

The Stainless Banner

An e-zine dedicated to the armies of the Confederacy

Issue 3, Volume 1
January, 2012

THE FIRST DOMINO FALLS! THE LOSS OF FORT HENRY

Columbus, Kentucky! The river city seated on high bluffs above the Mississippi River beckoned Confederate General Leonidas Polk. It was the perfect place from which to defend the Mississippi River from Union gunboats steaming from Cairo, and he desired it above all things. The problem was Richmond had forbidden Polk to enter Kentucky and violate the State's neutrality. Orders or the consequences for breaking Kentucky's neutrality were not enough to keep Polk from his prize. On September 3, 1861, he paraded his troops through the city and turned Columbus into a river fortress.

It was a grievous wound; a needless, self-inflicted wound. Kentucky provided a huge buffer between North and South from the Appalachian Mountains to the Mississippi River. More importantly, the State's neutrality protected the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers from Union gunboats.

To compound his error, Polk vacillated on whether he or not he should occupy Paducah, on the mouth of the Tennessee River. Ulysses S. Grant did not show such reticence. Paducah was occupied; Columbus was flanked; and Kentucky's neutrality was flaunted for no reason.

All this served as the background for Albert Sidney Johnston's arrival in Richmond.

Jefferson Davis appointed Johnston as a full general and gave him command of the overall war effort in the West. Johnston's department included Tennessee, Arkansas, the western part of Mississippi, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. The only thing Johnston did not command was the coastal defenses.

When Johnston arrived in Nashville, he immediately realized the loss of Kentucky meant his line would have to be expanded to include the Kentucky/Tennessee border. His immediate problem was the lack of manpower and weapons. Richmond said no to his repeated requests for both. Finally, Davis ordered him to do the best he could with what he had.

What Johnston had, he quickly redeployed. Simon Buckner and 4,000 men were reassigned

What's Inside:

Tilghman's Official Report	5
The Defense of Fort Henry	12
The Fall of Fort Henry	16
Gunboats at the Fort Henry	19
Felix Zollicoffer	25
The Character of Robert E. Lee	26
Stonewall Jackson – Soldier	32

to Bowling Green to defend the railroad that ran between Louisville and Nashville. William Hardee's small force in Arkansas was put on the train and sent to Bowling Green. Polk had 11,000 men in Columbus. Felix Zollicoffer was guarding the Cumberland Gap with another 5,400 men. All-in-all, Johnston had 40,000 men, while Union forces numbered 90,000 with reinforcements coming daily.

Against so great a force, Johnston used the only weapon he possessed. He bluffed with all the finesse of a professional gambler. So good was Johnston at the game that he bluffed William T. Sherman into a nervous breakdown.

Sherman commanded the Union forces in Kentucky and as Johnston raided, demonstrated, and moved troops from one point to another and back again; Sherman became convinced he was grossly outnumbered by an ever growing Confederate hoard. Of

course, nothing could have been further from the truth, but Johnston was not about to prematurely show his hand. Sherman cracked under the pressure and was out.

Work on Fort Henry

When work began on Henry, a neutral Kentucky influenced where the fort was situated. The engineer placed the works at the first viable location on the Tennessee side of the border. Unfortunately, the first viable location meant Henry was in a flood plain. Across the river were high bluffs commanding the fort. Due to the sweep of the river, the bluffs were in Kentucky. Protection enough before Polk went into Columbus, but after Columbus, a huge liability.

Johnston's entire command had three engineers and all three had been shanghaied by Polk in his efforts to fortify Columbus. What Polk possessed, he was not giving up. Johnston ordered Polk to send Lieutenant Joseph Dixon to

Fort Henry, but Polk delayed Dixon's departure before informing Johnston that Dixon could not be spared. It took two stern orders before Polk released the engineer.

Dixon inspected the works and sent a mixed assessment to Johnston. Henry might not be in the best defensive position, but that was not reason enough to abandon the work already done. The best thing to do would be to build fortifications on the bluffs opposite the fort.

For command of Henry and Donelson, Johnston requested Major A.P. Stewart. Secretary of War Benjamin Judah acting on behalf of Davis, who was acting on behalf of

Polk, sent Lloyd Tilghman instead. There was nothing wrong with the choice. Tilghman was a West Point graduate, Mexican War veteran, and an experienced engineer. He was conscientious enough to be concerned about the lack of progress on Henry and Donelson to write Davis directly, but

his letters did not convey any sense of urgency. Therefore, Davis left the construction of the forts to Polk, since the region was in Polk's department.

But Polk had Columbus on his mind and gave very little thought to river forts. He left its construction to Tilghman, to Dixon, and to the department's chief engineer. There were too many cooks in the kitchen, and the three men just got in to each other's way, which slowed the construction considerably. The work slowed even more when Gideon Pillow, in command of Tennessee's defense, stuck his nose into the matter. He countermanded orders and shuffled engineers from one post to another. The end result was that Henry and Fort Heiman, on the opposite bluffs, were not finished by time Grant began his attack on the Tennessee River.

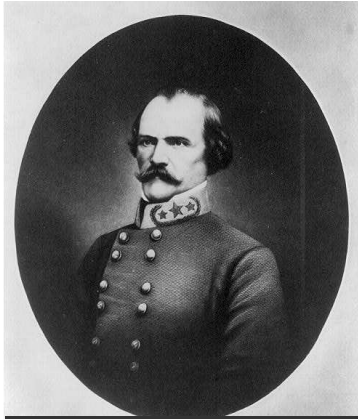
Satisfied with the Columbus defenses, Polk informed Johnston that he would be dismissing some of his troops to the partisan bands engaged a guerilla war against Union forces in Kentucky. Johnston was aghast! Manpower was too scarce

Johnston bluffed with all the finesse of a professional gambler. So good was Johnston at the game that he bluffed William T. Sherman into a nervous breakdown.

for such a dubious deployment, so he requested the men be sent to Henry and Donelson instead.

Polk's reaction was typical Polk. At first, he ignored the request. When Johnston made it an order, Polk sent Davis his resignation. Davis begged Polk to reconsider. But, before Polk could do that, Union gunboats came steaming down the Mississippi. Polk was all aquiver. It was the battle he had been prophesying long before he entered Columbus.

The fight amounted to a skirmish and the



Albert Sidney Johnston

Confederates forced Grant's small army back on their transports and up the river to Cairo. Polk crowed about his victory to anyone who would listen. He dispatched a message to Johnston that he would now

need all his men in case the Federals returned.

Johnston did not see it that way and sent orders to dispatch 3,100 men to the river defenses. Polk promptly sent Johnston his resignation. Fed-up with trying to force Polk to do anything that resembled obeying orders, Johnston looked elsewhere for the necessary troops to garrison Henry and Donelson.

The First Push Against Johnston's Line

Not everyone in Tennessee was for secession, and when the state joined the Confederacy, the citizens in the eastern part of the state threatened to secede from the state. Polk, who witnessed the tension firsthand on his way from Richmond to Memphis, wrote Davis that a strong general would be just the remedy to anti-Confederate sentiments. Davis asked Governor Harris for suggestions. Harris happily complied, sending Davis a list that included both

Whig and Democrat candidates. Harris preferred a Whig for the assignment to counterbalance the overabundance of Democratic generals that had been appointed by his office. At the top of the list, the top Whig – Felix Zollicoffer.

Zollicoffer was a politician and not a military man, notwithstanding his brave service in the Seminole War. Davis did not see Zollicoffer's lack of experience as a deterrent. The Unionists were not all that organized and any trouble they may cause could be handled politically, or, if that failed, by strong police action. Besides, Kentucky was neutral. What kind of trouble could Zollicoffer possibly get into? Zollicoffer was commissioned a brigadier general and given command of the military district of Eastern Tennessee.

Johnston passed through the region right after Polk seized Columbus. An energized Zollicoffer, full of military strategies, advanced his plans to occupy the strategic Cumberland Gap. This gateway into Tennessee had to be protected, so Johnston gave permission. Zollicoffer assembled his troops and marched into Eastern Kentucky.

Abraham Lincoln was very interested in the strong pro-Union sentiment in east Tennessee. When the war began, he had hoped there would be enough Unionists in the Confederacy to prevent the war from becoming a long and drawn out affair, but that did not prove to be the case. East Tennessee and western Virginia were the only two regions where Unionists outnumbered Secessionists. Lincoln ordered Union troops into East Tennessee. The Cumberland Gap, where Zollicoffer was setting up defenses, was the preferred route.

Now that Kentucky was in play, Davis was having second thoughts about Zollicoffer's capabilities. What the new general needed was someone to keep a close eye on him and head off any trouble Zollicoffer might accidentally stumble into. It was a strategy that had worked before. At the beginning of the war, Davis had sent Polk to Tennessee to babysit Pillow. Why not send George Crittenden to East Tennessee to babysit Zollicoffer and, at the same time, go on the offense against Union forces in Kentucky.

Crittenden came to Tennessee fully expecting to lead troops into Kentucky. In Richmond, Davis had promised him ten regiments to do just that. Johnston could have told Crittenden that there were not ten regiments sitting around Knoxville with nothing to do.

With no force to rally, Crittenden did not have any reason to leave the comfort of his Knoxville headquarters. He never went to check on his charge, which meant Zollicoffer was left to his own inexperienced devices. Satisfied with his fortifications of the Gap, Zollicoffer marched his forces closer to Bowling Green and to the enemy. His next step was to find a good area in which to go into winter quarters. He selected Mill Springs.

Mill Springs was on the southern side of the upper Cumberland River about 100 miles east of Bowling Green. It was a strong position for Zollicoffer had chosen a high bluff to plant his army. The surrounding countryside was full of supplies, and Zollicoffer's men would be able to pass the winter in comfort.

Except Zollicoffer was not satisfied. Peering down on the low, flat plain across the river, he thought it a more desirable than the heights. After all, his flanks would be protected by the river, as would his rear. Zollicoffer did not recognize that he was walking into a trap. Any enterprising Federal artillery captain could roll his guns to the edge of the bluff and blast Zollicoffer into surrender.

When Johnston received Zollicoffer's letter informing him of the movement, Johnston ordered him back to the bluffs. It was too late. The first reason was logistical. Zollicoffer could not locate enough boats to ferry his men across the river. The second reason was obduracy. He was perfectly content where he was, so why change?

Crittenden finally arrived at Zollicoffer's headquarters and found the small army in dire straits. Federal forces under the command of General George Thomas had encamped at Logan's Crossroads, six miles from Zollicoffer's camp. There was no way to affect a successful

withdrawal now. Complicating matters, another Federal force was garrisoned at Somerset.

The two Union forces were separated by Fishings Creek. Winter rains made the creek unfordable. The thing to do would be to attack one force and defeat it, then wait for the water to recede and attack the other force. Crittenden chose Thomas' force at Logan's Crossroads.

The small Confederate army left their camps and marched through the mud during a night of torrential rain. The mud slowed their march and by time they arrived at Logan's

Crossroads, Thomas was waiting for them. The rain had also dampened their powder, making their old flintlock muskets practically useless.

Still the

Confederates pitched in with bravery and for a while were actually winning. Then disaster hit. Zollicoffer was killed and the Confederate assault ground to a halt. The Union line stiffened and drove the Confederates back in disarray. Zollicoffer's army abandoned supplies, arms, and wagons and did not stop running until they reached Chestnut Mound, fifty miles east of Nashville.

The gateway to Tennessee was open and Johnston was in real danger of being flanked out of Nashville and the rest of Tennessee.

In the meantime, Grant had been agitating his commanding officer to strike both Forts Henry and Donelson. The opening of the Cumberland Gap made this possible.

Grant Moves to Take Fort Henry

February 6, 1862 – Grant disembarked 15,000 men from transports upriver from Fort Henry. Four squat, ugly things, barely recognizable as boats, chugged toward Henry. They were the ironclads and, throughout the war, the South could never find an answer for these armored boats.

Tilghman realized the unfinished fort could withstand neither navy nor infantry. He sent his

The gateway to Tennessee was open and Johnston was in real danger of being flanked out of Nashville and the rest of Tennessee.

men to Donelson and ordered Captain Jesse Taylor to hold off the Federals as long as possible to give his men time to escape.

Taylor put his big guns into action, but they were only delaying the inevitable. Tilghman ordered the white flag raised. Henry was so flooded that the delegation from Flag Officer Foote rowed right through the gates.

Within days of Henry's fall, Foote's gunboats were steaming as far south as Florence,

Alabama, destroying bridges, putting ashore raiding parties, and spreading fear throughout the region.

The real damage was, of course, the loss of the Tennessee River, the severing of communications, and the splitting of Johnston's army in two.

The first domino had fallen.

GENERAL LLOYD TILGHMAN'S OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE LOSS OF FORT HENRY

February 12, 1862.

SIR: My communication of the 7th instant, sent from Fort Henry, having announced the fact of the surrender of that fort to Commodore Foote, of the Federal Navy, on the 6th instant, I have now the honor to submit the following report of the details of the action, together with the accompanying papers, containing a list of officers and men surrendered, together with casualties, &c.:

On Monday, February 3, in company with Major Gilmer of the Engineers, I completed the inspection of the main work as well as outworks at Fort Heiman, south of the Tennessee River, as far as I had been able to perfect them, and also the main work, entrenched camp, and exterior line of rifle pits at Fort Henry. At 10:00 a. m. on that morning (the pickets on both sides of the Tennessee River extended well in our front, having reported no appearance of the enemy), I left, in company with Major Gilmer, for Fort Donelson for the purpose of inspecting with him the defenses of that place.

Tuesday, the 4th instant, was spent in making a thorough examination of all the defenses at Fort Donelson. At noon heard heavy firing at Fort Henry for half an hour. At 4:00

p.m., a courier reached me from Colonel Heiman at Fort Henry informing me that the enemy was landing in strong force at Bailey's Ferry, three miles below and on the east bank of the river.

Delaying no longer than was necessary to give all proper orders for the arrangement of matters at Fort Donelson, I left with an escort of Tennessee cavalry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gantt, for Fort Henry accompanied by Major Gilmer. Reaching that place at 11.30 p. m., I soon became satisfied that the enemy was really in strong force at Bailey's Ferry, with every indication of reinforcements arriving constantly.

Colonel Heiman of the 10th Tennessee, commanding with most commendable alacrity and good judgment, had thrown forward to the outworks covering the Dover road two pieces of light artillery, supported by a detachment from the 4th Mississippi Regiment, under the command of Captain W. C. Red. Scouting parties of cavalry, operating on both sides of the river, had been pushed forward to within a very short distance of the enemy's lines. Without a moment's delay, after reaching the fort, I proceeded to arrange the available force to meet whatever contingency might arise.

The 1st Brigade under Colonel Heiman was composed of the 10th Tennessee, the 27th Alabama, the 48th Tennessee, light battery of four pieces, and the Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry. Total officers and men equaled 1,444.

The 2nd Brigade under Colonel Joseph Drake was composed of the 4th Mississippi, the 15th Arkansas, the 51st Tennessee, the Alabama Battalion, light battery of three pieces, and the Alabama Battalion of Cavalry. Total officers and men equaled 1,215. The heavy artillery, under command of Captain Taylor, numbering 75 men, was placed at the guns in Fort Henry.

As indicated some time since to the general commanding the department, I found it impossible to hold the

commanding ground south of the Tennessee River with the small force of badly-armed men at my command. Notwithstanding the fact that all my defenses were commanded by the high ground on which I had commenced the construction of Fort Heiman, I deemed it proper to trust to the fact that the extremely

bad roads leading to that point would prevent the movement of heavy guns by the enemy by which I might be annoyed. Leaving the Alabama Battalion of Cavalry and Captain Padgett's spy company on the western bank of the river, I transferred the force encamped on that side to the opposite bank.

At the time of receiving the first intimation of the approach of the enemy, the 48th and 51st Tennessee regiments having only just reported were encamped at Danville and at the mouth of Sandy (Creek) and had to be moved from five to 20 miles in order to reach Fort Henry. This movement, together with the transfer of the 27th Alabama and 15th Arkansas Regiments from Fort Heiman across the river, was all perfected by 5:00 a. m. on the morning of the 5th.

The Enemy is Sighted

Early on the morning of the 5th, the enemy was plainly to be seen at Bailey's Ferry, three miles below. The large number of heavy transports reported by our scouts gave evidence of the fact that the enemy was there in force even at that time, and the arrival every hour of additional boats showed conclusively that I should be engaged with a heavy force by land, while the presence of seven gunboats, mounting 54 guns, indicated plainly that a joint attack was contemplated by land and water.

On leaving Fort Donelson, I ordered Colonel Head to hold his own and Colonel

Sugg's regiments, Tennessee volunteers, with two pieces of artillery, ready to move at a moment's warning, with three days' cooked rations, and without camp equipage or wagon train of any kind, except enough to carry the surplus ammunition.

On the morning of the 5th, I ordered him, in case nothing more had been heard from the country below, on the

Cumberland, at the time of the arrival of my messenger, indicating an intention on the part of the enemy to invest Fort Donelson, to move out with the two regiments and the two pieces of artillery and take position at the Furnace, half way on the Dover road to Fort Henry; the force embraced in this order was about 750 men, to act as circumstances might dictate.

Thus matters stood at 9:00 a. m. on the morning of the 5th. The wretched military position of Fort Henry and the small force at my disposal did not permit me to avail myself of the advantages to be derived from the system of outwork built with the hope of being reinforced in time, and compelled me to determine to concentrate my efforts by land within the rifle pits surrounding the camp of the 10th Tennessee and the 4th Mississippi regiments in case I deemed it possible to do more than operate

As indicated some time since to the general commanding the department, I found it impossible to hold the commanding ground south of the Tennessee River with the small force of badly-armed men at my command.

solely against the attack by the river.

Accordingly, my entire command was paraded and placed in the rifle pits around the above camps, and minute instructions given, not only to brigades, but to regiments and companies, as to the exact ground each was to occupy.

Seconded by the able assistance of Major Gilmer of whose valuable services I thus early take pleasure in speaking, and by Colonels Heiman and Drake, everything was arranged to make a formidable resistance against anything like fair odds.

It was known to me on the day before that the enemy had reconnoitered the roads leading to Fort Donelson from Bailey's Ferry by way of Iron Mountain Furnace, and at 10:00 a. m. on the 5th, I sent forward from Fort Henry a strong reconnoitering party of cavalry. They had not advanced more than one and a half miles in the direction of the enemy when they encountered their reconnoitering party. Our cavalry charged them in gallant style, upon which the enemy's cavalry fell back, with a loss of only one man on each side. Very soon the main body of the Federal advance guard composed of a regiment of infantry and a large force of cavalry was met upon which our cavalry retreated.

On receipt of this news I moved out in person with five companies of the 10th Tennessee, five companies of the 4th Mississippi, and 50 cavalry, ordering at the same time two additional companies of infantry to support Captain Red at the outworks. Upon advancing well to the front I found that the enemy had retired. I returned to camp at 5:00 p.m., leaving Captain Red reinforced at the outworks. The enemy was again reinforced by the arrival of a number of large transports.

At night the pickets from the west bank reported the landing of troops on that side (opposite Bailey's Ferry), their advance picket having been met one and a half miles from the river. I, at once, ordered Captain Hubbard of the Alabama cavalry to take 50 men, and, if possible, surprise them. The inclemency of the weather, the rain having commenced to fall in torrents, prevented anything being accomplished.

Early on the morning of the 6th, Captain Padgett reported the arrival of five additional

transports overnight and the landing of a large force on the west bank of the river at the point indicated above. From that time up to 9:00 o'clock it appeared as though the force on the east bank was again reinforced, which was subsequently proven to be true.

The movements of the fleet of gunboats at an early hour prevented any communication, except by a light barge, with the western bank, and by 10:00 a. m., it was plain that the boats intended to engage the fort with their entire force, aided by an attack on our right and left flanks from the two land forces in overwhelming numbers.

The Difficulties of Defending Fort Henry

To understand properly the difficulties of my position it is right that I should explain fully the unfortunate location of Fort Henry in reference to resistance by a small force against an attack by land cooperating with the gunboats, as well as its disadvantages in even an engagement with boats alone. The entire fort, together with the entrenched camp spoken of; is enfiladed from three or four points on the opposite shore, while three points on the eastern bank completely command them both, all at easy cannon range.

At the same time the entrenched camp, arranged as it was in the best possible manner to meet the case, was two-thirds of it completely under the control of the fire of the gunboats. The history of military engineering records no parallel to this case. Points within a few miles of it, possessing great advantages and few disadvantages, were totally neglected, and a location fixed upon without one redeeming feature or filling one of the many requirements of a site for a work such as Fort Henry. The work itself was well built; it was



completed long before I took command, but strengthened greatly by myself in building embrasures and impalements of sand bags. An enemy had but to use their most common sense in obtaining the advantage of high water, as was the case, to have complete and entire control of the position.

I am guilty of no act of injustice in this frank avowal of the opinions entertained by myself, as well as by all other officers who have become familiar with the location of Fort Henry; nor do I desire the defects of location to have an undue influence in directing public opinion in relation to the battle of the 6th instant. The fort was built when I took charge, and I had no time to build anew. With this seeming digression, rendered necessary to a correct understanding of the whole affair, I will proceed with the details of the subsequent movements of the troops under my command.

The Battle Begins

By 10:00 a.m. on the 6th, the movements of the gunboats and land force indicated an immediate engagement, and in such force as gave me no room to change my previously conceived opinions as to what, under such circumstances, should be my course. The case stood thus: I had at my command a grand total of 2,610 men, of which only one-third had been at all disciplined or well armed. The high water in the river filling the sloughs gave me but one route by which to retire, if necessary, and that route for some distance in a direction at right angles to the line of approach of the enemy, and over roads well nigh impassable for artillery, cavalry, or infantry. The enemy had seven gunboats, with an armament of 54 guns, to engage the 11 guns at Fort Henry. General Grant was moving up the east bank of the river from his landing, three miles below, with a force of 12,000 men, verified afterwards by his own statement, while General Smith, with 6,000 men, was moving up the west bank, to take a position

within 400 or 500 yards, which would enable him to enfilade my entire works.

The hopes (founded on a knowledge of the fact that the enemy had reconnoitered on the two previous days thoroughly the several roads leading to Fort Donelson) that a portion only of the land force would cooperate with the gunboats in an attack on the fort were dispelled, and but little time left me to meet this change in the circumstances which surrounded me. I argued thus: Fort Donelson might possibly be

held, if properly reinforced, even though Fort Henry should fall; but the reverse of this proposition was not true. The force at Fort Henry was necessary to aid Fort Donelson either in making a successful defense or in holding it long enough to

answer the purposes of a new disposition of the entire army from Bowling Green to Columbus, which would necessarily follow the breaking of our center, resting on Forts Donelson and Henry.

The latter alternative was all that I deemed possible. I knew that reinforcements were difficult to be had, and that unless sent in such force as to make the defense certain which I did not believe practicable, the fate of our right wing at Bowling Green depended upon a concentration of my entire division on Fort Donelson and the holding of that place as long as possible, trusting that the delay by an action at Fort Henry would give time for such reinforcements as might reasonably be expected to reach a point sufficiently near Fort Donelson to cooperate with my division, by getting to the rear and right flank of the enemy, and in such a position as to control the roads over which a safe retreat might be effected. I hesitated not a moment.

My infantry, artillery, and cavalry, removed of necessity to avoid the fire of the gunboats to the outworks, could not meet the enemy there; my only chance was to delay the enemy every moment possible and retire the command, now outside the main work, towards Fort Donelson, resolving to suffer as little loss as possible. I retained only the heavy artillery company to

The fate of our right wing at Bowling Green depended upon a concentration of my entire division on Fort Donelson and the holding of that as long as possible.

fight the guns, and gave the order to commence the movement at once.

At 10:15 o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel MacGavock sent a messenger to me, stating that our pickets reported General Grant approaching rapidly and within half a mile of the advance work, and movements on the west bank indicated that General Smith was fast approaching also. The enemy, ignorant of any movement of my main body, but knowing that they could not engage them behind our entrenched

camp until after the fort was reduced or the gunboats retired, without being themselves exposed to the fire of the latter, took a position north of the forks of the river road, in a dense wood (my order being to retreat by way of the Stewart road), to await the result.

At 11:00 a. m., the flotilla assumed their line of battle. I had no hope of being able successfully to defend the fort against such overwhelming odds, both in point of numbers and in caliber of guns. My object was to save the main body by delaying matters as long as possible, and to this end I bent every effort.

At precisely 11:45 a. m., the enemy opened from their gunboats on the fort. I waited a few moments until the effects of the first shots of the enemy were fully appreciated. I then gave the order to return the fire, which was gallantly responded to by the brave little band under my command. The enemy, with great deliberation, steadily closed upon the fort, firing very wild until within 1,200 yards. The cool deliberation of our men told from the first shot fired with tremendous effect.

At 12:35 p.m., the bursting of our 24-pounder rifled gun disabled every man at the piece. This great loss was to us in a degree made up by our disabling entirely the *Essex* gunboat,

which immediately floated downstream.

Immediately after the loss of this valuable gun, we sustained another loss, still greater in the closing up of the vent of the 10-inch columbiad, rendering that gun perfectly useless and defying all efforts to reopen it.

The fire on both sides was now perfectly terrific. The enemy's entire force was engaged, doing us but little harm, while our shot fell with unerring certainty upon them and with stunning effect.

At this time a question presented itself to me with no inconsiderable degree of embarrassment. The moment had arrived when I should join the main body of troops retiring toward Fort Donelson, the safety of which depended upon a protracted defense of the fort. It was equally plain

that the gallant men working the batteries, for the first time under fire, with all their heroism, needed my presence. Colonel Heiman, the next in command, had returned to the fort for instructions. The men working the heavy guns were becoming exhausted with the rapid firing. Another gun became useless by an accident, and yet another by the explosion of a shell immediately after, striking the muzzle, involving the death of two men and disabling several others. The effect of my absence at such a critical moment would have been disastrous. At the earnest solicitation of many of my officers and men I determined to remain, and ordered Colonel Heiman to join his command and keep up the retreat in good order, while I should fight the guns as long as one man was left, and sacrifice myself to save the main body of my troops.

No sooner was this decision made known than new energy was infused. The enemy closed upon the fort to within 600 yards, improving very much in their fire, which now began to tell



Union Gunboats Steam Toward Fort Henry

with great effect upon the parapets, while the fire from our guns (now reduced to seven) was returned with such deliberation and judgment that we scarcely missed a shot. A second one of the gunboats retired, but I believe was brought into action again.

At 1:10 p.m., so completely broken down were the men, that, but for the fact that four only of our guns were then really serviceable, I could not well have worked a greater number. The fire was still continued with great energy and tremendous effect upon the enemy's boats.

At 1:30 p.m., I took charge of one of the 32-pounders to relieve the chief of that piece, who had worked with great effect from the beginning of the action. I gave the flagship *Cincinnati* two shots, which had the effect to check a movement, intended to enfilade the only guns now left me. It was now plain to be seen that the enemy were breaching the fort directly in front of our guns, and that I could not much longer sustain their fire without an unjustifiable exposure of the valuable lives of the men who had so nobly seconded me in this unequal struggle.

Surrender

Several of my officers, Major Gilmer among the number, now suggested to me the propriety of taking the subject of surrender into consideration. Every moment I knew was of vast importance to those retreating on Fort Donelson, and I declined, hoping to find men enough at hand to continue a while longer the fire now so destructive to the enemy. In this I was disappointed.

My next effort was to try the experiment of a flag of truce, which I waved from the parapets myself. This was precisely at 1:50 p. m. The flag was not noticed, I presume, from the dense smoke that enveloped it, and leaping again into the fort, I continued the fire for five minutes, when, with the advice of my brother officers, I ordered the flag to be lowered, and after an engagement of two hours and ten minutes with

such an unequal force the surrender was made to Flag-Officer Foote, represented by Captain Stembel, commanding gunboat *Cincinnati*, and was qualified by the single condition that all officers should retain their sidearms, that both officers and men should be treated with the highest consideration due prisoners of war, which was promptly and gracefully acceded to by Commodore Foote.

The retreat of the main body was effected in good order, though involving the loss of about 20 prisoners, who from sickness and other causes were unable to encounter the heavy roads. The rear of the army was overtaken at a distance of some three miles from Fort Henry by a body of the enemy's cavalry, but, on being engaged by a small body of our men, under Major Garvin, were repulsed and retired.

This fact alone shows the necessity of the policy pursued by me in protracting the defense of the fort as long as possible, which only could have been done by my consenting to stand by the brave little band. No loss was sustained by our troops in this affair with the enemy.

I have understood from the prisoners that several pieces of artillery also were lost, it being entirely impossible to move them over four or five miles with the indifferent teams attached to them.

The entire absence of transportation rendered any attempt to move the camp equipage of the regiments impossible. This may be regarded as fortunate, as the roads were utterly impassable, not only from the rains, but the backwater of Tennessee River.

A small amount of quartermaster's and commissary stores, together with what was left of the ordnance stores, were lost to us also.

The tents of the Alabama Regiment were left on the west bank of the river, the gunboats preventing an opportunity to cross them over.

Confident of having performed my whole duty to my Government in the defense of Fort Henry, with the totally inadequate means at my disposal, I have but little to add in support of the views before expressed. The reasons for the line

I should fight the guns as long as one man was left and sacrifice myself to save the main body of my troops.

of policy pursued by me are to my mind convincing.

Against such overwhelming odds as 16,000 well-armed men (exclusive of the force on the gunboats) to 2,610 badly armed, in the field, and 54 heavy guns against 11 medium ones in the fort, no tactics or bravery could avail.

The rapid movements of the enemy, with every facility at their command, rendered the defense from the beginning a hopeless one.

I succeeded in doing even more than was to be hoped for at first. I not only saved my entire command outside of the fort, but damaged materially the flotilla of the enemy, demonstrating thoroughly a problem of infinite value to us in the future.

Had I been reinforced, so as to have justified my meeting the enemy at the advanced works, I might have made good the land defense on the east bank. I make no inquiry as to why I was not, for I have entire confidence in the judgment of my commanding general.

The elements even were against us and had the enemy delayed his attack a few days, with the river rising, one-third of the entire fortifications (already affected by it) would have been washed away, while the remaining portion of the works would have been untenable by reason of the depth of water over the whole interior portion.

The number of officers surrendered was 12; the number of non-commissioned officers and privates in the fort at the time of the surrender was 66, while the number in the hospital-boat Patton was 16.

I take great pleasure in making honorable mention of all the officers and men under my command. To Captain Taylor, of the artillery, and the officers of his corps, Lieutenants Watts and Weller; to Captain G. R. G. Jones, in command of the right battery; to Captains Miller and Hayden, of the Engineers; to Acting Assistant Adjutant General McConnico; to Captain H. L. Jones, brigade quartermaster; to Captain McLaughlin, quartermaster of the 10th Tennessee, and to Surgeons Voorhies and Horton, of the 10th Tennessee, the thanks of the

whole country are due for their consummate devotion to our high and holy cause. To Sergeants John Jones, Hallam, Cubine, and Silcurk, to Corporals Copass, Cavin, and Renfro, in charge of the guns, as well as to all the men, I feel a large debt is due for their bravery and efficiency in working the heavy guns so long and so efficiently.

Officers and men alike seemed actuated but by one spirit – that of devotion to a cause in which was involved life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Every blow struck was aimed by cool heads, supported by strong arms and honest hearts.

I feel that it is a duty I owe to Colonel A. Heiman, commanding the 10th Tennessee Regiment (Irish), to give this testimony of my high appreciation of him as a soldier and a man, due to his gallant regiment, both officers and men. I place them second to no regiment I have seen in the Army.

To Captain Dixon, of the Engineers, I owe (as does the whole country) my special acknowledgments of his ability and unceasing energies. Under his immediate eye were all the works proposed by myself at Fort Donelson and Heiman executed, while his fruitfulness in resources to meet the many disadvantages of position alone enabled us to combat its difficulties successfully.

To Lieutenant Watts, of the heavy artillery, as acting ordnance officer at Fort Henry, I owe this special notice of the admirable condition of the ordnance department at that post. Lieutenant Watts is the coolest officer under fire I ever met with.

I take pleasure in acknowledging the marked courtesy and consideration of Flag Officer Foote, of the Federal Navy; of Captain Stembel and the other naval officers, to myself, officers, and men. Their gallant bearing during the action gave evidence of a brave and therefore generous foe.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
LLOYD TILGHMAN.
Brigadier General, Commanding.

THE DEFENSE OF FORT HENRY

By Captain Jesse Taylor, *Battles and Leaders*, Volume 1, pages 368-372

About the 1st of September, 1861, while I was in command of a Confederate "camp of artillery instruction," near Nashville, Tennessee, I received a visit from Lieutenant-Colonel Milton A. Haynes of the 1st Regiment Tennessee Artillery, who informed me of the escape of a number of our steamers from the Ohio River into the Tennessee, and of their having sought refuge under the guns of Fort Henry; that a "cutting-out" expedition from Paducah was anticipated, and that as there was no experienced artillerist at the fort the Governor (Isham G. Harris) was anxious that the deficiency should immediately be supplied; that he had no one at his

disposal unless I would give up my light battery (subsequently Porter's and later still Morton's), and take command at Fort Henry. Anxious to be of service, and convinced that the first effort of the Federals would be to penetrate our lines by the way of the Tennessee River, I at once, in face of the loudly expressed disapproval and wonder of my friends, consented to make the exchange. Arriving at the fort, I was convinced by a glance at its surroundings that extraordinarily bad judgment, or worse, had selected the site for its erection. I found it placed on the east bank of the river in a bottom commanded by high hills rising on either side of the river, and within good rifle range. This circumstance was at once reported to the proper military authorities of the State at Nashville, who replied that the selection had been made by competent engineers and with reference to mutual support with Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, twelve miles away; and knowing

that the crude ideas of a sailor in the navy concerning fortifications would receive but little consideration when conflicting with those entertained by a "West Pointer," I resolved quietly to acquiesce, but the accidental observation of a water-mark left on a tree caused me to look carefully for this sign above, below, and in the rear of the fort; and my investigation convinced me that we had a more dangerous

force to contend with than the Federals, namely, the river itself. Inquiry among old residents confirmed my fears that the fort was not only subject to overflow, but that the highest point within it would be – in an ordinary February rise – at least two feet under water. This alarming fact was also

Arriving at the fort, I was convinced by a glance at its surroundings that extraordinary bad judgment, or worse, had selected the site for its erection.

communicated to the State authorities, only to evoke the curt notification that the State forces had been transferred to the Confederacy, and that I should apply to General Polk, then in command at Columbus, Kentucky. This suggestion was at once acted on, not once only, but with a frequency and urgency commensurate with its seeming importance, the result being that I was again referred, this time to General A. S. Johnston, who at once dispatched an engineer (Major Jeremy F. Gilmer) to investigate and remedy; but it was now too late to do so effectually, though an effort was made looking to that end, by beginning to fortify the heights on the west bank (Fort Heiman).

The armament of the fort at the time I assumed command consisted of six smooth-bore 32-pounders and one 6-pounder iron-gun; February 1st, 1862, by the persistent efforts of General Lloyd Tilghman and Colonel A. Haiman, this had been increased to eight 32

pounders, 2 4 pounders, and one 128-pounders (Columbiad), five 18 pound siege guns, all smooth-bore, and one 6-inch rifle. We also had six 12 pounders, which looked so much like pot metal that it was deemed best to subject them to a test, and as two of them burst with an ordinary charge, the others were set aside as useless encumbrances.

The powder supplied was mostly of a very inferior quality, so much so that it was deemed necessary to adopt the dangerous expedient of adding to each charge a proportion of quick burning powder. That this was necessary will, I think, be admitted when it is understood that with the original charge it was almost impossible to obtain a random shot of a little over one mile (that being the distance to a small island below the fort).

Union Gunboats Try the Defenses

During the winter of 1861 and 1862 the Federal gunboats, notably the *Lexington* and *Conestoga*, made frequently appearances in the Tennessee, and coming up under the cover of this island would favor the fort with an hour or more of shot and shell, but, as their object was to draw our fire and thus obtain the position of our guns, we, though often sorely tempted by the accuracy of their fire, deemed it best not to gratify them.

On the 4th of February the Federal fleet of gunboats, followed by countless transports, appeared below the fort. Far as eye could see, the course of the river could be traced by the dense volumes of smoke issuing from the flotilla indicating that the long-threatened attempt to break our lines was to be made in earnest. The gunboats took up a position about three miles below and opened a brisk fire, at the same time shelling the woods on the east bank of the river, thus covering the debarkation of their army.

The 5th was a day of unwonted animation on the hitherto quiet waters of the Tennessee; all day long the floodtide of arriving and the ebb of returning transports continued ceaselessly. Late in the afternoon, three of the gunboats, two on the west side and one on the east at the foot of the island, took position and opened a vigorous and well directed fire, which was received in

silence until the killing of one man and the wounding of three provoked an order to open with the Columbiad and the rifle. Six shots were fired in return – three from each piece – and with such effect that the gunboats dropped out of range and ceased firing.

At night, General Tilghman called his leading officers in consultation – Colonels Heiman, Forrest, and Drake are all that I can now recall as having been present. The Federal forces were variously estimated by us, as being 25,000 at the least. To oppose this force, General Tilghman had less than four thousand men – mostly raw regiments armed with shotguns and hunting rifles. In fact, the best equipped regiment of his command, the 10th Tennessee, was armed with old flint-lock “Tower of London” muskets that had “done the state some service” in the war of 1812. The general opinion and final decision was that successful resistance to such an overwhelming force was impossible, that the army must fall back and unite with Pillow and Buckner at Fort Donelson. General Tilghman, recognizing the difficulty of withdrawing undisciplined troops from the front of an active and superior opponent, turned to me with the question, “Can you hold out for one hour against a determined attack?” I replied that I could. “Well, then, gentlemen, rejoin your commands and hold them in readiness for instant motion.”

The garrison left at the fort to cover the withdrawal consisted of part of Company B, 1st Tennessee Artillery, Lieutenant Watts, and fifty-four men.

The Battle Begins

The forenoon of February 6th was spent by both sides in making needful preparations for the approaching struggle. The gunboats formed line of battle abreast under the cover of the island. The *Essex*, the *Cincinnati*, the *Carondelet*, and the *St. Louis*, the first with four and the others each with 13 guns, formed the van; the *Tyler*, *Conestoga*, and *Lexington*, with 15 guns in all, formed the second or rear line. Seeing the formation of battle I assigned to each gun a particular vessel to which it was to pay its especial compliments, and directed that the guns

be kept constantly trained on the approaching boats. Accepting the volunteered services of Captain Hayden (of the engineers) to assist at the Columbiad, I took personal supervision of the rifle. When the gunboats were out of cover of the island they opened fire, and as they advanced they increased the rapidity of their fire, until as they swung into the main channel above the island they showed one broad and leaping sheet off lame. At this point, the van being a mile distant, the command was given to commence firing from the fort. Let me say that it was as pretty and as simultaneous a “broadside” was delivered as I ever saw flash from the sides of a frigate.

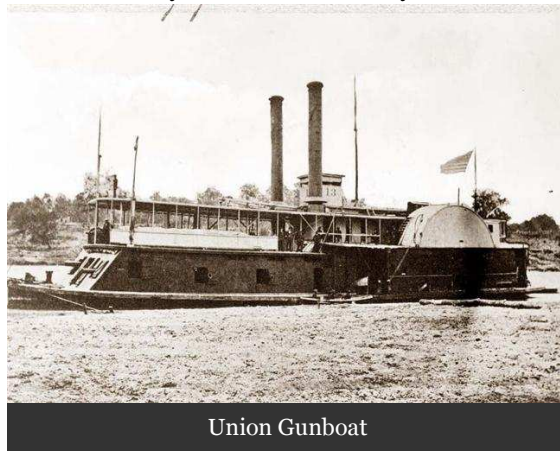
The action now became general, and for the next twenty or thirty minutes was, on both sides, as determined, rapid, and accurate as a heart could wish, and apparently inclined in favor of the fort. The ironclad *Essex*, disabled by a shot through her boiler, dropped out of line. The fleet seemed to hesitate, when a succession of untoward and unavoidable accidents happened in the fort; thereupon the flotilla continued to advance.

First, the rifle gun, from which I had just been called, burst, not only with destructive effect to those working it, but with a disabling effect on those in its immediate vicinity. Going to the Columbiad as the only really effective gun left, I met General Tilghman, who I supposed was with the retreating army. While consulting with him, a sudden exclamation drew me to the Columbiad, which I found spiked with its own priming wire, completely disabled for the day at least.

The Federal commander, observing the silence of these two heavy guns, renewed his advance with increased precision of fire. Two of the 32 pounders were struck almost at the same instant, and the flying fragments of the shattered guns and bursted shells disabled every man at the two guns. His rifle shot and shell penetrated

the earthworks as readily as a ball from a navy Colt would pierce a pine board, and soon so disabled other guns as to leave us but four capable of being served.

General Tilghman now consulted with Major Cilmer and myself as to the situation, and the decision was that further resistance would only entail a useless loss of life. He therefore ordered me to strike the colors, now a dangerous as well as a painful duty. The flag mast, which had been the center of fire, had been struck many times; the top mast hung so far out of the perpendicular that it seemed likely to fall at any moment; the flag halyards had been cut by shot, but had fortunately become “foul” at the cross trees.



Union Gunboat

I beckoned – for it was useless to call amid the din – to Orderly Sergeant Jones, an old “men-of-war’s men,” to come to my assistance, and we ran across to the flagstaff and up the lower rigging to the

cross trees, and by our united efforts succeeded in clearing the halyards and lowering the flag.

The view from that elevated position at the time was grand, exciting, and striking. At our feet, the fort with her few remaining guns was sullenly hurling her harmless shot against the sides of the gunboats, which, now apparently within two hundred yards of the fort, were, in perfect security, and with the coolness and precision of target practice, sweeping the entire fort. To the north and west, on both sides of the river, were the hosts of “blue coats,” anxious and interested spectators, while to the east the feeble forces of the Confederacy could be seen making their weary way toward Donelson.

On the morning of the attack, we were sure that the February rise of the Tennessee had come. When the action began, the lower part of the fort was already flooded; and when the colors were hauled down, the water was waist deep there; and when the cutter came with the officers to receive the formal surrender, she pulled into the “sally port” between the fort and the position which had been occupied by the

infantry support was a sheet of water a quarter of a mile or more wide, and “running like a mill-race.” If the attack had been delayed forty eight hours, there would hardly have been a hostile shot fired; the Tennessee would have accomplished the work by drowning the magazine.

The Surrender

The fight was over; the little garrison were prisoners; but our army had been saved. We had been required to hold out an hour; we had held out for over two.

We went into the fight with nine guns bearing on the river approach – we had two more 42 pounders, but neither shot nor shell for them. Of these all were disabled but four. Of the 54 men who went into action, 5 were killed, 11 wounded or disabled, and 5 missing.

When the *Essex* dropped out of the fight, I could see her men wildly throwing themselves into the swollen river. Admiral Foote reported that his flagship was struck 38 times, and the commanding officers of gunboats (with several of whom I had enjoyed a personal acquaintance) complimented me highly on what they termed the extraordinary accuracy of the fire. I believe that with effective guns the same precision of fire would have sunk or driven back the flotilla.

The formal surrender was made to the naval forces; Lieutenant Commander Phelps acting for Flag Officer Foote, and me, representing General Tilghman. The number captured, including Tilghman and staff, hospital attendants and some stragglers from the infantry, amounted to about seventy.

During the evening a large number of army officers came into the fort, to whom I was introduced by my old messmates, Lieutenant Commanders Gwin and Shirk. Here I first saw General Grant, who impressed me, at the time, as a modest, amiable, kind hearted but resolute man.

While we were at headquarters, an officer came in to report that he had not as yet found

any papers giving information of our forces, and, to save him further looking, I informed him that I had destroyed all the papers bearing on the subject, at which he seemed very worth, fussily demanding, “By what authority?” Did I not know that I laid myself open to punishment, etc., etc. Before I could reply fully, General Grant quietly broke in with, “I would be very much surprised and mortified if one of my subordinate officers should allow information which he could destroy to fall into the hands of the enemy.”

We were detained for several days at the fort and were confined to the same steamer on which General Grant had established his headquarters, and as the officers, Confederate and Federal, messed together, I saw much of the general during that time. We were treated with every courtesy; so our confinement was less irksome than we had anticipated and was only marred by one incident.

Two of the younger Confederate officers having obtained liquor became vociferous. At dinner General Grant did not take his seat with the rest, and this restraint being removed, the young men, despite frowns and nudges, persisted in discussing politics, military men, and movements, etc. While they were thus engaged, General Grant, unobserved by them, entered, took his seat, and dined without appearing to notice their conversation, but when the youngsters left the table, they were dumbfounded to meet a corporal and file of men, who ceremoniously conducted them to the “nursery” and left them under guard, where I shortly visited them.

At last I promised to intercede, which I did, carrying with me regrets, explanations, and apologies. The general smiled and said that he had confined them partly for their own sakes, lest they might fall in with some of his own men in a similar condition; that he did not believe the young men knew of his presence, and that he would order their release so soon as they became sober, which he did.

THE FALL OF FORT HENRY

By Ulysses S. Grant, *The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant*, (New York: Charles L. Webster, 1885)

The enemy at this time occupied a line running from the Mississippi River at Columbus to Bowling Green and Mill Springs, Kentucky. Each of these positions was strongly fortified, as were also points on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers near the Tennessee state line. The works on the Tennessee were called Fort Heiman and Fort Henry, and that on the Cumberland was Fort Donelson. At these points, the two rivers approached within eleven miles of each other.

The lines of rifle pits at each place extended back from the water at least two miles, so that the garrisons were in reality only seven miles apart. These positions were of immense importance to the enemy; and of course correspondingly important for us to possess ourselves of.

With Fort Henry in our hands we had a navigable stream open to us up to Muscle Shoals, Alabama. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad strikes the Tennessee at Eastport, Mississippi, and follows close to the banks of the river up to the shoals. This road, of vast importance to the enemy, would cease to be of use to them for through traffic the moment Fort Henry became ours.

Fort Donelson was the gate to Nashville – a place of great military and political importance – and to a rich country extending far east in Kentucky. These two points in our possession the enemy would necessarily be thrown back to the Memphis and Charleston road, or to the boundary of the cotton states, and, as before stated, that road would be lost to them for through communication.

The designation of my command had been changed after Halleck's arrival, from the District of Southeast Missouri to the District of Cairo,

and the small district commanded by General C. F. Smith, embracing the mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, had been added to my jurisdiction.

Early in January, 1862, I was directed by General McClellan, through my department commander, to make a reconnaissance in favor of Brigadier General Don Carlos Buell, who commanded the Department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Louisville, and who was confronting General S. B. Buckner with a larger Confederate force at Bowling Green. It was supposed that Buell was about to make some

move against the enemy, and my demonstration was intended to prevent the sending of troops from Columbus, Fort Henry or Donelson to Buckner.

I at once ordered General Smith to send a force up the west bank of the Tennessee to

threaten Forts Heiman and Henry; McClellan at the same time with a force of 6,000 men was sent out into west Kentucky, threatening Columbus with one column and the Tennessee River with another. I went with McClellan's command.

The weather was very bad; snow and rain fell; the roads, never good in that section, were intolerable. We were out more than a week splashing through the mud, snow and rain, the men suffering very much. The object of the expedition was accomplished. The enemy did not send reinforcements to Bowling Green, and General George H. Thomas fought and won the battle of Mill Springs before we returned.

As a result of this expedition, General Smith reported that he thought it practicable to capture Fort Heiman. This fort stood on high ground, completely commanding Fort Henry on the opposite side of the river, and its possession

With Fort Henry in our hands, we had a navigable stream open to us up to Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

by us, with the aid of our gunboats, would insure the capture of Fort Henry. This report of Smith's confirmed views I had previously held, that the true line of operations for us was up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. With us there, the enemy would be compelled to fall back on the east and west entirely out of the State of Kentucky.

On the 6th of January, before receiving orders for this expedition, I had asked permission of the general commanding the department to go to see him at St. Louis. My object was to lay this plan of campaign before him. Now that my views had been confirmed by so able a general as Smith, I renewed my request to go to St. Louis on what I deemed important military business. The leave was granted, but not graciously. I had known General Halleck but very slightly in the old army, not having met him either at West Point or during the Mexican war. I was received with so little cordiality that I perhaps stated the object of my visit with less clearness than I might have done, and I had not uttered many sentences before I was cut short as if my plan was preposterous. I returned to Cairo very much crestfallen.

Flag Officer Foote commanded the little fleet of gunboats then in the neighborhood of Cairo and, though in another branch of the service, was subject to the command of General Halleck. He and I consulted freely upon military matters and he agreed with me perfectly as to the feasibility of the campaign up the Tennessee. Notwithstanding the rebuff I had received from my immediate chief, I therefore, on the 28th of January, renewed the suggestion by telegraph that "if permitted, I could take and hold Fort Henry on the Tennessee." This time I was backed by Flag Officer Foote, who sent a similar dispatch.

On the 29th, I wrote fully in support of the proposition. On the 1st of February I received full instructions from department headquarters to move upon Fort Henry. On the 2nd, the expedition started.

In February, 1862, there were quite a good many steamers laid up at Cairo for want of employment, the Mississippi River being closed against navigation below that point. There were also many men in the town whose occupation had been following the river in various capacities, from captain down to deck hand. But there were not enough of either boats or men to move at one time the 17,000 men I proposed to take with me up the Tennessee.

I loaded the boats with more than half the force, however, and sent General McClernand in command. I followed with one of the later boats and found McClernand had stopped, very properly, nine miles below Fort Henry. Seven gunboats under Flag Officer Foote had accompanied the advance. The transports we had with us had to return to Paducah to bring up a division from there, with General C. F. Smith in command.

Before sending the boats back, I wanted to get the troops as near to the enemy as I could without coming within range of their guns.

There was a stream emptying into the Tennessee on the east side, apparently at about long range distance below the fort. On account of the narrow watershed separating the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers at that point, the stream must be insignificant at ordinary stages, but when we were there, in February, it was a torrent. It would facilitate the investment of Fort Henry materially if the troops could be landed south of that stream.

To test whether this could be done, I boarded the gunboat *Essex* and requested Captain William Porter to approach the fort to draw its fire. After we had gone some distance past the mouth of the stream, we drew the fire of the fort, which fell much short of us. In consequence, I had made up my mind to return and bring the troops to the upper side of the creek, when the enemy opened upon us with a rifled gun that sent shot far beyond us and beyond the stream. One shot passed very near where Captain Porter and I were standing, struck the deck near the stern, penetrated and passed through the cabin and so out into the river. We

*The true line of operations
for us was up the
Tennessee and
Cumberland rivers.*

immediately turned back, and the troops were debarked below the mouth of the creek.

When the landing was completed, I returned with the transports to Paducah to hasten up the balance of the troops. I got back on the 5th with the advance the remainder following as rapidly as the steamers could carry them.

At ten o'clock at night, on the 5th, the whole command was not yet up. Being anxious to commence operations as soon as possible before the enemy could reinforce heavily, I issued my orders for an advance at 11 A.M. on the 6th. I felt sure that all the troops would be up by that time.

Fort Henry occupies a bend in the river which gave the guns in the water battery a direct fire down the stream. The camp outside the fort was entrenched with rifle pits and outworks two miles back on the road to Donelson and Dover. The garrison of the fort and camp was about 2,800, with strong reinforcements from Donelson halted some miles out. There were seventeen heavy guns in the fort. The river was very high, the banks being overflowed except where the bluffs come to the water's edge. A portion of the ground on which Fort Henry stood was two feet deep in water. Below, the water extended into the woods several hundred yards back from the bank on the east side. On the west bank, Fort Heiman stood on high ground completely commanding Fort Henry.

The distance from Fort Henry to Donelson is but eleven miles. The two positions were so important to the enemy, *as he saw his interest*, that it was natural to suppose that reinforcements would come from every quarter from which they could be got. Prompt action on our part was imperative.

The plan was for the troops and gunboats to start at the same moment. The troops were to invest the garrison and the gunboats to attack the fort at close quarters. General Smith was to land a brigade of his division on the west bank during the night of the 5th and get it in rear of Heiman.

At the hour designated the troops and gunboats started. General Smith found Fort Heiman had been evacuated before his men arrived. The gunboats soon engaged the water

batteries at very close quarters, but the troops which were to invest Fort Henry were delayed for want of roads, as well as by the dense forest and the high water in what would in dry weather have been unimportant beds of streams. This delay made no difference in the result.

On our first appearance, Tilghman had sent his entire command, with the exception of about one hundred men left to man the guns in the fort, to the outworks on the road to Dover and Donelson, so as to have them out of range of the guns of our navy; and before any attack on the 6th he had ordered them to retreat on Donelson. He stated in his subsequent report that the defense was intended solely to give his troops time to make their escape.

Tilghman was captured with his staff and ninety men, as well as the armament of the fort, the ammunition and whatever stores were there.

Our cavalry pursued the retreating column towards Donelson and picked up two guns and a few stragglers; but the enemy had so much the start, that the pursuing force did not get in sight of any except the stragglers.

All the gunboats engaged were hit many times. The damage, however, beyond what could be repaired by a small expenditure of money, was slight, except to the *Essex*. A shell penetrated the boiler of that vessel and exploded it, killing and wounding 48 men, 19 of whom were soldiers who had been detailed to act with the navy. On several occasions during the war such details were made when the complement of men with the navy was insufficient for the duty before them.

After the fall of Fort Henry Captain Phelps, commanding the ironclad *Carondelet*, at my request ascended the Tennessee River and thoroughly destroyed the bridge of the Memphis and Ohio Railroad.



Grant

GUNBOATS AT THE FALL OF FORT HENRY

By Rear Admiral Henry Walke, U.S.N., *Battles and Leaders*, Volume 1, pages 358-367.

At the beginning of the war, the army and navy were mostly employed in protecting the loyal people who resided on the borders of the disaffected States, and in reconciling those whose sympathies were opposed. But the defeat at Manassas and other reverses convinced the Government of the serious character of the contest, and of the necessity of more vigorous and extensive preparations for war. Our navy yards were soon filled with workmen; recruiting stations for unemployed seamen were established, and we soon had more sailors than were required for the ships that could be fitted for service.

Artillerymen for the defenses of Washington being scarce, five hundred of these sailors, with a battalion of marines (for guard duty), were sent to occupy the forts on Shuter's Hill, near Alexandria. The Pensacola and the Potomac flotilla and the seaboard navy yards required nearly all of the remaining unemployed seamen.

While Foote was improvising a flotilla for the western rivers, he was making urgent appeals to the Government for seamen. Finally some one at the Navy Department thought of the five hundred tars stranded on Shuter's Hill and obtained an order for their transfer to Cairo, where they were placed on the receiving ship *Maria Denning*. There they met freshwater sailors from our great lakes, and steamboat hands from the western rivers. Of the seamen from the East, there were Maine lumbermen, New Bedford whalers, New York liners, and Philadelphia sea lawyers. The foreigners enlisted were mostly Irish, with a few English and Scotch, French, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. The Northmen, considered the

hardest race in the world, melted away in the Southern sun with surprising rapidity.

On my gunboat, the *Carondelet*, were more young men perhaps than on any other vessel in the fleet. Philadelphians were in the majority; Bostonians came next, with a sprinkling from other cities and just enough men-of-war men to leaven the lump with naval discipline.

The *De Kalb* had more than its share of men-of-war men, Lieutenant Commander Leonard Paulding having had the first choice of a full crew, and having secured all the frigate *Sabine's* reenlisted men who had been sent

West.

During the spring and summer of 1861, Commander John Rodgers purchased, and he, with Commander Roger N. Stembel, Lieutenant S. L. Phelps, and Mr. Eads, altered, equipped, and manned for immediate service on the Ohio and Mississippi

rivers, three wooden gunboats: the *Tyler*, of six 8-inch shell guns and two 32-pounders; the *Lexington*, of four 8-inch shell guns and two 32-pounders, and the *Conestoga*, of four 32-pounder guns. This nucleus of the Mississippi flotilla (like the fleets of Perry, Macdonough, and Chauncey in the war of 1812) was completed with great skill and dispatch; they soon had full possession of the western rivers above Columbus, Kentucky, and rendered more important service than as many regiments could have done.

On October 12th, 1861, the *St. Louis*, afterward known as the *De Kalb*, the first of the seven ironclad gunboats ordered of Mr. Eads by the Government, was launched at Carondelet, near St. Louis. The other ironclads, the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh*, were launched soon after the *St. Louis*, Mr. Eads having pushed

Only after a most determined resistance, and after all his heavy guns had been silenced, did General Tilghman lower his flag.

forward the work with most commendable zeal and energy. Three of these were built at Mound City, Illinois. To the fleet of ironclads above named were added the *Benton* (the largest and best vessel of the Western flotilla), the *Essex*, and a few smaller and partly armored gunboats.

Flag-Officer Foote arrived in St. Louis on September 6th, and assumed command of the Western flotilla. He had been my fellow midshipman in 1827, on board the United States ship *Natchez*, of the West Indian squadron and, was then a promising young officer. He was transferred to the *Hornet*, of the same squadron, and was appointed her sailing master. After he left the *Natchez*, we never met again until February, 1861, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he was the executive officer. Foote, Schenck, and myself were then the only survivors of the midshipmen of the *Natchez*, in her cruise of 1827, and now I am the only officer left.

Foote arrived at Cairo September 12th, and relieved Commander John Rodgers of the command of the station. The first operations of the Western flotilla consisted chiefly of reconnaissances on the Mississippi, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. At this time it was under the control of the War Department and acting in cooperation with the army under General Grant, whose headquarters were at Cairo.

The Battle of Belmont

On the evening of the 6th of November, 1861, I received instructions from General Grant to proceed down the Mississippi with the wooden gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington* on a reconnaissance, and as convoy to some half-dozen transport steamers; but I did not know the character of the service expected of me until I anchored for the night, seven or eight miles below Cairo. Early the next morning, while the troops were being landed near Belmont, Missouri, opposite Columbus, Kentucky, I attacked the Confederate batteries, at the request of General Grant, as a diversion, which was done with some effect.

But the superiority of the enemy's batteries on the bluffs at Columbus, both in the number

and the quality of his guns, was so great that it would have been too hazardous to have remained long under his fire with such frail vessels as the *Tyler* and *Lexington*, which were only expected to protect the land forces in case of a repulse. Having accomplished the object of the attack, the gunboats withdrew, but returned twice during the day and renewed the contest.

During the last of these engagements a cannon ball passed obliquely through the side, deck, and scantling of the *Tyler*, killing one man and wounding others. This convinced me of the necessity of withdrawing my vessels, which had been moving in a circle to confuse the enemy's gunners. We fired a few more broadsides, therefore, and, perceiving that the firing had ceased at Belmont, an ominous circumstance, I returned to the landing, to protect the army and transports. In fact, the destruction of the gunboats would have involved the loss of our army and our depot at Cairo, the most important one in the West.

Soon after we returned to the landing place our troops began to appear, and the officers of the gunboats were warned by General McClelland of the approach of the enemy. The Confederates came en masse through a cornfield, and opened with musketry and light artillery upon the transports, which were filled or being filled with our retreating soldiers. A well-directed fire from the gunboats made the enemy fly in the greatest confusion.

Foote was at St. Louis when the battle of Belmont was fought, and made a report to the Secretary of the Navy of the part which the gunboats took in the action, forwarding my official report to the Navy Department. The officers of the vessels were highly complimented by General Grant for the important aid they rendered in this battle; and in his second official report of the action he made references to my report. It was impossible for me to inform the flag officer of the general's intentions, which were kept perfectly secret.

Battle of Fort Henry

During the winter of 1861-62, an expedition was planned by Flag Officer Foote and Generals Grant and McClelland against

Fort Henry, situated on the eastern bank of the Tennessee River, a short distance south of the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. In January the ironclads were brought down to Cairo, and great efforts were made to prepare them for immediate service, but only four of the ironclads could be made ready as soon as required.

On the morning of the 2nd of February, the flag officer left Cairo with the four armored vessels above named, and the wooden gunboats *Tyler*, *Lexington*, and *Conestoga*, and in the evening reached the Tennessee River. On the 4th, the fleet anchored six miles below Fort Henry. The next day, while reconnoitering, the *Essex* received a shot which passed through the pantry and the officers' quarters and visited the steerage. On the 5th, the flag officer inspected the officers and crew at quarters, addressed them, and offered a prayer.

Heavy rains had been falling, and the river had risen rapidly to an unusual height; the swift current brought down an immense quantity of heavy driftwood, lumber, fences, and large trees, and it required all the steam-power of the *Carondelet*, with both anchors down, and the most strenuous exertions of the officers and crew, working day and night, to prevent the boat from being dragged down stream.

This adversity appeared to dampen the ardor of our crew, but when the next morning they saw a large number of white objects, which through the fog looked like polar bears, coming down the stream, and ascertained that they were the enemy's torpedoes forced from their moorings by the powerful current, they took heart, regarding the fresher as providential and as a presage of victory. The overflowing river, which opposed our progress, swept away in broad daylight this hidden peril; for if the torpedoes had not been disturbed, or had broken loose at night while we were shoving the driftwood from our bows, some of them would surely have exploded near or under our vessels.

The 6th dawned mild and cheering with a light breeze, sufficient to clear away the smoke. At 10:20 the flag-officer made the signal to prepare for battle, and at 10:50 came the order to get under way and steam up to Panther Island, about two miles below Fort Henry. At 11:35,

having passed the foot of the island, we formed in line and approached the fort four abreast: the *Essex* on the right, then the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, and *St. Louis*. For want of room, the last two were interlocked, and remained so during the fight.

As we slowly passing up this narrow stream, not a sound could be heard nor a moving object seen in the dense woods which overhung the dark and swollen river. The gun crews of the *Carondelet* stood silent at their posts, impressed with the serious and important character of the service before them.

About noon the fort and the Confederate flag came suddenly into view, the barracks, the new earthworks, and the great guns well manned. The captains of our guns were men-of-war's men, good shots, and had their men well drilled.

The flag steamer, the *Cincinnati*, fired the first shot as the signal for the others to begin. At once the fort was ablaze with the flame of her 11 heavy guns. The wild whistle of their rifle shells was heard on every side of us. On the *Carondelet* not a word was spoken more than at ordinary drill, except when Matthew Arthur, captain of the starboard bowgun, asked permission to fire at one or two of the enemy's retreating vessels, as he could not at that time bring his gun to bear on the fort. He fired one shot, which passed through the upper cabin of a hospital boat, whose flag was not seen, but injured no one.

The *Carondelet* was struck in about 30 places by the enemy's heavy shot and shell. Eight struck within two feet of the bow ports, leading to the boilers, around which barricades had been built – a precaution which I always took before going into action, and which on several occasions prevented an explosion. The *Carondelet* fired 107 shell and solid shot; none of her officers or crew was killed or wounded.

The firing from the armored vessels was rapid and well sustained from the beginning of



Henry Walke

the attack, and seemingly accurate, as we could occasionally see the earth thrown in great heaps over the enemy's guns. Nor was the fire of the Confederates to be dispersed; their heavy shot broke and scattered our iron plating as if it had been putty, and often passed completely through the casemates. But our old men-of-war's men, captains of the guns, proud to show their worth in battle, infused life and courage into their worth in battle, infused life and courage not their young comrades. When these experienced gunners saw a shot coming toward a port, they had the coolness and discretion to order their men to bow down, to save their heads.

After nearly an hour's hard fighting, the captain of the *Essex*, going below, and complimenting the First Division for their splendid execution, asked them if they did not want to rest and give three cheers, which were given with a will. But the feelings of joy on board the *Essex* were suddenly changed by a calamity when a shot from the enemy pierced the casement just above the porthole on the port side, then through the middle boiler, and opening a chasm for the escape of the scalding steam and water.

The *Essex* before the accident had fired seventy shots from her two 9-inch guns. A powder boy, Job Phillips, 14 years of age, coolly marked down upon the casemate every shot his gun had fired, and his account was confirmed by the gunner in the magazine. The loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 32.

The *St. Louis* was struck seven times. She fired 107 shots during the action. No one on board the vessel was killed or wounded.

Foote, during the action, was in the pilot house of the *Cincinnati*, which received 32 shots. Her chimneys, after cabin, and boats were completely riddled. Two of her guns were disabled. The only fatal shot she received passed through the larboard front, killing one man and wounding several others. I happened to be looking at the flag steamer when one of the enemy's heavy shot struck her. It had the effect, apparently, of a thunder bolt, ripping her side

timbers and scattering the splinters over the vessel. She did not slacken her speed, but moved on as though nothing unexpected had happened.

From the number of times the gunboats were struck, it would appear that the Confederate artillery practice, at first, at least, was as good, if not better, than ours. This, however, was what might have been expected, as the Confederate gunners had the advantage of practicing on the ranges the gunboats would probably occupy as they approached the fort. The officers of the gunboats, on the contrary, with guns of different caliber and unknown range, and without practice, could

not point their guns with as much accuracy. To counterbalance this advantage of the enemy, the gunboats were much better protected by their casemates for distant firing than the fort by its fresh earthworks.

The Confederate soldiers fought as valiantly and as skillfully as the Union sailors. Only after a most determined resistance, and after all his heavy guns had been silenced, did General Tilghman lower his flag. The Confederate loss, as reported, was 5 killed, 11 wounded, and 5 missing. The prisoners, including the general and his staff, numbered 78 in the fort and 16 in a hospital boat; the remainder of the garrison, a little less than 3,600, having escaped to Fort Donelson.

Surrender

Our gunboats continued to approach the fort until General Tilghman, with two or three of his staff, came off in a small boat to the *Cincinnati* and surrendered the fort to Flag Officer Foote, who sent for me, introduced me to General Tilghman, and gave me orders to take command of the fort and hold it until the arrival of General Grant.

General Tilghman was a soldierly looking man, a little above medium height, with piercing black eyes and a resolute, intelligent expression of countenance. He was dignified and courteous, and won the respect and sympathy of all who became acquainted with him. In his official

The Confederate soldiers fought as valiantly and as skillfully as the Union sailors.

report of the battle, he said that his officers and men fought with the greatest bravery until 1:50 p.m., when seven of his 11 guns were disabled; and, finding it impossible to defend the fort, and wishing to spare the lives of his gallant men, after consultation with his officers he surrendered the fort.

It was reported at the time that, in surrendering to Flag Officer Foote, the Confederate general said, "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer," and that Foote replied, "You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering, but you should have blown my boat out of the water before I would have surrendered to

you." I was with Foote soon after the surrender, and I cannot believe that such a reply was made by him.

He was too much of a gentleman to say anything calculated to wound the feelings of an officer who had

defended his post with signal courage and fidelity, and whose spirits were clouded by the adverse fortunes of war.

When I took possession of the fort the Confederate surgeon was laboring with his coat off to relieve and save the wounded; and although the officers and crews of the gunboats gave three hearty cheers when the Confederate flag was hauled down, the first inside view of the fort sufficed to suppress every feeling of exultation and to excite our deepest pity. On every side the blood of the dead and wounded was intermingled with the earth and their implements of war. Their largest gun, a 128-pounder, was dismantled and filled with earth by the bursting of one of our shells near its muzzle; the carriage of another was broken to pieces, and two dead men lay near it, almost

covered with heaps of earth; a rifled gun had burst, throwing its mangled gunners into the water. But few of the garrison escaped unhurt.

General Grant, with his staff, rode into the fort about 3 o'clock on the same day, and relieved me of the command. The general and staff then accompanied me on board the *Carondelet* (anchored near the fort), where he complimented the officers of the flotilla in the highest terms for the gallant manner in which they had captured Fort Henry. He had expected his troops to take part in a land attack, but the heavy rains had made the direct roads to the fort almost impassable.



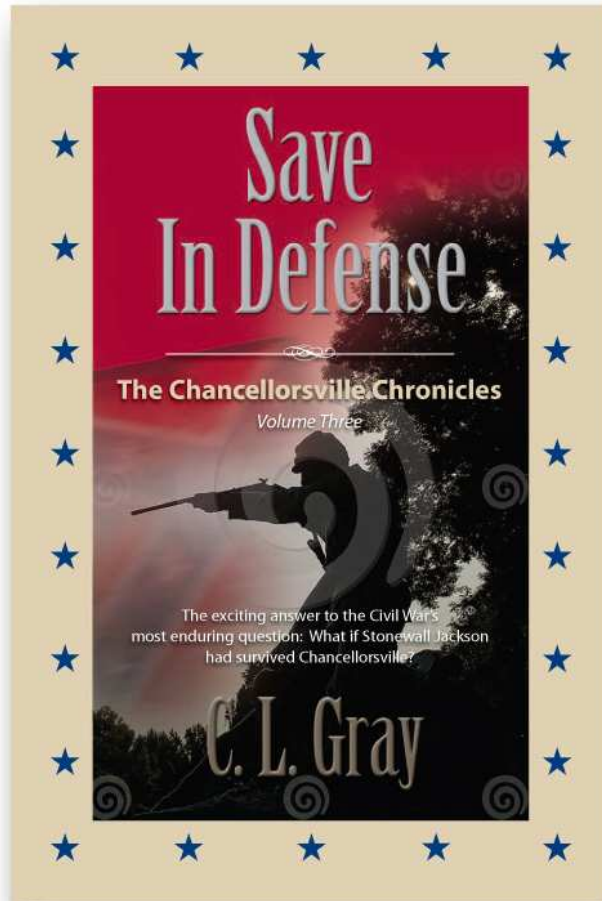
The Attack on Fort Henry

The wooden gunboats *Conestoga* and *Lexington* engaged the enemy at along range in the rear of the ironclads. After the battle, they pursued the enemy's transports up the river, and the *Conestoga* captured the steamer *Eastport*.

The news of the capture of Fort Henry was received with great rejoicing all over the North.

Following upon the capture of Fort Henry (February 6th, 1862) and of Fort Donelson (February 16th), the fortifications of Columbus on the Mississippi were evacuated February 20th. In January General Halleck reached the conclusion that the object for which General Polk had labored in fortifying Columbus had been accomplished, for on the 20th he wrote General McClellan: "Columbus cannot be taken without an immense siege-train and a terrible loss of life. I have thoroughly studied its defenses—they are very strong; but it can be turned, paralyzed, and forced to surrender." In accordance with the idea suggested in their dispatch, the Federal movement upon Forts Henry and Donelson was decided upon.

THE STORY CONCLUDES...



NOW AVAILABLE

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY AT

BOOKS@THESTAINLESSBANNER.COM

HI-LIGHTS OF A HERO'S LIFE

Felix Zollicoffer

- ★ 1812 – (October 12) – Born in Maury County, Tennessee.
- ★ 1828 – Became an apprentice printer in Paris, Tennessee.
- ★ 1831 – Moved to Knoxville and worked as a journeyman printer for the *Knoxville Register*.
- ★ 1834 – Became editor and part owner of the *Columbia Observer*.
- ★ 1835 – (September 24) – Married Louisa Pocahontas Gordon.
- ★ 1836 – Volunteered for the army and served as a lieutenant in the Second Seminole War.
- ★ 1837 – Became the owner of the *Columbia Observer* and the *Southern Agriculturist*.
- ★ 1843 – Edited the *Republican Banner*, the state organ for the Whig Party.
- ★ 1845 – Named Comptroller of the State Treasury.
- ★ 1849 – Delegate in the State Senate.
- ★ 1852 – Delegate to the Whig National Convention and supported the candidacy of General Winfield Scott.
- ★ 1853 – Served in the House of Representatives for two terms.
- ★ 1858 – Retired to private life.
- ★ 1860 – Supported John Bell for president.
- ★ 1861 – Served as a member of the peace convention. Though he believed in states rights, he was not a proponent of secession.
- ★ 1861 – (May 9) – Appointed brigadier general of the Provisional Army of Tennessee.
- ★ 1861 – (July 9) – Transferred to the Confederate States Army as a brigadier general.
- ★ 1861 – (July 26) – Harris ordered Zollicoffer's brigade to Knoxville to suppress East Tennessee's resistance to secession.
- ★ 1861 – (August 1) – To help facilitate the suppression, Zollicoffer is given command of the Eastern District of Tennessee.
- ★ 1861 – (September 17) – Led a force of 5,400 men from Tennessee through the Cumberland Gap to seize eastern Kentucky.



- ★ 1861 – Won the Battle of Barbourville.
- ★ 1861 – Defeated at the Battle of Wildcat Mountain and forced to retreat back to eastern Tennessee.
- ★ 1861 – (November) Returned to eastern Kentucky and took up a defensive position at Mill Springs.
- ★ 1861 – (December 8) – George Crittenden assumed command of the department. Zollicoffer retained command of the 1st Brigade.
- ★ 1862 – (January 19) – Killed at the Battle of Mill Springs. He was buried in Nashville.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ROBERT EDWARD LEE

By William Evelyn Cameron, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume 29, (January 19, 1901), pages 82-99. (Edited by C.L. Gray)

Not unmindful of the magnitude of the task your partial judgment has assigned to me – diffident of my power to clothe your love and reverence for Robert Lee in adequate phrase – I have yet accepted your invitation as a command, to which neither inclination nor duty could remain irresponsive; and I throw myself upon your generous indulgence as in sober speech I try to portray to you “The man he was who held a nation’s heart in thrall.”

By time Virginia called in 1861, he was already a veteran in war, master of its theories, ripe in its practice, in the flush of health in mind and body. He was the center of expectancy and of confidence. In the old army he had won a reputation second to none. Scott, his old commander, had declared of him, in his stilted but sincere way, that he was the “the greatest military genius in America, the best soldier I ever saw in the field; and if opportunity should offer he will show himself the foremost captain of his time.”

It was through the influence of this Virginian, then at the head of the United States army, that President Lincoln was induced to offer that high command to Colonel Lee. This tender so calculated to gratify an ordinary pride, and great enough to satisfy any ambition, came

to a man who was controlled in every act of his existence by his desire to do the right. In all that memorable career there is not an act nor utterance which suggests a motive less noble than a sense of duty. His answer to the overture was a courteous negative, and forthwith he saw that the time had come to leave the service of the Union.

That his resignation from the United States army was a step taken in sorrow and after severe conflict of mind is not to be doubted by any who read the calm yet mournful letters in which at this juncture he announced his decision to his sister. He severed the ties and relinquished the aspirations of a lifetime to enter upon a contest which promised nothing but loss and danger to him and his. He relinquished high opportunity to embark fame and fortune upon a more than doubtful struggle. That his reluctance and regret were sincere none who knew the stern integrity of the man can doubt. He says that his heart bled within him at the prospect, and this is the deliberate statement of one to whom falsehood was impossible.

Entering the service of Virginia as Commander-in-Chief of her forces, for nearly a year he held no important command in the field, and this is another illustration of the entire

freedom of the man from self-seeking. He was content to be of use; and while engaged in the essential work of organizing the troops as they arrived from the South, with headquarters at Richmond, he saw without regret and with no effort to assert his claim, the conduct of operations in the field entrusted to others.

It was not until the spring of 1862 that General Johnston, having been wounded at Seven Pines, the opportunity was born which gave to Lee an adequate field for the exercise of his abilities. Thenceforward until the closing scene at Appomattox he was never absent from that army with whose achievements his name is inseparably linked.

His face and figure were soon familiar to every man in the command. He was constantly on the lines, rarely attended by any escort save a single staff officer. An active and perfect horseman, of distinguished and handsome countenance, he looked every inch the gallant soldier

From the very first he inspired officers and men with a trusting affection which later grew into worship. He had none of the arts by which lovers of popularity seek to ingratiate themselves with their subordinates. In his intercourse with soldiers of whatever rank, so far as my knowledge goes, General Lee never unbent from the somewhat formal courtesy habitual to him. The magnetism was there though, if not perceptible, and it wrought devotion and implicit confidence in the hearts of the coldest.

Even before we met the enemy under the direction of that steady eye, he was all in all to us. After the first trial, when McClellan had been driven to the plains of Berkeley, the army of Virginia pinned its faith to him with a tenacity which no subsequent disaster was able to shake.

And that mere corporal's guard of us who still survive, our ranks growing thinner hour by hour, despite the fact that the mechanic grasp of fate denied the victor's laurel to that brow, we who gloried the more in his initial triumphs because they were his, who felt the sting of final disaster more keenly because it pierced so cruelly that great heart, we believe in him still.

To resume for a moment the parallel previously drawn, I think that in the qualities of their military genius, Washington and Lee – I name them in the order of time – had many points in common. The characteristic of both was pugnacity, and the campaigns of Lee in

Virginia, as those of Washington in the Jerseys, were superb examples of what is technically known as the offensive-defensive. The vigilance of both was sleepless; both were acute in penetrating the designs and anticipating the movements of the enemy; neither ever willingly neglected an opportunity to take the initiative.

From the swoop upon McClellan's right, through the campaigns against Pope, in the battles of 1863, in his manner of meeting Grant's advance through the Wilderness, and even after lines of circumvallation were drawn at Petersburg, General Lee was constantly and consistently aggressive.

No finer example of this trait is known to military history than that given at Chancellorsville, where, with the swiftness of a practiced fencer, General Lee passed from the attitude of the assailed to that of the assailant, ere his antagonist had time to realize the changed conditions. To find Lee in line of battle parallel to his lines of communication was the first surprise which disconcerted the Federal commander; but even then he never dreamed of the prescient boldness that was to amuse Sedgwick with Early's handful, hold his own

Scott, his old commander, had declared of him, in his stilted but sincere way, that he was "the greatest military genius in America, the best soldier I ever saw in the field; and if opportunity should offer he will show himself the foremost captain of his time."

front against Hooker's main force, with barely eleven thousand men, while Jackson, with two-thirds of the Confederate troops, was sent across the front and well to the right and rear of an army of ninety-two thousand muskets.

The easy confidence with which Lee responded to a movement upon his flank of an overwhelming enemy, while at the same time another force nearly equal to his total strength was thundering in his rear, proved that from the very first he felt himself, despite the disparity in numbers, to be master of the situation. The only doubt he seems to have entertained after the first intelligence of Hooker's presence on the south side of the Rappahannock, was whether first to push Jackson against Sedgwick on the plains where Burnside met his crushing defeat. But his consideration of this plan was brief, though Jackson favored it, and instead he seized his right wing and hurled it in reverse, as an athlete might have slung a stone, over field and forest, upon the one vulnerable spot in the strong formation of his foe.

But uniformly his tactics and his "noble ire of battle" were alike the servants of that cool, clear judgment which seldom erred. Self-discipline with him had been brought to a science.

I have used the term "combative by calculation," meaning by that the conviction of General Lee that the Confederate armies could not afford to conduct a purely defensive warfare – if in strategy, not in tactics. His greatest successes were won by aggressive operations.

So McClellan's grand army was pushed back upon its gunboats, the siege of Richmond raised, and an hundred thousand of the best troops of the Union paralyzed and neutralized, while the army of Northern Virginia first staggered Banks at Cedar Mountain and then drove Pope's legions in pell mell disorder back into the entrenchments around Washington. It was so, as has been said, that he compassed that victory at Chancellorsville, which is still the study and wonder of the military schools of the world. It was so that he freed the Valley of Virginia from invasion, sent Hooker back into Pennsylvania to defend his own; and it was so that the ark of Southern independence might have floated on the high tide of Gettysburg, but

for contingencies, which as they are the subject of controversy, I shall not bring into formal discussion here.

If he erred in aggression there, the error was born of a noble confidence in that magnificent army which had so often under his leadership accomplished the improbable, that he had come to deem its valor invincible. Success held in its beckoning arms such glorious fruit for the cause he represented, that, in the light of all that failure cost us, I still hold from a soldier's point of view that the effort was justified by the prospect.

Our commander had reason to believe, which afterwards turned out to be true, that he had out-maneuvered Meade, and that his full concentration was confronted by only a portion of the latter's army.

This was a situation which offensive operations alone could utilize. Whether the subsequent engagement was fought as he designed, it is a question which I believe will be answered by history in an emphatic negative. At least, the assaults in detail by fragments of corps, when whole divisions lay idle in our lines, bore no resemblance to any other attack delivered by Lee before or afterwards – for Malvern Hill, where Jackson was misled by his guides, and where D. H. Hill precipitated the action by misinterpretation of a signal, does not offer a proper basis of comparison.

Generally the instinct of an army may be trusted to adjudge responsibility for its reverses, after the event. In the case in hand there was no diminution in the affection or confidence of the army of Northern Virginia in its commander. Even the remnants of the brave divisions which gained the heights in vain, found voice when reeling back in bloody disarray, to give him greeting, and though he then and there avowed the blame with generous disregard of self, it was only as if he had said, "You were not at fault,



you that came back from the heroic effort, or those whose bodies dot that deadly slope; you did all that human bravery could do.”

The army took his grave, kind words as meaning that – no more nor less. Nor do I think at this late day the survivors will accept a version that would stamp their beloved leader as self-convicted of the blunders, or worse, of that ill-starred 3rd of July.

Illustrating Lee’s offensive strategy is the movement by which, in the autumn of 1863, he flanked Meade out of his position at Culpeper, and forced him

back into the lines at Centreville, and this, too, though his army had been depleted one-third by the

dispatch of Longstreet to the west. And when in December Meade crossed the Rapidan and established himself across the roads leading from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg, not a step in retrograde did the Southern General take. He accepted the challenge from a superior force, marched promptly out with the corps of Ewell and Hill, planted himself on the ridges over Mine Run, and offered battle for two whole days. On the night of the third he massed two divisions on his right to assault the left flank of the enemy, but in the morning an advance in the gray light found only empty trenches.

The same movement essentially was repeated in the following spring when Grant came southward of the river. Here again, instead of retiring behind the North Anna as his antagonist presumed, Lee barred the path of invasion in the old battlefields of the Wilderness, and on the 6th of May, became the assailant after a vigorous fashion. Thereafter our commander proved the subordination of his temperament to his judgment by compelling battle from time to time on his own ground, giving his troops the advantage also of entrenchments.

If his military reputation should rest on this campaign alone, from the initial gun at the Wilderness to the passage of Grant’s army to the

south side of the James, Lee would deserve to rank among the few past masters in the art of war. From day to day he divined the movements of the enemy with an accuracy which was never at fault. At every successive point – Spotsylvania, Hanover Courthouse, Cold Harbor – Grant found his pathway barred by the grim veterans in gray.

Time and time again, exasperated by the consummate skill with which prompt check was given to his every maneuver, the Federal commander threw his bare breasted divisions

against the works of Lee. As often the brave fellows recoiled with torn ranks from the desperate work, until at last, after the bloodiest of all

That to decree the latter was the acceptance of a bitterness worse than death to the brave spirit upon whom the responsibility rested, is only to say that he was a soldier and a Lee.

bloody days, that at Cold Harbor, the bugles sounded the advance, the officers bared their swords and pointed the way, but the men with one accord stood motionless in their ranks – a silent, but effective protest against a further application of the policy of attrition.

On the 14th of June, the advance corps of the Army of the Potomac reached the pontoon bridge which was to bear them to the new scene of action at Petersburg. Since the 5th of May, their losses in killed, wounded and missing, according to the official returns of the Federal Surgeon-General, had been 67,000—or 3,000 more than the number of men with which Lee had entered upon the campaign. Up to this time, including Smith’s corps, Grant had received in reinforcements 51,000 muskets, Lee 14,000. These statistics are pregnant with testimony as to the skill of our commander and the efficient valor of his troops.

But the end was not yet. Once in front of the historic town on the Appomattox – where for the first and only time in the game of strategy, the Federal general fairly stole a march upon his opponent – but where Beauregard with a brilliant audacity, not yet sufficiently recognized, defended the position against great odds until the lost time was repaired – the situation seemed to Grant or Meade to justify a renewal of those clashes of solid lines upon

well-manned earthworks to which the Federal army had already sacrificed so many lives and so much morale.

The result was disastrous as usual, and again the army and Northern public murmured at what they deemed a reckless expenditure of blood. And then the taciturn and persistent Union commander announced in general orders that no more assaults upon entrenched lines would be made. The engineers were brought up, the great guns were sent for, and the siege of Petersburg was set on foot.

The operations progressed with varying fortunes through the months of summer and autumn. Gradually the clasp of the besiegers grew closer and closer around the beleaguered army. There were some days of great glory for the Confederates.

Longstreet held the north shore and the approaches to Richmond with a grip not to be shaken. Mahone and his division won fame in no scant measure at the Crater and on the Weldon road. Heth and Hampton broke through Hancock's ranks at Reams' Station and captured many prisoners, colors, and

guns. The cavalry wrought wonders on the flanks. But further and further westward crept that fateful left flank of the Federal army. It was badly punished in each extension, but every inch of ground that General Warren gained he held.

Dark days were upon us. The shadow of the inevitable was beginning to obscure the bow of hope. It was as the winter fell that I first observed the deepened lines of care that not all the serenity of a soul at peace with God and itself could smooth from the countenance of General Lee. The raven hair of four years before was already bleached into silver, and though too thorough a gentleman to betray abstraction, his speech, except on business, was rare.

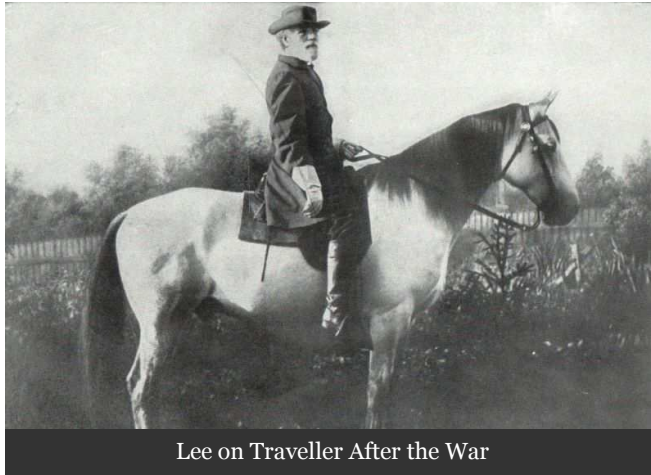
In fact, at this period the perils and privations of the troops were never absent from his thought. So patient of privation himself, he

was indignant at what he believed to be the neglect of the supply department in furnishing clothing and provisions to the men. The Secretary of War made petulant inquiry of the General as to the cause of such frequent desertions from the ranks. His curt endorsement, amply justified by the facts, evinced his grave displeasure. "I suppose the causes to be the lack of food, fuel and clothing, and constant duty in the trenches."

As the winter waned his perplexities were redoubled. True, the wonderful resources of his genius, the magnetic influence which tied men to him as with links of steel – the influence of his goodness as well as his greatness – and the elastic vitality of his army had sufficed so far to hold intact the works around Petersburg and

Richmond, and to preserve insecure communication between these positions and their nearer bases of supplies; but in other sections of the country reverse after reverse had overtaken the Southern arms.

For now the tale of ravaged lands and the wails



Lee on Traveller After the War

of suffering wife and children – for Sherman's triumphal progress left desolation in its wake – come on the southern breeze to men whose cup of ills had already overflowed. There is – must be – some boundary to endurance, on touching which the staunchest heart must sue for truce.

For so it was. Night by night brought darkness, and each recurring morning showed the vacant places of some who dreamed of ruined homes and unprotected dear ones, and waked to yield to an unconquerable yearning to fly to their relief. And thus one enemy, so long repelled with scorn, had gained a foothold in our camp at last.

It has been said that Washington and Lee had kinship of most of the sublimest qualities of manhood but differed in fortune. I can picture to myself how the former bore himself during the

trials of Valley Forge, by recalling the demeanor of Lee during that last terrible winter at Petersburg. Almost without hope; hampered by conditions over which he had no control; overwrought with duties not attaching to his position; denied by the narrow blindness of the government the only avenue of escape which remained to him; his heart bleeding for the sufferings of his faithful followers, and yearning more in sorrow than anger for those who found not the strength to endure to the end – yet was he patient, always striving, inventing *that* makeshift, urging *this* experiment, encouraging the officers, knocking constantly at the door of the government to better the condition of the men, stifling his own forebodings, careless of his own discomforts: the heart, the brain, the eyes of that brave, beset and beleaguered body of starving men.

He had a burden to bear which his great prototype was never called on to endure. Already he had reported to the War Department that except on certain conditions (which the Commissary General had declared to be impossible of fulfillment), he could neither hold his lines nor remove the army in safety from them. There remained for him the most exacting ordeal that can confront the commander of any army – to determine without reference to his feelings where the point of military honor ceases and where the duty to humanity begins – what protraction of a hopeless condition is justifiable. He must fight until the verdict of fate was plainly beyond his power to affect it. He must not anticipate that juncture, nor must he protract the struggle one hour beyond it.

When the time arrived for the rendering of that decision, General Lee was equal to it. Through no fault of his the retreat, begun, as he knew too late was interrupted by the fatal miscarriage of provisions ordered to meet the army en route. The delay so caused brought Meade upon his rear, and enabled Sheridan's hard riders to reach his flank. The disaster at Sailor's Creek, conclusive in its dimensions,

brought the army, two days later, face to face with annihilation or surrender. That to decree the latter was the acceptance of a bitterness worse than death to the brave spirit upon whom the responsibility rested, is only to say that he was a soldier and a Lee.

But he met the crisis as he met all other demands upon his conscience – simply, promptly, and with a mien as calm as his soul was lofty. That he would have worn the crown of success without elation is as certain as that he rose superior to defeat. He never knew ambition in its vulgar sense.

He came not back, when his stainless sword was sheathed, to triumphal processions, civic honors, and ceremonial pomp. But the tears of

Patently instilling the lessons of virtue into the minds of the Southern youth, presiding at the vestry meetings of his church, foremost in unheralded charities, so passed the few years that remained on earth to Robert Lee.

the rugged soldiers who gathered around his horse at Appomattox and invoked the blessings of heaven on his honored head,

was a tribute as precious as was ever offered at the shrine of human greatness.

Whether posterity will assign to General Lee the rank as a commander which the South claims for him is a question which need not be discussed here. The judgment of foreign critics of this generation places him high in the list of the born leaders of men. That he accomplished much with limited resources, that he elicited the best skill and valor of the Union by his persistent defense of Virginia, that he overmatched many generals and decimated several armies before his own succumbed, and that he finally gave to the victor a costly triumph, are facts not to be gainsaid.

He fought for the cause of his conscience until further contest would have been a useless and criminal sacrifice of life. He surrendered in good faith to a generous foe, and thereafter gave his example to the building up of substantial peace and a real Union. He laid aside his stainless sword as bravely as he had drawn it, and without repining for the past he turned to the duties of the present. Patently instilling the lessons of virtue into the minds of the Southern

youth, presiding at the vestry meetings of his church, foremost in unheralded charities, so passed the few years that remained on earth to Robert Lee.

He lived among us, to all appearances, absorbed and contented in the routine of educational work. If he repined under failure, he gave no sign. If he found the utter revolution in his life irksome to the spirit once "wrapped in high emprise," he uttered no complaint. If he felt anxiety as to the judgment of posterity upon his military career, he made no effort to place the records in evidence. In the controversial disputes among others of our military chieftains, which sprung up from the ashes of defeat as weeds from the wreck of some proud edifice, he took no part. He seemed to be content to leave his

character and services in the keeping of his countrymen without a word of his own to prejudice their judgment.

It should also be recorded that he never spoke nor wrote a word which would prolong the bitterness of our ended strife, or reawaken sectional animosity. He seemed to have put the past behind him. It was only at the last when his mind wandered that the stirring memories of the old days triumphed over that strong will and asserted a momentary sway. The warrior in him awoke for one brief instant before the light of eternal peace cast all earth into shadow. Bring up the troops," he said, "Let A. P. Hill prepare for action."

And so he passed away. And the world was poorer for his death.

STONEWALL JACKSON – SOLDIER

By Reverend Dr. J. Williams Jones. *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume 35, pages 79 --

I used to hear the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute speak of a grim professor whom they called Old Jack, who was very eccentric and upon whom they delighted to play all sorts of pranks. Stories were told of his having greatly distinguished himself when serving in the regular army in the Mexican War, and of his steady promotion for gallantry and meritorious conduct from brevet second lieutenant to brevet major. But this gallant record had been overlooked or forgotten in the odd stories that were told of his conduct at the Institute, and when Governor Letcher, his neighbor and friend, nominated him as colonel in the Virginia volunteers in May, 1861, there was very general surprise, and many expressions of regret,

especially among old cadets and people about Lexington who knew him. When his confirmation by the Virginia Convention was under consideration, a member arose and inquired, "Who is this Major Jackson anyway? And what are his qualifications for this important position?" It required all of the powers of the Lexington delegation and the influence of Governor Letcher to secure his confirmation by the convention.

He was soon sent to the command of Harper's Ferry, then popularly regarded as one of the strongholds of the Confederacy, and those of us who were stationed there eagerly inquired, "What is this newly made colonel?"

Some of the Lexington soldiers, and some of the old cadets, sneered at his appointment; made all manner of fun of him, and told various anecdotes of his career at the Virginia Military Institute to disparage him. I remember one of them said to me: "Governor Letcher has made a great mistake in promoting Old Jack. He is no soldier. If he wanted a real soldier, why did he not give the place to Major –" mentioning the name of a worthy gentleman, who afterwards served in the army, but made no reputation as a soldier.

But when Old Jack took command, we were soon made to see the difference between his rule and that of certain militia officers who had been commanding us, and were made to feel and know that a real soldier was now at our head. He soon reduced the high-spirited mob who rushed to the front at the first call of their native Virginia into the respectable Army of the Shenandoah, which he turned over to General Joseph E. Johnston when he came to take command of the department.

Jackson won some reputation in several skirmishes in the lower valley, and at this time very small affairs were magnified into brilliant victories.

Stonewall

But it was on the plains of first Manassas, July 21, 1861, that he first became famous. General McDowell had ably and skillfully outgeneraled Beauregard, and crossing the upper fords of Bull Run, had moved down on the Confederate flank, driving before him the small Confederate force stationed there.

General Bee, in the agony of being driven back, galloped up to Jackson, who, in command of a Virginia brigade, was stationed on the

Henry House Hill, and exclaimed: "General, they are beating us back!"

Jackson's eyes glittered beneath the rim of his old cadet cap as he almost fiercely replied: "Sir, we will not be beaten back. We will give them the bayonet."

Bee rushed to his own decimated ranks and rallied them by exclaiming: "Look! There stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally on the Virginians! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer!"

Jackson not only stood the shock of the heavy attack made on him, but did give them the bayonet, checked the onward tide of McDowell's victory, and held his position until Kirby Smith and Early came up on the flank. Jeb

Stuart made a successful cavalry charge, Johnston and Beauregard had time to hurry up other troops, and a great Confederate victory was snatched from impending disaster.

The name which the gallant Bee, about to yield up his noble life, gave Jackson that day, clung to him ever afterwards, and he will be known in history not by the name Thomas Jonathan Jackson, which his parents gave him, but as Stonewall Jackson. And yet the name was a misnomer. Thunderbolt, Tornado or Cyclone would be more appropriate to Jackson's character as a soldier.

I cannot, within the proper limits of this paper, give even an outline of Jackson's subsequent career as a soldier – that would be to sketch the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, while he remained in it. But I propose rather to give and illustrate several salient points in his character as a soldier.

He will be known in history not by the name Thomas Jonathan Jackson, which his parents gave him, but as Stonewall Jackson. And yet the name was a misnomer. Thunderbolt, Tornado, or Cyclone would be more appropriate to Jackson's character as a soldier.

Rapidity of Movement

Nathan Bedford Forrest, the wizard of the saddle, when asked the secret of his wonderful success, replied: "I am there first with most men." Stonewall Jackson always got there first, and while his force was always inferior in numbers to the enemy, he not infrequently had the most men at the point of contact.

When General Banks reported that Jackson was in full retreat up the Valley, started a column to join McClellan east of the Blue Ridge, and was on his own way to report at Washington, Jackson (on a mistaken report of the number left in the Valley) suddenly wheeled, made a rapid march and struck at Kernstown a blow, which, while the only defeat he ever sustained, brought back the column which was crossing the mountains, and disarranged McClellan's plan of campaign.

He then moved up the Valley, took a strong position in Swift Run Gap, and after Ewell's Division joined him, he left Ewell to watch Banks, made a rapid march to unite with Edward Johnson, and sent (May the 9th) his famous dispatch: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday."

Ordering Ewell to join him at Luray, he pushed down the Valley, drove in Bank's flank at Front Royal, cut his retreating column at Middletown, marched all night by the light of the burning wagons of the enemy, and early the next morning drove Banks from Winchester and pursued him to the Potomac.

Learning that Shields, from McDowell's column at Fredericksburg, and Fremont, from the West, were hurrying to form a junction in his rear, he marched his old brigade 35 miles, and one of the regiments, the 2nd Virginia, 42 miles a day, and safely passed the point of danger at Strasburg, carrying his immense wagon train loaded with captured stores, his prisoners and everything, not leaving behind so much as a

broken wagon wheel. He then moved leisurely up the Valley until at Cross Keys and Port Republic he suffered himself to be caught, and proved beyond question that the man who caught Stonewall Jackson had indeed caught a Tartar.

Penchant for Secrecy

Not long after the close of the Valley Campaign, when we were resting in the beautiful region around Port Republic, I got a short furlough to go to Nelson County to see my family and uncle. Colonel John Marshall Jones,

Ewell's Chief of Staff, told me that if I would come by headquarters he would ride with me as far as Staunton. Accordingly, I rode by Ewell's headquarters, and just before we left the grounds, General Ewell came out and said to us in a confidential tone: "If you gentlemen wish to stay a little longer than your leave it will make no difference, we are going to move down the Valley to beat up Banks' quarters again."

I did not overstay my brief furlough, for I was hurrying back in hope that our rest near Port Republic would give the chaplains especially good opportunities for preaching to the men, but when I reached Charlottesville, I found Jackson's troops marching through the town.

Jackson was anxious to be reinforced and move down the Valley again, but General Lee wrote him, "I would be glad for you to make that move, and will give you needed reinforcements; but you must first come down here and help me drive these people from before Richmond."

Reinforcements were sent Jackson, and pains taken to let the enemy know, and Jackson so completely deceived them as to his plans that at the time he was thundering on McClellan's flank before Richmond, they were entrenching at Strasburg, some two hundred miles away, against an expected attack from him.

I remember that on this march we were in profound ignorance as to our destination. At



Jackson Statue on Henry House Hill

Charlottesville, we expected to move into Madison County. At Gordonsville, we expected to move towards Washington. At Louisa, we expected to move on to Fredericksburg. At Hanover Junction, we expected to move up the railway to meet McDowell's Column. It was only on the afternoon of June 26th, when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville that we fully realized where we were going.

In the second Manassas campaign, Jackson conducted his movements to Pope's flank and rear so secretly that just before he captured Manassas Junction, with its immense stores, Pope reported to Washington that Jackson was in full retreat to the mountains.

So at Chancellorsville he moved to Hooker's flank and rear so secretly that he struck Howard's corps entirely unprepared for his attack.

My accomplished friend, Reverend James Power Smith, D.D., the only surviving member of Jackson's staff, gave me an incident the other day illustrating how he concealed his plans from even his staff.

After the return of Lee from the first Maryland campaign, Jackson and his corps were left for a time in the Valley, while the rest of the army crossed the mountains to Eastern Virginia. After lingering around Winchester for a time, Jackson's whole command was moved one day on Berryville, and it seemed very evident that they were about to ford the Shenandoah, and cross the mountains to join Lee.

Captain Smith went to his general and said: "As we are going to cross the mountains, general, I should like very much to ride back to Winchester to attend to some matters of importance to me personally, if you can give me a permit."

"Certainly I will give you the permit," was the reply, "and if we cross the mountains, you will be able to overtake us tomorrow."

Captain Smith rode into Winchester, and started early the next morning to overtake, as he supposed, the moving column. He had only ridden several miles when he met Jackson at the head of his corps moving back to Winchester and was greeted by the salutation, "I suppose Mr. Smith that you are on your way to cross the mountains."

It was then currently believed that Jackson would spend the winter in the Valley with headquarters at Winchester and a vacant house was selected for the general and his staff. After a day or two, Captain Smith and Colonel Pendleton, as a committee of the staff, waited on the general, and said: "As it is understood that we are to spend the winter here, we called to ask permission to get some necessary furniture."

"That would add very much to our comfort, but I think we had better wait until tomorrow, and decide definitely on what we need," was the reply. The next day Jackson started on his famous march to join Lee in time for the battle of Fredericksburg.

Stern Discipline

He put General Garnett under arrest at Kernstown for ordering a retreat of his brigade when they were out of ammunition and almost surrounded, saying, "He ought to have held his position with the bayonet."

Garnett was still under arrest when Jackson died. General Lee released him and put him in command of one of Pickett's Brigades, the gallant gentleman being killed in the charge at Gettysburg, while leading his men.

On the Valley campaign I chanced to witness a scene in which Jackson rode up to a gallant colonel, commanding a brigade, and said: "Colonel, the orders were for you to move in the rear of General – today."

The colonel replied in a rather rollicking tone: "Yes, I knew that General, but my fellows were ready to march and General – was not. I thought that it would make no difference which moved first, as we are not going to fight today. But if you prefer it, I can halt my brigade, and let General – pass us." Jackson replied, almost fiercely: "How do you know that we are not going to fight today? Besides, colonel, I want you to distinctly understand that you must obey my orders first and reason about them afterwards. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march in the rear of your brigade."

In one of his battles, a brigadier rode up to him and asked: "General, did you order me to move my brigade across that plane, and charge

that battery?" "Yes, sir, I sent you that order," said Jackson, "Have you obeyed it?"

"Why, no! General, the enemy's artillery will sweep that field, and my brigade would be literally annihilated if I move across it."

Jackson replied in tones not to be mistaken: "General, I always try to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once."

It is needless to add that the order was obeyed, and the battery captured.

At one time he put every commander of a battery in A. P. Hill's Light Division under arrest for some slight disobedience of orders.

He put A. P. Hill under arrest several times, and there were charges and countercharges between these accomplished soldiers until General Lee intervened to effect a compromise.

But Jackson was always ready to obey himself orders from his superiors. General Lee once said of him: "I have only to intimate to him what I wish done, and he promptly obeys my wishes."

Dr. James Power Smith gives a striking incident illustrating this: General Lee sent Jackson, by Captain Smith, a message to the effect that he would be glad if he would call at his headquarters the first time he rode in that direction, but that it was a matter of no pressing importance, and he must not trouble himself about it.

When Jackson received this message he said: "I will go early in the morning, Captain Smith, I wish you to go with me."

The next morning when Captain Smith looked

out he saw that a fearful snowstorm was raging, and took it for granted that Jackson would not undertake to ride fourteen miles to General Lee's quarters through that blizzard.

Very soon, however, Captain Smith's servant came to say, "The general done got his breakfast, and is almost ready to start."

Hurrying his preparations, the young aide galloped after his chief through the raging storm. On reaching Lee's quarters, the general greeted

him with, "Why, what is the matter, general; have those people crossed the river again?"

"No, sir; but you sent me word that you wished to see me."

"But I hope that Captain Smith told you that I said it was not a matter of pressing importance, and that you must not trouble yourself about it. I had no idea of your coming in such weather as this."

Bowing his head, Jackson gave the emphatic reply: "General Lee's slightest wish is a supreme order to me, and I always try to obey it promptly."

Attention to Minute Details

He had an interview with his quartermaster, commissary, chief of ordnance, and surgeon-general every day, and kept minutely posted as to the condition of their departments. This was so well understood throughout the army, that I once heard a quartermaster say to his sergeant: "Have that horse shod immediately, or there will come an order down here from Old Jack wanting to know why the gray mare is allowed to go with a shoe off of her left hind foot."

He kept the most minute knowledge of the topography of the country in which he was campaigning and the roads over which he might move, and often when his men were asleep in their bivouac, he was riding to and fro inspecting the country and the roads.

But when he began to ask me which side of certain creeks was the highest, and whether there was not a blind road turning off at this point or that, and showed the most

perfect familiarity with the country and the roads, I had to interrupt him by saying: "Excuse me, General, I thought I knew not only every road, but every footpath in that region, but I find that you really know more about them than I do, and I can give you no information that would be valuable to you."

I can never forget another interview I had with him on the Second Manassas campaign. His corps had crossed the South Fork of the

"Have that horse shod immediately, or there will come an order down here from Old Jack wanting to know why the gray mare is allowed to go with a shoe off of her left hind foot."

Rappahannock River, General Ewell's Division had been formed on the bank of the North Fork, and the rest of the corps were marching up between the two rivers to Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, where it was General Lee's purpose to cross his whole army and plant it in General Pope's rear at Warrenton. In bringing a wounded man of my regiment – the 13th Virginia – back from Ewell's Division to our surgeon, and returning, I saw a skirmish line of the boys in Blue who had crossed at the forks of the river below and were moving up in General Ewell's rear between him and the moving column of Hill's Division. I waited to satisfy myself that they were real Blue Coats, and becoming fully satisfied by their firing at me, one of the bullets cutting off the extreme end of my horse's ear, I had, of course, important business elsewhere and was galloping to find General Hill, who commanded that part of our column, when I ran up against old Stonewall himself. I approached him, trying to be as calm as possible, and the following colloquy ensued: "General, are you aware that the enemy have crossed at the forks of the river and are now moving up in the rear of General Ewell, and between him and A. P. Hill's column?"

"No! Have they?"

"Yes, sir, I have seen them."

"Are you certain they are the enemy?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"How close did you get to them?"

"I suppose about 1,000 yards. I could plainly see their blue uniforms and the United States flag which they carried. They shot at me and cut the ear of my horse, as you see, and then I got away from there as fast as my horse would bring me."

I expected that he would now send staff officers in every direction with orders to meet this new movement, but Jackson coolly replied: "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for the information you have given me, but General Trimble will attend to them. I expected this

movement, and ordered Trimble posted there to meet it."

He rode off, seemingly as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. Trimble did attend to them, and after a severe fight drove them back.

General Lee was prevented by a sudden rise of the river from a severe storm from crossing at Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, but the next day Jackson forded the river higher up and made

his famous movement to Pope's flank and rear.

Turning to one of his staff, he said: "Gallop as hard as you can and tell Major Andrews to bring sixteen guns to bear on that battery, and silence it

immediately."

Soon Andrews was in position. His guns opened and before long the battery was silenced. When this was reported to Jackson, he said, with a quiet smile: "Now, tell General Ewell to drive them."

In the afternoon at Gaines Mill, June 27th, 1862, the progress seemed not to have been as rapid as he expected, as gallant Fitz John Porter made a heroic defense, and Jackson exclaimed to one of his staff: "This thing has hung fire too long; go rapidly to every brigade commander in my corps and tell him that if the enemy stands at sundown he must advance his brigade regardless of others, and sweep the field with the bayonet."

It was this order that won the day despite the gallant defense. I chanced to be near and heard the order he gave General Early at Cedar Run (Slaughter's Mountain) in the fight with our old friend, General Banks (Stonewall Jackson's quartermaster, our men facetiously called him), who commanded the advance of General Pope's Army. We had been skirmishing all of the morning, and Colonel Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to General Early and said quietly: "General Jackson's compliments to General Early, and says that he must advance on the enemy, and he will be supported by General Winder."

Grim old Early replied in his curtest tones: "Give my compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it."

Fitz Lee facetiously said that Hooker was in imminent peril when the "Blue-light Presbyterian" was praying on his flank and rear.

It was on this field that several of Jackson's Brigades were broken, and it looked as if Banks was about to win, when Jackson dashed in among them, and rallied the confused ranks by exclaiming, "Rally on your colors and let your general lead you to victory. Jackson will lead you." His presence acted like magic, the broken troops were rallied, the lines restored and the victory won.

At Chancellorsville, Fitz Lee discovered that from a certain hill a full view of Hooker's flank and rear could be seen. He galloped back until he met Jackson and conducted him to the spot, accompanied by a single courier. Jackson swept the scene with his glasses, decided at once that he should move further on the flank and rear than he had intended, and turning to his courier said: "Tell the head of my column to cross that road, and I'll meet them there."

Fitz Lee said that he made no reply to his remarks, but after gazing intently for a few moments longer at the enemy's exposed flank, he lifted his hand in that position which indicated, that he was engaged in prayer and then galloped rapidly down the hill to hurl his column like a thunderbolt on Hooker's flank and rear.

Fitz Lee facetiously said that Hooker was in imminent peril when the "Blue-light Presbyterian" was praying on his flank and rear.

Lee called Jackson his right arm, and wrote him when he was wounded at Chancellorsville:

"Could I have dictated events I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead."

I had the privilege once of hearing General Lee in his office in Lexington pronounce a glowing eulogy on Jackson, in which he said with far more than his accustomed warmth of feeling: "He never failed me. Why, if I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I should have won that battle; and if I had won a decided victory there we would have established the independence of the Confederacy."

They were born, Lee on the 19th of January, and Jackson on the 21st of the same month. Cavalier and Puritan, but brothers in arms, brothers in faith, and brothers in glory, they will shine forever in the world's galaxy of true patriotism, stainless gentlemen, great soldiers and model Christians.

From all parts of the world pilgrims come to visit their tombs, and loving hands bring them fresh flowers, immortelles and evergreens, fit emblems of the fadeless wreaths which now deck their brows. The blue mountains of their loved Virginia sentinel their graves, and young men from every section throng the classic shades of Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute and delight to keep watch and ward at which flow along their emerald streams that seem to murmur their praise and roll on their fame to the ocean.

To subscribe, send an email to: subscribe@thestainlessbanner.com
or visit our website at www.thestainlessbanner.com

Subscription is free.

