Gomory Award for Quality Online Education

AMU

LEARN MORE AT amuonline.com/history

OR CALL 877.777.9081

Text "AMU" to 44144 for more info. *Message and data rates may apply.*

American Military University

W. Britain CIVIL WAR 150 YEARS

What better way to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of the American Civil War than with a hand-crafted miniature metal figure from W. Britain. Our extensive collection of Civil War figures includes leaders, infantry, cavalry, artillery, the medical services and even accessories to help display your collection in a realistic environment. Over the next five years W. Britain will be releasing many new and special commemorative sets to mark the anniversary. Contact a retailer to get your free catalog!

W. Britain®

REQUEST A FREE CATALOG

Each of our American Civil War figures is crafted by American Sculptors then hand poured in metal and hand-painted in exquisite detail, replete with the quality and authenticity collectors have come to expect from W. Britain, makers of miniature figures since 1893. Each figure is 1/32nd scale or about 2.25"-2.5" tall and comes in a hyper-realistic matte finish with shading and highlighting.

The sets above are just a small sampling of the American Civil War collection that W. Britain produces and can be purchased from the retailers listed below:

Old Toy Soldier Home
Tel: 760-758-5481
Fax: 760-758-7004
www.oldtoysoldierhome.com
977 South Santa Fe, Suite #11
Vista, California 92083

Tedtoy Miniatures
Tel: 270-929-2876
www.tedtoy.com
107 W. 3rd Street
Owensboro, Kentucky 42301

Sierra Toy Soldier
Tel: 408-395-3000
Fax: 408-358-3966
www.sierratoysoldier.com
29 N. Santa Cruz Ave.
Los Gatos, California 95030

The History Store
Tel: 740-775-7400
101 North Paint St.
Chillicothe, Ohio 45601

Hobby Bunker
Tel: 781-321-8855
Fax: 781-321-8866
www.hobbybunker.com
33 Exchange Street
Malden, Massachusetts 02148

Dutkins' Collectables
Tel: 800-LIL-ARMY (800-545-2769)
Fax: 856-428-9640
www.dutkins.com
1019 West Route 70
Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08002

Green's Collectables
Tel: 973-627-4961
e-mail: ma52557@aol.com
46 Warren Trail
Denville, New Jersey 07834

Michigan Toy Soldier
Tel: 248-586-1022
Fax: 248-586-9934
www.michtoy.com
1400 East 11 Mile Rd.
Royal Oak, Michigan 48067

Treefrog Treasures
Tel: 866-394-2418
Outside U.S.: 1-507-545-2500
www.treefrogtreasures.com
248 Sandstone Drive NW
Eyota, Minnesota 55934

Toy Soldier Shoppe
Tel: 414-302-1850
Fax: 414-302-1851
www.toysoldiershoppe.net
3775 S. 108th St.
Greenfield, Wisconsin 53228

Why not join the largest toy soldier club in the World?
Visit *www.wbritaincollectorsclub.com* for more information.

1st FIRST GEAR®

CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

COVER: *Fighting for the Colors,* Courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. The Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner Collection Fund.

CIVIL WAR QUARTERLY

FEATURES

Military Heritage Presents: Civil War Quarterly (ISSN 1524-8666) is published by Sovereign Media, 6731 Whittier Avenue, Suite A-100, McLean, VA 22101-4554. (703) 964-0361. *Military Heritage Presents: Civil War Quarterly,* Volume 1, Number 1

Subscription services, back issues, and information: (800) 219-1187 *or* write to **Military Heritage Circulation, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.** Editorial Office: Send editorial mail to *Military Heritage*, 6731 Whittier Avenue, Suite A-100, McLean, VA 22101-4554. *Military Heritage* welcomes editorial submissions but assumes no responsibility for the loss or damage of unsolicited material. Material to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of our author's guidelines. **POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Military Heritage, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.**


VIRGINIA
CIVIL WAR
TRAILS
EXPERIENCE THE POWER OF HISTORY FIRSTHAND.
With more Civil War sites than any other state, Virginia brings to life stories of our nation's most trying times. From battlefields to homesteads, memorials to museums, travel throughout Virginia to discover history right where it happened. For more information visit Virginia.org.
UNDERSTANDING OUR PAST
CIVIL WAR
150
SESQUICENTENNIAL
EMBRACING OUR FUTURE

Despite long decades of strife and argument between the North and South, no one expected the Civil War to devolve so suddenly into a merciless bloodbath.

"EVERY WAR WILL astonish you," American general Dwight D. Eisenhower said after World War II. As the leader of the Allied forces that successfully landed on D-Day and marched into Berlin 11 months later, Eisenhower obviously knew what he was talking about.

The American political leaders at the beginning of the Civil War were less prepared, or less willing, to expect the unexpected. Long decades of increasingly vitriolic arguments between the northern and southern regions of the country, revolving mainly around the issue of slavery and its expansion into newly acquired territories, had accustomed both politicians and the public to angry words and empty threats. Following his election as president in November 1860, Abraham Lincoln professed to be unworried about rumors of impending secession. "The hot breath of secession," Lincoln told his secretary, John Nicolay, "is just the trick by which the South breaks down every Northern man." He did not intend to be similarly intimidated by the "political fiends" he saw at work in the South.

Not for the last time would Lincoln prove to be disastrously wrong about the deadly earnest intentions of alienated southerners. When a longtime observer of his high-strung southern neighbors, Cincinnati journalist Donn Piatt, warned the president-elect of the looming danger, Lincoln airily responded, "Well, we won't jump that ditch until we come to it." And to another supporter, Lincoln advised, "Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The tug has to come & better now than later. Concessions on our part would be fatal."

Soon, the "tug" would indeed come, in the form of the Union installation, Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When impatient, overconfident Confederate forces fired on the fortification in the early morning hours of April 12-13, 1861, the long war of words instantly became a war of bombs and bullets and bayonets. Before long, Lincoln would be saying, in one of the homely frontier aphorisms to which he was addicted, "The bottom is out of the tub."

The first year of the Civil War, which this special issue from the editors of *Military Heritage* commemorates, was primarily one of trial and error. The two sides struggled to raise armies, appoint commanders, and feel out each other's military intentions. The major opening battles—at Manassas, Wilson's Creek, and Ball's Bluff—were hard fought but poorly led contests between citizen-soldiers who had not yet learned the deadly skills they would develop soon enough—or else die trying to develop.

Still, there were some generals, on either side, who understood from the start the brutal enterprise into which the two regions had blundered. Stonewall Jackson at Manassas and Ulysses S. Grant at Belmont knew more clearly than most that the developing war would be neither short nor bloodless. Both men, significantly, had received their baptism of fire during the Mexican War, when they had fought on the same side. Now they were enemies.

Another future Civil War leader, a frontier-born southerner who unlike Jackson and Grant had not enjoyed the advantage of a West Point education, would put the war into suitably stark context. "War means fighting, and fighting means killing," Nathan Bedford Forrest would say. Having learned that lesson—up close and personal—in several deadly hand-to-hand duels before the Civil War, Forrest knew whereof he spoke. It was then, and remains today, an enduring pity that few politicians in the North or South shared that cold-eyed country wisdom. The people who voted for them, supported them, and followed them, would have to learn it the hard way. They commenced their lessons in 1861.

Roy Morris Jr.

CIVIL WAR Quarterly

Volume 1 ■ Number 1

Carl A. Gnam, Jr.
Editorial Director, Founder

Roy Morris
Editor

Laura Cleveland
Managing Editor

Samantha DeTulleo
Art Director

Kevin M. Hymel
Research Director

Contributors:
Cowan Brew, Earl Echelberry, Pedro Garcia, Jim Haviland, Al Hemingway, Kevin M. Hymel, Chuck Lyons, Donald J. Roberts II, Joshua van Dereck

ADVERTISING OFFICE:

Ben Boyles
Advertising Manager
(570) 322-7848, ext. 110
benjaminb@sovhomestead.com

Mark Hintz
Vice President & Publisher

Kathy Paulhamus, Mary Nolan, Sandra Hillyard
Subscription Customer Services

Ken Fornwalt
Data Processing Director

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Worldwide Distribution

Sovereign Media Company, Inc.
6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100
McLean, VA 22101-4554

Subscription Customer Service and Business Office:

1000 Commerce Park Drive,
Suite 300, Williamsport, PA 17701

(800) 219-1187

PRINTED IN THE USA.

WE ARE THE BAND OF BROTHERS

"THIS TOUR IS SPECIAL. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT."

– MAJOR DICK WINTERS, COMMANDER EASY COMPANY

Stephen Ambrose HISTORICAL TOURS

The First Name in Historic Travel.®

BAND OF BROTHERS | D-DAY TO THE RHINE | IWO JIMA: WAR IN THE PACIFIC | ITALIAN CAMPAIGN | WWII IN POLAND AND GERMANY

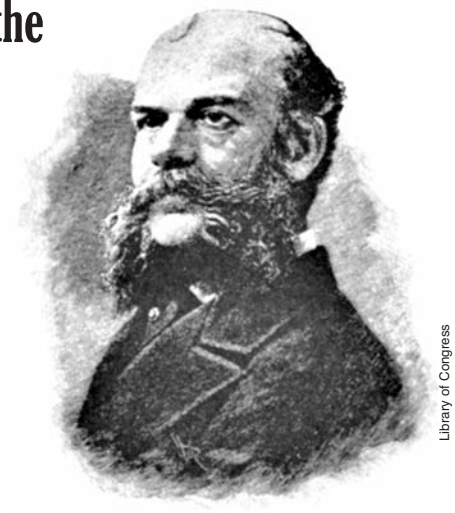
The men of Easy Company, immortalized by the Stephen Ambrose best-seller, *Band of Brothers*, and brought to millions more in the epic Steven Spielberg/Tom Hanks HBO miniseries, proved to truly be a company of heroes. Based on the extensive research of Dr. Ambrose and the recollections of the paratroopers themselves, **Stephen Ambrose Historical Tours** has meticulously crafted the **ORIGINAL BAND OF BROTHERS TOUR**. Have an experience unparalleled in its accuracy and insight as you follow the path of Easy Company, standing in the very foxholes and precise locations where they fought in some of the most climactic battles of World War II.

Join our expert historians on the tour of your dreams and walk in the bootsteps of your heroes!

Visit StephenAmbroseTours.com or call 1.888.903.3329

By Jim Haviland

A Navy man stealthily garnered ships in England for the Confederacy, then ran one himself into Savannah.



Library of Congress

ABOVE: James Bulloch. BELOW: Bermuda was a transfer point for cargoes from deep-draft ocean-going vessels out of Europe to shallow-draft craft better able to run the Union blockade.

ALTHOUGH Confederate commander James D. Bulloch had a well-rounded naval background, he also proved skillful as a secret agent. His talents were dearly valued for their efficacy in England, from whence the fledgling Confederacy hoped to secure ships for the navy it would need to survive. The southern states lacked the capabilities for the kind of naval construction they needed.

Bulloch was a Georgia native. His half-sister became the mother of Theodore Roosevelt, destined to become U.S. president in 1901. Bulloch himself became a midshipman in the U.S. Navy at a young age in 1839. He then served on a variety of ships, including the *Delaware* while on a famous Mediterranean cruise.

During 1844-1845 Bulloch at- tended the naval school in Philadelphia, finishing second in his class. Back on active duty, he moved to the Pacific coast during the Mexican War. He then became commander of a mail steamer traveling to California, and subsequently commanded various vessels providing mail service along the Gulf of Mexico.

When Georgia seceded from the Union, Bulloch resigned his Federal commission, then was commissioned a Confederate Navy commander. Because of his skills in maritime and international law, he was appointed its naval agent in England to acquire ships for the South. He accepted the duty with one condition—getting command of the first Rebel cruiser fitted out in England.

In Liverpool in 1861, Bulloch made arrangements to start construction of two cruisers—the *Florida* and the *Alabama*. He then hunted for a vessel that could be used to haul needed military and naval supplies through the Union Navy blockade off the Confederate Atlantic coast.

For the blockade-running operation, Bulloch, who knew ships and shipping as few people did, bought the *Fingal*, an almost new propeller-driven steamer. Although he had dream- ed of captaining one of the two cruisers being built in England, Confederate higher-ups insisted that acquiring naval vessels was far more valuable than taking the time off to direct a battle cruiser on a long

Library of Congress

LOW AS $54.95!

Actual size is 11.6 mm

Who said kangaroos aren't found in America.

These Australian Gold Kangaroos are one of the most affordable gold coins in the world. They're struck in 99.99% pure gold.

They're also a first-year-of-issue coin *and* a one-year-only design, making them highly sought after by gold-coin collectors.

Gold coins of similar size are offered elsewhere for as much as $99.99 each.

You get the exclusive benefit!

We're the exclusive distributor for Australia's newest 2010 Gold Kangaroo coin. You can't get these anywhere else in the U.S.—not at any price!

Order now—Risk free!

Best of all, you own your 2010 Gold Kangaroos risk free, with our 30-day unconditional-return privilege. If you're not satisfied, return your coins within 30 days for a full refund (less s & h).

Don't wait! Get your affordable Gold Kangaroos before they leap out of your grasp!

Buy more and save *more*!

One Gold Kangaroo coin for only $69.95 + s/h
Three for only $64.95 each + s/h **SAVE $15**
Five for only $59.95 each + s/h **SAVE $50**
Ten for only $54.95 each + s/h **SAVE $150**

Toll-Free 24 hours a day
1-888-870-8530

Offer Code GKC177-02
Please mention this code when you call.

GovMint.com
YOUR ONE BEST SOURCE FOR COINS WORLDWIDE

14101 Southcross Drive W., Dept. GKC177-02
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

www.GovMint.com/kangaroo

Prices and availability subject to change without notice. Note: GovMint.com is a private distributor of worldwide government coin issues and is not affiliated with the United States government. Facts and figures were deemed accurate as of July 2010. ©GovMint.com, 2011

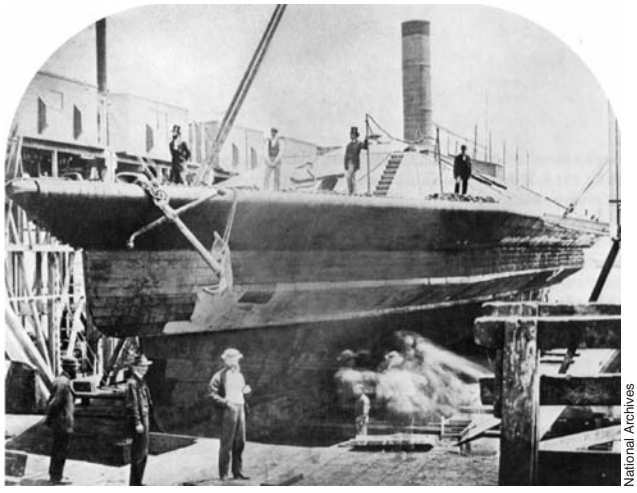
BBB ACCREDITED BUSINESS

and arduous voyage.

But Bulloch was successful in securing permission to captain the *Fingal* for just one trans-Atlantic voyage to transport needed war supplies. When back in the South, he personally updated Stephen R. Mallory, the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, on his secret operations and difficulties in acquiring warships and blockade runners for the South.

After seeing the *Fingal* make 13 knots on a test run, Bulloch took possession of the ship in Greenock, Scotland, although he did not stay aboard. "It was necessary to act with caution and secrecy," Bulloch reported later, "because the impression had already gotten abroad that the Confederate government was trying to fit out ships in England to cruise against American commerce. All vessels were closely watched."

For deception, the *Fingal* initially had to be kept under the British flag, with an English captain hired for the outward voyage from Scotland. Crew members signed on under Britain's Merchant Shipping Act requirements. Pains were taken to get good engineers and a few leading men. All this was done with no hint of the ship's true destination.



National Archives

The once-proud CSS *Atlanta* ready to be scrapped. First it was the blockade-runner *Fingal*, then it was converted to an ironclad when it could not break free from America to Europe.

The *Fingal* was secretly loaded in Scotland. It was to be the largest haul of military supplies ever attempted for the Confederacy. Other hauls may have been larger, but those were for civilian goods already in short supply in the South. Privately owned blockade runners found it more profitable to haul luxury goods than military ones.

The *Fingal's* military cargo included a variety of rifles and revolvers, two 41/2-inch muzzle-loading rifled guns and two breech-loading 21/2-inch steel-rifled guns for boats. There also was a generous supply of ammunition and a large amount of seamen's clothing.

Bulloch returned to Liverpool, where he received word that the *Fingal* had left Scotland on October 11, 1861. But off the coast, she encountered a large gale with heavy rain lasting several days. With no word of the *Fingal*'s whereabouts in the storm, Bulloch feared the mission might be over before it truly began.

Then, unexpectedly, Bulloch was awakened

at about 4 am on October 15 by Mr. Low, the *Fingal*'s second officer, dripping wet. While still half asleep, Bulloch picked up only the words "*Fingal*," "brig," "collision," and "sunk"—fearfully jumbled together. He formed a mental picture of the *Fingal* sunk at the bottom of Holyhead Harbor by Liverpool.

Low explained that the *Fingal* had collided in a storm with an anchored wooden brig with no light, sinking it. Rushing to the scene, Bulloch learned the sunken brig was the Austrian *Siccardi*, which was loaded with coal.

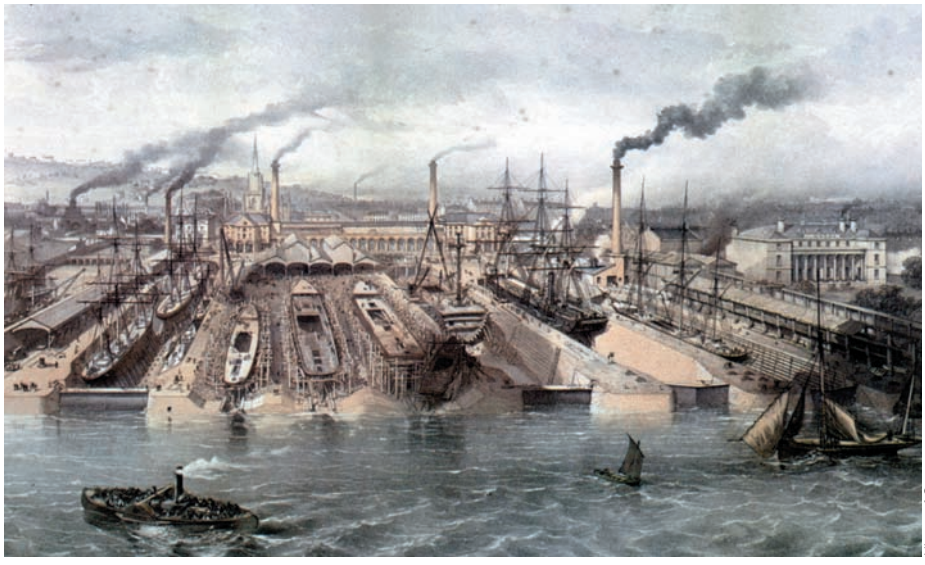
Knowing that the *Fingal*, with her secret cargo of weapons, couldn't remain there to await an inspection by Customs officers, Bulloch went aboard and made immediate arrangements to sail. "If the *Fingal* stayed, there would surely be an inquiry, further detention, and perhaps a final break-up of the voyage," he explained.

Fortunately for his cause, Bulloch got the *Fingal* around the harbor breakwater and steaming down the channel before the accident could become known to anyone with authority to stop her. He contacted Fraser, Trenholm & Co., representing Confederate financial interests in England, and instructed the firm to arrange a friendly money arbitration with the brig's owner.

Because the steamer "had been loaded too deep" with her military cargo, Bulloch found it impossible to maintain speed higher than nine knots when at sea. "It was rather disappointing in view of a possible chase between Bermuda and the [Southern] coast," he pointed out.

In any event, the steamer arrived in Bermuda without further incident on November 2. There Bulloch met with Captain R.B. Pegram of the Confederate ship *Nashville* to learn about beleaguered Confederacy affairs. In addition, the *Fingal* took aboard from the *Nashville* a pilot named John Makin, who was familiar with Savannah and its inlets.

Then the *Fingal* was detained several days. The U.S. consul in Bermuda suspected the steamer was a blockade runner and tried to prevent her from taking on coal and other supplies. He even hired men to try to alarm the crew and frighten them into leaving. But



Library of Congress

This 1862 lithograph shows Liverpool shipbuilding. The longest unmasted hull may be what eventually became the CSS *Alabama*.

friendly local merchants saw that the Fingal got everything she needed to sail for Nassau on November 7.

Although the U.S. government was unable to stop the military shipment, its consul in London dispatched a full report on the Fingal and her cargo. Thus a detailed description and a sketch of the vessel were sent to captains of the Union blockading fleet so they would recognize her.

Up until the sailing, nothing had been mentioned to the crew, or even the British captain, about the true purpose of the voyage. So when it was time to point the Fingaltoward Savannah instead of Nassau, Bulloch called a meeting and told the crew their true destination. This meant running the blockade, thus risking capture and some rough treatment as prisoners of war.

"If you aren't willing to go on, say so now, and I'll take the ship to Nassau and get other men who will go," the Georgia native said. "But if you're ready and willing to risk the venture, remember that it's a fresh engagement and a final one. From which there must be no backing out." Not one of the crew expressed a desire to leave.

Bulloch then told the crew the Union had bought merchant service steamers for blockaders, many being neither strong nor efficient. "They're not heavily armed," he claimed.

The commander said the Confederate government wasn't willing to give up the Fingals valuable cargo to a Union ship not strong enough to successfully attack, or to men in open boats attempting to board the steamer.

"So long as the Fingalis under British flag, we have no right to fire a shot," Bulloch said. "But I have a bill of sale in my pocket and can take delivery from the captain to the Confederate Navy at any moment.

"If there should appear any likelihood of a collision with a blockader, I want to know if you're willing to help in defending the ship," he asked.

"Yes," they all answered.

With that settled, all hands went to work arming the Fingal They mounted the two 4 1/2-inch rifled guns in the forward gangway ports and the two steel boat-guns on the quarterdeck. With a sufficient number of rifles and revolvers and enough ammunition, they converted the "ladies saloon" into an armory, shell-room, and magazine.

Bulloch later conferred with McNair, the chief engineer, who reported putting aside a few tons of the nicest, cleanest coal. McNair said that if a he had time before reaching the Southern coast to haul fires in one boiler at a time and run scrapers through the flues, he felt he could drive the ship—deep as she was in the water—at 11 knots for a few hours' spurt.

McNair got his chance on November 11, when Bulloch wanted to make land at the

Continued on page 96

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

United States Marines move inland from their boats. The U.S. Navy could attack almost at will along the huge stretch of southern coastline.

HIGHWAY TO VICTORY

BY PEDRO GARCIA

UNION STRATEGISTS EMPLOYED INTERFORCE AMPHIBIOUS OPERATIONS TO CREATE A "SECOND FRONT" THAT PLAYED A MAJOR ROLE IN DEFEATING THE SOUTH.

IN THE ARTIFICIAL quiet following the Union defeat at Bull Run in July 1861, U.S. naval strategists, moving along unexplored paths toward a new and more effective blockade, stumbled, by trial and error, upon the discovery that command of the sea—which the Union Navy enjoyed—could be used for opening new land fronts along the miles of Confederate coasts and inland waterways. In effect, Union strategists could set up a true invasion by sea, a "second front" that would complement the overland drive from the Union and border states south to control Confederate territory. This second front would be a series of major interforce operations that would be developed so steadily, so relentlessly, and in such a ubiquitous way that it could threaten disaster for the South. This idea of an amphibious strategy, which was a decisive element in defeating the South, had "many fathers."

For example, one cannot deny that old General-in-Chief Winfield Scott's earliest idea of strangling the Confederacy by blockading it along the Atlantic coast, the Gulf of Mexico, and the rivers, even if basically a passive one, had at its base an intuition of a new use of combined naval and land power. Although he had relied "greatly on the sure operation of a complete blockade of Atlantic and Gulf ports," such a blockade to this time had proved to be ineffective. To address the problem of the blockade, the Navy created what amounted to a true operations office, a "Blockade Board" appointed by Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles in May 1861. The board, whose importance has usually been underrated by historians, included representatives of the Army, Navy, and Coast Survey.

The board soon prepared 10 reports and memos that outlined hydrographic conditions along the southern coast and specific points to seize as bases for refueling and maintenance. This turned out to be indispensable intelligence because, for one, of the hurricanes that between May and November can furiously pound the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic shores, thus making intermittent safe harbors of vast importance. Accordingly, there emerged a strategic orientation to operate against the extensive, vulnerable, and (at least for the time being) poorly defended seacoasts of the Confederacy. The Navy enabled Federal troops to establish themselves around the Confederate periphery, to stab into the interior, to threaten the railroad along the Atlantic coast, and to play a major role in bisecting the country down the line of the Mississippi River. The board's concern for bases along the southern coastline resulted in expeditions to occupy Hatteras Inlet, N.C.; Port Royal, S.C.; Fernandina, Fla.;

Franklin D. Roosevelt Library

and Ship Island, off the Mississippi coast.

Although the U.S. Army was represented on the board and supplied units for expeditions, evidence suggests that it looked at the landings as no more than naval enterprises. "We separate in our minds the two enterprises of a purely military expedition and an expedition the principal design of which is the establishment of a naval station for promoting the efficiency of the blockade. We shall have the honor to present plans for both expeditions; but we will begin with the latter, premising, however, that we think both of them should be conducted simultaneously," stated one report in July 1861. The Army, at least initially, showed little interest in using the seized enclaves as beachheads to secure objectives inland. Be that as it may, these operations were the genesis of the initial combined operations along, first, the southern coastline and, second, the southern "river coastline," that is, along the Mississippi.

The seizure of Hatteras Inlet, which leads into North Carolina's Pamlico Sound, was the first sizable combined operation along the Atlantic coastline. Based on information that the Confederates were fortifying the place as a base for privateers, the Blockade Board recommended the action. On August 29, 1861, a small naval force under the command of Flag Officer Silas Stringham, a 42-year veteran of the Navy, heavily bombarded and forced the surrender of Forts Hatteras and Clark, which protected the inlet. This made redundant the 860 Union troops under the command of Maj. Gen. Benjamin Franklin Butler, but the bloodless—for the Union—victory was welcome. Both garrisons, including Flag Officer Samuel Barron, C.S. Navy, in charge of the coastal defenses of Virginia and North Carolina, were taken prisoner.

Although the shelling of Port Royal received far more attention then and later, the heavy bombardment against the Hatteras forts clearly demonstrated the strength of naval gunfire against shore batteries. As a noted naval historian observed, "This was an important action if only because it was the first of its kind." A few days later, when a Union expedition from the new base at Fort Hatteras seized and destroyed another Confederate work that protected Ocracoke Inlet and landed troops near the small town of Portsmouth, they found that the local people, overwhelmed by fear, had fled en masse. A feeling of dismay and deep distress permeated the South, but worse was yet to come.

Less than two months later, in late October 1861, a great expedition of 15 war vessels and 36 transports commanded by Flag Officer Samuel Francis Du Pont and carrying on board Brig. Gen. Thomas Sherman with a corps of 12,653 soldiers set sail for South Carolina. Du Pont had assumed command of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron in September, when the Navy divided the Atlantic Squadron. Undoubtedly, a major factor in the decision to appoint him to the command was that, while head of the Blockade Board, he had a major role in preparing this expedi-

Union forces traverse the surf and line up on a southern beach. Control of the sea around the Confederacy was critical to both sides.

tion. Du Pont, a member of a well-known Delaware business family, although not an aggressive officer, was thoroughly able and competent and enjoyed the respect of his peers.

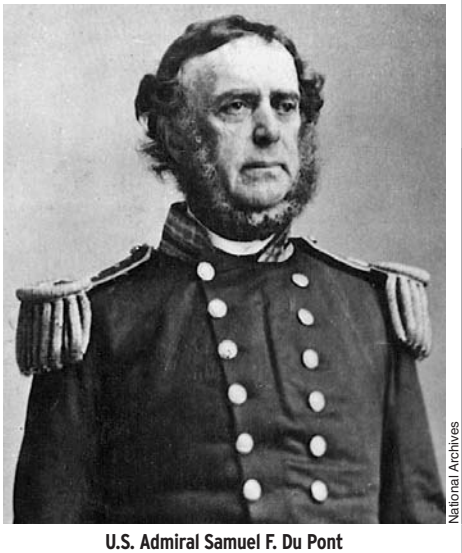
The expedition, with ships already earmarked for the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, appeared off Port Royal, S.C., on November 5. After a heavy bombardment of four hours, Forts Walker and Beauregard fell, and on the 7th the small town of Port Royal lay open to Union troops. On the 9th, the newly landed Federals seized the town of Beaufort. The Navy considered the Port Royal expedition the first step in providing blockading vessels with repair and coaling facilities along the south Atlantic coast. The second step was the seizure of Fernandina, Fla., on March 3, 1862. Union troops then marched into Jacksonville and St. Augustine, in the home state of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, Stephen Mallory.

During September 1861, Union Maj. Gen. George McClellan approved an expedition to capture Roanoke Island, N.C. Maj. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, who originated the idea (both he and McClellan claimed it), commanded a corps of 15,000 soldiers, which he had recruited and trained. Flag Officer Louis M. Goldsborough, who in September had replaced Silas Stringham in command of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, led the great expedition of 70 warships and transports that set sail on the night of January 11, 1862. Goldsborough, or "Old Guts" as he was called by the sailors, was a well-known figure in the Navy, partly because of his immense size, six-feet-four and more than 300 pounds. He also sported a red beard and was noted for what one officer called "his eccentricity in deportment." Burnside, a West Point graduate from Indiana and a handsome, likable professional officer, was known for his magnificent sideburns, as well as a recognition of his own limitations.

Both men conducted a skillful operation. On February 7 and 8, Burnside's troops, under the protective fire of Union warships, landed in waves similar to the pattern later used in the Pacific during World War II. Goldsborough's warships also battered two forts into submission, and on the 9th destroyed a diminutive Confederate flotilla of seven gunboats in nearby Elizabeth City. The seizure of Roanoke Island, where in the 16th century the first English colony in North America had been settled, assured the occupation of eastern North Carolina; strengthened the blockade, particularly in the North Carolina sounds; and was a factor in the Confederate evacuation of Norfolk, Va., to the north.

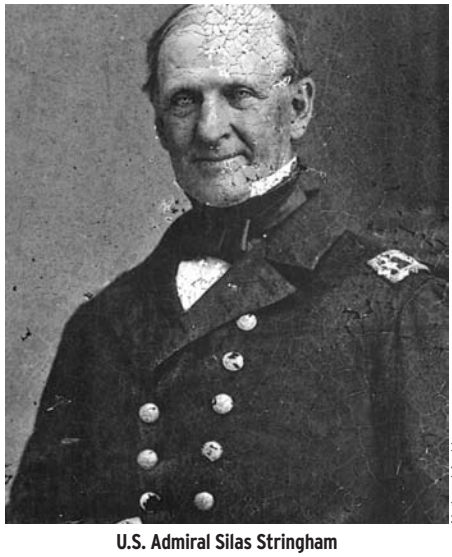
Strategically similar activities along the North Carolina coast secured the Union hold. On March 14, Yankees seized the city of New Bern on the Nuese River. "The taking of New Bern gives us a fine base to push any number of troops into the interior," said Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gustavus Vasa Fox to Goldsborough. The conquest threatened the very heart of the Tarheel state and panicked its people.

A similar wave of distress and fear was aroused around Savannah, Ga., a dozen miles or so inland from the sea on the



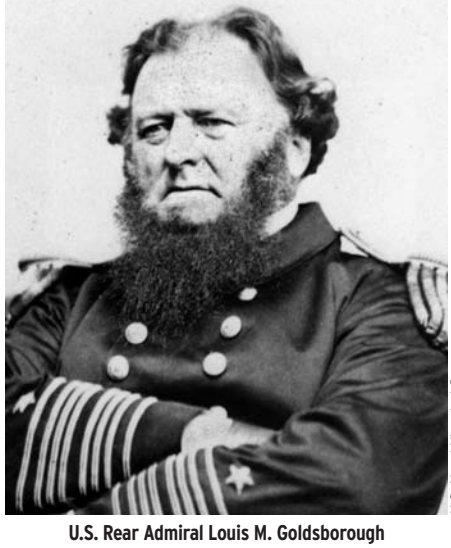
National Archives

U.S. Admiral Samuel F. Du Pont



National Archives

U.S. Admiral Silas Stringham



U.S. Naval Historical Center

U.S. Rear Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough

mighty river by the same name. In years of peace, the U.S. government had built on little Cockspur Island, just north of Tybee Island, a great walled fort named for the Polish hero of the American Revolution, General Casimir Pulaski. Its ramparts were 7.5 feet thick, it mounted 48 guns, and it was thought by nearly everybody in Savannah, indeed, in the United States, to be impregnable.

But this was not the opinion of Brig. Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore, U.S. Corps of Engineers. He landed on Tybee Island, then brought in 36 heavy siege guns, including 10 rifled pieces with ranges from between 1,670 and 3,400 yards. In the spring he opened up, and soon shelling began battering, then piercing, the fort's walls.

On April 11, Fort Pulaski surrendered. With it seemed to crumble all such old fortifications made of brick walls. Conversely, the techniques of siege warfare surged ahead. The engineer-trained West Point graduates understood this form of warfare, and McClellan knew perhaps best of all, having witnessed the successful Anglo-French siege of the Crimean city of Sebastopol. As a port, the great city of Savannah was sealed. The Yankees had won an excellent base from which to threaten the city itself, though its importance was far diminished. "The result of the victory was to close the Savannah River entirely to blockade runners, and to set free for service elsewhere the naval force which had been employed there," a report later stated.

General McClellan, despite his flaws, showed a keen understanding of operational lines and the potential of sea power, and he was impressed and stimulated by the reports and enterprises of the Blockade Board. Critics have long slung barbs at McClellan, but he emphatically objected to President Lincoln and Secretary of War Edwin Stanton's natural-enough belief in the wisdom of a direct offensive against Confederate General Joe Johnston's well-entrenched army guarding the land route to Richmond. Given his choice, McClellan would have used sea power.

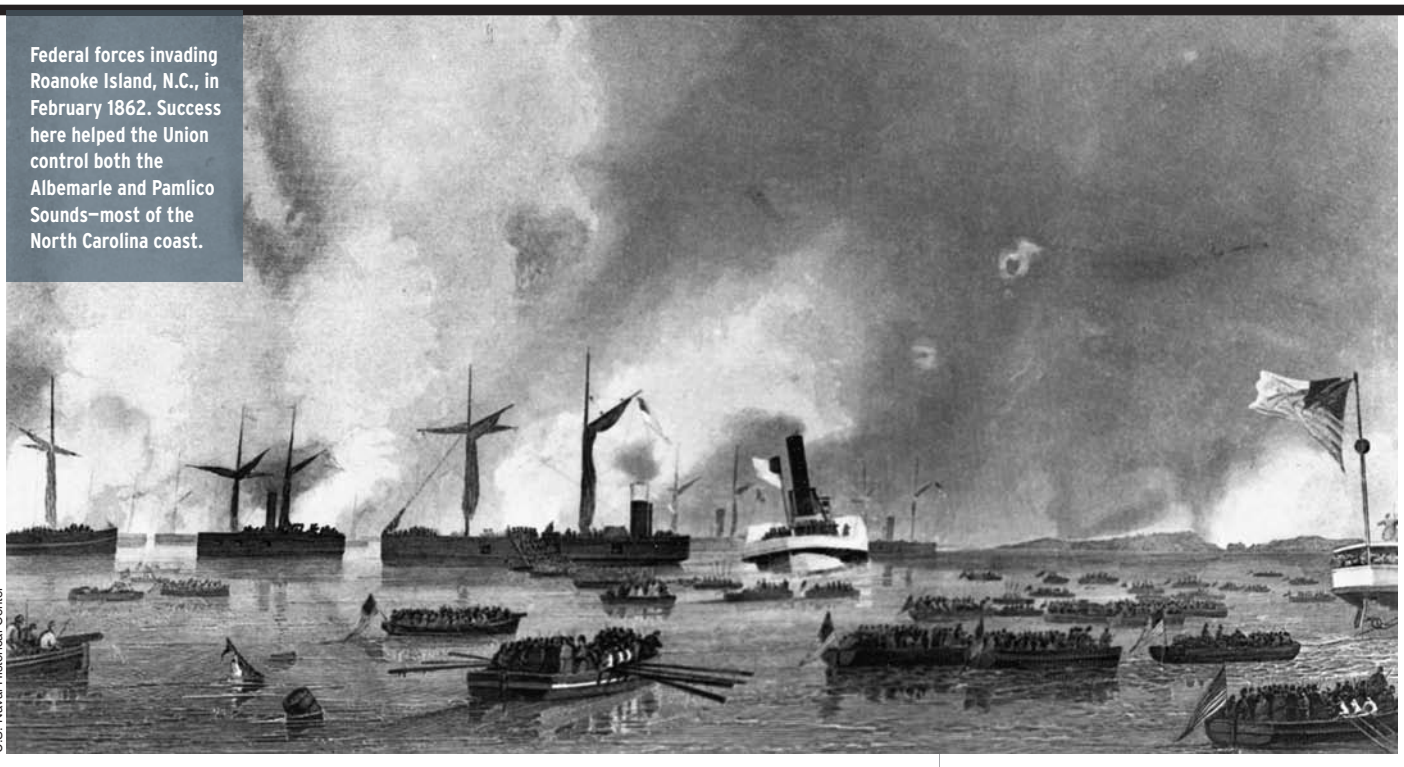
Military theorist Karl von Clausewitz might have been writing about the Union situation in Virginia when he penned: "If, for instance, the main object is the enemy's capital, and the defender has not taken up a position between it and the attacker, the latter would be making a mistake if he advanced straight on the city. He would do better to strike at the communications of the enemy army and its capital, and there seek the victory which will bring him to the city." That is precisely what McClellan proposed to do, using water communications for a turning movement by sailing the entire Army of the Potomac to the mouth of the Rappahannock River. This was called the Urbanna Plan after a port on that river. It was the wellspring of the Peninsular Campaign.

THE IMPRESSIVE SHOWING OF THE *MONITOR* PRODUCED SUCH AN INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN THE NORTH THAT A "*MONITOR* CRAZE" SWEPT THE UNION. FROM THEN UNTIL THE END OF THE WAR, THE UNION NAVY CONCENTRATED ON BUILDING *MONITOR*-TYPE VESSELS, EVENTUALLY MORE THAN 30.

But a menace to the naval superiority upon which McClellan's plan completely depended nearly thwarted his grand offensive. In March 1862, the Confederate Navy launched the CSS *Virginia*, an ironclad makeover of the USS *Merrimac*, scuttled at the Norfolk Navy Yard when the Federals were forced to abandon it in 1861. Confederate Secretary of the Navy Mallory also awarded contracts for two ironclad vessels at Memphis, Tenn., and for two others at New Orleans. Mallory optimistically believed that these ironclads could operate on the open sea—as well as the inland waters—and thus challenge Union blockaders. The secretary's optimism was ill founded, however, and only three of these vessels became operational, none proving capable of going to sea. The *Virginia*, however, proved an effective warship in the confined waters of Hampton Roads and became a serious threat to McClellan's plans. Notwithstanding the far-reaching and historic consequences of the cataclysmic clash between the *Virginia* and the USS *Monitor* on March 9, from the viewpoint of maritime strategy the duel was substantially anticlimactic. The decisive day was the preceding one, March 8. Indeed, on March 9 the *Virginia* had come out merely to finish what she had started: destroy the traditional, wooden frigate USS *Minnesota*. If that was the Confederate aim, whereas that of the *Monitor* was to save her, then it seems correct to say that on that day the tactical victory belonged to the *Monitor*.

However, the far more important strategic victory lay indisputably with the *Virginia*. Not only had the enemy fleet suffered crippling losses, including the destruction of transports assembled for McClellan's campaign, but McClellan had to give up the vital strategic line of the James River and try to use the line of the York River instead. "Circumstances, among which I will now only mention uncertainty as to the power of the *Merrimac*, have compelled me to adopt the present line [on the York River] as probably safe though far less brilliant, than that of the James," wrote the Union general. He also lost much of his naval support when Flag Officer Goldsborough diverted resources to "watch and neutralize the iron monster," thus to prevent her from threatening McClellan's operation. From the Blockade Board, Brig. Gen. John Barnard of the U.S. Corps of Engineers said straightforwardly, "The *Virginia* proved disastrous to our subsequent operations."

But the impressive showing of the *Monitor* produced such an intense excitement in the North that a "*Monitor* craze" swept the Union. From then until the end of the war the Union Navy concentrated on building *Monitor*-type vessels, eventually more than 30. Ironically, the Union Navy,



Federal forces invading Roanoke Island, N.C., in February 1862. Success here helped the Union control both the Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds—most of the North Carolina coast.

U.S. Naval Historical Center

which obviously had to assume an offensive strategy, adopted as its principal ironclad a vessel that was basically defensive in nature and generally inconsistent with the Navy's primary responsibilities—blockade and combined operations.

Yet as a whole the opening of this second front along the Atlantic coast was a clear victory for the Union and a severe setback for the Confederacy. The Southern strategists now knew, writes James Merril *The Rebel Shore,* "the Yankees controlled the sea and could strike swiftly, mercilessly, and without warning against Confederate shores. Entire neighborhoods, terrified and panicky, packed belongings and high-tailed it for the interior." Almost the entire Atlantic coast, from Virginia to the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida had been invaded by the enemy. Everywhere, masses of frightened civilians, distraught with panic, dragging behind them the aged, the children, and the few belongings they had been able to gather, were abandoning homes, birthplaces, and cities. The mass exodus assumed impressive proportions from the beginning in North Carolina, hit first and most deeply by the invasion rising unexpectedly from the waves.

"How differently had this Valentine's Day been passed from the last!" a North Carolina woman wrote in her diary. "Then I was peacefully planting fruit trees at Hascosea. Today, in the face of a stern reality, I am packing up my household goods to remove them from the enemy." She went on to say that on February 15, 1862, she had found her father's house full of strangers. "As we stopped at the door we were surprised to see the windows of the Dining room crowded with little faces watching our descent from the carriage. On entering the Drawing room two strange ladies sprang up and met us with the exclamation, 'Where did you come from?' We soon found they were refugee's … poor people, they now seek asylum, a shelter for their heads. With them were other women, children, and grandchildren, to the number of nineteen whites and seventy negroes, all homeless and houseless … they brought sad accounts from below. The inhabitants of Edenton were leaving panic stricken…. it is pitiable to see the fright of the inhabitants. The roads are crowded with refugees in vehicles of every description, endeavoring to move what of their property they can, to save it from the grasp of the invader."

In South Carolina, people had hastily left plantations located along the coast as no longer safe; in Georgia those who still tilled the land did so at the peril of abandoning their harvest. In short, the Navy placed on the doorstep of many southern communities a reminder that the war could affect them personally, not just the soldiers on distant battlefields. And once the war began to turn against the South, the naval presence could be a deadening and demoralizing reminder of what might lie in store for the entire South.

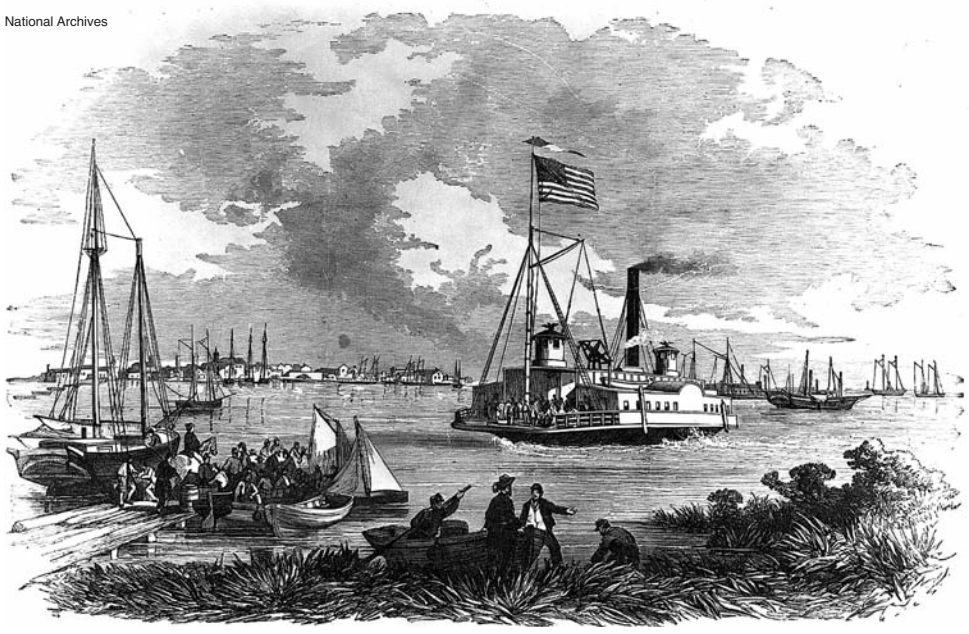
Although land campaigns were more significant in the South's defeat than these operations, they did produce potent indirect results. They helped exacerbate internal dissension over local defense and state rights. Indeed, they had a direct negative effect on the relations of individual states to the Confederate government. State governors felt that Richmond paid insufficient attention to local defense, and this often produced the most churlish correspondence. According to Frank Owsley in *States Rights in the Confederacy,* Georgia's Joe E. Brown "danced a frantic jig up and down Georgia … accusing the Confederate government of gross neglect," and by the fall of 1862 North Carolinians resented the conscription of state troops which the

Tarheels believed had "left the state in the lurch in the matter of coast defense."

For the Confederacy, this seaborne threat required urgent and exceptional decisions. In November 1861, when Du Pont's squadron appeared in Port Royal Bay, General Robert E. Lee assumed command of a new military department comprising South Carolina, Georgia, and the Atlantic side of Florida. The great general's keen mind quickly grasped the substance and extreme danger of the situation, and decisions soon followed. All coastal works, except those at major port cities, were evacuated, and Confederate troops retreated to an inland defense line out of range of the big naval guns that gave the Federals so much of their superiority. Sounds and waterways were obstructed to check penetration by Union ships. The Stono, Edisto, and Combahee Rivers were barred by fortifications with heavy artillery, built well inland from their mouths. Other works were constructed in front of Hilton Head and on the Broad & Salacatchie Railroad to protect Savannah by land. The same was done at Charleston. The railroad through Pocotaligo and Coosawhatchie that joined Charleston with Savannah was equally well protected. The strategic rationale upon which this defensive structure was founded was so well conceived that it did not fail until almost three years later when it was taken from the rear by troops coming overland.

The most important ports—as well as the capital of Richmond itself—that is, the gates of the South because they opened toward the sea, of course remained points of contact with enemy naval forces and thus were exposed to direct threats. Withdrawal from them was impossible, and even if protected by land, they were still vulnerable by sea. In response to this threat, the Confederate Navy changed from an emphasis on offensive operations by challenging the blockade to one of defense. The vague contours of this strategy evolved from the apparent unseaworthiness of the *Virginia* and the ironclads built in New Orleans and Memphis, the backwardness of the Southern industrial plant, and the vain and forlorn belief that powerful

National Archives



A Connecticut regiment awaits transport into New Bern, N.C., far inland from the ocean.

armorclads could be obtained in Europe. Therefore, it was determined that any Confederate seaport must have a squadron of homemade ironclads that would operate in coastal waters as true "movable forts, with formidable batteries capable of destroying any ironclad in the world," Stephen Mallory later wrote. From 1862 until the end of the war, the Confederate Navy concentrated on building small, shallow-draft, harbor-defense armored vessels. George W. Gift, an able and daring naval officer who had served on the *Arkansas*, one of the ironclads that had been laid down at Memphis, came to the heart of the matter when, after underscoring that Federal ships had been driven back by her guns and not by the shore batteries at Vicksburg, said, "Do not underrate ironclads—in them is our dependence for harbor defense" (*Vicksburg Sun,* February 1863).

Early in the war the idea of combined operations had proved tenable, although a skeptic might say that the Union owed those successes primarily to weakness of Confederate countermeasures. But even if that were true along the Atlantic, it did not hold true on the western rivers, where combined operations met stiff resistance. Seen from the Atlantic coast, the task of Northern armies to march and occupy territory inland appeared, at least to a skeptic, almost impossible, because the South looked boundless, a true ocean of earth, valleys, mountains, and forests. In such a landscape, the rivers appeared to be of utmost importance.

Here were the waterways that deeply penetrated the "ocean of earth," here were the operational lines along which to transfer to the distant western fronts that amphibious-based method of assault that slowly would take shape, and in the end create a Union strategy that would win the Civil War.

In the North the first to understand this fact were landsmen, not seamen. As early as April 15, 1861, two days after the surrender of Fort Sumter, Edward Bates of St. Louis, Mo., who had competed with Lincoln for the Republican presidential nomination and who was now attorney general of the United States, had called his government's attention to the Mississippi. He declared that if a great combined army and naval force were created, it might seize control of the river in such a way as to clench a noose about the South. Thus the North had found its highway to victory in the west.

Indeed, it was combined operations west and east, begun after the overland debacle of First Manassas, that opened the door to triumph for the Union cause. □

U.S. GOV'T GOLD AT-COST

TODAY - The United States Rare Coin & Bullion Reserve has scheduled the final release of U.S. Gov't Issued $5 Gold Coins previously held at the U.S. Mint at West Point. These Gov't Issued Gold Coins are being released on a first-come, first-serve basis, for the incredible markup-free price of only $153.20 each. This "at-cost" Gov't Gold offer will be available for only a limited time, so do not delay. Call a Sr. Gold Specialist today.

Own Gov't Issued Gold Coins

DUE TO STRICT LIMITED AVAILABILITY, TELEPHONE ORDERS WILL BE ACCEPTED ON A FIRST-COME, FIRST-SERVE BASIS ACCORDING TO THE TIME AND DATE OF THE ORDER.

Markup-Free Price of ONLY

$153.20 EACH

Coins enlarged to show detail.

If you've been waiting to move your hard-earned money into precious metals, the time is now to consider transferring your U.S. dollars into United States Government Gold. The Gold market is on the move, up more than 400% over the past 10 years - outpacing the DOW, NASDAQ and S&P 500. Call immediately to order your United States Gold Coins direct from our Main Vault Facility, "at-cost", for the amazing price of only $153.20 per coin. Special arrangements can be made for Gold purchases over $50,000. Order your Gold today!

1 – Gov't Issued Gold Coin $ 153.20
(PLUS INSURANCE, SHIPPING & HANDLING $31.00)

5 – Gov't Issued Gold Coins $ 766.00
(PLUS INSURANCE, SHIPPING & HANDLING $31.00)

10 – Gov't Issued Gold Coins $ 1,532.00
(PLUS INSURANCE, SHIPPING & HANDLING $36.00)

DUE TO MARKET FLUCTUATIONS, AT-COST PRICES ARE VALID FOR A MAXIMUM OF 30 DAYS FROM AD PUBLICATION DATE. SPECIAL AT-COST OFFER IS STRICTLY LIMITED TO ONLY ONE LIFETIME PURCHASE OF 10 AT-COST COINS (REGARDLESS OF PRICE PAID) PER HOUSEHOLD, PLUS SHIPPING AND INSURANCE.

Distributor of Government Gold. Not affiliated with the U.S. Government.

CALL TOLL FREE (24 Hours A Day, 7 Days A Week)

1-866-478-2858

MASTERCARD • VISA • AMEX • DISCOVER • CHECK

UNITED STATES
RARE COIN & BULLION RESERVE
Distributor of Government Gold. Not affiliated with the U.S. Government.

Vault No. MIH2-15320

Jefferson Davis IN MEXICO

ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1846, Colonel Jefferson Davis and a regiment of untested Mississippi volunteers stood before the fortress of La Teneria at Monterrey in northern Mexico. Standing where an earlier attack had failed with heavy losses, within easy range of the Mexican guns, the new commander understandably hesitated. Coming under a withering fire of copper grapeshot, lost in the smoke of battle and with his right flank virtually destroyed, Davis regrouped his men and, on his own authority, ordered an advance.

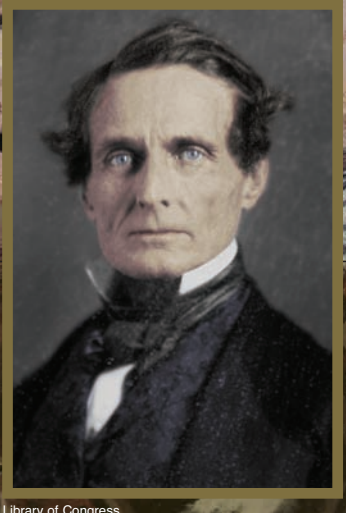
It was there, in Davis's first taste of combat, that he forged the renown and earned the national attention that would lead him to the United States Senate, the cabinet of President Franklin Pierce, and finally to the presidency of the Confederate States of America. "He is always in front of his men and ready to be the first to expose himself," one of his soldiers wrote home in a letter from Mexico. "He has taken his troops into so many tight places, and got them out safely, that they begin to think if they follow him they will be sure to succeed."

Davis had graduated from United States Military Academy at West Point in June 1828, 23rd in a class of 33. (Future Confederate general Albert Sidney Johnston, whom Davis had known earlier at Transylvania University in Kentucky, graduated two years before him, and Robert E. Lee graduated one year later). Davis was lucky to graduate. A few months before he was scheduled to leave the academy, he and a friend were almost caught off-limits at Benny Havens's notorious tavern—an infraction that would have gotten Davis expelled. It was not his first run-in at the tavern. In 1825, Davis had been caught drinking "spiritous liquors" and sentenced to expulsion. Friends had intervened with Superintendent Alfred Thayer, who allowed Davis to remain a cadet, although he expelled Davis's three classmates for the same offense. This time, Davis managed to avoid detection, although he fell down a cliff in the dark and walked with a limp for several months afterward.

Following graduation, Davis was sent as a second lieutenant to Missouri and then north to Wisconsin, where he served under Zachary Taylor during the Black Hawk War without seeing any

The 1st Mississippi Rifles, commanded by Colonel Jefferson Davis, stops a charge by Mexican lancers at the Battle of Buena Vista, in this painting by Ken Riley. INSET: Colorized portrait of a beardless Jefferson Davis, taken in 1853, six years after his Mexican War heroics.

DURING THE MEXICAN WAR, A NEOPHYTE OFFICER NAMED JEFFERSON DAVIS FIRST WON FAME FOR HIS MARTIAL PROWESS AND REGAL BEARING. IT WAS THE START OF A STORIED CAREER. BY CHUCK LYONS



Library of Congress

All photos Library of Congress

This panoramic view of Monterrey, taken from newly renamed Independence Hill, shows the ornate bishop's palace sporting a triumphal American flag after the battle. It was Davis's first taste of combat.

action. He did, however, personally accept Black Hawk's surrender and later accompanied the chief and other prisoners south on the Mississippi River to Fort Jefferson near St. Louis. Black Hawk referred to Davis in his dictated 1833 autobiography as a "young war chief" and said the second lieutenant had treated the prisoners "with much kindness." Ironically, Black Hawk was eventually imprisoned at Fort Monroe in Virginia, the same facility that would hold Davis after the Civil War.

During this period, Davis married Taylor's daughter, Sarah Knox Taylor, despite her father's disapproval. Sadly, Sarah was to die of malaria only three months after her marriage to Davis. Largely because of Taylor's lingering disapproval, Davis resigned his commission in 1837 and returned to live on his Mississippi plantation. He was elected to Congress in 1844.

In April 1846, strained relations between the United States and Mexico erupted into open hostilities. On May 13, 1846, the United States declared war on the Republic of Mexico, and Davis left Congress to raise a volunteer regiment, the 1st Mississippi Rifles, with himself as colonel. In July, the unit sailed for Texas aboard the *Alabama*, and by September Davis and his men were in Mexico and ready to take part in the siege of Monterrey, a Mexican stronghold garrisoned by 10,000 Mexican troops. The American besiegers numbered roughly 6,000 men and were without heavy artillery.

The army's commander, Davis's former father-in-law Zachary Taylor, nonetheless was determined to take Monterrey and ordered an attack on September 20, concentrating his forces on the La Teneria fortress, which was protected by a redoubt and artillery. Three companies of the 4th Infantry, including a young lieutenant named Ulysses S. Grant, attempted an assault but were repulsed. One-third of the American attackers were killed or wounded "in a moment," according to the official report.

Later that same day, Davis's Mississippians, with their colonel in the lead and a group of Tennessee men attached, marched into a blistering fire that stalled their advance within 100 yards of the citadel. The formation became irregular, with the men firing at will. Davis reformed his line and yelled for his troops to attack. Charging forward himself, he was followed by Lt. Col. Alexander McClung, a noted Mississippi duelist, and then the rest of his troops. "I had no instructions," Davis later wrote, "no information as to the plan, no knowledge of any sustaining troops except the Tennesseans on our left."

Without bayonets, the troops swarmed the fortress, McClung waving his sword, and panicked the surprised defenders, who fled to a building 300 yards away. The American flag was unfurled over La Teneria, but Davis did not halt for long to enjoy the sight before urging his men forward in a charge on the second Mexican position, El Diablo. He was called back before the second charge could begin.

The following day, Brig. Gen. John

Anthony Quitman, the brigade commander, ordered Davis to make a sortie into town with four companies. As Davis and his men entered the town, they could see groups of armed soldiers running through the streets and discovered that the Mexicans had abandoned the town's fort and removed its artillery before withdrawing to the main plaza.

As Mississippi and Tennessee men made their way deeper into town, they were fired upon by snipers from the flat roofs of buildings along the way and had to break through barred doors to get to the roofs and silence the hostile fire. When they were finally within a block of the plaza, the Americans seized a two-story house and exchanged fire with nearby Mexican troops for several hours before Davis and his men were again recalled. By then, the Mexicans had brought up their cannons to cover the street and force the Americans' withdrawal. Davis contemplated the problem before ordering his men to follow him in groups of two and three between the discharges of the enemy's cannons and under cover of the smoke they had created. Davis went first and the men followed, with the unit suffering only small losses.

On September 24, the Mexicans surrendered Monterrey and Davis was named to the three-man commission to arrange the terms of surrender. It was the first significant American victory since the Battle of New Orleans in 1814. "There is not a man in his regiment who would not sacrifice his life to obey him so much has his gallant conduct raised him in their estimation," one of Davis's men wrote.

After a brief furlough and a return home, Davis rejoined Taylor just as his force was being depleted and many men—including Captain Robert E. Lee of the Engineers—were sent to join General Winfield Scott in preparation for an attack against Vera Cruz. At this point, the wily Mexican president and military commander, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, aware of Taylor's depleted force, began moving against him with an army of some 20,000 men. Taylor in turn moved his diminished command first to Agua Nueva and then, at word of the Mexican advance, to a narrow pass near a ranch called Buena Vista. Taylor's force numbered only 4,756 officers and men.

On the morning of February 22, 1847, Washington's Birthday, Santa Anna prepared a charge of 2,500 horsemen against the Americans, who had been deployed in a natural network of deep gullies and ravines backed by hills. Rather than attacking immediately, however, Santa Anna paused to await the arrival of the rest of his army and to send a formal demand for the Americans to surrender. Taylor replied in the polite language of the 19th century, "I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request," he wrote. Santa Anna attacked that afternoon, but the majority of the fighting was confined to the American left. By nightfall, the Mexicans had gained control of the summit of a ridge, while the Americans fell back onto the plain below.

The following morning, after some skirmishing, Santa Anna again attacked, moving three columns against the American position, which broke on the left. Taylor on his horse "Old Whitey" then rode out under hostile fire and rallied his troops. He sent Davis and the 1st Mississippi Rifles, along with two extra companies, forward under heavy fire to measure the strength of the Mexican position commanded by General Pedro de Ampudia, Santa Anna's second in command. Along the way, Davis ran into some Indiana men retreating from the engagement and convinced them to halt and join his column. They then advanced "under one of the heaviest fires I ever saw," according to Major Alexander Bradford, who was present at the time.

Davis was almost immediately hit in the right heel by a rifle ball that smashed the bone and imbedded shards of brass from his spur and pieces of wool from his stocking in the wound. Despite his painful injury, Davis continued leading the advance. Stunned by the force of the attack, the Mexican troops fell back toward the mountain. At this point, American artillery of the 4th Artillery under Captains Braxton Bragg and Thomas Sherman, which had supported Davis's attack, fell back to guard his rear.

Davis soon became aware of Mexican cavalry, which turned out to be a troop of richly caparisoned lancers, approaching

Intense street fighting on the third day of the Battle of Monterrey prefigured modern-day urban combat conditions. Davis's men had to smash their way onto rooftops to get at enemy snipers.

from the left. Realizing that it was up to him to prevent the cavalry from passing to the rear of his position and threatening the recently relocated artillery batteries, Davis stationed his men in the form of a V, with the flanks resting on a ravine and the open end of the formation facing the Mexicans. The Mexican cavalry was then allowed to approach. "Perfect silence and the greatest steadiness prevailed in both lines of our troops as they stood at shouldered arms awaiting an attack," Davis later wrote. "As the enemy approached, his speed regularly diminished, until within eighty or a hundred yards, he had drawn up to a walk and seemed about to halt. A few American files fired without orders, and both lines then instantly poured in a volley so destructive that the mass yielded to the blow and fled."

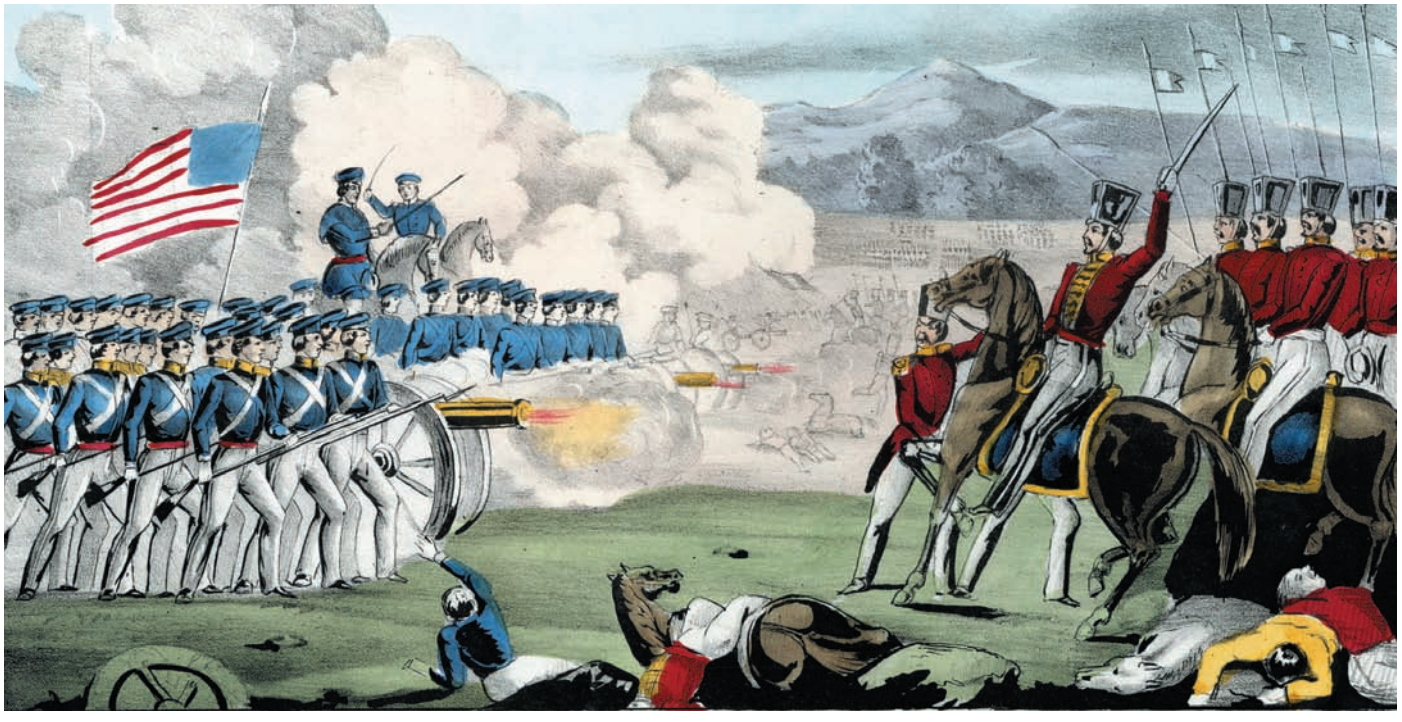
By this point, Sherman had come up with a field piece and fired on the retreating Mexicans until they were out of range. Additional artillery and cavalry then joined Davis, and he marched his men against the right side of the Mexicans at the base of the mountain. When Santa Anna launched an attack on Davis's right, Davis personally led men to that side of the field, guided by the sounds of battle, and finally came upon a Mexican column of infantry moving against a battery commanded by Bragg. He led his men up a slope to fire on the Mexican flank and rear and routed them. "Our first fire was eminently destructive," he wrote. "The enemy gave way, and he fled in confusion."

Meanwhile, the larger battle seesawed until about 5 PM, when American cannons were successful in driving the Mexicans from the field. Both forces occupied roughly the same ground they had occupied in the morning, and it was far from clear who had won the battle. Weak from loss of blood, Davis was helped from his horse, and his wound, which had remained untended to all day, was finally looked after. Remembering his opposition to Davis's marriage to his daughter 10 years earlier, Taylor graciously told the recovering colonel, "My daughter, sir, was a better judge of men than I was."

The day had ended with the United States suffering 673 casualties, including Lt. Col. Henry Clay Jr., the son of the famous Kentucky senator, who was killed. Davis had been entertained at the Clay home while a student at Transylvania University. The Mexican loss was estimated at three times as many. Davis's regiment of less than 300 men had suffered 100 casualties, including 47 dead.

During the night, Taylor worked on planning his defenses for the morning, only to find at dawn that the Mexicans had withdrawn. Campfires lit to cover the withdrawal were still burning, and Santa Anna had abandoned his seriously wounded men as well as his wagons and supplies. American newspapers, which had expected to report the defeat of the outnumbered Americans, instead trumpeted the news of a great and surprising victory. Taylor became a national hero, while Davis's heroics and his successfully improvised V formation were accorded a share in the glory second only to his commander's.

Three months later, their period of enlistment having expired, Davis and his Mississippi men sailed north to New Orleans, Davis still hobbling around on crutches. They were greeted by large crowd, and the *New Orleans Picayune* reported that any



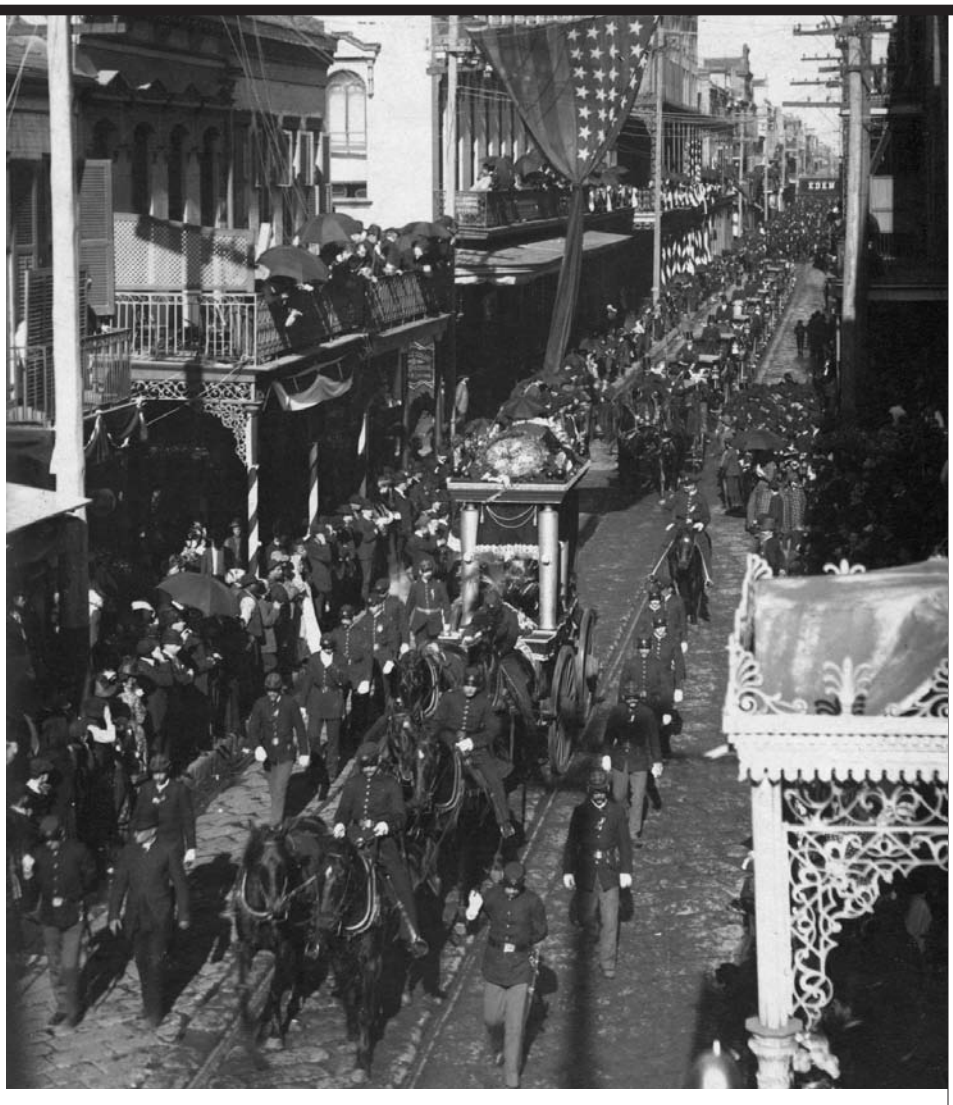
Captain Braxton Bragg's flying artillery fires into Mexican lancers during the Battle of Buena Vista in this highly stylized period drawing. Bragg would later be appointed a full Confederate general by his friend Jefferson Davis.

"attempt to describe the enthusiasm evidenced on the occasion was in vain." In New Orleans, David received word that President James Polk had promoted him to brigadier general in command of a brigade of volunteers. A few days later, Davis declined the promotion on the grounds that the president did not have the authority to make such an appointment. Volunteers, Davis believed, should be commanded by officers appointed by their states.

From New Orleans, the group traveled north on the Mississippi River by steamboat, stopping frequently to disembark men near their homes. Two days later, Davis was himself back home. In June, Brig. Gen. Stephen Kearney marched 1,600 men from Kansas to New Mexico and attached the province to the United States. He then divided his force, sending one group south where they occupied El Paso, took Chihuahua, and moved to the Gulf Coast. The second group marched west and captured southern California. In March 1847, General Winfield Scott landed 12,000 men at Vera Cruz and marched inland to capture Mexico City. On September 14, the American flag was hoisted over that city, the first time the American flag had flown over a foreign capital. The war was over.

Mississippi Governor A.G. Brown named the suddenly prominent Davis to the United State Senate in August 1847 to replace Senator Jesse Speight, who had died that May. Davis became a respected legislator and was named secretary of war by fellow Mexican War veteran President Franklin Pierce in 1853. Davis served until 1857, when Pierce left office, then was again elected to the Senate. In January 1861, Mississippi seceded from the Union and Davis resigned from the Senate and returned home to await the inevitable commencement of civil war between the North and South.

A month later, he was elected president of the Confederate States of America. Despite his earlier military experiences in Mexico, Davis has been criticized by many historians for the various poor strategic decisions and personnel appointments he made in office, including his refusal to replace his old friend, Confederate General Braxton Bragg, who had been defeated in several important battles and was understandably distrusted by his subordinates. As the war was ending and Union forces approached the Confederate capital of Richmond, Davis fled, but was captured on May 10, 1865, in central Georgia.



Jefferson Davis's funeral procession winds through the French Quarter in New Orleans on December 11, 1889. It was said to have been the largest funeral ever held in the South, befitting a head of state.

Davis was charged with treason and held as a prisoner for two years at Fort Monroe before being released on $100,000 bail, which was posted by prominent citizens of both northern and southern states, including New York newspaper editor Horace Greeley and industrialist Cornelius Vanderbilt. The federal government eventually dropped the treason charge, and Davis returned home to Mississippi to spend his final days writing his two-volume apologia, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, attending "Lost Cause" ceremonies, and being feted throughout the South for his role as the Confederacy's only president.

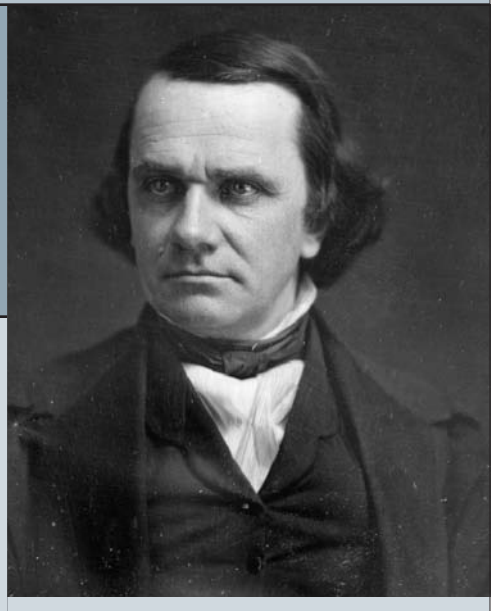
He died on December 6, 1889, in New Orleans of undetermined causes at the age of 81. Davis's funeral, befitting a head of state, was said to be the largest ever held in the South. Had it not been for his sterling record in the Mexican War, he might never have become a senator, cabinet member, and chief executive. His first war, unfortunately, was not his last. □

Symbolically wrapped in the American flag, newly elected President Abraham Lincoln raises Old Glory to new heights in this allegorical period painting. OPPOSITE: Illinois senator Stephen Douglas at the peak of his power, circa 1850-1852. He had just finished crafting the Compromise of 1850, preventing the Civil War for another decade.

All photos Library of Congress unless credited otherwise

THE ELECTION That Started a War

WITH THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY SPLIT, THE REPUBLICANS ENTERED THE 1860 CAMPAIGN UNITED BEHIND A DARK HORSE CANDIDATE: ABRAHAM LINCOLN. THE STAGE WAS SET FOR THE MOST DIVISIVE ELECTION IN AMERICAN HISTORY. ROY MORRIS JR.

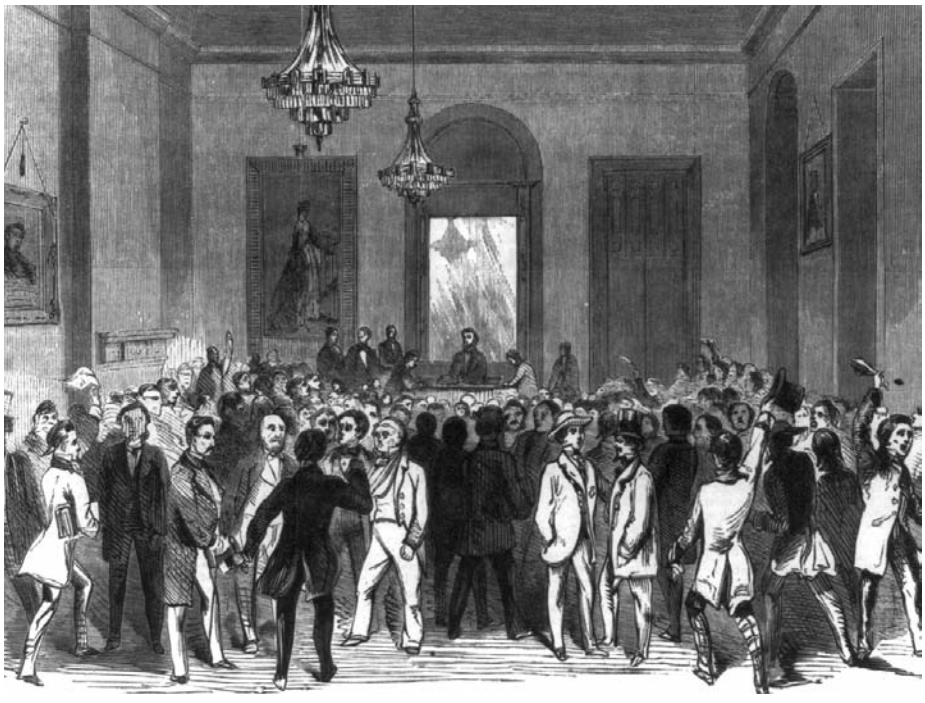


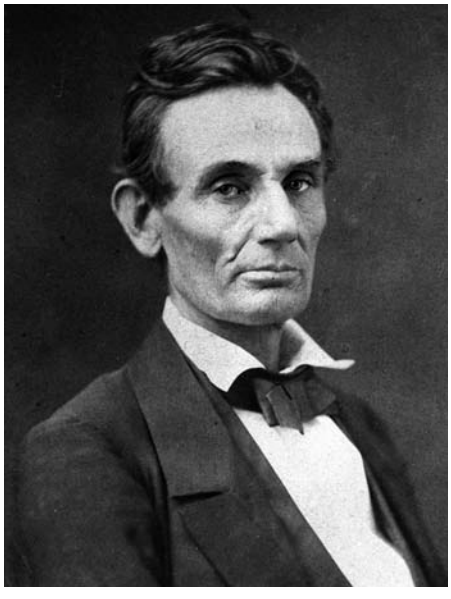
IT WAS unseasonably warm in Charleston when the Democratic National Convention opened for business at noon on April 23, 1860. Thin columns of steam rose from the cobblestone street outside the South Carolina Institute Hall, where 606 delegates from across the country were gathering to select their party's next presidential candidate. A brief midmorning shower did nothing to lower the sweltering heat, and the doors and windows of the two-story wooden building were thrown open in a vain attempt to create a cross breeze in the jam-packed first-floor assembly room. Early-arriving delegates swished palm-leaf fans, mopped their necks with balled-up handkerchiefs, and squirmed in their hard-backed chairs like restless children in Sunday school. The deafening rattle of horse-drawn carriages on Meeting Street drowned out the opening remarks by executive committee chairman Daniel Smalley and local minister Christian Hankle. Onlookers in the overhanging balconies added to the general hubbub on the convention floor. Nobody in the hall could hear himself think.

By any objective measure, Charleston was a disastrous choice for the Democratic convention. Not only was it difficult to reach by rail—an exhausting 13 train changes were required between Washington, D.C., and the Carolina coast—but local hotels were unable to handle the onslaught of delegates. Several delegations chartered boats to use as floating dormitories, while others planned to pitch tents on public property—a plan that local authorities quickly quashed. Many Democrats, particularly those from northern states, opted not to attend the convention at all. Said one disgusted Chicago delegate, "Charleston is the last place on God's earth where a national convention should have been held." Another added that he had "never been taught to believe in eternal punishment," but that the 13-hour train ride had caused him to change his mind.

The putative nominee of the party, Illinois senator Stephen Douglas, did not share his supporters' doubts. Against all evidence to the contrary, Douglas still hoped that southern delegates would reconsider their fierce opposition to his candidacy and rally to his cause. Given the growing strength of the northern-based Republican Party, Douglas contended that he was the Democrats' last, best hope to stave off disaster at the polls in November. "There will be no serious difficulty in the South," Douglas assured New York supporter Peter Cagger a few days before the convention. "The last few weeks have worked a perfect revolution in that section."

Events would soon prove Douglas wrong, with disastrous results for both his own political aspirations and the nation's continued well-being. In Charleston, convention delegates quickly deadlocked on the choice of a Democratic candidate for president. Douglas, who had narrowly missed winning the party's nomination in both 1852 and 1856, was by far the strongest candidate, but his authorship of





ABOVE: Rebellious southern delegates meet separately after walking out of the Democratic National Convention in Charleston in April 1860. They would walk out again six weeks later in Richmond. RIGHT: Lincoln posed for this clean-shaven portrait at the Chicago photo gallery of Cooke and Fossett on October 4, 1859. The photographers boasted later that Mary Lincoln had "pronounced it the best likeness she had ever seen of her husband."

the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, which called for "popular sovereignty" in all new territories, had seriously weakened him in the eyes of southerners. His subsequent opposition to a pro-slavery state government in violence-plagued Kansas further hardened southern resolve. On the eve of the Charleston convention, newspapers throughout the South denounced Douglas in unequivocal terms. "The demagogue of Illinois deserves to perish upon the gibbet of Democratic condemnation," wrote one Alabama newspaper, "and his loathsome carcass to be cast at the gate of the Federal City." The *Jackson Mississippian* concurred, calling Douglas "the most profligate of all political reprobates, a turbulent demagogue and a miserable thimble-rigger with a remarkable capacity to betray."

Douglas, of course, did not see it that way. To his way of thinking, the Kansas-Nebraska Act had been a wise and courageous effort to bridge the ever-widening gap between the North and the South. The cause of that gap, as always, was slavery—or more accurately, the expansion of slavery into new territories. Nearly a decade and half after the overwhelming United States victory in the Mexican War, the nation was bitterly torn over the issue of whether the South's "peculiar institution" would be allowed to spread into other parts of the ever-expanding country. To increasingly embattled southerners, this was an absolute necessity; political strength in Congress and the various state legislatures was tilting ever northward. Soon, southerners worried, lawmakers would vote to limit—or even outlaw—slavery. Douglas, perhaps the shrewdest politician in the nation during the fractious decade of the 1850s, thought he had devised a way to bridge the gap between the regions. Popular sovereignty, the right of local residents to decide whether or not to allow slavery in their territories, would take the power out of the hands of national politicians and give it back to the people themselves. Who could argue with that?

As it turned out, many of his fellow Americans could. Much to Douglas's chagrin, the new law pleased no one in either region of the country. In newly created Kansas Territory, pro- and antislavery zealots rushed in to tilt the odds in their side's favor. Half a decade of unprecedented political bloodshed followed, and "Bleeding Kansas" became a textbook example of the law of unintended consequences. Not only did the violence there worsen the regional divide over the issue of slavery, but it also hastened the demise of the Whig Party, whose northern and southern wings could not reconcile their differing views on slavery.

The sudden wreck of the Whigs, the only viable alternative to Douglas's Democratic Party, empowered the development of a new political party based solely in the northern half of the country and brought out of retirement an old and bitter enemy of Douglas—a fellow Illinois politician named Abraham Lincoln. As a one-term Whig congressman, Lincoln had opposed the war with Mexico and the subsequent spread of slavery into newly acquired territories. This opposition had cost Lincoln his seat in Congress and seemingly ended his political career. But the uproar over the Kansas-Nebraska Act brought Lincoln back into politics, and his highly publicized senatorial race against Douglas in 1858, although it ended in failure at the ballot box, had vaulted Lincoln into national prominence as one of the most eloquent and thoughtful spokesmen for the antislavery cause.

To Lincoln's way of thinking, popular

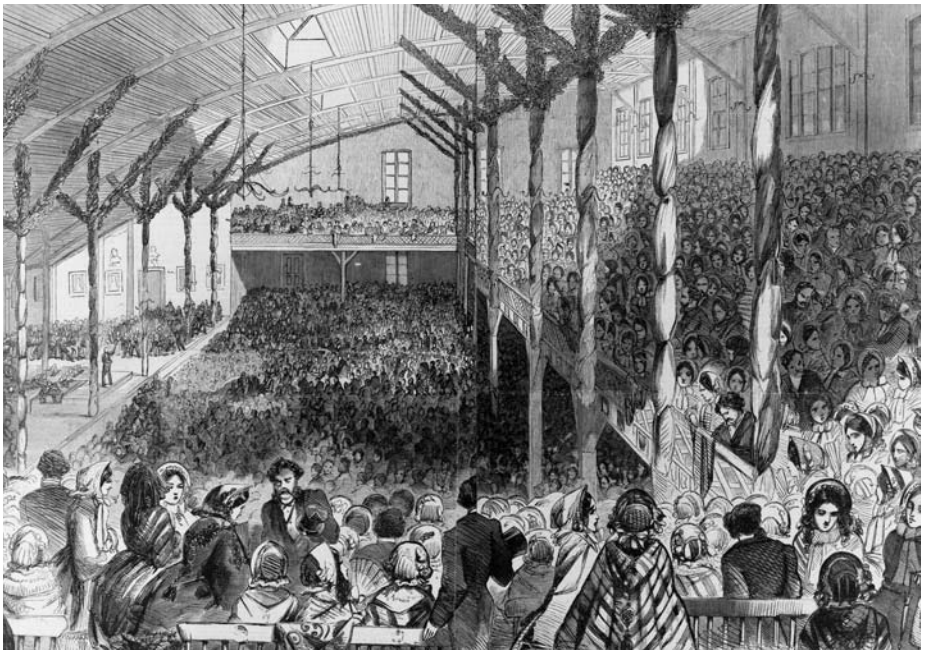
sovereignty was a fraud, a device for spreading slavery into "every part of the wide world." It was true, said Lincoln, that people had the right to decide their local laws, "whether they were the oyster laws of Virginia, or the cranberry laws of Indiana." But slavery was another matter altogether—it required deciding nothing less than "whether a Negro is not or is a man." The Declaration of Independence had said that all men were created equal, and Lincoln followed that logic to conclude that "if the Negro is a man, there can be no moral right in connection with one man's making a slave of another." Typical of Lincoln, he neatly summed up the major difference between the Republican and Democratic parties. "The Republicans inculcate that the Negro is a man; that his bondage is cruelly wrong, and that the field of his oppression ought not to be enlarged. The Democrats deny his manhood; deny, or dwarf to insignificance, the wrong of his bondage, and call the indefinite outspreading of his bondage 'a sacred right of self-government.'"

That, in a nutshell, was what the southern delegates to the Democratic National Convention also believed, and what they demanded that their party's nominee believe. Northern Democrats disagreed, not so much on the grounds of morality or humanity but on practical political grounds. Many of their constituents either cared very little about slavery, or else secretly shared Lincoln's belief that it was a moral wrong. Douglas's northern supporters particularly bridled at southern demands for a party platform plank endorsing the much-loathed Fugitive Slave Law, which required the federal government to actively assist in the capture and return of escaped slaves, or as southerners said, "persons and property."

For the better part of two weeks, Democratic delegates in Charleston argued over various parliamentary procedures, failing 57 straight times to nominate Douglas or any other candidate for president. Finally, on May 3, after several southern delegates walked out, the convention adjourned without reaching a decision, and delegates agreed to reconvene six weeks later in Richmond. In the meantime, the Republican Party held its own nominating convention in Chicago. There, inside a temporary wooden building dubbed "the Wigwam," delegates shocked everyone, including themselves, by nominating a dark-horse candidate for president on the third ballot. His name was Abraham Lincoln. In Washington, Stephen Douglas learned of Lincoln's nomination while on the Senate floor. Having fought against Lincoln in various local and state elections in their home state of Illinois for the better part of three decades, including their famous series of debates in the senatorial

Missouri Historical Society

ABOVE: Artist Thomas Noble's painting, *The Last Sale of Slaves in St. Louis,* depicts the human pathos involved in the slave trade, whose spread was the central issue of the 1860 presidential election. BELOW: The Republican Party met in May 1860 in the specially built "Wigwam" in Chicago to nominate a presidential candidate. On the third ballot they chose dark horse Abraham Lincoln.



election of 1858, Douglas knew what to expect. Lincoln, he said, was the best debater he had ever faced, and he anticipated "a devil of fight" if he got the Democratic nomination.

The Democrats reconvened in Richmond's Front Street Theater on June 18. Once again, the northern and southern delegates were at each others' throats—shouting, hissing, and threatening various speakers with opposing views to their own. At one point, the wooden stage on which 150 New York and Pennsylvania delegates were sitting suddenly collapsed, sending the delegates tumbling through the floor. "New York and Pennsylvania have gone down together," said one wag.

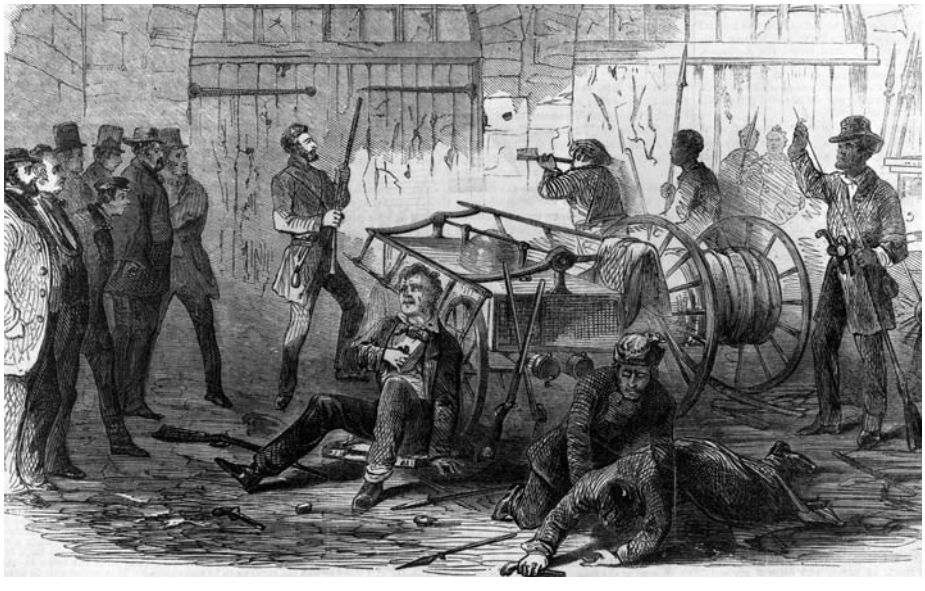
As a piece of unintended political theater, it was a perfect metaphor for the Democrats' disarray. On June 23, dozens of southern delegates staged another walkout. Douglas was nominated by the remaining delegates, while the rebellious southerners met a few blocks away at the Maryland Institute Hall and nominated sitting Vice President John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, who had not even sought the nomination. Georgia senator Alexander Stephens, a rare southerner who supported Douglas, surveyed the political damage done to the divided party. "Men will be cutting one another's throats in a little while," he predicted. "In less than twelve months we shall be in a war, and that the bloodiest in history."

The Democratic Party's division—and the Republican Party's resolute unity—reflected four decades of steadily worsening relationships between the northern and southern regions of the country. The overarching cause of contention was slavery, but it was not the only issue dividing the two sections. Tariffs, taxes, and cultural differences also split northerners and southerners, as they had since the very founding of the nation following the Revolutionary War. Generally speaking, northerners (particularly Republicans like Lincoln) favored a strong federal government, with centralized decision-making and a vast system of transportation and communication services knitting the nation into a unified whole. Southerners, for the most part, demanded states' rights, with more localized control of social, political, and financial issues.

The Mexican War, by adding thousands of miles of conquered territory to the United States, sharpened the divisions between the regions, as both sides jockeyed to add new states to the Union that would support their positions in Congress. Various political compromises, beginning with the Missouri Compromise of 1820 and continuing through the Compromise of 1850 and the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, sought to quiet sectional differences by setting definite boundaries for slave and free states. It was the expansion of slavery, not its continued legal existence in the South, that brought the two sides into increasingly bitter conflict, culminating in

The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: In this famous political cartoon of the period, South Carolina congressman Preston Brooks attacks Massachusetts senator Charles Sumner on the floor of the Senate on May 22, 1856. Brooks nearly killed Sumner with his gutta-percha cane for libeling Brooks's relative in a speech. BELOW: Terrorist John Brown and his men are besieged inside an engine house at Harpers Ferry, Virginia, by U.S. Marines led by Colonel Robert E. Lee. Brown was attempting to foment a slave revolt. Hostages taken by Brown stand at the left.

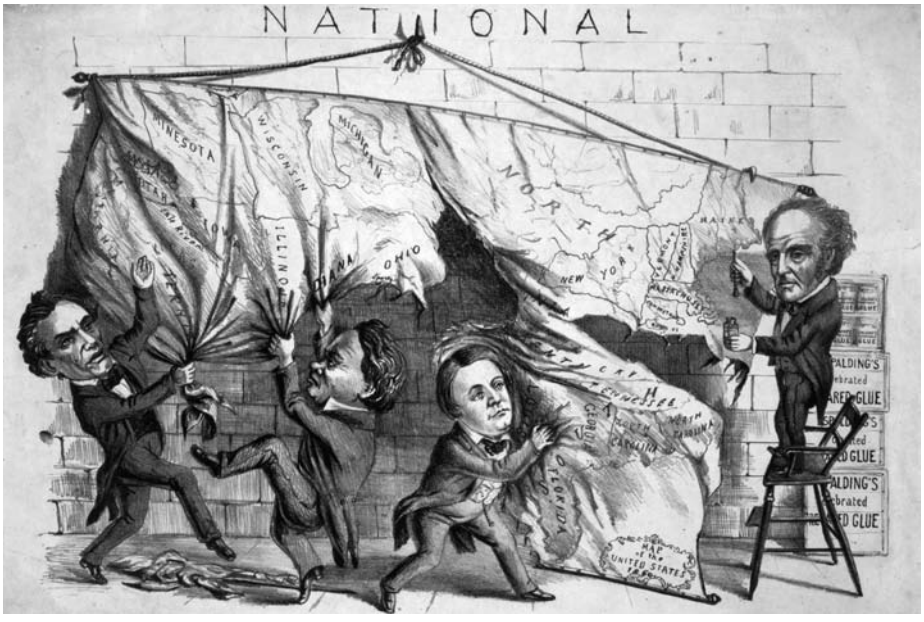


half a decade's worth of unprecedented political violence in "Bleeding Kansas" and the near-fatal beating of Massachusetts senator Charles Sumner by South Carolina congressman Preston Brooks on the floor of the Senate in 1856.

Against the backdrop of sectional violence, personified most notoriously by domestic terrorist John Brown, executed by the State of Virginia in 1859 for leading a failed slave insurrection, the 1860 presidential campaign began. Besides Lincoln, Douglas, and Breckinridge, a fourth candidate threw his hat into the ring: former Tennessee senator John Bell, whose Constitutional Union Party sought to find a middle ground between the pro-slavery South and the abolitionist North. A multicandidate election was not, on its face, unusual. Five times in recent years there had been third-party candidates for president. But this time around, there were decided differences. The election was not among four candidates seeking to win the national vote, but two separate elections, breaking down sectionally.

Four men may have been running for president in 1860, but only two of them really counted—Lincoln and Douglas. Neither Breckinridge nor Bell could hope to win any northern states. By the same token, Lincoln could not expect to carry any southern states—he was not even on the ballot there. The contest would be decided in the northern states between Lincoln and Douglas, and opening odds favored Lincoln. As he observed after his nomination, "I hesitate to say it, but it really appears now, as if the success of the Republican ticket is inevitable. We have no reason to doubt any of the states which voted for [John C.] Fremont. Add to these, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and the thing is done."

By holding the northern and midwestern tier of states carried by Fremont, Lincoln, the Republican Party's first presidential nominee in 1856, could be elected without any southern votes. If he managed to do so, he would be the first president in American history elected on a purely sectional basis. Many southerners, who



The four presidential candidates are lampooned in this 1860 political cartoon. Lincoln and Douglas, left, are shown tearing at the western part of the country. John C. Breckinridge, center, attacks the South, while John Bell stands on a stepstool attempting to repair the Northeast with a jar of glue.

already felt that political power was slipping away from them, could not be expected to accept such a defeat gracefully. The specter of secession, ironically mirrored by the walk-out of southern delegates at the nominating conventions in Charleston and Richmond, was openly discussed—indeed threatened—by disgruntled slaveholders and their political representatives in Washington. Douglas, campaigning in Norfolk, Virginia, tried to tamp down such talk. "I came here to see if there is not some common principle, some line of policy around which all Union-loving men, North and South, may rally to preserve the glorious Union against northern and southern agitators," he said. "There is no evil, and can be none, for which disunion is a legitimate remedy. You cannot sever this Union unless you cut the heartstrings that bind father to son, daughter to mother and brother to sister in all our new states and territories."

From Norfolk, Douglas went to Raleigh, North Carolina, where his second wife Adele's family lived. There he told a crowd that he loved his children and did not want to see them grow up in a divided country. "The only mistake we Democrats made was in tolerating disunionist sentiments in our bosoms so long.," he said. Privately, Douglas warned Massachusetts congressman Charles Francis Adams that there was already a plan in the works by southerners to overthrow President James Buchanan and replace him with a presumably more malleable Breckinridge, who would then oversee the creation of a new cotton kingdom among the states bordering the Gulf of Mexico, along with Cuba, Mexico, and various Central American countries. The fact that Douglas was drinking heavily at the time may have contributed to some of his more lurid imaginings.

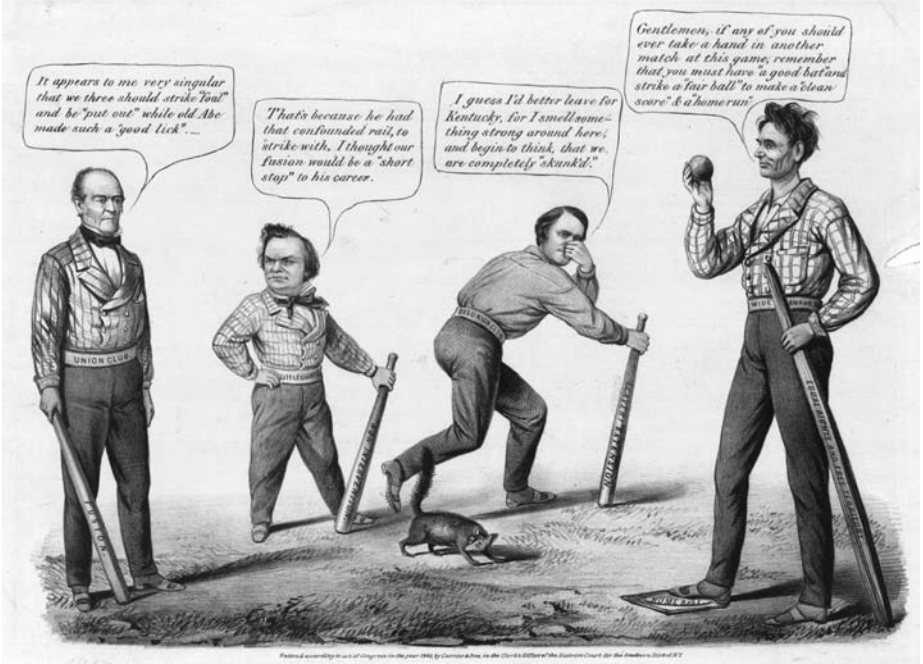
Southerners, for their part, did not appreciate Douglas's criticism, public or private. As the unusually torrid summer wore on—it was the hottest and driest in a generation—tempers rose accordingly. Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, never a Douglas admirer in the best of times, scoffed at the candidate and his heavy travel schedule, terming him "an itinerant advocate of his own claims." His fellow Mississippians, said Davis, were preparing a twin gallows for the tall Lincoln and the squat Douglas, taking into account the difference in their heights. The *Montgomery Weekly Advertiser* warned darkly that "Douglas did well to turn his

course northward—there are some portions of the South where the utterance of such sentiments might have led to the hoisting of that coat tail that hangs so near the ground to the limb of a tree, preceded by a short neck with grapevine attachment."

Having spent years arguing back and forth with southern opponents in and out of Congress, Douglas took such warnings seriously, but few other northerners shared his worries. The South, said the *New York Herald,* was "at the old game of scaring and bullying the North into submission to southern demands and southern tyranny." Empire State senator William Seward, who had fulminated for years about an "irrepressible conflict" between the regions, now seemed to dare southerners to act. "They cry out that they will tear the Union to pieces," he sneered at one campaign stop for Lincoln. "Who's afraid? Nobody's afraid." Lincoln himself joked at the beginning of the campaign that he would like to return to his home state of Kentucky to debate the issues, "but will not the people lynch me?"

Safely within the confines of his adopted hometown of Springfield, Illinois, the Republican nominee affected a placid nonchalance in the face of growing southern threats of secession. "The people of the South have too much good sense, and good temper, to attempt to ruin the government," he told one supporter. Cincinnati journalist Donn Piatt, a longtime observer of his southern neighbors across the Ohio River, tried unsuccessfully to warn Lincoln of the danger. Lincoln, he said, considered such threats "a sort of political game of bluff, gotten up by politicians, and meant to solely frighten the North." Piatt wasn't so sure.

Douglas shared Piatt's concerns, and as the summer gave way to fall, his speeches took on a more desperate and despairing tone. To sympathetic observers, Douglas increasingly looked like "a way-worn backwoods traveler." His constant campaigning aggravated his chronically enflamed throat and reduced his booming baritone to a spasmodic bark. He frequently interrupted his speeches to squeeze lemon juice down his aching throat. Appearing in Chicago on October 5, he spoke to a huge gathering on the lakefront. "I am no alarmist," said Douglas, "but I believe that this country is in more danger now than at any other moment since I have known anything of public life." The only way to save the Union, he continued, was to ensure that "northern abolitionism and southern disunion are buried in a common grave." On the same day as Douglas's speech, South Carolina governor William H. Gist sent a round-robin letter to his fellow southern governors, advising them that his own state was prepared to secede if Lincoln won the election.



THE NATIONAL GAME. THREE "OUTS" AND ONE "RUN".
ABRAHAM WINNING THE BALL.

Early returns in the important bellwether states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana made that outcome seem increasingly likely. In Pennsylvania, home of the current president, Republican gubernatorial candidate Andrew Curtin defeated his Democratic opponent by a landslide-level 30,000 votes. The results were just as dire for Democrats in Ohio and Indiana. In Ohio, 13 congressmen and a new state Supreme Court judge were elected; and in Indiana, where Lincoln had spent much of his childhood, results were equally promising for Republicans. Back home in Springfield—he did virtually no active campaigning—Lincoln kept an understandably close eye on the proceedings. "It now really looks as if the government is about to fall into our hands," he advised Seward. "Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have surpassed all expectation."

Douglas was campaigning in Iowa when he received the news from Indiana. "Mr. Lincoln is the next president," he told his traveling secretary. "We must try to save the Union. I will go south." Douglas set out for New Orleans a few days later to begin his final descent into the turbulent South. The emotional atmosphere had grown even worse in the past two months since his last visit. Continuing rumors of slave uprisings had led to the arrest of 36 black men in Dalton, Georgia, and the lynching of a white man in Talladega, Alabama. On the floor of Congress, Texas representative John H. Reagan repeated the absurd claim that nearly a dozen towns in his state had been burned to the ground by black agitators, who supposedly had murdered an untold number of whites in the process. "This," said Reagan, "is all part of the

legitimate fruits of Republicanism."

Against the alarming backdrop, Douglas's campaign pulled into St. Louis in mid-October. Addressing a nighttime rally atop the levee beside the Mississippi River, Douglas told the crowd, "I am not here tonight to ask for your votes for the presidency. I am here to make an appeal to you on behalf of the Union and the peace of the country." Traveling downriver to Memphis, the Democratic candidate expanded his message. Lincoln's election it itself, he said, did not constitute a mortal threat to southern interests, since the democrats still controlled Congress and the Supreme Court. He repeated the line in Montgomery, Alabama, assuring listeners that "your title to your slave property is expressly recognized by the Federal Constitution, where no power on earth but yourselves can interfere with it."

Douglas tried to frame the issue in logical scientific terms. "This question of slavery is one of political economy depending upon the class of climate, production and self-interest," he explained to one gathering. "You cannot compel slavery to exist in a cold, northern latitude any more than by an act of Congress you can make cotton grow upon the tops of the Rocky Mountains." This was not what many southerners wanted to hear, and Douglas was spat on and pelted with rotten eggs and spoiled tomatoes in Mobile. His mere presence in the South, said one newspaper, was "the most impudent, the most disgraceful, the most indefensible of his acts during the campaign."

Election Day dawned on November 6. Surprisingly, there was no reported violence; southerners seemed to be resigned to Lincoln's election—their next moves would not be at the ballot box. In Springfield, a relaxed and cautiously optimistic Lincoln spent the day in his office in the state capitol, then attended a covered-dish supper with his wife, Mary, at Watson's Saloon, which had been taken over by local matrons and a more respectable clientele of local supporters. When Lincoln walked in, the women bowed and curtsied, calling out, "How do you do, Mr. President!" Loud cheers greeted each arriving telegram. "Not too fast, my friends, not too fast," Lincoln cautioned. "It may not be over yet."

ABOVE: A large crowd gathers in front of the Capitol for Abraham Lincoln's first inauguration in March 1861. Stephen Douglas held Lincoln's top hat while he spoke. Construction work on the Capitol, including a larger dome, was still ongoing. OPPOSITE: A pro-Lincoln cartoon published during the campaign depicts the presidential race as a baseball game. Lincoln, the clear winner, wields his bat, a split rail, labeled "Equal Rights and Free Territory."

Soon it would be. Mary Lincoln went home to look in on their sons, and the candidate went to the telegraph office, where word came in around midnight that he had carried New York State, giving him a sure 180 electoral votes. He would be the 16th president of the United States. The news spread as if by magic. Crowds spilled into the streets and climbed onto rooftops. Church bells clanged and cannons boomed in the village square. Lincoln put the historic victory telegram in his pocket for safekeeping and hurried home to tell his most loyal supporter the news. "Mary, Mary!" he called, bursting through the front door of their home on the corner of Eighth and Jackson Streets. "We are elected!"

A thousand miles away, in a newspaper office in Mobile, Douglas received the same news. He seemed oddly detached—the election returns showed why. Douglas had carried only one state outright—Missouri—and split New Jersey with Lincoln, giving him a pitiful total of 12 electoral votes. Breckinridge, who had scarcely campaigned, carried all the Deep South states, along with Delaware and Maryland, giving him 72 electoral votes. Bell's Constitutional Union Party won the border states of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, for 39 electoral votes. All the rest went to Lincoln. With 39.9 percent of the total vote, Lincoln's winning margin was the lowest since John Quincy Adams was elected president

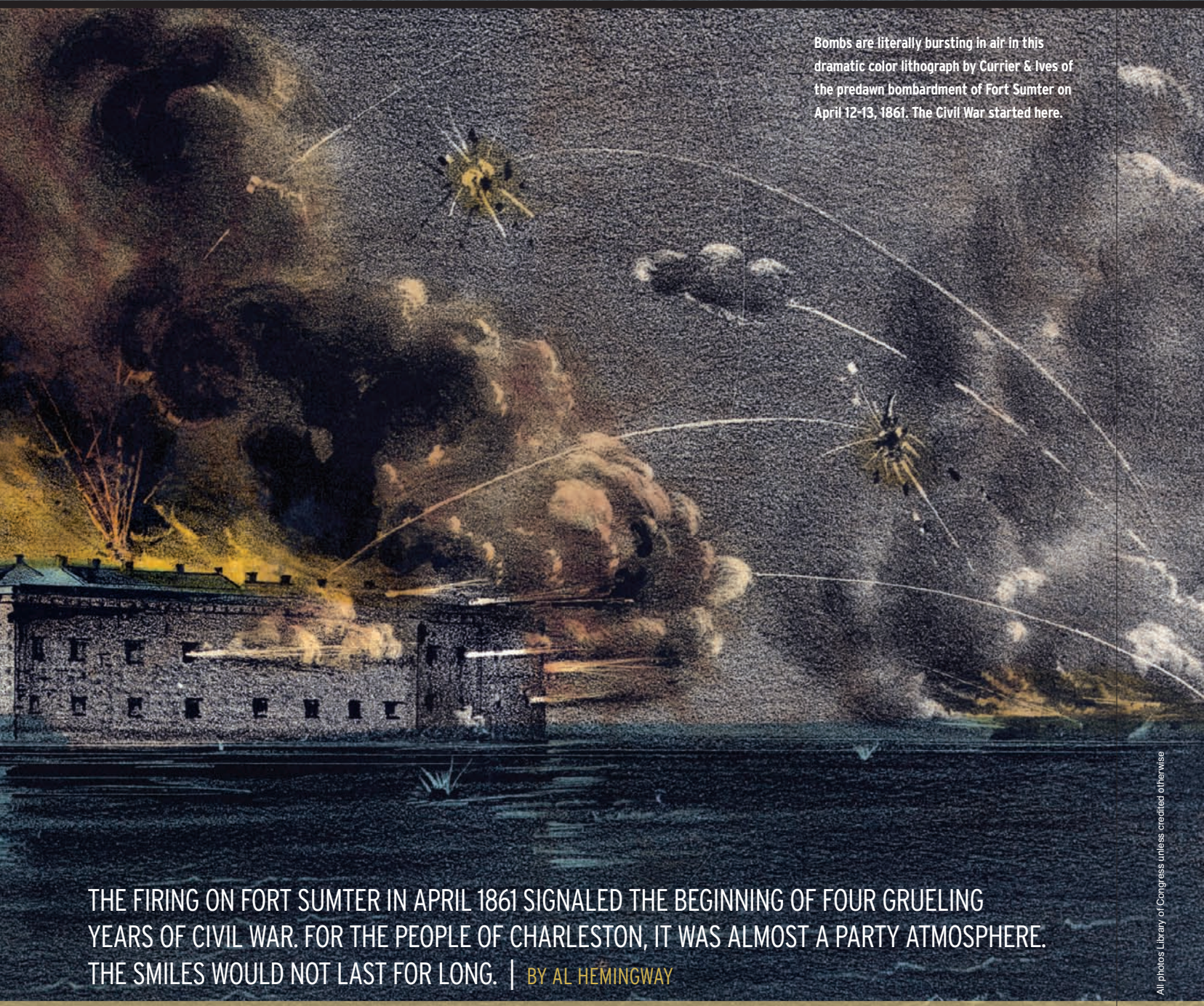
Continued on page 98

First Shots at FORT SUMTER

Shortly after midnight on the morning of April 12, 1861, four men in a rowboat made their way across the pitch-black harbor at Charleston, South Carolina, toward an unfinished and architecturally insignificant masonry fort three miles out from the city where the harbor meets the Atlantic Ocean. For three of the men, it was their second trip of the day to the pentagonal-shaped fort defiantly flying the Stars and Stripes above its ramparts.

Although the four men in the boat were self-professed gentlemen—three from Charleston high society, the fourth an aristocratic Virginian—this was no social call. They were there as emissaries of the newly fledged Confederate States of America, born the previous December inside the Carolina Institute Hall in Charleston, where the Ordinance of Secession had been signed and the Palmetto State had become the first star on the Confederacy's new national flag.

The men in the rowboat were flying a different flag at the moment, the white flag of truce. But if their visit was intended to be peaceable, their message most definitely was not. James Chesnut, Jr., Stephen D. Lee, Alexander R. Chisolm, and Roger A. Pryor clambered ashore at Fort Sumter that night to tell the base commander, Major Robert Anderson, that he had but one hour to surrender the fort and evacuate himself and his undersized garrison of 82 men—or else.



Bombs are literally bursting in air in this dramatic color lithograph by Currier & Ives of the predawn bombardment of Fort Sumter on April 12-13, 1861. The Civil War started here.

All photos Library of Congress unless credited otherwise

THE FIRING ON FORT SUMTER IN APRIL 1861 SIGNALED THE BEGINNING OF FOUR GRUELING YEARS OF CIVIL WAR. FOR THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON, IT WAS ALMOST A PARTY ATMOSPHERE. THE SMILES WOULD NOT LAST FOR LONG. | BY AL HEMINGWAY

The Kentucky-born Anderson was in an unenviable and unprecedented situation. No state had ever seceded from the Union before; whether it was even legally possible for one to do so was a constitutional question beyond Anderson's experience or expertise. He had arrived in Charleston the previous November, not long after the election of Abraham Lincoln as the 16th president of the United States had brought Charlestonians pouring into the streets to celebrate the much-hated Lincoln's election—not out of joy for the "black Republican's" victory, but because it seemed beyond doubt to presage the end of the Union.

The night after Christmas 1860, Anderson had ably transferred his men to Fort Sumter from the more vulnerable Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. For the next three and a half months, he had resisted all demands from ardent South Carolinians to surrender Fort Sumter and leave the city. At the same time, he had bluntly informed Lincoln that, although he would strive to do his duty as a professional soldier, his heart was not in the incipient civil war he saw approaching like a hurricane on the western horizon.

Anderson was not alone in reading the signs. Storms clouds had been gathering for decades between the slave-holding and non-slave-holding states. The overwhelm-

ing victory in the Mexican War in 1847—a war that Lincoln, then a Whig congressman, had opposed—had opened up enormous new territory in the American Southwest. Proponents of slavery wanted to expand their "peculiar institution" into the new lands. Lincoln and other opponents of slavery just as adamantly opposed such a move. Two separate political compromises, in 1850 and 1854, had sought to address the issue by maintaining a tenuous equality between the regions. However, half a decade of internecine warfare between pro- and antislavery forces in "Bleeding Kansas" had sharpened the philosophical divide. In 1859, when abolitionist John Brown, a veteran of the Kansas warfare, led an ill-fated raid on Harpers Ferry, Virginia, to steal weapons and lead a slave revolt, the situation grew in intensity. Brown was quickly captured and hanged for what amounted to domestic terrorism, but many in the North saw him as a martyr to conscience. With the election of Lincoln in 1860, southern "Fire-eaters" called for immediate secession. Southerners distrusted Republicans like Lincoln, believing that they would meddle in their affairs, especially slavery, and ignore the related issue of state's rights.

Nowhere was the cauldron of dissent more vocal than in South Carolina. And nowhere was the public outcry heard the louder than in the coastal city of Charleston. Even the ladies of the "Holy City" were excited about the prospects of succeeding. "The very air seemed to be charged with electricity," wrote Claudine Rhett. "Flags fluttered in every direction, and the adjacent islands were converted into camping grounds. Companies drilled and paraded daily on every open square in the city, and the bands of music played nightly serenaded distinguished men, and made the old houses echo back the strains of 'Dixie' and the 'Marseillaise.'"

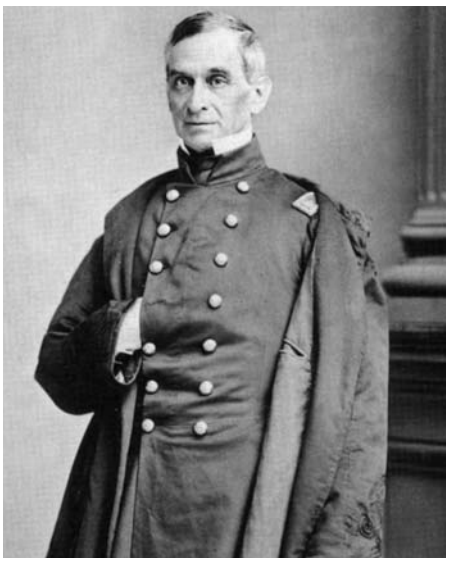
Considerably less concerned about the volatile situation was outgoing President James Buchanan. Considered by many observers, then and now, as the country's worst president, Buchanan was indecisive on the issue of slavery. In his final address to the Congress on December 3, 1860, he said that succession was illegal, but also that it was unlawful for the federal government to forcibly prevent any state from doing so.

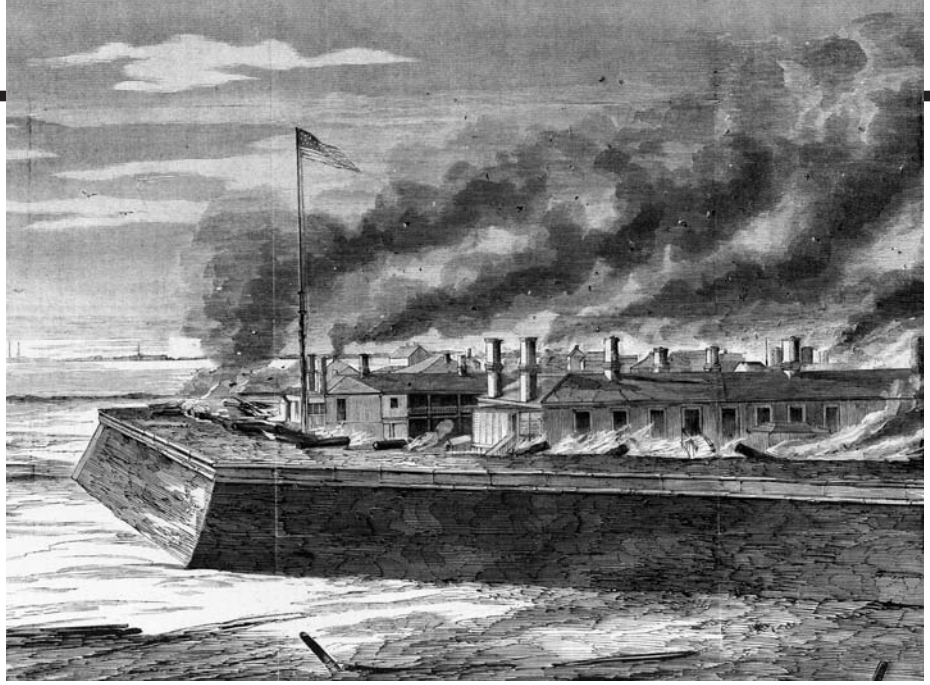
On December 20, South Carolina became the first southern state to leave the Union. Six other states quickly followed suit, and the seven of them created the Confederate States of America. Less than a week later, three delegates from South Carolina—Robert W. Barnwell, James H. Adams, and James L. Orr—traveled to Washington to meet with Buchanan as quasi-official representatives of the new government. The trio of southern emissaries wanted to convey to Buchanan the message that South Carolina had no intention of attacking the military installations on the coast, "provided that no reinforcements should be sent, and the military status should be permitted to remain unchanged." They also demanded the "delivery of the forts, magazines, lighthouses" to state officials.

Prior to the delegation meeting with the president, Anderson had performed the transfer of the garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, without first notifying Washington. First he ferried the women and children over to Fort Johnson, also located in the harbor. Anderson ordered three guns at Moultrie to fire, signaling the group to move to Sumter. When the rest of the garrison began loading their boats, Charleston officials thought they were sailing to Fort Johnson, as well. But when the residents observed the American flag waving in the breeze atop Fort Sumter, they realized that they had been duped.

South Carolina's governor, Francis W. Pickens, an ardent supporter of the southern cause, was infuriated with Anderson's surreptitious movement and immediately called for his surrender. Anderson, of course, refused. Soon, the Kentuckian's name was vilified at the state convention,

MEANWHILE, AS THE COMMANDER OF FORT SUMTER PEERED OUT AT THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, HE COULD SEE THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGHTS OF WAR: REBEL GUN BATTERIES BEING ERECTED TO PREPARE FOR AN ATTACK ON THE STRONGHOLD.





ABOVE LEFT: Major Robert Anderson, commander at Fort Sumter. ABOVE RIGHT: Smoke rises above burning gun carriages as Union troops abandon Fort Moultrie and Sullivan's Island in December 1860. OPPOSITE: A panoramic sketch of Charleston in 1861 shows Confederate troops marching crisply toward the harbor. Most southern troops, then or later, were not so well-trained.

the legislature, and at public and private meetings. Many called him a traitor to the southern cause, because of his longtime relationship with the South.

Not only did Anderson's clandestine actions enrage the South Carolinians, but they ruffled Secretary of War John B. Floyd's feathers in Washington. Floyd claimed that the "solid pledges of the [U.S.] government" were all for naught, due to Anderson's actions. He advised the president to vacate all U.S. troops from Charleston harbor. Buchanan steadfastly refused to withdraw the garrison from Fort Sumter, which created a furor within his cabinet. Floyd, who was under investigation on charges of corruption, resigned his post and returned to his native Virginia. He was later appointed a brigadier general in the Confederate Army.

Although he had a short tenure in office, Joseph Holt, Buchanan's new secretary of war, approved of Anderson's tactics. A fellow Kentuckian, he assured Anderson that supplies and reinforcements would be forthcoming. Meanwhile, as the commander of Fort Sumter peered out at the city of Charleston, he could see the unmistakable sights of war: Rebel gun batteries being erected to prepare for an attack on the stronghold. Militia commanders in charge of the Confederate forces that encircled Sumter had ordered gun emplacements on Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island, Morris Island, and James Island. These batteries were poised to pummel the fort if the Federals did not surrender. Their impressive arsenal included 8-inch Columbiads, 10-inch mortars, and several 42-pounders.

Sumter itself was designed to house a garrison of about 650 men and 135 cannons that were strategically placed in a three tier-style of arrangement circling the fort. The pentagon-shaped structure was 170 to 190 feet in length, and was 50 feet in height; its walls were five feet thick. The primary purpose of the installation was to strengthen the defenses along the southern coast of the United States. The construction started in 1827 but was still not finished in December 1860. Even worse, approximately half of the guns had not been delivered because of Buchanan's downsizing of the military during his time in office.

"Few guns were mounted, and these were chiefly on the lowest tier," noted Sergeant James Chester of Company E, 1st U.S. Artillery. Chester complained that the openings cut into the walls of the fort for the guns had not been completed on the second tier, so that only the first and third tiers could be used. Union soldiers worked diligently to build up areas of the bastion that sorely needed it. Some continued to demonstrate a positive attitude, believing that they were a match for their adversaries. Chester, however, was a realist. He understood that the enemy had "unlimited labor and material" and that the occupants of Fort Sumter were handicapped by having access only to materials that had been stockpiled from years past.

Despite the shortcomings, Anderson was ordered "to hold possession of the forts in this harbor, and if attacked you are to defend yourself to the last extremity." Anderson did what he could. He told yet another South Carolina emissary, Colonel J. Johnston Pettigrew of the state militia, that although his (Anderson's) sympathies were "entirely with the South," he was sworn to do his duty as a United States officer and "cannot and will not go back." He called his men to the parade ground, had the chaplain offer a prayer, and instructed the band to play "Hail Columbia." The die was cast.

Anderson's prayers seemed to be answered when he received a telegram on New Year's Eve 1860 informing him that assistance was en route to South Carolina. Buchanan had become more adamant about resupplying the fort and protecting federal property. The outgoing chief executive did not want to return to his home

state of Pennsylvania "by the light of burning effigies." Despite the preceding four years, while Buchanan had waffled on the issues that divided the North and South, he was determined to end his term in office on a more positive note by showing the country that he had the backbone to stand up to the Confederates in Charleston harbor.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Anderson's wife, Elizabeth, had ideas of her own about how to reinforce her husband. When originally assigned to Fort Sumter, Anderson had left his wife with their children in New York City, because she was in poor health. She knew that somewhere in the city was her husband's "old and tried sergeant," Peter Hart, who had served with the major during the Mexican War. After contacting all the Harts who resided in the city limits, she finally found him. Hart agreed to accompany Mrs. Anderson to Fort Sumter and serve under his old commander once again.

Against the wishes of her doctor, Elizabeth Anderson made the journey to Charleston with Hart. She wangled a meeting with Governor Pickens, asking for a pass for herself and Hart to visit her husband at the fort. Pickens gave her permission to go, but steadfastly refused to allow Hart to enter the fort. Angered by Pickens's reply, Mrs. Anderson wrote a terse note back that said, "I shall take Hart with me, with or without a pass." After reading the message, the governor acquiesced and issued a pass to Hart. On January 6, Mrs. Anderson, Hart, and a few personal friends were ferried by boat to the fort. Because of her weakened state, Elizabeth Anderson had to be carried off the vessel and taken by her husband. She had done what the U.S. government could not: reinforced Major Anderson, even if it was only with one man.

While Elizabeth Anderson was performing her personal mission to her husband, authorities in Washington were planning to bolster Anderson's tiny command with additional troops and much-needed supplies. On January 9, the *Star of the West*, a New York-based merchant vessel, and *Brooklyn*, a heavily armed sloop, made their way into Charleston harbor. Both ships were carrying troops and supplies to Anderson's beleaguered men at Fort Sumter. As the two ships neared Morris Island, students from the Citadel, who were manning the guns there, let loose a warning shot that carried across the bow of the *Star of the West*. With that, the vessel turned around and began to make her way back out to sea, but was hit three times before she reached the safety of the open sea.

Anderson's command was downhearted at the abrupt turn of events; with provisions running low it was just a matter of time before they would be forced to surrender the fort. In Charleston, however, the population was jubilant. The following day, the *Charleston Mercury* thundered that "if that red seal of blood they want—blood they shall have, and blood enough to stamp it all in red. For, by the God of our fathers, the soil of South Carolina shall be free!" Senator Jefferson Davis agreed, stating that the operation to reinforce Sumter was ill-advised and that the garrison was "utterly incapable of holding" a major assault. He called the "management of the whole affair something worse than a crime—it was a blunder."

On January 11, the State of South Carolina called for the immediate surrender of Fort Sumter. Stalling for time, Anderson responded that he did not possess the authority to hand over the fort to anyone. The following day, Pickens dispatched the state's attorney general, I.W. Hayne, to deliver a message to President Buchanan that read in part, "The demand I have made of Major Anderson, and which I

ABOVE: A satirical 1860 political cartoon shows South Carolina governor Francis Pickens threatening President James Buchanan with a cannon ironically labeled "Peace Maker" and pointed at himself. Fort Sumter, conspicuously flying a U.S. flag, is in the background. OPPOSITE LEFT: Virginia "fire-eater" Edmund Ruffin, a civilian, claimed the dubious honor of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter. RIGHT: Confederate Brigadier General P.G.T. Beauregard commanded the Confederate forces in Charleston.

now make of you, is suggested because of my earnest desire to avoid the bloodshed which a persistence in your attempt to retain the possession of that fort will cause; and which will be unavailing to secure you that possession, but induce a calamity most deeply to be deplored."

Both: National Archives

The Buchanan administration refused to budge. Pickens dispatched a party, led by the state's attorney general, Andrew Gordon Magrath, to discuss surrender terms with Anderson. Although they tried to "persuade and alarm him," their efforts were in vain. Anderson informed them that before he would turn Fort Sumter over to them, he would "fire the magazine and blow fort and garrison into the air." Lines were hardening into cement on both sides.

Throughout February, demands for the fort's capitulation continued to be sent to Anderson, who promptly denied them. Events continued apace. On February 18, Jefferson Davis resigned his seat in the Senate and was named president of the Confederate States of America. He tried to negotiate with the North by sending a peace commission, but that failed. On March 1, Davis appointed Brig. Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard commander of all Confederate troops in the Charleston area.

On March 4, Abraham Lincoln was sworn in as president of the United States. In a pointed nod to the people of the South, the president declared, "You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect,' and defend' it." Lincoln said that violence and bloodshed would not be his policy unless forced on him by the acts of others. On that same day, he received a letter from Anderson saying that he had enough supplies to last approximately four to six weeks. After much haggling with his cabinet, especially from Secretary of State William E. Seward, who had been telling the Confederate delegates that the fort would soon be evacuated, Lincoln decided that he would make another attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter.

Lincoln met with General-in-Chief Winfield Scott and his aide, Chief Engineer John G. Totten. They informed him that 25,000 troops, a large armada, and months of training for the troops were needed before any relief expedition could commence. With the exception of Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, most in Lincoln's cabinet agreed with Scott's dire assessment. Postmaster General Montgomery Blair, who sided with Welles, introduced Lincoln to his brother-in-law, Gustavus V. Fox, who had already devised a plan of reinforcement that had been approved by Scott but ultimately dismissed by Buchanan.

On March 28, Scott recommended to Lincoln that both Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens, situated on the Florida panhandle near the Alabama border, be abandoned. Lincoln disagreed and informed Fox to proceed with his plan. As the resupply mission was nearing completion, Lincoln dispatched State Department clerk Robert S. Chew to deliver a personal message to Governor Pickens, stating that supply ships would be entering Charleston harbor to deliver provisions to the garrison at Sumter. Pickens received the note on April 8 and immediately forwarded the information to Davis, who had just relocated the capital of the Confederacy to Richmond after Virginia seceded from the Union. After some discussion, Davis sent word to demand the fort's surrender one more time on April 10. If Anderson did not comply, Davis ordered a bombardment to begin on April 12.

Beauregard, once again, asked Anderson to surrender of the fort. Sadly, the major answered, "We shall strive to do our duty, though I frankly say that my heart is not in the war, which I see is to be thus commenced. Gentlemen, if you do not batter us to pieces, we shall be starved out in a few days."

Beauregard made one last attempt, send-

ing the four emissaries—Lee, Chesnut, Chisolm, and Pryor—back to Fort Sumter after midnight on April 12. While the messengers waited outside the fort, Anderson conferred with his senior officers. A Union relief fleet sat anchored just outside Charleston harbor, bearing much-needed food for the besieged defenders. Lincoln, master politician that he was, had maneuvered the South into either allowing the fort to be resupplied—in which case it could hold out indefinitely—or else firing the first shots of the war. The visitors at Fort Sumter had already warned Anderson which course the Confederacy would take. Anderson, playing for time, informed the southerners that he would evacuate the fort by noon on April 15, unless he heard otherwise. Deeply moved, he shook hands with the four visitors, telling them that "if we do not meet again in this world, I hope we may meet in the next."

Little did Anderson know, but Lincoln's telegram informing him of a resupply mission had been intercepted by the Confederates. Fearing the additional firepower from the man o' wars in Charleston harbor, Davis told Beauregard to "reduce the fort." Ironically, Beauregard would order his artillerymen to begin the bombardment on Fort Sumter early the next morning against his former artillery instructor at West Point.

At precisely 4:30 AM on April 12, the Civil War began. The first shot, fired from Fort Johnson at the tip of James Island below Charleston, crashed into the northeast parapet of the fort, directly above the head of sleeping Federal Captain Abner Doubleday. "A ball lodged in the magazine wall and by the sound seemed to bury itself in the masonry about a foot from my head, in very unpleasant proximity to my right ear," he would later write. Doubleday wasted no time in leaving his quarters. Coolly, he and the other officers sat down to a "sumptuous" breakfast before Doubleday took his detachment to the fort's casemates to return fire on the Confederate guns. "Their missiles were exceedingly destructive to the upper exposed position of the work," wrote Doubleday, "but no essential injury was done to the lower casemates which sheltered us."

A lank, white-haired old Virginian named Edmund Ruffin, who was visiting Charleston at the time, claimed credit for firing the war's first shot. The 67-year-old former farmer and ardent secessionist had gone to bed that night without taking off his shoes and socks so that he would not be late when the word came to commence firing. Ruffin lit the fuse to a 64-pounder Columbiad on Cummings Point. (Unregenerate Rebel to the end, Ruffin would kill himself after the war rather than submit to domination by what he termed "the perfidious, malignant, and vile Yankee race.")

The 47 Rebel cannons and mortars surrounding Fort Sumter began firing on the bastion. Once they got their range, shot and shell shook the structure like an earthquake. As one Charleston resident put it, "The nervous strain is awful." The bar-

Both: Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ABOVE and BELOW: Two poeticized views of the firefight at Fort Sumter. The top painting shows Confederate cannons firing on the fort, while the bottom painting shows Union gunners returning fire inside a suspiciously well-ordered interior. OPPOSITE: Charleston civilians, primarily female, watch the bombardment from their rooftops. Mary Boykin Chesnut, who left a vivid account of the event, may be one of the ladies depicted in the painting.

rage increased in tempo that "woke the echoes from every nook and corner of the harbor." "All along the water fronts and from all the forts," said Confederate soldier D. Augustus Dickert, "a perfect sheet of flame flashed out, a deafening roar, a rumbling, deadening sound, and the war was on."

The residents of Charleston, South Carolina, rushed onto the streets and porches of their homes or climbed to their rooftops to catch a better glimpse of the shells exploding over the fort. Many scurried down to the wharfs and battery to watch the cannonade reduce the bastion to rubble. Men cursed and ladies prayed as the bombardment maintained its intensity.

"The women were wild there on the housetops," wrote Mary Boykin Chesnut, wife of Confederate emissary James Chesnut, in her diary. "Prayers came from the women, and imprecations from the men. And then a shell would light up the scene. We watched up there, and everybody wondered that Fort Sumter did not fire a shot." In the luxurious Mills House on Charleston's Battery, the well-born, 38-year-old South Carolina matron was lying in bed, sleepless and on edge, when she heard "the heavy booming of a cannon." Throwing on a dressing gown and shawl, she rushed to the rooftop with her friends to watch the shells explode against the predawn sky. Mary Chesnut made a mental note to "try & remember every thing about that wonderful siege & write it as soon as I have leisure." How well she would keep that vow not even she could guess.

One area that was particularly hit hard was the barracks. The wooden building was an easy target and soon was ablaze from the incoming projectiles. The soldiers quickly put out the fire before it consumed the entire structure. Inside the masonry structure, shells from the outlying batteries "went screaming over Sumter as if an army of devils were swooping around it," according to Chester. At first, the soldiers inhabiting the fort assembled along the ramparts to watch the fireworks. When shots and shells came precariously close, they hurried down below to the bomb-proof shelters to await orders.

The Granger Collection, New York

MANY ON THE UNION SIDE WERE ANGERED THAT THEIR SHOTS WERE NOT DOING ANY DAMAGE TO THE BATTERIES FIRING AT THEM. SEVERAL OF THE CREWS WERE ESPECIALLY MAD AT THE CROWD OF CURIOUS CIVILIANS WATCHING FROM MOULTRIE ISLAND.

Anderson did not return fire until about 7 AM, when Doubleday fired the first shot for the Union side, a 32-pounder Parrott gun aimed at Morris Island. The shell landed among the sandbags protecting the gun emplacements. The round was retrieved by the Confederates and forwarded to George P. Kane, the chief of police in Baltimore, a known southern sympathizer.

Both sides fired upon each other throughout the day. The Confederate batteries, because of their abundance of ammunition, kept up the pressure at a

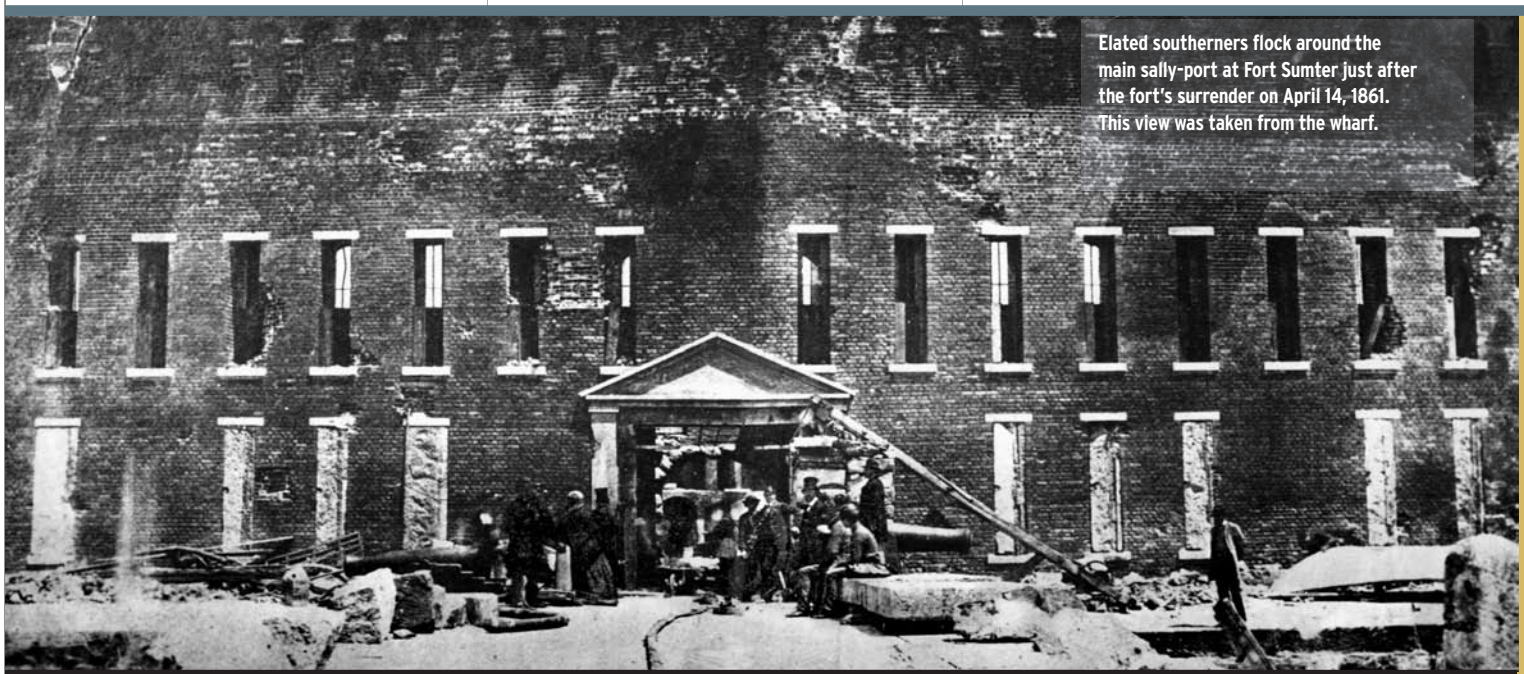
more sustained tempo. Even though the heat and humidity became more oppressive as the day wore on, the Union cannons answered their firing with shots of their own. Although the fort was well supplied with shells, they were short of primers and cartridge bags. Some of the men were detailed to produce makeshift ones from old woolen shirts and socks—even Major Anderson's socks were sacrificed to the cause.

Many on the Union side were angered that their shots were not doing any damage to the batteries firing at them. Several of the crews were especially mad at the crowd of curious civilians watching from Moultrie Island. With no officer present, the men secretly fired two rounds at the group, with both shells skipping over the onlookers' heads and smashing into the Moultrie House behind them. No one was killed or injured during the exchange, but the inquisitive onlookers hurried off in a "rather undignified manner," one Federal noted with satisfaction.

The Union guns fell silent as night descended. The Rebel cannons kept up the bombardment at 15-minute intervals, if not to inflict any serious damage, then at least to keep the sleepless defenders in a nervous state. Many in the fort were understandably anxious for the fleet that would resupply them, although the sandbar that stretched across Charleston harbor could prove to be a formidable obstacle. Said Chester with commendable understatement, the night "was one of great anxiety."

The next day, Confederate gunners wasted no time in resuming their bombardment of Fort Sumter, commencing fire as soon as the sun rose. Soon, the officer's quarters were in flames "yielding pungent piney smoke." By late morning, one-fifth of the structure was on fire. The thick, acrid smoke permeated the enclosure, making breathing very difficult. Some soldiers placed handkerchiefs over their mouths to escape the suffocating smoke. Others took refuge near the gun portals where fresh air was blowing in. Luckily for the men, a strong wind blowing that day lessened their discomfort.

In early afternoon, a Confederate round splintered the fort's flag pole, causing it to fall to the ground. Seeing this, soldiers and citizens began to cheer loudly. Inside the fort, Peter Hart, Anderson's devoted sergeant, nailed the Stars and Stripes to another staff and refastened it to the pole.



Elated southerners flock around the main sally-port at Fort Sumter just after the fort's surrender on April 14, 1861. This view was taken from the wharf.

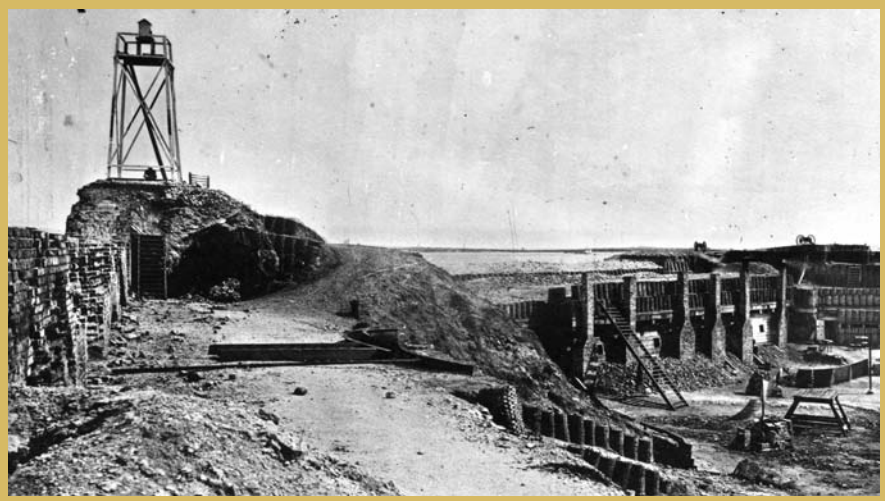
AS THE EPICENTER of the Civil War, Fort Sumter naturally attracted much photographic attention. The first photographer to visit the fort after the 1861 bombardment and surrender was F.K. Houston, whose studios were located at 307 King Street in Charleston. He took the shot of the elated southerners at the main sally-port the day after the battle. Houston was followed by fellow photographers James M. Osborn and F.E. Durbee, who ran Osborn & Durbee's Photographic Mart, just down the street from Houston's establishment, at 223 King Street. They took the photo of Confederate dignitaries looking at a captured Columbiad, dignitaries whom are thought to have included future Confederate general Wade Hampton and South Carolina governor Francis Pickens. (Hampton would also be elected governor of the state following the Civil War.) Several unknown photographers visited the fort during the subsequent four years. The last known visitor was northern photographer Samuel A. Cooley in 1865, who may have taken the photo of the ruins with the flagpole. By that time, Fort Sumter had been reduced to rubble—much like the South's hopes of independence—and an ailing but vindicated Major Robert Anderson had returned to hoist again the shot-torn American flag that had flown over the fort at the very beginning of the war.

Seeing the flag go down, Colonel Louis T. Wigfall, a former senator from Texas, seized the opportunity to make history. Acting without any authority but his own, Wigfall rowed out to the fort with a small landing party to demand its surrender. With shells exploding around them, the group made its way into Fort Sumter by squeezing through one of the gun embrasures. Wigfall was waving a sword with a white handkerchief tied to it.

Wigfall asked to speak to Anderson, who was quickly summoned. As they were discussing surrender terms, an errant shell exploded within 10 paces of them. The party quickly found safety in one of the fort's casemates. Wigfall convinced Anderson of the futility of defending Fort Sumter. The major agreed, asking only that he be allowed to salute the flag when it was lowered for the last time and replaced by a white bed sheet signifying surrender. During the 34-hour bombardment, the Confederate batteries had fired an estimated 4,000 rounds without inflicting any casualties. The Union cannons had failed to harm anyone, either.

The following morning, as the garrison was preparing to board a transport that would take them out to the Federal ships beyond the bar, 50 howitzers were readied to fire a last 100-shot salute to the colors. Unfortunately, one of the guns exploded prematurely, killing Union Private Daniel Hough and wounding five other soldiers. Hough had the dubious distinction of becoming the first casualty of the Civil War. Anderson cancelled the rest of the salute and left the fort with the tattered 33-star flag tucked under his arm. He and his men marched down to the wharf to board the steamer that would take them out of harm's way. As they passed silently out of the harbor, the watching Confederates lining the beachfront removed their hats in silent salute. There was no cheering.

Anderson was given a hero's welcome when he returned with his wife to New York City. Plagued by poor health, he left active military service in October 1863. He was appointed a major general in February 1865. Two months later, he would return to Fort Sumter and triumphantly raise the original flag over the now-crumbling ruins of the fort. Between his visits, there would be many more casualties—hundreds of thousands more—after Private Hough's accidental demise on that long-ago Sunday afternoon in Charleston harbor. □



Photos: National Archives

ABOVE: The Confederate flag still flies proudly over the now-ruined fort in 1863. It is an inadvertent symbol of the South's ongoing demise. TOP LEFT: Confederate dignitaries look at a captured Columbiad inside the fort in 1861. The tall figure in center is believed to be future general Wade Hampton. Governor Pickens may also be pictured. TOP RIGHT: Interior view of Fort Sumter shows the damage done by a brief Union naval attack in 1863. Two warships and seven monitors flung 139 shells into the fort before driven off by Confederate defenders. LEFT: The makeshift flagpole remains standing amid the rubble inside Fort Sumter. Major Anderson had taken the flag with him.

At a critical point in the battle, Thomas Jackson, wearing a vintage Mexican War-style cap, and his Virginians held their ground on Henry House Hill. Painting by Don Troiani.

AT THE BULL RUN, OR MANASSAS, CAMPAIGN OF JULY 1861, THE FEDERALS HAD A GOOD PLAN THAT VERY NEARLY WORKED.

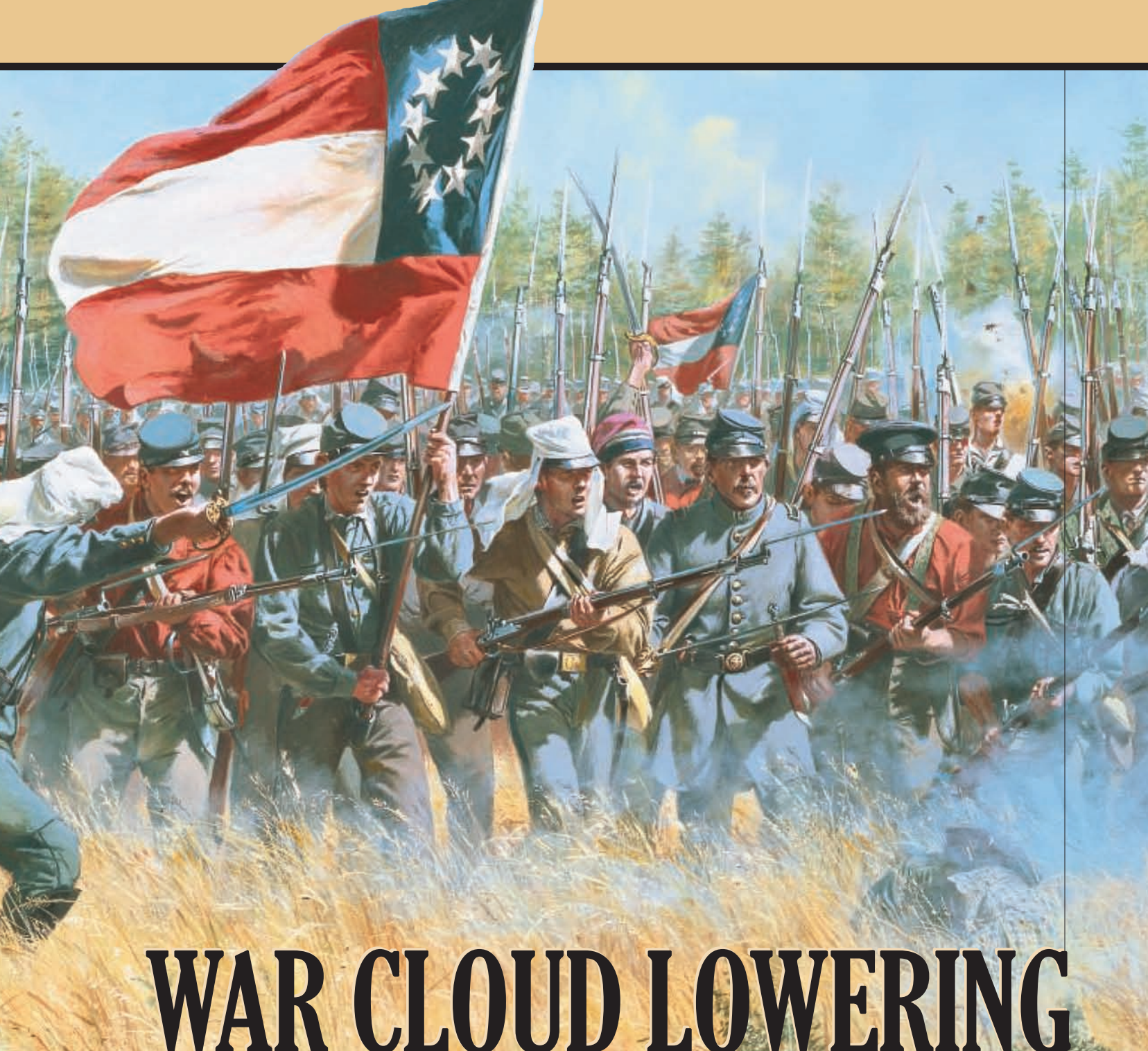
BY EARL ECHELBERRY

ON March 4, 1861, with war clouds threatening the land, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated the 16th president of the United States. Then, on April 12, Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the Southern Confederacy declared its independence. The war clouds had finally burst.

Lincoln's response was to gather a volunteer army, with Washington as the assembling point for the newly formed regiments. In order to protect Washington from attack, the army guarded all bridges from Virginia and other approaches into the city.

At the same time, General Robert E. Lee began to build his defenses around Richmond. Toward this end, Lee assigned Colonel Philip St. George Cocke to command all approaches along the Potomac.

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

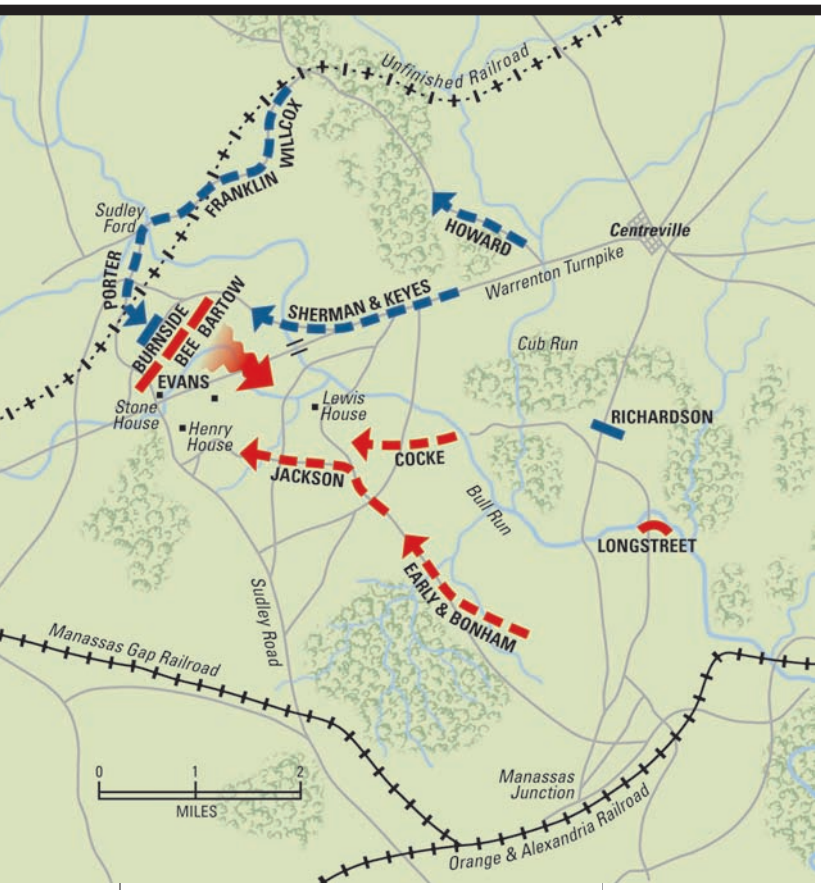


WAR CLOUD LOWERING

Colonel Cocke then ordered forward, to guard the city against an early attack, troops from all portions of the South.

With the concentration of Union troops in the states adjacent to Virginia, there was every indication that the North planned to invade Virginia from several directions. The possible avenues of attack were: from Washington, along the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, toward Gordonsville, threatening the line of communication between Richmond and the western portion of the state; from Fort Monroe up the peninsula toward Richmond; through Chambersburg, Pa., into the Shenandoah Valley and the adjacent Potomac valleys to the west; from Ohio into western Virginia, by the line of the Great Kanawha Valley toward Staunton, and simultaneously from Wheeling and Parkersburg along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad eastward to Grafton, and thence southeastward to Staunton.

Of the four corridors, it was from Washington toward Richmond that General in Chief Winfield Scott and Lincoln expected to overrun and subjugate Virginia. This plan's objectives were to move directly



upon the capital of Virginia and of the Confederacy, and also to provide protection for Washington against a possible attack by the Confederacy.

When Brig. Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard took command at Manassas, Brig. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah served as his left flank. On his right flank at Aquia Creek on the Potomac River, was a Confederate force of some 2,500 men under Brig. Gen. Theophilus Hunter Holmes. Also, there were two small advanced outposts established by Beauregard: one at Leesburg under Colonel Eppa Hunton was responsible for watching the fords of the upper Potomac east of the Blue Ridge Mountains; the other was at Fairfax Court House, which provided a direct observation of the Union Army in Washington. There were also detachments on the railway line leading toward Alexandria from Washington, and to the south guarding the approaches to the right from Alexandria.

From information he deemed reliable, Beauregard concluded that Union Brig. Gen. Irvin McDowell had a fully equipped army of 50,000 men. To oppose this force, he could field barely 18,000 men and 29 guns. Beauregard urged Davis to converge the armies of Johnston and Holmes with his at Manassas Junction. His plan was to be ready to fall upon McDowell's flanks, rear, and line of communication, cutting off his line of retreat and forcing him to surrender. However, Richmond did not view these suggestions favorably.

On July 15, a Southern spy informed Beauregard that the Union Army was about to march on his position. Beauregard ordered his outposts back to Manassas Junction, informing Davis. He strongly suggested to Davis that he order the Army of the Shenandoah and General Holmes's brigade to reinforce his Army of the Potomac at Manassas. Davis agreed and promptly ordered Holmes to report to Beauregard, and gave Johnston discretion to move his command for the same purpose.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, July 16, McDowell began marching toward Manassas Junction. With an army of poorly trained and inadequately equipped men, led mostly by mossback old-timers and inexperienced amateurs, he crossed the Potomac River into Virginia, moving westward toward Fairfax Court House and Centreville. His advance was unopposed, and that night his command encamped in front of Fairfax Court House.

Advancing again on the 17th, after covering 20 miles in two days, McDowell reached the vicinity of Centreville, and late that day the banks of a stream called Bull Run. With the first stage of his plan completed (clearing the Confederates from their positions at Fairfax Court House and Centreville), he was ready to launch his offensive against Manassas Junction. The second stage of this offensive was to force a withdrawal of the Confederate army camped behind Bull Run. From Centreville, part of the Union force would move on the Confederate Army thought to be camped behind Bull Run, near the town of Manassas Junction. Another Federal column would attempt to outflank the Rebels, cut their main line of supply from

Library of Congress

Richmond, and force their withdrawal toward the Rappahannock River.

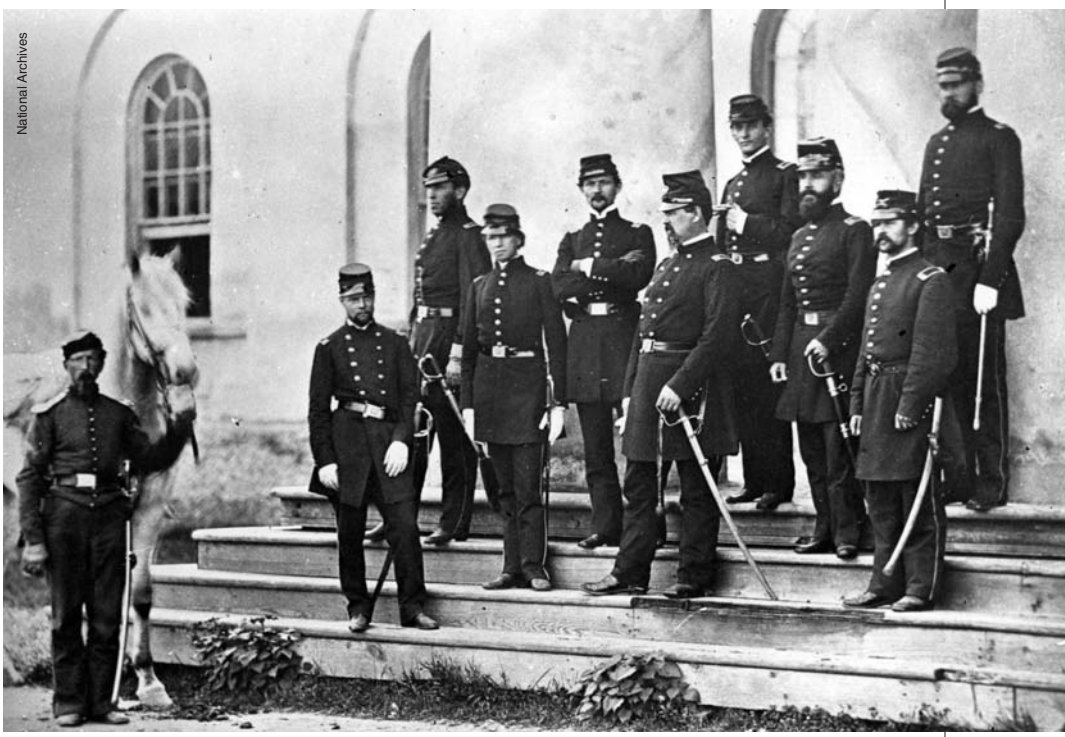
For McDowell's plan to work, Brig. Gen. Robert Patterson had to keep the Confederate forces under Johnston in the lower Shenandoah Valley occupied. By doing so, Johnston would be unable to send reinforcements to aid in defense of Manassas Junction. However, the cavalry screen left by Johnston deceived Patterson, and Johnston began the reinforcement of Beauregard on July 18.

On the morning of Thursday, July 18, McDowell massed his army around Centreville, with the exception of a division that he left at Fairfax Court House, and headed south toward Richmond.

Beauregard established Bull Run as his line of defense. He distributed his Army of the Potomac along the run, from Union Mills where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crossed the stream, to the Stone Bridge, where the Warrenton Turnpike crossed, an interval of about eight miles. Along this expanse of the run, it was steep and rocky, with deeply wooded banks forming an almost impassable barrier to troops, except at the fords, which were a mile or two apart. Therefore, needing only to cover the fords, Beauregard organized his defense as follows: At the Union Mills Ford, on his extreme right, beyond the railway bridge, he placed Brig. Gen. Richard Ewell's 2nd Brigade, supported by that of Holmes, which had arrived from Aquia Creek. At McLean's Ford, about two miles farther up the stream, was Brig. Gen. D.R. Jones' 3rd Brigade, supported by Colonel Jubal Early's 6th Brigade. At Blackburn's Ford, one mile farther up, was General James Longstreet's 4th Brigade. At Mitchell's Ford, about a mile farther upstream, was Brig. Gen. Milledge Luke Bonham's 1st Brigade, which was to cover another ford about three-quar-

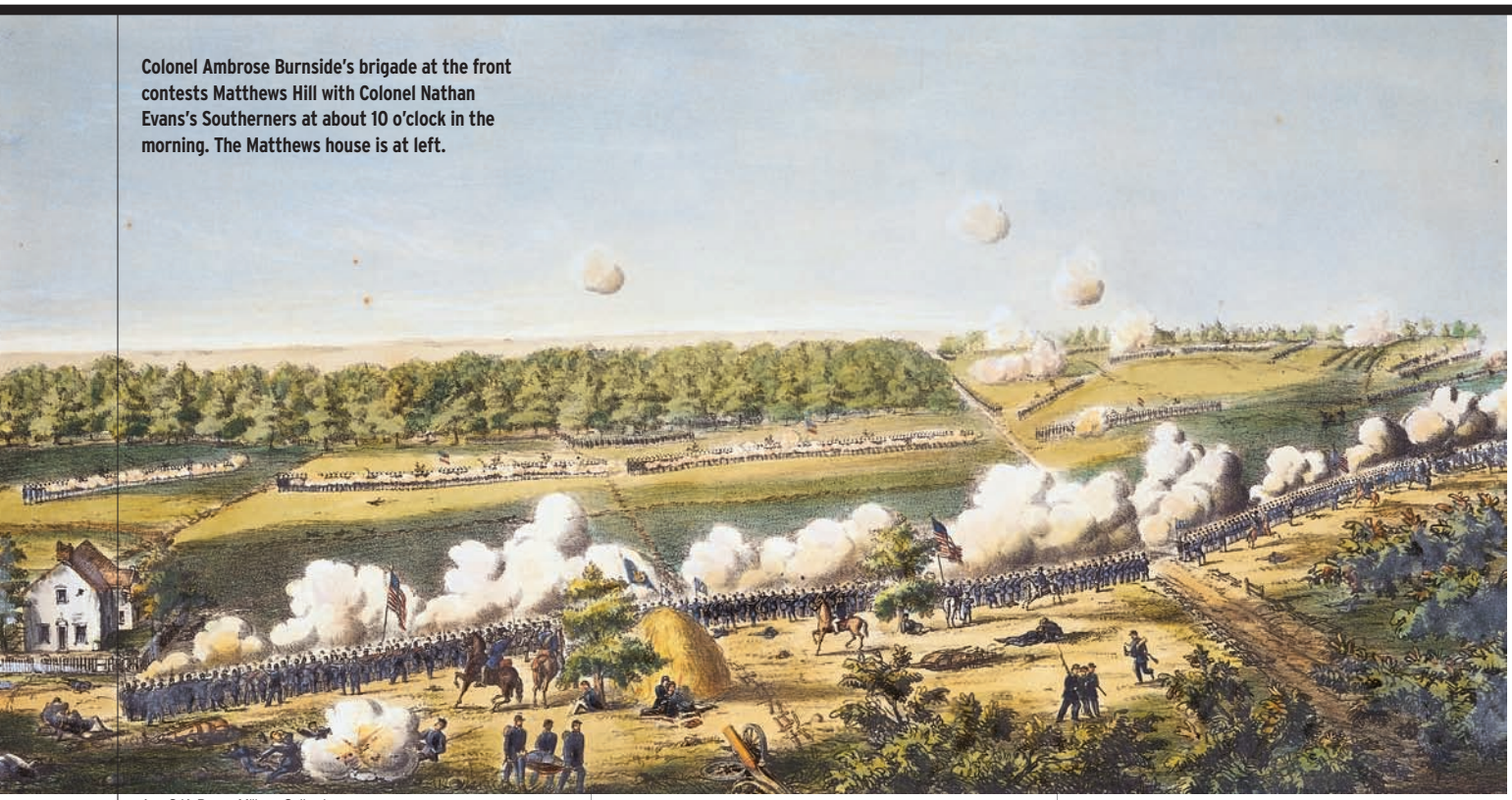
LEFT: A column of Federal soldiers marches to battle in the morning. BELOW LEFT: General Beauregard. BELOW RIGHT: General McDowell, hand on sword at center, poses with his staff on the steps of Robert E. Lee's former Arlington, Va., home. OPPOSITE: The Union flank attack draws southern forces north to Henry House Hill.

National Archives



National Archives

From information he deemed reliable, Beauregard concluded that Union General Irvin McDowell had a fully equipped army of 50,000 men. To oppose this force he could field barely 18,000 men and 29 guns.



Colonel Ambrose Burnside's brigade at the front contests Matthews Hill with Colonel Nathan Evans's Southerners at about 10 o'clock in the morning. The Matthews house is at left.

Ann S.K. Brown Military Collection

ters of a mile still farther up and near the mouth of Cub Run. Cocke's 5th Brigade covered Island, Ball's, and Lewis Fords. Half of Colonel Nathan Evans' 7th Brigade, under Cocke's command, extended the Confederate line up to the Stone Bridge where the Warrenton Turnpike crossed from Centreville. Finally, Beauregard placed in reserve the brigades of the Army of the Shenandoah that had already arrived, Colonel Francis Bartow's 2nd Brigade and Brig. Gen. Barnard Bee's 3rd Brigade were positioned between McLean's and Blackburn's fords covering the rear of Generals Bonham, Longstreet, and Jones; Brig. Gen. Thomas Jackson's 1st Brigade was placed between Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords, covering the rear of Generals Longstreet and Bonham.

Early on the morning of July 18, Union Brig. Gen. Daniel Tyler cautiously began to advance his division in order to feel out the Confederate positions. There were several roads, both public and private, that led to Bull Run from Centreville. One was the Warrenton Turnpike, crossing at the Stone Bridge; another led to Mitchell's Ford; and still another led to Blackburn's Ford.

Tyler followed the road leading toward Blackburn's Ford. He took with him Colonel Israel Bush Richardson's Brigade, a squadron of cavalry, and Captain Romeyn Beck Ayres battery. At Blackburn's Ford, Beauregard, who had been informed of all of McDowell's movements, had ordered up from Manassas North Carolina and Louisiana troops. The woods being so thick, his force was mostly concealed, except for one battery that was placed on open elevation.

Hoping to draw their fire and discover their position, Tyler placed Ayres' battery on a commanding hill, and the battery opened fire. At the same time, Richardson sent forward the 2nd Michigan Regiment as skirmishers. They became engaged in a severe contest. In support of this advance, the 3rd Michigan, 1st Massachusetts, and 12th New York were pushed forward, and these, too, were soon fighting severely. Then the cavalry and two howitzers were sent forward, and these were furiously assailed by musketry, along with heavy enfilading fire from a concealed battery.

After what seemed an eternity, Longstreet called for support from Early's 6th Brigade. This brigade, comprising the 7th and 24th Virginia Volunteers and Colonel Harry T. Hays's 7th Louisiana, was eager and ready for action. The 7th Louisiana, having already pocketed 40 rounds of ammunition and pinned strips of red flannel to their shirts to identify themselves as Confederates, was bursting with pride. They were eager to enter the fray under the watchful eye of their commanding general.

Commands were quickly shouted around camp, and in an instant the brigade was up and racing down the hot, dusty road toward the sound of the firing. As they crested the hill, all thoughts of glory were soon dispelled when they walked headlong into a stream of stumbling, bloodied soldiers returning from the battle. Some were clutching shattered limbs and gaping wounds, but in unison they urged the brigade on.

The shoring up of Longstreet's faltering line began with the arrival of Early's men and two guns of the Washington Artillery. With the additional firepower the skirmish degenerated into an artillery duel, with the Confederate guns answering round for

round. Satisfied that the Confederate position was impenetrable, McDowell ordered the Union forces to fall back to Centreville.

The skirmish at Blackburn's Ford convinced McDowell that he could not force a crossing of Bull Run. He therefore spent July 19 and 20 reconnoitering the Confederate front. His reconnaissance confirmed that an attack on the Confederate front would not be prudent, but that he could successfully cross the run above the Confederate front. By doing so, he could destroy the Rebel Army by smashing its left flank and steamrolling down the length of Beauregard's line. He therefore resolved to attempt to turn the Confederate left, driving them from the Stone Bridge, thus forcing them from the Warrenton Turnpike. This would also sever the link, the Manassas Gap Railway, between Beauregard's and Johnston's armies, thereby preventing Johnston from reinforcing the larger force.

McDowell, however, was unaware that Johnston's forces were already arriving at Manassas Junction. Thus, by the 20th, Johnston's force of 8,340 men and 20 guns, along with Holmes' 1,265 men and six guns, was in place. Beauregard positioned these new troops on the Confederate left-center and left. He placed most of his own army on his right-center and right. It was his belief that McDowell, who was Beauregard's classmate at West Point, would use his main force to strike at Union Mills, attempting to turn his right flank.

On the morning of the 21st, McDowell launched a two-pronged attack. The 2nd Division, under Colonel David Hunter, formed the main attack. With Colonel Ambrose Burnside's and Colonel Andrew Porter's brigades in the lead, they splashed across Bull Run at Sudley Ford, well to the north of Beauregard's defensive positions. From there, they turned southward on Sudley's Spring Road and attacked the Confederates' left flank. Colonel S.P. Heintzelman's 3rd Division followed and reinforced the 2nd Division.

As the main attack was moving into position, Tyler's 1st Division made a feint attack at the Stone Bridge, occupying the Confederates' left and allowing Hunter to get in their rear unopposed. They began their advance along the Warrenton Turnpike, with Brig. Gen. Robert Schenck's brigade moving to the left and Sherman's Brigade posted to the right. When in position, Schenck's artillery opened fire on the Confederate left, menacing the battery stationed at the Stone Bridge. Sherman was to support Schenck and to be ready to cross Bull Run, as circumstances might permit.

To meet this Union attack, Beauregard had only Cocke's 5th Brigade in position. The Confederate forces were caught badly out of position, spread over a six-mile front with most troops on the right, where Beauregard was convinced that the main Union blow would fall.

Guarding the Confederate left at the Stone Bridge was Major Roberdeau Wheat's battalion and the 4th South Carolina Volunteers. Before daybreak on Sunday, July 21, South Carolina pickets heard the low rumble of a massive troop movement beyond the bridge. Quickly Evans sent one company of Wheat's battalion and some of his Carolinians across the creek as skirmishers. The rest of the brigade took up positions on nearby hills overlooking the bridge. Tyler's 1st Division, advancing by way of the Warrenton Turnpike, arrived on site and began pressuring the Confederates. Tyler moved his artillery into position and began sporadically shelling Evans's position. Because Evans's guns were short range, they did not return fire. Failing to elicit a reply from the Confederate guns, McDowell suspected that the Confederates were concentrating their forces to strike his left wing. To guard against this, he held Colonel Oliver Howard's Brigade in reserve. Howard would then move forward in support of Colonel Dixon Miles and Colonel Israel Richardson, if the Confederates attacked the left wing of the Union forces.

Schenck's skirmish line advanced and engaged the Confederates. This diversion did not deceive Evans and Wheat, however, for they could see a huge dust cloud boiling up across Bull Run, slowly snaking beyond the Confederate left. In a hurried strategy session, the two Confederate officers determined that McDowell was attempting a flanking maneuver and agreed their only option was to split the brigade. The Carolinians would remain to hold the bridge while Wheat's Tigers sidestepped almost a mile upstream holding back the enemy long enough for Beauregard and Johnston to send help.

In the meantime, the main Federal column continued its flanking movement at Sudley Ford. McDowell, fearing that Beauregard was sending reinforcements, began issuing orders for a rapid advance. Once the brigades of Burnside and Porter had

CASUALTIES

	UNION	CONFEDERATE
Killed	460	387
Wounded	1,124	1,582
Missing	1,312	13
Total	2,896	1,982

In examining the casualties of the Confederate Army it appears most of the fighting was done by the Army of the Shenandoah. The comparative losses were:

	ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH	ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
Killed	282	105
Wounded	1,063	519
Missing	1	12
Total	1,346	636

The figures show that Bonham's, D.R. Jones's, Cocke's, Early's, and Evans's Brigades principally did most of the fighting under Beauregard's command.

In the Federal army, the losses were well distributed throughout the three divisions that did the fighting.

In Tyler's 1st Division, brigades under Keyes, Schenck, and Sherman did the main fighting.

In Hunter's 2nd Division, brigades under Porter and Burnside did the main fighting.

In Heintzelman's 3rd Division, the brigades under Franklin, Willcox, and Howard did the main fighting. The greatest losses were sustained by Sherman (Tyler's Brigade), Porter (Hunter's Brigade), and Willcox (Heintzelman's Brigade.)

The Confederates captured 26 pieces of artillery, 34 caissons and sets of harness, 10 battery wagons and forges, 24 artillery horses, several thousand small arms, and numbers of wagons and ambulances, as well as large quantities of army supplies of all kinds. □

SETTING THE STAGE

On May 10, 1861 the Secretary of War, L.P. Walker, assigned "control of the forces of the Confederate States in Virginia," to Maj. Gen. R.E. Lee. General Lee began selecting points for the defense of the state and assigned a number of troops to each. These points were Norfolk; in front of Alexandria; the Shenandoah Valley; Manassas Junction; Grafton on the Baltimore & Ohio; and below Charleston. He thus established a cordon around the great length of the exposed boundaries of Virginia.

In Richmond, the war spirit was ablaze. With hostile armies threatening, Richmond intensely watched for any signs of attack from the North. To help block an attempted Union advance, the Confederate command moved men through Virginia, with Centreville the collecting point.

The following letter from a Confederate soldier reflects the attitude prevailing in the ranks of the South before these two great armies clashed, marking the beginning of great battles to be fought in Virginia.

June 22nd
My dear Mary,

We are very strongly posted—entrenched—and have now at our command about 15,000 of the best troops in the world. We gave, besides two batteries of artillery; a regiment of cavalry, and daily expect a battalion of flying artillery from Richmond. We have sent forward seven regiments of infantry and rifles toward Alexandria. Our outposts have felt the enemy several times. And in every instance the enemy recoils—or runs. General Johnston has had several encounters—the advancing columns of the two armies, and with him, too, the enemy, although always superior in numbers, are invariably driven back.

There is great deficiency in the matter of ammunition. General Johnston's command, in the face of overwhelming numbers, has only 30 round each. If they had been well provided in this respect they could and would have defeated Cadwalader and Patterson with great ease. I find the opinion prevails throughout the army that there is great imbecility and shameful neglect in the War Department.

Unless the Republicans fall back, we must soon come together on both lines and have a decided engagement. But the opinion prevails here that Lincoln's army will not meet us if they can avoid it. They have already fallen back before a slight check from Johnston's men. They had 700 and were badly beaten. □

forded Bull Run, they began to deploy, facing southward. Immediately behind were the brigades of Colonels W.B. Franklin and Orlando B. Wilcox, accompanied by the batteries of Ricketts and Arnold.

At this junction, there was only Evans' small, two-regiment brigade to meet the dangerous Union thrust that threatened to turn the lightly held Rebel left. Earlier, Evans had informed Cocke of the Union movement on their left flank, and his movement of troops to meet this threat. Leading six companies of the 4th South Carolina riflemen and Wheat's battalion of Louisiana Tigers, along with two 6-pounder howitzers, he crossed the valley of Young's Branch to the high ground called Matthews Hill. Here he stationed his men to meet the Federal advance as it moved along the Sudley Road.

After getting into position, Wheat aligned his men perpendicular to the stream in a rolling field interspersed with patches of trees. As Wheat's Catahoula Guerrillas were deploying as skirmishers, Union General Burnside's brigade slipped through the forest with bayonets brightly reflecting the morning sun. Sporadic fire broke out along the line as Burnside's men unexpectedly flushed out the Catahoula boys. Individual shots soon merged into long, roaring volleys as the rest of Burnside's line and six of his artillery pieces joined the fight. "The balls came as thick as hail," wrote one Guerrilla, "[and] grape, bomb and canister would sweep our ranks every minute."

Outnumbered six to one, Wheat's men desperately hugged the ground or took cover behind scattered trees and answered the fire as best they could. Although hard pressed, this small force was able to hold Burnside's men at bay. The 4th South Carolina and two artillery pieces reinforced Wheat, and the Confederates eventually drove the Union attack back.

Beauregard, in the meantime, began to reposition his troops. He ordered Jackson's 1st Brigade, Captain John David Imboden's Virginia battery, Major J.B. Walton's battery, and the brigades of Bee and Bartow to move to the left to support Cocke.

Burnside's entire brigade, supported by eight guns, was sent forward in a second charge. Crucial minutes elapsed as the Louisianans and Rhode Islanders were locked in a deadly duel. Their battle lines surged back and forth across the rolling hills. As the Union numbers began to increase, they slowly forced Evans' men back.

Bee moved to the left following the sound of conflict, and took up position on Henry House Hill to the south of the Warrenton Turnpike. From this hill, he had visual command of Stone Bridge and the Sudley Road where it crossed the Turnpike. Bee received a request for aid from Evans, while his artillery was pouring fire upon the Federal batteries opposed to Evans. He advised Evans to withdraw to Bee's position on Henry House Hill.

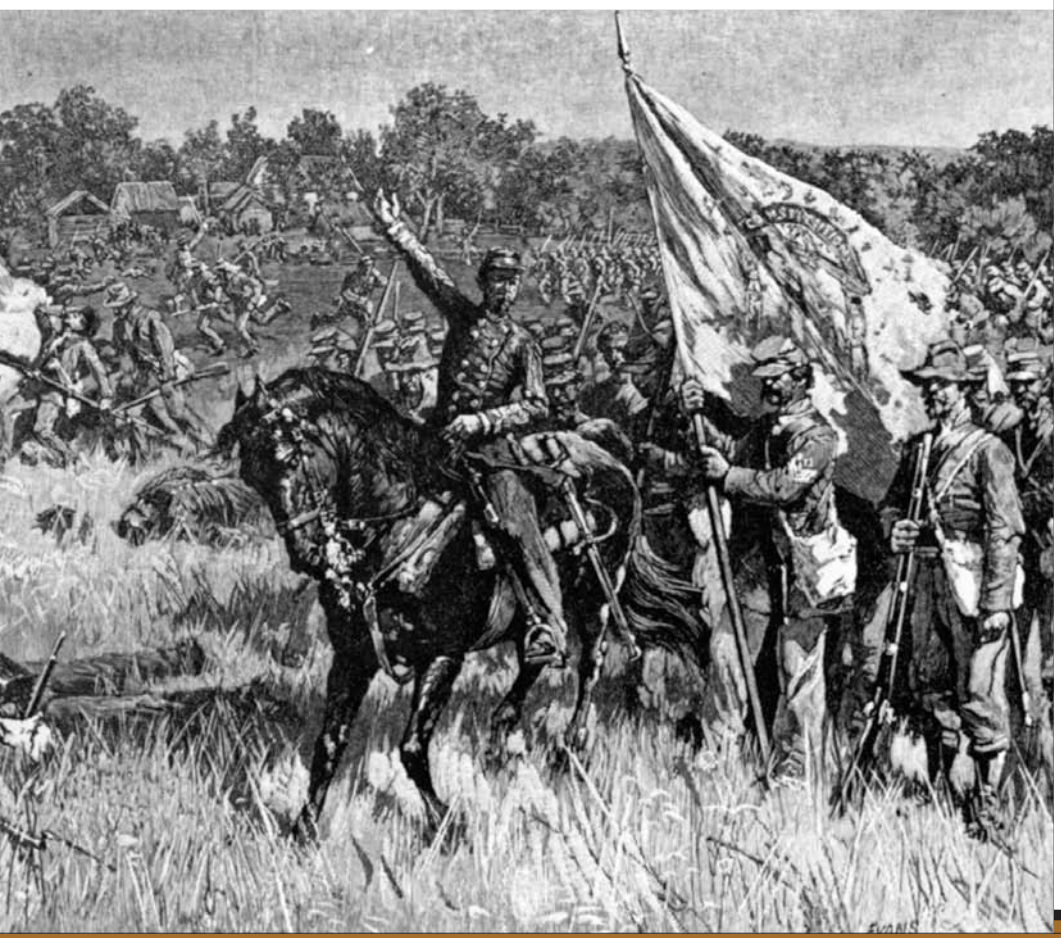
With some of his men, Wheat began to drift to the left in the confusing retreat. Planning to make a stand around a field of haystacks, Wheat attempted to rally his

men. As his soldiers began to respond to his call, there was a sickening thud of lead hitting flesh. Wheat collapsed, drilled through the body by a ball. His men, refusing to abandon him, made a litter and hustled him to safety.

Although Wheat's and Evans's 11 companies were steadily being pushed back, they maintained order and effectively slowed the advance of about 13,000 Federals. The wounding of Wheat seriously threatened this resistance, however, for without effective leadership Wheat's battalion quickly disintegrated, and the men began to drift away in small groups to continue the fight alone or attached to other commands.

Both: Library of Congress

ABOVE: A New York regiment is slowed during the Union flanking movement by an Alabama regiment of Bee's brigade. BELOW: Brigadier General Joseph E. Johnston and Colonel Francis Bartow work to rally Georgians broken by U.S. attacks.

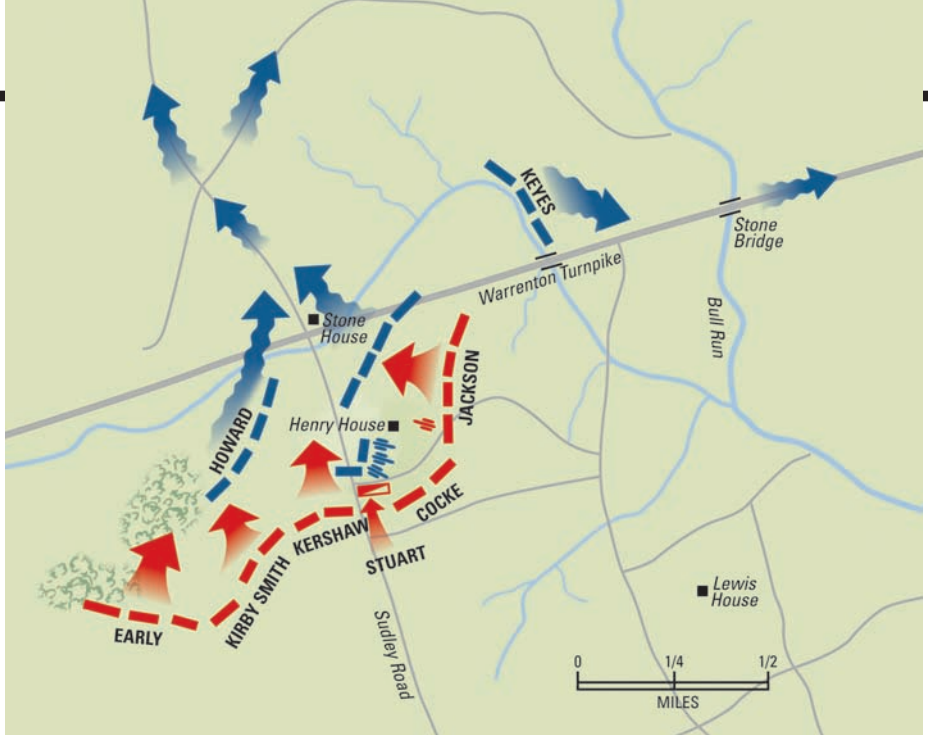


Seeing the growing confusion in the Confederate ranks, the Union soldiers began pressing their attack with increased vigor. Still full of fight, Evans was unwilling to retreat and renewed his appeal for reinforcements.

Bee, seeing the swelling numbers of Burnside's advance, led two brigades across the valley. With the aid of the two newly arrived Confederate brigades under Bee and Bartow, the Tigers rallied, turned, and met this new Union charge. One survivor of the carnage that followed wrote, "I have been in battles several times before, but such fighting never was done, I do not believe as was done for the next half-hour, it did not seem as though men were fighting, it was devils mingling in the conflict, cursing, yelling, cutting, shrieking." It was during this phase of the battle that the Tigers earned their reputation as fierce fighters. Even with the superior numbers of the Federal infantry, Burnside failed to make any headway against this stubborn vanguard.

In the meantime, Burnside called for help. Colonel Andrew Porter, whose brigade was marching down the Sudley Spring Road, immediately supplied it by sending a battalion of regulars to his aid. Burnside, now reinforced by eight companies of United States regular infantry and six pieces of artillery, and supported by other regiments of Porter's brigade, advanced in a third attack. The din of battle became deafening. The battle raged on until Porter directed a punishing fire on Evans' left, making the whole column waver and bend.

Under orders from McDowell, Union brigades led by Colonels Sherman and Keyes crossed Bull Run just above the Stone Bridge, and moved on the Confederates' rear to force the Stone Bridge. Menaced by these fresh troops on his right, heavily pressed by Burnside on his center, and terribly galled by Porter on the left, Evans gave way. Finally, the Federal fire



When the Confederates rallied to the danger on their left, they contested ground around the Henry House until the Federals finally broke.

became so fierce and heavy that it threw the Confederate line into confusion, and they were forced to withdraw their remaining troops across Warrenton Turnpike. Evans, Bee, and Bartow then moved their men up the lower slope of Henry House Hill.

By late morning, the Federals had clearly gained the upper hand. The leading brigades had shoved aside the badly mauled troops of Bee, Bartow, and Evans, and heavy Union reinforcements led by Sherman, Franklin, and others had advanced across the Turnpike and were heading up Henry House Hill. With the Federal infantry came powerful artillery support—20 or more guns commanded by a pair of daring and able officers, Captains Charles Griffin and James B. Ricketts. They deployed their cannon near the crest of the hill and began pounding the Confederate line.

Realizing the extent of the threat to his left, Beauregard began to send more reinforcements in that direction. The brigades of Holmes and Early and two regiments of Bonham's brigade, with six guns, moved rapidly to the left to reinforce Evans and Bee. To hold the Union troops in their front and make demonstrations toward Centreville, Beauregard held Ewell, Jones, and Longstreet in their assigned positions on his right flank and along the center.

These orders given, Generals Beauregard and Johnston rode rapidly to the field of conflict. They arrived at Henry House Hill just as the discomfited men of Bee and Evans began their retreat. Hampton Legion was the first of the reinforcements to arrive, and they began to cover the rear of the retreat. General Jackson's men formed a line to right and rear on Henry Hill.

The Union troops in battle array came sweeping down the slope on which Evans had so long detained them, crossed Young's Branch and the Warrenton Turnpike, and began climbing the northern slope of Henry House Hill. The Federal forces were now in possession of Warrenton Turnpike from near the Stone Bridge westward, which was one of the objectives of the movement against the Confederate left. Nevertheless, there was a formidable obstacle in the way of the complete execution of their design. The Confederates were now on a commanding plateau, too near the turnpike and the bridge for the Union to attempt to strike the Manassas Gap Railway. To drive the Confederates from the plateau was the task now immediately at hand.

The field officers of the commands of Evans and Bee were making desperate efforts to rally their men and reorganize them, but to no purpose, although Johnston and Beauregard had joined in the effort. Strong masses of Federal infantry were rapidly advancing, and disaster seemed imminent. Bee, exhausted in his fruitless effort to rally his men, rode up to Jackson, who was steadily holding his brigade in a full fronting position, and cried out in a tone of despair: "General, they are beating us back!" Jackson replied calmly, "Then we will give them the bayonet."

Jackson's blazing and defiant look, his bold and prompt determination, and the steady line of brave men that supported him gave new life to Bee. Galloping back to his disorganized command, he shouted, waving his hand to the left: "Look! There is Jackson, standing like a stonewall. Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Follow me!" Obedient to this distinct call to duty, several of Bee's men rallied and followed him in a charge to the left against the advancing enemy. Bee was fatally felled by a ball, however, and his charge faltered. But the rally held. And his words also had their mark—from that time forward, Thomas Jackson became, "Stonewall" Jackson, and his brigade the "Stonewall Brigade."

But there was not a moment to lose. At this critical point of the battle, Beauregard ordered the regimental standards advanced some 40 yards to the front of the still-disordered commands of Evans and Bee. The field officers, thus gaining the attention of the men and inducing them to obey orders, promptly rallied on their colors. At about this time, Johnston and Beauregard advanced to the front with the colors of the 4th Alabama. Beauregard later reported, "The line that had fought all the morning and had fled, routed and disheartened, now advanced again into position as steadily as veterans."

Seeing the superior numbers of the enemy advancing, Beauregard persuaded Johnston to ride back about a mile to the Lewis House and hasten forward the reinforcements. Providentially for the Confederates, Brig. Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith's brigade of 1,700 fresh and rested soldiers,

the last of the available reinforcements from the Army of the Shenandoah, had just reached Manassas Junction by rail. In addition and also by rail, the 6th North Carolina had just reached Manassas Junction. Six miles in the rear of the battle, officers of the general staff guided and hurried them to the critical point of the pending contention—the Confederate left of the field. With these reinforcements, Beauregard's army was increased to 25 regiments from the 12 with which he had begun the battle. These forces were all concentrating on the right and rear of McDowell's forces.

Beauregard then placed Colonel William Smith's 49th Virginia and the 7th Georgia on Jackson's left. Colonel Wade Hampton's Legion of South Carolinians and Hunton's 8th Virginia were placed in the rear of Jackson's right to oppose any attack from the direction of the Stone Bridge. With 6,500 men and 13 field guns in place, he awaited the attack of four Federal brigades. Some 11,000 Federal soldiers were now nearing the front of his position on the Henry plateau.

In a well-formed line of battle, the Union troops moved toward the waiting Confederate forces. First capturing the Robinson House on the Confederate right and then the Henry House on its left-center, they quickly positioned their batteries. From these newly established positions, they began pouring a galling fire on the Confederate line. The somewhat sunken Sudley Road, along which the Union had been advancing, furnished a covered way up the Henry House Hill, which their infantry took advantage of in the support of their batteries.

The lines of battle were now not far apart on the undulating Henry plateau. The Confederate batteries began cutting fearful gaps in the oncoming lines, while all the while receiving a steady and punishing fire from both the left and right. Two companies of Captain James Ewell Stuart's cavalry, sneaking around the right flank, charged through the Federal ranks along Sudley Road, adding to the havoc wrought by the Confederate infantry and artillery.

McDowell continued to extend his right with fresh bodies of infantry and artillery as they came forward from the rear, and by so doing threatened to turn Beauregard's left. The Union boldly moved some of its guns to the front, allowing men from the 33rd Virginia to spring forward and capture them.

Looking from his commanding position northward, Beauregard saw the constant and steady forward movement of Federal reinforcements. Immediately he reorganized his line of battle to receive this assault. The attack soon came, with fresh Union troops sweeping down the slopes from the north, crossing the valley of Young's Branch, and pressing up the northwestern slope of Henry House Hill. After reaching the crest by the force of numbers, they pressed the Confederates back across the plateau, regaining their lost position and recapturing their lost guns.

The conflict had become a death struggle for the possession of Henry House Hill. McDowell's advantage of numbers allowed him to extend his line and threaten to turn Beauregard's left as well as his right.

Beauregard determined to take the offensive to meet this threatened attack on his left. Even though the Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Hampton commands, which had been fighting continuously since the early morning, were by now nearly exhausted, they responded with spirit and speed, striking the Federal left. With strong and steady blows, Jackson pierced the center, while Smith's Virginians and Colonel Lucius J. Gartrell's Georgians charged on the right. This bold movement, sweeping over both infantry and artillery, entirely cleared the plateau of Federal troops and captured the batteries of Ricketts and Griffin. The Confederates cheered the success of this brilliant counterstroke.

Later Beauregard was to write of this event: "The movement was made with such keeping and dash that the whole plateau was swept clear of the enemy, who were driven down the slope and across the turnpike on our right and the valley of Young's Branch on our left, leaving in our final possession the Robinson and the Henry houses, with most of Ricketts' and Griffin's batteries, the men of which were mostly shot down where they bravely stood by their guns."

This successful Confederate charge did not reach McDowell's right, which extended through the woods to the west of Sudley Road and to some distance beyond Beauregard's left. The 2nd and 8th South Carolina, moving from the Confederate right on Bull Run, were sent by Johnston to the Confederate left. They reached the field in time to meet McDowell's movement from the right. Preston's 28th Virginia and Colonel James L. Kemper's Virginia Battery also appeared in time to join the South Carolinians in holding with hot contention Howard's brigade, Sykes's battalion of regulars, and the accompanying artillery and cavalry of McDowell's right. However, they did not have the strength to drive the Union force back.

AS REGIMENT AFTER REGIMENT GAVE WAY AND HURRIED TOWARD THE REAR IN CONFUSION, OTHERS SEIZED WITH PANIC JOINED THE RACE FROM DANGER.

Just as Smith's 4th Brigade entered the woods to the left of Sudley Road, a Federal bullet seriously wounded Smith. The command fell to Colonel Arnold Elzey, who marched his brigade to Beauregard's extreme left and then, moving forward, met the Union advance just coming into the open fields of the Chinn Farm.

At the same time, on his left flank, McDowell was making another strenuous effort to turn the Confederate right flank by sending Keyes's brigade across the Turnpike near the Stone Bridge, and thence southward, under cover from the Henry House

plateau, to a favorable point for attack. Latham's battery aided by Captain Ephraim G. Alburtis's battery was in position to guard this flank, and met the advance with a galling fire. The Confederates successfully repulsed this movement, demonstrating to McDowell that it was useless to attempt to turn Beauregard's right.

The woods on McDowell's right were now swarming with Confederates, who were pouring destructive volleys of musketry and cannon shot upon him. Still unwilling to yield the field, McDowell formed a new line of battle, formidable in number and in length, and crescent in outline, across Sudley Road on the heights to the north of the turnpike. Throwing forward a strong line of skirmishers, he assaulted Henry House plateau a third time. His intention was quickly thwarted by the fierce combat that Elzey was now pressing on his right, the force of which was intensified by the arrival of Early's grand Virginia Brigade from McLean's Ford. Early's brigade, sweeping around the rear of the woods through which Elzey had passed, bore down upon the flank of an already-wavering Union right and started that wing in full retreat. Learning of the success on his left, Beauregard sent orders all along the line for a common charge on McDowell's left. This drove the already-yielding Union lines from the field of contention, causing them to break to get beyond reach of the Confederate fire. This sudden, unexpected, heavy, and overpowering blow resulted in an absolute and uncontrollable Union rout.

As regiment after regiment gave way and hurried toward the rear in confusion, others seized with panic joined in the race from danger. Muskets, knapsacks, and other equipment littered the ground as the Yankees threw away their gear in their haste to escape. The Union Army was in full flight.

Beauregard ordered all the troops on the field to pursue the retreating enemy. Bonham's brigade advanced, with instructions to strike the enemy at the crossing of Cub Run, about midway between the Stone Bridge and Centreville, while Longstreet's brigade crossed at Blackburn's Ford with instructions to strike the enemy at Centreville. Obstructions in the road to Cub Run diverted Bonham toward Centreville, so both brigades ended up seeking the same objective and came under the command of Bonham, the ranking officer. Their line of march led through the abandoned Federal camps.

At this junction, Bonham issued orders to stop the pursuit. The reason was that while the Federal right was in full retreat, Beauregard received word that a large Federal force had broken through the Confederate right of the Bull Run line and was moving on the depot of supplies at Manassas Junction. Beauregard took the brigades of Ewell and Holmes and prepared to defend against this threatened counterstroke of the enemy. At the same time, he recalled all troops engaged in the pursuit to come to his assistance.

Longstreet described the situation as follows: "When within artillery range of the retreating column passing through Centreville, the infantry was deployed on the sides of the road, under cover of the forests, so as to give room for the batteries ordered into action in the open, Bonham's brigade on the left, Longstreet's on the right. As the guns were about to open, there came a message that the enemy, instead of being in precipitate retreat, was marching around to attack the Confederate right. With this report came orders, or report of orders, for the brigades to return to their positions behind the run. I denounced the report as absurd, claimed to know a retreat, such as was before me, and ordered the batteries to open fire."

Nearing McLean's Ford where the expected Federal attack must come, Beauregard discovered it was Jones's brigade that was recrossing the run from an advance under attack. As with his first offensive, the effort was awkward and piecemeal, hindered by the men's poor training and paucity of ammunition. Units advanced cautiously until they came within range of the Federal line. Then the men fell prone and hugged the scant cover of the prairie grass as they fired. All the while, Price labored to maintain alignment among the regiments, shrugging off a painful wound in the side. McCulloch strove to help with the offensive, redirecting most of his units to Bloody Hill, but few arrived in time to join the action. Ultimately, the second Confederate assault failed much as the first one had, from lack of coordination.

Another lull settled over Bloody Hill, as Lyon's aides finally managed to locate Sturgis. Distraught over the news of Lyon's death, the major quickly called a council of war to determine how best to proceed. Everyone felt that victory depended on Sigel's timely arrival. No one had heard from the German, but the officers quickly adjourned in excitement after they observed a column of infantry approaching from the south. The column was actually the 3rd Arkansas, marching from reserve to reinforce the State Guard. Greeting the men with aplomb, Price cautioned: "Keep as cool as the inside of a cucumber. Take your position and hold it whatever you do. Don't yield an inch." Moving up alongside the Arkansans, the 3rd Louisiana joined Price's line alongside the 5th Arkansas. McCulloch had finally achieved his grand concentration. The stage was set for one final effort.

Up and down the line, weary members of the Missouri State Guard joined McCulloch's volunteers in charging up Bloody Hill. Clouds of smoke obscured the landscape, and men fell in scores. At one point, members of the Guard advanced to within 20 feet of Totten's guns before point-blank blasts of canister sent them reeling. Sturgis pulled part of the 1st Iowa from the line and sent it in a feverish counterattack to plug a hole after another hard-pressed unit buckled. Try as they might, the men of Price's and McCulloch's commands were unable to break the Union line. "Some of the best blood in the land was being spilled as recklessly as if it were ditch water," one survivor lamented.

At this juncture, realizing that Sigel was not coming to the rescue and learning that several of his units were running low on ammunition, Sturgis decided to disengage and withdraw to Springfield. Aided by a

Painting by William Trego, U.S. Naval Academy

Dispirited and scared, Federal soldiers hustle their way back to Washington, D.C.

lull in the fighting as McCulloch's and Price's men fell back in exhaustion, the Federal soldiers were able to retreat in good order, pulling out all of their artillery pieces and many of their wounded, although they accidentally left Lyon's body behind. It took Price and McCulloch a surprisingly long time to learn that the enemy had gone. Upon reaching the top of Bloody Hill, one Arkansas officer recalled watching the retreating column. "We were glad to see them go."

In their wake, the Federal forces left the devastation of what had been a surprisingly bloody contest. Combined casualties numbered over 2,500, and the medical officers of both armies were woefully unprepared for the task they faced. Soon after Sturgis reached Springfield, the wounded from his regiments overflowed public buildings, and surgeons began requisitioning private homes. Days later, one wounded man in Springfield observed that "the stench from the dead and dying was so offensive as to be almost intolerable."

The Union officers convened another council of war in Springfield and unanimously agreed that the best course of action was to fall back on Rolla—precisely the plan that Frémont had advocated in the first place. Sturgis abdicated command to Sigel at this point, and Sigel showed such favoritism to his fellow Germans on the retreat that he almost provoked a mutiny within the ranks.

With the crisis past, Price and McCulloch immediately set to squabbling again. Price urged a follow-up advance, but McCulloch, acutely aware of supply shortages, demurred. In the coming days, their mutual antipathy deepened, and they ultimately went their separate ways, diffusing any strength they might have enjoyed through concentration. Newspapers of both sides claimed success at Wilson's Creek. "Never has a greater victory crowned the efforts of the friends of Liberty and Equal Rights," crowed the pro-Confederate *Liberty Tribune*. "The victory of the Union force was brilliant and overwhelming," retorted the Topeka, Kansas *State Record*.

Aside from the casualties, the immediate effect of Wilson's Creek was negligible. Both sides pulled back, and the strategic picture remained unchanged. But the larger results of Lyon's campaign through Missouri had far-reaching consequences. In two months' time, the scrappy New Englander had secured most of the state for Union arms, but the aggressiveness of his conquest left the countryside in a state of continual unrest. Bloody partisan confrontations would erupt in the coming months, and savage guerrilla fighting would persist throughout the war and beyond, giving birth to such experienced gunmen as Frank and Jesse James and their cousin and train-robbing henchman, Cole Younger. □

Troops from the 1st Iowa Regiment rush to plug a hole in the Union lines at the climax of the Battle of Wilson's Creek in southeastern Missouri.

BULL RUN OF THE

WEST

LED BY IMPETUOUS GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, UNION FORCES PURSUED RETREATING CONFEDERATES ACROSS SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI IN THE SUMMER OF 1861. AT WILSON'S CREEK, LYON CAUGHT UP WITH THE ENEMY ON APTLY NAMED BLOODY HILL.

BY JOSHUA VAN DERECK

AT THE beginning of 1861, Missouri was in turmoil. A slave state since its inception in 1820, Missouri had grown increasingly tied to urban industry. Cotton and tobacco had given way to factories, and transplanted northerners and foreign immigrants were flocking to the cities. The election of Republican Party candidate Abraham Lincoln as president the previous November underscored the potential for armed conflict between northern and southern states. As a vital border state, Missouri was a prize much sought by both sides.

Governor Claiborne Jackson was among the old guard who felt that Missouri's destiny lay with the South. Dismayed when a state convention voted to maintain Missouri's place in the Union, Jackson nevertheless decreed that Missouri would not furnish a single man for what he termed the "unholy crusade" of war against the South. Missourians wanted no part of civil war, and they made their loyalties known by volunteering heavily for service in home guard units, resolving to fight against aggression from either North or South while walking the delicate tightrope of neutrality.

In St. Louis, however, belligerent partisans threatened the balance. St. Louis was Missouri's largest city, and as a prominent trade center it was home to some of the most radical factions. The German immigrant community, 50,000 strong, was staunchly Unionist. Having come to America for the promise of suffrage and personal liberty, Germans were eager to uphold the integrity of the national trust. By early 1861, German fellowship societies throughout St. Louis had begun organizing makeshift military companies and drilling under the instruction of veterans of the Prussian Army. Concurrently, groups of those who favored the South, drawn heavily from genteel old-guard families, formed Minute Men companies and also began drilling, sometimes only blocks away from their would-be adversaries.

As tensions grew, the rival factions began to raise concerns about the safety of the city's massive arsenal. St. Louis contained the largest arsenal of any slave state, and its tiny garrison was woefully insufficient for its defense. Alarmed by the situation, Republican Congressman-elect Frank Blair, brother to President Lincoln's newly appointed postmaster general, telegraphed Washington and urged the immediate reinforce-

All photos: Library of Congress

ment of the arsenal. Notorious for his truculent outspokenness, Blair resorted to irregular measures to augment the arsenal's defenses. Preempting Jackson's refusal to enlist troops for the Federal government, Blair began working covertly to arm the volunteer German companies, initiating a subscription drive for musket funds when he was unable to obtain arms from the arsenal itself.

Although the Army's Western Department commander, Brig. Gen. William Harney, shared Blair's concerns, he favored a more cautious approach, hoping to maintain peace in St. Louis through moderation. Instead of mustering the German volunteers, he brought in a modest reinforcement of U.S. Army regulars, drawn from nearby garrisons. Among the reinforcing contingent was a volatile New England-born captain, Nathaniel Lyon, who soon would prove the undoing of all attempts at conciliation.

Lyon, a native of Connecticut, harbored a deep-rooted hatred of secession, and his reputation for insubordination preceded him. Reaching St. Louis at the head of his company, he proved an immediate headache for Harney, insisting upon 24-hour perimeter patrols around the arsenal and vehemently urging the construction of firing platforms along the arsenal walls so that marksmen and artillerists could rake all approaches to the building—regardless of potential civilian casualties. Making matters worse, Lyon and Blair forged an instant alliance, with Lyon promising to arm and muster any and all Union volunteers regardless of Missouri state directives. He urged Blair to arrange Harney's removal from command.

Lyon was hardly an iconic hero. An impulsive cigar smoker who loved candy and sported a mouth full of false teeth, he was a martinet of the first order who believed that he existed as a divine instrument of justice. Devoted to draconian discipline within his command, he had developed a reputation in the Regular Army for administering punishments that bordered on torture and sadism. He was even court-martialed for illegal, arbitrary, and unmilitary conduct in the violent disciplining of a private.

Harney did what he could to control the situation through formal channels, but he had no authority over Blair, and time was against him. With rumors afoot of secessionist activity in the Missouri countryside, Blair grew ever more determined to see to it that the German volunteers were formally mustered into Federal service. On April 21, Blair tapped powerful contacts in Washington and Pennsylvania, urging Harney's removal in the interest of security. In response, directives arrived removing Harney and elevating Lyon to department command. German volunteers immediately elected Lyon a brigadier general, and he spent the rest of the week fortifying the arsenal and mustering recruits into the Army, overriding the express wishes of the state government.

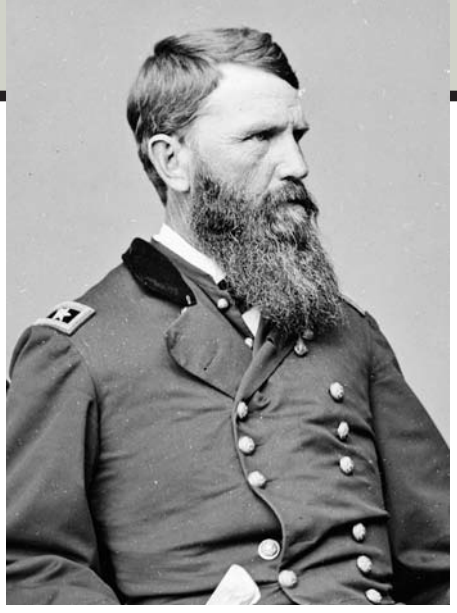
Lyon's ascension provoked fear and anger in St. Louis, and the city erupted with violent disturbances. In the capital at Jefferson City, Governor Jackson, who had already commenced secret negotiations

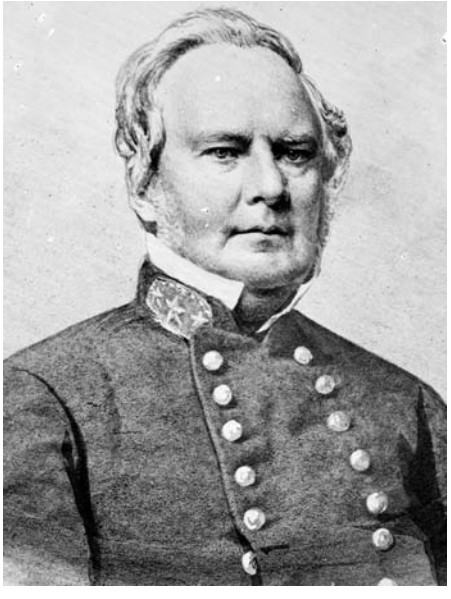
with Confederate President Jefferson Davis, called out the state militia on the pretense of protecting Missouri from outside agitators. Militiamen began converging on camps throughout the state.

St. Louis became home to Camp Jackson (named for the governor), a base that attracted some 900 volunteers whose ranks included many of the pro-southern Minute Men. Their presence deeply incensed Lyon. Emboldened by the considerable growth of his arsenal force (it was now almost 8,000 strong), he determined to capture the camp, and he scouted it himself while disguised as an old woman. Returning to the arsenal, Lyon continued to make preparations to fight, but he soon received an alarming surprise. Harney, who had appealed to General-in-Chief Winfield Scott in Washington for reinstatement, was due to return in two days to resume command. If Lyon was to act, he had no time to lose.

On the morning of May 10, Lyon sent forth his newly mustered soldiers from the arsenal in three separate columns to converge on Camp Jackson. Advancing through the streets of St. Louis, they attracted throngs of curious onlookers as well as gangs of armed ruffians who followed them, hoping for a chance to aid the militiamen. Lyon's columns deployed along three sides of Camp Jackson, bewildering the outnumbered militiamen with a cool show of might. When all was ready, Lyon sent a messenger to deliver a strict ultimatum he had written the night before. It accused the militia members of hostility to the Federal government and demanded their immediate surrender. The militia commander protested that the demand was illegal and unconstitutional, but he agreed to comply. Having thus secured his aim, Lyon decided to make an example of his prisoners, ordering them to be marched under guard through the city to the arsenal.

No sooner had his men begun leading the march, however, than angry crowds commenced heckling them. Jeers and insults rent the air; people spat at the Union volunteers. The fury of the crowd





ABOVE: Confederate Major General Sterling Price. TOP: Union Major General Frank P. Blair. OPPOSITE: Mortally wounded, Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon reels in the saddle at Wilson's Creek. He died almost immediately.

intensified, and soon they began throwing rocks. Finally, one civilian fired a gun. Other shots broke out, and a bullet mortally wounded a Union captain. This was too much for the volunteers, who angrily fired into the crowd. Pandemonium reigned for several minutes before Lyon was able to regain control of the situation and hurry the column back to the arsenal. By then, the "Camp Jackson Affair" had done lasting damage. Twenty-eight civilians, two Union soldiers, and three militiamen lay dead. Seventy-five others were wounded, and terror gripped St. Louis. "The Black Dutch are killing them all!" one observer cried. "They are shooting women and children in cold blood!"

In the capital, Jackson called an emergency session of the General Assembly to discuss a bill granting him unprecedented powers to "suppress rebellion and repel invasion." It was a bill the legislators had previously debated for weeks. Now they passed it in 15 minutes. Jackson quickly appointed popular Mexican War veteran Sterling Price commander of the Missouri State Guard and commenced preparations for all-out war.

In St. Louis, Harney returned on May 11 and found the city a maelstrom of unrest and violence. Unable to cashier Lyon, he instead took measures to remove the German volunteers from the arsenal and met with Price on May 20 to iron out what was essentially a nonaggression pact. Jackson and Price wanted time to organize, and Harney still hoped for peace, but the time for conciliation had passed. On that same day, Blair received discretionary authority from Washington to remove Harney again in favor of Lyon if he deemed it necessary. Blair made it official six days later, prompted in large measure by Harney's continuing reluctance to arm and train the city's German volunteers.

On June 11, Jackson and Price traveled to St. Louis under guarantee of safe passage to meet with Lyon and determine whether he would honor Harney's previous terms. Blair accompanied Lyon, and the meeting was long and tense. After four hours of unsettling debate, Lyon rose from his chair, snuffed out his cigar, and declared: "Far better that the blood of every man, woman, and child within the limits of the State should flow, than that she should defy the Federal government. This means war." He gave the visitors an hour to leave his camp.

Jackson and Price left for Jefferson City that night, and Jackson issued a proclamation calling on Missourians to repel the Federal "invasion," reminding them that they were "under no obligations to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism at Washington, nor submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in Missouri."

ABOVE: Union troops press the Missouri State Guard at Carthage on July 5, 1861. They were unsuccessful in their attack. OPPOSITE: U.S. Volunteers are attacked by pro-Southern St. Louis civilians at the corner of 5th and Walnut Streets.

Such defiant rhetoric was no substitute for military preparation, and Lyon was already several steps ahead. Refusing to temper his aggression to address supply shortages, Lyon moved to execute a highly ambitious plan of campaign. To crush resistance, he envisioned a two-pronged pincer movement. He would lead half his force due west up the Missouri River to seize Jefferson City, securing vital communications and dispersing Price's State Guard. A second column, under the command of popular German Colonel Franz Sigel, would move southwest to the railhead at Rolla and then advance across the state to Springfield, where it would act as the anvil against which Lyon would hammer the fleeing state troops. If everything went as planned, Federal forces would command virtually all of Missouri's vital river and railroad network.

On June 13, Lyon's column departed St. Louis aboard four commandeered civilian steamers, while Sigel's forces left via railroad. Two days later, Lyon arrived at Jefferson City, only to find that Jackson and Price had already fled. Jackson had not gone far, however, and Lyon caught up with him on the 17th near Boonville and badly routed a scratch force of State Guard in a nearly bloodless skirmish that northern papers hailed as a brilliant victory. Meanwhile, Jackson and Price gathered as many men as they could and began a wholesale retreat for the Arkansas border, where they hoped to enlist Confederate military aid.

Lyon's campaign quickly bogged down for want of supplies. A steady pattern of requisitions had vexed his quartermaster in St. Louis, and the officer retaliated by canceling many of the requests. Reduced to scrounging for wagons and teamsters, and chafing under the discomfiture of a sudden deluge of rain, Lyon waited impatiently, but the delay afforded time for reinforcements to arrive. En route was the newly mustered 1st Iowa Regiment, as well as a considerable force of Kansans and Army regulars under the command of Major Samuel Sturgis. By the time these forces arrived on July 7, Lyon was in motion once more, aided by a motley jumble of expropriated vehicles. Events were accelerating.

In Arkansas, Confederate Brig. Gen. Benjamin McCulloch had watched Lyon's progress with apprehension. A transplanted Texan, McCulloch was something of a legend—friend to David Crockett, veteran of two wars, California gold prospector, congressional representative, Indian fighter, and now district commander for the Confederacy. Assigned to protect the northern border of Indian Territory, McCulloch believed that the presence of Price's forces in Missouri made his job considerably easier, and he decided to rescue them from impending defeat. Concentrating his mixed command of Texans, Arkansans, and Louisianans near the border, McCulloch rode ahead to confer with Price, and on July 4 he initiated the first Confederate invasion of the United States.

The next day, while McCulloch's men were pressing into Missouri, Sigel's wing of the Federal pincer teetered near disaster. Having reached Springfield on June 24 well in advance of Lyon, Sigel had determined to press forward alone and engage the retreating State Guard at Carthage. Sigel had about 1,000 soldiers on hand for the job, while Jackson commanded some 4,000 men. Price was still organizing farther to the south.

Sigel was aware of the disparity between forces, and he certainly had sufficient experience to evaluate the situation. A former German minister of war, Sigel had commanded armies in multiple battles during the German revolution of 1848. On July 5, Sigel rashly attacked Jackson's force and then withdrew. Casualties were low, a little more than 100 in all, but the Missouri State Guard reveled in their apparent success. When Lyon heard of the clash, he initiated a forced march to rescue Sigel from himself.

Lyon had to abandon much of his baggage train crossing the Grand River, and he had his men strip down even further as they hurried southward through the night, ultimately covering more than 50 miles in

30 hours to reach Springfield. Upon arriving, Lyon found that Sigel had extricated himself in good order, but now the Federal soldiers in both columns were exhausted, their uniforms reduced to tatters. Demoralized and fatigued, Lyon despaired. "The want of supplies has crippled me," he mourned. "Everything seems to combine against me."

McCulloch and Price, however, were not combining. Learning that Sigel had retreated and feeling disgusted over the lack of discipline in the ranks of the Missouri Guard, McCulloch aborted his invasion and withdrew to Arkansas to await developments. In the meantime, while Jackson strove to enlist support from Richmond, Price went into bivouac to build up his command. The Missouri State Guard now numbered some 7,000 volunteers, including 2,000 who were unarmed. Members were bedecked in all manner of attire, and those who had weapons mostly carried shotguns and squirrel rifles. Struggling through the rudiments of drill, they spent their idle hours sewing uniforms, carving slugs for artillery canister, and casting bullets. Food was perhaps their most pressing concern. In the absence of a rail or river base, the Guards stripped the surrounding countryside clean of food. Soon they would have to either advance or retreat to find more.

In Springfield, Lyon was dealing with the same dilemma. Food had grown scarce due to the haphazard supply situation, typhoid and diarrhea ravaged the ranks, and discipline was breaking down. Enlistments, many of which had been for three months, were running out, and before the end of July 2,000 men left the ranks and decamped for St. Louis. Blair's arrival in Washington had coincided with the appointment of a new department commander, Maj. Gen. John C. Frémont, who was supposed to operate out of St. Louis and direct supplies and reinforcements to the front. Lyon bombarded him with a flurry of demands, but Frémont proved notably unresponsive. "If he fights," the new department commander said of Lyon, "he will do it upon his own responsibility."

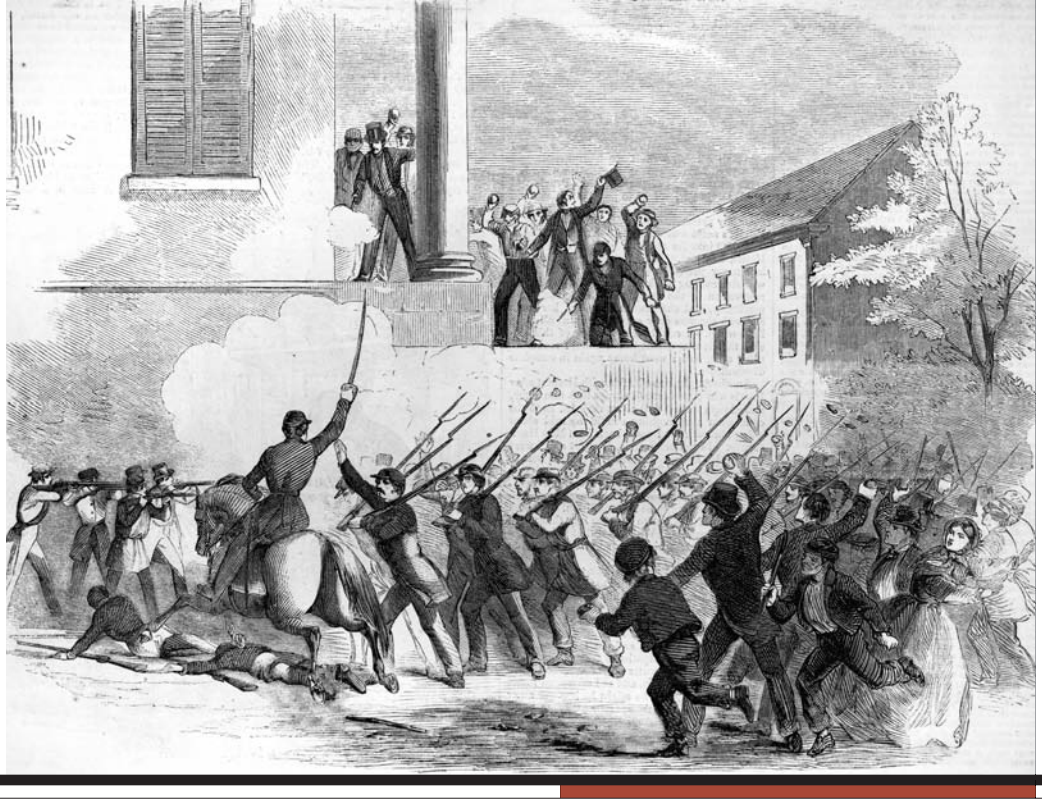
"MEN, WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT. DON'T GET SCARED; IT'S NO PART OF A SOLDIER'S DUTY TO GET SCARED."

–CAPTAIN NATHANIEL LYON

From his vantage point in St. Louis, it was clear to Frémont that Lyon's campaign had already succeeded. The heart of Missouri was securely in Federal control, and Price's recruiting efforts had been quashed. If Lyon was too short of supplies and soldiers to hold on at Springfield, Frémont advised him to make a strategic withdrawal to Rolla and repair his command for future service. It was a sensible suggestion, but one that Lyon could not bring himself to follow. Instead, the truculent New Englander determined to strike forward once more, regardless of conditions. On the morning of August 1, he marched his combined command of fewer than 6,000 men through the blistering heat in search of battle.

Price and McCulloch had combined forces again by then, initiating plans for a second invasion of Missouri. Overcoming his distrust of the State Guard, McCulloch agreed to assume command of the offensive—provided that Price leave his 2,000 unarmed men and camp followers a day's march to the rear. It was a condition that Price quickly accepted and just as quickly ignored. Advancing on August 1, McCulloch's command contained an aggregate of over 10,000 muskets, almost twice the number in Lyon's ranks. And while the State Guard troops were of somewhat dubious quality, several of McCulloch's units had already developed fierce identities. Colonel Louis Hébert's 3rd Louisiana Regiment proudly bore aloft a blue silk flag with the emblazoned inscription, "Southern Rights Inviolate," and Arkansas volunteers boasted several units with unique and dashing uniforms, including the Centerpoint Rifles who wore dark blue coats and checkered shirts with red stripes.

The next day, the rival armies came into contact amid choking dust and 110-degree temperatures. The result was an abortive skirmish in which a State Guard unit broke badly under fire and fled pell-



mell for the rear. But Lyon did not press home his advantage. Overwhelmed by fatigue, the New Englander was steadily succumbing to the stress of command. When probes failed to stir up a battle the following day, he called his officers together for a council of war. It was the first time Lyon had asked for advice in the entire campaign. Once convened, the officers voiced concern over the supply situation, and Lyon gloomily ordered a withdrawal to Springfield.

Now the initiative passed to McCulloch, who was not eager to seize it. Thoroughly vexed over the performance of the State Guard, he ordered a pursuit only after much squabbling with Price. Then, after exhausting his men with forced marches in the blazing sun, he lost his resolve altogether, and ordered his units into bivouac at Wilson's Creek, 10 miles south of Springfield. For Price, it was becoming irritatingly apparent that the famous Texan was afraid to fight.

Meanwhile, in Springfield, Lyon was steadily losing his grasp on events. Conferring with subordinates regularly, he waffled between zealous convictions that he should defend his position to the last or strike out and attack. The arrival of a long-overdue wagon train on August 6 served as momentary inspiration, and the New Englander impulsively decided to launch a surprise offensive that very night. Stirring the men from their camps, he sent them to jump-off positions, but then he somehow lost track of time. As 10 PM gave way to 3 AM, a bewildered Lyon suddenly realized that the night was too far gone and canceled the attack.

For the men in the ranks, the abortive escapade was deeply confusing, and it did not help their confidence that Lyon persisted in keeping them under arms all day on August 7 in the sweltering heat. Exhausted and irritated over what seemed unnecessary exertions, the men watched for rumored enemy advances from all directions, none of which materialized. That night, Lyon convened his officers again to debate how to proceed. Most thought a withdrawal to Rolla the best option, but Brig. Gen. Thomas Sweeny, a one-armed Irish regular, delivered an impassioned diatribe in opposition. "Let us eat the last bit of mule flesh and fire the last cartridge before we think of retreat!" he urged. Newly persuaded, Lyon presented a new line of reasoning. Withdrawing without battle would "run the risk of having to fight every inch along [the] line of retreat," he warned; an attack was necessary to get away safely.

Inspired by this convoluted logic, Sigel proposed an audacious plan to divide the army into two columns and attack the enemy camp from front and rear at once. It was a plan that violated basic military logic, as it called for the division of a smaller force in the face of a larger enemy. All of the assembled officers thought the plan preposterous, and much to their relief Lyon rejected it. Instead, he told them to prepare for an advance the following evening, preparatory to a combined frontal attack at dawn on the 10th. On the morning of August 9, however, Sigel paid his commander a special visit and somehow persuaded Lyon to reconsider. Preposterous or not, Sigel's plan would be put to the test.

As the men prepared for the night march on August 9, Lyon rode among the ranks offering bland words of encouragement. "Men, we are going to have a fight," he said. "Don't get scared; it's no part of a soldier's duty to get scared." Most were unimpressed. "How is a man to help being skeered when he is skeered?" one queried. At 5 PM, the two columns swung into motion: Sigel with his brigade of 1,100 Germans and Lyon at the head of the rest of the 4,000 men in the army. The moon was a crescent, and the Federal march was uneventful.

At this juncture, although the attack plan was risky and the odds unpromising, Lyon had reason to be hopeful. Perhaps as many as a quarter of the men in his column were regulars, and, although many of the units were armed with antiquated muskets, their arms were still superior to the ad hoc weapons of Price's State Guard. Moreover, the reinforcing regiments from Kansas and Iowa were rugged and feisty. Colonel George Deitzler's 1st Kansas had a company known as the "Stubs," so called because so many of its members were short. The Stubs had formed in the antebellum years to defend "Bleeding Kansas" against Missouri border ruffians and had earned a reputation for ferocity. The men of the 1st Iowa brought two canine mascots with them to the battle, and, although their enlistments had expired during the stay in Springfield, the men had voted to stay and fight. Finally, Lyon had another advantage he did not even know about—McCulloch's camp had not posted a picket line.

Price had lost his temper on the 9th and delivered an ultimatum to McCulloch. If the Texan would not attack, Price would take the State Guard and advance on his own. In response, McCulloch had called together his officers for a vote and found that his was the minority voice of dissent. Reluctantly submitting, the Texan had ordered a night march to prepare for a dawn assault on Springfield on the morning of August 10. After more than a week of false starts and procrastination, Lyon and McCulloch planned to deliver simultaneous strikes. The weather turned stormy just as McCulloch prepared to leave. Anxious to avoid getting the men's powder wet, the Texan postponed the march until dawn, but he neglected to send pickets out. The army passed the night unguarded.

McCulloch's campsite lay on both sides of a shallow stream called Wilson Creek. (After-battle reports incorrectly referenced the body of water as Wilson's Creek, and this became the name of the battle.) The creek ran roughly north-south and was crossed by the Wire Road, which led northeast to Springfield. Approaching the position at 4 am, Lyon chose to leave the road, cross the creek, and attack from due north, hopeful that this would enhance the element of surprise. The trouble was that the landscape was strewn with roving foragers from Price's State Guard, whose undisciplined failure to stay in camp ironically proved helpful. While advancing, Lyon's skirmishers encountered some of

these wandering men and put them to flight, but in their retreat the foragers managed to sound the alarm.

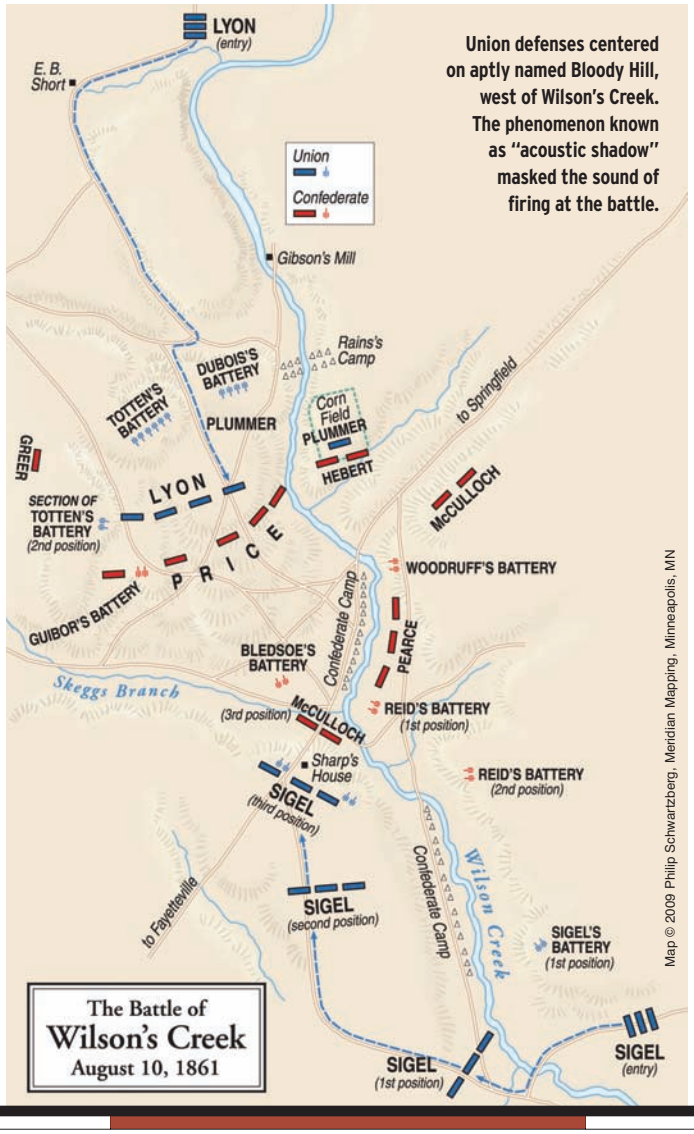
Stunned into action, one of Price's cavalry regiments hastily deployed on a hill just north of the camps. The first casualties of the battle occurred while Lyon's advance guard stormed the hill, soon to be rechristened "Bloody Hill." Deitzler's 1st Kansas, including the Stubs, joined the all-German 1st Missouri Regiment in leading the charge. The men moved so cautiously that they did not reach the crest until 5:30 am. At that point, buoyed by success, Lyon proudly proclaimed to his chief of staff, "In less than an hour the enemy will wish they were a thousand miles away."

McCulloch might just as well have been that far away, for he was completely in the dark when the opening shots rang out. The landscape around Wilson Creek gave rise to an "acoustic shadow," a peculiar deadening phenomenon that can arise when topographical features or localized variances in air density block otherwise discernible sound. While the battle raged, McCulloch breakfasted placidly with Price, enjoying cornbread, beef, and coffee. When couriers reached him to announce the commencement of hostilities, the Texan laughed. Still, he sent some cavalry to investigate, and when further reports of fighting trickled in, he decided that it was time to adjourn his meal.

By then, Lyon's advance had begun to bog down, not because of the threat posed by Price's cavalry, which the Federals had brushed away, but because of the unnerving effect of an artillery battery that took Lyon completely by surprise when he pushed to the crest of Bloody Hill. The battery was located at the edge of a cornfield on the far side of Wilson Creek. Its men had been in the midst of preparing breakfast when they observed the action opening and decided to pitch in, delivering a blast of case shot and shell against the Federal flank. Lyon halted and brought up a battery of his own, and a strangely personal duel ensued.

Commanding Lyon's battery was Captain James Totten, a Pennsylvania-born regular who had served in Arkansas before the war. Venerated as a local hero by the citizens of Little Rock, Totten had received a sword as a token of esteem from the Arkansas ladies and then had horrified them by unsheathing it in defense of the Union. Engaging him was the Pulaski Light Battery, formerly the Totten Light Battery, whose gunners Totten had personally trained while stationed in Arkansas. Evidently his training was not comprehensive, as neither battery fired with great accuracy and casualties were low in both units.

Lyon, however, was sufficiently perturbed to halt his advance and begin building a defensive position on the crest of Bloody Hill. This had the effect of surrendering the initiative to the enemy at a time when Price and McCulloch were still trying to discern what was happening. Worse yet, Lyon formed his line on the peak of the hill instead of on the military crest or shoulder of the hill, which meant that his infantry could not see or shoot at anyone forming along the base. For the time being, the implications of these errors were yet to be realized. Lyon, pleased with his progress, listened with encouragement as the first sounds of artillery erupted from the south, signaling the opening of Sigel's offensive.



The German colonel's attack was actually faring better than he or Lyon could have foreseen. Arriving on schedule, Sigel discovered, much as Lyon had, that the enemy camps were unguarded. Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri soldiers were sleeping or milling about in a stubble field, completely ignorant of the engagement that had opened scarcely a mile away—acoustic shadow was doing double duty for the Federals this day. Sigel promptly ordered up a battery of artillery and opened fire on the enemy camp. The result was instant pandemonium. Stunned Confederates dissolved into a wild mob, spreading panic among the thousands of unarmed men and camp followers whom Price had insisted upon bringing along. Delighted with his progress, Sigel advanced his infantry into the stubble field, gathering more than 100 prisoners with minimal effort.

In the meantime, Lyon was actively striving to advance

once more. Having amassed some 2,800 men on the hill, he finally launched a probe with the 1st Missouri and 1st Kansas Regiments. High prairie grass, thickets, and scrub oaks undermined coordination, and the regiments essentially blundered into Price's still-forming line at the base of the hill. The 1st Kansas went in with a cheer, trading close-range volleys with Price's men. The commander of the 1st Missouri Regiment, Lt. Col. George L. Andrews, was preparing to charge when he noticed a State Guard unit maneuvering around

LYON ORDERED THE 2ND KANSAS REGIMENT TO BRACE THE RETREATING LINE. "HOW THE BLOOD LEAPED IN OUR VEINS THEN," ONE OF THE KANSANS RECALLED.

his flank. The maneuver was accidental, as Price's regiments were still coming into line chaotically due to their poor discipline, but the two Federal units suddenly stopped advancing and braced themselves for an attack. Price quickly complied. A protracted and sanguinary struggle began on the side of the hill, sometimes at distances as short as 30 yards.

It was "a perfect hurricane of bullets," one participant observed. Casualties accumulated rapidly, while officers walked the lines shouting words of assurance. One major in the 1st Kansas even promised his men that anyone killed in the line of duty would go directly to heaven. The fighting raged inconclusively until nearly 7:30 AM, at which point the strength of Price's growing line forced Lyon's regiments into retreat. Lyon quickly ordered the 2nd Kansas Regiment to brace the retreating line. "How the blood leaped in our veins then," one of the Kansans recalled. The countercharge was short, fierce, and successful, and Price's Guard units broke off their attack to regroup at the base of the hill.

By now it was 8 AM. Lyon's offensive had essentially spent itself, and whatever potential for victory remained squarely with Sigel. McCulloch had arrived on Sigel's front, and he was striving to make sense of the German's curious movements. After scattering thousands of men about the countryside, Sigel had pushed through the stubble field and deployed his artillery in a farmyard near the edge of a plateau, still some distance from Bloody Hill and the rest of the battle. Then, seemingly content with his accomplishments, the German went about gathering prisoners and shelling distant units of the State Guard. He made no further attempt to reach Lyon and did not even deploy his infantry to defend against a counterattack. Instead, he left the men in columns on the road. Still more absurd, he made little effort to screen the edge of the plateau, which provided ideal cover for a counterattacking force. It was a situation that virtually embraced disaster with open arms, and McCulloch was not long in appreciating the fact.

After forming his assessment, the Texan quickly rode off to find men with whom to make it a reality. Neglecting an available reserve of Arkansans, McCulloch summoned several companies of Hébert's 3rd Louisiana. "Come, my brave lads," the general called. "I have a battery for you to charge, and the day is ours!" The Louisianans followed dutifully, and McCulloch deployed them just below the edge of the plateau.

Sigel had seen the approaching column, but he thought it might be the vanguard of Lyon's forces. To make sure, he sent a solitary soldier down the road to challenge them. Approaching to within a few feet, the soldier found himself face to face with McCulloch. "What force is this?" McCulloch demanded. "Sigel's brigade," the soldier replied, raising his musket to fire. Luckily for McCulloch, one of the Louisianans shot first, dropping the Missourian in his tracks before he could fire. "That was a good shot," the general remarked. He ordered a charge.

Sigel's men outnumbered their assailants 3-to-1, but they were in no state to resist the sudden onslaught. Stunned and bewildered, the artillerists and their meager supports fled wildly across the field, abandoning four guns and a caisson and plunging headlong into the column of infantry that Sigel had left undeployed in the road. Panic quickly spread through the column, with German recruits scattering wild-eyed in all directions despite their commander's energetic attempts to rally them. Sigel strove mightily to make the most of disaster, salvaging some 400 of his original 1,100 troops and hurrying them to the rear. McCulloch's cavalry caught up with him and wiped out most of his force, but Sigel got away. Wrapping himself in a blanket to conceal his rank, he abandoned his men and hid in a cornfield to evade capture before eventually returning to Springfield.

Back on Bloody Hill, Lyon remained ignorant of the events on Sigel's front. It was 10 AM, and most of the Federal soldiers were in line trading scattered volleys with Price's Guard while the ineffectual artillery duel raged on. Lyon's confidence was dwindling. Grazed by one bullet on the side of the head and struck painfully in the calf by another, he was left limping awkwardly to the rear after a third bullet killed his horse. "I am afraid the day is lost," he moaned to his chief of staff, Major John Schofield. "No, General, let us try once more," Schofield responded.

Thus encouraged, Lyon determined to return to the front. With help from his staff, he mounted a replacement horse, and with blood dripping from his shoe he advanced toward the crest of the hill to lead a final desperate charge. Waving his hat, Lyon beckoned to the nearest regiment. "Come on, my brave boys!" he cried. "I will lead you! Forward!" Then a volley erupted from the underbrush ahead, a bullet piercing his heart and lungs. Lyon tried to dismount, but fell from his horse into the arms of his orderly, Private Ed Lehmann of the 1st U.S. Cavalry. "Lehmann, I am going," Lyon murmured, then died. Lyon's aides carried his body to the rear and placed it under a tree, pulling his coattails over his face to con-

ceal his identity and prevent panic from spreading through the ranks. Then they sent for Sturgis, the senior officer remaining on Bloody Hill.

It took about 30 minutes to locate Sturgis. During that time, Price launched a second major attack. As with his first offensive, the effort was awkward and piecemeal, hindered by the men's poor training and paucity of ammunition. Units advanced cautiously until they came within range of the Federal line. Then the men fell prone and hugged the scant cover of the prairie grass as they fired. All the while, Price labored to maintain alignment among the regiments, shrugging off a painful wound in the side. McCulloch strove to help with the offensive, redirecting most of his units to Bloody Hill, but few arrived in time to join the action. Ultimately, the second Confederate assault failed much as the first one had, from lack of coordination.

Another lull settled over Bloody Hill, as Lyon's aides finally managed to locate Sturgis. Distraught over the news of Lyon's death, the major quickly called a council of war to determine how best to proceed. Everyone felt that victory depended on Sigel's timely arrival. No one had heard from the German, but the officers quickly adjourned in excitement after they observed a column of infantry approaching from the south. The column was actually the 3rd Arkansas, marching from reserve to reinforce the State Guard. Greeting the men with aplomb, Price cautioned: "Keep as cool as the inside of a cucumber. Take your position and hold it whatever you do. Don't yield an inch." Moving up alongside the Arkansans, the 3rd Louisiana joined Price's line alongside the 5th Arkansas. McCulloch had finally achieved his grand concentration. The stage was set for one final effort.

Up and down the line, weary members of the Missouri State Guard joined McCulloch's volunteers in charging up Bloody Hill. Clouds of smoke obscured the landscape, and men fell in scores. At one point, members of the Guard advanced to within 20 feet of Totten's guns before point-blank blasts of canister sent them reeling. Sturgis pulled part of the 1st Iowa from the line and sent it in a feverish counterattack to plug a hole after another hard-pressed unit buckled. Try as they might, the men of Price's and McCulloch's commands were unable to break the Union line. "Some of the best blood in the land was being spilled as recklessly as if it were ditch water," one survivor lamented.

At this juncture, realizing that Sigel was not coming to the rescue and learning that several of his units were running low on ammunition, Sturgis decided to disengage and withdraw to Springfield. Aided by a lull in the fighting as McCulloch's and Price's men fell back in exhaustion, the Federal soldiers were able to retreat in good order, pulling out all of their artillery pieces and many of their wounded, although they accidentally left Lyon's body behind. It took Price and McCulloch a surprisingly long time to learn that the enemy had gone. Upon reaching the top of Bloody Hill, one Arkansas officer recalled watching the retreating column. "We were glad to see them go."

In their wake, the Federal forces left the devastation of what had been a surprisingly bloody contest. Combined casualties numbered over 2,500, and the medical officers of both armies were woefully unprepared for the task they faced. Soon after Sturgis reached Springfield, the wounded from his regiments overflowed public buildings, and surgeons began requisitioning private homes. Days later, one wounded man in Springfield observed that "the stench from the dead and dying was so offensive as to be almost intolerable."

The Union officers convened another council of war in Springfield and unanimously agreed that the best course of action was to fall back on Rolla—precisely the plan that Frémont had advocated in the first place. Sturgis abdicated command to Sigel at this point, and Sigel showed such favoritism to his fellow Germans on the retreat that he almost provoked a mutiny within the ranks.

With the crisis past, Price and McCulloch immediately set to squabbling again. Price urged a follow-up advance, but McCulloch, acutely aware of supply shortages, demurred. In the coming days, their mutual antipathy deepened, and they ultimately went their separate ways, diffusing any strength they might have enjoyed through concentration. Newspapers of both sides claimed success at Wilson's Creek. "Never has a greater victory crowned the efforts of the friends of Liberty and Equal Rights," crowed the pro-Confederate *Liberty Tribune*. "The victory of the Union force was brilliant and overwhelming," retorted the Topeka, Kansas *State Record*.

Aside from the casualties, the immediate effect of Wilson's Creek was negligible. Both sides pulled back, and the strategic picture remained unchanged. But the larger results of Lyon's campaign through Missouri had far-reaching consequences. In two months' time, the scrappy New Englander had secured most of the state for Union arms, but the aggressiveness of his conquest left the countryside in a state of continual unrest. Bloody partisan confrontations would erupt in the coming months, and savage guerrilla fighting would persist throughout the war and beyond, giving birth to such experienced gunmen as Frank and Jesse James and their cousin and train-robbing henchman, Cole Younger. □

FURTHER READING

William R. Brooksher, Bloody Hill: The Civil War Battle of Wilson's Creek. Washington: Brassey's, 1995.

Albert Castel, General Sterling Price and the Civil War in the West. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1968.

Thomas W. Cutrer, Ben McCulloch & the Frontier Military Tradition. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1993.

Stephen D. Engle, Yankee Dutchman: The Life of Franz Sigel. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State

University Press, 1993.

Christopher Phillips, Damned Yankee: The Life of General Nathaniel Lyon. Baton Rouge:

Louisiana State University Press, 1990.

William Garret Piston and Richard W. Hatcher III, Wilson's Creek. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2000.

Camping Along

UNION SOLDIERS IN THE CIVIL WAR SCRAPED OUT A CRUDE BUT COMRADELY LIFE IN THE WOODS BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND RICHMOND.

BEFORE the fighting even began, before the first impassioned chorus of "On to Richmond!" was raised by the men in blue, the soldiers comprising the Union Army of the Potomac during the Civil War had to create their own precarious living quarters in the forested wilderness of the Eastern Seaboard.

The first camps were tent cities, thrown together hastily as new regiments arrived from the free states. They were a disaster. Sanitation was primitive at best, and life-threatening diseases swept through the camps. Soldiers from the remote hinterlands bunked with urbanized city dwellers and quickly discovered epidemic ailments they had never known existed. Childhood diseases such as measles, mumps, chicken pox, and whooping cough claimed many lives. Like any area with a large concentration of aggressive young men, there were also numerous fights, but a strong camaraderie soon built up among the northern soldiers sharing the excitement and dangers of war.

ABOVE: Soldiers construct log huts from nearby trees. One soldier takes a drink (center) while others split timbers (left) as a mounted officer looks on. BELOW: Soldiers chop wood and use mud to build winter quarters. The older soldier, second from the right, is probably an officer, judging from his dress and age.

All photos: National Archives

ABOVE: The forests of northern Virginia did not stand a chance against the need of soldiers to build shelters and keep fires burning. Sentries stand guard in front of rows of tents. The "B" hanging on the laurelled structure in the center of the photo designates the area as Company B's camp.

RIGHT: Billy Yanks pose proudly in front of their rudimentary huts. Note the barrels used as chimneys and the log path used to avoid mud during heavy rains.

the Potomac

PHOTO ESSAY BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

ABOVE: Two noncommissioned officers play cards while a third watches. The boy in the center is probably a drummer, judging by the drum resting beside the table. Drummers, sometimes as young as 14 years old, accompanied troops into battle and could serve as stretcher-bearers.

After the First Battle of Manassas, the Army of the Potomac completely reorganized. New, better-designed camps were laid out, and the men's lives took on an exhausting routine of constant drilling intended to make them more effective soldiers. Crude huts made of logs and mud replaced the drafty tents. Entire forests were felled, and the sound of chopping wood constantly echoed through the air. The men improvised to create more comfortable accommodations. Barrels were used for chimneys, packing crates were broken apart and made into sidewalks to keep out the mud, fences were torn down and used for firewood, and the siding of nearby houses was ripped off and made into furniture.

When the men weren't drilling they played cards, shot dice, and ran the bases on crudely laid out baseball diamonds. They bet on boxing matches, cock fights, and even louse races. They smoked and chewed tobacco whenever they could get their hands on the eagerly sought commodity, often trading with their Confederate counterparts across the line during the lull between battles. Like soldiers in every war, they also found their way to rear-echelon brothels and lost themselves in rotgut whiskey, some made from private stills hidden inside huts or purchased from the nearest sutler's store.

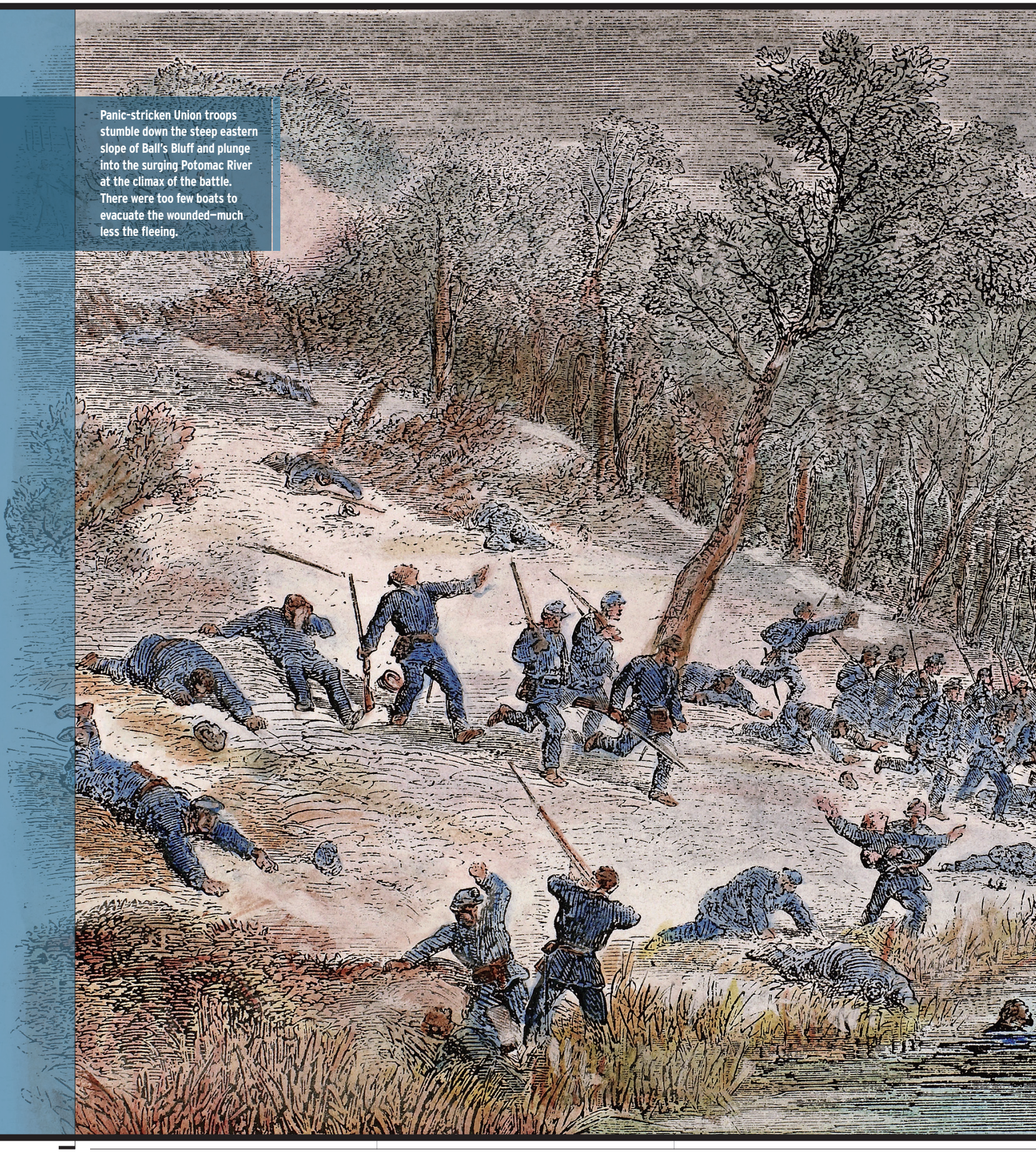
The men left their camps in the spring to begin the campaign season, but retuned after each defeat (and a few victories) at the hands of their Confederate enemy. It was not until the great 1864 offensive under General Ulysses S. Grant that the men left the comfort of their winter camps for good and commenced a hardscrabble bivouac life from Fredericksburg to Petersburg. After the brutal battles in the Wilderness, the soldiers settled into a more squalid life in the muddy trenches south of the Cockade City. They would remain there, locked in a death grip with the enemy, for the next 10 months, until the death of the Confederacy.

The Union camps of the Army of the Potomac proved that widely divergent soldiers could improvise, adapt, and work together as a team for a common goal. They were primitive yet self-sufficient neighborhoods for fighting men, places their residents would never forget. For every bad memory veterans had of the camps—the filth, the monotous and wearying drill, and the stomach-wrecking bad food—there were also good memories of brotherhood, shared relaxation, and leisure time away from the battlefront.

Such memories would last a lifetime for the Boys of 1861-1865. □

With rifles bristling at left shoulder arms, a Union regiment marches in camp. Due to the presence of tents rather than huts, one could judge that this picture was probably taken early in the war.

The camp of the 44th New York Infantry Regiment is perfectly laid out on the outskirts of Alexandria, Va. Note the letter for each company on the laurel in front of each unit. Every tent had its own tree and a few had stoves--apparent from the pipes sticking out of their canvas ceilings.



Panic-stricken Union troops stumble down the steep eastern slope of Ball's Bluff and plunge into the surging Potomac River at the climax of the battle. There were too few boats to evacuate the wounded—much less the fleeing.

LONG SHADOWS AT BALL'S BLUFF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BEST FRIEND, SENATOR EDWARD BAKER, SOUGHT MILITARY GLORY TO GO WITH HIS POLITICAL SUCCESS. AT BALL'S BLUFF, ON THE POTOMAC, HE WOULD FIND MORE THAN HE COUNTED ON.

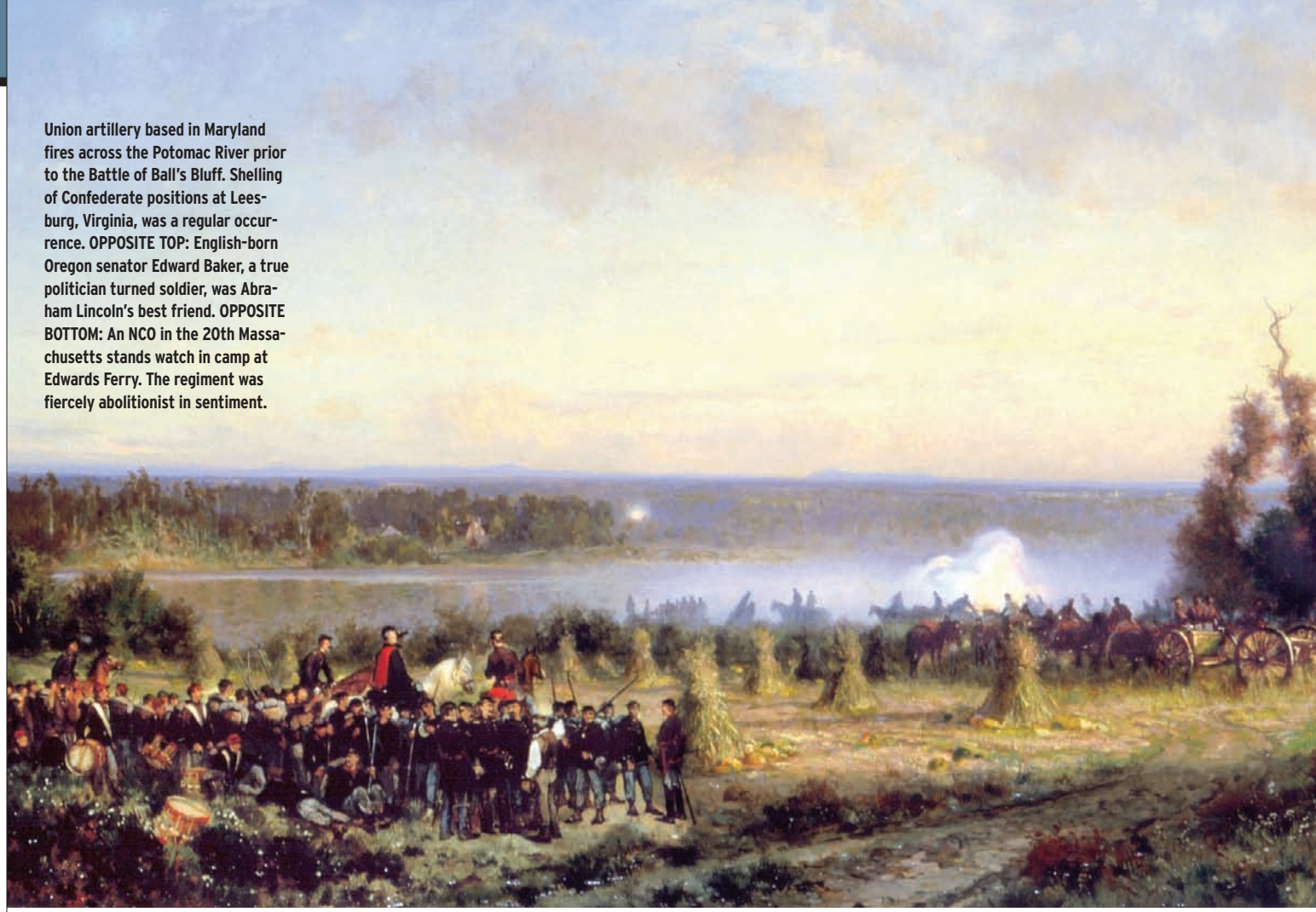
For all his great political skills, Abraham Lincoln was a man who made few close personal friends. He was both too private and too ambitious to court a large number of intimate acquaintances. One man, however, impressed Lincoln so much that he became almost a hero to the Illinois lawmaker. That man was Edward Baker, a transplanted Englishman who worked and campaigned alongside—and sometimes against—Lincoln for more than two decades in their adopted homeland in southwestern Illinois.

In many ways, Baker was Lincoln's exact opposite—a handsome, vain, outgoing individual who was a natural-born politician. Gifted (like Lincoln) with a prodigious memory, Baker could effortlessly recall names and faces, an invaluable skill for anyone interested in frontier-style politics. Born in England in 1811, Baker immigrated to the United States with his Quaker parents at the age of four. Settling eventually in Carrollton, Illinois, he became a lawyer at the precociously young age of 19 and married a wealthy widow with two children. In 1835, Baker moved to Springfield, Illinois, where he met another up-and-coming young lawyer named Abraham Lincoln.

Baker and Lincoln became members of the local Whig Party "Junto," a combination political group and social club that met weekly in the office of the *Sangamon Journal*, a Whig newspaper owned by

BY COWAN BREW

The Granger Collection, New York



Union artillery based in Maryland fires across the Potomac River prior to the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Shelling of Confederate positions at Leesburg, Virginia, was a regular occurrence. OPPOSITE TOP: English-born Oregon senator Edward Baker, a true politician turned soldier, was Abraham Lincoln's best friend. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: An NCO in the 20th Massachusetts stands watch in camp at Edwards Ferry. The regiment was fiercely abolitionist in sentiment.

All photos Library of Congress unless credited otherwise

town leader Simeon Francis, whose wife would help Lincoln reconcile romantically with his future wife, Mary Todd. The Junto, whose members were young lawyers, worked and planned to ensure a Whig majority in Sangamon County. Baker and Lincoln shared office space on the third floor of the Tinsley Building at Sixth and Adams Streets in Springfield. Lincoln liked his new friend well enough to name his second son after Baker. When the boy died at the age of three, both father and godfather were devastated.

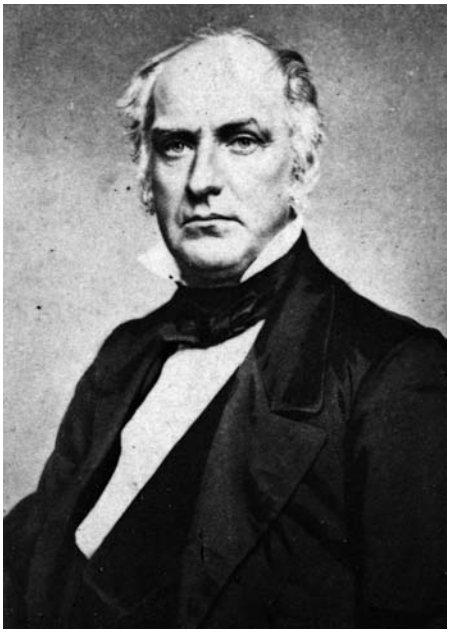
In 1843, the two men became friendly rivals for the newly open congressional seat in the Seventh District of Illinois. Baker was the favorite, thanks in part to his superior oratorical skills. His voice, said one admirer, was "not full or sonorous, but sharp and clear. It was penetrating rather than commanding, and yet when touched by his ardent nature, it became sympathetic and even musical." Lincoln, by contrast, had an almost comically high-pitched voice for one so tall. Baker augmented his speaking skills with a bit of crowd-pleasing theatrics, appearing on stage with a pet eagle chained to an iron ring. When Baker described how the Democrats had brought ruin to the country, the eagle would droop its head into its wings. When he promised that the Whigs would restore the nation to its former glory, the bird would spread its wings and crow.

Thanks in part to his eagle trick, Baker won election to Congress. Lincoln followed two years later. During the Mexican War (which Lincoln opposed), Baker led a volunteer militia regiment and was wounded severely at the Battle of Cerro Gordo by a piece of grapeshot through the lungs. Recovering, he was re-elected to Congress, but moved to California in 1852 after failing to receive a cabinet post from President Zachary Taylor. In 1859, a delegation of Republican Party leaders invited Baker to move to Oregon and run for the United States Senate. He agreed. The next year, he was elected to the Senate. While he was out West, Baker and Lincoln kept in touch, and Baker became one of Lincoln's strongest supporters when the "Rail Splitter" won election to the White House in 1860. As an indication of Lincoln's appreciation, Baker was invited to ride in the president-elect's carriage and personally introduce him at his inauguration.

After the Civil War began, Baker took to the floor of the Senate to defend Lincoln against charges that the president was being dictatorial in his actions. "I want sudden, bold, forward, determined war," said Baker, "and I do not think anybody can conduct war of that kind as well as a dictator." Whether or not Lincoln fully appreciated being called a dictator, even by an old friend, he offered

Baker a much sought after appointment as a major general in the Army. Baker delayed accepting the appointment—it would mean having to resign his much-loved seat in the Senate—and instead raised a regiment of volunteers, dubbed the "California Regiment" because it initially included a company of men who had lived in California. There were not enough West Coast enlistees to fill out a full regiment, so Baker had his former law partner, Isaac Wistar, recruit more volunteers in Pennsylvania. Officially, the new regiment was designated the 71st Pennsylvania Infantry, but throughout its existence it was known informally as the California Regiment. Baker was chosen the regiment's colonel; Wistar was his lieutenant colonel. Also serving as regimental officers were Baker's brother, son, and nephew.

Following the Union debacle at Bull Run in June 1861, Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan became commander of the Army of the Potomac. One of his first acts was to send a division of lightly trained troops to Poolesville, Maryland, eight miles northeast of Leesburg, Virginia, to guard the army's right flank. Commanding the division was Brig. Gen. Charles P. Stone, a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and a veteran of the Mexican War. Stone was well acquainted with one of his brigade commanders—Edward Baker—as well as Baker's former partner, Isaac Wistar, whom he had met while Stone was running a bank in San Francisco in the mid-1850s. At Lincoln's inauguration, Stone had commanded an armed guard of mounted troops that protectively surrounded the president-elect's carriage as it made its way to the Capitol. Baker, riding in the carriage at the time, caught sight of Stone's jingling spurs and unsheathed sword.



Across the Potomac from Stone's men was a brigade of Confederate infantry comprising three Mississippi regiments and one Virginia unit, all under the command of South Carolina-born Colonel Nathan "Shanks" Evans, who had been a plebe at West Point when Stone was a fourth-year cadet. The balding, blue-eyed Evans was slightly built—hence his nickname—and had served as a captain in the elite 2nd Cavalry Regiment on the western plains prior to the Civil War. At Bull Run (or Manassas, as the Confederates called the battle), Evans had played a crucial role in the southern victory by reacting quickly to hold a vital stone bridge. In after-action reports, he was praised for his "dauntless conduct and imperturbable coolness ... skill and unshakable courage." He was known within both armies as something of a drinker.

Evans's brigade, consisting of the 13th, 17th, and 18th Mississippi Infantry and the 8th Virginia Infantry, was augmented by three companies of Virginia cavalry and the 1st Company of the Richmond Howitzers. Stationed in Leesburg, a historic colonial-era village 25 miles northwest of Washington, the brigade was assigned to watch the various fords and ferries across the Potomac and to keep a close eye on the turnpike leading straight up the Catoctin Valley to Leesburg from Alexandria. There were a number of crossings in the vicinity, ranging from Noland's Ferry, near the mouth of the Monocacy River; Spink's Ferry, three miles farther downriver; and Conrad's Ferry, near the northern tip of Harrison's Island, which sat squarely in the middle of the Potomac. Directly west of the 500-acre island was Ball's Bluff, a 100-foot-

high cliff on the west bank of the Potomac. Evans posted his brigade two miles east of Leesburg, where the men threw up a 1½-acre scythe of breastworks that they dubbed Fort Evans. To confuse Federal scouts, he had his men throw up a number of empty tents in the surrounding farmland, giving the impression of a much-larger force.

A few miles away, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, Federal forces were also massing. Stone's division, pointedly named the Corps of Observation, was assigned to watch the river between Point of Rocks, a well-known ford 10 miles north of Leesburg, and Edwards Ferry, five miles below Harrison's Island. Stone's division included infantry regiments from Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania as well as six cavalry companies and an artillery battery from Rhode Island. The best known units were Edward Baker's California Regiment and the patrician 20th Massachusetts, which was filled with Harvard graduates, including future Supreme Court Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.; 1st Lt. James Lowell, nephew of the famous poet James Russell Lowell; and Major Paul Joseph Revere, grandson of Revolutionary War hero Paul Revere.

"THE FATE OF THE NATION AND THE SUCCESS OF THE CAUSE IN WHICH WE ARE ENGAGED MUST BE MAINLY DECIDED BY THE ISSUE OF THE NEXT BATTLE TO BE FOUGHT BY THE ARMY UNDER MY COMMAND."

–GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

Union and Confederate pickets patrolled the opposing shores. Desultory shots were exchanged at first, and one private in the 15th Massachusetts was wounded in the arm while washing dishes in the river. Both sides soon realized that "the shooting of pickets is all foolishness" and contented themselves with more or less good-natured taunts. At Edwards Ferry, some Union soldiers put up a swing and amused themselves within clear sight of the Confederates. As was common in the early stages of the war, the men frequently declared ad hoc truces and waded into the waist-deep water to meet and exchange coffee, tobacco, and newspapers—the *Mobile Register* for the Union troops and the *Boston Herald* for the southerners. When Stone learned of the fraternization, he quickly put a stop to it, dispatching an officer under a flag of truce to warn the Confederate commander that any Rebel forces caught on the eastern side of the river would be arrested and shot.

Despite their officers' interference, military service in the Leesburg sector was pleasant duty. The fall weather was beautiful and the rolling countryside blazed with cultivated farmland and colonial-style, white stone fences. "Leesburg was at this time perhaps the most desirable post of our lives," wrote Robert Stiles of the Richmond Howitzers, "on account of the character both of the country and its people. The latter were whole-hearted and hospitable, ready to share with us all they had. If ever soldiers had a more ideal time than we enjoyed at Leesburg, then I cannot conceive when or where it was." Mississippi Private Robert A. Moore agreed, noting in his diary that "Leesburg can boast of as fair daughters as any other town in the state. The boys are very merry, some of them have a dance nearly ever night."

The Union soldiers, not having the same recourse to local Virginia beauties, found their own entertainment where they could. British-born chaplain William G. Scandlin of the 15th Massachusetts acted as both regimental postmaster and librarian, dispensing hundreds of books to the men. Others, looking for more lively amusements, organized fiddle concerts and barn dances, or patronized itinerant daguerreotype photographers and whiskey peddlers. The drinking got so bad that Major Revere of the 20th Massachusetts led a raid on one local tavern, dumping its entire supply of liquor into the street. Two Maryland-owned slaves caught selling whiskey to the men of the 1st Minnesota Regiment were given a whipping at the order of Brig. Gen. Willis Gorman. In a related matter, Stone had to put an end to the abolitionist-minded 20th Massachusetts' practice of sheltering runaway slaves in their camp. He directed the men "not to incite and encourage insubordination among the colored servants in the neighborhood of the camps." It was an order that would come back to haunt Stone later.

In mid-October, the idyllic life in both camps was interrupted. Union Army commander George B. McClellan, in Washington, fretted constantly that the enemy was building up forces for a sudden assault across the Potomac toward Baltimore. "The main and real movement will be to cross the Potomac between Washington and Point of Rocks," McClellan advised Secretary of War Simon Cameron. "His hope will be to move with a large force direct and unopposed on Baltimore." Despite having twice as many men as Confederate General Joseph Johnston in northern Virginia, McClellan felt ill-equipped for such a movement. "The fate of the nation and the success of the cause in which we are engaged must be mainly decided by the issue of the next battle to be fought by the army under my command," he said. He did not intend to be taken by surprise.

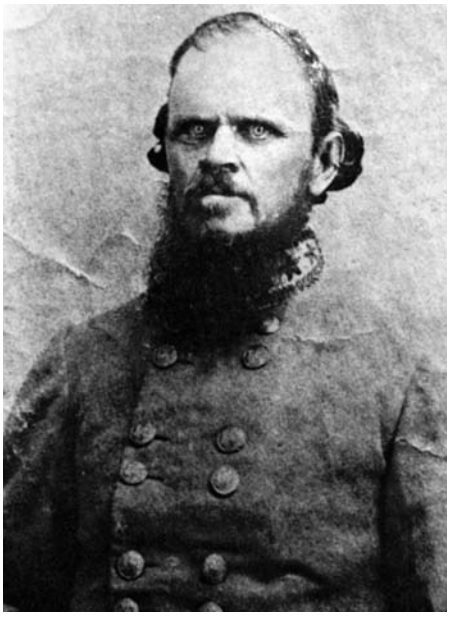
On October 6, a Union spy named Francis Buxton reported to McClellan's headquarters that Confederate forces at Leesburg had grown to nearly 27,000 men—a ridiculous overestimation that nevertheless played on the general's always jittery nerves. Stone reported that his own spy, "an intelligent mulatto teamster who deserted from the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment near Leesburg," had told him that Evans was preparing to evacuate the town altogether. McClellan wanted more proof. On October 19, he sent Brig. Gen. George McCall's 13,000-man division to Dranesville, 12 miles south of Leesburg,

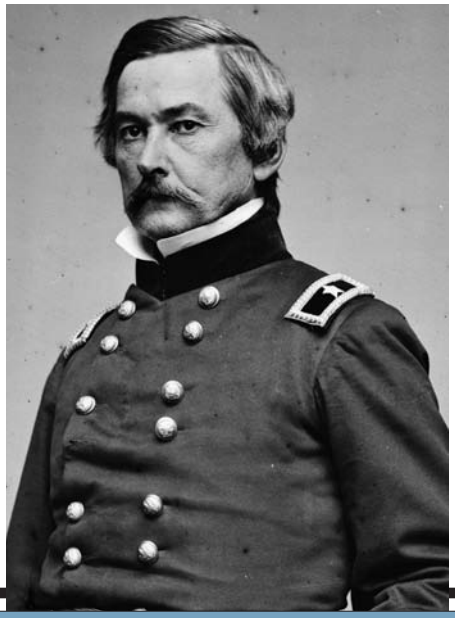
with orders to monitor the developing situation. The next day, McClellan sent a message to Stone through his assistant adjutant general: "Gen. McClellan desires me to inform you that General McCall occupied Dranesville yesterday, and is still there. He will send out heavy reconnaissances today in all directions from that point. The General desires that you keep a good lookout upon Leesburg to see if this movement has the effect to drive them away. Perhaps a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them."

Acting immediately that afternoon, Stone took steps to implement McClellan's order. He personally led Gorman's brigade down to Edwards Ferry, where he had his artillery throw a few shells across the river. After the ineffectual bombardment, Stone directed Captain Charles Philbrick of the 15th Massachusetts to take 20 men and row over to Harrison's Island. From there, they were to hike across the island and sneak across to the Virginia side, climb Ball's Bluff, and take a quick look around. It took several hours for the order to move down the chain of command from Stone to regimental Colonel Thomas Devens to Captain Philbrick. Devens, Stone reported later with unconcealed irritation, had "gone to church or something of that sort," and could not be located.

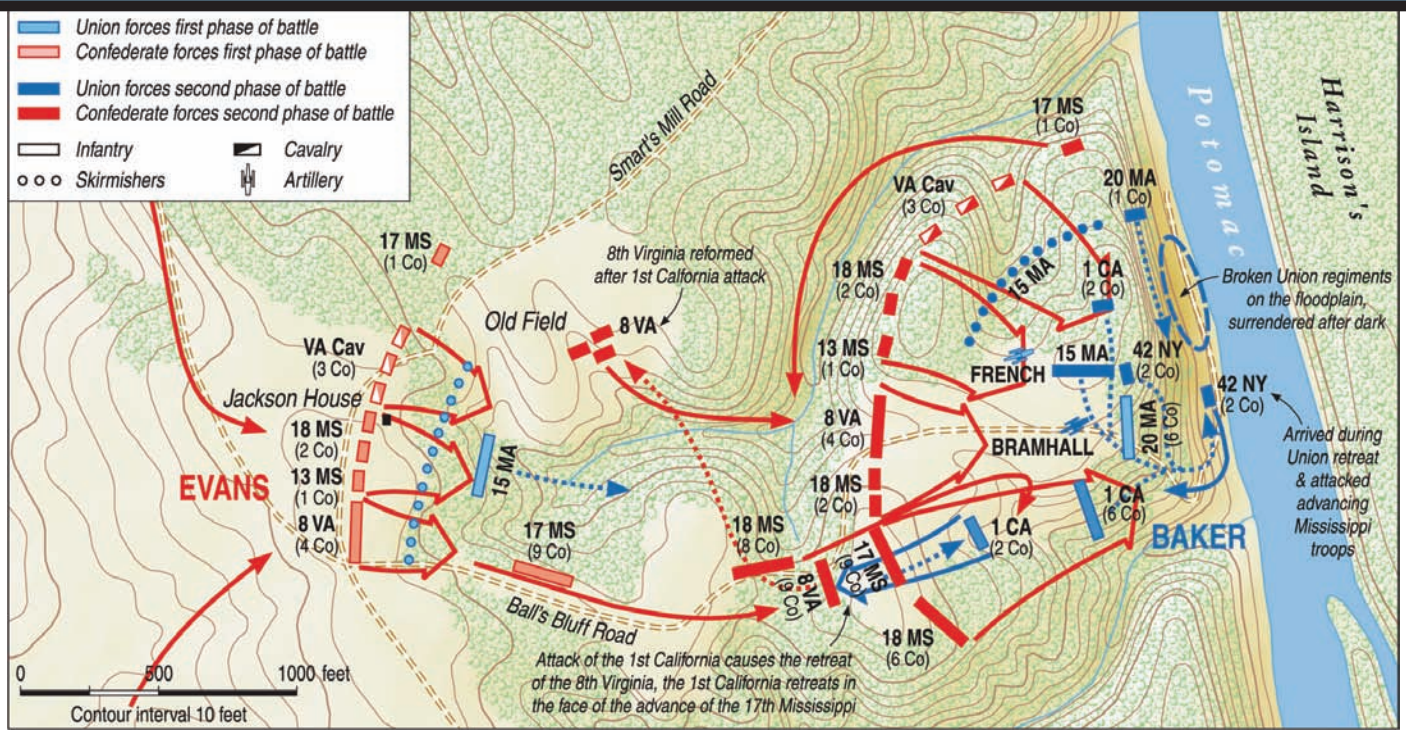
The delay prevented Philbrick's scouting party from getting under way until dark. It then took Philbrick several hours to traverse the underbrush on the island, row across the river, climb the steep side of Ball's Bluff, and creep within 130 yards of the Confederate camp outside Leesburg. The captain reported back that he had seen neither camp fires nor Rebel sentries guarding the camp. Stone accepted the surprising report on face value. "It seemed to me," he said later, "precisely one of those pieces of carelessness on the part of enemy that ought to be taken advantage of." He ordered Devens (presumably returned by then from church) to take five companies of men, 300 in all, across the Potomac and destroy the enemy camp. Another 100 men from Colonel William Lee's 20th Massachusetts would cross behind Devens and take up positions atop Ball's Bluff to safeguard the line of advance.

Devens set out on the raid at midnight on October 21. The Potomac was swollen from recent rains; the current was swift and dangerous. To carry his men from Harrison's Island to Ball's Bluff, Devens could find only two flatboats and a ramshackle skiff. It took four hours for the men to cross, 25 at a time, and climb a narrow sheep path to the top of Ball's Bluff. From there, guided by Philbrick, they crept forward in the darkness to the outskirts of the Confederate camp at Leesburg. At least, it was supposed to be a Confederate camp—as it turned out, Philbrick had mistaken a shadowy line of trees atop a low ridge for enemy tents, of which there were none. Devens, perplexed, sent a messenger hurrying back to Stone to report that there was no sign of the enemy anywhere in the vicinity.





Opposing commanders at Ball's Bluff included Union Brig. Gen. Charles P. Stone, top left; Confederate Colonel Nathan "Shanks" Evans, top right; and Union brigadier Willis A. Gorman, bottom left. Colonel Charles Devens, bottom right, regimental commander of the 15th Massachusetts, stands with his staff. Devens would survive the war to become United States Attorney General under President Rutherford B. Hayes.



Map © 2011 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

Stone should have been alarmed by the sudden absence of Confederates. (Evans had taken his brigade down to Dranesville to ambush McCall's division, leaving only a company of the 17th Mississippi to keep watch on Ball's Bluff.) Instead, sensing the opportunity to secure a major beachhead on the Virginia side of the river, Stone sent a small force of infantry and cavalry from Gorman's division across the river at Edwards Ferry to scout the vicinity below Leesburg. At the same time, he sent for Colonel Baker, meeting him on the towpath of the C&O Canal at the ferry on the morning of the 21st. It was a meeting destined to have life-changing consequences for both men. Stone told Baker about the developing tactical situation across the river and put Baker in charge of the operation. As it turned out, he was the worst possible man for the job.

Stone, who had already given Devens somewhat confusing orders to alternately observe, force or secure the approaches to Leesburg, gave similarly muddled directions to Baker. He told the colonel to push more troops across the river, but "left it to Baker's discretion, after viewing the ground, to retire the troops from the Virginia shore under cover of his guns and the fire of the large infantry force, or to pass over reinforcements in case he found it practicable and the position on the other side strong and favorable." Stone emphasized that he "wished no advance unless the enemy were in inferior force." Besides Baker's own regiment, Stone gave him command of the 42nd New York (Tammany Regiment) and the 15th and 20th Massachusetts. It was clear to Stone, if not to Baker, that the trans-Potomac movement was to be tentative and cautious—exactly the wrong instructions for a man who had worn his full military uniform onto the Senate floor and slammed his sword down on his desk for rhetorical emphasis. Baker wanted glory, not scraps of information.

Thinking like the lawyer and politician he was, Baker asked Stone to put his orders into writing. Stone hastily scribbled on a sheet of paper: "Colonel: In case of heavy firing in front of Harrison's Island, you will advance the California regiment of your brigade or retire the regiments under Colonels Lee and Devens upon the Virginia side of the river, at your discretion, assuming command on arrival." Baker stuffed the paper into his hat and galloped down the towpath to take charge of the literally fluid situation. It was about 9:30 when he left.

To support the Union beachhead at Ball's Bluff, Stone had ordered Lt. Col. George H. Ward of the 15th Massachusetts to take the regiment's remaining companies and occupy Smart's Mill, a solid stone building half a mile north of the bluffs. From there, Ward could protect Baker's right flank and provide a fallback position for Devens, who was already encountering heavy fire on the western side of the hill. Devens sent a messenger, Lieutenant Church Howe, to tell Stone that he was under attack. En route, Howe encountered Colonel Lee atop Ball's Bluff and informed him of the developing situation. The 57-year-old Lee, considered the oldest regular colonel in the Army, gave Howe an extra message to deliver. "Tell Stone," he said, "that if he wants to open a campaign in Virginia, now is the time." Howe, who seems to have stopped every time he ran into a superior officer, saw Ward preparing to cross the river at Harrison's Island. Howe told him that Devens was "in a tight place" and needed his support. In contradiction to direct orders from the com-

manding general, Ward decided to go to Devens instead of occupying Smart's Mill. It was a fateful decision.

Next, Howe passed Baker, who was coming down the towpath to the embarkation site on the western side of the island. The indefatigable lieutenant explained, as best he could, the situation at Ball's Bluff. "I am going down immediately with my whole force to take command," Baker said, putting spurs to his horse and tearing off. When Howe finally reached General Stone with the original message he was supposed to have delivered an hour earlier, Stone was unworried. "Colonel Baker is at that place and can arrange things to suit himself," said Stone. That was the problem—or soon would be.

While the Union chain of command was alternately strung out, snarled, and looped around itself in the person of young Lieutenant Howe, the Confederate commander was taking personal charge of the rapidly developing battle around Ball's Bluff. After receiving reports that Federal forces had crossed the river at both the bluffs and Edwards Ferry, "Shanks" Evans turned his division around and reoccupied his works at Leesburg. Keeping calm from the two-directional threat, Evans sent reinforcements to Ball's Bluff, where he decided (correctly) that the main enemy thrust would take place. He ordered Colonel Eppa Hunton of the 8th Virginia to move up and support Lt. Col. Walter Jenifer, who was rushing to the front with 70 of his cavalry and two companies of the 18th Mississippi Infantry. Jenifer had served with Evans in the 2nd Cavalry Regiment out West, and Evans trusted him to bring his Indian-fighting experience to bear on the Union forces as well. Feeling more and more confident by the minute, Evans told Hunton to "drive the enemy to the river."

The combined weight of the Confederate attack forced Devens back to Ball's Bluff, where he linked up with Lee and dispersed his men behind a thick rail fence. There they hunkered down to wait for Baker. It would be a long wait.

Instead of crossing the river and immediately taking command of the worsening situation on the bluffs, Baker wasted valuable time manhandling troops—sometimes literally—onto a makeshift armada of flatboats, ferryboats, and skiffs for their brief transit across the river. For more than an hour, Baker personally supervised the raising of a sunken boat from the C&O Canal and attempted to stretch a towline from the Maryland shore to Harrison's Landing. Colonel Milton Cogswell of the Tammany Regiment, arriving as ordered to reinforce the Federal troops at Ball's Bluff, could scarcely credit the disorganization on the island. "There were no guards at any of the landings," he recalled. "No boats' crews had been detailed, and each command as it arrived was obliged to organize its own. No guns were placed in position to protect the passage. Had the full capacity of the boats been employed, more than twice as many men might have crossed in time to take part in the action."

Back at headquarters, Stone was beginning to get worried. He had heard nothing from Baker in nearly three hours. At 11:50 AM, he dispatched another message to the wayward senator: "Colonel: I am informed that the force of the enemy is about 4,000, all told. If you push them, you may do so as far as to have a strong position near Leesburg, if you can keep them before you, avoiding their batteries. If they pass Leesburg and take the Gum Spring road you will not follow far, but seize the first good position to cover that road. Their design is to draw us on, if they are obliged to retreat, as far as Goose Creek, where they can be reinforced from Manassas and have a strong position. Report frequently, so that when they are pushed Gorman can come in on their flank."

As usual, Stone's wording was imprecise and confusing, as was Baker's answer. "I acknowledge your order of 11:50, announcing their force at 4,000," Baker responded at 1:30 PM. "I have lifted a large boat out of the canal into the river. I shall, as soon as I feel strong enough, advance steadily, guarding my flanks carefully. I will communicate with you often. As you know, I have ordered down

BELOW: A fanciful drawing of Captain Charles Philbrick's ill-fated reconnaissance of the Confederate camp at Leesburg. What appeared to be a line of tents was actually a grove of pine trees—a catastrophic mistake, under the circumstances. OPPOSITE: An irresistible concentric ring of southern troops steadily forced back the poorly positioned Union men at Ball's Bluff. Baker was killed on the extreme Union left.

my brigade and Cogswell, who will cross as rapidly as possible. I shall feel cautiously for them. I hope that your movement below will give advantage. Please communicate with me often."

The two messages, taken together, were masterpieces of obfuscation. Stone's message overestimated the Confederate force and misstated the enemy's intention, while continuing to send mixed signals to Baker about whether he should attack, entrench, or retreat. Baker's reply did not indicate whether or not he had crossed over the river, what assessment he had made of the situation, how many troops he had landed, or what he intended to do with them once they got there. Despite promising each other that they would "communicate often," neither Stone nor Baker ever heard from the other again.

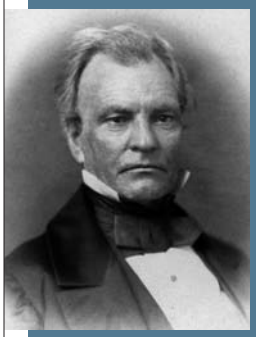
Finally, at 2:15 PM, Baker crossed the Potomac, remounted his horse, and rode to the top of Ball's Bluff. He was in high, even manic, spirits. Encountering Lee, who had been fighting off Confederate attacks for several hours, Baker called out jauntily, "I congratulate you, sir, on the prospect of a battle." More matter-of-factly, Lee said simply, "I suppose you assume command." Baker did, with pleasure, calling out to the newly arriving troops of the 20th Massachusetts, "Boys, you want to fight, don't you?" Assured that they did, Baker responded, "Then you shall have a chance." It was the most accurate thing he said all day.

Baker also met with Devens, who came back from the front lines after he heard that Baker had reached the battlefield. "Thank Heaven he has come," Devens told Major John Kimball of his staff. "We have been waiting eight hours." Baker fiddled with the lines, moving Devens and the 15th Massachusetts from their fortified position to the extreme right and placing the 20th Massachusetts, California Regiment, and Tammany Regiment alongside them, from right to left. To Cogswell, a no-nonsense officer in the Regular Army who had graduated from West Point a year after Stone, Baker joked, quoting Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake": "One blast upon your bugle horn/Is worth a thousand men." Cogswell, who had promised upon

THE VERY UN-PUBLIC TRIALS OF CHARLES P. STONE

The embarrassing defeat at Ball's Bluff on October 21, 1861, was not the end of Brig. Gen. Charles P. Stone's personal and professional troubles. Indeed, it was only the beginning. Within days, the hunt for a scapegoat had begun. Stone, by virtue of his command position, was the natural starting point.

In the wake of the humiliating and unexpected defeat, the fourth in a line that stretched back to Fort Sumter, Bull Run, and Wilson's Creek, Congress created a seven-man Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War to oversee and review all battles and the events surrounding them. Ohio senator Benjamin F. Wade, a much-feared lawmaker known as "Bluff Ben" for his crass, take-no-prisoners demeanor, was named chairman. Other committee members included Michigan senator Zachariah Chandler, Tennessee senator Andrew Johnson, and Congressmen George Julian of Indiana, John Covode of Pennsylvania, Daniel Gooch of Massachusetts, and Moses Fowler Odell of New York. All except Johnson and Odell were Republicans.



Ohio senator "Bluff Ben" Wade.

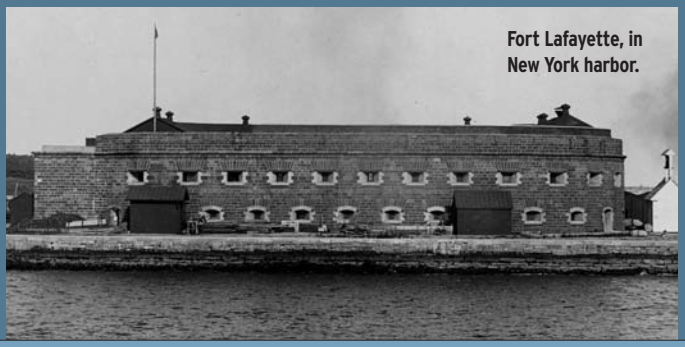
The committee's first act of business was to investigate what had gone wrong at Ball's Bluff. There was much to investigate. With the commanding officer at the battle, Colonel Edward Baker, two months' dead, attention fell on his immediate superior—Charles Stone. Meeting in secret for two months, beginning in late December 1861, the committee heard highly spurious testimony alleging that Stone was not merely an incompetent general, but a veritable traitor to the Union cause. Three dozen anonymous witnesses were called, many of them abolitionist-minded members of the Massachusetts regiments under Stone's command who still bore grudges against the general for his order not to shelter runaway slaves in their camps. Under orders to reveal exact troop numbers, locations, or tactics, Stone was reduced to giving a bare-bones account of the battle. He did himself no good before the committee by criticizing the martyred Baker's conduct. "The whole story," he said, "is that Colonel Baker chose to bring on a battle. He brought it on and, I am sorry to say, handled his troops unskillfully in it, and a disaster occurred which ought not to have occurred." Given Baker's posthumous standing as a Union hero—Lincoln, Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, members of the Cabinet, and a welter of senators and congressmen followed his casket for the first of Baker's eventual three burials—such a statement, while true, made Stone seem petty and vindictive.

The cards were stacked against Stone from the start. Following the committee hearings, the new secretary of war, Edwin Stanton, ordered McClellan to have Stone placed under arrest. No doubt relieved to have escaped—barely—his own censure for the fiasco at Ball's Bluff, McClellan hastily complied. He used as his excuse a report he had received from an unidentified source in Leesburg that Stone had communicated with Confederate officers before the battle and "there was a general expression on the part of those rebel officers of great cordiality towards Stone." It was implied that Stone had knowingly sent Union soldiers to their deaths at Ball's Bluff.

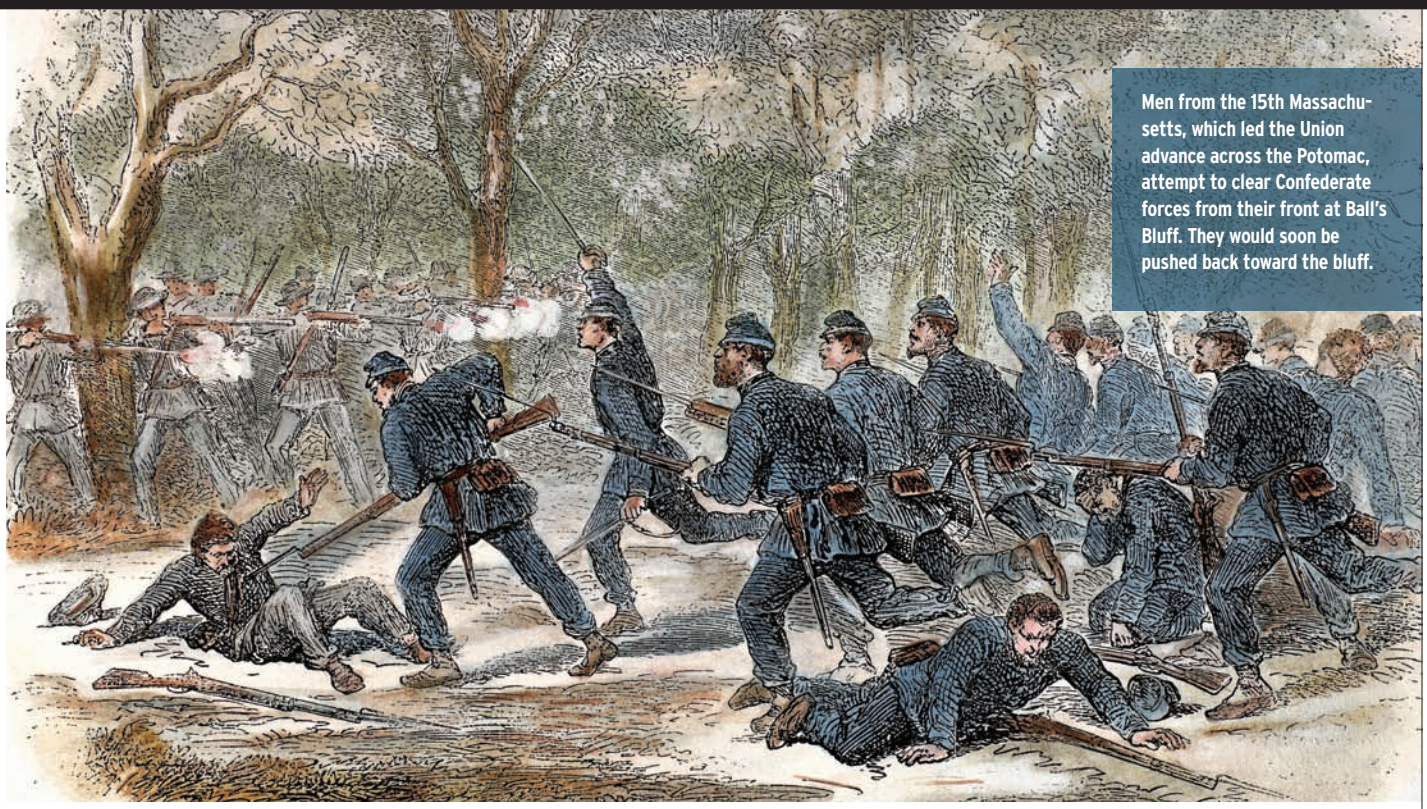
Taken away at bayonet point by Union soldiers in the middle of the night, Stone was imprisoned and held without formal charges for six months at Fort Lafayette in New York harbor. Despite his frequent pleas for a public forum in which to confront his accusers, he was denied a trial in open court. Letters to President Lincoln, Baker's best friend, went unanswered or were passed off to other government and military authorities. It literally took an act of Congress, making it illegal to hold an officer under arrest for more than 30 days without trial, to gain Stone's release. He had been held for a total of 228 days.

Returning to active duty, Stone sought unsuccessfully to resume his career. He was passed over repeatedly for promotion and never given another command. He served briefly on the staff of Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks during the Port Hudson and Red River campaigns—still more Union debacles—before resigning his commission on April 14, 1864.

After the war, Stone went into the coal mining business and then served for 13 years as a commander (pasha) in the Egyptian Army. He returned to the United States and worked as an engineer for the private construction company that erected the giant pedestal for the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor—not far from where he had been imprisoned so ignobly, more than 20 years before.



Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor.



Men from the 15th Massachusetts, which led the Union advance across the Potomac, attempt to clear Confederate forces from their front at Ball's Bluff. They would soon be pushed back toward the bluff.

The Granger Collection, New York

taking command of the New York regiment that "no inefficient officers would lead the men into the field," could not make the same guarantee about those at a higher pay grade.

Baker located his friend, Lt. Col. Isaac Wistar, and showed him the message from Stone estimating the Confederate numbers at 4,000 men. "We are certainly outnumbered in front," Wistar agreed. "Yes, that is a bad condition of things," said Baker, asking Wistar to "come and go around with me and look at my dispositions and plans, and say what you think of them." Wistar had no particular opinion, except to ask if he could extend his own regiment to the left. "I throw the entire responsibility for the left wing upon you," said Baker airily. "Do as you like." Baker also asked Lee and Cogswell what they thought of his plans, but ignored Cogswell's cogent observation that the wooded hill beyond their lines on the left could, if seized by the Confederates, command the entire field. Instead of permitting Cogswell to occupy the hill, Baker told him to take command of the artillery—a baffling order, given the circumstances. Twenty minutes later, the 8th Virginia took the hill and commenced to rain gunfire down onto the Federals.

Confederate sharpshooters soon picked off all the artillerymen on the Union left, and Baker, Cogswell, and other officers attempted to handle the rifled 6-pounder, but quickly gave it up as a poor job. They wandered over to the infantry lines, where they found the twice-wounded Wistar with blood streaming down his face into his beard. "The bullets are seeking for you but avoiding me," Baker told him with scant sympathy. Seconds later, a third bullet smashed into Wistar's right elbow, completely shattering the bones and joint. His unsheathed sword dropped to the grass. "What, Wistar, hit again?" Baker cried. He helped his old partner put his sword back into its scabbard, then sent him to the rear with a passing private. "Here, my man," Baker commanded, "catch hold of Colonel Wistar and get him to the boat somehow, if you have to carry him."

Bullets continued to whistle through the air, but Baker refused an intelligent suggestion from the men of the 20th Massachusetts to lie down alongside them. "No, my son," he told one Bay Stater, "and when you get to be a United States senator, you will not lie down either." Men were falling on all sides. Lt. Col. Ward of the 15th Massachusetts was blasted sideways by a rifle ball that shattered his leg, and 1st Lt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was shot in the chest by a bullet that passed completely through his body. Semi-conscious, Holmes was helped down to the bluff and put onto the skiff to be transported back across the Potomac. He would survive his wound

"COLONELS AND CAPTAINS HAD DESERTED THEIR COMMANDS, AND, THROWING OFF THEIR CLOTHING, ESCAPED BY SWIMMING; AT ONE TIME THE RIVER SEEMED COVERED WITH HEADS..."

—CONFEDERATE OBSERVER

and two others during the war to become the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Contrary to established practice, no standing orders had been given to the men before the battle not to leave their posts to take their injured buddies to the rear. As Captain Francis Young, an aide on Baker's personal staff, remembered later; "A great many of our men became disheartened and frightened and whenever anyone was hit, six or seven would take hold of him and carry him away."

For more than two hours, heavy firing took place all along the western side of Ball's Bluff. Baker, alternately described as "cool and gallant" or "much excited," continued to direct the Union defense. When an aide warned that Confederates were moving up the ravine on the left, Baker refused to believe it. "No doubt they are General Gorman's men coming up from Edwards Ferry," he said. By 5 PM, however, Baker had seen enough to be concerned. He ordered Young to "go down to Stone and tell him we are fixed." That would have been news to Stone, who believed the battle was well in hand and had even telegraphed commanding general George McClellan: "There has been sharp firing on the right of our line, and our troops appear to be advancing there under Baker. The left, under Gorman, has advanced its skirmishers nearly one mile, and, if the movement continues successfully, will turn the enemy's right."

In any event, Young did not make it back to the rear to deliver his message. He was halfway down the rear side of Ball's Bluff when he heard someone shout, "Colonel Baker is killed!" It was true. Baker had been walking in front of the lines on the extreme Union left when a small group of Confederate skirmishers burst out of the tree line and opened fire. One large, red-headed Rebel in shirt sleeves fired point-blank at Baker with his pistol, striking the colonel squarely in the middle of his handsome forehead and killing him instantly. Frederick Harvey, adjutant of the California Regiment, cried out, "For God's sake, boys, are you going to let them have the general's body?" Several Federal officers rushed forward to retrieve Baker's remains, and Captain Louis Beirel of the California Regiment shot and killed Baker's assailant. Young, who had returned to the top of the bluff, helped Baker's nephew, 2nd Lt. Edward Jerome, carry the senator's body down the far side of the hill, placing it in a boat loaded with other dead or wounded soldiers that was bound for Harrison's Island.

Soon, the rest of the Union forces on Ball's Bluff began to follow suit. At dusk, a bayonet charge by the 8th Virginia and 17th and 18th Mississippi Regiments cleared the front of Federals, who began a panicky rout—it could scarcely be called a retreat—to the bottom of the cliff. The pursuing Confederates unleashed volley after volley on their beaten foes. "A kind of shiver ran through the huddled mass upon the brow of the cliff," one Confederate wrote. As

ABOVE: Bodies of Union soldiers who had been shot or drowned at the Battle of Ball's Bluff washed up for days downstream from the battle site—some as far away as Washington, D.C. OPPOSITE TOP: Colonel Baker is shot and killed at point-blank range by a red-haired Rebel, who would himself be killed immediately afterward. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Union officers rush to retrieve the fallen Baker's body, which was taken back across the Potomac.

he watched, the Federal troops "gave way, rushed a few steps, then in one wild, panic-stricken herd, rolled, leaped, tumbled over the precipice." The descent was so steep that the men had to slide down the side, wearing the bluff smooth by the sheer number of men who were sliding down it. The water in the river was lashed by so many bullets that the surface roiled "as white as in a great hail storm," one Union survivor recalled.

Screaming in terror and throwing aside their weapons as they ran, the Federal troops stumbled down to the banks of the river below Ball's Bluff. Many simply dove into the chilly water and swam for Harrison's Island. Others tried to climb aboard the over-crowded flatboats, swamping the boats and sending their wounded passengers flailing helplessly into the water beside them. "Large numbers rushed on board, trampling upon the wounded, until they all sank together," wrote a Confederate watching from the bluff. "Colonels and captains had deserted their commands, and, throwing off their clothing, escaped by swimming; at one time the river seemed covered with heads, and when, being ordered back, refusing to return, nearly all were shot by our men." "We are a little short of boats," Stone reported to McClellan with unintended irony.

By 7 PM, the Confederate victory was complete, and Evans ordered his brigade to withdraw from Ball's Bluff to Leesburg. With them they took 553 Union prisoners; another 207 enemy troops lay either killed or wounded on either side of the hill. For days after the battle, the bodies of drowned Union soldiers were recovered downriver as far as Washington. Confederate casualties were relatively light: 36 dead, 117 wounded and two missing. It would prove to be one of the most lopsided victories of the entire war.

In Washington, as was his custom, Abraham Lincoln had been monitoring reports as they came into McClellan's headquarters on Jackson Square. At 6:45, he was handed a telegram from Stone by one of the clerks: "Colonel Baker has been killed at the head of his brigade. I got to the right at once." Stunned, the president stood without moving or speaking for several minutes. Then he crossed the room, bent his head to pass through the door, and stepped into the street. He stumbled down the front steps and nearly fell, but quickly righted himself and walked down the sidewalk alone, his chest heaving and tears rolling down his face. The North had lost another battle, and Lincoln had lost his best friend. □

Rebels struggle to hold off a Union attack in this painting by Gilbert Gaul (1855-1919). It won a gold medal from the American Art Association in 1888.

Birmingham Museum of Art

EVEN BEFORE FORT DONELSON, GRANT SHOWED HIMSELF BOLD AND AGGRESSIVE AT THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

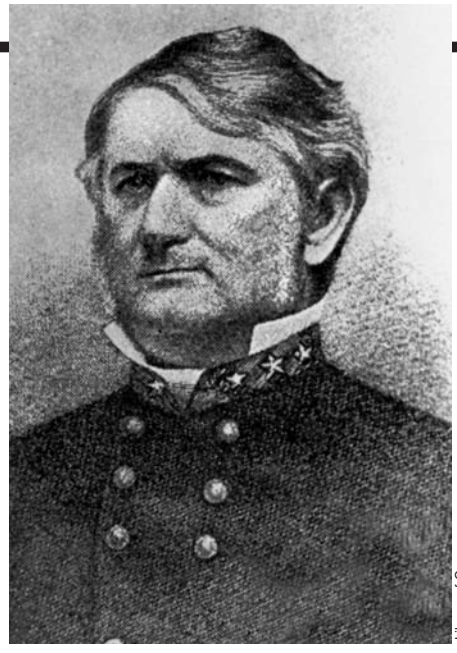
BELMONT GRANT'S FIRST BATTLE

BY DONALD J. ROBERTS II

WHEN THE CIVIL WAR started in 1861,there were only two officers in the Union Army who had commanded a force in battle larger than a brigade. They were John E. Wool and Winfield Scott. At age 77, Wool was two years older than Scott and was showing the effects of his age. However, during the war, Wool served with distinction in the Eastern and Middle Departments. Winfield Scott was the general in chief of the army.

A major difficulty at this time was finding officers who were competent enough to organize, administer, and command large armies in combat. The vast majority of young officers—who had never seen a force larger than the 14,000-man assemblage Scott had commanded in the war with Mexico—had only limited experience in commanding small units. Most of these had attended West Point and, as a result, had been trained mainly in the areas of engineering, fortifications, and mathematics. Only a small portion of their schooling had been dedicated to strategic and tactical thought. At the same time, they received very little instruction on how to effectively administer an army or how to organize a group of officers for staff work.


Library of Congress


Library of Congress

ABOVE LEFT: Ulysses S. Grant in 1862. ABOVE RIGHT: Leonidas Polk, an episcopal bishop before the war. OPPOSITE: Federal gunboats in 1861 were converted riverboats and had not reached the sophistication, armor, or armament of later Union riverine craft. Two of the boats are the *Lexington* and the *Tyler*.

As the Civil War slowly expanded into a major conflict, a number of officers began to demonstrate skills that allowed them to persevere through the early period of the war. Eventually the innate qualities that are so important for good leadership began to propel these men into significant positions of command. Ulysses S. Grant was one.

When Fort Sumter was attacked by the Confederates in April of 1861, Grant was a clerk in his family's leather business in Galena, Ill. Within one week he began helping the local militia company organize its ranks, and he instructed its officers in proper drill procedures. He even designed the unit's uniforms. But when the men in the company tried to elect him their company commander, he refused. Grant felt that the rank of militia captain was beneath him because he was a graduate of West Point and had been a captain in the regular army with an excellent combat record in the Mexican War. Realistically, he was holding out for something more worthy of his status.

When the Galena company moved to the militia camp of instruction at Springfield, Ill., Grant followed them. He was told at Springfield that there were no command positions available in any of the newly formed regiments. As a result, he accepted the only position he could find, that of a clerk in Governor Richard Yates's office.

Within a short time, Grant received his first opportunity of the war. John Pope relinquished his command of the instructional camp when a brigade he had been raising did not elect him its commander. With Pope leaving, Governor Yates did not take long to appoint Grant as the new commander of the camp.

As the newly appointed camp commander, Grant performed his duties in fine fashion. In fact, he carried out his responsibilities so well that the officers of the 21st Illinois Volunteers were impressed. The 21st Illinois was a newly formed regiment. Its colonel was incompetent, and the men in his regiment ran rampant around Springfield stealing, drinking, and brawling. Things were so deplorable that Yates was forced to step in. He appointed Grant colonel of the 21st. By June Grant had been promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

Grant shaped the 21st into good order in a short period. In July he received orders to take his regiment to the rescue of another Illinois regiment that had become surrounded by a Confederate force in Missouri. Grant did march to the rescue, but it turned out to be a case of wrong information. There was no enemy formation. Later, Grant wrote: "My sensations as we approached what I supposed might be 'a field of battle' were anything but agreeable. I had been in all the engagements in Mexico that it was possible for one person to be in; but not in command. If some one else had been colonel and I had been lieutenant-colonel I do not think I would have felt any trepidation."

Grant's anxiety about being in command may be best understood by noting that the American Civil War was very different from wars previously fought. Huge armies and advancements in technology combined to cause a tremendous number of casualties on the battlefield. At the same time, the Civil War was very similar to other wars in many ways. One was that commanders were forced to cope with the responsibilities of ordering men into battle (moral courage). Although these same commanders may have possessed high levels of physical courage (leading men into battle), many found it very difficult to send their men against the enemy and remain back to command the field. The commanders along the Illinois-Missouri border—Grant among them—were no exception. They had to come to grips with the issue of moral courage.

In a couple of weeks the 21st Illinois received orders to march again. This time Grant was told to take his regiment and attack a suspected Rebel camp 25 miles away. The enemy assembly was commanded by Colonel Thomas Harris. As Grant marched his regiment toward the enemy, he did not know exactly what was waiting for him: "As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until if felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on."

At the end of his march, Grant found that Harris had abandoned his camp.

This one march, which resulted in no engagement with the enemy, had a lasting effect on Grant. Because Harris had withdrawn his force, Grant speculated that Harris was "as afraid of him as he was of Harris." This train of thought deeply affected Grant, and it changed the way he approached battle for the remainder of the war. He would write later: "From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy.... I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his."

As Grant wrestled with these issues, President Lincoln tried to decide who he should appoint to command Union forces along the Mississippi River. In July he decided on John C. Fremont. "The Pathfinder" had limited military experience, but he was a noted explorer of the day. Fremont, who was very well educated, was a hero to millions of Americans because of his exploits in the West. He had discovered Lake Tahoe, scaled the Sierras, named the Golden Gate, and written a book about Mormons moving into the Salt Lake Valley.

With the appointment of Fremont, the Western Department was created. It stretched from Illinois to the Rockies including all states and territories. Initially, a portion of Kentucky was included as well.

Within days, Fremont, President Lincoln, and General Scott decided that Fremont's main strategic objective should be to clear Rebels from Missouri. Once that was accomplished, the next objective (in accordance with Lincoln and Scott's Anaconda Plan of strangling the Confederacy by controlling its riverine and coastal ports) would be to advance down the Mississippi River and capture Memphis, Tenn.

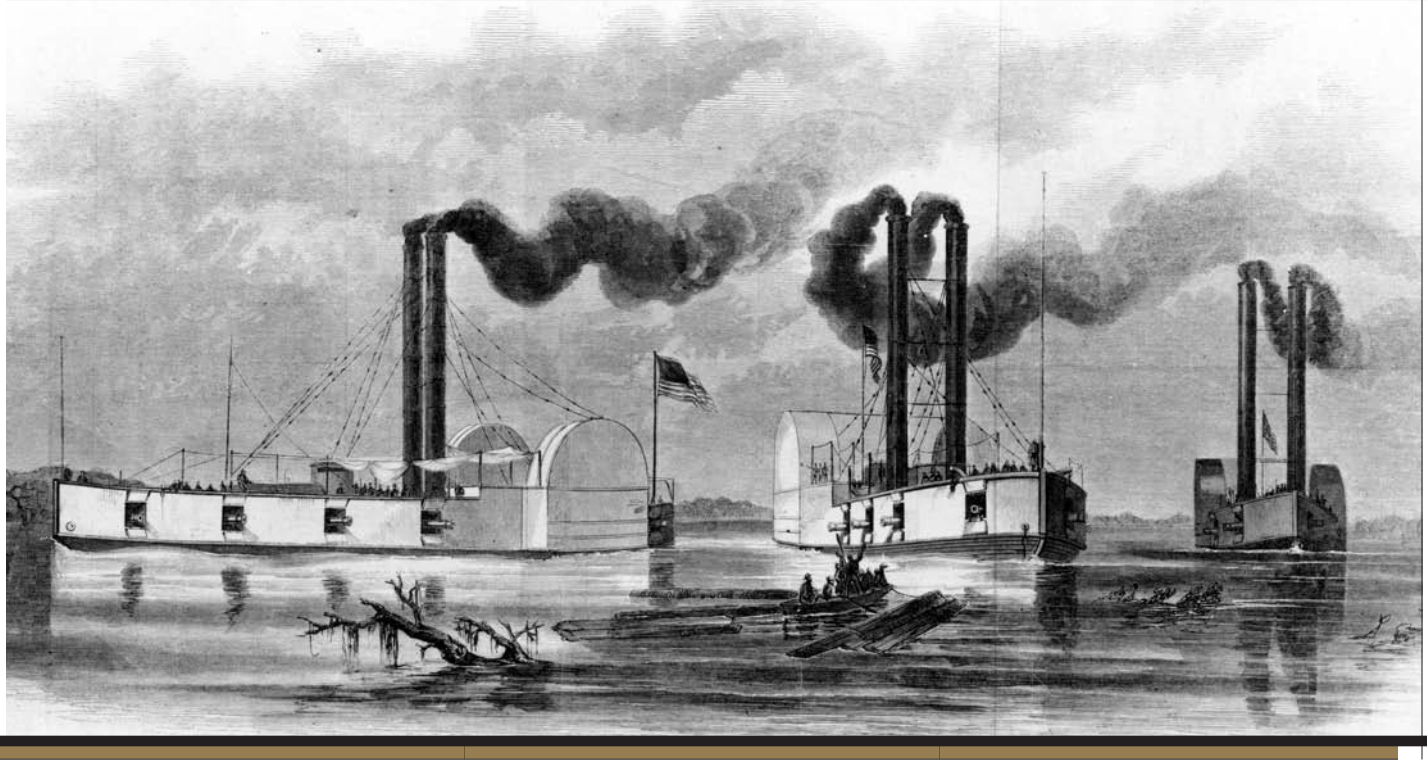
Grant's early efficiency and drive had impressed Fremont. Consequently, on August 28 Fremont gave Grant command of the District of Southeast Missouri and Southern Illinois with headquarters in Cairo, Ill. Fremont ordered Grant to eliminate all Confederate forces from southeast Missouri.

During the summer, Kentucky, a slave state, remained "neutral." In other words, it had not seceded with the original seven slave states that had created the Confederacy before the war's beginning. Nor had Kentucky left the Union following the attack on Fort Sumter. President Lincoln, not wanting to violate Kentucky's neutrality, did not want to take any offensive action within her borders for fear of "pushing" her into the Confederacy.

As it turned out, Southern forces were the first to infringe upon Kentucky's nonpartisan position. On September 3, 1861 Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk ordered Brig. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow to capture Columbus, Ky. Many on both sides considered Columbus critical for control of the Mississippi River.

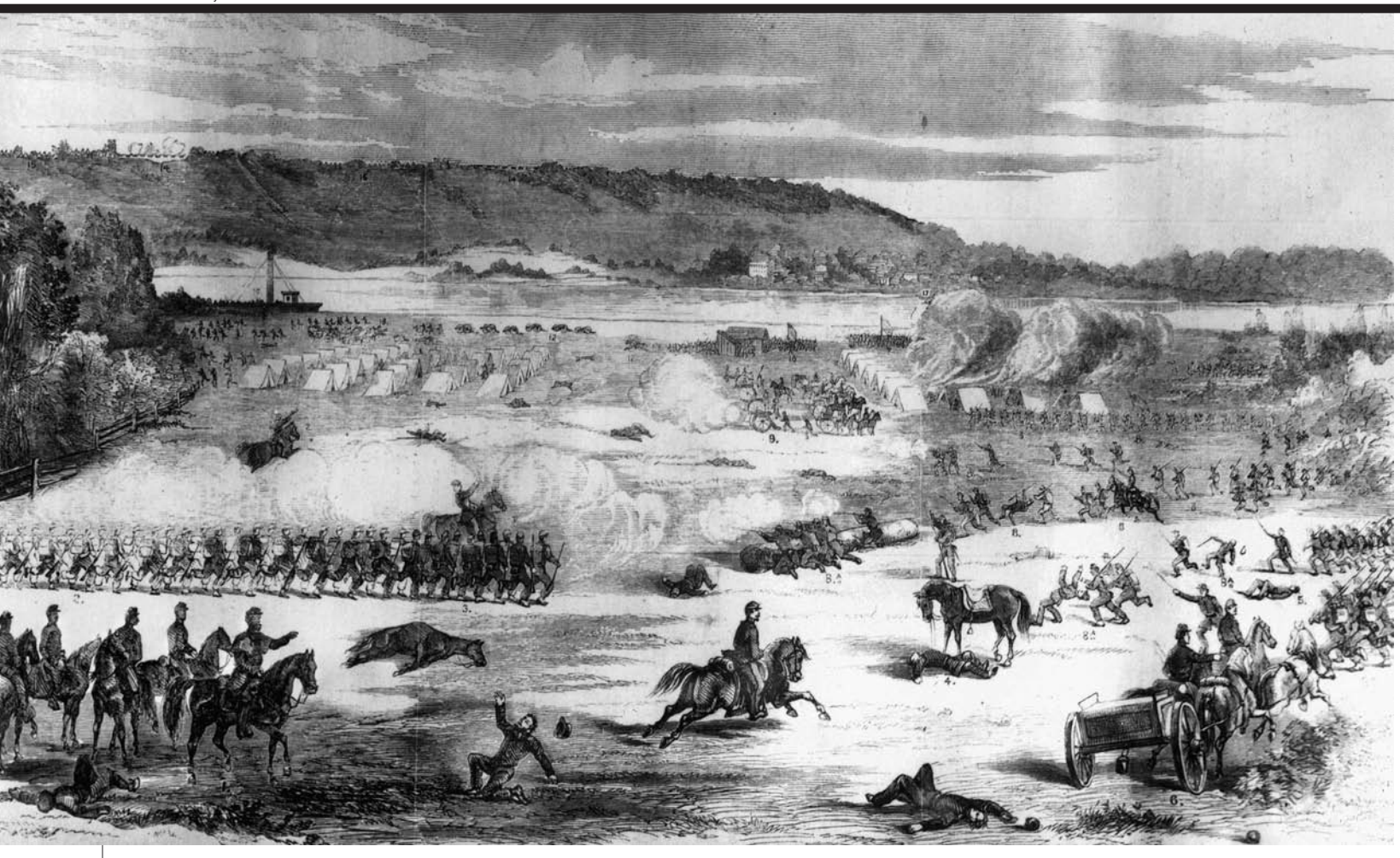
Grant had not even settled into his headquarters at Cairo when he learned of the Rebel occupation of Columbus. He became extremely alarmed by the close proximity of the enemy—Columbus was only 20 miles south of Cairo. At the same time Grant was afraid the Rebels would

GRANT'S GUNBOAT FORAYS AGAINST COLUMBUS HAD GIVEN HIM A PICTURE OF HIS ENEMY'S STRENGTH.



U. S. Naval Historical Center

Illinois State Historical Society



ABOVE: Union forces advance on the Confederate camp while Confederate troops flee along the river. The town of Columbus, Kentucky, is visible on the bluffs overlooking the river. OPPOSITE TOP: Colonel Jacob Lauman. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Commander Henry Walke.

attempt to occupy Paducah, Ky., strategically located east of Cairo where the Tennessee River empties into the Ohio River. If Paducah were occupied by the enemy, Grant knew that the Rebels would be able to interdict all Union shipping along the Ohio River.

By the evening of September 5, Grant had organized a force for advancing on Paducah. Without waiting for orders, Grant loaded two infantry regiments onto local steamships for the move on Paducah. When the Federals reached their target on the 6th, they landed unopposed. Leaving Brig. Gen. Charles F. Smith in command, Grant returned to his headquarters to find the orders permitting him to advance on Paducah.

Grant's move to occupy Paducah was a masterful countermeasure to the Confederate occupation of Columbus. In response, Polk ordered Brig. Gen. Frank Cheatham to attack Paducah and drive all Union forces out. General A.S. Johnston countered the order, believing that this move would separate Rebel forces, thus making it too difficult to mass their strength when necessary. Grant believed the same thing, recalling: "They [Confederates] are fortifying strongly and preparing to resist a formidable attack, and have but little idea of risking anything upon a forward movement."

Rebel strength at Columbus grew stronger each day. This bothered Grant, as it would any commander, but he believed that both his and Polk's forces were equal in strength and felt that because both armies were similarly disorganized, undisciplined, and untested, the advantage would go to the commander who was the "most active."

On September 8, Grant ordered the gunboat *Lexington* south from Cairo to make a reconnaissance of Confederate strength at Columbus. As the solitary Union gunboat steamed within range of the Rebel fortifications on the bluffs at Columbus, the defenders opened fire. Following an exchange of cannon fire, the *Lexington* withdrew northward back to Cairo.

During the weeks that followed, Grant continued to probe Rebel positions with naval and infantry forays along both banks of the Mississippi. His dislike of growing Confederate strength increased as fast as their reinforcements arrived. He wired Fremont in St. Louis for permission to strike Columbus and capture the Rebel stronghold.

On November 1, Grant received orders

from Fremont. He was instructed to "demonstrate" against the Rebel stronghold at Columbus sufficiently to prevent Polk from sending any reinforcements to Maj. Gen. Sterling Price in Missouri. From these orders, Grant decided to conduct full-scale offensive operations against the Confederate positions at Columbus.

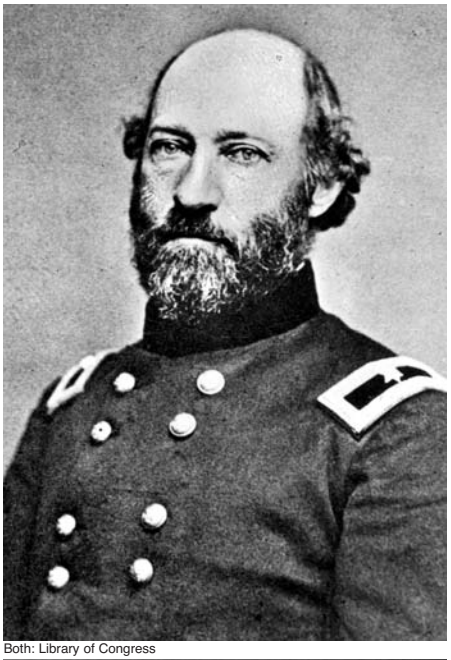
Almost overnight, Columbus had grown into an overpowering Confederate position on the Mississippi River. The bluffs along the river soared nearly 150 feet high. Along the shoreline at the bottom of the bluffs, the Rebels had entrenched a number of 10-inch Columbiads and 11-inch howitzers. Halfway up the embankment the defenders had dug in a second line of artillery. On top of the heights, the Confederates had constructed a series of earthwork forts. One of the forts held the largest artillery piece in the Confederate arsenal, a 128-pound Whitworth rifled gun. The gun's crew nicknamed the piece "Lady Polk." These commanding bluffs became known as the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi." There were nearly 140 pieces of artillery trained on the river, and the entire defensive position was garrisoned by 17,000 troops.

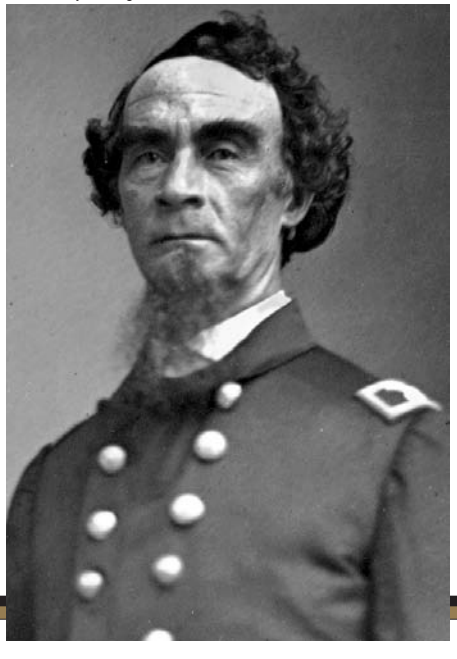
Grant's gunboat forays against Columbus had given him a picture of his enemy's strength. Owing to the rapid buildup, Grant decided to attack Belmont on the Missouri side of the river instead. Belmont was directly across from Columbus and was not nearly as well defended as the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi." Grant hoped to surprise the small Confederate force there.

He decided to use two brigades of infantry for his primary attack. One brigade was under the command of Brig. Gen. John McClernand, and the other under Colonel Henry Dougherty. In support of the infantry were two companies of cavalry and a light battery of artillery. In order to transport his force down river, Grant gathered six steamers and two gunboats. In all, Grant's force numbered 3,114 men.

Grant planned on implementing several secondary actions in order to try to confuse Polk. He realized he was dividing his command in the face of a formidable enemy, but he considered the reward worth the gamble.

On November 5, Grant put his plan into action. He cabled General Smith at Paducah ordering him to demonstrate toward Columbus. Grant wrote that a movement toward Columbus from Paducah "would probably keep the enemy from throwing over the river [Mississippi] much more force than they now have there, and might enable me to drive those they now have out of Missouri." Grant believed Smith's demonstration would prevent Polk from sending reinforcements across the river to fall upon his rear and cut his lines of communication with Cairo.





Both: Library of Congress

In order to coordinate his move with Grant's, Smith prepared his command to move on the 6th. He sent one brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. Eleazer Paine toward Milburn, Ky. In order to cover Paine's left flank, Smith directed one regiment under Colonel W.L. Sanderson to move toward Viola. Grant ordered a third diversionary force to move along the east bank of the river. These orders were sent to Colonel John Cook. His brigade was to demonstrate down the river but progress no closer than Elliott's Mills.

On the west side of the river in Missouri, Colonel Richard Oglesby's brigade was ordered to march his command from Sikeston south to New Madrid, which was located on the river south of Belmont. Grant directed Oglesby to "halt and communicate with me at Belmont from the nearest point on the road" as he marched toward New Madrid. To cover Oglesby's left, Grant ordered Colonel William Wallace's 11th Illinois to conduct the covering march.

All told, Grant's total force numbered some 15,000 men. Virtually his entire command would be moving at once. Although his forces were separated, they were not divided so widely as to not be able to be massed together if the need arose. One thing was certain: The multiple columns that Grant put into motion certainly made it difficult for Polk to determine Grant's main objective.

On the afternoon of the 6th, Grant prepared his force at Cairo for embarkation upon the steamboats that would transport his brigades to Belmont. By 3 PM, two of McClernand's regiments, the 30th and 31st Illinois, began loading onto the steamer *Aleck Scott*. McClernand's third regiment, the 27th Illinois, moved aboard the *James Montgomery*. Dougherty's 7th Iowa loaded on the *Montgomery* with the 27th, and Dougherty's second regiment, the 22nd Illinois, boarded the *Keystone State*. Grant's artillery and cavalry loaded onto the steamers *Chancellor* and *Rob Roy*.

Covering Grant's waterborne force were the gunboats USS *Lexington* and USS *Tyler*. As Grant's multiple diversionary units began to move toward their intended objectives, Grant's force departed from Cairo for its journey south down the Mississippi.

The Union flotilla pressed south until 11 PM. Grant then decided to tie up along the eastern bank of the river about 11 miles above Columbus and wait out the night. He posted a strong guard on shore while the remainder of the men tried to sleep. Most of Grant's men had never tasted battle; as a result, sleep for many was nearly impossible. To make matters worse, word had spread that they were on their way to assault the strong fortifications at Columbus.

On board the *Belle Memphis*, Grant received a message from Wallace, who was covering Oglesby's eastern flank, that he "had learned from a reliable Union man that the enemy had been crossing troops from Columbus to Belmont the day before for the purpose of following after and cutting off the forces under Colonel Oglesby." This message convinced Grant that he had made the correct decision in attacking Belmont.

In fact, Grant realized his campaign now had two objectives: protect Oglesby's eastern flank and, as first understood, stop Polk from reinforcing Price west of the Mississippi.

Grant immediately issued a Special Order. It read: "The troops composing the present expedition from this place, will move promptly at six o'clock this morning. The gunboats will take the advance and be followed by the 1st Brigade under the command of Brig. Gen. John A. McClernand, composed of all the troops from Cairo and Fort Holt. The 2nd Brigade, comprising the remainder of the troops of the expedition, commanded by Colonel John Dougherty, will follow. The entire force will debark at the lowest point on the Mississippi shore where a landing can be effected in security from the rebel batteries. The point of debarkation will be designated by Captain Walke, commanding Naval Forces."

By 6:30 on the morning of November 7, the Union fleet released the lines holding them to the Kentucky shore and proceeded downriver toward the objective. Grant felt confident. He believed that any Rebel troops west of the river would be caught by surprise by his attack. If he was really lucky, Grant felt he might even take them in their flank. At the same time, Grant embraced the idea that his demonstration on the east side of the river (Paine and Sanderson) would prevent Polk from rushing too many troops across the river against him at Belmont.

As Grant's naval force steamed southward, he went up to the pilothouse to inquire how close his landings could take place "out of sight of Columbus." Pilot Charles Scott replied, "About three miles north at a landing at Hunter's Farm." Scott emphasized, however, that the landing was out of sight, but it was not out of range of the guns at Columbus.

It was nearly 8 o'clock when the landing at Hunter's Farm came into view, and the transports began tying up on the Missouri side of the river. Officers promptly began barking orders to disembark and form ranks on shore. Within minutes, scattered musket shots began peppering Grant's men from a dense tree line. Heavy return fire from troops still on board the transports drove off the handful of enemy soldiers. As the unloading continued, Grant ordered Commander Henry Walke to proceed downriver with both gunboats in order to draw enemy fire away from the landings.

This Walke did by 8:30. Although heavily outgunned by the strong shore defenses, the *Lexington* and *Tyler* did draw some fire from shore. However, the majority of the Rebel fire was directed toward the transports. Concerned for the landing force, Walke withdrew back to Hunter's Farm and ordered the transports out of range of Columbus's guns as soon as the offloading was complete.

Soon Walke could hear firing from shore as the volume increased in intensity. He decided to make another run toward the "Iron Banks" at Columbus. This second attack lasted 20 minutes. The few shots his gunners fired at the hidden positions on shore were no match for the volume of fire Walke's two gunboats received. Walke stated that it "would have been too hazardous to have remained long under [the enemy's] fire with such frail vessals [sic]." Walke steamed upriver out of range once again.

The beginning round of the Battle of Belmont had begun. Earlier in the morning, at 2 AM, Polk had been awakened and informed of Grant's demonstrations east of the Mississippi. After dawn Polk was told that Union gunboats were on the river and that transports were unloading men on the west bank in "considerable force." Polk decided to send Pillow across the river with his division to "take charge of the situation." But Polk remained convinced that the Union's primary attack would be on the east side and that it would be directed at Columbus.

Fortunately for Pillow, there were a number of transports near Columbus available to ferry his men across the river to reinforce Colonel James Tappan, who commanded Camp Johnson at Belmont. Tappan had the 13th Arkansas, a battalion of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. Pillow was bringing across four regiments from Tennessee: the 12th, 13th, 21st, and 22nd. By 10:30 in the morning Pillow had all four of his regiments across and in formation. By that time Grant's force had been on the move from Hunter's Farm toward Belmont for nearly two hours.

Before moving on the Rebel camp, Grant quickly selected five companies of infantry from Dougherty's brigade to guard the landing and protect the line of communication. Grant had to position this force personally because he believed that he did not have a line officer with sufficient experience to command this "ad hoc" battalion.

Grant placed this group in an excellent spot. It protected his rear and flank from attack and provided cover from artillery fire from "Iron Banks." Grant regarded this position as "a natural entrenchment"

U.S. Naval Historical Center

A depiction of the initial attack of the gunboats *Lexington* and *Tyler* against the defenses at Columbus and Belmont. The high bluffs of Columbus rise at the left.

from which the battalion "could hold the enemy for a considerable time."

Hoping that he could still achieve surprise, Grant formed his force for the march through the heavy timber and thick cornfields that stood between him and the enemy camp. As the Union forces moved through the warm morning sunshine toward Belmont, an occasional artillery round fired from "Iron Banks" would crash among the trees. Confederate gunners across the river were trying to find Grant's column amid the dense river-bottom growth of forest and underbrush.

Except for the sporadic artillery fire, the march toward the enemy camp was fairly easy. Bits of marsh and swamp in the often-flooded terrain slowed the Union column at times; however, the road Grant's men followed was in good shape overall.

As Captain James Dollins's Union horsemen swept the line of march, Confederate cavalry from Lt. Col. John Miller's 1st Mississippi Battalion engaged them and quickly broke away again. Dollins reported that the enemy seemed more interested in "observing than fighting."

But as Grant's force approached what appeared to be a large slough, Rebel defensive measures increased. Dollins reported that Confederate fire was heavier and that his men were seeing infantry for the first time, though he was continuing to push them as he advanced.

At this point, Grant met with McClernand and decided to deploy the column. A cornfield alongside the road was used to form the men into a battle line. At this location all that Grant's men had to do was face left in order to face their intended objective, still about two miles away. Grant positioned Captain Ezra Taylor's artillery pieces in the center and on the left flank of his line, which stretched for nearly half a mile.

Orders were then given to each regimental commander to deploy two companies forward as skirmishers. Specifically, they were "to seek out and develop the position of the enemy." As the skirmishers advanced across the slough, they encountered thick woods on the opposite side. Confusion reigned. All of a sudden it became very difficult for officers to maintain alignment. Once inside the tangled woods, the inexperienced Union infantry began to hear the "long roll" of Confederate drums at the enemy camp ahead. Cautiously the Union line continued to move forward as best they could in the dense foliage. Grant himself remembered his feelings from July when he had maneuvered to attack Harris's camp: "My heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat."

The first portion of the Union line to receive heavy fire from the enemy was the right flank. Grant had assigned Colonel Napoleon Buford's 27th Illinois to that section of the line. As the firing increased, McClernand ordered Colonel Philip Fouke's 30th Illinois forward to support

Buford's 27th. Soon the firing became so heavy that Grant ordered his regiments on the left to alter their advance and move to "the sound of the firing."

Within minutes, the firing became intense, despite the fact that owing to the dense underbrush and heavy woods, it remained very difficult for the armies to see each other. The fighting rapidly became very disjointed. Often command was maintained only within the smallest tactical unit within each company. Nevertheless, the nerves of Grant's men "grew stronger" when they were told to "take trees and fight Indian fashion."

Eventually, the fighting was so uncoordinated that McClernand stopped Buford's advance and ordered him to maneuver farther to the right to "feel the enemy and engage him if found in that direction."

Grant's assault on the Confederates at Belmont.

This left a gaping hole on the Union right, which was filled by the 22nd and 31st Illinois regiments and the 7th Iowa.

Although Pillow's skirmishers held good positions in the dense woods, they were constantly being enveloped by the steadily advancing Yankees. By 11 in the morning Pillow's men had all been forced to withdraw, reform their ranks, and rejoin the main Confederate defensive line along a low ridge between the heavy timber and Camp Johnson.

As the Union regiments began to advance out of the woods and toward the main enemy line, Confederate fire began to decrease. Pillow's men began to run low on ammunition, especially along the Rebel right. As a result, Pillow ordered a bayonet charge.

Pillow knew from his experiences in the Mexican War that the bayonet "had ultimately settled the issue on the battlefield." But this time it did not; the Federals recoiled but did not flee. Following a brief Union withdrawal, Colonel John Logan's 31st Illinois tried several times to turn the Confederate right flank. These determined Federal attacks forced the Rebels to drop back to their original line and forced them to use up more of their precious ammunition.

Slowly, the Union advance along the Confederate right began to push the defenders back toward their camp.

In the center of Grant's attack, Colonel Jacob Lauman's 7th Iowa and Fouke's 30th began to break out of the heavy timber as well. This advance was answered by Lt. Col. Daniel Belzhoover's Watson Battery. The Rebel artillery opened up on the advancing Union troops and forced them back into the tree line. Once back under cover, Lauman told his men to "fall on the ground." He then shouted, "Crawl boys!" and the Union line began to advance again.

Because the Rebel artillery fire had only momentarily slowed the Union advance, Pillow rode up to the center of his line, held by Colonel Edward Pickett's 21st Tennessee and Colonel Thomas J. Freeman's 22nd Tennessee, and asked if "we could not charge and drive the rascals out." The

order of "Charge bayonets!" filled the air.

In a rush, Rebel infantry charged the blue line and pushed them back into the woods. Although surprised and confused, the men of the 7th Iowa and 30th Illinois recovered and, through concentrated volley fire, forced the Rebels to withdraw in the center of their line.

Beltzhoover's guns raked the Union tree line, which allowed the 21st and 22nd to withdraw in good order. But just then Taylor's Chicago Battery came up to the line. Within minutes, Rebel and Union artillery were engaged in a spirited exchange of gunfire that brought about the collapse of the entire Confederate line. With Pillow's right already retiring, the heated artillery duel collapsed the remaining portion of the Confederate line.

As Pillow's main line began to fall back into defensive positions at their camp, Buford's 27th Illinois moved southward and came up on the extreme left flank of the Confederate camp in a classical envelopment maneuver. Slowing Buford's advance momentarily was Company A, 13th Tennessee, which had been left back as a camp guard.

Pushing on, the 27th assaulted across the camp's parade ground but then withdrew due to withering volley fire by the defenders. As Buford's men prepared for another assault, the 7th Iowa and 22nd Illinois advanced and fixed themselves on his left. At the same time, Taylor positioned his battery in the center of Grant's line and began to fire canister shot into the camp. Fouke's 30th and Logan's 31st advanced and began to envelop the camp on the north as well.

With Federals streaming into camp from three directions and a steady pounding by Taylor's guns, Pillow had no choice but to order the retreat from Camp Johnson. Almost immediately, the entire camp began fleeing north along a lane that paralleled the river. As the retreating Rebels ran, they braved a gauntlet as "hundreds of Union muskets poured their deadly content." Men from each of Grant's five infantry regiments began chasing the Confederates in a loosely organized pursuit led by Lauman. It continued for nearly a quarter mile and then slowly stopped after Lauman was hit in a thigh by a musket ball as Rebel defensive fire increased along the riverbank.

Viewing the fight from across the river, Polk realized that he needed to send reinforcements quickly to support Pillow. One of the first units across the river was Colonel Knox Walker's 2nd Tennessee, and it was Walker's regiment that stopped the Union pursuit of the fleeing Rebels out of the camp. But as Walker began to pressure Logan's 31st on the north end of the camp, Taylor's guns came up once again and began to smash huge holes in Walker's line of men. At the same time, Taylor's guns began to pour their deadly fire into the Rebel steamers *Prince*, *Hill*, and *Charm*, which were all bringing reinforcements from Columbus.

By around 2 in the afternoon, all firing in and around the captured Rebel camp had stopped. Immediately, Grant's men began celebrating their victory. All of a sudden, the atmosphere turned to one of hilarity with men running around searching for souvenirs, singing patriotic songs, and firing volleys into the air. General McClernand even found time to mount a tree stump and deliver an "impromptu victory speech."

As the minutes ticked by and the looting continued, Grant realized his fighting force had become an uncontrollable mob. In order to stop the looting and gain control once again, he ordered Camp Johnson to be burned. As the fires raged throughout the camp, officers began to organize their men into formations. Unfortunately for Grant, many of the burning tents contained sick and wounded Rebel soldiers who had gone unnoticed by Union torch bearers. Many of the Confederates burned to death. The horrible incident became a "rallying cry" for many Rebels for the remainder of the day.

On the heights across the river, Polk had witnessed the Federal assault on Camp Johnson and the ensuing panic that had resulted in the hasty retreat northward along the river. After some thought, Polk decided to commit his reserves to the fight in order to somehow salvage the day. At the same time, he ordered a heavy bombardment upon the camp.

This accurate Confederate artillery fire from "Iron Banks" helped Grant to bring control to his force. Thinking that if they stayed around any longer, Rebel gunners from across the river would reduce their ranks in a short time, the men began to form their lines for the march out of the enemy camp.

To add to the reinforcements already sent, Polk ordered Brig. Gen. Frank Cheatham across the river with the 15th Tennessee and the 11th Louisiana in order to reinforce Pillow's command. To avoid Taylor's Chicago Battery, the *Prince* steamed upriver with Cheatham's force to find a suitable landing somewhere between Camp Johnson and Hunter's Farm.

Once across the river, Cheatham found that Pillow had organized a force, about brigade size, of elements from all his regiments. Cheatham had brought a large supply of ammunition with him, and it was quickly distributed throughout the ranks. All told, this "reconditioned" Rebel force numbered between 1,000 and 1,500 men, and they were "anxious to again confront the enemy."

At Camp Johnson, Grant's men were formed but still hiding in the trees from the gunners on "Iron Banks." At a few minutes past 2 PM, a lieutenant from Fouke's regiment reported to Grant that enemy transports were bringing reinforcements across the river. Grant, seeing the boats for himself, gave the orders to assemble and begin the march back to Hunter's Farm.

Once assembled, McClernand's brigade took the lead followed by Dougherty's brigade. All at once, firing broke out on the Union right. The entire Federal column, almost to a man, was amazed that the Confederates could mount a determined counterattack since, only an hour before, they had been wildly running out of control along the river.

The spirited Confederate advance, organized by Cheatham, began to destroy McClernand's hastily formed line. Shouts of "We are flanked!" and "They're sur-

rounding us!" began to ring out up and down the Union line. The 7th Iowa became nearly enveloped at the end of the Union column. Because Lauman was down with his thigh wound, Major Elliott W. Rice commanded the 7th and broke it out of the trap.

Still trying to keep Rice pinned at the rear of the column, Cheatham swung his force around and tried to envelop the head of the Yankee column as well. Within minutes, cries of "Surrounded! Surrounded!" filled the air throughout McClernand's Brigade. It seemed like all eyes began to fall upon Grant. He simply stated, "We cut our way in so we can cut our way out."

As Cheatham's defense at the head of the Federal column stiffened, McClernand called up a battery of Taylor's artillery. Within minutes, Taylor's guns began pouring fire into the center of the Rebel line "with great spirit and effect." Round after round of double canister was unleashed upon the enemy. McClernand shouted to Logan to take his regiment and "cut your way through." With a flourish of his hat, Logan led his men forward, ordering the colors to the head of the column.

Logan's 31st and Fouke's 30th broke through the enemy line in good order. But as the Union men hurried onward, the column became fragmented. Grant rode to the head of the column at this point so he could personally alert the rear guard to action. They were nowhere to be found. As elements of the 30th and 31st began to hasten past, the rear guard had abandoned their position and had reembarked upon the waiting transports.

By this time, Cheatham's men were cutting the 22nd Illinois and 7th Iowa to pieces at the end of the Union column. Taylor's artillery tried in desperation to "make a stand" but they could not stop the pursuing enemy. Eventually, the 22nd and 7th were able to reach the Hunter's Farm Road for their march back to the landing, but it was costly.

Most of Buford's 27th Illinois left the retreating Union column and retraced its route from earlier in the day. Traveling on roads that the Rebels did not even know existed, Buford's regiment came out of the woods three miles above Hunter's Landing.

Across the river, Polk felt compelled to act further. He personally crossed the river and brought two more regiments with him to reinforce Cheatham. But not doing so earlier probably cost Polk the day. Although Cheatham and Polk got their men moving after the retreating Federals, it was not soon enough. The delay gave Grant the additional time he needed to embark his command at Hunter's Landing.

But as the steamers began to pull away from the shore, the Rebels hotly increased their fire upon the departing vessels. In return the *Lexington* and *Tyler* came up and poured a murderous fire onto the bank. They "poured a perfect storm of death into the rebel masses.… whole ranks mowed down by a broadside."

GRANT CAME AWAY FROM THE BATTLE OF BELMONT WITH A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF COMBINED ARMS WARFARE. ALTHOUGH HE MADE MISTAKES ... HE LEARNED FROM THEM.

Onboard the *Memphis*, Grant heard the increase in fire and walked out on deck. All five transports were in line and the troops onboard were firing "with terrible effect" and "great spirit." Even Taylor's Chicago artillerymen had gotten into the action and were firing their guns from the deck of the *Chancellor*.

Except for picking up Buford's 27th three miles upriver, the Battle of Belmont was over. During the dark trip back to Cairo, doctors onboard the transports treated the wounded as best they could. Many officers remembered the trip as "solemn." Grant chose to remain by himself and "said not a word but to a waiter." But when the Federal armada reached Cairo about 9:30 that night, the city was totally lit up in celebration. Later and into the next morning, Grant recalled all of his diversionary units from both sides of the Mississippi.

Both sides claimed victory following this battle along the Mississippi River. Discussions, arguments, and heated debate were to continue for many years about who won the fight.

Casualties on both sides were fairly even. Grant lost a total of 610 men killed, wounded, or missing. Polk lost 641.

Polk's defense of Camp Johnson was deplorable. He left the most likely approaches to the camp almost totally unguarded and was not aware of other approaches used in Buford's envelopment from the south.

There is little doubt that Grant obtained the element of surprise at Belmont. Many believe that Polk was completely confused by Grant's diversions on both sides of the river. Whether by purpose or not, tying up on the east bank of the river the night before the attack was a masterful stroke by Grant. It was the main reason for the piecemeal reinforcement of Camp Johnson during the attack. Polk clung to the idea that Grant's true objective was Columbus.

Artillery played a significant role. Although Beltzhoover's Watson Battery did not distinguish itself on the field, Taylor's Chicago Battery did. Taylor's men demonstrated the advantage that may be gained from a highly mobile field artillery unit. During the battle, they seemed to be everywhere and were delivering decisive fire upon the enemy time and time again.

The Rebel guns at "Iron Banks" played an important role by keeping Walke's gunboats away from supporting Grant's attack on Camp Johnson. They also kept Walke's gunboats from interfering while Polk sent boatload after boatload of reinforcements across the river into the fight.

Grant's use of naval forces was good. Joint army and navy operations of transportation, embarkation, and disembarkation went as well as could be expected in these early days of the war. Perhaps the biggest mistake Grant made in the use of the navy was his failure to communicate

UNION USE OF RIVERINE GUNBOATS

With the opening of hostilities between the North and South, General Winfield Scott and President Lincoln devised the "Anaconda Plan." Its purpose was to squeeze the Confederacy into submission. Blockading the South's seaports and gaining control of the Mississippi River were at its heart.

Sealing off Southern seaports was supposed to cause economic ruin in the South, which in turn would diminish the Confederacy's ability to wage war. Gaining control of the Mississippi River was to have more of a direct impact on military strategy, however.

If Union forces in the West were to penetrate into Confederate territory as planned, it was critical that they obtain control of the river. If the North could not, it would be forced to defend extended lines of land communication.

As the war progressed, Confederate guerrillas became skilled at destroying Union road and rail communications. Consequently, it became increasingly important for the Union to capture the Mississippi River. At the same time, securing the river would sever the Southern states into two parts, making it difficult for Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas to supply the eastern portion of the Confederacy with men, food, and other materials of war.

Scott wanted to build an army of at least 60,000 troops, plus a flotilla of gunboats, and then establish a line of depots along the Mississippi as he pushed his forces south down the river. He hoped that by using the river to outflank enemy positions, it would be easier to eliminate them from the struggle. Scott's plan envisioned this northern Union force eventually linking up with the Union squadrons blockading the Gulf Coast, thus severing the Confederacy and enveloping the two parts.

President Lincoln authorized the construction of ironclad gunboats for Scott's offensive. Scott, however, did not want to delay his attacks any longer than necessary. As a result, Scott had to settle for gunboats converted from steamboats to support his combined operations along the western waterways. Commander John Rodgers bought three side-wheelers; by the time of Grant's attack on Belmont, they had been transformed into river gunboats. These were the *Tyler*, *Lexington*, and *Carondolet*.

These newly converted gunboats averaged 180 feet in length, 42 feet in the beam, and six feet of draft when fully loaded. Each could reach a speed of 7 to 10 knots. As for armament, they were a heterogeneous lot. The *Lexington* had two 32-pounders and four 8-inch guns; the *Tyler* was armed with one 32-pounder and six 8-inch guns, and the *Carondolet* had only four 32-pounders. All were smoothbore.

These early gunboats were constructed of wood. For added protection, slabs of five-inch-thick oak were added during the conversion. But this only proved to be protection against musketballs. When possible, barges were tied to the sides of each gunboat in order to protect the hull and paddlewheels.

To serve as crew members on these early gunboats as well as on some of the newer models, the Department of the Navy ordered some 500 seamen from eastern seaports to serve along the western waterways. These experienced sailors from Boston and Philadelphia gave commanders like Walke a huge advantage on the rivers.

When campaigns along the western waterways required the use of combined operations, and most of them did, the gunboats came under the direct command of army officers in the field. The most difficult aspect of this arrangement was, as in the case in the Battle of Belmont, the failure of effective communication between the army general and naval commander. However, as the war progressed, communications between each branch improved. Possibly the biggest reason for this improvement was that army commanders came to realize how decisive riverboats could be if used effectively in battle. ■

effectively with Walke once Grant's force had been put ashore at Belmont. If Grant had informed Walke of the heavy concentration of Rebel reinforcements coming across the river, Walke might have been able to disrupt this flow. In defense of Grant, however, Walke should have paid more attention to the fighting on shore and understood what the Confederates were doing.

Possibly the most significant outcome of the battle was bringing Grant's name to the attention of President Lincoln. At a time when finding true leadership for his fighting forces was a definite concern, Lincoln was impressed with Grant's initiative and speed of attack.

Grant did make mistakes, however. He violated a vital principle of the offense by not pushing through the objective (Camp Johnson) and then securing his prize. At the same time, Grant has been criticized for not maintaining tighter control over his command. For example, failing to utilize his boat guard (reserve) in the battle was a big mistake. And as already mentioned, tighter control of Walke's gunboats could have been decisive. In addition, Dollins' cavalry and Buford's erratic maneuvers caused some concern during the battle. But again in Grant's defense, Buford's flanking move enveloped Pillow's left at Camp Johnson and probably forced the Rebels to abandon their camp faster than any other aspect of the Union attack.

Overall, Grant utilized his volunteer officers effectively, and they rose to the task many times during the battle.

Grant came away from the Battle of Belmont with a better understanding of combined arms warfare. Although he made mistakes, he later proved he had learned from them. In addition, he discovered a new and profound understanding of himself, especially under the muzzle of his enemy's muskets. But perhaps Grant's greatest lesson was that a commander must always be just as prepared for victory as he is for defeat.

The battle of Belmont clearly indicated how important Columbus was. As long as the Rebels held the Iron Banks, they controlled the Mississippi. Belmont certainly served as a diversion that left the Rebels unprepared for Grant's attacks on Fort Henry and Fort Donelson.

When Fort Henry and Fort Donelson fell, Columbus became outflanked by the Union forces. As a result, the Confederates were forced to abandon their strong position at Columbus. Union forces moved in and occupied Columbus on March 4, 1862. □

WEAPONS

Continued from page 12

entrance to Wassaw Sound south of Savannah. From there the plan was for pilot Makin to find a way for the ship to navigate the inland creeks until reaching the Savannah River upriver from the Union threat.

The Fingal was opposite Wassaw Sound about noon, and Bulloch had the steamer head due west—setting the speed to make land before daylight. About 1 am on November 12, they got shore soundings. "Up to this time it had been uncomfortably clear, with a light southeast breeze," reported Bulloch later. "But it now fell calm, and we could see a dark line to the westward. Makin said it was the mist over the marshes. And the landbreeze would soon bring it off to us."

There wasn't a light anywhere on the ship except in the binnacle, with that carefully covered so the wheelman could barely read the compass. Not a word was spoken. The only sound was the throb of the engines and the slight "shir-r-r" made by the ship's friction through the water, and even that was seemingly muffled by the dank and vaporous air.

"When we got into six fathoms, the engines were eased to dead slow," said Bulloch. "And we ran cautiously straight for the land, the object being to get in-shore of any blockaders that might be off the inlet.

"The fog was thick, about the color of mulligatawny soup, and the water alongside looked darkish brown," the commander reported. "From the bridge it was just possible to make out the men standing on the forecastle and poop. We could not have been in a better position for a dash at daylight."

With every eye searching the fog for the first glimpse of land—or an approaching ship—a prolonged, shrill, quavering shriek suddenly burst upon everyone's ears.

"The suddenness of the sound, coming upon our eagerly expectant senses, and probably much heightened in volume and force by contrast with the stillness, was startling," reported Bulloch. "None of us could conceive what it was. But all thought that it was loud and as piercing as a steam whistle. And that it must have been heard by any blockader within five miles of us."

In a moment the sound was repeated. But the crew detected its source, because it was accompanied by a flapping and rustling noise from a gangway hencoop. "It's the cock that came on board at Bermuda," someone said.

Several men ran to the spot and one drew out an unhappy fowl. They wrung off its head with a vicious swing.

"But it's the wrong one," said Bulloch.

Sure enough, the offending bird crowed once more, defiantly.

"Try again," a voice said in an audible whisper from under the bridge.

"But the man's second effort was more disastrous than the first," Bulloch recalled. "He not only failed to seize the obnoxious screamer, but set the whole hennery in commotion. With the 'Mujan' cock, from a safe corner, crowing and croaking, and fairly chuckling over the fuss of feathers, the cackling, and the distracting strife aroused."

At last the offending bird was caught. "He died game," Bulloch emphasized, "and made a fierce struggle for life. The body fell with a heavy thud upon the deck and we were again favored with a profound stillness."

As daylight began to break Makin said the fog would settle and gather over the low marshes toward sunrise and gradually roll off seaward before the light land breeze. Because of the fog problems, Makin felt he would have trouble finding his way through the inland creeks to the Savannah River.

Instead, he proposed making a dash for Savannah, about 18 miles to the north and east, feeling sure the Fingal could get in there, buoys or no buoys.

McNair again readied the Fingal to make a good 11 knots to speed the trip.

The fog continued to settle and roll off the land. It hung heavily, a gray mass, almost black at the water's edge, serving as a veil between the Fingal and any blockaders enveloped in it. Eventually, the Fingal was over the bar and plowing up the channel.

"We fired a gun and hoisted the Confederate flag at the fore," said Bulloch. "Which was answered from the fort [a Confederate one, near Savannah]." It was lined with men as the Fingal drew closer. The fort's garrison waved their caps and cheered.

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Myths About Israel and the Middle East (2)

Should we re-examine endlessly repeated clichés?

In a previous installment in this series of clarifying messages about Israel and the Middle East, we examined certain myths which, by dint of constant repetition, had acquired currency and acceptance. We looked at the myth of "Palestinian nationhood," the myth of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") being "occupied territory," the myth that Jewish settlements in these territories are "the greatest obstacle to peace," and the myth that Israel is unwilling to "yield land for peace." And we cleared up the greatest myth of all, namely that Israel's administration of the territories, and not the unrelenting hatred of the Arabs against the Jews, is the root cause of the conflict between the Arabs and Israel. But those are not all the myths; there are more.

What are more of these myths?

■ **Myth:** The Arabs of Israel are a persecuted minority.

Reality: The over one million non-Jews (mostly Arabs) who are citizens of Israel have the same civil rights that Jews have. They vote, are members of the Knesset (parliament), and are part of Israel's civil and diplomatic service, just as their Jewish fellow citizens. Arabs have complete religious freedom and full access to the Israeli legal, health and educational systems – including Arabic and Muslim universities. The only difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews is that Jewish young men must serve three years in the military and at least one month a year until age 50. Young Jewish women serve for two years. The Arabs have no such civic obligation. For them, military service is voluntary. Not too surprisingly, except for the Druze, very few avail themselves of the privilege.

■ **Myth:** Having (ill-advisedly) already given up control of the Gaza Strip, Israel should also give up the administration of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") because strategic depth is meaningless in this age of missiles.

Reality: Israel is a mini-state – about half the size of San Bernardino county in California. If another, even smaller mini-state were carved out of it, Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of 100 retired U.S. generals and admirals. If the Arabs were to occupy whatever little strategic depth Israel has between the Jordan River and its populated coast, they would not need any missiles. Artillery and mortars would suffice, since Israel would be only nine miles wide at its waist. Those who urge such a course either do not understand the situation or have a death wish for Israel.

■ **Myth:** If Israel would allow a Palestinian state to arise in Judea and Samaria it would be a democratic state and would be totally demilitarized.

Reality: There is no prospect at all that anything resembling a democratic state could be created in the territories. There is not a single democratic Arab state – all of them are tyrannies of varying degrees. Even today, under partial Israeli administration, Hamas and other factions fight for supremacy and ruthlessly murder each other. Another Lebanon, with its incessant civil wars, is much more likely. The lawlessness and chaos that prevail in Gaza since Israel's withdrawal is a good prospect of what would happen if Israel – foolishly and under the pressure of "world opinion" – were to abandon this territory. As for demilitarization, that is totally unlikely. Because – with Syria, Iraq, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, most of which are in a declared state of war with Israel, at its borders – an irresistible power vacuum would be created. Despite pious promises, the arms merchants of the world would find a great new market and the neighboring hostile Arab countries would be happy to supply anything else that might be needed.

> "It is in our national interest that reality, not myths, govern our policy."

■ **Myth:**: Israel should make "confidence-building gestures" for the sake of peace.

Reality: What really is it that the world expects Israel to do for the sake of peace? Most of the 22 Arab countries consider themselves in a state of war with Israel and don't even recognize its "existence." That has been going on for over sixty years. Isn't it about time that the Arabs made some kind of a "gesture?" Could they not for instance terminate the constant state of war? Could they not stop launching rockets into Israel from areas that Israel has abandoned for the sake of peace? Could they not stop the suicide bombings, which have killed hundreds of Israelis and which have made extreme security measures – such as the defensive fence and convoluted bypass roads – necessary? Any of these would create a climate of peace and would indeed be the "confidence-building gestures" that the world hopes for.

Countless "peace conferences" to settle this festering conflict have taken place. All have ended in failure because of the intransigence of the Arabs. President Clinton, toward the end of his presidency, convened a conference with the late unlamented Yasser Arafat and Ehud Barak, the prime minister of Israel at that time. Mr. Barak offered virtually everything that Arafat had requested, except the partition of Jerusalem and the acceptance of the so-called refugees, their descendants having swollen from the 650,000 who fled the nascent state of Israel during the War of Liberation, to an incredible 5 million. Arafat left in a huff and started his infamous intifada instead, a bloody war that has cost thousands of Palestinian and Israeli lives. Israel is America's staunchest ally and certainly its only true friend in that area of the world. It is in our national interest that reality, not myths, govern our policy.

This message has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159
Gerardo Joffe, President

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501 (c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

37C

To receive free FLAME updates, visit our website: www.factsandlogic.org

After docking, Bulloch hurried off to report to Confederate authorities in Richmond. The *Fingal* was unloaded of her war supplies and then loaded again with cotton for the return voyage. But during the interval the Federal blockading fleet closed in on Savannah.

When the *Fingal* was ready for her easterly voyage, Bulloch spent weeks trying to elude the many blockaders to get his ship out, but found no success. After bringing the *Fingal* across the Atlantic with such ease, she now turned out to be an unlucky ship for the Rebels.

Bulloch finally gave up and traveled up to Wilmington, NC, to catch the blockade runner *Annie Childs* for his return trip to Liverpool. He arrived March 10, 1862, just as the cruiser *Florida* was getting ready to sail.

Bulloch continued to work to secure ships for the South. His legal status regarding his rights in Britain for procuring men-of-war was even sustained by the English courts. But Her Majesty's government was also pressured by the Lincoln Administration, and the shifting British policy made Bulloch's work increasingly difficult.

Back across the Atlantic, the Federal blockade fleet kept the *Fingal* bottled up so long in the Savannah River that the Confederacy decided to transform her into a different kind of vessel. She was stripped and covered with thick armor, shielding the four large naval guns.

Renamed the CSS *Atlanta*, she steamed down the Savannah River as a fighting ironclad late in May 1863. But she drew so much water with her deep hull and heavy armament that she soon ran aground on a mudbank.

Ultimately she was floated off and repaired. She tried again in the dead of night of June 17, setting out to attack a fleet of Federal monitors. But she ran aground three times as she neared the small and well-armed Union ships.

When Captain John Rodgers, commander of the USS *Weekawken* monitor, saw the clumsy *Atlanta* was unable to move, he ordered his Union vessel to close in and blast away with her enormous 15- and 16-inch guns.

Forced to surrender, the *Atlanta* was taken as a prize of war and assigned to the Federal fleet. □

THE ELECTION

Continued from page 35

in the disputed election of 1824. As southerners had intended—or at least expected—he was entirely a sectional president. Unfortunately for the South, that section was north of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Douglas tried to put the best face on the results. "This is no time to despair or despond," he told a crowd in New Orleans, where he stopped en route back to Washington. "The bright sun will soon chase away these clouds and the patriots of this country will rally as one man and throttle the enemies of our country. Four years will soon pass away, when the ballot box will furnish a peaceful, legal and constitutional remedy for all the evils and grievances with which the country may be affected." Already, there was talk of Douglas running again in 1864.

Whether there would even be a national election in four years was very much up in the air. "I think the Union is gone," Douglas's running mate, former Georgia senator and governor Hershel V. Johnson, told him. "With your defeat, the cause of the Union was lost." The new president-elect continued to be almost blithely unconcerned. "The hot breath of secession," Lincoln told his secretary, John Nicolay, "is just the trick by which the South breaks down every Northern man." He did not intend to be similarly intimidated by the "political fiends" he saw at work in the South.

One of those fiends, the editor of the provocatively named *Atlanta Confederacy*, put the issue of Lincoln's election in blunt and unmistakable terms: "Let the consequences be what they may," he wrote, "whether the Potomac be is crimsoned in human gore, and Pennsylvania Avenue is paved ten fathoms in depth with mangled bodies, or whether the last vestige of liberty is swept from the face of the American continent, the South will never submit to such humiliation and degradation as the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln." It was a suitably ominous coda for the most divisive election in American history. □

THIS HALLOWED GROUND

A Journey Through the Civil War In Virginia and at Gettysburg

2011

with an Experienced Historian

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NORMANDY WEEKEND
WORLD WAR II IN EUROPE

2011

with an Experienced Historian

Follow the Greatest Generation from Normandy to Bastogne to Bavaria

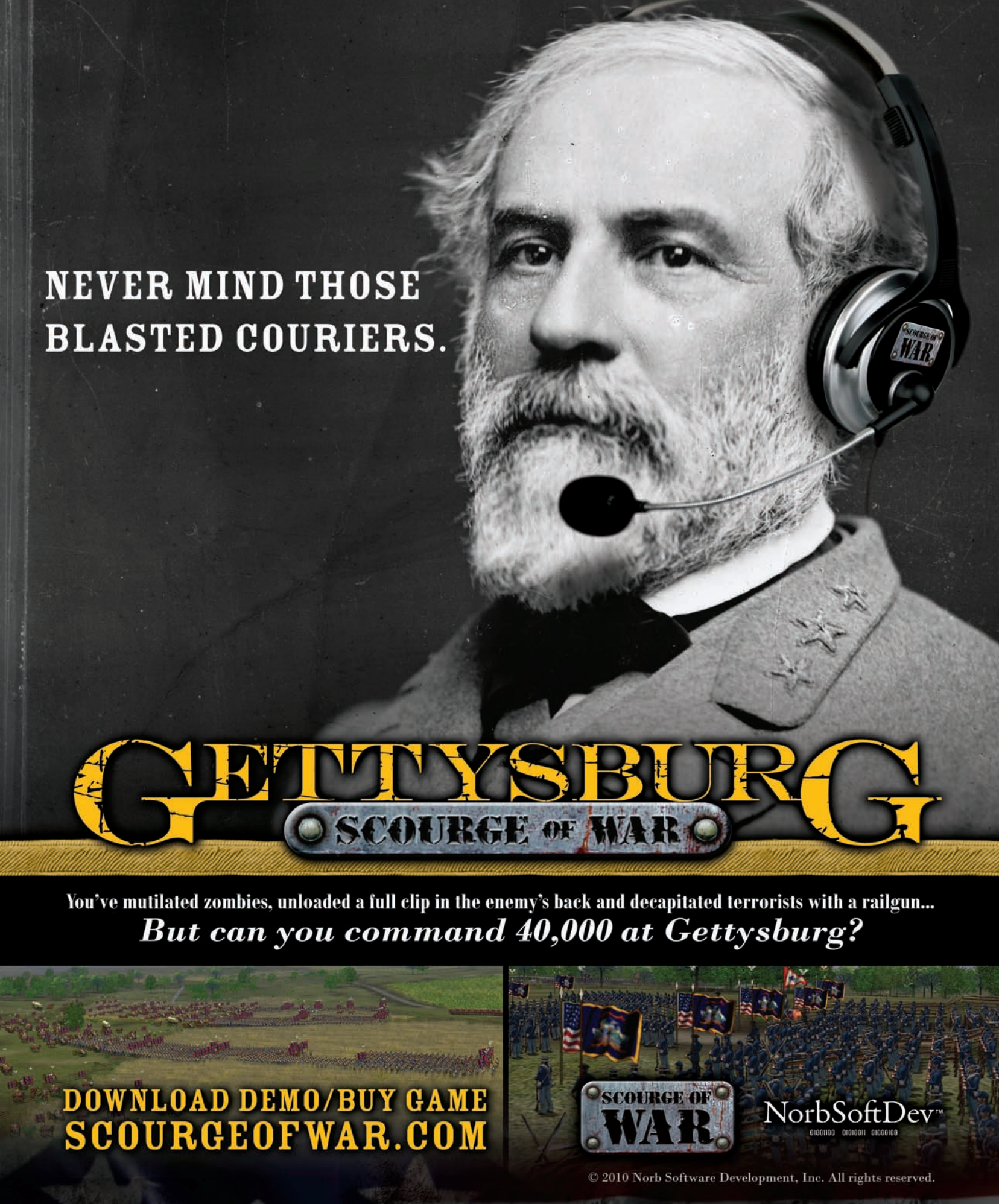
MATTERHORN TRAVEL
Established 1966
44 years of successful group holidays

For detailed brochures with 2011 dates and prices, please contact:

MATTERHORN TRAVEL

3419 Hidden River View, Annapolis, MD 21403
(800) 638-9150 or (410) 224-2230

www.matterhorntravel.com • Email: holidays@matterhorntravel.com


NEVER MIND THOSE
BLASTED COURIERS.
GETTYSBURG
SCOURGE OF WAR
You've mutilated zombies, unloaded a full clip in the enemy's back and decapitated terrorists with a railgun...
But can you command 40,000 at Gettysburg?
DOWNLOAD DEMO/BUY GAME
SCOURGEOFWAR.COM
SCOURGE OF WAR
NorbSoftDev™
© 2010 Norb Software Development, Inc. All rights reserved.